

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.



"Whatever you do, don't pay any attention to me, tonight," she said.

(Continued from page one)

be in Dick's house that day making love to Dick's wife!
"Well, she just couldn't! And that was all there was to it!
"No. The only way out was to bluff it through! . . . To tell another lie to cover the first one! . . . And that ought to be easy enough.

So Gloria threw back her shining head and laughed.
"You're seeing things, Dicky!" she cried. "You're lit. . . That isn't my husband's man or anybody like him! That's Stanley Wayburn, who played here in stock all last winter. Don't you remember him? . . . You're cuckoo! Just plain cuckoo! . . . I'll have to cut off your drinks tonight, I can see that!"

She left him. Distantly she threaded her way through the dancers to Wayburn's side.

The air in the hot rooms was heavy with the smell of perfume and alcohol. It made her giddy.

"How nice of you to come!" Gloria called up at Wayburn. He took her hand. The hard pressure of his palm thrilled her, somehow. . . . She felt as if he had taken her in his arms. The pearls on Gloria's breast stirred as she sighed deeply.

"Come along," she said. "I want you to meet my husband."
"Together they went back to Dick's corner. He was in a brown study.

"Dick," Gloria said, "I want you to know an old friend of mine, Stanley Wayburn. You've heard of him, of course. . . . Some day Stan is going to back the Barmaley broth-

ers right off the boards! . . . Come out into the dining room, Stan, and I'll give you a drink while nobody's looking."

Dick watched them as they went. Gloria could feel his angry eyes upon her. . . .

There was a sick, shaky feeling at the pit of her stomach.
She was terribly afraid that Dick knew now that she had lied. . . .

She was sure that he suspected that Wayburn and the "lampshade man" were one and the same person.

Suddenly something she had heard her grandmother say long ago flashed into her mind. . . . "You can look up from a liar, but you can't look up from a thief!"

On one end of the long table in the dining room was a huge punch bowl filled with iced fruit-juice and gin.

Gloria filled two glasses with the bitter-sweet stuff.
"I call this my Indian Guide cocktail because it'll lead you astray, Stan!" she cried recklessly. And drained her glass.

"Then Gloria went on in a low tone. "Whatever you do, don't pay any attention to me, tonight!" she said.

Stan rated his eyebrows. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because I have the most jealous husband in the world," Gloria answered. "And he says you're leaving the house the other day . . . or thinks he did. Here comes Myra Gail! Give her a thrill. . . . she's not having a very gay time."

Mrs. Gail trailed into the room. Behind one hand she hid a tiny yawn.

"Myra, dear," Gloria said loudly, here's a nice little boy friend for you! Mr. Wayburn's just been telling me that he's dying to meet you.

She was filling three more cocktail glasses as she spoke. She emptied her own, and left Wayburn with Myra.

Gloria's head was going around and around. There was a singing in her ears. She knew she had had too much to drink. Much too much!

Gloria started up the stairs. She wanted just one thing in the world . . . to lie down on her own bed and go to sleep!

But the stairs seemed to be made of rubber. She couldn't stand on them.

Suddenly a plate of sandwiches appeared before her.

"Here, eat a blotter!" came Bill Hough's voice. "I'll soak up some of the gin you've been drinking and better sober up, old girl, before Dick sees you!"

But Gloria pushed Bill and his sandwiches away.

She swayed into the living-room. The jazz band was playing "Oh, Peter!" But nobody was dancing.

On theavenport May Seymour and Jim Carver were sitting close together, blowing smoke rings at the ceiling.

Gloria crossed the room to them. "Why don't you get up and dance?" she asked. "Hand's playing 'O, Peter!' Mos' wonderful music in the world. . . ."

May Seymour took one look at Gloria's white face and starry eyes. "Sit down here!" she ordered.

"Gloria, you've had too much to drink. Make her sit down, Jim."

But Gloria drifted away. The room seemed filled with golden fire. . . . She was very warm and dizzy. She reeled a little.

"I may have had too much to drink, but I'm still going good!" she said to the world at large.

"You certainly are!" It was Dick's voice. He and Lola Hough seemed to swim before her eyes.

"Here, take her out into the kitchen, Lola," Gloria heard Dick say, "and tell Maggie to give her some strong black coffee. See if you can sober her up. . . . If Myra Gail and the rest of the women see her like this they'll tell it all over town tomorrow!"

The next thing Gloria knew she was sitting in her own white kitchen. She didn't know how she had got there.

Through the golden fire she could see Maggie cutting sandwiches.

"I'd always heard that women smoked and drank," Gloria heard Maggie say to Mrs. Hough, "but I

never expected to see it! . . . Not in Mr. Dick's house, anyway!"

She cut bread viciously.

"Aw, Maggie, what's a little drink among friends?" Gloria asked cheerfully. She was feeling very happy.

"It's not so much the drink itself. . . . It's the way drink makes folks act. . . . especially women folks!" snorted Maggie. "Look at yourself, right this minute, Mrs. Gregory, ma'am! . . . and that Mrs. Gail in the dining room! Her that's so cold, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth!"

"Well, go and take a look at her now, if you think she's so prim."

Gloria rose to her feet. Lola caught her by one bare arm.

"No, no, dear!" she pleaded. "Don't go now. Wait until you've had your coffee!"

But Gloria had torn herself away. Uncertainly she pushed open the door between the pantry and the dining room.

Someone had turned out the lights. The dining room was in half darkness.

And standing in the breakfast alcove were Myra Gail and Stan Wayburn, locked in another woman's arms!

Gloria gave a little moan. She put out one hand and turned on the wall lights.

Instantly the pair in the alcove sprang apart. Gloria laughed bitterly.

"Well, Stan, you certainly are a fast worker!" she said. "You'll get a fast one for spoiling your chubby little party, won't you? . . . You see, I'm afraid to go 'round in the dark." She drank another cocktail.

She wanted to cry. But instead she turned out the lights again and walked out of the room.

She'd shown Stanley Wayburn that she wasn't jealous!

She'd show him that it meant nothing to her how many times he

might kiss Myra Gail . . . or any other woman!
"What was he in her life, anyway?
Nothing but a third-rate actor who happened to look like Valentino!
"And yet, somehow, the sight of him kissing Myra Gail had spoiled Gloria's whole evening.
Someone laid a hand on her bare arm. Gloria turned.
"Look here, Russet!" he said, "what are you so sore about? You told me to give your end-eyed friend a thrill, and I did my best to give her one."
"I'll say you did!" Gloria answered. "And anyway, I'm not sore about it. I dare say you've kissed hundreds of women. . . . Why should I worry about your kissing Myra Gail?"
"She went back into the kitchen. "I'll have that coffee now, please," she said to Maggie, "and then let's serve supper. I'm tick and tired of this party, anyway!"
She drank her coffee. May and Jim came in. Jim was carrying two cocktail glasses.
May drank the contents of both, dutifully.
"I drink to Married Life!" she cried. "Serappy days!"
May was a kitchen drinker. Dr. John, her husband, had forbidden her to drink. So May had to have her cocktails when he was out of sight.
"I wish to goodness some kind patient would send in a hurry call for my hubby," May said now. "It cramps my style terribly to have him around at parties. . . . He's so afraid I might happen to have a good time! Go, hunt him up, Glory, and dance with him, while I have my little drink in peace!"
Gloria went. She found Dr. John and Lola Hough sitting on the stairs talking about Lola's babies.
"You haven't danced with me all evening, Dr. Johnny," Gloria pouted. Instantly the doctor was on his feet. He put his arms around Gloria, but she slipped out of them.
She crumpled up in a heap on the floor!
(To be continued tomorrow)

Cynthia Grey Says:

"NEVER marry until nothing else seems worth while."

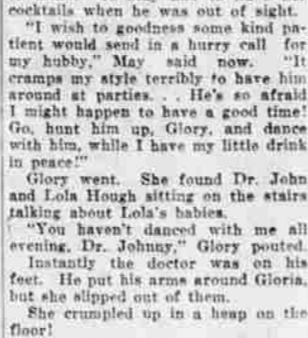
A married woman once told me that this is the only rule for a successful marriage.

And as she happens to be most happily married, I pass it along to you. . . .

This may be an extreme statement, but I believe women, especially, are too willing to marry. They are afraid that they will be left behind to be an old maid, when their friends march off to the altar.

But it's far, far better to be a happy spinster than an unhappy wife!

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



JEFF, ZOOS DON'T WANT DEAD BEASTS, SO THAT MEANS WE GOTTA CAPTURE THEM ALIVE! I'M BUSY WRITING OUR NEWSPAPER STORY BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BE IDLE! YOU'RE GOOD AT HYPNOTISM, AIN'T YOU?

"YOU BET I AM!"

"I'VE HEARD THAT, TOO! I'LL TRY IT, MUTT!"

"LION, YOU ARE IN MY POWER! LION, YOU ARE IN MY POWER!"

"THIS SOUNDS GOOD. AS THE BULL ELEPHANT CHARGED ON JEFF I FIRED AND DROPPED HIM IN HIS TRACKS!"

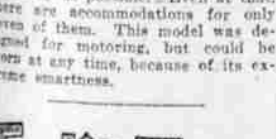
"MUTT, TAKE IT FROM ME THAT HYPNOTIC STUFF IS A LOTTA BUNK!"

Fashion Plaques



A more close-fitting hat than this you cannot find in a day's search. It is made of satin and has large cartwheels of milian straw arranged as closely as possible. Even at that, there are accommodations for only seven of them. This model was designed for motoring, but could be worn at any time, because of its extreme smartness.

FOLKS IN TOWN



WIRE WALKER
You've been in the wire, but you make it look easy to all. But, hey, while you're jumping look out for the bumping. You'd get it if you took a good fall.

Jerry On the Job

"YOU TAKE THIS BILL UP TO ELMER GIMNEY AND COLLECT! I'M TIRED OF THAT BIRD'S DELAYS!"

"AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT THE MONEY!"

"GOSH - YOU'RE DUMB!"

"I GOTTA PAY THIS MR. GIMNEY. THE BOSS TOLD ME NOT TO COME BACK WITHOUT THE DOUGH."

"YOU'VE BEEN FIRED AND YOU DON'T KNOW IT."

FLAPPER FANNY says



All the tight places aren't in Scotland.

Radio Programs

TODAY

KGW, Portland, 401.5 meters—5 to 5:30 P. M., Children's program; 7:15 P. M., Weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 9 to 10 P. M., Edwards coffee program; 10 to 12 midnight, Herman Kenin's Multnomah hotel dance orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—5:30-8 P. M., Examiner's matinee program; 8-11:30, McDaniel's night ball; 9-10 P. M., program, Cilmex Air-Phone company, Peggy Mathews and Charlie Wellman, jazz singers; 9-10, program, Pauline, Luc, Hawaiian Nighthawks, Great Western music quartet; 10-11, Warner Bros. program, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—7:45-9 P. M., program, Cilmex Air-Phone company, Peggy Mathews and Charlie Wellman, jazz singers; 9-10, program, Pauline, Luc, Hawaiian Nighthawks, Great Western music quartet; 10-11, Warner Bros. program, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—11-1 A. M., Braunstatter's Hollywood Montmartre cafe dance orchestra, Mel Pedesky, leader.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 301.2 meters—4:50 P. M., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis, Vinton La Ferrara, conductor; 6:30-6:30, "Friend to Boys," George Ludlow; 8, "The Wren," three-act comedy, KGO players, Wilda Church, director; Arion trio; 10-1 A. M., dance music, Henry Halstead's orchestra; soloists.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—5:30-8 P. M., Leighton's Arcadia orchestra; Jack Cronshaw, conductor; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzig; Jeanne De Bard, five-year-old pianist; bedlam, Uncle Johnson, 7:30, "Friend to Boys," by William Farrell; 8-10, program, John Wright, the Night Tailor; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Bartlett, leader.

KJR, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters—10:30-12 midnight, "Keep Joy Radiating Order of the Bats."

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 334.9 meters—5:30-6:15 P. M., Warbler pipe organ studio; 6:15, results of tests made in KNX radio apparatus testing laboratory; 6:30-7:30, program, Los Angeles County Association of Optometrists, Ziegler's orchestra; 7:30-8, one-act play, Edward Murray-KNX players; 8-10, KNX feature program; 10-11, Abe Lyman's Coconut Grove dance orchestra; 11-12, campus night, students of University of California, southern branch.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3

Home Hints

TO REMOVE ink stains from silk and wool, peroxide or weak acids are the only safe things to use.

Oil From Fabrics

Machine oil can be removed from fabrics by washing with neutral soap and water.

Washing Gloves

White silk gloves and hose should be washed in cold or tepid water and

Before Dyeing Dress

Before dyeing an old costume it should be ripped apart and washed thoroughly.

Home Menus

BREAKFAST—Strawberries, cereal, thin cream, crisp rye, toast, soft cooked eggs, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Cream of onion soup, croissants, brown bread, rhubarb marmalade, caramel custard, milk, tea.

Dinner—Breaded veal cutlets, diced creamed potatoes, buttered asparagus, radishes and spring onions, strawberry shortcake, milk, coffee.

Many people like an uncooked cereal during the warmer months. Grown-ups will like their berries and cereal served as one but juniors should be served berries with a little sugar and no cream, so the combination dish is impossible.

Cream of Onion Soup

One cup sliced onion, 1/2 cup dried celery, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups milk, 1 egg, salt and pepper.

Cook onion, celery and parsley in butter over a low fire until vegetables are soft. Stir in flour. When well blended slowly add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point while stirring, reduce heat and simmer for 30 minutes. Beat egg slightly with 2 tablespoons cream. Strain soup into egg, stirring vigorously. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly and serve.

Rhubarb Marmalade

Eight cups sliced rhubarb, 2 oranges 1 cup dried raisins, 7 cups sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Wash rhubarb and do not peel. Cut oranges in thin slices, discarding the seeds and thick skin. Add to rhubarb and cook in 1 1/2 cups water until tender. Add sugar and salt and cook until thick. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner

TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 1



JACK and Dotty Daw were so curious about the wooden toys their old friend, the island hermit, had promised to show them, that they didn't even want to stop in the grass hut for a bite to eat. "Let's go and see these wonderful things right away," suggested Dotty. So they all started for Toy Cave.

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"HOW far of a walk is it?" said Jack. "Much too far," laughed the old man. "So we won't walk, we'll ride." And with that he went around back of his grass hut and entered a little low grass barn. In a few moments he reappeared leading a fine little black and white pony, hitched to a two-wheeled cart.

"I GUESS there is room for all of us in this rig," he said. "All except Flip," replied Jack. "I'd rather he would run along beside us. The exercise will do him good." And then Jack and Dotty and the old man climbed into the little circular seat of the buggy and the old man shouted "Giddap!" (Continued.)

Red Hat Popular

This is a season of bright colored millinery, and the red hat is at the height of its popularity. Shades of rose and purple are also liked.

Wash Refrigerator

The floor and shelves of the refrigerator should be washed daily with a soda solution and the refrigerator

should be thoroughly cleaned once a week.

MANY SHADES USED

Many shades of blue are combined in one frock this season, the light Alice blue and midnight blue being the extremes.

OREGON MOTOR CO.

Phone D49 930 Olive

LET 'ER RIP!

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

The best little tonic that man ever knew is one that is always right handy for you. It tends to good feeling, so here's a good tip—whenever you feel like a laugh, let 'er rip.

There's plenty of trouble that's floating around, and gloom, when it's looked for, can always be found. The thing that we all ought to aim to turn loose is all of the laughter that we can produce.

You must follow men in the work of your day—they frown and they soon have you looking that way. The pleasure or sorrow that people express is something that really is catching, I guess.

So try, every day, to give cheer to a friend by laughing; you'll find it reacts in the end. Your life can be made a real happiness trip if you'll give way to pleasure and let the laughs rip.

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MUTT AND JEFF

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A Busy Day For Both In the African Wilds

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By BUD FISHER

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"AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT THE MONEY!"

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Bad News

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