

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

(Continued from page one)

Gloria went on. "If I could get hold of some money somewhere, to help me out, would you take it?"

"No, it would be out of the question," Wayburn answered. "No decent man ever borrows from a woman."

Gloria suddenly remembered the day at the tea-house, when Stan had borrowed five dollars from her, and forgotten to pay it back. She remembered the two \$10 bills she had left in this very room a few weeks before, for him. And she hated herself for remembering.

"If you'd promise to let me pay you back with interest, I might consider borrowing a little money from you," Wayburn surprised her. "Just to tide me over until I get my job in New York."

Gloria nodded.

"All right, Stan," she said. "I'll



Gloria looked at the letter. It was addressed in Dick's fine dashing hand to "Miss Susan Briggs."

And so the matter was settled.

For the next week Gloria racked her brain, wondering how she was going to get hold of at least \$200 for Stanley Wayburn.

She looked at her engagement ring, her wrist watch, and the little platinum bracelet Dick had given her for Christmas. She wondered how much they would bring if she pawned them.

And besides, she hated the thought of giving up her jewelry.

There must be some other way she could get the money. . . .

She was wondering about it one afternoon, as she sat beside Dick, "A penny for your thoughts, Gloria," he said suddenly. He sat up in bed, and the book that he had been reading tumbled to the floor.

Gloria bent to pick it up. She laid it on the counterpane.

Instantly Dick's arms were around her.

Gloria wrenched herself out of them, and stood up.

"Don't do that!" she cried sharply. "Let me alone!"

The look of tenderness that had been in Dick's eyes, was blotted out. Gloria knew that she had cut him to the heart when she had snatched herself away from him. But she didn't care.

"Can't I kiss you any more, Gloria?" Dick asked. "After all, it's my wife, you know."

"Yes, but I belong to myself first!" Gloria answered. "And I don't want to be kissed right this minute, as it happens."

The minute she had said it she was sorry.

How could she have been so brutal to Dick when he was still so weak and sick? It was not his fault that she had married him, without being sure of herself. His only crime had been that he loved her too well.

"Don't mind what I say, today. I'm in a fiendish mood, I guess," she said.

She was. She was in a frenzy of worry. . . . wondering how to get the money for Stanley Wayburn.

"I'm sorry I was cross, Dick," she said softly.

But the gentleness in her voice only fanned the slow anger in Dick's sudden flame.

"There's something behind all this of yours. I'm not blind!" he flared up. "You can't make a fool of me! . . . How about this guy, Wayburn? You still see him, don't you?"

Gloria gasped. At times like this, she with Dick was not lacking in adventure!

And Gloria, like all women, thrilled to adventure. She knew how to meet him. It was the breath of life to her! Moreover, Dick as the Male Proprietor in a jealous mood, was much easier to deal with than Dick the Model Husband. Gloria understood him. . . . She had learned all about jealousy from Stanley Wayburn!

She went over to Dick and laid her small hand against his mouth.

"Hush!" she said. "You mustn't get excited like this. You'll make yourself sick! . . . And you know what you're saying is crazy nonsense anyway!"

Dick's senses ached with the longing to take her in his arms. The

warm nearness of her made his head go round. But he clenched his hands at his sides, until the nails bit into his palms.

"I'm tired," he said. "I think I'll go to sleep for a while. Perhaps you'd better go."

And to his relief, Gloria went. Dick heard the door of her room close, and the bolt slide into place.

That night Gloria sat for a long time before her mirror.

"How long am I going on like this?" she asked her own face, as it glimmered at her from the silver depths of the looking-glass.

She couldn't go on being Dick's wife! Not while she felt as she did about Stanley Wayburn, at any rate. That much was certain.

She found herself facing a problem that women have faced since this world began.

She was chained to one man, and she was sure she loved another!

What was she going to do about it? Wasn't there some way out of it? There must be!

She knew Dick would never let her go without a struggle.

Of course, she could always go back to work.

She shuddered at the thought of getting up at seven every morning, of gulping down a cup of coffee, and dashing downtown to hammer her fingers off on a typewriter all day.

Ugh, she had had enough of that! It was worse than housework.

That wasn't what she wanted to do. Not by a long chalk!

There was a verse posted on her mirror. Gloria raised her eyes to read it, although she knew it by heart:

"Life is but one,
Drink the cup,
Wear the roses,
Live the verses."

That was Gloria's creed. She believed in getting all the happiness there was out of the last drop! She simply was not going to be harassed to hard work and dullness if there was any way out!

She wanted laughter, dancing, music—the jazz of life. In her mind, Stanley Wayburn stood for those things.

When she thought of Dick she thought of meals to be cooked, socks to be darned, bills to be paid, long dull evenings by the living-room fire. He stood for Marriage.

And Gloria was sick and tired of married life.

"If I'd only known what it was like, I'll bet a hat I'd still be single!" she said to her face in the glass. It looked back at her with brilliant, unhappy eyes.

Gloria was struck again with the fact of her own good looks.

Why, she didn't need any man! Not Dick, nor Stan Wayburn, either! . . . Her face was her fortune.

Why should she be a household drudge, or an office lack, either? With a face like hers?

She could carve out a future for herself. . . . just as Kit Cameron had! On Broadway. That street of stars! Gloria snapped out her light and went to bed.

In the darkness of her room she seemed to see her name in electric lights above the doors of a theater. "Gloria Gordon Gregory!"

Yes, if worse came to worst, she could go on the stage to earn her own living! . . . Kit was in New York. She could show her the ropes! Gloria smiled as she closed her eyes and dropped off to sleep.

The next morning Dick was not so well.

"Something seems to have upset him. He'd better stay in bed all day and rest," Mrs. O'Hara said to Gloria at breakfast. "This is the day. I have my afternoon off duty, too. So perhaps you'd better sit with him this afternoon, Mrs. Gregory."

Gloria had come downstairs baffled to go out. She drained her coffee cup and stood up.

"Alright, I'll be home early," she answered. "I'm just going to run over to Mrs. Seymour's for a little while."

She found May having breakfast at one end of the dining room table. The morning paper was propped against the coffee pot. And a half-smoked cigarette was burning itself away at the edge of her plate.

"Have a cup of coffee?" May asked.

"No, thanks. I've just had breakfast," Gloria replied.

She came to the point at once.

"May, you don't happen to have

any money knocking around that you want to lend to a friend in need, do you?" she asked bluntly.

May shook her head in a puzzled sort of way.

"Heavens, no, I haven't one sou to lend anybody," she said. "I've just been wondering when they're going to throw me into jail for debt. . . . What do you need money for?"

Gloria flushed. She bit off a hand-nail, nervously, before she answered. She wondered if May divined that she wanted the money for Wayburn.

"What does anybody need money for?" she asked, shrugging her shoulders.

May sat looking at her with narrowed eyes.

"Give me the low-down on this," she said at last. "If you just wanted to buy a new dress, or something, I'd be glad to help you out. But this? You're asking me to give you money for clothes you'd ask Dick for it, I know. What mischief have you been up to?"

She broke off suddenly. Gloria's face was red with anger.

"Well, you're a fine friend!" she cried. "I lower my pride to ask you for a loan. And all you can do is to pry into my affairs, instead of lending me a little. You make me sick, May!"

That afternoon when Gloria went into Dick's room to sit with him, he held a letter to her.

"Would you mind running down to the corner to mail this for me?" he asked.

Gloria looked at the letter. It was addressed in Dick's fine dashing hand to "Miss Susan Briggs."

(To Be Continued)

ERASMUS long ago wrote a book in praise of Folly.

But Erasmus was not a man of the world. He was a scholar. And he shut himself up in the quiet cloisters of Oxford, far away from the frivolity of this world.

Besides that, Folly has a greater kingdom than it had hundreds of years ago when Erasmus lived and wrote.

Today, hardly an hour passes but somebody offers up a sacrifice to it. Here, for example, a French dancing girl stabs her partner because he stepped on her foot as they danced in a cabaret on the heights of Montmartre.

There a married woman elopes from a little New Jersey town with an absconding bank cashier. . . . tires of him, and returns home. Her husband refuses, of course, to take her back. And Folly scores again.

Three dance-crazed girls in Toronto coolly strangle the matron of a reform farm, in their desperate effort to escape from it to the Primrose path.

In Pueblo, Colo., a 19 year old girl is arrested for bootlegging. . . . And the list goes on.

With fast motor cars, jazz, the "smartness" of drinking and smoking for women, this world is going around faster than ever it went before. Faster, and more crazily.

For the old values of behavior are gone. . . . swept away by the on-rushing tide of modern thought and freedom.

Mothers of forty find that they don't even talk the same language as their daughters of eighteen, who speak of "petting parties" with the same enthusiasm that mother had for "tea parties."

There are many rumors of liquor parties among the very young. Champagne is obsolete.

We are traveling along the road of Folly. For some time it will be a trip of pleasure, but almost as sure as the sun rises and sets there is an end to the road of Folly.

It ends where the road of Sorrow begins.

But it always ends.

Home Hints

Keep Them Closed

Always keep the flour barrel, sugar bucket, baking powder can and such containers tightly closed.

Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY

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Fashion Plaques

The old straw hat like the boys used to wear down on the farm is now very fashionable for beach wear. And it's very practical, too, in reducing the "quantity" of sunburn.

Jerry On the Job

JERRY—THIS IS MR. PROFUNDO'S OUR NEW TRAYS ANNOUNCED. I WISH YOU'D TAKE HIM AROUND AND SHOW HIM WHERE HE'S TO DO HIS STUFF.

FIRST YOU GO UP HERE TILL YOU COME TO A SIGN THAT SAYS "KEEP OUT."

YOU GO IN AND PERFORM.

THEN GO TO THE HALL TO A BIG SIGN THAT SAYS "SILENCE."

NEAH.

THAT'S WHERE YOU TELL YOUR TONSILS LOOSE.

Mutt and Jeff

WE SLIPPED THE BOYS ONE HUNDRED IRON MEN MONDAY AND TOLD THEM TO BLOW THEMSELVES TO A TOUR OVER THE OLD U.S.A. AS THEY WANT TO VISIT OVER ONE HUNDRED CITIES IT'S A CINCH THEY GOTTA DO SOME WILD SCAMPERING TO BE BACK IN NEW YORK BY THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST! BEING GENTLEMEN THE BOYS WILL REFRAIN FROM BORROWING WHILE ON THIS TOUR.

JEFF, BOSTON IS THE CITY OF CULTURE AND I'M AFRAID WE WON'T DARE ASK FOR CREDIT IN ANY OF THE RESTAURANTS HERE!

I KNOW THE MAYOR; I'LL ASK HIM!

WELL, DID YOU SEE THE MAYOR?

YES! IT'S ALL RIGHT TO ASK FOR CREDIT IN THIS TOWN!

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Complete Instructions

FLAPPER FANNY says

A woman can kiss and tell—a lot about men.

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 the Shevlin-Hixon band of Bead, Oregon. 9 to 10 p. m., Concert by courtesy of Fields Motor Car company; Chevrolet Sisters and Rosa City concert trio. 10 to 12 midnight—Herman Knapp's Multnomah hotel dance orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's maritime program; 6:45-7, radio talk; 7-8, Packard Six dance orchestra; 8-9, one-act play KFI players and vacu-deville acts; 9-10, by remote control from Chukering hall, Southern California Music company; 10-11, Examiner program, Jean Jacques, popular jazz violinist; Miller's International Hawaiian trio; and Don P. Smith dance orchestra; 10-11, Warner Brothers frolic, direction Charlie Wellman.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—8 p. m., National Carbon company program; De Grassi trio; Harrison Coles, tenor; Mary Groom Richards, contralto; George Madison, bass; Florence Brown, soprano; selection from "Il Trovatore"; 10-11, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade cafeteria orchestra, Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzig; Dickie Brandon, screen juvenile and Uncle John; 7:30, talk on insurance; 8-10, program, Pacific Clay Products company, arranged by Uncle John; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Barnette, leader.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—6 p. m., Warbler sports organization, Sid Ziff, sports talk; 6:15, travel talk, W. F. Alder; 6:30-7:30, program, Los Angeles County Association of Optometrists; 7:30-8, one-act play KNX players, Edward Murphy, director; 8-9, program Brent Furniture company; 9-11, Abe Lyman's Coconut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3 meters—6:15-6:30 p. m., baseball;

On Gardening

THE oft-repeated advice that a flower garden is a barrier to frame a lawn may be disregarded in the 50-foot lot. In the first place, there isn't room enough in the back yard garden, to provide a lawn worth training. Besides, the front yard offers a fine display of lawn as the proper; is usually laid out.

It is a very effective plan to make the entire back yard a flower garden of formal plan with the lawn feature restricted to grass paths from two to three feet wide among the beds. Such a flower garden covering the entire back yard area of about 50 square feet is a very pleasing and handsome picture and quite as effective as designs which call for a pocket handkerchief lawn in the center.

A flower lover will be amazed at the number of plants such a garden will accommodate even with a border planting of shrubbery. There is opportunity for a vast deal of color scheme and arranging the plants in order to provide a succession of bloom from spring until fall.

Utilizing the entire space gives a regular or setagonal pattern, if desired, which will give the garden the appearance of a formal garden. A plan of grouping which will give a succession might be based thus:—a plant blooming in May, June, July, August and September to a group and a series of such groups, or it might be altered to stilet groups of each plant. For instance, the first could be planned thus by months, pyrethrum, delphinium, Shasta daisy, phlox, perennial aster, and add a chrysanthemum. These six perennials could be arranged in groups to give a profusion of the boundary beds. Or progression about the boundary beds. Or a continuous display all season. This could be supplemented by gladiolus bulbs.

London Gossip

BY MILTON BRONNER

LONDON, June 18.—London at the present time is full of American tourists. Many of them have come to England for the first time and they are having the surprise of their young lives.

Not at the climate. They had heard all about the need of grate fires often in June and July and August.

Not at the cordial welcome they get from many people. They had heard that the reputed coldness of the English was a mere myth.

But the thing that has knocked them kernalop has been the high prices.

The old superstition that England is cheap compared with America still persists.

Trouble is, those who have told our tourists these things are folks who were acquainted with pre-war England when prices were really ridiculously low compared with America.

But today, with the general upward trend of things and with the pound sterling once more back at par, London is every whit as expensive as New York or Chicago.

There may be something of a British invasion of our New York stage, but the theater world of London promises to become completely Americanized.

And that is some triumph, because while the general public is keen to welcome anything good that our country sends over, many of the dramatic critics seem to think they must be super-patriotic and knock at the slightest opportunity.

But the fact remains that the three outstanding musical successes of the London season are three shows from America—"Rose Marie," "No No Nanette" and "Tell Me More."

In the way of straight drama America once more sweeps the boards with "Just Married," "Rain," "Beggar on Horseback," "Dancing Mothers" and "Lightning."

The latter, with its humor racy of our soil, has gone over with a splash. It's the knockout of the season and promises to be as popular here as it has been all over our country.

Almost any morning between 8:45 and 9:15 there may be observed riding down town in the Hampstead underground a swarthy skinned, gray-mustached man who pays no attention whatever to his neighbors and is immensely absorbed in glancing through

Bird Bath is Attractive

You are doing the birds a good turn and also making your home more beautiful if you place this ornamental bird bath in your yard.

Alaska is Planning To Improve School

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, June 18.—An appropriation of \$163,360 granted the Alaska College of Agriculture and School of Mines by the territorial legislature which met last winter at Juneau, will enable several improvements, Judge Charles E. Bunnell, president of the institution, said here.

The appropriation provides for an addition to the main building, a dormitory to cost \$25,000 and a power plant. Requests for \$2,500 to be used in agriculture work and \$18,000 for school of mines extension work were denied.

The institution is at Fairbanks, farther north than any other of its kind in the world.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDS

MANILA, June 18.—(AP)—Construction of a reinforced concrete building for the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. has just been started here. The building which is to be four stories high will cost about \$200,000. It is located in the old Walled City and will have sleeping accommodations for 600 men.

RUSSELL'S SHOP

Hemstitching and pointing, Beards, 829 Williamette. Phone 1906. j3b

RIVER LOAM

River Loam delivered in city. Phone 1180-L.

Children Pray as Scorpions Inevade

DETRAGO, Mex., June 18.—(AP)—Five thousand children attended a special mass in the cathedral here recently, when prayers were offered for a cessation of the plague of scorpions which has invaded this district.

From the thousands of dead insects which have been brought in to the municipal authorities attempts are being made to produce a serum against the poisonous sting of the hairy creature. Ten thousand live scorpions have been shipped to the federal department of health.

The fact that a majority of the poorer class houses in Durango and nearby villages are constructed of adobe bricks and unplastered is believed to account for the plague, as the cracks between the bricks offer ideal breeding places. Another theory is that myriads of scorpions have been driven from the nearby hills by the recent earthquakes.

Jack Daw's Adventures

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

TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 22

AFTER the Toy Cave meal was over, the hermit said he would lead the way to the great outdoor carving shop. Jack and Doty jumped from their seats and followed him through a passageway. In a short time they saw a ray of light ahead and, passing on toward this, they walked out into the open air again.

THEY were surprised to see all of the wonderful things that the men of Toy Cave had made. There were big chairs, made especially for the hermit to sit in, and lots of other nice things. Jack, of course, was mostly interested in a good-sized sail boat which was only partly finished.

"WHAT are you making that sail boat for?" he asked. "Oh, just for something to do," replied the hermit. Then he asked Jack and Doty if they would like to own it. "I should say we would," the little adventurers replied in chorus. "All right," smiled the hermit, "we'll finish it right up for you." (Continued)

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By BUD FISHER

They're in the City of Culture Today and Are Watching Their Step

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