

# GLORIA

THE  
FLAPPER  
WIFE

Gloria Sees Dick and Susan  
Briggs on the Street  
Together.

THE STORY SO FAR  
Gloria, a young, beautiful flapper marries Dick Gregory, a struggling lawyer. The idea of marriage is fun and the clothes are fun, too. Gloria has no children.

She uses pointblank to do her own housework, and hires a maid. But Dick has to let the maid go, because he has to pay the bills. Gloria has swamped him with her debts.

She becomes infatuated with Sandy Warden, a man she has never seen. She goes to New York. Gloria follows him. But he spurns her. Now she tries to get a job as a serious girl, and fails. She begins to realize how lonely she is.

When she comes home to him, he takes her back, but not as his wife. Gloria wonders if it is not better with her secretary, Miss Briggs. Dick stays out late at night. Gloria is sure that he is with Miss Briggs, but the next day she learns that he spent the night at the home of Jim Carewe, whom he had killed himself because of his wife's love affair with Jim Carewe.

The story continues, and Dick winds up.

Gloria tries to do a good job of housekeeping and fails. At last she makes up her mind to leave Dick. The morning she decides to go, May Seymour, a slim girl from a newspaper, comes to see her. She shows Gloria a clipping from a newspaper, and bursts into tears.

By Beatrice Burton

CHAPTER LVIII.

Gloria unfolded the little clipping, curiously.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Millbrook of N. Meridian St., announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret, to Mr. James Neale Carewe, formerly of Boston. The wedding will be an event of late October," it read.

"Jim Carewe engaged!" Gloria cried aloud. "Why, did you ever hear of such a thing! And who's the girl, for goodness sake?"

May looked up at her with wet, red-rimmed eyes. "She's a little cousin of Myra Gail's," she said. "A young thing just graduated from school this month. She can't be more than 20 . . . and Jim's 36; if he's a minute! Talk about cradle robbing . . ."

Gloria shook her head slowly. "But May," she said, "You never cared a snap of your finger about Jim. I've heard you say a hundred times. It was always Jim who was wild about you."

"I know it," May answered. "But Jim's like all men. He wants to be respectable. He'd never marry me in a million years since this . . . this scandal about John's . . . suicide."

She pressed her handkerchief hard against her lips for a moment. Then she went on bravely: "This girl can give Jim just what he wants. Respectability, a houseful of friends, youth . . . everything clean and new and shining. Perhaps he still does care for me, but he's not going to marry a scoundrel! He's too selfish to do a thing like that! He thinks too much of himself."

She took off her black hat and tossed it down on the hall table.

"You haven't any coffee on the stove, have you?" she asked. "I haven't had any breakfast."

"I haven't had any, either," Gloria answered. "Come out into the kitchen. I won't promise to cook anything for you. But Dick left some coffee on the stove, and there's jelly and rolls."

She stopped and looked hard at May for a moment. "Well," she said. "I guess we're both out of luck, by dear. I'm leaving Dick this morning. We've agreed to disagree. And I'm going back home to my people."

They stood there looking at each other with empty eyes. Neither had a word to say.

It flashed through Gloria's mind that they were like moths dancing around a light. They had flown too close to danger and had had their wings singed and broken . . .

But Stanley Wayburn and Jim Carewe were safe enough! One married, the other engaged to be married! They had escaped. Men always did.

It was the woman who took all the slurs, the snubs, and the pain. The man went scot-free from one love affair to another . . .

"Gloria," May said suddenly. "Let's get out of this town! We're going away where nobody knows us, and start over again . . ."

But Gloria shook her head. "No," she said. "I tried that once . . . The time I went to New York. And I almost died from homesickness. I . . . I wanted Dick."

May stared at her. "Well, you poor little fish, why are you leaving him, then?" she asked. "If you care anything about him?"

"It's Dick who wants me to go," Gloria answered. "He . . . he's through with me."

"Oh, you're crazy," May answered. "You might tell that to some people, and get away with it! But I know Dick Gregory . . . and he's in love with you, and always has been!"

After May had gone Gloria thought over what she had said. Was it possible that Dick still loved her?

No, May was wrong. Dick couldn't love her any more or he wouldn't let her go this way, would he?

All morning as she made the beds and washed the dishes Gloria listened tensely for the phone to ring. . . . There was just a bare chance that Dick would call her from the

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And beside him was Susan Briggs

office to ask her not to go away from him.

But no, Susan Briggs was at the office. And Dick was completely under her sway. He was probably not even thinking about his wife at home. His wife, packing her trunks to leave his house forever!

No one did. The meal came to an end at last.

Gloria followed her father and Uncle Henry out on to the front porch, leaving her mother and aunt clear away the dishes.

There were times when she couldn't stand Aunt Dorcas in large doses. Today was one of them.

She locked her trunks and presently the expression came for them.

There was nothing more to do . . . no excuse for staying. And still Gloria lingered in the house that had been the House of Dreams for her and Dick . . .

House of Dreams? . . . Heartbreak House was more like it!

Gloria had the key to the front door down on the hall table where Dick would be sure to find it. She picked up her little handbag and went out. The door closed behind her. It closed on a chapter of her life . . .

She stood there looking at each other with empty eyes. Neither had a word to say.

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