

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC



her hair tumbled and her cheeks flushed. Dick looked around the room in blank astonishment. Bureau drawers were flung open. Dresses were drawn across the bed. A pile of lingerie lay, white as a cloud, on a chair.

Wordlessly, Gloria smiled at him across the chaos... a siren smile from half-lowered eyelids and dimpled mouth.

"What do you think you're doing now?" Dick asked. "Packing the things that I'm not going to take with me," his wife answered.

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get into the Home Woman's Club, or any other club where I'm a member. For I'll vote her down every time! She's a disgrace to this town!"

Mother Gregory jerked her veil down over her Roman nose, and swept out of the house like a ship in full sail.

"So, Gloria thought, it was Mother Gregory who had kept May out of the club! What a hateful woman Dick's mother was!

And how dreadful for May to know that hundreds of women were against her, wanted to have nothing at all to do with her! To know that dozens of tongues were wagging about her and her affair with Jim Curran!

And how glad she was to see that the whole town would be talking about her and Stan... Gloria shivered as she picked up the telephone and gave May's number.

"Mayie, dear, I just finished talking to Dick's mother," Gloria began unobtrusively when May answered her ring. "I did my very best for you, but it's no use! She says there's not a ghost of a chance for you to get into the club... You're right, there has been a lot of talk about you and Jim! At least, Mother Gregory says there has."

"The old hypocrite!" May broke in harshly. "I'll bet she's at the bottom of the whole thing! She's always hated me the way a lot of other women in this town have... because I married their dear, dear doctor! Women always have a cozy corner in their hearts for the family doctor. And they sure do hate him to have a wife. I've found that out!"

Gloria laughed in spite of herself. "But not Mother Gregory!" she protested. "Why, she's old enough to be Dr. John's mother..."

"Oh, I don't mean she's in love with him, that's absurd. But just the same, women like to think that their sympathetic doctor takes a personal interest in all their aches and pains. They love to go to him with their troubles... Oh, I could tell you a thing or two about being a doctor's wife, if I wanted to! You don't know the half of it, dearie!"

May paused for breath. Then she went on in her high voice: "Well, even if I can't get into a woman's club, I suppose the streets are still open to me... How would you like to go shopping with me this morning?"

"I can't leave the house today, I'm busy," Gloria fibbed. "But I wonder how May would feel if she knew the truth... that Dick had forbidden her to be seen anywhere with May! ... Not that that would have stopped Gloria, if she had wanted to be seen with May!"

But she didn't... she was afraid of being talked about, along with her. She didn't want to be classed as a "bird of a feather" with May Seymour. No, indeed!

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But she didn't... she was afraid of being talked about, along with her. She didn't want to be classed as a "bird of a feather" with May Seymour. No, indeed!

Gloria began to perceive, dimly, that neither law nor law makers rule this world of ours, but that four little words do... "What Will People Say?"

Well, people never would say the things about her and Stan that they were saying about May and Jim, that reckless pair! She would never give them the chance...

She would be too clever for them, Gloria made up her mind. There must be ways... ways of seeing Stan without anyone being the wiser! The thought of not seeing him at all did not occur to her.

She went clipp-clapping upstairs in her blue satin slippers. Ranghild was cleaning out Gloria's closet.

The sight of all her dresses hanging there in neat, colorful rows made Gloria think suddenly of Myra Gail. Lucky Myra! ... With clothes to burn, here she was getting ready to run over to Paris for two or three more trunksful of them!

And she would come back not only with clothes... but with the latest thing in make-up and hair-cuts, no doubt! No wonder she was fascinating!

Gloria picked up the extension-telephone that stood beside the night-lamp. She gave Myra Gail's number. "I saw by the public print this morning that you're going abroad, Myra," she said gaily when Mrs. Gail's cool voice answered. "How soon are you sailing, dear?"

"In ten days. Why, were you thinking of going along?" There was a tiny, valued humming in Myra's tone. "As a matter of fact, I was thinking of doing that very little thing," Gloria said with spirit. "I'm tired, and I think a sea trip would be the very thing for me."

"Nothing like it for brushing the cobwebs out of your brain!" Myra commented as she hung up. "Better make up your mind to go along. Love to have you!"

Now, what did she mean by that, Gloria wondered... by that phrase of hers, "brushing the cobwebs out of your brain?"

Did Myra think there were cobwebs in her brain? Had she recognized the troubled mental state Gloria was in over Stanley Wayburn?

going to take with me," his wife answered. "Take with you! What are you doing, leaving me?" He sat down on the lingerie piled on the nearest chair.

"Well, I should say not!" Gloria cried. "Did you think I'd leave you just because you were so angry and jealous, yesterday? Why, I like you to be jealous... 'cause then I know you still love me... see?"

She pattered across the room to him, and knelt beside his chair. "Would you miss me terribly if I went away for a little while... with Myra Gail?" she asked.

Dick sat up with a jerk. "With Myra Gail? But, good Lord, she's going to Europe!" he gasped. Gloria nodded.

"So am I," she said calmly. "If you'll let me go." Dick made a gesture of despair. "Honey," he said, "you can't go. I haven't enough money in the bank to pay for a one-way ticket... Look here, let me show you!"

He took his check book from his inside coat pocket. "Here, then, two hundred bucks!" he said. "Hardly enough to pay the current bills! You know, you've been biting me pretty hard lately with these new clothes you bought, and your automobile... and Ranghild's wages..."

Gloria walked away toward the window. "Oh, sure, it's all my fault we never have any money," she supposed back over her shoulder. "I suppose you never spend a cent on those special cigars you're forever smoking."

Gloria laughed indignantly. "Why don't you fire Miss Briggs, and get a stenographer who doesn't expect a small fortune in the way of salary. If you're so terribly poor," she asked. "Sometimes I think you must be in love with that woman! Honestly, I do!"

Dick stood up. "You can't go to Europe," he said quietly, and went downstairs. Gloria stood looking out of the window into the darkening street for a long time. She was actually sick with disappointment... All day she had been dreaming of Europe, of Paris, of the shops there.

And now she was not to go! When Ranghild struck the dinner-gong, she did not go down. (To be continued tomorrow)

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(Continued from page one)

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Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST
KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—7:30 to 8 p. m., weather, police and market reports; news bulletins and baseball scores; 8 to 9 p. m., concert by courtesy Hoyte hotel; Ross City trio; 9 to 10 p. m., concert by courtesy Woolach & Powell, General cord tire distributors, Norma Hiesch, contralto; Marie Chapman MacDonald, violinist; and Julius Walter, pianist; 10 p. m., to midnight, Herman Kemmer's Multnomah hotel dance orchestra.

KFEC, Meier & Frank Company, 245 meters; 4 to 5 p. m., musical program; 6 p. m., weather report.
KFJR, Ashley Dixon & Son, 263 meters; 8 to 8:30 p. m., Boy Scout program; 8:30 to 8:45, letter business talk; 8:45 to 9, radio talk.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters; 5:30 to 6 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6 to 6:15, Melborne's nightly doings; 6:45 to 7 p. m., radio-serial talk; 7 to 8 p. m., Hills Brothers; 8 to 9 p. m., blue streak program; 9 to 10 p. m., program, "The War of Wits and the Wholesaler"; Hills Brothers dinner-dance orchestra; 9 to 9:30 p. m., Examiner's program, Monrovia, California community orchestra; 9 to 10 p. m., Wishart string trio, Agnes Kremer, dramatic soprano; 10 to 11, Packard ballad hour, Billy and Polly Hall, Ashley Sisters, Ray Wood, Way Watts and others.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 242 meters; 7:45 to 9 p. m., program, western Super-service garage, Marguerite Le Grand, concert pianist, Great Western male quartet, Erikson Sisters; 9 to 10 p. m., feature program, Union Oil company of California; 10 to 11 p. m., Warner Brothers radio, direction, Charlie Welton.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters; 8 p. m., Kohler & Chase; Lina Torrance, accordionist; Elsa Behlow Trauner, soprano; Carey male quartet; Martine Ladies' orchestra; Ray Neelan, tenor; Nona A. Campbell, soprano; 10 to 11, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters; 5:30 to 6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade cafeteria orchestra; Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6 to 6:30 p. m., Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick director; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., little stories, American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Herzog; weekly visit of Queen Titani and Sandman from Fairland, Louis F. Klein, auto-harp and harmonica; Charles Leslie Hill.

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Flapper Fanny says

I want a husband with push and get-up—ones who will push the baby carriage and get up and light the fire.

readings: Floryane Thompson, soprano; 7:30 to 8, Peggy Wixley girls' string trio; 8 to 10 p. m., program, Ferguson Travel Service; 10 to 11 p. m., Are Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnette, leader.

KXN, Hollywood, Cal., 330.9 meters; 5:30 to 6 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, Sid Ziff's sports talk; 6:15, travel talk, W. E. Alder; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., program, Globe Ice Cream company; 7:30, style talk, Meyer Siegel Jr.; 7:35, health talk, Dr. Robert T. Williams; 8 to 9 p. m., program, Elite Catering company; Elite concert trio; Louisa Sullivan, contralto; 9 to 10 p. m., program, Independent Furniture Manufacturing company; 10 to 12, movie night, the Ambassador, Abe Lyman's Coconut Grove dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3 meters; 8:40 to 9 p. m., States restaurant orchestra; 9 to 9:30 p. m., Buie Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 9 to 9:30 p. m., Norwegian male chorus; 9 to 10 p. m., popular program; 10 to 11 p. m., Johnny Buick's Cabarets.

KJR, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters; 8:30 to 10 p. m., Puget Sound Savings & Loan association musicals.
KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters; 6 to 6:45 p. m., Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 6:45 to 8:15, Rhodes department store program; 8:30 to 10 p. m., Times' studio program; 10:45 to 11:30, Olympic hotel dance orchestra.

KFSQ, Los Angeles, Cal., 275 meters; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Gray studio program, arranged by Mrs. Ruth Way Clair, assisted by V. D. Clair, baritone; Harold Jeffries, bass; Ruth Way Clair, contralto; Horace Watson and Steve Conners, cornet and trombone duets; Fanny Ashby, "sunshine girl."

On Gardening

The schizanthus, which has become so popular for greenhouse decoration in winter because of its great masses of bloom in striking colors, is a fine garden annual. It is known appropriately as the butterfly flower, from the dainty appearance of the winged and shaded flowers, poised above the ferny foliage. It comes in a variety of colors, from deep purple to pink and white, all handsomely blotched with a deeper color and with the characteristic shading of the petals.

It is useless to expect the compact pillars of bloom on display in greenhouses during the winter months in the garden, although something like it can be accomplished by careful attention, for these greenhouse plants are hand-trained for months, the branches pinched back again to produce the well-developed plant of wide spread. It is also well fertilized.

In the garden it is an airy, more graceful plant, flecked with its attractive bloom, but inclined to sprawl. It can be trained upright, but it isn't worth the effort. Nor is it worth while to bother to pinch it back outdoors, as it branches freely enough naturally.

There are several strains of new hybrids of this dainty annual, all of which are fine. The Garaway, Badger

and Wisconsin hybrids are commonly offered. The last named appear in a series of lighter shades. There are also selections of rose and amber shades.

Rhubarb Fine For Use in "Stretching."

Delicate Fruits Made to go Further by Use of Plant

By SISTER MARY
RHUBARB is invaluable as a fruit stretcher, so to speak. This common garden plant can be added to delicate fruits, increasing the quantity without changing the quality or flavor of the finished product.

These recipes may suggest other combinations to suit your particular needs.
Rhubarb and Pineapple Marmalade.
Two cups finely chopped rhubarb, 2 cups shredded pineapple, 3 cups sugar, 1/2 cup water.

Cook pineapple in the water for 20 minutes. Add rhubarb and cook until rhubarb is very soft. Sift in sugar and cook one hour. Turn into sterilized jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.
Rhubarb, combined with raisins, dates and spiced vinegar makes a delicious "relish" to use with meats.

Two and one-half pounds rhubarb, 2 pounds granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon ginger, 1 scant cup vinegar.
Wash and skin rhubarb and cut in inch lengths. Put a little water in preserving kettle, add rhubarb, cover and bring to the boiling point. Mix and sift sugar and spices over rhubarb. Add vinegar and simmer until thick, when a spoonful is tried on a cold saucer. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Jam.
One pound rhubarb, one pound strawberries, 2 pounds granulated sugar.
Wash and skin rhubarb. Wash and hull berries. Cut rhubarb into small pieces or put through the food chopper. Catch the juice from the rhubarb that drips from the strainer. Combine rhubarb, juice and sugar. Add berries and let stand until sugar is dissolved. Put over a low fire and bring to the boiling point. Stir frequently to prevent sticking and crush the fruit. Cook until a spoonful tried on a cold saucer jellies. Turn into sterilized jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Conserve.
Two cups finely chopped rhubarb, 2 cups chopped pineapple, 2 cups hulled strawberries, 1/2 cup blanched and shelled almonds, 1/2 cups sugar.

Pare and remove seeds from pineapple. Cut out cores and put through the coarse knife of food chopper, catching the juice that runs from the crank. Combine fruit and juice and bring to the boiling point. Simmer 10 minutes. Add strawberries—cut in small pieces and rhubarb finely chopped. Bring to the boiling point and sift in sugar. Cook, stirring to prevent sticking for about 1 hour or until as thick as desired. Add almonds and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Cover with paraffin when cold.

Rhubarb Relish.
Two pounds rhubarb, 1/2 pound seeded and chopped raisins, 1/2 pound seeded and chopped dates, 3 cups vinegar, 2 pounds light brown sugar, 1 tablespoon chili peppers, 1 1/2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1/4 cup chopped English walnut meats.

Combine raisins and dates and let stand in vinegar for 1 hour. Skin rhubarb and cut in half-inch pieces. Add to first mixture with all the remaining ingredients except the nuts. Cook slowly, stirring frequently for two hours. Add nuts and cook ten minutes longer. Turn into sterilized jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

Home Hints

Always Measure
Measure all ingredients for pastry. Most of the failures are due to incorrect measuring and hence improper proportions.

Cover While Sweeping
Always before you sweep see that no food is left uncovered in the room.

Use Little Ammonia
Wash out the bathtub frequently in water to which a few drops of household ammonia has been added. Wipe dry with a cloth.

Comes in Handy
Always keep cheese on hand in the ice box during the summer. With crackers it makes the ideal dessert after a light meal.

RIVER LOAM
River Loam delivered in city, Phone 1180-L.

EUGENE COLLECTION AGENCY
828-20-80 MINNER BLDG. PHONE 600. W. H. BLOWERS, MGR. if Osburn Hotel Beauty Parlor, Phone 804. Phone S. E. Stevens for piano tuning.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 15



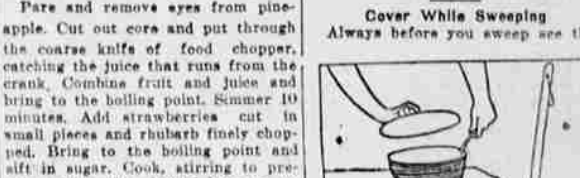
"HELP, help!" shouted the midget. "Hang on!" replied Jack. But it certainly wasn't easy for a tiny little man to cling to a dog's back when the dog was dodging and jumping around in circles chasing a wicker reel. Finally the midget got a good hold, with his arms tight around Flip's neck.



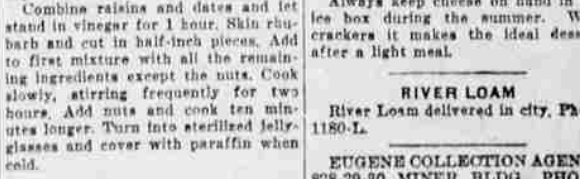
BUT just then the dog stopped short and the midget's feet went sailing into the air. For an instant he was just about standing on his head on Flip's back, and he looked like an acrobat on the circus. Of course, he flopped back down again in an instant and when he realized the dog was standing still he slipped to the ground.



"WELL, I'm glad to have that ride over with," shouted the little fellow. Jack couldn't help but laugh, and Doty and the hermit joined in with him. "Why, you're a fine rider," said Jack, as soon as he could stop laughing long enough to catch his breath. "I don't believe I could ride that well myself." (Continued)



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MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF, LOAN ME A FIVE OUT OF THAT DIVIDEND YOU GOT FROM YOUR CALIFORNIA OIL STOCK.

SORRY, MUTT, BUT I BLEW THE WHOLE ROLL FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR MY SISTER.

Now, what did she mean by that, Gloria wondered... by that phrase of hers, "brushing the cobwebs out of your brain?"

Did Myra think there were cobwebs in her brain? Had she recognized the troubled mental state Gloria was in over Stanley Wayburn?

That was the trouble with Myra, the thing that made Gloria hate and fear her. She seemed to see everything that was going on everywhere, with those cold, gray eyes of hers. She never missed a trick!

Glory turned to Ranghild. "If I went away for a few weeks, do you think you could manage the house alone?" she asked.

Ranghild went on brushing a green sports suit as she reflected. She was thinking that she had done every bit of work in the house all alone from the minute she had stepped into it!

The Little Fellow is Right, Absolutely Right

YOU FOOL!

BUT I'M CRAZY ABOUT MY SISTER! I'M GONNA PHONE AND SEE IF SHE GOT IT O.K.!!

HELLO, SIS! DID YOU GET THE NIFTY RACCOON COAT I SENT YOU?

WHAT'S THAT?—YOU'RE WONDERING WHETHER OR NOT A RACCOON FUR COAT CAN BE WORN OUT IN THE RAIN!

LISTEN, SIS! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A RACCOON CARRYING AN UMBRELLA?

Jerry On the Job

NOW IS CYRING SUMMER WITH THE BEES, BUTTERFLIES, BASEBALL, BUTTERFLIPS, BATHING, BOATING AND BRIMAGES AND I AINT HAD A DAY OFF SINCE ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS IN SHORT PANTS.

THAT'S THE BABY THAT FREED ALL THE SLAVES—YEAH—ALL BUT ONE

HEY JERRY WANT TO TAKE A DAY OFF?

The Slave is Rewarded

YES, MR. FIGSBY—WHEN?

NOW.

TAKE IT OFF THE CALENDAR.

Folk's Town



Bill Poster
Don't you smear on the paste and brighten the boards each week.

The whole world is wise, when folks advertise.