

# The FLAPPER-WIFE

By Beatrice Burton

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Instead of putting it into a letter, for goodness sake! Unless it was something that he didn't want anyone to hear. Ah, that must be it! Gloria picked up her mail file from her tray of toilet things. She slipped her sharp point under the loosened flap of the envelope.

Then she stood still, looking down at the sedate syllables of Susan Briggs' name.

She was filled with sudden self-doubt.

What a sneaking thing she was doing! Opening another person's letter!

Gloria flung the envelope down on her dresser as if it had been a live coal. She pressed the flap down tight.

Then she snatched it up and went back into Dick's bedroom.

"Looky here, Rikky," she began. "Do you think it's fair of you to write a letter to Miss Briggs and ask me to mail it for you? Particularly when you give it to me all swaled up for fear I might take a peek at it. Here it is! I'm not going to post it for you."

She tossed it down onto the covers of Dick's bed.

"As if I care a snap of my fingers for what you've written to your old Miss Briggs!" she added scornfully. "You'd better yourself!"

Dick threw back his head and laughed.

"By Jove, I believe you do care, at that!" he said. "I believe you do!"

The thought that she might be jealous of Miss Briggs seemed to please him immensely.

He ripped open the envelope.

"Here's the letter I wrote to her, Gary," he said. "Want to see it?"

Gloria took the two sheets of paper that he handed to her.

One was a bill for a hat that Gloria had bought two or three weeks before on one of her shopping trips with May. The other sheet was a note to Miss Briggs.

Gloria read it with frank curiosity.

"Dear Miss Briggs," it ran. "This bill is okeh. Will you please send a check with it? Sincerely yours, Richard Gregory."

Gloria looked at it dumbly.

"What did you think I was writing to Miss Briggs? A love letter?" Dick asked good-naturedly. "Did you think I was having an affair of the soul with her?"

His wife nodded and hung her head.

"I'm afraid I did," she said in a ashamed undertone.

Dick took her hand and held it in one of his.

"Well, you need never be afraid of that sort of thing," he answered her. "I'll never cheat, Gloria. No matter what I do, I'll be honest with you. If I ever find a woman I care for more than I care for you, I'll tell you all about it... even before I tell her."

Gloria looked at him thoughtfully with her wide, brown eyes.

"You don't suppose you ever will care for anybody but me, do you?" she asked, startled.

She was surprised to feel the surge of jealousy that went through her at the thought of Dick ever falling in love with any other woman.

"Not a chance in the world," Dick answered. "You know I'll never care a rap about anybody but you. But I'm just telling you that you needn't worry about letters I write to Miss Briggs or any other woman living, so that you needn't worry. See?"

Gloria couldn't answer him. A lump rose in her throat.

Dick was so honest. So decent. He was too good for her!

What would he say if he knew that she had let Stanley Wayburn make love to her? She raised a pointed finger and rubbed it hard across her lips. She felt as though they were soiled by Stan's kisses.

She made a little movement with her hands almost as if she were wringing them. She was terribly afraid she was going to cry. And she turned away and looked out of the window so that Dick shouldn't see her face.

"I'll never cheat," he had said to her. What an ugly word "cheat" was!

Gloria saw now that she ought to

have told Dick how she felt about Stanley Wayburn from the moment when he had kissed her in the dressing-room. That would have been the square thing to do!

But the whole affair had happened so gradually... that she hadn't realized that it had completely separated her from Dick until it was too late.

But was it too late, after all, to put Wayburn out of her life? Couldn't she forget him and try to be a good wife to Dick?

... After all, what were a few kisses, a few automobile rides with Wayburn? There had been no real harm in them—and Stan was going away soon.

Gloria stared out into the street, thinly veiled by gray April rain.

"I'll try," she said, and she gave it to Stan and... "I'll never see him again!" she said defiantly. "It was as if she disputed something with herself."

She put her handkerchief up to her eyes and brushed the weeping tears away.

The telephone buzzed loudly in the quiet room.

Gloria glanced at her wrist watch. It was 2:30. And 2 o'clock was the time that she usually met Stan for a drive or a bike! He was probably phoning to ask why she had failed him!

"I'll answer the phone, honey?" Dick asked.

"No, no! Let me do it!" Gloria rushed across the room like a small whirlwind and took the instrument from his hand.

"Hello," she said nervously. To her relief it was not Stan's voice that answered.

"This is Maggie, ma'am," the grim voice at the other end of the wire said. "Will you please go up to the hospital right away? Dr. Seymour has just taken Mr. Dick's mother there to operate on her for appendicitis!"

... ..

Dick's mother! Gloria could scarcely believe her ears.

Mother Gregory with her bright eyes and the blown roses in her cheeks, was the last person in the world who looked like a hospital case.

"Mr. Dick's father is out of town," Maggie went on. "And I do think someone of the family should be at the hospital when they operate on poor Mrs. Gregory. Please don't let Mr. Dick know about it, making it might kill him the way his heart is, and all!"

"Of course, I won't," Gloria answered, as she hung up the receiver.

But how to keep Dick from knowing about his mother. That was the question.

She couldn't go away and leave him all alone in the house, sick and helpless as he was!

And there was no one to stay with her, it was Mrs. O'Hara's day off. Rungblid had gone to the dentist and wouldn't be back before 5 o'clock. Suddenly Gloria thought of Miss Briggs. ... Yes, she would have to ask Miss Briggs to come and stay with Dick in her absence. There was nothing else to do.

"That was my end on the phone," Gloria fibbed to Dick. "He says my mother's sick and wants me to go over to the house right away. ... Would you mind if I phoned Miss Briggs to stay here with you while I'm gone?"

Dick considered.

"Oh, I can stay here alone, can't I?" he asked, after a minute's pause. "There's no need to bother Miss Briggs."

"That's nonsense! You can't stay here by yourself!" Gloria cried. She picked up the telephone and called Dick's office number.

Miss Briggs' low, sweet voice answered at once.

"Could you leave the office for an hour or two, and come out here to the house?" Gloria asked her. "I've had some bad news from my mother and I've got to leave Mr. Gregory for a little while. It's your sister's day off duty, you know."

"I'll be there right away," Miss Briggs answered. Gloria was sure she could hear a note of eagerness in her voice.

"Did Miss Briggs say she'd come?" Dick asked.

"Did she say she'd come?" Gloria laughed with cutting sarcasm. "Oh, boy, she did! Why you couldn't keep her away with wild horses! Her idea of a perfect time is taking care of you for an afternoon. ... You flip it from me, Rikky, she has a real crush on her boss! And don't you forget it!"

"Why don't you phone mother to come instead?" Dick asked, ignoring Gloria's remarks about Miss Briggs.

"I'll rather have her. She hasn't been here for an age."

"Oh, she's not at home today," Gloria replied. "I happen to know." She had a sudden vision of Mother Gregory in the white operating room of the hospital.

"I've got to hurry!" she said. "Here put your arms into your bath-rub! And let me brush your hair. ... I must do you all up for Miss Briggs."

She straightened the covers of Dick's bed and laid the volume of Stevenson's "Valima Letters" on his bedside table.

"There's your book," she said. "Your darling Stanley can sit here with her best bedside manner and read it to you all afternoon in her soothing sickroom voice... and you won't miss your Gloria a bit!"

And again she was surprised at the sharp pang of jealousy that pricked through her at the thought of Miss Briggs sitting there with Dick all afternoon.

"If there's anything I can do for your mother let me know," Dick called after her as she went into her own room to dress. His kindness was a reproach in itself.

How good he was to her! And she didn't deserve it!

Gloria was ready to go long before the doorbell rang.

When at last it did, Gloria snatched up her coat and ran downstairs impatiently.

"If I'd had any sense I'd have sent a cab for you. Time counts in a thing like this!" she said sharply to Miss Briggs as they went up to Dick's room.

Miss Briggs flushed. She knew that what Gloria meant was that if she had had any sense she would have hurried to the house in a cab herself! She bit her lip and said nothing.

When she opened the door of Dick's room there was a radiant smile in her eyes.

"Good-by, you two," Gloria said, and was gone.

To be continued

## MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT AND JEFF ARE ON A COAST TO COAST TOUR AND THEY GOTTA GET THROUGH ON \$100 OR GET STRANDED. IF THEY BORROW A RED CENT THEY'LL LOSE THEIR MEMBERSHIP IN THE LION TAMERS CLUB. TOMORROW THEY WILL BE IN UTICA AND GLOVERVILLE.

B. F.



## Jerry On the Job



## Radio Programs

**PACIFIC COAST**  
 KGW, Portland, 94.5 meters—6 to 7 p. m. State Jubilee singers; 9:30 to 10:30 p. m. concert by Sherman Clay & Co. from Duo-Art studio; 10:30 p. m. to midnight, Helen Nordstrom and other features.

## Cynthia Grey Says:

"MARRIAGE is unfair to women. So let's banish the home."  
 This is the simple suggestion of Dr. Margaret Daniels of New York. "Not only wives, but husbands, too, are living under a handicap," Dr. Daniels told members of the National Women's Party the other day.

Least marriage and individual home retard the progress of women and the advancement of the race. The responsibility of a home is a great burden on a man. This idea of protection for women—that's another handicap. A woman is first of all a human being, free and independent.

When asked who would raise the children, if the home was abolished, Dr. Daniels said: "As it is, all women are not natural mothers. Many women actually hate their children. Natural mothers would bear the children, and the state would support them and their children."

A society in which men and women could mate freely and in which women would be economically independent would be healthy. Women have just as much ability as men, just as fine mentally, and just as great creative genius.

There's one phase of marriage which the faddist Dr. Margaret has ignored. There are millions and millions of women who recognize the fact that housework is drudgery, and that married life ties them down.

But in spite of these things, they prefer marriage to any other kind of life. ... simply because it means living with the one man on earth for whom they care, and bearing his children.

Outdoors Costume

This costume speaks for itself. It has a definite place in the summer wardrobe. Program for evening hiking and general outdoor wear. The knickerbockers are of oyster colored linen and the shirt is of pongee in a matching shade.

## FLAPPER FANNY says



# VACATION TIME

Spend the Week-end up the MCKENZIE For A Real Outing go up the MCKENZIE

### SEYMOUR'S

Watch for the Orange and Black Signs  
**SOFT DRINKS—REFRESHMENTS**  
 SUNDRIES—TIRES—TUBES  
 A Pleasant Site for Your Party

### King's Grocery

AT HENDRICK'S BRIDGE  
 Beautiful Camping Grounds  
 Spend the Week-end Here

### Walterville Garage

FIRST CLASS MECHANICS  
 TIRES—TUBES—ACCESSORIES  
 GAS AND OILS  
 Fair Prices Prompt Service

### THOMSON'S RESORT

WHERE YOU GET THE BEST ON THE MCKENZIE RIVER  
 33 Miles East of Eugene

### Alder Grove Grocery

1/4 Mile above the Hatchery  
 Gas, Oil, and Free Camp Grounds  
 G. W. MILLICAN, Prop.

### Free Auto Camp Ground on River

Free Air, Repairing, Tires and Tubes

### Vida Service Station

PAYNE & DAUGHENBAUGH

### Rainbow Garage

Storage and Free Air  
 TIRES AND TUBES  
 Expert Auto and Tire Repairing  
 J. W. McDOWELL, Prop.

### Cascade Resort

52 Miles From Eugene  
**WARM TANK FOR SWIMMING**  
**DANCING—FISHING—TENNIS**  
 Cottages for Rent, Furnished or Unfurnished  
**SPECIAL CHICKEN DINNER EVERY SUNDAY**

### The Best of FISHING

### Beautiful Sites For CAMPING

### The Water is Cold but OH BOY!

### SPARKS' RANCH

Forty-five Miles East of Eugene  
**HOME COOKED MEALS**  
 Home Made Ice Cream and Candles  
**SUNDAY CHICKEN DINNERS A SPECIALTY**

### NIMROD INN

**THE PLACE TO ENTERTAIN YOUR VISITING FRIENDS FOR DINNER**

The girl who says, "I'd just like to see you try and kiss me," generally sees what she likes.