The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

"What's your wonderful news?" Gloria asked.

(Continued from page one)

...t of yours a lot more than you ...k you do. What you hate is mar... life—being tied down. Isn't that ... he asked.

Gloria stopped dead. She turned Wayburn in a blaze of anger.

"So that's it! You're tired of me!" ... declared. "You want to kid me ... thinking I'm crazy about Dick, ... won't bother you any more, ... you? . . . Well, maybe I am ... about him! . . . But you, you ... ! I'll bet you have some new ... on your string this minute . . . ... cheap Sonya Chotek or other!"

A wild passion of shame and self... ...rst swept over her.

She turned to run away from Way... But he caught her by one arm ... drew her to his side with a strong ...ly pull.

"You young wild cat!" he laughed. "...o could be tired of you?"

But Gloria was not to be soothed. ... jerked herself from Wayburn, ... dashed furiously down the street.

* * *

...A minute later she was sorry she ...d lost her temper.

She violently wished that Stan ...uld call her back, or come after ... But he did not.

She walked on toward the center ...own with her head held high. Hot ...rs stung her eyeballs. But she ...ked them away.

The sun had set. And the chill of ...e evening crept into the still air ... Gloria went into a drug-store and ...ught a theatrical magazine. She ...d it, sitting on a high stool, as ... slowly sipped a chocolate malted ...k.

On the cover was a picture of Kit ...meron, a girl who had become a ...adway chorus girl.

Gloria knew Kit Cameron. She ...d Kit had gone to business college ...ther four years ago.

"And here she is on Broadway!" ...ria said to herself, "and I'm still ...e in the same old rut, wondering ...t it's all about!"

She looked longingly at Kit's pic... ...e, wishing her own were in its ...e. Then she raised her eyes to ... mirror at the back of the soda ...ntain.

Her own reflection smiled back at ... adorably.

"Why, I'm twice as good looking ... Kit," she told herself. "I'll bet ...uld land a job on Broadway in ...een minutes, if I half tried!"

The thought was comforting to ... wounded vanity. She felt much ...ter as she left the drug store and ...pped out into the darkness. She ...ded home, trying hard not to ...k of Stanley Wayburn.

When she got home, Mrs. O'Hara ... playing solitaire in the living ... She looked up as Gloria came ...

"Daughhild left your supper in the ...ner for you," she said.

"I don't want it. I just had a ...lted milk, and I'm so afraid of ...ing fat." Gloria answered. "How's ...k tonight?"

"He seems a little better. Wouldn't ... like to stop in a minute to see ...? He's awake," said Mrs. O'Hara ... sweet voice, that was so like ... Briggs' lovely accents.

"I think I will," the girl answered. ... went upstairs and took off her ...ps. With unfailing coquetry, she ...dered her nose and fluffed up her ... before she went across the hall ... Dick.

* * *

He was lying in bed, perfectly still. ...y his eyes moved. They turned to ...k at her as she came into the room, ...r lighted up as she came nearer. ... lips moved. But he was too weak ...speak.

Gloria sat down on the edge of the ... She took one of Dick's hands ... both of hers. Her heart ached ...th pity for him.

She leaned over and kissed him on ... forehead, much as a mother might ...e kissed her sick child. Dick closed his eyes contentedly. That was what he had wanted.

In a few minutes he was asleep.

On the table beside Dick's bed was a jar of heavy roses that were beginning to wilt.

As Gloria looked at them a petal fell from one of them. Then another, and another, dropped down upon the polished wood of the table.

. . . Life was like that. One by one the petals fell from it, leaving it bare. First youth went. Then love . . . and happiness.

At that moment Gloria was sure that life was a sad thing. She got up and tiptoed out of Dick's room. She threw herself down on her own bed and cried as if her heart would break, because she had lost Stan Wayburn. . . .

Had she ever had him, she wondered. Had he ever honestly cared for her?

Really, hadn't she, herself, pursued Stan? In her heart of hearts, Gloria knew that she had. . . .

Well, she had learned her lesson! She would never telephone him again, or meet him again, anywhere! . . . She would not even speak to him if she met him on the street!

* * *

Dick's recovery was very slow. The town was gold and green with April before he was allowed to sit up in his chair beside the window.

At first he was contented to just sit and watch life and movement in the street below him.

But as he grew stronger he called for books. So Mother Gregory and Mrs. O'Hara took turns reading aloud to him.

One afternoon when Gloria was passing his door he called to her.

"Will you see if you can find Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' for me in the book-cases downstairs?" he asked. Gloria brought it.

"This," he said to her, "is the greatest book for boys that was ever written. Wait until I have a kid of my own to read it to. . . ."

He broke off, and looked thoughtfully at his wife.

His response to her beauty quickened every day. He would find something new—a wave in her red gold hair or the long line of her neck—that made an exquisite discovery.

He put out a hand now, and closed it around her wrist.

"You're like a little flame," Dick told her. "They said something when they named you 'Glory.' You are a glory!"

Gloria moved away from him.

She was thankful when the telephone rang, at that moment.

"Hello, Russet!" It was Stanley Wayburn's voice.

"Hello," Gloria cried, trying to keep her sudden gladness out of her own.

"I'm homesick to see you," Stan said frankly. "And I have a fine bit of news for you, too. If I promise to hide all the pictures of my old sweethearts, will you come over to see me this afternoon?"

Gloria hesitated.

"Come in . . . be a sport and say 'Yes'," Stan urged.

"All right, I will," Gloria answered. She hated herself for yielding.

But her longing to see Wayburn swept everything else from her mind.

* * *

He greeted her jauntily. He tried to put his arms around her, as he helped her off with her coat. But she slipped out of them.

"What's your wonderful news?" Gloria asked. She took refuge in a dignity that was new to her.

"Nothing except that I think I've landed a job in New York," he said carelessly, dropping into a chair opposite her.

Gloria felt as if he had dropped a bomb-shell at her feet.

"Well, of all things!" she cried. "In New York!"

This was the end, then! Stan's luck had changed.

He would have his chance on Broadway. And, of course, he would make a hit. And she would never see him again . . . except from across the footlights.

"Oh, I can't bear it. . . . I can't bear it!" she cried, suddenly bursting into tears. She put her head down on the arm of her chair and sobbed. Her heart seemed to be breaking.

Stan came over to her, and lifted her head. He looked into her tear-stained face.

"I haven't gone yet," he said. "There's many a slip 'twixt the man and his job, you know! . . . But you do love me a little, don't you, Russet?"

He looked down at her intently.

"Do you know you're an awfully sweet little kid," he murmured into her hair.

Gloria couldn't speak. There was nothing in the world for her at that moment but the sound of Stan's voice, the blue of his eyes that looked down into hers, and his arms that held her. . . . These, and the aching thought that soon he would be gone away from her.

"You do care for me a little," he repeated.

Gloria didn't resist him. She seemed to be under a spell, an enchantment. Her head dropped like a flower that is too heavy for its stalk. Her eyes fastened themselves on Stan's hand where it grasped her arm so tightly that it had whitened along the knuckles.

Suddenly she noticed that the sleeve of his gray coat was shiny and frayed along the cuff. She gave a little gasp of pity.

Wayburn's eyes followed hers to the frayed sleeve.

He freed her, and stood looking at it with a rueful smile.

"I have a suit for every occasion, and this is it!" he said lightly.

Gloria laughed.

The spell that held her was broken.

"It's getting late," she said, "I must go."

Wayburn gripped her by both her wrists.

(To be continued)

On Gardening

ROOT crops are favorites in the vegetable garden, because they require no particular skill, and anybody is reasonably sure of getting at least a fair crop. Also, they can be planted at almost any time until midsummer, with few exceptions, and produce a crop.

Carrots, beets, radishes, turnips, and oyster plant or salsify constitute the chief root crops The onion might be added to this class, although its product is a bulb and not strictly speaking a root. They all want a cool soil for their success, and to add this requirement to the garden, deep spading or plowing is needed for the best success. This lets the roots get down where it is cool without difficulty. The root crops also need to get away to a flying start, and to be kept going to make tender vegetables when it is time to pull them.

In order to start them quickly a fertilizer with a good supply of nitrogen in it should be given to them. Nitrate of soda fills the bill and a sprinkling along the rows, lightly, and not coming in contact with the leaves, will start them on their way with a rush.

Although the root crops are capable of fighting weeds better than other types of vegetables, they cannot be expected to do their best if they are obliged to do so. Hoeing and keeping the soil stirred is the secret of good root crops, as it prevents evaporation too rapidly, keeps the soil cool and maintains the best growing conditions. Many gardeners are accustomed to let their carrots and turnips run to weeds when the weather gets hot, trusting that the roots will hold their own. This method will cut down the size of the root materially. A wheel hoe run up and down the row will keep down the weeds with a minimum of exertion. After the weeds are cut with the cultivator or hoe blades, the rake teeth tools can be put on and the soil may be kept stirred very easily and prevent a fresh growth of weeds. Try good cultivation on the carrot patch and note the difference when it is time to pull them. Root crops must be rigorously trimmed to give proper space for growth to succeed.

Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY

FEISAL, the king of Mesopotamia, had the shock of his royal life the other day.

His queen came to visit him in the city of Bagdad. And she has cast aside the garments of modesty that all nice, demure oriental women wear; and had arrayed herself in the short skirts and choker beads of the modern flapper.

Now it so happened that Feisal, the king, had left his wife under the protection of her father in Mosul..... and he had told her to stay there while he was in Bagdad.

Moreover, he had expected her to stay there. For in the orient, wives do not as they please, but as they are told..... At least that is the supposition.

However, the queen of Mesopotamia had plans of her own.

The minute her husband's kingly back was turned she summoned her English friend, Miss Gertrude Bell, and asked her to go shopping with her for some new clothes.

And by the time they had finished, King Feisal's wife looked like almost anybody but queen of Mesopotamia!

"Now then," she asked, "I'm off to Bagdad!"

In Mesopotamia wives do not go to join their husbands when they are away on business trips, as they sometimes do in America. It simply isn't done, there.

Probably the last time a queen went sailing upon a king in those distant places of the earth was back in the times of Sheba and King Solomon.

But a mere trifle like that didn't worry the queen of Mesopotamia for a second.

She packed up her brand-new clothes, and started off on her trip.

And when she faced her astounded mate in Bagdad, she cheerfully explained that so long as Mesopotamian men have adopted western clothes and habits, there was no good reason why the women shouldn't!..... To which of course, there was no answer.

All of which reminds me that Zane Grey, the novelist, says that men have been making women obey them for 500,000 years..... and that women are at last rebelling.

It almost begins to look that way, doesn't it? In far-away Mesopotamia, the women are walking out of the harems, and down in Patagonia they are doing the warring and the law making while the men stay at home to care for the babies.

It makes one pause to wonder in what state of mind the explorer, Mac-Millan, will find the polar Eskimo women, when he returns to that frozen country of theirs this summer.

FLAPPER FANNY says

It'll soon be warm enough for furs.

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—6 to 7 p. m.—Jackie Souders' Portland hotel dance orchestra; intermission solos by Mrs. Porter Hackney, soprano. 7:30 to 8 p. m., weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. 8 to 10 p. m.—Concert by courtesy of the Western Auto Supply company; Rose City trio and Lucile Kirtley, soprano, and Bernice Alstock, contralto, 10 to 11 p. m.—Concert from Duo-Art studio of Sherman Clay & Co.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3 meters—6:15-6:30 p. m., baseball scores; 6:40-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-9, program, Mabel Jones, director; 9-10, Goodrich Silvertown Cord orchestra; 10 p. m.-1 a. m., Johnny Buick"s Cabirians.

KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Dorothy Hutchison, soprano; John Nasmyith, harmonica soloist; Cooper sisters; Cleiah Cooper, reader; Mrs. Carl Brewster, pianist; "The Field Mouse in Its Relation to Human Beings," William Morris; "What Do Roses?" Dr. F. D. Heald; book chat, Alice Lindsey Webb.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30 p. m., Examiner's matinee half hour; 6-6:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, raditorial talk; Nick Harris detective story; 7:30, dance orchestra; 8, program, Ventura Refining company; 9-10, Examiner program by the Examiner radio girls; 10-11, Patrick-Marsh dance orchestra, Betty Patrick, blues singer.

KLX, Oakland, Cal., 509 meters—7-7:30 p. m., news items, weather, markets; 8-9:15, educational program from the studio; piano solo, interpretation of the national and international news of the past week; talk on music and musicians; piano solo; the weekly book review; style studies; piano solo; road information supplied by the National Automobile club; 9:15-10, studio program, arranged by Joseph Carey, California composer; 10-11:30, music by Tom Gerunovich's ballroom entertainers.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal.—278 meters—6:30-7:30 p. m., Gray studio program presenting Carol Nelson, child singer; Fanny Ashby, soprano; Dorothy Woods, reader; Steve Compass and Horace Watson in a brass duet.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—7-8 p. m., program, Beverlyridge company, Beverlyridge Collegians; 8-9, program, Arrowhead Springs company, Harry Jackson's string quartet; Co-Rose male quartet; Shimmy Shimer's banjo trio; 9-10, program, Big Bear Land and Water company; 10-11, Warner Brothers' frolic, direction Charlie Wellman.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—6-7 p. m., Ben Black's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade orchestra, Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6-6:30, At Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Prof. Walter Sylvester Hertzog, Dick Winslow, juvenile reporter, Baby Muriel MacCormac, Mickey McBan, screen starlets, Uncle John; 8, Dr. Mara Bumgardt, scientific lecturer; 8:30-9:30, program Fitzgerald Music company; 9:30-10:30, program, Alva Radio company; 10:30-11:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burtnett, leader.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:30-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, Sid Ziff's sports talk; 6:15, travel talk, W. F. Alder; 6:30, talk on insect life, Harry W. Spadden; 7-8, Ambassador hotel concert orchestra, Josef Rosenfeld, director; 8-9, program, Security Trust & Savings bank; 9-10, KNX feature program; 10-11, program, Hercules Oil company.

Home Hints

HALVES of muskmelon filled with ice cream make a very substantial dessert that should be served only after a very light lunch.

Scrub Garbage Pail

Scrub your garbage pail with sal soda and rinse with boiling water once a day.

Always Rinse Brushes

Always rinse your scrubbing

brushes after each using and dry them in the sun, bristles down.

Fashion Plaques

Light filmy scarfs are popular for summer wear. Here's one that resembles a crossword puzzle, because of its contrasting colors. It is very smart for these days.

French Hero Will Become American

SEATTLE, June 17.—(AP)—Georges Gatineau, grandson of Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, is and automobile salesman in Seattle. He is a son of Andre and Therese Clemenceau Gatineau.

Gatineau was personal secretary to his grandfather, the Tiger of France, until he joined the French army in 1915. He served in many major engagements near Verdun.

After the war, Gatineau narrated, he spent an inheritance of more than a million francs in gambling resorts in Western and Southern Europe. When his money was gone, he worked his way to Singapore, back to Paris, to New Orleans, Boston, Central and South America and Seattle. Here he has taken out his first papers to become an American citizen.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran— Drawings by L. W. Redner

TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 21

JACK and Dotty thoroughly enjoyed the fine meal that was served to them. The little waiter kept running to and fro, putting fine things to eat upon the table, and the two little adventurers were always served first. One of the things that amused them was half cocoanuts, filled with milk.

DOTTY wondered what she was supposed to do with this. Then she saw one of the little men picked his cocoanut up in both hands and drank out of it. So she did the same thing and was surprised to find that the milk was very sweet. "My, but this is good milk," she said. "What kind is it?"

"WHY, that's real cocoanut milk," replied the hermit. "We punch a hole in the cocoanuts and drain the milk out. Then we cut the cocoanuts in half and put the milk back in the little bowls." Then the old man showed Dotty how to pry the cocoanut meat loose from the shell. (Continued.)

Cross-Word is hit By too Much Code

OXFORD, Eng., June 17.—(AP)—The cross-word puzzle craze reached its zenith last month and is now on the wane, according to Oxford librarians. In Oxford, as elsewhere, it more than doubled the sales of dictionaries, and the demands made upon reference libraries were so great that one librarian threatened to shut up shop altogether.

The explanation given for the failure of popular interest is that the latter puzzles have become so difficult, through the increased experience of their creators, that no ordinary mortal can conveniently solve them. Men who during the war had little difficulty in deciphering the secret and confidential codes of both the enemy and the allies have organized "Pools of Intellect" and settled down seriously to the solution of all possible cross-words.

NEWSPAPER SUED

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., June 17.—(AP)—W. P. Myers who quit office last Saturday as acting district attorney, following a prolonged newspaper criticism of his office, later yesterday brought suit for libel against the Klamath Falls Evening Herald, seeking $10,000 damages for alleged defamation of character. The ex-prosecutor announced at the same time that six similar suits would be filed against the newspaper.

Bicycle Riders at Odds After Races

PARIS, June 17.—(AP)—During the last six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, New York, the veterans, Maurice Brocco and Oscar Egg, collaborated to give a fine exhibition of team work. It has been learned that the two, although paired for the race, have not been on good terms for several years. They rode under the terms of an armistice extending over the period of the race, during which the only words exchanged related to the contest.

Silent hostilities were resumed at they returned to Europe on the same steamship, neither recognized the other during the voyage. When reservations were being made Brocco in the conclusion of the race and, while said to have told the steamship agent: "Place me anywhere in the boat as long as I am far enough away from Egg. This last week of Egg will do me for a lifetime."

SCHOOL ELECTION HELD

MEDFORD, Ore., June 17.—At the school election yesterday, Emil Mohr, proprietor of the Hotel Medford, was elected a member of the school board to fill the place of Dr. L. D. Phipps, whose term expired. Mohr received 586 votes, C. T. Higdon 486 and Dr. O. J. Johnson 37.

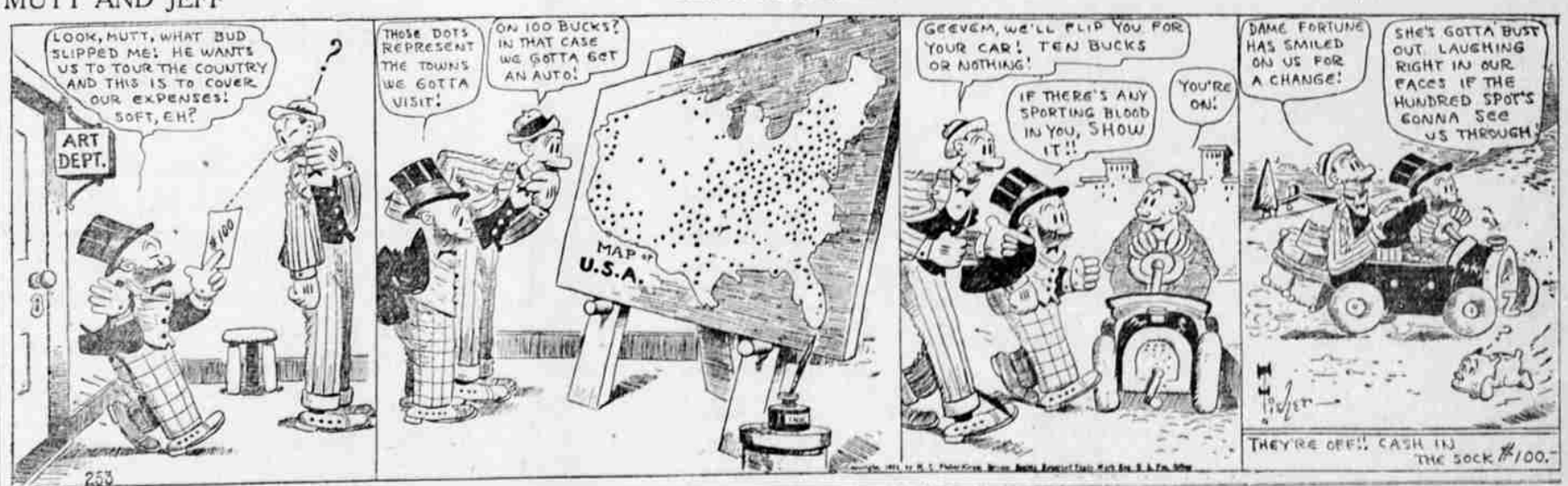
Roses Cover Garden Seat

A garden seat in your back yard can be made much more attractive if you cover it with climbing rose vines. It makes a cozy and secluded nook.

MUTT AND JEFF

They're Off to See the Old U. S. A.

By BUD FISHER



Jerry On the Job

Almost Unbearable Suffering