

The FLAPPER-WIFE

for her, though: She's the prettiest thing I ever saw. Miss Briggs snorted. "Do you think so?" she asked. "Healthily Gloria hung up the receiver. She stood biting the pointed ends of her fingernails, thoughtfully. Of course, Miss Briggs couldn't see that she was pretty! She was too jealous of her! She hated her because she was Dick's wife!

She ran upstairs to her own room that had been the "spare" bedroom until Dick's illness. As Mother Gregory had privately remarked to Maggie, "Anybody with a nose would know it was Gloria's room!" For it was fragrant with the smell of Gloria's favorite perfume and powder. The bed was heaped with the slumber-pillows, and an untidy pile of motion picture magazines littered the window seat. It had always been the dream of Gloria's life to break into the movies or to go on the stage. The thought still lurked in the back of her mind, teasingly. She leaned over the dresser and held her face close to the mirror, so that the coppery sunshine of her hair brushed the glass. How could Miss Briggs say she wasn't pretty? Why, she was beautiful!

Dick had always said so. So had Stan Wayburn. The very thought of him was like a sudden light to Gloria. Ten days ago she had made up her mind never to see him again. She had kept her mind on home and poor Dick. She had seen no one but the nurse, the doctor, and Mother Gregory. . . . And she, but she was sick and tired of the four walls of the house! She needed cheering up, she told herself. In a flash, Gloria's mind was made up.

She would see Stan Wayburn that very afternoon! She would call him up and ask him to take a walk with her. Surely there could be no harm in that. Then, after that, she would never see him again—perhaps. Gloria dressed to go out, with feverish haste. When she was ready, she tried to slip quietly out of the house without letting Mother Gregory know she was going.

But Mother Gregory had X-ray eyes and the ears of a fox. "Where are you going, Gloria?" she called. "I want you to get some darning cotton for me at the store, if you're going out."

"Oh, the dickens!" Gloria remarked to herself. She didn't want Mother Gregory to see how she had dressed herself to go out to meet Stanley Wayburn. But there was no way out of it. She dragged herself unwillingly into the sunroom. Mother Gregory had been darning Dick's socks and sewing buttons on his shirts, all day. "Gloria," she asked now, "don't you ever do any mending for Dick?"

Gloria shook her head impudently. "I don't know how to mend. My mother always kept my clothes in order for me," she said. "Now, when my stockings have holes in them, I throw them away. . . . I hate darned stockings!"

Mother Gregory set her lips firmly. "I've always said," she remarked, rolling a pair of socks into a neat ball, "that a lady wife could throw more money into the rag bag and the garbage can than her husband could earn working night and day." "I'm no worse than the rest of the women I know," Gloria defended herself.

"Then you know the wrong kind of woman—you flapper wives aren't real wives!" replied Mother Gregory. She picked up the Bible that lay on the wide table beside her. She opened it, and put on her glasses. "Let me read you something," she said. "Listen to this. . . . Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth trust her. She will do him good and not evil. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. . . . Gloria laughed.

"That's the bunk. . . . that old stuff. Times have changed since the Bible was written," she said. "That's where you're wrong, Gloria. Times haven't changed. They're just the same as they were in the days of King Solomon." Mother Gregory went on, "and it looks to me as if a virtuous woman is just as hard to find these days as she was thousands of years ago. . . . Where are you going?"

Fashion Plaques



The bathing cap of this season bursts forth into riotous, waterproof blossoms of brilliantly colored rubber and is a decided improvement over the old plain variety that had nothing but utility to recommend it.

going all dressed up, and covered with the nasty perfume you use!" Gloria began to feel that in some uncanny way Mother Gregory knew that she was going out to telephone Stanley Wayburn to meet her. "Is it tan darning cotton you wanted?" she evaded. "Like this!" She bent to pick up a little piece that lay on the rug at Mother Gregory's feet. Suddenly she felt Mother Gregory's hands on her shoulders. She looked up at her. The older woman's eyes were bright with tears. "My dear," she said, "I talk to you this way only because I want this marriage of yours and Dick's to be a success. . . . Let us try to be friends, you and I!"

Gloria found herself facing the most surprising fact in human experience. . . . the kindness of a person you believe to be thoroughly unkind! She couldn't find a word to say. Finally she rose to her feet, and put the scrap of darning cotton into her purse. She went slowly out of the house into the sunny street. She telephoned Stan from a store where she bought the darning cotton. "Zowie, but it's good to see you again," he said when she met him. "Didn't you come in your automobile?"

Gloria shook her head. Her eyes shone with delight. "No, I'm coming to walk, if you don't mind a little like," she said. "I've been penned up in the house ever since I saw you last. Dick's had pneumonia, but he's better now. . . . I guess he'll be all right if his heart holds out." "Is that so?" Sorry to hear he's been sick," Stan answered indifferently as they swung along. Then his tone changed. "That explains why I haven't heard from you for so long," he said. "Now tell me. . . . why, under heaven, did you suddenly get up and beat it that day you came to see me at the hotel? I never was so surprised in my life. What made you do it?"

Gloria blushed uncomfortably. "Oh, I hate to tell you," she answered in a low tone. "It was because of all those women's pictures in your room! I'm so jealous of every woman you ever cared about. . . . And I hated to think I was just one of them. I made up my mind that day that I'd never have a thing to do with you again!" Wayburn laughed. Then he turned slightly and tipped his hat to someone who passed. "That was your friend, Mrs. Wing. . . . the dizzy blond I met at your party," he said. "Is that so?" Gloria exclaimed. "I suppose by tomorrow she'll have it all over town that I'm in love with Stanley Wayburn, the well-known actor!"

Stan grinned. "Are you?" he asked. "I wish I knew. One day I had you. . . . and the next day I can't wait to see you," the girl confessed. "But I think about you most of the time. If that's being in love, I suppose I am."

Gloria walked along, deep in thought. She wondered what it was she felt for Dick. It was true that life with him was not exciting. . . . And yet, she had said a prayer of thankfulness the night he had passed his pneumonia crisis. She had been filled with sorrow, that night, at the thought that Dick might die and leave her.

But now, that he was better, she was almost indifferent, again. . . . What ailed her, anyway, Gloria wondered. Why didn't she know her own mind? When she had married Dick she had been almost happy with him. But a bottomless pit had opened between them, with the return of Wayburn into her life. Gloria looked at Stan. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered along humming a jazzy little tune.

Stan was almost always cheerful, full of pep, ready for a good time. The wilder the time the better it suited Stan! . . . He chuckled Gloria up like a jazz band. "You're a great little worrier, Russert," he said now, showing his white teeth in a grin. "Why can't you make up your mind that you and I enjoy being together. . . . and let it go at that? Why must you worry yourself about the other women I know?"

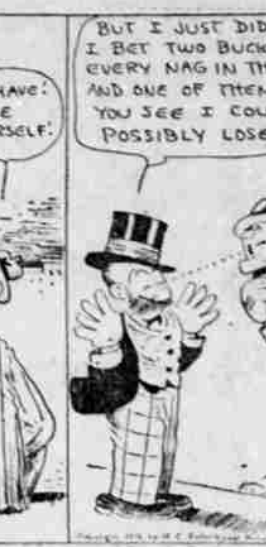
"You know I think you're the best baby" of all the world, don't you? Isn't that enough?" He took her hand in his and pressed it tight, for a moment. Then he let it drop. "Perhaps you do think that. But you don't love me," Gloria cried. "You don't love me enough! When a man has cared for a girl the way Dick has for me, she can never be fooled by imitation love again. She knows the real thing!" "Tragedy queen!" Stan said, with a mocking light in his eyes. Gloria stamped her foot. Why couldn't he take her seriously once in a while! (To be continued)

On Gardening

VEGETABLE growing success depends in great measure upon the condition of the soil in the garden as well as on the climate. Although weather forecasting is a science has advanced rapidly, it is impossible to guess far enough ahead to plant a vegetable garden on forecasts. But preparation of the soil is the most important, particularly the hot, parching dog days, may be ameliorated. This can be done by adding humus to the soil.

Start at once, saving all the vegetable vines that have served their purpose and press them into the dig into the soil. Particularly save pea and bean vines and stake out some obscure corner to stack them up as the time for crop picking comes around. If you have no further use for the soil where the early vegetables come out, sow it to clover or alfalfa, and spade it into the fall. This will help to make the soil cool and add humus. Light, sandy soils need constant applications of vegetable matter. Some of the finest vegetable gardens are on "built up" sand patches in which have been added yard refuse, followed in when it is available, followed in the later days by all the refuse vegetable matter that could be accumulated, grass clippings, pulled weeds, potato peelings and old vegetable tops. With this supply always in mind as

MUTT AND JEFF



Jerry On the Job



HINTS ON HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Arm Massage Said to be Highly Valuable



Julia Parker By JULIA PARKER (In "The Love Song") My favorite beauty treatment is the arm massage I give myself weekly. First I cleanse my skin with warm water and soap and a complexion brush. Then I dry it thoroughly and apply olive or sweet almond oil with gentle circular motion, working up from my wrists to my shoulders and back. After about five minutes of this, during which I cover every inch of my arms, I wipe off the oil with a dry cloth, then go over the entire service again with ice dipped in a Turkish towel. This closes the pores and has a tendency to harden the flesh. If you do this regularly, you need never worry about looking your best in the sleepless gown.

Wedding Menus

By SISTER MARY THE wedding breakfast is usually served at 12:30 o'clock, following the ceremony at "high noon." The best time for the service regarding trains, an earlier or later hour must be chosen. The menu may be as simple as desired, containing only three courses but the service should be as formal and perfect as possible. A wedding breakfast is nothing more nor less than a formal luncheon as far as the menu is concerned. But the table decorations and the unusual radiance of silver, glassware, linen and china proclaim the affair to be of the greatest importance. The following menu is moderately elaborate and is planned for a wedding numbering only as many guests as can be seated at tables.

- Chicken and Sweetbread Timbales with Mushroom Sauce Twice Baked Potatoes Creamed Peas Parker House Rolls Jellied Cucumber Salad Cheese Straps Strawberry Parfait in Marquise Shells Wedding Cake Salted Nuts Colored Bon Bons The bon bons should carry out the color scheme used for the wedding. The salad course may be omitted. In this event radish "roses" and "extra fine" olives should be served with the second course. If preferred a fruit cup can take the place of the nuts, but the canopée is not quite as ordinary as the cup. Tomato and Anchovy Canaps Cut slightly stale bread in slices about 3-8 inch thick. Cut in rounds the size of tomatoes to be used. Pare and chill tomatoes and cut in slices almost as thick as the bread. Toast bread quickly and lightly and spread lightly with butter. Spread with anchovy paste, cover with slice of tomato and sprinkle with enough grated cheese to cover the tomato completely.

Let Your Light So Shine



If you like a light in front of your home, here's an attractive combination that adds much to the appearance of your place. The high solitary light frame making an arch with a distinctive entrance to your yard.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

CHICKEN AND SWEETBREAD TIMBABLE Two cups minced uncooked chicken breast, 1 sweetbread, 4 eggs, 2 cups whipping cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper. The chicken is not cooked, but the sweetbread is, of course, parboiled and blanched. They should both be infused very finely. Each egg is beaten separately before adding. Combine chicken and sweetbread and add 1 well beaten egg. Beat well and add the second beaten egg. Beat well and add each egg until all are used. Beat in salt and pepper and fold in cream whipped until firm. Turn into buttered timbale molds and place on several thicknesses of cloth in a pan containing about 1 inch of hot water. Cover with heavy buttered paper and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven. Unmold and serve with mushroom sauce. This recipe will make twelve timbales. Two cups of mushroom sauce will be needed. The Bride's Cake Any delicate cake can be used for the bride's cake and a rich fruit cake is always suitable for the "grooms" cake. When the number of guests at a wedding is too large to permit the use of tables a buffet service is most convenient. Here again the menu may be simple or elaborate but the service must be perfect and without a "bitch." Although all the food is placed on the buffet at once, the dishes must be replenished and always kept inviting and attractive in appearance. If possible replace the first dishes with second fresh dishes and rearrange and replenish the first ones in the kitchen. The following menu is what a caterer calls a "stock" menu and is suitable for any hour of the day or night and any sort of a function: Chicken a la King (Chafing Dish) Fruit Salad in Glass Cases Assorted Sandwiches Sautéed Potatoes Bon Bons Molded Ices Fancy Small Cakes Coffee The cheese cases are made exactly like cream puff cases except that the sugar is omitted and grated cheese, salt and pepper added.

Home Hints

- TO SLICE hard boiled eggs perfectly without crumbling use a knife dipped in boiling water and wiped dry. This Saves Sugar A pinch of soda added to stewed rhubarb when nearly done will lessen considerably the amount of sugar needed to sweeten it. Removes Tar Stains Any fabric that has been stained by tar can be restored by sponging with chloroform or turpentine followed by benzine. "Peeling" New Potatoes The thin delicate skins of new potatoes may be removed quickly and without waste by rubbing with a rough cloth, keeping both cloth and vegetable very wet. One to One One egg will thicken one cup of milk for cup custard. DAILY MENU Breakfast—Stewed rhubarb, creamed dried beef on toast, bran muffins, milk, coffee. Luncheon—Cream of asparagus soup, toast sticks, cottage cheese, sandwiches, prune pudding, milk, tea. Dinner—Baked stuffed bluefish, scalloped potatoes, string beans, cucumber and lettuce salad, raspberry shortcake, whole wheat bread, milk, coffee. A child four or five years of age should not be given anything of the kind or the "cake" of the shortcake.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

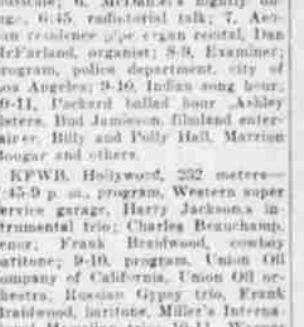
Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Rodner TOX CAVE—CHAPTER 20



ALMOST before Jack could get out of the way a lot of the little midgets came shooting through the slide-way. They landed on their heads and on their backs, but they seemed to think it was great fun. Jack and Dotry stood and watched them, and got a good laugh at the way they toppled on each other.



"THE dining room is right through this passageway," suddenly announced the hermit. And Jack and his cousin had to stoop down to get through. They came out in a large room, in the middle of which was a long table made out of rocks with planks on top of them. Other rocks had been made into seats.



"GO RIGHT up to the head of the table and take your seats," said the hermit to the two adventurers. When they were seated, several of the midgets also gathered around the table, and the hermit sat down at the opposite end from Jack and Dotry. Then a little water midget came running into the room. (Continued)

Cynthia Grey Says:

THE female ant starts life with wings. She loses them after her honeymoon, or, at the scientist's call, her "nuptial flight." It seems to me that sometimes women lose the wings of their spirit after marriage, much in the same way. They come down to earth and they let married life become a mundane, material thing. From a queen that had much of spirit and love in it, marriage often degenerates into a partnership where the woman exchanges her honey-keeping services for her husband's key services. One of the principal jobs of a wife is to make married life a fun and beautiful relationship. . . . to keep it on a plane high above the common things of life. And the secret of doing this lies in the point of view. Anything can be made common and vulgar by looking at it in that sort of way. But, as Emerson says, if you only know it, there's something beautiful in the ugliest, lowest things. . . . even in hardship, and poverty, and the rearing of children on the almost of pocketbooks. The other day one of the magazines printed a poem by Zoe Tiffany that proves my point far better than anything else I have ever read about those flies. It said this: "I shall not mind. . . . I from Her jealous hands. . . . Too much of hardship and too little play. Life hath smothered me in her pig-gard way. There have been dreams. . . . and a wedding of friends. . . . And, for a little while, the glory that love lends. 'Tis hard enough for a woman. . . . a wife and mother. . . . to struggle along through the lean years of marriage, and still keep 'the glory that love lends.' The little came in on the first of the month, and Johnny's show was being long before the household budget was they saw. And perhaps, had you been from the office, worried and out of sorts. The chances are there were not quite enough money to make both ends meet. . . . These things, or even bigger worries, don't matter if only there is love, and understanding and peace, in a house. . . . 'Tis I, however, more than a house. . . . more than a home. It is necessary from the daily grind, the daily hardships of the world we live in. The woman who loses her wings, whose spirit becomes dulled, does not make such a home. There is no time to deal home-making, that cooking three meals a day, and polishing the silver once a week.

Radio Programs

- PACIFIC COAST KGW, Portland, 49.1 meters—7:30 to 8 p. m. Weather, police and market reports, news headlines and baseball scores; 8:30, "What's Your Howler" program, courtesy Charles F. Berg; 9:30, City Trio and Leona Mountain concert; 9:40, Concert by courtesy Welch and Powell; General Card orchestra; 10:12, Herman Kenis's Multitones hotel-dance orchestra. KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—7:30-8 p. m. Kammeyer's matinee orchestra; 8, Matinee's night-time orchestra; 8:45, radio-drama talk; 9, Acoustic residence pipe organ recital, Dan McFarland, organist; 9:30, Examiner program, police department, city of Los Angeles; 9:40, Indian song hour; 10:11, Deckard talked hour—Ashley sisters, Bud Jamison, finished entertainer, Billy and Betty Hall, Maxine Bouger and others. KPWR, Hollywood, 322 meters—7:45-9 p. m. program, Western super service garage, Harry Jackson's instrumental trio; Charles Beauchamp, tenor; Frank Bradford, comedy baritone; 9:10, program, Union Oil company of California, Union Oil orchestra, Rosslyn Gypsy trio, Frank Bradford, baritone, Miller's International Hawaiian trio; 10:11, Warner Brothers frolic direction—Charles Wellman. KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—6-7 p. m. dinner concert, Sherman, Clay and company; 8, mixed quartet; Claire Barlow, soprano; soprano; Edna Fisher Hall, contralto; George H. Hunter, tenor; Morton H. Owsen, bass; Claire McClure, accompanist; instrumental trio; Robert Boorke violinist; Flori Gosh, cellist; Florey Garruth, pianist; Allan Wilson, tenor; 10:11, Henry Holstead's orchestra. KHI, Los Angeles, 483.2 meters—5:30-6 p. m. Leichter's orchestra orchestra; Jack Crumshaw, leader; 6:30, Art Hickman's Hillmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little studios American story, Professor Walter Slesinger directing, weekly visit of Queen Titania and Bottoms from A Midsummer Night's Dream; 7:30, Pacific Wiggly Ziegler string trio; 8:10, program, Los Angeles Income Properties company, arranged by J. Howard Johnson; 10:11, Art Hickman's Hillmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Hartman, leader. KPFA, San Francisco, 428.3 meters—6:15-9:30 p. m. baseball; 6:30, 6:40, Ye Youngs Crew; 6:50-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7:30, Rudy Seiger's Paramount hotel orchestra; 8:10, municipal night on KPO; 10:11, Johnny Busch's California. KLN, Oakland, Cal., 566 meters—6-7 p. m. Aunt Elsie's Sunset matinee; 7:30, news, news, weather forecast, markets, silent after 7:30. KFRS, Los Angeles, 275 meters—6:30-4:30 p. m. organ recital of H. Ernest Ballard with assisting artists; 6:30-7:30, Gray studio program pre-