

GLORIA

THE FLAPPER WIFE

Gloria Returns Dick's Money and Tells Him She Is Going to Work.

THE STORY SO FAR
Gloria is a beautiful lawyer's daughter, married to Dick Gregory, a struggling lawyer. She has no money, but she has two children. She refuses to do her own housework, and hires a maid. But Dick has to let the maid go, for he is always in debt with his debts for clothes, and a new apartment.

She becomes infatuated with an actor, Stanley Wexburn, and follows him to New York. She goes to him, but she tries to get a job as a chorus girl to Dick. He takes her back to him and his wife.

Gloria begins to suspect that he is in love with his secretary, Susan Briggs. When he works late she accuses him of being a drunkard, but he denies it.

Finally, Gloria makes up her mind to be a cook, and to keep the house clean. But she does a poor job. Then she decides that she will work for Miss Briggs, and when he refuses, she leaves him. She goes back to her father's house, but is very ill and unable to work. One day she visits her own house and puts fresh flowers in the vase, and clean Dick's suit.

That night when she goes home, her mother gives her a check from Dick. It is a check for \$50. Gloria decides that she won't take money from Dick, but when she works she goes to Dick's office with the money.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

By Beatrice Burton
CHAPTER LXII

GLORIA turned then, and looked straight at Miss Briggs. "I want to talk to my husband. Will you please leave us alone?" she asked coldly.

The secretary did not meet Gloria's eyes. But she walked slowly out of the office. The door closed behind her.

Gloria opened her handbag and laid the check Dick had sent her, down upon his desk.

"There's your money, I've brought it back to you," she said. "I don't want anything from you, Dick."

She raised her questioning eyes to his face. "What was the big idea in sending it to me?" she asked.

Under her eyes, Dick flushed darkly. Gloria could see that he was embarrassed.

"I thought you understood that I was going to take care of you," he said. "I told you that if you lived with your folks, I'd see that you had plenty of money. . . . I'll send you \$50 every week, just as I said I would."

Gloria shook her head. "No, you won't," she contradicted, "because I shan't take it. I'm going back to work this morning. I'll earn my own money. . . . So you can keep yours to pay off some of the debts I piled up for you!"

She couldn't resist saying that. The memory of Dick's sermons about debts was still a thorn in her flesh.

"I'll send you a check for \$50 every week, just as I said I would," Dick repeated firmly. "So long as you're my wife, I'm going to support you. And I don't want you to work in some office with a lot of men. . . ."

Gloria interrupted him with a laugh. "I'm not your wife any more," she cried. "The law may say I am, and you may say so! But I'm not!"

Her face was white, and hard with rebellion. "And another thing . . . I'll work anywhere I please! And it'll take more than you to stop me!" she added.

Dick was speechless. As he stood there looking at her, without a word to say, she began to cry.

TEARS reddened her eyes and coursed down through the rouge that was thick on her cheeks. Her mouth trembled.

"Dick," she began huskily, "I've been so lonesome. And look . . ." She held out her hands to show him the burns and cuts on them.

"See, I've been trying to cook," she sobbed. "Dick please let me go home again. . . . I can't stand being away from you. I can't stand it!"

Her voice rose on a high note of hysteria.

"Ssh!" Dick hissed, frowning. "Be careful or Miss Briggs will hear you! Hush!"

Gloria sank down on the floor and laid her head on the seat of Dick's swivel chair. "What do I care if she hears me or not?" she said thickly. "All I care about is getting home, again!"

"Please, please don't treat me like this," she sobbed.

Dick lifted her to her feet. "For Lord's sake, get up!" he said sharply. "And don't come here again, until you can control yourself, Glory! . . . What are you trying to do? Put on a one-act play for Miss Briggs' benefit?"

His sharpness brought Gloria to her senses. She stood up and dried her eyes.

"All you think about is Miss Briggs, isn't it?" she asked, choking. "And what is she, anyway? Nothing but a little old maid! . . . I wouldn't care so much if I lost you to a raving, tearing beauty . . ."

Her voice broke again.

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SHE almost ran out of the office.

The women's dressing-room

was on the floor below. Gloria hurried down to it.

Two pretty office girls were there, chatting as they combed out their fluffy bobbed hair, as they rouged their lips . . . preparing for the morning's labor.

Everybody, everywhere, had something special to do.

"Everybody but me," Gloria said to herself, as she sat out in the porch swing, after supper.

She stared out into the gathering dusk. The stars were coming out, like polished pin points in the sky above the tree tops.

A Ford car drove up before the house next door, and a man jumped out and ran up the steps. Gloria heard a screen door slam . . .

Inside the dark house, the telephone rang.

Gloria quivered. Who could it be? Dick, perhaps? . . . But no, it was only Aunt Dorcas, very likely, or Cousin Lulu.

Presently he came out again, with the girl who lived there . . . little Cousin Lulu.

"Peggy Quin," she said.

"My stars! She can't be more than 16 . . . and having a beau already!" Gloria exclaimed to herself. "But then that's not so bad, when I'm only 21, and married and . . ." She stopped suddenly. She had almost said "divorced."

With a pang of loneliness, she listened to Peggy Quin's gay voice, as she climbed into the little car and took her seat there. It chugged away down the street . . .

Then her mother and father came out of the house. They were going out to do their regular Saturday night marketing.

"Better come along," Mr. Gordon advised her. "We'll probably wind up at a movie. We 'most always do."

But Gloria shook her head. "No."

JOANNA says: Any woman knows what another woman thinks about a man. Read Joanna's story, starting in *The Times* Nov. 3.

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