

GLORIA

THE
FLAPPER
WIFE

Gloria Finds the Silver As Well
As Dick Absent and Goes to
Mother Gregory.

GLORIA GORDON, beautiful flapper, married DICK GREGORY, a struggling young lawyer. Her idea of marriage is fun and fine clothes . . . but no work or even a job.

She refuses to cook or keep house. She wants a maid to scrub the house for her clothes and a new automobile.

Glory becomes infatuated with STANLEY VERNON and leaves her and Wayburn with MAY SEYMOUR and JAMES H. BROWN.

Wayburn is offered a job on the New York stage. Gloria lends him \$200 of Dick's money.

Dick almost dies with pneumonia.

When he recovers, he joins the Russian actress.

Then Gloria tries every effort to land a job as a chorus girl.

But it fails. At last she comes home to Dick. He takes her back into his home as he is.

Gloria finds that everyone in town

knows about her affair with Wayburn. But he spurns Gloria, and tells her he wants to marry a woman who is a Russian actress.

Then Gloria tries every effort to land a job as a chorus girl, but it fails. At last she comes home to Dick. He takes her back into his home as he is.

Gloria finds that everyone in town

knows about her affair with Wayburn.

But he spurns Gloria, and tells her he

wants to marry a woman who is a

Russian actress.

Then Gloria tries every effort to

land a job as a chorus girl, but it

fails. At last she comes home to

Dick. He takes her back into his

home as he is.

Surely he and Miss Briggs weren't

still working in Dick's office? Where

were they? Together, somewhere?

The questions swarmed like bees in Gloria's brain. She forgot her fear. Anger toward Dick took

its place.

She swung her feet over the side of the bed and stepped out onto the rug. Then she put her head out of one of the open windows and looked up and down the street. But it lay empty and still under the hushed calm of midnight.

As Gloria stood there, she heard a sound in the house, itself! It came from downstairs . . . the harsh tinkle of metal against metal. Someone was at the silver in the sideboard drawers! Burglars!

Gloria pressed one hand tight to her breast. She felt as if her heart were jumping out of her body . . . it beat so fast! She tiptoed across the room to the door that led into the hall. She put her ear against it and listened for a long time. But there was no further sound.

Gloria began to wonder if she really had heard a noise, downstairs or not? Perhaps her tired brain had been playing her tricks...

Well, as soon as Dick came she would find out if anyone had been in the house? She wouldn't be afraid to go downstairs to the dining room then. But why didn't he let me in again...

...

She bathed and dressed. She didn't stop to dust or make beds.

But, leaving the house just as it was, Gloria closed the door of it behind her, and started out. She was going to see Mother Gregory! She'd let her know whose fault it was that Dick's marriage was a fizzle!

She was through talking to Dick . . . through pleading with him to treat her decently, Gloria told herself.

But she knew she was only trying to bolster up her vanity. Under all her bravado, she knew that the fact of the matter was that Dick was through with her! . . . She had seen it in his eye the night she had come home from New York. She had heard it in the indifferent tone he used when he talked to her. And his indifference was maddening her. She couldn't stand it!

She had always had love and indulgence from Dick. He had treated her like a beautiful, spoiled little girl. And now he hardly looked at her.

Gloria's heart was heavy as she rang the doorbell of the old Gregory homestead. Maggie opened the door for her.

She found Mother Gregory eating her substantial breakfast of ham and eggs, rolls and coffee. Her face was flushed with too much food.

"Well, Gloria!" she cried in the quiet room.

"With Susan Briggs!" Mother Gregory repeated. "With Susan Briggs! Oh, no, Gloria!"

While she was waiting for her tub to fill, she went downstairs to the dining room. The drawers of the



Softly she went out into the hall and listened at Dick's door.

sideboard were piled one on top of each other on the floor. They were empty.

So there had been burglars in the house last night! And they had taken every piece of the flat silver that had been Mother Gregory's wedding present! Not so much as a spoon was left!

Gloria shivered. Then it was the burglar she had heard taking the silver out of the sideboard drawers! . . . And it must have been the burglar whom she had seen moving stealthily against the darkness of the dining-room, last night! He must have been in the house when she entered it alone!

Why, she might have been shot, if she hadn't run upstairs when she did!

Gloria burst into tears of panic at the terrible thought.

She knew that this was no friendly call the girl was making. She knew that Gloria didn't like her any more than she, herself, like Gloria. She was sure that Gloria had come on a special errand.

Bert Jaffe Lewis Jaffe
Jaffe & Sons
EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS
7. N. Illinois St.

Gloria shrugged her shoulders. "Have it your own way," she said. "But I know that I found them having dinner together on the quiet, last night. I left them at nine o'clock. They said they were going to work for a while at the office. And at one o'clock when I fell asleep, Dick hadn't come home!"

MOTHER GREGORY all but fell into a chair that stood opposite Gloria. Her eyes were wide, and her mouth stood open with surprise.

"I can't believe it!" she cried at last. "And how do you know when the burglar was in the house?"

"I heard him," Gloria answered. "I thought I heard Dick come in and I ran downstairs. Then I saw some one in the dining-room and I rushed back to my room and locked myself up . . . I was scared to death!"

"You couldn't have been so terribly frightened," Mother Gregory mused, "or you wouldn't have dropped quietly off to sleep at one o'clock, as you said you did."

At that Gloria flared up.

"Well, I'll tell you just how frightened I was, if you want to know. Madam Gregory!" she said, furiously. "I was so frightened that I'll never stay alone in that house again, after dark! . . . And if your son wants to have a love affair with his office girl he'll have to work at it daytimes!"

"Glo-ree-a!" exclaimed Mother Gregory in the severe tones of the vice president of the Home Women's Club. "You're vulgar!"

"Vulgar nothing! I'm just telling you the truth about your beautiful son!" Gloria sneered. "When I married him I thought he was a plaster saint, too! But I've found out all about him. . . . Look at those!"

She pulled some of the "Roxie" and "Lucie" love letters and pictures from her handbag and threw them into Mother Gregory's lap.

Dick's mother laughed her comfortable deep laugh, as she picked them up.

"Roxie and Lucie Gilchrist," she said. "They were both in love with Dick. First Roxie was—and then Lucie. They're both married now, though. And Lucie has a boy!"

Dick had a lot of girls in his day, Gloria. But that doesn't prove that he isn't what you call a 'plaster saint'!"

Gloria's lip curled.

"All right," she said. "But you can't explain his staying out most of last night with Susan Briggs!"

(To Be Continued)

T HE girl curled herself up in a little ball on the hard leather window seat in Mother Gregory's room. It was a room as plain as the woman who slept in it . . . a woman who scorned silk underwear and make-up as only Mother Gregory could scorn them! There were no cushions in that room, no ruffled curtains, no dressing-table laden with perfume and powder boxes.

Mother Gregory stood before the walnut dresser and began to hook herself into an elaborate black dress, made in a style that had been popular when Dick was a baby!

"What did you come to see me about, Glory?" she asked again.

"We—ll," Gloria began, "last night we were robbed of every bit of that lovely flat silver you gave us for a wedding present! Some one broke into the house."

Mother Gregory threw up her plump hands.

"My stars! . . . Dick's reported it to the police, of course!" she said. "Why, that silver has been in the family for a hundred years!"

Slowly Gloria shook her pretty head.

"No, Dick hasn't reported it to the police. Dick doesn't know anything about the burglary," she said calmly.

"But she knew she was only trying to bolster up her vanity. Under all her bravado, she knew that the fact of the matter was that Dick was through with her! . . . She had seen it in his eye the night she had come home from New York. She had heard it in the indifferent tone he used when he talked to her. And his indifference was maddening her. She couldn't stand it!"

She had always had love and indulgence from Dick. He had treated her like a beautiful, spoiled little girl. And now he hardly looked at her.

Gloria's heart was heavy as she rang the doorbell of the old Gregory homestead. Maggie opened the door for her.

She found Mother Gregory eating her substantial breakfast of ham and eggs, rolls and coffee. Her face was flushed with too much food.

"Well, Gloria!" she cried in the quiet room.

"With Susan Briggs!" Mother Gregory repeated. "With Susan Briggs! Oh, no, Gloria!"

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

</