

GLORIA

THE FLAPPER WIFE

Miss Briggs Admits to Gloria That She Loves Dick.

THE STORY SO FAR
Gloria, good, beautiful dapper, married Dick Gregory, a strutting lawyer. Her idea of marriage is fun and clothes . . . but no work or children. She refuses pointblank to do her part in the marriage. . . . And but Dick has to let the maid go, because he can't afford to pay her wages. Gloria is condemned with debts for her clothes and a new automobile.

She becomes infatuated with Stanley Wayburn, an actor. She lends him money, and when he leaves town, to go to New York, she follows him. He spurns her, telling her that he has just left his wife. . . . Then Gloria tries to land a job as a chorus girl and fails. Discouraged, she goes home.

He takes her back, but not as his wife. One night Gloria learns that to work in a movie house with his secretary, Susan Briggs. While Gloria is at home alone, the police are interrupted. She doesn't get home until early morning. Gloria wonders if he was home. . . . But next morning she learns that he was at the house of Dr. John Stevens, a doctor, and that he is because of the love affair between his wife May and Jim Carew.

He goes to the doctor's office to tell him about the robbery, and to make one last attempt to win him again. Dick goes out, and Gloria has a long talk with Miss Briggs. She accuses Miss Briggs of being in love with Dick.

By Beatrice Burton

CHAPTER LI

MISS BRIGGS stood up then, and faced Gloria.

The flush in her cheeks had gone, and her eyes were the cold blue of a Polar lake.

"What right have you to say such a thing to me?" she asked.

Gloria's laugh was taunting. "Well, it's the truth, isn't it? You are in love with Dick, aren't you?" she said.

She could see Miss Briggs' breast heave under her plain blue dress.

"What if I am?" she asked. "I'd never let him know it! It wouldn't hurt any one . . ."

She seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. Then her eyes flashed with spirit.

"I am in love with him—you may as well know it!" she cried. "I do care about him!"

Gloria wouldn't have believed that such a tone could have been wrung from the sedate and proper Miss Briggs. It was vibrant with tenderness.

"Do love him!" she said, again, as if it gave her a certain fierce satisfaction to say the words she had been waiting to say for years.

Gloria blinked with surprise. She couldn't imagine Miss Briggs telling her secret to the wife of the very man she loved. There must be something back of it . . . Perhaps Dick loved her. And she knew it, and didn't care who else knew it!

"And Dick?—Is he in love with you?" Gloria asked. "Does he make love to you down here in this office when you're alone with him all day?"

A queer expression of disgust went over Miss Briggs' white face.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I wouldn't care for him if he were that kind of a man! . . . I'm just the woman who works for him. And I'm contented to be just that—for him."

The whole spirit of her love for him was in the words. They filled Gloria with pity for her.

"Miss Briggs," she said. "I'm truly sorry for you. . . . You'd rather hoped to marry Dick all those years when he was a bachelor, hadn't you?"

Miss Briggs smiled a wry little smile that twisted her mouth up at one corner.

"I suppose I had, without quite knowing it," she said. "Oh, let's stop talking about it . . . you'll never speak of it to Mr. Gregory, will you? Please. I'd die of shame!"

"We—el, I'm not so sure you ought to go on working for him, feeling about him as you do," Gloria answered. "Do you think you should, yourself?"

Miss Briggs looked at her long and gravely. She could scarcely believe that, in her moment of weakness, she had told Dick's wife that she loved him.

"I've felt that way for a good many years . . . and it hasn't done anyone any harm," she said, miserably.

"It has done you harm!" Gloria told her. "If it hadn't been for Dick, you'd probably have married long ago."

"Oh, no!" Miss Briggs cried. "You see, this was my first job. Mr. Greg-

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