

GLORIA

THE
FLAPPER
WIFE

Gloria, In a Repentent Mood,
Once More Returns to
Dick.

THE STORY SO FAR: GLORIA GORDON, beautiful flapper, marries DICK TRATTNER, a lawyer. Her idea of marriage is 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 pay the maid's wages, which don't afford her wages. Gloria has swamped him with debts for her clothes and a new automobile.

She becomes infatuated with the out-of-wedlock SISTER MARY ANDREW. When he leaves town to go to New York, Gloria follows him. But he marries SISTER. Gloria fails to find a job as a chorus girl and fails. It is then that Gloria goes home to Dick again for Dick. But she is afraid to go home.

But at last she does go. Dick takes her to a hotel. Gloria is shocked to find out that he is in love with his secretary, SUSAN BRIGGS. While Dick is out, Gloria follows him. But he marries SISTER. Gloria fails to find a job as a chorus girl and fails. It is then that Gloria goes home to Dick again for Dick. But she is afraid to go home.

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By Beatrice Burton
Chapter LV.

THE doorbell rang loudly through the little house.

"That must be your Aunt Dorcas," said Mrs. Gordon. "She said she'd stop in for me on her way to the hospital to see Lulu's baby."

Gloria groaned.

Aunt Dorcas was a born gossip.

She told everything she knew for the pure joy of seeing the look of surprise and interest dawn in her listeners' eyes.

"Now, Mother, please don't tell me anything about this trouble between Dick and me," Gloria begged. "If you do, it'll be all over town by dars."

But she knew it was useless to ask her mother not to tell Aunt Dorcas anything. She was wax in the hands of Lulu's mother.

Aunt Dorcas was large and blond. She had the nose of a Roman senator, and the blue, inquiring eyes of a child. She turned one of her cheeks to Gloria to be kissed.

"Well, my dear!" she said briskly. "Lulu beat you to it, having a baby! And she's a year younger than you are, at that!"

Gloria laughed. "She's been married for two years, though," she said. "And I haven't been . . . And anyway I should think you'd be furious with her for making you a grandmother at your age . . . only forty-four! And you don't look a minute over thirty-five, does she, Mother?"

Aunt Dorcas beamed.

"Wouldn't you like to come along with us to see the new baby, my dear?" she asked, flattered.

"I would . . . I'd love to," fibbed Gloria, "but I've got to go home."

She ran upstairs to get her hat and over-night bag.

"Been here all night?" Aunt Dorcas asked sharply. Her eyes were fixed on the little bag.

"No," Gloria answered reluctantly. She shot a warning look at her mother.

"Gloria and Dick had a little quarrel," Mrs. Gordon said blandly. "And I've been talking her into going home. 'Bear and forbear' I say. That's the only way to get along with a man, isn't it?"

Aunt Dorcas shook her head. "Well, I don't know whether it is or not," she replied. "I never did think much of this young Gregory. I may as well tell you I always thought he was somewhat of a snob . . . and if I were Gloria I wouldn't take any back-chat from him! She's just as good as you are, and day in the week!"

"I haven't taken any back-chat from him," said Gloria. "The whole thing's been my own fault . . . And it isn't anything that matters, anyhow. A tempest in a teapot!"

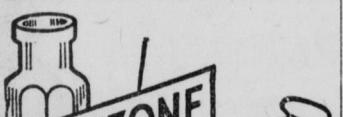
Her aunt snorted. "No, I guess nothing's the matter when you pack up and come home!" she exclaimed. "I should say that something was very much the matter! . . . Well, are we ever going to start for the hospital, Libby?"

Mrs. Gordon hurried upstairs. "There's a pie I baked, all wrapped up for you on the pantry shelf, Glory," she called downstairs. "Tell Dick I sent it to him."

Gloria tucked the pie carefully into one side of her bag. "I'd

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Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fine gels.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation—Advertisement.

**Are You Tortured
By Indigestion?**

There is more real suffering in indigestion than in almost any other human ailment. Consumption, sour stomach, distress, heart-burn, shortness of breath, pain and burning sensation in the stomach—these things puzzle the victim until the very sight of food unmutes him. VIUNA has lifted this curse from thousands of tortured sufferers. It acts upon sluggish bowels, torpid liver, and weak heart. It helps you and before long, you feel like a different person. You eat less easily and with appetite, you get restful sleep, you walk with a good stride, and know what it is to enjoy real health. Will you give it a chance?

VIUNA
The vegetable regulator



sold them when I was in New York," she faltered. "I had to have the money."

Dick looked down at her hands, curiously, but said nothing.

"I hated to do it," Gloria went on, feeling that she ought to say something. "But I didn't have a dollar to pay my hotel bill. I don't suppose I'll have another diamond like the one in my engagement ring will I?"

"Not from me," Dick answered shortly.

Gloria leaned across the table toward him. Her eyes were soft and bright with unshed tears. And her voice trembled when she spoke.

"What difference does it make that the rings are gone . . . when the marriage they stood for is gone?" she asked. "You don't love me any more."

(To Be Continued)

Inhale
the
Vapors

For Catarrh
and Colds

To relieve catarrh or check a head cold, melt a little Vicks in a spoon and inhale the vapors of Camphor, Menthol, Eucalyptus, Thyme and Turpentine. Also put a little in each nostril and snuff well back up the head.

Another way is to heat a tin cup, put in a teaspoonful of Vicks and inhale the vapors that way. As fast as the vapors lose their strength, throw out the melted Vicks and add fresh.

Millions of mothers find Vicks the ideal remedy for croup and children's colds because it not only brings quick relief but avoids dosing delicate little stomachs with so much medicine.

She flew down the kitchen. It was filled with smoke. The sputtering fat in the pan had caught on fire. It was blazing.

"Here's where the house goes up in smoke!" Gloria thought with terror.

She lifted the red-hot pan from the stove in her bare hands.

Then she ran out doors with it, and threw it down on the grass. It hissed fiercely as she turned a spray of water from the garden hose on it.

Gloria was so excited that she did not hear Dick drive into the yard. It was only when she turned to go back to the house that she saw him watching her from the driveway.

"What have you been doing . . . having a bonfire?" he asked.

Gloria burst into tears. She ran over to the car to show Dick how she had burned her hands.

"No," she sobbed. "I just burned up all the chops . . . and I'm all blistered, too! Oh—oh—oh! I mean to have such a good dinner, too . . ."

"I don't expect to find you here at all," Dick said calmly. "You said you were going to leave me, last night, you know."

Gloria hung her head. "I know I did," she said in a tone so low that Dick divined rather than heard her words; "but I changed my mind."

Dick studied her for a moment with half-closed lids. Gloria thought she even detected a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"Well, never mind about that," he said. "Run upstairs and get your hat and I'll take you downtown for dinner. I'll wait here for you. Hurry!"

Gloria put the fire out under the vegetables on the stove and took the potato salad away.

She made a paste of baking soda and water to smear on her burns.

In the old days Dick would have done it for her without doubt. He would have been filled with distress and pity . . . and he probably would have kissed the blistered hands.

Now he didn't seem to care. He was utterly indifferent to her. And the thought was all the harder to bear because Gloria knew that she had brought all this on herself . . . Dick's indifference and aloofness.

She had helped to build the wall that rose between them, mountain high.

Now he didn't seem to care.

How did Dick like his meat cooked? . . . Gloria didn't know. Well, she guessed she'd take a chance and fry them slowly for twenty minutes.

At 6 o'clock that night she put them on the stove. The peas and beets were in their kettles. The potato salad was heaped high in a bowl on the dining-room table.

Gloria's heart swelled with honest pride as she looked around the house. It was in what she called perfect order. There was a roll of dust, like a gray mouse, here and there in a shadowy corner . . . but no one would notice that she was sure.

She went upstairs to her room to put a little powder on her nose. She

had a sudden vision of herself in it when Dick should come home that night. He would think that she had gone . . . and there she would be, with dinner ready, the table set, the house clean! Wouldn't he get the surprise of his life, though!

Gloria bought canned ones and a can of beets. And she saw some potato salad in a delicatessen she passed. So she bought that, too. It would save her going to the butcher of cooking potatoes.

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Gloria felt herself redder. "I

wasn't she told you she loves you?" Gloria raised her eyebrows in feigned surprise. "I thought that would be the first thing she'd do!"

Dick didn't answer. But he drove the car down Pennsylvania St. to the little restaurant.

It was a silent meal that they ate at the little corner table where the two of them and Susan Briggs had dined only a few days before.

The waiter had set their coffee down before them before either spoke.

"What's become of your rings?"

Dick broke the silence that had hung, like a smoke-screen between them. "Your wedding ring and your diamond?"

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