

# The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

(Continued from page one)

"Glory answered. She could feel her heart thumping in her breast. You knew I was mad about you a year ago, and that I'd have married you like a shot . . . if you'd asked me," she went on with difficulty. "But you didn't ask me."

"I know," Stan's voice was very low. "But that doesn't make it any easier for me now. . . . It's impossible for me to realize that you're another man's wife!"

The little blue car slid to a standstill at the side of the lonely road.

An automobile whizzed by on the pavement. But Glory didn't hear it. The world for her at that moment was bounded by the rough fabric of Stan's coat, as it brushed her cheek by the hard ring of his arm that held her close.

"If he loves me the way I love him, he'll want me to leave Dick," she thought to herself.

But did Stan want her to leave Dick?

Did he care for her as she did for him?

Did he want her forever . . . or just for the passing moment's thrill? . . . Glory wondered.

She never had been sure of Wayburn as she had been sure of Dick. She never had trusted him.

And yet there was no one else in the world who was thrilling to her as Stanley Wayburn was thrilling.

"Here comes a car, Russel. We'd better drive on," Stan said in a matter-of-fact voice. "There's a farmhouse along here on this road where we can stop for some tea . . . if you'd like it."

Glory straightened her hat, and started the car.

"I would," she said with a brightness that matched his own. "I had no lunch and I'm famished."

The farmhouse was a low-eaved brown one. A copper letter hung beside its green front door.

Within they sat at a little table before an open fire.

The plump blond woman who kept the tea-house bustled about in the kitchen that could be seen through the open doorway. Presently there was a smell of browning toast, and of fragrant tea.

Stan leaned across the table. He pulled Glory's necking gloves off, and held her cold hands in his.

He said nothing. He seemed only to want to look at her. His eyes were eager as if he were filling them with her beauty . . . so that he could remember it, afterward.

Glory knew that she was pretty that day. The wind had made her eyes and cheeks glow. And now she was wearing her new dress . . . the clothes she had bought with Dick's money so that she should be beautiful for Stan's eyes!

"I'm a bad wife," she said in an undertone. "I've no business to be here with you, Stanley, when I've a husband of my own."

Wayburn laughed a little. He crossed her hands, so that it seemed that the little houses in them would snap.

"Don't talk about husbands. Let's not waste our time when we're together talking about anything but you and me," he said. "Do you know that your hair is the nicest color . . . like beech leaves with the sun on 'em?"

"And what color is Myra Gail's hair?" Glory asked bitterly.

"Don't remember!" Stan answered flippantly. "You're a jealous little cat, aren't you, Russel?"

Glory frowned.

"I am, I admit it," she said. "You quite spoiled my dinner the other night when I saw you in that restaurant with that Chotek woman!"

Stan smiled.

"Sonya Chotek, a very capable actress," he commented. "She's had a most interesting career. She was

imprisoned in Russia for a year at the beginning of the war . . ."

"I wish she were there, now!" Glory cried. "I wish they'd never freed her!"

"They didn't free her. She escaped," Stanley went on, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Then she went to France . . ."

"Oh, will you be still about her! I don't want to know anything about the women you're in love with . . . or have been in love with!" Glory cried.

"The farm woman brought in their tea."

"Cream?" Glory asked.

"No, thanks."

"Sugar?"

"One lump, please."

"I love to pour your tea," Glory said when the woman had again disappeared into the kitchen. "I love to do little honey things for you."

Wayburn took one of her hands again.

"Pretending that we're married, you and I?" he asked.

Glory nodded. She couldn't trust her voice.

"It would be nice," Stan's tone was flat.

Glory knew that he didn't mean it. And yet, somehow, she hoped with all her soul that he did mean it!

They finished their tea and toast. And the farm woman laid the bill on the table.

Glory took out her tiny mirror and powder box and dusted her nose. She buttoned her fur coat close about her neck, and drew on her gloves.

Stan leaned across the table.

"I'm in a deuce of a fix," he said in a low tone. "I've forgotten my bill-folger. I must have left it on my dresser at the hotel. . . . Will you lend me a couple of dollars to pay the check?"

"Why, of course," Glory replied eagerly.

In her new beaded bag was a five dollar bill that Dick had given her to buy gasoline, that morning. She passed it across the table to Stanley.

When the change came Stanley absentmindedly stuffed it into his trousers pocket.

"When he gets back to the hotel, and discovers that he forgot to give me my change, he'll have a fit," Glory laughed to herself.

Outside the clear afternoon light had faded a little. The fields lay brown and barren under the bleak sky.

Glory felt a little melancholy as she turned her car toward the city. She hated the thought of leaving Stan . . . of going home to Dick, and the dull evening.

"Isn't this matinee day?" Glory asked. "Why, of course it is! . . . Why aren't you at the theater, giving the matinee girls a thrill?"

"The company's gone bloomy," Wayburn said. "It disbanded last Saturday. That's what amused me so back there, when you were gazing about Sonya Chotek. She left town Sunday. I'll probably never see her again."

Glory laughed.

"And Myra Gail leaves for Europe soon . . . she and her husband," she said. "So that both of my deadly rivals will be gone . . . and I'll have you all to myself!"

"Will you like that?" Stanley asked. "I thought all women enjoyed being jealous."

"Enjoy being jealous?" Glory repeated.



In the car was a woman, alone. She looked sharply as she passed. Mother Gregory!

Glory laughed mirthlessly. "I'll say she saw me! And you, too! She looked daggers at us both!"

"Oh, what will I do?" Stanley pondered.

"Tell the truth," he suggested. "After all, what did we do that was wrong? . . . You happened to meet me out on this road. You didn't know I was here. It was just a chance meeting . . . tell your husband all about it the minute you get home."

But when Glory ran into her house, Raughild told her that Dick had phoned to say that he was going to stay downtown for dinner with some men from out of town.

"And Mrs. Gregory telephoned just a minute ago. She wants you to call . . ."

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"No, thanks."

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"One lump, please."

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"Will you like that?" Stanley asked. "I thought all women enjoyed being jealous."

"Enjoy being jealous?" Glory repeated.

It seemed to her at the moment that the thing she would most enjoy in the world would be to know that Stanley Wayburn was blind when it came to seeing other women . . . to know that she would never have to be jealous of him again!

"Get over on your side of the road," said a car's trying to pass us!" Stanley said, looking back over his shoulder. Glory passed in toward the right-hand side of the road.

In the car was a woman, alone. She looked sharply into Glory's car, as she passed it.

Mother Gregory!

Glory almost ran the car off the road into the muddy ditch beside it, as her eyes met those of Dick's mother.

"What's the matter now?" Stan asked.

"Oh, nothing much . . . except that that was my husband's mother who passed us just now in that car," Glory answered.

"Did she see you? Are you sure?" Stan asked.

her as soon as possible." Raughild said primly.

Glory sat down at the telephone table and looked up Mother Gregory's telephone number. Slowly and unwillingly she took the receiver from its hook.

Mother Gregory herself answered the telephone.

"I want to see you, Glory," she said in her quick, business-like way. "Can you run over here for a minute or two?"

"I suppose so," Glory answered, and hung up the receiver.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

## In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN  
NEW YORK, June 2.—Romance flows through New York streets at this time of year. Yet it is romance mostly for the young and it is ever tinged with the tragedy of old age on the outer edge of the scene.

This tragedy is depicted in the great number of people here who walk along talking to themselves. Within the week four out-of-town visitors have called my attention to the great number of men and women they have noticed talking to themselves.

I don't know why this should be so, except that it is for the distraction of the great noise and jangle of the city. That might cause people to shout out their thoughts in order to concentrate. This probably is inverted logic, but sometimes the city does seem so noisy that one cannot think.

On the other hand, no place is so lonesome to a lonesome man or woman as a crowded, merry street where others pass in gay conversation. Maybe New York's self-talkers talk aloud just to bear their own voices in the surrounding babble.

Seen at one of the busiest corners in Manhattan during the evening rush hour: A traffic cop studying horse racing results while directing traffic.

And I am reminded of the story of Bill Newton, a newspaper salesman. Bill rode up Eighth avenue, starting in at Thirty-fourth street, with a quart bottle of whisky. At each corner he ordered the taxi to stop so that he could offer the traffic cop a drink. When he reached Forty-second street there wasn't a drop left in the bottle.

Inconsequential statistics: Enough chewing gum could be scraped off the floor of the passageway from the subway to the Pennsylvania station to stick enough people together to reach them from New York to Rising Sun, Ind.

Age creeps on a fellow as he rambles about town. As he sees the passing of old landmarks he mopes more and more upon the eternal truth that time is fleeting and art is not so long after all. For instance, the razing of the Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth avenue means the passing of the finest Gothic doorway in town. It has been the shrine of many a youthful architect seeking examples of fine art.

And the darkened windows in Jaen's restaurant on Sixth avenue recall the story of its opening. A great parade was held and thousands watched the procession to the East River where the ceremony of throwing the keys away was held. "Jack's will never close," a banner proclaimed. Just Jack's is closed. And just this week Joel's on Forty-first street, a restaurant almost as famous, closed its doors for good.

Leaburg Graduation Program is Given  
DEERHORN, June 2.—(Special.) The program for the graduation exercises at the Leaburg high has been announced as follows:

Invasion, Mr. Frazer.  
Song, "Tomorrow Land," school.  
Address of welcome, Theodore Leafchild.  
Song, "When the Dew is on the Rose," school.  
Class poem, Linnie Craft.  
Song, "In the Garden of Tomorrow," Cytle Johnston.  
Presentation of diplomas, Chairman, Mrs. Curtis.  
Class song, Linnie Craft.  
Address, "1925," Professor Tanner of University of Oregon.  
Farewell, school.

## FLAPPER FANNY says



Some wives make men good husbands.

## Radio Programs

Pacific Coast  
KGW, Portland, 400 meters: 7:30-8 p. m., Weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. 8-9 p. m., Edwards' Dependable Coffee concert; banjo duets; Mystery boys, Julius Walter, pianist, and Opal McDevitt, contralto. 9-10 p. m., Concert by courtesy Woolach & Powell, distributors of the General cord tire; Rose City concert trio, Leona Mountrou, contralto. 10 p. m. to midnight—Herman Kent's Metropolitan hotel dance orchestra; 8-9 p. m., KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters: 5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's half hour for Shriners; 6-6:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, radiatorial talk; 7-8, Aeolian residence pipe organ recital, Dan McFarland, organist; 8-9, Jane, the shopper, from Examiner studio; 9-10, California string quartet, Leontine De Anna, contralto; Grove Lindsay, baritone, and Margieita Johnston violinist; 10-11, Packard ballad hour, Polly and Billy Hall, Ray Wood and Sunshine band; Way Watts and his ukule and others.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters: 6:45-8:15 p. m., studio program; 8:30-10, Times program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters: 7:45-10 p. m., program, Western city's super-service garage by Weston Oil Company of California; 10-11, Warner Bros' frolic.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 301.2 meters: 8 p. m., KGO Little Symphony orchestra; Arthur S. Garbett, musical interpretative writer; Agnes Herzer, soprano; 10-11, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters: 5:30-6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade cafeteria orchestra; Jack Croushaw, leader; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Selvester Herzog, weekly vicent of Queen Titania and the Sandman from Fairyland, Uncle John; 7:30-8, Bigly Wigly girls' string trio; 8-9, program, Southwest Engineers; 10-11,

## CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Answer.

M	A	T	H	E	N
A	O	W	E	E	
N	O	A	A	T	
U	N	T	I	L	
O	R	E	L	O	
U	A	R	M	I	N
T	A	N	E	W	E

For these letters seem to say that

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner  
TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 10



JACK and Dotty sat down on the ground as the ball game started. It surely was fun to see the little men stand up and bat the ball, and then run like everything around the bases. One of them hit the ball a good sound smack, and it sailed away over the ball diamond and then bounded along the ground.



IN AN instant Flip jumped to his feet and started racing across the field. "Go get it, old fellow," shouted Jack. And, while the little round ball players looked on in surprise, Flip raced to where the ball finally stopped rolling, and picked it up in his teeth. Then he turned and raced back.



THE little fellow who had hit the ball had circled around the bases and as Flip reached the center of the field, it became a race between the man and the dog for the home base. On Flip came, and on the man came. Suddenly there was a great cloud of dust as both Flip and the man slid to arrive first. (Continued.)

The Lochnivers of today are not men, but women.

They're probably many a woman who won't admit it, but it's a fact just the same that the women of today are pursuing the men, more than men are pursuing women.

And there is really nothing alarming to this fact. Why shouldn't a woman try to win a man she admires? Women no longer are slaves. They have just as many rights as men these days.

Try Eugene Special for a good clear.

## DAINTY MAD

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

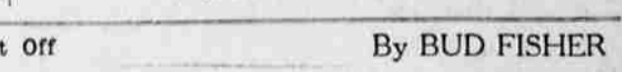
I NEVER have noticed an over amount of powder spread over your face. It's likely you feel that the rouge doesn't count, for I never have noticed a trace.

Your eyelashes haven't that sticky-like trace and your lips are not covered with red. You're satisfied, quite, with your nature-made face, and you're wise, 'cause you're using your head.

A lot of the foolishness fashion decrees has had no effect upon you. Your skirts are not shortened way up to your knees, and you're sane in the things that you do.

There once was a fine girl demanded respect through their sensible dainty-like way. It seems that you knew what would be the effect of the rashness prevailing today.

A worthy example! That's just what you are. And you make admiration worth while. You're smarter, and sweeter and wiser, by far, than the girls who have fallen for style.



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## FOLKS IN TOWN



Novelist  
When idle, at rest,  
The thing we like best  
Is simply to sit down and read.  
We gladly we about,  
The books you turn out,  
Are things that take care of the need.

## Fashion Plaques



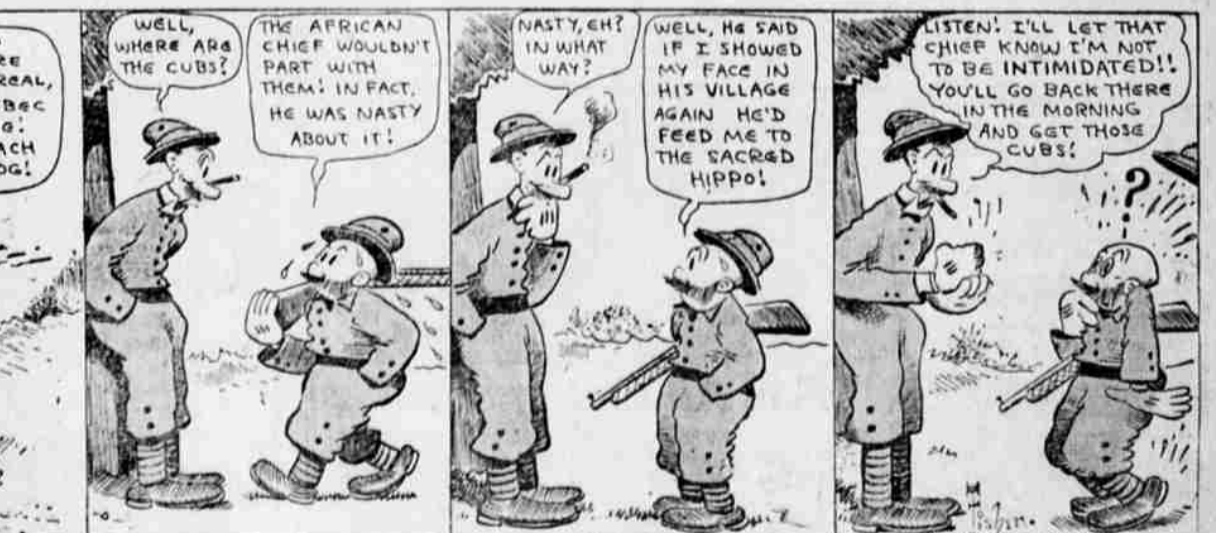
The necktie that used to begin its downward course directly under the chin has now changed its habits and makes the nape of the neck its starting point. On summer dresses a trimming of this sort is almost the rule.

## MUTT AND JEFF



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## Mutt's Gonna Show One African Chief Where to Get Off



By BUD FISHER

## Jerry On the Job



I GUESS IT'S BETTER FOR ME TO WRITE HIM A NOTE. I ALWAYS LOSE MY NERVE WHEN I ASK HIM FACE TO FACE. I'LL BE VERY POLITE AND APOLOGETIC—

But she can't get along unless you raise my wages. Your faithful employee, Jerry.

P.S. Since writing this note I got ahead of myself! I had tried to get it back but I was too late. I hope it does not reach you.

## An Exchange of Correspondence



MR FIGGY HE GAVE THIS 'ERE AND SAY HOW I SHOULD BASE IT TO YOU.

LAY IT IN

Dear Jerry,  
You get your wish = your letter did not reach me.  
Thine  
Figgley