

GLORIA

THE
FLAPPER
WIFE

Gloria Receives a Check for
\$50 From
Dick.

THE STORY SO FAR:
GLORIA GORDON, beautiful flapper, marries DICK GREGORY, a struggling lawyer. Her idea of marriage is a man and fine clothes... but not work or children. She uses to do her own housework and hires a maid. But Dick has to let the maid go. Gloria has swamped him with her demands.

She becomes infatuated with an actor, STANLEY, and runs away with him. They leave town to go to New York. Gloria follows him. But he abandons her. Then she tries to get a job as a cheap girl and fails. Finally she comes home to Dick. He takes her back, but not as his wife.

Gloria begins to suspect he is in love with her secretary, SUSAN BRIGGS. Dick still loves her, but she is sure he spent the evening with Miss Briggs. But she doesn't realize that he was at the home of the JOHN SMOTHER, who had killed himself because of the love affair between his wife, MAY, and JIM CAREWE.

The breach between Gloria and Dick widens. Gloria runs away and leaves him, finally. One afternoon, filled with homesickness, she breaks into their house and puts fresh flowers in the vases. She realizes at last that she loves Dick. When she goes back to her parents' home, her mother gives her a letter from Dick. * * *

By Beatrice Burton

CHAPTER LXI

GLORIA'S heart beat fast. A telegram coming in the dead of night couldn't have startled her more than this letter from Dick.

...What was in it? What did he have to say to her?

Her fingers pressed the envelope. There seemed to be several folds of paper within it.

But, without opening it, Gloria slipped it into her apron pocket. She could feel the eyes of her father and mother watching her. She knew that they were waiting for her to open the letter... to tell them what Dick had written.

But, somehow or other, she wanted to be all alone when she read that letter—

There was just a wild chance that Dick was asking her to come back to him, in it. "And if he wants me, I'll go home this very night!" Gloria promised herself.

She raised her eyes to the cuckoo clock that hung above the sideboard. Half past seven.... In another hour or two she might be in Dick's arms, again!

With an effort she went on talking: "I saw May Seymour this afternoon, Mother. She's going away from Indianapolis. Says she'll never come back here as long as she lives."

Gloria's mother forgot all about the letter in this exciting piece of news.

"Well, I should just think she would go away! I should think she'd be ashamed to show her face among decent people, anywhere!" she said, with spirit. "I always told you she was no good, didn't I?... What was the name of that man she used to run around with, right under her poor husband's nose?"

"Jim Carewe," Gloria answered.

"And what do you think? He's going to be married to some little girl just out of school, next fall. The



"Here's an ad that looks pretty good to me," she said to her mother.

engagement was announced in the paper the other day."

An expression that plainly said "I told you so!" flashed across Mrs. Gordon's face. She was "Mrs. Grundy" herself, at that moment.

"I never saw fail to happen!" she cried. "Men will run around and have a good time with women like May Seymour. But when they settle down, they marry some girl who still thinks the moon's made of green cheese."

Gloria laughed.

"Mother, you amuse me," she said. "Nobody thinks the moon's made of green cheese, any more. Flappers of seventeen know more than their grandmothers knew at seventy."

MRS. GORDON shook her head.

"Of course, if you think that knowing how to shimmy or roll a cigarette is knowing anything, you're right!" she said, "but we old-fashioned women weren't so slow."

When I was your age I could run a house all myself.... washing, ironing, baking. Everything!"

"Yes, and she used to make all my shirts, too," Gloria's father added, mildly. "And your little dresses, Glory. Remember how cute she used to look in those pink gingham dresses, Mother?"

Mrs. Gordon nodded. Her blue eyes filled with tears as she looked across the table at Gloria. This was a terrible thing for her.... this breach between Gloria and Dick. Like a death in the family, almost!

That this should have happened to her little Glory! The little daughter for whom she had worked and prayed for twenty years....

Gloria read her mother's thoughts. She carried her dishes out into the kitchen, and then ran upstairs to her tiny bedroom.

With shaking fingers she tore open the envelope.

She took out the paper that was in it.... a double sheet, folded around a check. A check for \$50. That was all.

There wasn't a word written on the paper.... not a word! Just the money.... the check. As if money were all she wanted!

"So that's the letter I've been having chills and fever about for the last fifteen minutes!... Nothing but a measly check!" she said, with flippant sarcasm.

Mrs. Gordon stroked the check with her work-worn hands.

"I've always said," she began slowly, "that there would be fewer divorces in the world if there were less alimony! If a woman knew that she'd have to go to work to support herself, she wouldn't be so ready to leave her husband as most wives are, nowadays.... What are you going to do with that check, Glory?"

"I don't know. Get it cashed, I suppose," Gloria answered.

"Because if I were you, I'd send it straight back to Dick," her mother said. "You're no right to his money."

"Hello, Dick," she said. He did not answer.

"I certainly can't," Gloria replied. "Dick's been my husband for a long time, and he's got to pay for it!" Her little chin was firm and hard.

She stood suddenly. "Come on, let's go downstairs. I'll wipe the dishes for you," she offered.

In silence they cleared away the dishes and set to work to wash them. * * *

HEY had almost finished when T Gloria's father came in from the back yard, where he had been sprinkling his little garden. "Well, what are you two so quiet about?" he asked.

Gloria laughed shakily. "I had a windfall. Dick sent me \$50," she answered, "and Mother and I don't know what to do with it."

Her father came over to her and laid his hands tenderly on her shoulders.

"Don't touch a nickel of his money," he said. He felt that whatever the trouble was between Dick and Gloria, it couldn't be his "baby girl's" fault. So in his own mind he blamed Dick for her unhappiness.

"We took care of you twenty years, daughter," he went on. "I guess we can do it a while longer.... You send his money back to him."

Gloria looked thoughtful. "Do you know, I believe I will," she said suddenly. "Tomorrow morning I'll get up early and hunt a job. Thank goodness I know how to earn a few dollars!"

But she was filled with sadness that night, as she sat in her room, looking out into the dark street. Behind her on the dresser the alarm clock ticked loudly. It was set for 6 o'clock in the morning.

"Back to the old grind!" Gloria said to herself miserably.

It had always been hard for Gloria Gordon to rouse herself at break of day, and go out to work long dreary hours. How much more difficult it was going to be for Mrs. Richard Gregory, who had had her breakfasts in bed for many months.... who had had her own home, her own automobile. * * *

VEN when he had put the house up for sale, she had comforted herself with the thought that he wouldn't sell it when it came to a show-down.

But this check.... this \$50.... looked as if he really was through with her, forever. He had probably made up his mind to send her that much money every week for the rest of her life. It.... It was alimony!

In his own mind, Dick was divorced from her.... What else could that check mean?

Gloria opened the door of her stuffy little bedroom and called downstairs: "Oh, Mother! Come up here a minute. I want to show you something!"

When her mother came, Gloria held out the check to her without a word. She watched her as she looked at it.... wondering if her mother had been pretty when she was young.

Lined with worry fretted her forehead now, and her hair was gray above her temples. Wrinkles dragged down the corners of her mouth.

Gloria turned suddenly and looked at her own face in the dim mirror of her old dresser. Her own mouth was dragged down like her mother's.... and tremulous at the corners. Her eyebrows were twisted with unhappiness!

"I'll look like an old hag soon, if I don't stop worrying and fussing about Dick," she told herself angrily. She scooped up some cold cream from the jar on the dresser, and patted it around her mouth.

"Well, Mother, what do you think of my love letter from Dick?" she asked with flippant sarcasm.

Mrs. Gordon stroked the check with her work-worn hands.

"I've always said," she began slowly, "that there would be fewer divorces in the world if there were less alimony! If a woman knew that she'd have to go to work to support herself, she wouldn't be so ready to leave her husband as most wives are, nowadays.... What are you going to do with that check, Glory?"

"I don't know. Get it cashed, I suppose," Gloria answered.

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"Hello, Dick," she said. He did not answer.

[To Be Continued]

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Mr. Gordon shook her head. "No, if you had a child or two to care for I'd tell you take Dick's money," she said. "But you're a free, able-bodied woman who can earn her own living.... And it's not fair to take money from a man when you're not being a wife to him. Can't you see that, yourself?"

Gloria tore the envelope into tiny pieces, and flung the check down on her dresser. That bit of paper.... It was the death blow to her hopes!

Puzzle a Day

Fifteen years ago there were nearly 200 passenger car manufacturers. Today there are only 72. The latter figures is memorable for another reason. It can be divided into four parts, to the first part you can add two, from the second part you can subtract two, the third part can be divided by two, and the fourth part multiplied by two. The result in each case will be the same. If you add two to the last part you will discover the number of manufacturers turning out the greater part of the automobiles.

What are the parts that 72 can be divided into?

Last puzzle answer:

S	N	I	P
T	A	R	E
U	P	O	N
D	E	N	S

By rearranging letters AEED, OUDN, NPPR, RSST, you get eight common English words, four reading across, and four reading down. In solving a puzzle like this it is always wise to put the letters "E" in the last columns, because in most four-letter words that is the position of that letter.

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Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets out—Joint-Ease succeeds.

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