

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.



Dick took off the apron and handed it to her. "Somebody's got to get our supper."

(Continued from page one)

and try to arrange their lives for them!

The very idea of her trying to tell Gary whether she was to serve hard liquor or lemonade at her parties! It was none of her business!

"Your mother's just like the moth-eaten in the funny papers," she said when Dick came into the house.

"She's been trying to tell me I shouldn't have had cocktails at last night's party. Gosh, I'd hate to sit through one of her bone-dry dinners. They must be ghastly!"

Dick didn't answer her. He stood watching her futile efforts to wipe some stains from the hall mirror.

"Here, give me that duster!" he said finally. "You shiny upstairs and make the beds. I'll clean up down here. . . . I'm the world's best parlor maid, if you only knew it!"

Glory stood watching him for a minute or two.

In his own way, Dick was quite good-looking, she thought.

He was tall and thin. And there was an eager look in his face. . . . in the quick movements of his body. . . . that made him seem splendidly alive.

Of course he wasn't handsome like Stan Wayburn.

Glory knew every detail of Stan Wayburn by heart. The cleft in his chin, his polished black hair, his ice-blue eyes. . . . and his thrilling way of looking at you.

Dick came toward her across the

Fashion Plaques



Here's a nifty little bonnet, and boys how you do it: Provide yourself with a yard of 15-inch crepe nansens, pleat it in the center, holding it with a big brooch. Put on four bands so the brooch is in the center of the forehead. Then cross the ends at the back and roll each end around the head. You can tie it in a knot at one side, or can tuck the ends underneath. You have a smart little turban tope that you make up fresh each time you wear it.

Tatty Patter

It's better to go daffily than to be pulling raffly. You're getting for a rhyme. When you're in a groove, you'll get lots of fun out of having a bog for a dime.

I could hire a new maid to take Maggie's place." Dick looked up from the dinner menu. "Why?" he asked. "You haven't hired one already, have you?" Glory nodded. "I was going to talk to you about that, tonight, and it slipped my mind," Dick said. "I was going to ask you if you could get along with a laundress and cleaning woman for a while. . . . Somehow or other, it's costing us more to live than I figured it would, and I'm no millionaire, you know." Glory drew lines on the tablecloth thoughtfully. "I've hired an awfully nice-looking Swedish girl," she remarked, after a time. "She says she can do all the work in our house."

Dick gave the waiter the order for dinner. "How much are you going to pay her?" he asked. "Eighteen dollars a week," Glory said bravely. "Eighteen dollars a week!" repeated Dick. "Great Scott, Glory, you must have lost your mind! I can't afford to pay a maid \$18 a week and say you'll have a fried ham sandwich at home!"

"Not a chance!" Glory cried. "I didn't have any lunch today, and I'm as hungry as a bear. So I hitch up the car, old thing, and we'll drive downtown for supper. . . . And maybe we'll get wild afterward and go to a movie, eh, wot?" She ran upstairs, whistling as she went.

Dick stood alone in the bright untidy kitchen. He was still shaky from his attack of "flu" earlier in the week.

His head and his eyes ached. He was tired to the point of nausea. He wondered how he could sit through a restaurant meal and a moving picture show afterward. . . . He put on his hat and went out to the garage to start the car.

"Optimist in her room, Glory was pinning on a black lace hat she had bought in Montreal during her honeymoon.

Ah, she had not gone wrong on that hat! It was perfect.

It cast faint shadows under her eyes, and brought out the ivory of her skin.

She was twice as beautiful in that hat as in any other that she ever had on her head! And why? . . . Because it had cost twice as much as any other one that she had ever owned.

Oh, there was no getting away from the fact that anybody could be good-looking who had good-looking clothes. . . . and when you had beauty to start with as she had. . . . well, you were just plumb crazy if you didn't insist upon beautiful clothes to bring it out! They were your due. . . . They were her due (Glory's). . . . And, by Jinks, she she would have them!

"Riky-tinky-tavy," Glory said when they were seated in the restaurant. "I hope you meant what you said this morning when you told me

FLAPPER FANNY says



Many a girl who believes in love at first sight wishes she hadn't taken a second look.

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST
KGV, Portland, 491.5 meters—3:30 p. m., children's program; 6:7, dance music by Jackie Souder's orchestra of the Portland hotel; intermission solos by Agnes Black Hunt, soprano; 7:15, weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 8:0, concert by the Du-Sart studio of Sherman, Clay & Company; 10:11, Edwards Dependable coffee concert.
KPA, Pullman, Wash., 348.8 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Trendwell orchestra; Donna Jean Trumbull, reader; Dorothea Palmer, vocalist; "Our Protection Against Disease," Dean E. E. Wagner; "The State Grange Meeting," E. E. Gaines; "A Club Camp for Boys and Girls," Edna White; "Water Power Development of the Northwest," E. A. Bryan.
KFL, Los Angeles, 407 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, Auditorial talk; 7:30, detective story, Nick Harris; 7:50, Louisa Wilson, mezzo-soprano; Anton Chris, steel guitar; 8:9, Evening Herald's hour of dance music; 9:10, Examiner's movie program by Wampus club of movie agents; 10:11, Patrick-Marré dance orchestra, Betty Patrick soloist.
KOA, Seattle, 458.3 meters—4:51:5 p. m., Olympic hotel orchestra; 6:45-8:30, concert orchestra; 8:30-10, Hopper-Kelly company studio program; 8:30-10, Times studio program.
KFWB, Hollywood, 262 meters—7:8 p. m., program, copyrighted, composed by J. B. Williams; 8:30-10, Art Hickman's Billmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzgerald, director; 9:30-10, Little Alice American history, Professor Walter Selvester Hitzing; Dick Winston, juvenile reporter; Mickey McBan, MeRoy, harmonica; Jenny Lind, Danish soprano; Uncle John; S. Dr. Mars Bumgardt, scientific lecturer; 8:30-9:30, Boos Brothers' orchestra; Pyrites Moore, leader; 9:30-10, Piggly Wiggly girls' string trio; 10:11, Art Hickman's Billmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnett leader.
KLN, Oakland, Cal., 588.2 meters—6:7 p. m., organ recital; 8:10, American theater orchestra; 10:11:30, Sweet's ballroom.
KXN, Hollywood, 336.6 meters—5:30-6:15 p. m., Murrilther pipe organ

GUESSWORD LIMERICK



Oh, a stickleback, dear, is a fish that goes wiggle and wattle and (1)
It has pins on its (2)
And wears epinephrine (3)
It's considered not much of a (4)

(1) Like silk sounds.
(2) Collection of vertebrae.
(3) Chew.
(4) Mess, delicacy.

MUTT AND JEFF



Jerry On the Job



MUTT AND JEFF



Jerry On the Job



MUTT AND JEFF



Jerry On the Job



studio, Sid Ziff's sports talk; 6:15-6:30, travelogue, W. F. Alder; 6:30, talk on insect life, H. W. McSpadden; 7:8, Ambassador hotel concert orchestra; Josef Rosenfeld, director; 8:9, program, Brent Furniture company; 9:10, Clear Lake beach company; 10:12, KXN late hour feature program.
KFO, San Francisco, 428.3 meters—1:2 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 4:30-5:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 6:30-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 8:9, studio program; 9:10, Goodrich Silverstone Cord orchestra; 10:11, Johnny Buick's Cabarets.
KJH, Seattle, 284.4 meters—8:30-10 p. m., Post-Intelligencer studio program.
KFSG, Los Angeles, 276 meters—2:30-4:30 p. m., divine healing services in Angelus temple auditorium, conducted by Almas Temple McPherson; 6:30-7:30, "The Angelus Hour," Ruth Frances Thomas, pianist; Constance Reed, soprano; Helen Bigler, reader; Frances Mehl, whistler; Carol Nelson, child singer; John Kennedy, baritone; Harris Johnson and Steve Compaine in brass duets.

Home Hints

THE walls of an ordinary kitchen or bathroom may be made waterproof by coating the ordinary wall paper with a thin coat of varnish.

Sandpaper Your Hat
Spots of dirt and grime may be removed from a light felt hat by rubbing with the finest grade of sandpaper.

Use a Wire Basket
Time can be saved by washing small fruits and vegetables in a wire frying basket that may be plunged up and down in water.

Don't Wash Eggs
If eggs are to be put away in water glass they should be clean but not washed. If soiled sponge lightly with vinegar.

NEW STRAW BASKETS
Straw baskets have large, bizarre figures in crude colored raffia and have long handles of braided straw.

OSTRICH FEATHERS
Ostrich feathers continue to be popular, but their use is confined to wraps now rather than gowns.

SUEDE SPORT JACKET
The suede sport jacket is very light and simple and is worn very smartly with the hush or flannel skirt.

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Answer:
RUG ONE
O A I D G
T O P D O G
U
E R E A D D
A Y E S I
T O E H A M

At Last the Boys Are Making Some Headway



By BUD FISHER



A Remarkable Resemblance



JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 4



"GEE, it must be dark in there," said Doty. "Oh, no it isn't," replied the hermit. There are light shafts that run up through the ground and it keeps the cave so that the men can always see what they are doing." Then the hermit led the way into the cave. Jack and Doty and the little workmen followed.



"THEY had walked but a short distance when they heard Flip barking outside. "Oh!" shouted Jack. "I forgot about Flip and Flop." And he turned around and ran out into the open again. Just at the entrance of the cave stood Flip, and by his side was Flop. And just imagine! He was sitting on the missing toy.



IT WAS a regular little kiddy car, with three wheels and a steering handle and seat. "Where have you been, and what business did you have taking that car?" asked Jack. Flop, in response, just squeaked and started to pedal away again. Jack rushed out and caught hold of him. "Oh, no you don't!" he shouted. (Continued.)

WIDE COLLARS SMART
Chiffon capes for summer have wide Pierrot collars of velvet, seersucker shades darker than the wrap itself.

VARIETY IN LACE
Two kinds of lace are better than one this season, and three or four, combined in one frock are even better.

Workin' at Home

Whatever your business, whatever your trade, you find that your progress is often delayed. And then, when behind, you decide 'twill be great to work some at home just to catch up to date. You dine in a hurry, then clear off the table, and settle to do just as much as you're able. The plan, I'll agree, is a good one, at that, but how often the little folks knock the work flat. As soon as you've started, there's trouble on tap, for a youngster will suddenly hop on your lap. Your pencil is seized and the dear little tad, shouts, "Draw me a cow and a man, will ya, dad?" "Tis well that you wait 'till the tots are in bed for then, in the quiet, you'll plow right ahead. An hour or two later, your thoughts' buried deep. Then wifey complains that you're losin' your sleep. The trouble, perhaps, is it's easy to shirk in the regular hours, 'stead of doing your work. The thought of the home work, no doubt, may be fun, but with kiddies around—well, it just can't be done.

(Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)