

# The FLAPPER WIFE

By Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

(Continued from page one)

"You, or your lover, either! Now get out of both of you!"

"My heart into careless laughter. We're going, but not because you say so!" she cried gaily, when you came, she said that I had don't see the little party today. Ask your wife whose idea it was! ... your going, Jimmie!"

The pair of them went, leaving a dead silence in the house behind them. At last Dick broke it.

"Gloria, I wouldn't have believed it of you," he said, mopping his damp forehead. "His eyes were fixed on his feet. Gloria, with bent head, stood in the doorway."

Both she and Dick seemed to have forgotten that Stanley Wayburn was still in the room.

"I don't see what there is to make a fuss about," Gloria said, pointing calmly. "There's nothing so graceful about my having two or three people in to tea, in broad daylight, is there?"

"Yes?" Dick gave a short laugh. "The house smells like a distillery. Was it tea or was it those highball glasses?"

He indicated the two empty ones that stood on his smoking stand.

"Oh, Jim brought that stuff along. You know how he thinks he has to drink every five minutes or he isn't having a good time?" Gloria said calmly. "Stan and I really didn't want any of it."

Stan and I! ... Dick turned and looked intently at Wayburn as if he had just seen him for the first time in his life. Under the cold steady gaze, Stan shifted uneasily in his chair.

He put out one hand and chose a fresh cigar from the silver box beside him. With seeming carelessness, he struck a match to it. He leaned back, puffing idly.

But his wary eyes never left Dick's face.

Suddenly she remembered that Dick had once told her that he had a savage temper. He had said that the reason he never fought with people was because he was afraid of his own physical violence when his blood was up. ... because he was afraid he might injure his adversary without fully knowing what he was doing. She had scarcely believed him then. She saw now that it was the truth that he had told her about himself.

His hands were tensed so that they had whitened along the knuckles.

Gloria could tell from the set of his jaw that his teeth were tight-clenched. His face was ashen.

She saw that he was deaf, blind and numb to everything but his own anger. ... that he was quite capable of killing Wayburn then and there!

She could scarcely recognize in him the quiet, self-contained Dick she had always known. ... the husky hand who had pampered and spoiled her.

With a kind of horror Gloria watched him slowly cross the room and stand before his own arm-chair, where Wayburn sat smoking. Fascinated, she waited, not daring to move a muscle.

What was he going to do?

But Dick did nothing. He stood perfectly quiet, looking down at the actor. Gloria saw that the hand that held Wayburn's cigar was shaking. Finally Dick's voice cut the stillness like a knife-edge.

"Wayburn, you're well, never mind what you are! But I know and so do you! And I know what you're doing here!" Dick said. "I know what my wife's doing here, with you! ... And that's all ended!"

Stan's mouth went up at one corner in his crooked smile. He flicked the ash from his cigar before he answered. But Gloria could see that he was terribly afraid ... that he



"Very well, I'll go," Wayburn said in a slow, leisurely way.

needed all his acting ability to carry him through this crisis.

"Is that so?" Wayburn asked, carelessly.

Dick turned to his wife.

"Go upstairs while we settle this thing!" he ordered her.

Gloria braced herself. She shook her head, slowly.

"No, I won't go upstairs!" she said. "All this concerns me as much as it does you. ... Only you're so silly to make a scene about such a trifle! Why, I don't begin to see as much of Stan as you do of your Miss Briggs every day! ... How do I know you started away on a business trip at all? How do I know that you weren't somewhere with her all day? ... It looks pretty queer to me—your rushing back here when you were supposed to be out of town! Mighty queer!"

Dick's mouth tightened.

"Get upstairs!" he said savagely. His voice was like a whip.

Without another word, Gloria went. She fairly flew up the long flight, and stopped at the top to listen. There was no sound from the floor below.

In sudden panic, she flew into the room that she and Dick shared and locked the door behind her.

There was a high excitement in her.

It was the sort of thrill that a cave-woman might have felt thousands of years ago, as she watched two stone-age warriors fighting to the death over her.

She laughed wildly and hysterically.

"Oh, if he were only like that always!" she thought. She shivered at the memory of Dick's righteous anger ... the cold fury in his eyes when he had ordered her upstairs.

Glory asked him. "He came home sick a while ago."

There was a long silence.

"I don't understand, Glory," Dr. John said at last. "I just saw Dick half an hour ago. He stopped in at my office on his way from the train, looking pretty shaky. I told him to go home and go to bed ... and that I'd look in on him again after dinner."

"Oh, I didn't know that," Glory faltered. "Well, come now, anyway, will you? Please?"

She was afraid to be alone in the house with Dick, after Wayburn had gone. She wished that she had not given Wayburn the afternoon off.

"I'll be there inside of fifteen minutes," Dr. John promised. Glory could tell he was puzzled.

Swiftly she took off her blue gown and slipped the silver band from her hair. She took a plain black dress from her closet and put it on. For she fervently hoped that Dick had not noticed how she had decorated herself for Wayburn's visit!

Glory picked a buffer up from her dressing table and ran it idly across her shining nails.

She was thinking hard. She began to wonder if Stanley Wayburn was worth all the trouble that he brought into her life ... The heart-break, the jealousy, and the lies.

He had seemed a despicable coward downstairs just now, when Dick had faced him with that deadly anger of his. Glory had seen the fear in Stan's eyes, even when his lips were curled into a sneering smile.

Here she was ... risking everything to be with him, and she wasn't even sure that he loved her. She couldn't make him say that he cared for her!

Despair swept over Glory.

Ah, if she only knew! If she could only be sure that Stan loved her ... nothing else would matter to her then! Nothing!

Glory threw the buffer down among the silver boxes and brushes on her dressing table. She unlocked the door of the bedroom.

Without making a sound she crept down the stairs to the landing. She leaned over the banisters and listened.

The two men were just coming out of the living room. Dick was talking in that same cold monotone. Glory caught the end of a sentence.

"... never again so long as you live," he was saying. "And now, get out!"

Wayburn came into Glory's range of vision. She could see that he was still smiling. Outwardly he was dejected.

"Very well, I'll go," he said in a slow, leisurely way.

Glory heard the front door close behind him.

(To be continued)

## FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



Even a football player can be so contented he won't kick.

## Radio Programs

**PACIFIC COAST**

**KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters:** 6 to 7 p. m., Cliff Bird's dance players; 7:30-8 p. m., Weather, police and baseball scores; 9:10-10 p. m., Sherman, Clay and Co. concert from Duo-Art Studio; 10:30 p. m. to midnight, Horst Over.

**KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters:** 7:30-9 p. m., Delta national society; Virginia Clark, reader; Jean Secret, pianist; musical reading, Aurelia Day; Mildred Allgood, vocalist; Lola Graham, violinist; Mrs. Van Fleet, reader; Thelma Snyder, pianist; Ruth Wilkins, soprano; "Fighting Garden Enemies," M. D. Armstrong; talk on new books, Alice L. Webb; "The Economic Importance of Language Culture Work," Dr. S. C. Vandecavey.

**KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters:** 6:30-8 p. m., Examiner's half hour for Shriners; 8-8:15, McDaniels' nightly doings; 8:45-7, radio-serial talk; 7-8, Examiner popular program, directed Jan Jacques; 8-9, Dan McFarland, organist; 9-10, Matie Williams, contralto; Georgia McCall, pianist; 10-11, pupils of F. X. Arns in vocal numbers.

**KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters:** 6:45-8:15 p. m., Sherman, Clay and Co. concert; 8-9, program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

**KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters:** 7:45-9 p. m., program, Star Motor Car company; 9-10, program, Crane company; 10-11, Warner Bros. hour of fun, Charlie Wollman, entertainer.

**KHL, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters:** 5:30-6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade cafeteria orchestra, Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Billmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward W. West, conductor; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Herzog; Richard Hendrick, screen juvenile; Uncle John; 8-10, Pueblo Indian Shrine band, Colorado Springs Alkali temple, S. W. Pressy, pianist; 10-11, Art Hickman's Billmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnett, leader; 11-12, Shriners' hour, with Shrine band and orchestra.

**KLN, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters:** 6-7 p. m., organ recital; 7:45-9:15, studio program; 9:45-10:30, Sweet's ballroom.

**KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 536.9 meters:** 5:30-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, Sid Ziff's sports talk; 6:15-6:30, travel talk, W. F. Alder; 6:30-7:30, program, Beverly Hills nurseries; 7:30-8, program of musical gems, Eastern Outfitting company; 8-9, West Coast theaters, by remote control; 9-10, Order of the Optimistic Donut, Davis Standard Bread company; 10-11, program, Bern's Mountain Crag; 11-12, Abe Lyman's Coconut Grove dance orchestra, from

Ambassador hotel; 12-2 a. m., Wurlitzer Night Hawks.

**KJR, Seattle, Wash., 354.4 meters:** 6-6:30 p. m., "What's Doing at the Theater"; 7-8:25, Puget Sound Savings & Loan association musical; 8:20-8:50, U. S. weather reports; 8:50-9:15, chamber of commerce program; 9-10-10, P.-I. studio recital, KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 275 meters; 7:30-9:30, auditorium service, Crusaders' rally, with evangelistic sermon of Almo Semple McPherson; Silver band, Temple choir and soloists; 10:30-11:30, concert by the Temple Silver band, under the direction of Gladys N. Nichols, Ada Lantz, soprano; Frank Brown, tenor.

**KVO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3 meters:** 4:30-5:30, Rudy Selgers Fairmont hotel orchestra; 6:30-7, Low's Warfield theater; 7-7:30, Gene James' Rose Room Bowl orchestra; 8-11, Gene James' Rose Room Bowl orchestra.

## Cynthia Grey Says:

THE English newspapers printed a story the other day about a Londoner whose wife refused to live with him. She told him he didn't love her enough ... because he didn't kiss her very often or give her the kind of clothes she wanted.

And this is the letter he wrote to her and slipped under her breakfast plate one morning:

"My Dear Wife:

"Times are hard, and it is more necessary for me to have new clothes than for you. Suits and salaries are near relations.

"If I forget to kiss you the instant I come home, do not sulk and remind me about it at midnight. (Come and kissing how I shall be able to pay my income tax. I need sympathy.

"Do not think because you have married me that I am yours forever. That 'too sure' path leads to the divorce court. Not all the women one meets are strait-laced, and not all of them ask: 'Are you married?'

"I am proud of you and want my friends to admire you. Make them do it. Mother me as much as you like when we are alone ... but not before others. Please!

"Remember how you looked when we fell in love ... the dresses you wore, the cunning way you did your hair, the perfume you used. These things thrill me now as much as ever they did.

"And if you must ask me for money, ask for it just after supper ... never before breakfast!"

Excellent advice, all this. Not only for one particular wife, but for all wives. We women spend much of our time wondering what our men folk want and expect from us.

Sometimes we only dimly guess. But the above letter can be a lantern to guide almost any wife!

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner  
TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 13



AFTER the hermit had whispered something to a couple of his little Toy Cave men, they scurried away and were soon out of sight. "Where are they going?" asked Jack. "Why, right out to make the bar that cost, and Dotty went. You'll be surprised when you see how fast they work and how quickly they'll come back with it."



WHILE they were waiting, Jack grabbed hold of one of the little baseballs and started playing catch with Dotty. One of the little Toy Cave men watched them for a time and then shouted, "Come on, throw it to me." Jack turned and let the ball fly, and the little fellow stuck out his hands to catch it.



THEN a very funny thing happened. Jack didn't realize that he was throwing the ball too fast for such a little man to catch, and when it smacked into the Toy Cave midget's hands, it carried him right off his feet, and in an instant he was sprawling on the ground. Jack rushed up to see if he was hurt. (Continued.)


## Home Hints

**Leave in Tiny Flakes**  
Avoid rubbing the shortening too



thoroughly into the flour when making piecrust. It should be left in tiny flakes.

**No Soap in Ice Box**  
Never use soap when cleaning the



inside of a refrigerator—always use soda and tepid water.

**ATTENTION, AUTO OWNERS**  
Your car needs paint. Paint it with J. W. P. Rubber Auto Enamel. 164 West 8th St.

## Folk's in Town



While perched in your cab, You always keep tabs, On things that make steam engines go. It's all up to you, For things that you do, Determine the speed, fast or slow.

**WEEK-END SPECIALS**  
At the Hat Shop. Great reductions on 400 hats. Many new fashions included. Over Robb's Dress Shop.

**OLD TIME DANCE**  
Thursday, Saturday, June 6. Music by Gilbert's Orchestra.

## On Gardening

AN EVENT of the greatest importance in the life of the cabbage is transplanting it. On the care taken with this step in its growth depends to a large extent the success of the cabbage. Care must be taken in moving the cabbage plant from the seed bed or seed box not to injure the root system. If the roots are broken in taking it up it is best to throw the plant away. Take up as much of the root system as possible and place it carefully in the hole prepared for it.



**DANISH BALLHEAD.** ONE OF THE HARDEST CABBAGES IN CULTIVATION. ENDURES FROST AND DROUGHT.

**EARLY JERSEY WAKEFIELD.** DWARF COMPACT WITH UNIFORM CONICAL HEADS. VERY EARLY.

**COPENHAGEN MARKET.** EARLY, LARGE ROUND HEAD. AVERAGE WEIGHT 10LB.

plants this month be careful not to break the roots. It is a very hardy plant, and is often handled carelessly because of this fact. Select a cloudy day or just before a rain threatens to transplant the cabbages, if possible. Otherwise it will be necessary to shade them with straw boxes, papers or shingles stuck on the south side of the plant for a day or so until it taken hold.

Avoid transplanting on a hot day. There are eight sections of the Wakefield tribe, the Wakefield and Wilmingsstedt groups, the Copenhagen Market, Flat Dutch or Drumhead, Savoy, Danish Ballhead, Alps, Volks, and Red Cabbage groups. The Wake-

field and Wilmingsstedt group, which includes cabbages with pointed heads, is the early-crop group. Jersey Wakefield is a typical example of it. The plants of this group mature earlier than the others.

Early cabbages does not need as much space as the later types, and plants may be set 12 to 18 inches apart in rows 24 to 36 inches apart. The distance should be regulated by moisture conditions.

## MUTT AND JEFF



## Jerry On the Job



## Ouch! What a Terrible Insult



## By BUD FISHER



## Here is Real Economy



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