

GLORIA THE FLAPPER WIFE

Miss Briggs Admits to Gloria That She Loves Dick.

THE STORY SO FAR

Gloria Gordon, beautiful flapper, married Dick Gregory, a struggling lawyer. Her idea of marriage is a fun and fine clothes. . . but no work or children.

She refuses pointblank to do her own housework and hires a maid. But Dick has to let the maid go, because he can't afford to. So Gloria has swamped him with debts for her clothes and a new automobile.

She becomes infatuated with Stanley Warburn, an actor. She lends him money, and when he leaves town to go to New York, Gloria follows him. He spurs her, telling her that he has just married a Russian actress. Then Gloria tries to land a job as a chorus girl and fails. Discouraged, she comes home to Dick.

He takes her back, but not as his wife. One night Gloria leaves him to work late at his office with his secretary, Susan Briggs. While Gloria is at home alone, the house is burglarized. Dick doesn't get home until early morning. Gloria wonders if he was with Miss Briggs all that time. But next morning she learns that he was at the house of Dr. John Seymour, who had killed himself because of the love affair between his wife May and Jim Carey.

Gloria goes to Dick's office to tell him about the robbery, and to make the last attempt to win him back. Dick is out, and Gloria has a long talk with Miss Briggs, who 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.

"To 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 to give me the 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-



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

ory's been my whole life for years. I couldn't have thought of marrying him."

"That's just it," said Gloria. "If a girl happens to work for a young, good-looking man, she's so likely to fall in love with him! She's the sort of a day-time wife to him, looking after his comfort, reminding him of his engagements, keeping his pencils sharpened. . . Oh, I know! I used to be a stenographer, myself, you know."

"And were you in love with the man you worked for?"

"Heavens, no! You should have seen him! Old as Methuselah, and crosser than two sticks!" Gloria answered. "Well, I guess I'd better be going—tell Dick I stopped in to see him, will you?"

Miss Briggs nodded dumbly. She looked as if she wanted to say something else. But before she could frame the words, Gloria was gone.

SHE sat quietly at her desk, when the sound of Gloria's high heels had died away down the corridor. All around her was a blankness that left her brain naked to outward impressions. . . the loud ticking of a clock in Dick's private office, the clanging sound of the elevator outside the door.

"I shouldn't have told her," she thought at last. "How did I happen to tell her. . . of all people? I must be losing my mind!"

She got up and walked, in her smart dignity, to the clothes rack, and took down her hat.

She closed her desk, and went out of the office. She knew she couldn't face Dick that day.

But she faced the world with a high bravery. She smiled at the elevator boy, and told him it was a lovely day and she was going out to enjoy it—to play hooky for once. From sheer habit, she bought a paper.

She wondered if she would ever enjoy anything again. Her heart was breaking. And her pride was broken, too.

"I suppose I'll lose my job," she thought dully. "She's sure to tell Mr. Gregory. She'll make him discharge me, sure as death."

It was characteristic of Susan Briggs that she never thought of the man she loved except as "Mr. Gregory." She never had.

AS Gloria went up the front steps of her house, the mother of the Donberg twins came across her front lawn toward her.

"There was a policeman at your house a while ago," she said, pleasantly. "What crime have you been committing?"

She carried her mending basket in her hands. Gloria could see that she was primed for a neighborly chat. But she didn't want to be neighborly with Mrs. Donberg. She was the type of woman for whom Gloria had no use. . . the home body who talked of nothing but marmalade, marketing, and moth-marbles.

"We had burglars last night," Gloria said, without a smile. "And I've been so excited all day that I haven't done a bit of housework. I've got to get busy now and do it before my husband comes home."

She went into the house and closed the door behind her.

There was a musty smell in the rooms. The house needed a thorough airing, as well as a good cleaning.

Gloria threw the windows wide open and went upstairs. She took off her hat and went to work.

Puzzle a Day

Delivery of airmail is comparatively safe for the pilots, for only one plane in every 67,043 miles of flying has crashed to the ground. Since 1918, this makes a total of 157 accidents in the service. The number 157 happens to be the sum of two square numbers. You know, of course, what a square number is? Four is the square of two, nine is the square of three and so on.

Now can you tell which squares added together will equal the number of mail planes that have crashed since 1918?

Last puzzle answer:



The hidden answer is "Time and tide wait for no man."

All the soiled linen came off the beds. She made them up fresh and smooth. She hung a neat row of towels in the bath room, and scoured the tub.

She began to enjoy her job. It was rather fun to dash around from room to room hanging the sheets from the tray on Dick's bedside table, slapping up the pillows on the window seat in the room where Dick had banished her.

Well, she wouldn't stay in banishment much longer, Gloria made up her mind.

She would show Dick that she really did mean to be a good wife to him. . . and he would take her back into his heart again!

It was perfectly silly for them to live apart this way, under the same roof. And unnatural, besides.

"And if Dick ever brings up Stan Wayburn again, I'll accuse him of being in love with Miss Briggs," Gloria said to herself. "I'll tell him she would never have fallen for him if he hadn't made love to her. first. That'll shut him up, quick enough!"

The more she thought about Miss Briggs the more firmly Gloria decided to tell Dick he'd have to send her packing. To have a secretary around who was in love with Dick was just throwing temptation in his way. . . Few men could resist a woman who was crazy about them. She appealed to their love of flattery.

And no man was deaf and blind to flattery. . . not even the level-headed Dick. Yes, he'd have to get rid of Miss Briggs. That was all there was to it. . .

GLORIA ran downstairs. She heated the water in the kitchen tank and washed up the dishes in the sink. She scoured it out, and mopped the floor. It didn't look much better when she had finished than when she began. . . but it had the strong, pungent smell of a good cleaning, anyway. That was something. At least Dick could tell that she had been at work on it! He could see that she was trying her best to be a housekeeper. That, if anything, ought to melt him!

At five o'clock Gloria ran upstairs and bathed.

At six she looked like anything but a woman who had spent the afternoon cleaning up a house.

She was herself, again. . . a creature of beauty charged with elegance. Her hair was like molten copper. Her skin was sweet in the touch. And all around her hung the old fragrance of mimosaflower that had always turned Dick's head.

She was Gloria at her loveliest. . . her most alluring.

When she heard Dick's key in the lock she ran downstairs to him, on winged feet.

"I was just going out to buy some things for our supper," she said to him with an adorable smile. "I've been so busy all day that I forgot to phone the grocer."

Her voice was as natural and sweet as if it had never uttered a cruel word. It implied that she and Dick were the best friends in the world.

"The stores are all closed at this time of night, and you know it," Dick said to her. "Don't stall. . . What do you want to do? Go downtown and eat? Gosh, I'm getting tired of eating in restaurants, though! Try to have something cooked tomorrow night when I get home, will you?"

"You know I will," Gloria answered. "I'll even get supper here tonight if you'll drive me over to the delicatessen. . . Let's get some ham and eggs and you can show me how to fry them. That'll be fun!"

"No," Dick said wearily. "I'm too tired to fuss around. I didn't have a wink of sleep last night. . . You heard about John Seymour, of course?"

Gloria nodded. The feeling of horror that she had every time she thought of Dr. John's suicide closed down over her like black wings.

"Oh Dick," she breathed. "Wasn't that awful? . . . I've just been sick about it all day!"

She waited for him to put his arms around her, to comfort her—as he would have done a few weeks ago. But he made no move toward her.

"I tried to get you on the phone last night when Lola Hough phoned me to go to Seymours', but Central said you didn't answer. I guess you were asleep," Dick said. "Come on, let's go."

"I was not asleep!" Gloria answered. "The telephone wires were cut. There was a burglar in this house last night while you were out! He was near enough to me to touch me. . . I even saw him in the dining room!"

Dick stared at her, with his hand on the open door of the hall.

"What did he take?" he asked.

"All the forks and knives and spoons that your mother gave us for a wedding present," Gloria said. "But that's not the point! The terrible part of it was that I was frightened out of my wits, almost. . . And I'll never stay in this house alone, again, so long as I live. See?"

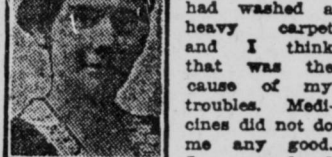
(To Be Continued)

AFTER BABY WAS BORN

Mrs. Miles Was Miserable a Long Time—Owes Final Recovery to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"After my last baby was born I was up and around again, but I was sickly all the time and did not know how to get my work done. I had washed a heavy carpet and I think that was the cause of my troubles. Medicines did not do me any good. I wondered what the trouble was, for I could hardly walk and always had such pains in my left side and then in my right side. I found I had inflammation that caused it. I had one of your text-books and was reading it, and I thought I would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After four days of taking it I began to feel better, so I took three bottles without missing a dose. That helped me more than any other medicine I had yet taken and I always have it handy now. It surely did put me on my feet again."—Mrs. James Miles, 413 Cherry Street, Dover, Ohio.

You must believe that a medicine that helps other women will help you. For sale by druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.



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TWO RECOVER AFTER CRASH

Mrs. Franklin Vonnegut Is Injured.

By Times Special

RICHMOND, Ind., Oct. 17.—Mrs. Franklin Vonnegut, wife of Franklin Vonnegut, president of the Vonnegut Hardware Company, Indianapolis, is rapidly recovering today in the Reid Hospital here from injuries received Friday in an automobile accident.

Mrs. D. W. Foster, wife of Dr. D. W. Foster, Indianapolis, also injured in the accident, went to the home of a friend.

The women were injured when the car in which they were riding, driven by Mr. Vonnegut, overturned, after skidding on the National Rd., near Knightstown.

Mrs. Vonnegut suffered a fractured pelvic bone and numerous cuts and bruises, and Mrs. Foster a broken rib. The party was en route to Cincinnati.

In spite of ancient traditions rattlesnakes and prairie dogs do not live peaceably in the same burrow.

ECZEMA IN RASH ON SON'S FACE

Large Pimples on Head. Cuticura Healed.

"Eczema broke out in a rash on my son's face, and on the back of his head in the form of very large pimples that would break and discharge. We had to tie his hands to keep him from scratching the eruptions. His hair fell out and he was restless."

"We tried many remedies without much benefit. We began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it helped him. We continued the treatment and in about six weeks he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. J. Holst, Barnum, Minn., Feb. 2, 1923.

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