

GLORIA

THE
FLAPPER
WIFE

Gloria Leaves Dick and Returns
to Her Old
Home.

THE STORY SO FAR
Gloria Gordon, beautiful flapper, marries Dick Gregory, a struggling lawyer. Her idea of marriage is to make the other person do the work or children. She refuses pointblank to do her own housework and hires a maid. But Dick has to let the maid go, because she is a bad maid. Then, Gloria had swamped him with debts for her clothes and a new automobile. She has come to him with an out-of-town actor, Stanley Wayburn. When he leaves town, to go to New York, she stays with him. But he spurns her. Then she tries to find a job as a chorus girl and fails. It is then that Gloria begins to realize how lonely she is for Dick. But she is afraid to go back.

At last, however, she does go. Dick takes her back, but not as his wife. Gloria is still in love with him, but in love with his secretary, Susan Briggs. While Dick is out late one night, the housekeeper informs him that Dick spent the evening with Miss Briggs. But when he returns, she learns that she is at the home of Dr. John Seymour, who had killed himself because of his wife's affair with a Cossack.

The breach between Gloria and Dick is irreparable. Now that Miss Briggs is in love with Dick and begs him to discharge her, he refuses. Ah, there were other things that parted two people who had once loved each other...misunderstandings, pettiness...

By Beatrice Burton
CHAPTER LIV.

THE minute Gloria told Dick she was through with him she was sorry.

She was not through with him. She was just beginning to be interested in him as she had never been before in all her life.

Hoping that he wouldn't take her at her word, she found herself breathlessly waiting for his answer. It came.

"All right, Gloria," he said. "And this time, it's for good. Remember! No coming back!"

Gloria couldn't speak. With her little head held high, she marched past him, into the kitchen.

The steak was burning in the frying pan. Gloria took it from the stove, and put it away in the icebox, steaming hot as it was. She tossed the bread-tray with the bread on it, back into its box. The asparagus and salad went into the trash can.

"If I can't be his wife, I won't be his cook...that's a cinch!" she thought to herself.

She stood at the screen door looking out into the yard. There was a strong smell of boiling fruit in the air. Mrs. Donberg, next door, must be responsible... It was the season for preserving.

Suddenly Gloria saw the beauty of the common lot...of a woman working for a man, and him for her. Of their children. And their little homes and backyard gardens... It was a precious thing, the everyday kind of love that Dick had once offered her. And that she hadn't had the wit to accept!

Tears scalded her eyes, and ran down her cheeks.

Blinded by them, she felt her way upstairs and into her own room. She packed her over-night bag.

DICK was waiting for her in the hall when she came downstairs. She looked up at him with red-rimmed, swollen eyes.

"I'll come back tomorrow to pack my trunks," she said. "I'm going home, to mother's, now."

"No," he objected. "We'll do this thing decently. I'm not going to let you run crying down the street to night... We won't give the neighbors any more to gossip about than we have to! You go upstairs to bed, now. And we'll talk things over tomorrow morning."

"Talk what over?" Gloria asked. "You want me to go... and I'm going. What is there to jabber about? I'm sick of all this talk, talk, talk!"

She drew a long sobbing breath. "There are a good many things



"I don't ever want to see a man again!"

we've got to discuss," Dick said. "Selling the house, and the furniture... things of that kind."

Selling the house! And the furniture, too!... Ah, Dick must mean business then! He really must be through with her... eager to rid himself of her!

She looked around her at the bright, cheerful house with its cream-colored walls, its blue rugs, and the yellow curtains that looked as if sunshine were always pouring through them.

"I—I don't want to go away from my house," she said in a whisper. She couldn't trust her treacherous voice.

"Oh, rats!" Dick exclaimed. "You've never stayed in this house long enough to care for it. Six months from now you'll have forgotten you ever lived it... with me!"

Gloria had no answer to that. She went back up the stairs with lagging steps.

She locked herself in her room and went to sleep. When Dick knocked on her door in the morning she did not get up.

"There's no use in our talking to each other," she said wearily. "We'll only have another row... Goodby."

To Gloria's disappointment, Dick went without saying another word. She lay, listening tensely to his retreating footfalls.

Her nerves shook to the sound of the front door closing behind him... to the purr of the little car rolling out of the yard.

And when it had died away in the distance, she got up and dressed slowly and uncertainly.

MRS. GORDON came in from the kitchen with a plate of hot toast in her hands.

"You eat some of this toast that I've made for you, too," she said. "And then tell me how you happened to leave Dick?"

"There isn't much to tell. He said he was through with me... So what could I do but pack my bag and get out?" Gloria said.

Mrs. Gordon sat down in her old armchair. "Now, Glory, that's not the truth," she said bluntly. "I know Dick too well to believe that tale... You probably told him you were through with him. Didn't you?"

Gloria thought, for a moment. "Yes, I believe I did," she said. The whole affair was blurred in her mind by her own unhappiness.

"Well, then," her mother went on. "You've got to go back to Dick. Marriage isn't like that that you can wear for a while, and then throw away for a new one..."

"I don't want a new one," Gloria answered miserably. "I don't ever want to see a man again!" She slipped to the floor and laid her head on her mother's knees.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Gordon said. "You and Dick have just had some sort of a little spat or other... You know, you're not an easy person to live with, Gloria! You fly up at nothing... I often say to your Dad, 'Gloria isn't like either of us. She must take after old Aunt Fanny!'" She had a tongue if ever a woman did!"

"I knew you'd say it was my fault if Dick and I ever had a bust-up," Gloria answered resentfully. "Everybody thinks Dick's perfect..."

"No, he's not perfect. But he's the sort of man I should have liked to have had for a son... If the good Lord had seen fit to send me one," her mother went on. "Dick's a pretty fine young fellow, Gloria. And you're going to regret it if you leave him!"

Gloria shook her head with exasperation.

Gloria set her bag down on the well-scrubbed floor.

"Mother!" she cried. "I've come home! I've left Dick!"

Her mother laid her dish towel down on the drain board.

"Tell me," she said, "did you leave Dick when you went to New York a few weeks ago? Everybody said you did... I couldn't believe it. I was sure you'd have told me if you were separating... But then, girls don't tell their mothers things the way they used to when I was young. I suppose I'd be the last one to hear it if you ever did leave him."

Gloria shook her head with exasperation.

Gloria shook her head. But she knew that her mother was right. She was regretting it, already.

"What you ought to do is to go straight back home and settle down to make Dick some sort of a wife!" Mrs. Gordon said suddenly. "I suppose it's partly my fault that you don't know how to cook or take care of a house, that you have to have a maid. I should have made you go into the kitchen and work right along with me, when you were engaged to Dick."

"I haven't any maid," Dick let Ranghild go. "Gloria answered. "I've been doing my own housework since I came back from New York..."

"Ah, ha! So that's it! I knew there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere!" her mother exclaimed.

"You don't like to do housework, and you've been quarreling with Dick about it!"

"I have not!" Gloria jumped up from the floor. "He's in love with his stenographer, if you want to know! And he treats me as if I were his old maid aunt!"

Frailly Mrs. Gordon picked up the tray of dishes and went out into the kitchen with it.

Last puzzle answer: The dices cut a hole three feet by nine feet in the submarine S-51. Its length, nine feet, equals three times its width, three feet. Increased one foot each way equals 4 times 10 equal 40 square feet; 3 times 9 equal 27 square feet; 40 minus 27 equal 13 square feet increase.

Calvin Dilks of Alloway, N. J., a man of few words, knows this for, he writes: "I entirely rid myself of an old catarrhal condition of the stomach with the aid of Pepto Bismol."

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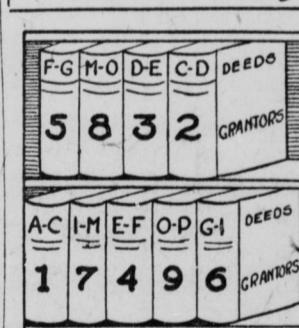
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Puzzle a Day



Recorded deeds and mortgages are filed away alphabetically, in large volumes in the county recorder's office. Each book is also numbered and is supposed to be placed upon the shelf in numerical order. On the first two shelves are nine volumes (shown above). These are misfiled and you will notice that the numbers represent the fraction 5832/17496 or 1.3. Can you change the volumes so that they form the fraction equivalent to 1/2?

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Woodbury's Facial Soap 18c
3 for 50c
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Powder \$1.10
50c Rose-Garden Rice
Powder 34c
50c Woodbury's Facial
Powder 42c

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