

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

(Continued from page one)

the pillows . . . the comfort of the guest room!

Glory half opened her eyes. Dick was hanging her clothes neatly over the back of a chair . . . He really was a dear, after all.

She tried to tell him so. But she was too tired. . . . If only the sick feeling in her stomach would go away!

What a ghastly party!

And what a fool she had made of herself!

If only she hadn't asked Stan Wayburn to come!

For Gloria knew that if she hadn't been so up set about Wayburn and Stan, she would never have taken those two last cocktails, and then fainted!

That was the effect Wayburn had always had upon her. . . . reckless things she didn't want to do! Things that she was ashamed of afterward!

Dick was worth 10 Stanley Wayburns. . . . Ad yet Dick couldn't make her glow and tremble by simply dipping her hand in Stan's coat!

And Gloria wondered if she would care if she came upon Dick kissing another woman.

She supposed she would. . . . She wasn't sure. But then Dick wouldn't do such a thing!

There floated up to her sounds of the two men downstairs.

The jazz band was playing "Ten for the Grain."

Someone was singing it in a husky tone. . . . Stan Wayburn's voice!

"Nobody near us."

"To see us, or hear us. . . ."

Gloria clenched her little hands. The nails bit into her palms.

In her mind's eye she could see Myra Gail watching Stan with her long gray eyes. And Stan, no doubt, was singing the love-sick words straight at her!

Well, Gloria made up her mind, she'd soon put a stop to that!

"Dick!" she called sharply. Her mind was almost clear again.

"Well," he answered. He was standing looking out of the window.

"Don't you think you ought to go down to our guests?" Gloria asked.

"Tell Maggie to serve supper right away. Then they'll go home. I'm tired of the noise I could die! . . . Get rid of them all, please!"

Dick came over to her. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Gloria," he said, "I'm going to ask you a question. And I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Get me?"

Gloria nodded. She held her breath.

"This fellow Wayburn. . . . How long have you known him?"

"Oh, a couple of years. I used to have a sort of kid's crush on him," Gloria answered.

"And you still have?" Dick asked.

"You still have a crush on him?" Gloria closed her eyes.

"If you'd answer your foolish question!" she said, "hook here, Dick Gregory, what do you think you're giving me the third degree?"

Dick set his square jaw. Suddenly he seized Gloria in those flexible hands of his. He shook her.

"Answer me!" he said. "You are in love with him, aren't you?"

Gloria gave a little scream.

"Oh, you're hurting me!" she cried.

Dick loosened his hold. There were white marks on the pale-rose flesh of her arm where his fingers had gripped.

Instantly he was all tenderness.

"Darling, I did hurt you! I'm sorry," he said.

Gloria leaned back on the pillows and closed her burning eyes. Dick rubbed her hair back from her damp forehead.

How like a child she was, he thought.

There was a knock on the door. This was Maggie's troubled voice.

"Mr. Dick," she called. "Shall I serve supper or not? The company seems to be leaving. Something's happened. You'd better come downstairs!"

Gloria opened her eyes.

"These, you see?" she cried. "I told you to go downstairs and get that wild crowd out of the house before the whole party went home!"

What happened, Maggie?

But Maggie had followed Dick downstairs.

Gloria crept out of bed. Her hair was damp. But she went out into the hall to look for Dick.

Below there was a babble of voices. The front door slammed.

Then she heard someone running up the stairs toward her. . . . It was Lola Hough. She was crying.

"What in the world is the matter down there? What's happened?" Gloria whispered. She drew Lola into her bedroom and closed the door.

She was much more interested in the outcome of her party than in Lola's tears just now.

"Oh, it was just me and my crazy friends!" Lola sobbed. "She had sunk down upon the floor. . . . Gloria's dressing table. 'You know . . . you know Bill's always been wild about May Seymour! And she doesn't give a snap of her fingers about him! . . . Well, he was trying to kiss her behind the curtains in your sunroom, and I saw him. . . . And I guess I lost my head. . . . Her voice ended in a burst of sobbing.

"What did you do when you lost your head?" Gloria asked coldly.

She had no sympathy for this shabby woman who did not know how to hold her tongue. . . . It was her own fault if he made love to women who had sense enough to take care of their looks. . . . to keep their 'pep' and style!

"Oh, I hauled him out in front of everybody!" Lola replied dully. "I hauled the whole crowd out! I said my soul about these drinking parties! . . . Somebody's husband and somebody else's wife making love in dark corners! Everybody getting pie-eyed and spoozy!"

Lola stopped to wipe her eyes. Then she went on.

"What fun married people get out of getting parties like these I fail to see!" she cried. "To me they're horrors!"

Gloria drew in her breath. When she spoke her voice tinkled like ice in a glass.

"Well, Lola, she said, sarcastically, 'I'm glad you enjoyed my party!'"

Lola stood up and began to brush her hair before the mirror.

"Oh, I know I've made you angry, Gloria," she said. "But I've reached the point where I don't care what people think of me! . . . Bill's just driving me crazy. He's never at home! He hardly ever gives me a cent for the house! I'm up to my eyes in debt. . . . And then when we go out any place where May Seymour is, he drinks and makes a fool of himself over her!"

"And what does May do? She snaps her fingers at him!" Gloria broke in. "And that's why he's in love with her. . . . because she doesn't care whether he lives or dies! . . . Oh, can't you see, Lola, that the way to make Bill love you is to treat him like a doormat?"

Lola looked at her, wide-eyed.

"How could I ever treat Bill like a doormat? Why, I love Bill!" she cried. "He's all I love in the world. . . . besides the babies!"

"Yes, the babies! Always the babies!" Gloria mimicked her. "The Year's whole house is run for the babies! No man wants his home to be a day nursery!"

"What does he want it to be, then?" Lola asked.

"A jazz palace!" Gloria told her.

Photographer

Get your people's faces.

And use all the traces.

Of age in the short and tall.

Use all good to give you!

Use your own mirror.

Use your own mirror.



A surplus front of white Jersey knitted in black varies the neckline of the black jersey swimming suit. After all, there is no reason why the swimming suit should not share in the general femininity that distinguishes the season's models—especially when it is such an obvious improvement.

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Dick picked up his wife and carried her upstairs to her room.

"You show your husband a good time at home . . . and he won't wander all over town looking for it somewhere else! Show a little pep, Lola! . . . Go out and buy yourself a face massage and some new clothes. . . . and make Bill foot the bill!"

But Lola shook her head.

"You don't know Bill," she said. "He never pays for anything!"

Gloria looked at her. Lola's hair was faded. Her mouth drooped. Her sallow skin was innocent of powder. . . . And she had worn that same blue fofard dress to every party for the last two years!

She was beaten. . . . whipped. Life had passed her by.

Well, that was what Life did to you if you let it!

That was what a husband did, if you let him get away with it!

And just let Dick try to keep from her. . . . from Gloria Gordon Gregory. . . . the things that were coming to her! The attention! The clothes! The good times!

She'd be no Lola Hough to sit by and cry! Not this year. . . . or any other!

The door opened. Dick came in. "Well, everybody's gone," he said. Then he turned to Lola.

"Bill's waiting to drive you home. I'll take you downstairs." Dick's voice dropped to a whisper. "Don't say a word to him. He's sore as a pup."

(To be continued tomorrow)

Cynthia Grey Says:

THE BABY SPECIALISTS tell us that lack of fresh green food causes bad temper and how legs in infants.

Dr. J. H. Tilden, a Denver physician goes further than this. He says that wrong food combinations cause

(1) Part of dress between waist and knee.

(2) Embellishment subsequent.

(3) Social collusion.

(4) Collar base.

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT, THE SWAZI CHIEFTAIN HAS TWO TIGER CUBS FOR ME AND I'M GOING AFTER THEM NOW! AND ALL THEY COST ME IS TWO YARDS OF RED CALICO!

FING, JEFF!

I'LL SEND ONE OF THESE CUBS TO BUFFALO AND THE OTHER TO SEATTLE OR PORTLAND! PRETTY SOFT!

EYOWOO!

OH, MY GOSH!

HA! SAFE! TIGERS HATE WATER!

BLOOM!!

BLOOM!!

HIPO!

SUCH A LIFE!

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

most of the ill to which mankind is heir.

Even our mental outlook is influenced by food, he thinks.

"There are food drunkards as well as alcoholic drunkards," Dr. Tilden says.

He goes on to explain that the brain doesn't work well in a body that is poisoned by "dead" foods. . . . meat and starch exclusively. We all need fresh things like lettuce, spinach and raw fruits.

These are the "eliminating" foods . . . the ones that carry away the waste of the body.

The medical profession during the last few years has begun to realize that the right food is more necessary to the human body than the right medicine.

There is no doubt that most of us stuff ourselves.

Women in their efforts to reduce, the last few years, have cut down on their food. As a result they are much healthier as a class, than men, so statistics tell us.

Twenty years ago we used to think that the juice of a raw tomato or orange would kill a little baby. Today we know it is a necessary food.

And in the same ratio, women realize that there's "pep" and beauty in a spring salad or a fruit cocktail.

There are "sneaky" indeed!

Aged Circus Rider Returning to Ring

OMAHA, May 22.—Under the "big top" of a little country circus which is assembling in a pasture south of this city, today sat a little gray haired woman, who, after a retirement of seven years has harkened to the call of the sawdust ring where she spent more than half a century as a horseback rider and trapeze performer.

She is Rose Marlette, to the canvas-topped world, in private life she is Mrs. Rosie M. Gerber of Leavenworth, Kansas, 66 years old and a grandmother.

Seven years ago Mrs. Gerber "retired" putting aside her spangles for the shears of the seamstress. But being a dressmaker paled and this spring the ill health which has figured in her departure from the arena having left her, Mrs. Gerber looked up a show. Beginning next Saturday she will again balance on the retnbacks and perch high on the trapeze bars, she hopes.

For Pajamas

Checks and striped materials are used very effectively for pajama outfits, bound with plain fabrics.

Tailored Oxford

There is an increasing demand for the tailored oxford with two eyelets and ribbon laces.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

When a drummer attempted to flirt With a dame in a come hither. (1)

He discovered too — (2)

That he'd fixed up — (3)

With the lady who washes his — (4)

Jerry On the Job

TAKE A MEMORANDUM TO THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT AND TELL HIM THE NEW ERA OF ECONOMY STARTS AT ONCE.

HOW DO I SPELL THAT?

TOO MUCH SOCK CLICK!

ALL SET MR. FIGSBY WANTS SIGN IT?

ECONOMY 'EM?? AND YOU PUT A SHORT NOTE LIKE THAT ON A BIG SHEET OF PAPER LIKE THIS!

TAKE IT BACK AND DO IT ON A SMALL SHEET.

YESSIR.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 2



JACK was surprised when he noticed that the old man didn't use any lines to direct the boat. When asked about this the friendly hermit replied, "Oh, he knows his way all around this island." Doty, in the meantime, was enjoying the beautiful scenery along the small winding road.



SUDDENLY the party came to a long stretch of pathway that led right through great clumps of bushes that were covered with big red flowers. "Oh, can I pick a bunch of those?" asked Doty. "What's the use?" replied the old man, "as soon as you pick them they will fade and die. You'd only kill the blossoms."



BUT, like all little girls, Doty was curious, and she just couldn't help but reach over and pluck one of the flowers. The moment the stem was broken off from the bush, the beautiful flower curled up and drooped over. "There," said the hermit. "That's a lesson for you. Always believe what I tell you." (Continued.)

ROTOR SHIP STARTS

KIEL, Germany, May 22.—(AP)—Flettner's rotor ship, the *Buckau*, is to be put in commission for passenger service. It will start making regular trips, touching at the principal bathing resorts on the North sea and the Baltic and later on, including the principal ports of Sweden and Norway.

Silk Trimmings

Bands of corded silk or corded ribbon make very pleasing trimmings for jerseys or dull faced wool fabrics.

FLOWERS ON BACK

The shoulder corsage has slipped to the back now and is not visible at all from the front.

Oil of LAITIFUL Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

Listen here, shoes, don't you take on the blues, 'cause I've laid you aside for a spell. Perhaps, by and by, though I'm wondering why, I will wear you again—who can tell?

You shouldn't regret when vacation you get. Why, you ought to be glad of the rest. Since you came from the shelf, take a look at yourself; you'll agree you're not lookin' your best.

You've taken me 'round, over coles of ground, since the day that I put you to use. I've polished and shined, but the every day grind you down, and you look like the deuce.

It's twice that I've given a new touch of livin', by havin' you neatly half-soled, but not any more can you go to the store 'cause you really are grownin' too old.

So, lie back and rest. It can easily be guessed what a bully good friend you have been. Though your ragged and shot, I will miss you a lot when I'm breakin' another pair in.

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Jeff Jumps From the Frying Pan Into the Fire, So to Speak

By BUD FISHER

Rigid Economy

Photographer

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And use all the traces.

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