

GLORIA

THE FLAPPER WIFE

Dick Again Warns Gloria Against Extravagant Buying.

THE STORY SO FAR. Gloria Gordon, beautiful flapper, marries Dick, a man of means, a struggling lawyer. His idea of marriage is fun and fine clothes . . . but no work or . . .

She refused pointblank to do her own housework, and hires a maid. But she can't afford her wages. Gloria has dumped in with debts for which she has a new automobile.

She becomes infatuated with an out-of-work actor. When he leaves town to go to New York she follows him. But he has no money, so she tries to find a job as a chorus-girl but fails. It is only then that Gloria begins to realize her mistake for Dick. She is terribly lonely for him. But she is afraid to go home.

At last she goes to Dick's office to tell him about the burlesque. She loves him with her secretary, Susan Briggs. While Dick is out very late one night the bungalow apron, the rolled-up sleeves of the apron, and the coffee tin in her hand.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked. An amused smile flickered over his face.

"Making coffee for my husband?" Gloria answered pertly. "Only, I don't know how to make it. Aside from that I'm getting along fine!"

Dick's smile broadened into a grin. "I suppose you're after my recipe," he said. "I use a tablespoon of coffee for each cup, and an extra one for the pot."

By Beatrice Burton
CHAPTER LIII

DICK frowned. His eyes looked straight ahead of him under their bent brows.

"No, I'm not 'crazy'—as you call about any woman," he said deliberately. He walked to the open window and stood, with folded arms, looking into the fragrant darkness beyond.

"When you say that do you mean me, too?" Gloria asked. There was an agony of entreaty in her voice.

"Do you mean that you don't care about me, any more?"

Dick turned slowly toward her, without answering. The movement brought him face to face with her.

She looked at him narrowly, at first only with curiosity; then with a kind of terror. His eyes were cold and without light.

Gloria felt as if some curtain had dropped between them . . . a curtain that she could not pierce.

She stepped back and put up her hand in a little defensive movement. "You don't love me any more?" She answered her own question.

And then she burst into hysterical tears. Through her eyelashes, gathered into little wet points, she could see Dick looking at her curiously, as if he had never seen her before.

She watched him drop into his chair and pick up a book. He set it up between them, like a barrier, and began to read.

... The clock in the hall struck eleven . . . and, as if the sound of it freed some blocked movement in Gloria's brain, she pulled herself together and went upstairs.

As she went she heard Dick strike a match, for his cold pipe. He was calmly settling down to a quiet evening. No doubt he was glad she was gone!

I WILL get back!" Gloria said fiercely to herself the next morning when she awoke. She had set her alarm clock for seven!

"I will get back into Dick's life! I belong there. He can't put me out of it!"

She bathed and dressed herself in one of the bungalow aprons that Ranghild had worn for her morning work. Then she tiptoed downstairs and brought in the milk and the paper from the back porch.

She lighted the gas stove and took the coffee tin from the kitchen.

Tired? No Pep? Just Dragging Along?

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en cupboard. She stood looking at it helplessly. How did you make coffee?

There were no directions on the gay wrapper around the tin, and Gloria didn't own a cook book.

Then suddenly she remembered that Dick knew how to make coffee. She would run upstairs and ask him how it was done.

She knocked on his door. "Dick . . . I've brought you the morning paper," she called, brightly.

In a moment Dick opened the door.

"Thanks." His eyes took her in—the bungalow apron, the rolled-up sleeves and the coffee tin in her hand.

Dick sat down at the dining room table.

"Now look here, Gloria," he said. "I've told you a dozen times that you're not to go downtown and run up bills without asking me about it first. . . . And in spite of it, you charge a \$50 house-coat to me in a store where I owe money as it is!"

Gloria felt a frown growing between her eyebrows.

"Well, what do you want me to do . . . take the thing back?" she asked. "I'm going to be terribly ashamed if I have to, let me tell you!"

"I'll take it back," Dick answered. "Just do it up in a bundle, and I'll take it with me in the car tomorrow morning. . . . I hate to seem ungrateful, Glory, but a \$50 present that isn't paid for wouldn't give me any satisfaction, at all. I'd have the blues every time I put it on."

Gloria shook her head. "I can't understand you at all, Dick," she said. "Suppose you do owe a few bills? Everybody does. Nobody ever has every dollar paid right up on the first of the month."

Dick was silent. He made little dots on the tablecloth with the tips of his fork.

"I suppose you'll have a fit if I mention the word 'clothes' to you," Gloria went on, after a minute, "but I haven't a single summer dress. You know you promised me I could have some, before you went away on your trip. Remember?"

"Yes," Dick answered quickly. "But don't you think it's more important for us to get some of our old bills paid off, first?"

"No!" Gloria cried, angrily. "I'm just about at the point where I could go to jail for debt, cheerfully, like Mr. Micawber. That is, if I could have a few clothes . . . I'm in stock up today."

She tried to drink a cup of her coffee. But she had to admit to herself that it was too bitter to drink. She didn't dare to offer Dick a second cup of it.

"Will you be home tonight for dinner?" she asked as he got up from the table.

She hoped that he would at least offer to kiss her goodby. But he didn't.

"Yes, I'll be home," he said colorlessly. "I think I'll take your car to town. You don't seem to drive it any more . . . do you mind if I do?"

Gloria shook her head. There was a lump in her throat. She watched Dick drive down the street, her vision blurred with tears. She wiped them away, angrily.

"What's the matter with me?" she asked herself. "Am I falling in love with the poor sim?"

Was she? . . . Or had she always been in love with him? And had it taken her jealousy of Miss Briggs to unveil the fact to her? . . .

Relieved His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. I feared my only hope of cure was an operation. Trained as I am in good, fine art, I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the ruptures has never returned, although I have had many operations.

There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may be completely relieved without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Fullen, Carpenter, 317-M, Marceline Avenue, Marion, Indiana.

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BLACK-DRAUGHT

A FAMILY CUSTOM

Florida Lady Tells How the Use of Black-Draught Has Proved Valuable in Her Home.

Mrs. Nora Owen, of Ocala, Fla., says that Black-Draught has been her favorite liver medicine so long that its use has become an established family custom.

"My mother always used it," says Mrs. Owen, "and when I married and had a family of my own, I just kept up the tradition, I guess.

"I have found it excellent for spells of indigestion. My son grew pale and bad. He had several bad spells and nothing seemed to stay on his stomach.

At last I made a tea of Black-Draught. He retained this and in a few days was quite all right again and has been well ever since.

"We all take Black-Draught in this house. My husband takes it for headache. Sometimes I take it myself for indigestion and constipation. I have found it most valuable in raising my family. The children do not object to taking it, in the form of a tea."

A great many of the complaints from which members of a family often suffer are due to disorders of the stomach, liver or bowels. Thedford's Black-Draught, with its natural, easy action, tends to relieve these disorders and leave the organs healthy and functioning properly.

Black-Draught is purely vegetable and absolutely harmless.

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BLACK-DRAUGHT
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A diver cut a hole in the submerged submarine S-51 in an effort to release the men trapped within. This hole is oblong in shape, and is three times as long as it is wide. If the hole had been cut one foot larger each way its area would have been increased thirteen square feet.

What are the dimensions of the hole?

Last puzzle answer:

**MADE
IN THE U.S.A.**

"NAME US THE AID," rearranged, becomes the illustrated phrase, and buyers are quick to realize the importance of these words on any article they wish to purchase.

Gloria," he said, "although it is a dogged nice coat. Thanks."

"What'll I do with it?" Gloria asked pathetically. She looked as if she were going to cry. "Take it back?"

"You didn't pay cash for it, did you?" Dick asked.

"No—no," Gloria faltered. "I charged it to you."

"And how much was it?" Dick's voice had grown stern.

"Not very much—only \$50," Gloria replied. "It really was a bargain. It had been \$75—awfully good \$50 in it."

Dick sat down at the dining room table.

"Now look here, Gloria," he said. "I've told you a dozen times that you're not to go downtown and run up bills without asking me about it first. . . . And in spite of it, you charge a \$50 house-coat to me in a store where I owe money as it is!"

Gloria moved irritably under his angry gaze. "You think of every penny . . . she said.

"I've got to think of every penny!" Dick answered. "And you must, too, for a while, until I get on my feet again. That sickness of mine knocked everything in the head . . . There's just one way of looking at this thing. Our marriage has become nothing but a business partnership—and a one-sided one, at that."

"Oh, is that so?" Gloria cried. "So that's the way you're going to feel about it . . . Well, thanks, I don't care for any! If that's all I mean to you, I'm through! See? All through!"

(To Be Continued)



A Boon to Mothers

Mothers everywhere who realize the danger to delicate little stomachs of too much dosing appreciate the value of Vicks in treating croup and children's colds.

With Vicks there is nothing to swallow—you just rub it on. The body heat releases the ingredients—Menthon, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Thyme, Turpentine—in the form of vapors which carry the medication directly to the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs.

At the same time Vicks is absorbed through and stimulates the skin like a poultice or plaster.

Colds go overnight, croup is generally relieved within fifteen minutes.

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Before shampooing anoint the scalp with Cuticura Ointment, letting it remain on over night when possible. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair.

Cuticura Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 5c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: Cuticura Manufacturing Company, 1000 Cuticura Shaving Stick 5c.

POE

It is the unfortunate young man's fate to be forced to enclose himself in the epidermis of a gorilla and sit about in it for the better part of a day and a half hours. It may come as something of a shock to our patrons to learn that the gorilla's body is not as bad as it looks. The skin is really bad, man inside a gorilla's skin is much too dangerous as an animal to be allowed to wander about so carelessly as does the gorilla of "The Gorilla."

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