

# The FLAPPER-WIFE

By Beatrice Burton

(Continued from page one)

Next day Gloria invites Wayburn, MAY SEYMOUR, wife of DR. JOHN SEYMOUR, and May's lover, JIM CAREWE, to the house. A jolly party is in progress when Dick returns and puts the guests out of the house.

Because of her affair with Carewe, May Seymour is snubbed everywhere by women. This momentarily worries her. However, she visits Wayburn in his rooms. She returns to find that Dick has been brought home by MISS BRIGGS, his secretary, who is in love with him. Miss Briggs' sister, MRS. O'HARA, comes to nurse Dick. In his delirium he calls for Gloria, but misses her away when she goes to him.

**Now go on With the Story**  
GLORIA went downstairs. She put on her hat and coat and went out of the door. She felt that, somehow, she must get away from the sound of Dick's voice moaning "Gloria... Gloria..." It kept repeating itself over and over in her ears.

Gloria's impulse was always to escape the unpleasant things of life—poverty, hard work and sickness. She hated them with all her soul. With a sigh of relief she opened the front door and went out.

Someone was coming up the walk. In the light that streamed out from the hall door Gloria could see that it was Mother Gregory. Her face was haggard with anxiety.

"What in the world has happened?" she asked, as she came up the front steps. "Maggie says Ranghild has been phoning for me. I've been at the church guild all afternoon, sewing."

"Dick's sick. Dr. John says that cold of his has developed into pneumonia," answered Gloria. She followed her mother-in-law back into the house.

Mother Gregory covered her face with her large capable hands, and began to cry.

"Oh, my dear God!" she sobbed. And the very voice of prayer was in her tone.

Gloria watched her in surprised silence. She wouldn't have believed there was any tenderness or softness in Mother Gregory. She had always thought that the love she had for Dick was the grim kind that a Spartan mother might have had for her son.

Presently Mother Gregory dried her eyes and started for the stairs. "Hurry up to the first landing she stopped and turned.

"There's something I've been wanting to say to you, Gloria, and I may as well say it now," she said emphatically. "If Dick dies, remember, it's you who've killed him! He's been all run down from worry for weeks and weeks. Maggie's told me how you've worn him out with your rowdy parties and your late hours! And just the other day he had to come to his father for money to pay for some of your fooleries! ... If you had any brains you'd know that worry kills more people than hard work ever does! ... It's no wonder to me."

Her voice broke again, and she went on upstairs.

Gloria slammed the door behind her and went outdoors.

Her heart was filled with hate and anger toward her mother-in-law. She walked along the lamp-lit streets thinking of cruel cutting things she might have said to her, if she had only thought of them in time! How she wished she had!

The streets were very quiet. Scarcely anyone passed, and as Gloria wandered alone, a sort of peace stole over her.

There was a hint of spring in the air. The town, itself, seemed to be waiting for the caress of a divine hand that would awaken buds on the trees and early crocuses in the brown earth.

Gloria suddenly wanted someone to whom she could go with her trouble—her misery.

"Not her mother! ... she had never confided in her mother."

"Not May Seymour—nor Stanley Wayburn, either. They were fair weather friends. There was no sympathy for anyone in either of them. That was a cinch!

Then Gloria thought of Lola Hough. Shabby, neglected Lola, whom she had hurt and insulted only yesterday.

Would Lola forgive her? Gloria knew she would.

And not only would she forgive her, she would probably have comfort and understanding for her, too ... Lola was like that.

Trouble softened people and made them more human. And when it came to trouble, Lola certainly had more than her share. In fact, trouble was about all she did have!

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Fifteen minutes later Gloria was ringing the bell of the old Hough household.

Lola, herself, came to the door. She was covered with a big flannel bath apron. And under one arm she carried young Teddy Hough.

"Well, of all things! It's Gloria Gregory!" Lola cried. She smiled. "I'm just on my way upstairs to put the babies to bed," she went on.

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"Come along, and then we can talk in peace."

Lola seemed to know that Gloria had come because she was in trouble, without being told.

Upstairs in the big front bedroom the twins, in nighties and red bathrobes, were having bread and milk for their supper.

Before the grate fire a bath basin was waiting for young Teddy. On the mantel shelf, his bottle of milk stood in readiness.

Gloria sank into an armchair covered with clean, faded cretonne. With somber eyes she watched Lola bathe her baby.

"Isn't he a little old kewpie?" Lola laughed, as she took him out of the tub and bundled him into his sleeping-bag.

In Gloria's opinion, Teddy was far too fat, but she didn't say so. She knew that, in Lola's eyes, her three babies were beautiful as cherubs.

Lola tucked them tenderly into their little beds and turned out the light.

"Goodnight, baby birds," she said, softly closing the door.

Gloria followed her silently downstairs to the dining room.

A cold supper was laid there for one. Sliced corned beef, bread and butter, and a bowl of canned peaches.

Lola took an extra plate from the china closet.

"Stay and have a bit of supper with lonesome woman," she begged. "And while I'm boiling water for the tea, you can tell me what's on your mind. I can see that something's bothering you."

"Something? ... Everything!" Gloria cried. "My whole life's wrong from start to finish, and I'm just beginning to find it out ... Lola, I'm married to a man I don't love."

Lola stared at her with wide-eyed astonishment.

"You don't care for Dick?" she asked incredulously, "why, you must be crazy, Gloria! Dick's the very nicest man I know ..."

Gloria interrupted her with a harsh laugh.

"And not only that," she said, "but the man I do care about doesn't give a snap of his fingers for me!"

"Who's the man? Anyone I know?" Lola asked curiously.

"Yes, you know him. But I'm not going to say who he is," Gloria answered, stubbornly, "so don't ask me!"

Lola was silent. She measured tea into the little brown pot on the table. Her eyes were thoughtful.

"Oh, I see!" she exclaimed presently.

"What do you see," Gloria asked.

"I see why you come to me with this story," Lola said. "I wondered why you'd picked me up ... It's Bill you're in love with, isn't it?"

Gloria threw back her head and laughed wildly. That Lola should think she was in love with Bill Hough was too funny! ... Couldn't she see that he was fat and middle-aged, and had puffs under his eyes?

... But that was the way with women who loved their husbands. They thought everybody else was in love with them, too.

"Bill?" Not in a million years!" Gloria answered soberly. "No, the reason I told you about myself, Lola, is because you have more sense than the rest of the girls I know. And you won't hit it all over either."

"And I just had to tell somebody! What would you do if you were me?"

Lola pondered.

"Well," she said at last, "if I were you, I'd go right home and tell Dick about it. That's the only square thing for you to do, so far as I can see."

Slowly Gloria shook her lovely head. Her eyebrows straightened into a frown.

"Of course, I can't do that, with Dick so sick," she mused. "But when he's better, I think I will tell him—that is, if he gets better."

Lola set her cup down with a clatter.

"Do you mean to say Dick's sick?" she asked. She couldn't believe her ears.

"I forgot to tell you. He's down with pneumonia," Gloria answered.

"That's why I had to get out of the house ... There was a nurse there, and a mother Gregory, besides. And the whole place sounds and smells like a hospital. Oh, it's awful!"

Lola gasped. For a minute she was speechless.

"Well, my advice to you is to get home as soon as you can," she cried, when she had found her voice.

"The idea of leaving a sick husband, and a mother Gregory, on you and you suppose Dick wants you and you aren't there?"

"For goodness sake, Gloria, don't sit there! You've got to go home right away!"

Dully, Gloria rose to her feet.

"I suppose I must," she sighed drearily. "But, gosh, how I hate to go back there!"

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The next ten days were a nightmare to Gloria.

Dick hovered between life and death. Sometimes he called for her, and she went. Sometimes it was his mother he wanted.

Mother Gregory came every morning and sat in the sunroom, knitting or reading her Bible.

At meals, she and Mrs. O'Hara told each other all their best stories about operations and unusual diseases. Gloria shivered through these meals.

One sunny afternoon she made up her mind to ask May Seymour to go for a walk with her. She went out into the hall and picked up the telephone to give May's number.

Mrs. O'Hara was talking on the extension, up in Dick's room. Gloria listened intently.

"He'll get well if his heart holds out. But it's pretty weak," she heard Mrs. O'Hara say.

Then another voice answered her.

"Well, I'm at his office. Phone me if anything happens," it said. It was Miss Briggs' voice! She and her sisters were talking about Dick!

(To be continued tomorrow)

## On Gardening

Much of the success in establishing a level, velvety stretch of lawn depends upon the mowing. The main need is a good lawn mower. There are scores of lawn mowers on the market, but it will be economy in the long run to get a good mower. The main factor in selecting a mower is the quality of the stand sharpening. Many of the cheap grades of mowers won't stand up to the wear and tear of the first edge is worn off they

never perform up to the mark again, despite earnest sharpening.

The result is a ragged looking lawn after the mower goes over it, and the thicker and more luxuriant the growth, the worse the job. A first-class high-grade mower is rather expensive, but it is better to club with a neighbor and get a good mower than to waste money on a bargain counter machine that won't hold up over summer. Find out what sort of steel is in the blades and get the dealer's word for it before taking it away from the store.

Mowers with good steel blades which will take sharpening run twice as easily as the poorer grades and there is great saving in time, labor and nerves. A cheap mower is poor economy.

A last sprinkling of nitrate will be a help to the grass at this stage, to keep up the spring rush. Sprinkle it sparingly, but as evenly as possible, and be sure that all lumps are broken fine. A lump will bring up a heavy growth about it like droppings in a pasture.

The lawn will need no more nitrate until the weather turns and it begins to turn sour. Then give light dressings before wetting it down with the sprinkler.

**Dr. S. A. Danford To Lead Conference**

Dr. S. A. Danford of Eugene will lead the bible conference and camp meeting for the Methodist church at Junctiontown, N. D., the coming week, and left today on his trip to Dakota. The assembly is said to be one of the biggest summer meetings of a church in the middle west, and is annually under the direction of Dr. Danford.

While in North Dakota, Dr. Danford expects to visit his son and other relatives, and expresses the purpose "incidentally, of course, I will advertise Eugene and western Oregon."

**Home Menus**

**BREAKFAST**—Orange juice with mint, cereal, thin cream waffles, maple sirup, milk, coffee.

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**Folk's 'n' Town**

Farmer You toil in the sun. Till day time is done. You know the demands you must meet. For everyone knows You're the fellow who grows The food that the rest of us eat.

**Home Hints**

**Pinns** and all shades of red should be soaked in salt water to set the color before they are laundered. This refers to cotton fabrics.

**Please With Milk** When milk and eggs are both used

**Emergency Cement** An emergency cement for mending a pot or kettle is made by mixing white of egg with fine coal or wood ashes until it forms a thick paste. Paste this over the hole and hold it over the fire until the egg is baked.

**Add Lemon Juice** When jelly does not set, add the juice of a lemon and the difficulty will be overcome.

**Ball Fruit Jars** Before using fruit jars that have been standing around, boil them in hot soapy water.

**Sun Dial of old Bricks**

If you have a pile of old bricks in your yard you can make this sun dial easily. It will add much to the attractiveness of your yard, as well as

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**Fashion Plaques**

One way to secure a gorgeous silk handkerchief is to run it through a hose or silver ring that is just made for such purpose. This gives a better effect than the casual knot and besides it's something different which makes it highly desirable.

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**Radio Programs**

**PACIFIC COAST**  
KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters; 6-7 p. m., Oregon recital from public auditorium by courtesy of the Stubbins Electric company, William Robertson Boone; after 8, silent for long-distance reception.

KGAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters; 7-30-9 p. m., Mrs. Herbert Kimbrough, contralto; Lillian Barakoff, soprano; Lillian Pettibone, pianist; E. Craig Beardman, tenor; "What Should a Student Expect of His High School?" Professor George A. Cline; "Chat of Harvesting Wheat," R. N. Miller; "Agricultural Engineers," Professor G. C. Johnson.

KFI, Los Angeles, 467-5.30 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6-9-15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6-45-7, industrial talk; 7-8, California Screamers orchestra, George Cronk, leader; Sigmund Sachs, violin soloist; 6-9, program, Great League company; 9-10, program, Walter M. Murphy Motor company; 10-11, Examiner presenting Ray West and his Alexandria hotel dance orchestra.

KPOA, Seattle, 544.3 meters; 6-45-8-15 p. m., Sherman, Gray and company; program; 8-30-10, "Times" program.

KFWB, Hollywood, 252 meters; 6-30-9 p. m., program, John A. Evans corporation; 8-9, program, Check-Nal Coffee company, Maxwell House Coffee string quartet, Columbian trio, Sol Hoopii's Hawaiian trio, New-Hall boy singer; 9-10, program, E. P. Jones, contractor of Alhambra Great Western male quartet, Bill Hatch's orchestra, Ira Mitchell Butler, soprano; Miller's International trio; 10-11, Warner Bros.' frolic, direction Charlie Whelan.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 316.2-6.7 p. m., dinner concert, Sherman, Gray and company; 8, Amphion trio; "The Need of a National Reclamation," Professor Davis Weeks; "Marie Dupont on Caring Apartment Hls," Louis E. Singer; "Problems of the Adolescent Boy," Dr. Virgil E. Dickson; "The Volga River," 10-11, Henry Halsteads orchestra.

KEL, Los Angeles, 485.2 meters; 6-7 p. m., Leizelton's Arcade leader's orchestra; Jack Grimes, leader; 8-10, program, Bastra company, No. 2, Sons of Veterans and auxiliary in honor of Flag day.

KNX, Hollywood, 356.9 meters; 5-30-6-15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, and Ziff's sports talk; 6-15, travel talk, W. E. Alder; 6-30-7-30, dinner hour, summer; 7-30, program, Columbia Outfitting company; 8-9, program, L. V. Stockwell company; 9-10, program, Listerwaller and Gough; Zenith orchestra, Rola male quartet; 10-11, Goodrich Silvertones Cord dance orchestra, Jane Purwell, KXN girl soloist; 11-12, The Lyman's Concertant Grove dance orchestra from Amsterdam hotel.

KFY, San Francisco, 428.5 meters; 6-15-6-30 p. m., baseball; 6-40-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7-7-30, Rudy Seiger's Paramount hotel orchestra; 8-9, Theodore J. Irwin, organist; 9-10, Peter Norman's mixed quartet; 10-11, States restaurant orchestra.

KLN, Oakland, Cal., 569 meters;

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