

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC



"You poor simp!" Gloria flamed at her, "to make a bid like that when you had a bust hand!"

(Continued from page one)
"Just because I'd had a turn-down from a club of miserable old bums? Not on your eyebrow peed. Those dames can't high-hat me, dead-end. I don't want to belong to their little group of serious thinkers."

May sat down before Gloria's dressing table and rubbed some perfume under her pointed chin. She glanced at her wrist. "Are you going to join? I don't really see you in a Home Women's club," she said. "You're hardly a housekeeping type, Gloria. I wish you wouldn't join. . . I think you owe it to me not to. Just to show those women that you can't snub me and get away with it."

"I've promised Mother Gregory I'll join," she said. She had no intention of being an onlooker along with May. There were points where friendship passed. This was one of them. "I thought you didn't care a darn whether you got into the club or not anyway," Gloria went on. "You just said you didn't."

"That was pure bunk," she confessed. "Whistling in the dark to keep up my courage."
May wiped her eyes and blew her nose loudly. Gloria could see that she was having hard work to fight back the tears in her eyes.

"Between you and me, Gloria," she said shakily, "it's all but killed me to hear that they didn't want me in that club. . . I never used to care what women said about me, but this got my goat, somehow. You take it from me, it's no use trying to buck other women. They've laid down their lines, and unless a girl follows them, they'll get her. . . they've almost got me."

"Why, this morning when Jim phoned I wouldn't even let him talk to me. . . I said the phone girl might be listening in. Ah, cross my heart, there never has been anything really wrong between me and Jim. . . just a little foolishness."
Gloria was sure that May was telling the truth.

"I came in to ask you to go down town with me, but I can see you're too busy," May said naturally, after a minute or two. "Don't forget that I'm having the card-club Thursday, will you? It's the last time we'll all be before the gods away next week."

"I thought you liked Myra," Gloria said, surprised.
"Yes, I love her the way you do!" May retorted, making little clucks of her hands. "But just the same I'd rather have her for a friend than for a enemy. . . and she's a friend of all these club women who've led me astray."

"My picked up a hand mirror and studied her face.
"Yes, I believe I'm getting a line between my eyebrows," she said, or is it just a shadow?
By the way, isn't this hat of mine the cat's pajamas? I spent all the money for the butcher's bill on it. . . There's one place where I can look the rest of the women for a Chicago loop, anyway. . . in my clothes."

Gloria's smile pitted May. She knew that May was far from being well-dressed. Her hat was too garish, her tan shoes too tan, her thin stockings too thin.
Myra Gail was the best dressed woman in town, when it came to that. In a pang, Gloria thought of Paris. The clothes Myra would bring home from Paris. . .

After May had gone, she went back to the job of unpacking the trunk that was destined not to cross the ocean in the hold of a ship.

"How do you, Myra?" she asked sweetly. "Didn't I see you downtown yesterday afternoon?"
"Not me," Myra shook her head. "I was out in the country driving all day."
Instantly Gloria was filled with wild jealousy. She was sure that Myra had been driving with Stanley Wayburn. . . just as sure as if she had seen them together!

Burning with anger, she went downstairs and found the table where she was to play. Lola Hough sat there, waiting. Lola in her old faded dress, was bright-eyed and excited. These card-club days were high spots in her dull life.

at all. I left my ironing to come. . . She went unsteadily upstairs to get her wraps.
"Well, let's go on with our game," Gloria broke the cold silence Lola left behind her. "She really hasn't any business to be playing bridge, anyway. She's the worst player!"
Suddenly Myra got up, too. "I think I'll go with Lola," she said quietly.
(To be continued tomorrow)

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST
KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—6 to 7 p. m., Jackie Souders' Portland dance orchestra; intermission solo by Mrs. J. M. Lowe, soprano; 7:30-8 p. m., weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 8:10 p. m., Who's Your Neighbor program by courtesy Charles F. Berg; Portland concert trio, Lucille Kirtley, soprano and Bernice Alstock, contralto; 10-11 p. m., concert from duo-art studio by Sherman, Clay and company.
KFEV, Meier and Frank company, 248 meters—4-5, musical program; 5, weather report.
KFJR, Ashley C. Dixon and son, 263 meters—8:30-9 p. m., boy scout program; 8:30-8:45, better business talk.
KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Mary Cameron, pianist; Doris McKeon, violinist; "Cantata Dinstenper"; Dr. George R. Fowler; "Modern Plant Doctors"; George L. Zunder; "The Lost Art of Enjoying Ourselves"; Rev. R. W. Graves; "Interesting Washington Crop Records"; Professor E. G. Schaefer.
KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical hour; 6:15, McDonald's night doings; 6:45-7, musical appreciation talk; 7-7:20, detective story, Nick Harris; 7:20, "Outline of Science," David Nelson Clark; 7:30-8, half hour of Hawaiian music; Hawaiian Four; 8-9, continuity program, Ventura Recording company; "Summer Fiesta of Music and Song"; 9-10, Examiner Wampus program, press agents of the screen industry; 10-11, Patrick-March dance orchestra, Betty Patrick, soloist.
KFWB, Hollywood, 252 meters—7-8 p. m., program, Beverly Ridge company; Beverly Ridge Collegian's dance orchestra; 8-9, program, Arrowhead string quartet; Bill Hath and Ray Kellogg, the jazz twins; 9-10, Warner Brothers' symphonies, Charles Beauchamp, tenor; 10-11, Warner Brothers' frolic, direction Charlie Wellman.
KJL, Los Angeles, 403.2 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Lighton's Arcade caterer orchestra, Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Baltimore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Herzog, organist; kiddies of Los Angeles with Harry James Beardsley (Cousin Jim); Dick Winlow, juvenile reporter; Baby Marie, Mae Corne and Mickey Molloy, screen stars; 8, Dr. Mars Bonaparte, scientific lecturer; 8:30-10:30, program, Broadway department store; 10:30-11:30, Art Hickman's Baltimore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnett, leader.
KNN, Hollywood, 369.8 meters—

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



Warmed over dinners make love grow cold.

Two red spots of color rose in Gloria's face. All her anger toward Stanley Wayburn and Myra gathered like a cyclone. In its path, Lola stood quite defenseless.
"You poor simp!" Gloria flamed at her, "to make a bid like that when you had a bust hand!"
"I should think you'd learn a few rules of the game, if you're going to even make a stab at playing bridge!"
All the color drained out of Lola's cheeks. If Gloria had slapped her face she couldn't have hurt her more. She put one hand on the table and rose. Every woman in the room was looking at her.
"I'm sorry," she said. "Perhaps I shouldn't play cards with people like you, who never forget that there's a prize at the end of the game. I don't play a professional game like yours!"
May came across the room.
"Please, girls, don't quarrel," she said, trying to push Lola down in her chair. "Do sit down, Lola, and go on with your game."
But Lola was firm.
"No," she said with a breaking voice. "I'm going. There's no use in my trying to keep up with you girls. . . I don't have time to play often enough to keep my wits sharp. And I shouldn't have come today."

IT'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE NEW



Where do all the different styles come from, we often wonder? On the stage Blanche Yurka wears a shawl wound around her head in the fashion of the Norwegian peasant woman. She decides the same idea would make a chic new style, since the Norse women have been wearing it for centuries, so she wound a shawl around her head and appeared at the Belmont race track the other day. And now a new style has started. It is called the Giza turban, after the character Miss Yurka plays on the stage.

On Gardening

Get celery seed started in the seed bed. Also cabbage, sunflower and kohlrabi to follow the earliest crop.

Don't overlook the new early flowering strain of cosmos and also the double ones. They will be a revelation in this handsome annual.

Take a chance on tomatoes. They can be protected easily from any unwelcome nip. Set flower pots in the sun and have a board ready to get over the tops of the young plants, and they will come through any arbitrary snip. You can hang burlap over the board to make a tent for them.

Home Hints

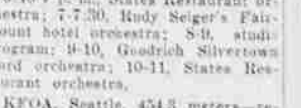
IN PREPARING salads remember to tempt the eye as well as the appetite. Watch the color combinations as well as the fruit or vegetable ingredients.

Never let salads stand long after preparing them. Nothing should be wilted or mushy looking.

A German inventor has made a phonograph record that plays as long as the right.

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

By LITTLE JOE
YOU haven't had a puzzle containing so many different sizes of words in a long time. There is only one catch word in it. That is number 1 going down but if you have a radio even that will be easy.



ACROSS
1. Toward.
2. Red vegetable.
3. Wing of a fish.
4. Name of something (think of your grammar).
5. Part of verb "to be."
6. Country hotel.
7. To knit.
8. Point of compass.
9. Unassured.
10. Polite word to say after yes when speaking to an older man.
11. Deceased.

DOWN
1. Finding a radio station on your set.
2. Floor box.
3. Half an em (ask a printer).
4. Opposite to wild.
5. A good time.
6. Unit.
7. To help.
8. A small pie.
9. To stick.
10. Therefore.
11. A word almost like "a" but used before vowel words.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 16



"HERE comes your hat, suddenly announced the hermit. And you, a few yards away Jack saw two little Toy Cave men walking belkily along with a long bat on their shoulders. They carried it just like men carry a long plank and it surely looked funny. Jack rushed up to meet them and get the hat.



WHEN he took hold of it and sawing it a couple of times he turned to the hermit and exclaimed: "Ge, it's a peach. Feels just right." Then he handed it to Dotty and told her to try it. Dotty managed to swing it all right, but admitted it seemed a bit heavy. Of course, it would be to a girl.



"NOW we can go on with our ball game," said the little fellow who had flipped off of Flip's back. So Jack stood up at the home base and told the little widge to throw the ball. As it came sailing just, Jack swung hard, but missed it completely. This made all of the widge's laugh. (Continued.)

Cynthia Grey Says:

FOR centuries no woman in Turkey dared show her face. Always she veiled and guarded in the harem. Then came the World War. The sultan and many old traditions were smashed at one blow.

After being under the strictest restraint throughout the ages, the Turkish women suddenly attained the "new freedom." While women in other lands fought for equal rights for generations, the Turkish women achieved them almost overnight.

They were even admitted to the army on an equal terms with men and now the Turkish army is the only one in the world that can boast of two women colonels and about a hundred officers of junior rank.

History is something like a granddum. When held far to one side, it swings far to the other side when released.
That was the case with the Turkish women. In a brief period, they shed their veils and became army colonels.
And the same is true of life itself. If you restrain the young woman or young man too much in the days of youth, if you try to isolate them too much from real life, there is almost certain to come a time when they suddenly will go to the other extreme.
The pendulum swings as far to the left as to the right.

MUTT AND JEFF



JEFF, YOU STAY WITH MY SON WHILE I GO DOWN AND GET OUR R.R. TICKETS TO THE INTERNATIONAL ROTARY CLUB CONVENTION IN CLEVELAND ON JUNE THE 15TH.

The Little Fellow is Right, Absolutely Right



CICERO, THEY TELL ME YOU DON'T STUDY IN SCHOOL. ARE YOU GONNA GROW UP TO BE A DUMB BELL LIKE YOUR PAPA?

By BUD FISHER



YES HE DOES, IN A BIG EYE! I GOT A NOTION TO SEE HOW BRIGHT YOU ARE!

WELL, WE'LL TAKE THE WORD 'COLLISION'



WELL, WE'LL TAKE THE WORD "COLLISION"—A COLLISION IS WHEN TWO THINGS COME TOGETHER UNEXPECTEDLY. CAN YOU GIVE ME AN EXAMPLE OF A COLLISION?

JOE SPWIS' TWINS!



SURE!

FOLKS IN TOWN



Mod Carrier
Your every day truck
to take loads of brick
To places where brick layers
work.
You do it and you
And the boss ought to know
You are really too busy to shirk.

Jerry On the Job



AHA! THE BOSS SHALL HEAR OF THIS.

SEN, MR. FIGSBY, MR. HANLON'S DEPARTMENT IS ALL FULL OF EMPTY BOTTLES



SEN, MR. FIGSBY, MR. HANLON'S DEPARTMENT IS ALL FULL OF EMPTY BOTTLES. I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

SEND THAT BAWB IN HERE



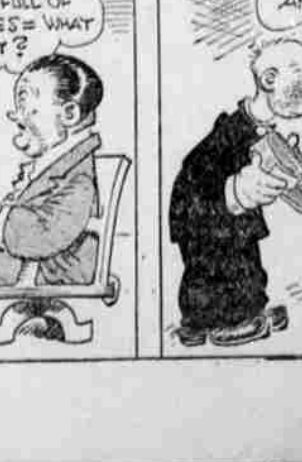
YES?

I'M TOLD THAT YOUR DEPARTMENT IS FULL OF EMPTY BOTTLES—WHAT ABOUT IT?



I DON'T KNOW, SIR.

I NEVER BOUGHT AN EMPTY BOTTLE IN MY LIFE



I NEVER BOUGHT AN EMPTY BOTTLE IN MY LIFE.