

# The FLAPPER WIFE

By Beatrice Burton

(Continued from page one)

"I don't see any change in you. You're still the prettiest thing that ever lived."

"Now, that just proves that you never really look at me! I've gained 10 pounds!" Gloria cried tragically.

"Ten pounds!" Gloria cried tragically. Dick laughed at her woe-begone face.

"Well, what of it? That's not much. And besides a little plumpness is becoming to a woman," Dick answered.

"And if you were as fat as the prize-winner in a Turkish beauty show, you'd still be the loveliest woman in the world to me."

"Gloria curled her lip. "Unfortunately there's other people besides you to look at me," she said.

"People who really see me." "I suppose I see you with my heart, rather than with my eyes, Gloria," Dick said quietly.

"That's a good line. Where did you get it? From a Valentine?" Gloria asked impudently.

The next morning she ate no breakfast. By 9 o'clock she was on her way downtown.

And by 9:30 she was sitting in a steam-cab in a heavy shawl trying to persuade away a pound or two before lunch.

Lunch, she decided would be a cup of coffee without cream or sugar.

It would stimulate her, she figured, without adding an ounce of weight to her body. And Gloria needed something stimulating.

Her head swam, and there was a ringing in her ears, as she sat in the reducing cabinet.

It was terrible. Gloria felt as if she were being burned slowly at the stake.

Marie, the operator, kept putting towels wrung out of ice water on her forehead. But they didn't help much.

Gloria kept telling herself that she didn't care how much she suffered so long as it helped her to get thin.

But at last she could stand the heat no longer.

"Let me out, Marie!" she cried. "Let me out! I've changed my mind! I don't want to be thin if I have to go through this torture! Let me out this minute!"

Marie gave her an enormous Turkish towel to wrap herself in, and told her to lie down on the wicker couch to rest.

"You're just like all my ladies," Marie said. "They all say they'll never get in the cabinet again. But next day they're back for another session!"

"Get on the scales, Mrs. Gregory, and we'll see how much you've lost."

Gloria had lost almost a pound in weight. She clapped her hands.

"Well, isn't that wonderful! You've lost just that time!" she cried delightedly.

"I should say I will come back tomorrow, Marie! I should worry how much it hurts! It's worth it!"

"Now there's just one hitch in this reducing stunt," Marie told her. "Sometimes when a woman loses flesh too quickly, her face sags. Don't you think I'd better give you a facial treatment to tone up the muscles? I notice you're getting a double chin."

"A double chin! Horrors!" Gloria snatched up a hand mirror and peered into it.

Yes... Marie was right. There was no doubt that there was a certain fullness under her chin.

"Isn't that terrible?" she appealed to Marie. "Can you really massage it away?"

"Massage? Massage has gone out of style," Marie told her. "We put double chins and wrinkles away now with these little paddles."

She picked up two tiny ivory implements shaped like tennis rackets and showed them to Gloria.

Japanese women have used them for centuries, and they have the smoothest skins of any women on earth," she went on.

Gloria lay back in the long leather chair before the mirror and closed her eyes.

She winced as Marie wrapped her face in steaming towels, lathered it with a sweet-smelling cream and began to smack it smartly with the little ivory paddles.

"I hope you're not ruining my looks. I have a heavy date at 12 o'clock," she said. She would hate to have Stanley Wayburn see her with her face red as a lobster from Marie's strenuous treatment!

"I'm not," Marie answered placidly. "You'll look like a million dollars when I finish with you. I'm against most beauty treatments, but this is really good for the skin."

"I used to say," she went on, "that there was nothing like good, cold water for the complexion. And that was all right back in the old days when there wasn't so much smoke and dirt in the world. But these days you've got to get right down into the pores with a good cream to get the grime out of them!"

Gloria didn't answer. She had gone to sleep—utterly exhausted.

She did not awaken while Marie powdered and rouged her face, and brushed mascara along her brows and lashes.

"Please take all that stuff off my eye-lashes," she said, when Marie had finally awakened her by shaking her.

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briskly. "It makes me look like a clown."

"It does not. It makes you look like a great big wax doll," Marie said. "To my way of thinking you're a lot better looking with your eyes touched up a bit."

"Don't make the mistake of thinking you're one of the women who don't need make-up, Mrs. Gregory!" Only one woman in a thousand is so pretty that she doesn't need it!

Gloria stared at her crestfallen. Then she looked into the mirror. She had always thought that she was the one woman in a thousand who was so beautiful that she didn't need more than the lightest touch of rouge and powder to make her as ravishing as Helen and Troy!

Could it be that she was losing her looks?

She studied her face in the brilliantly-lighted mirror.

No, she wasn't as pretty as she had been. There was a hard look in her eyes, and fat was certainly not becoming to her!

What had happened to her during these few months of marriage to make her look this way?

Gloria wondered if all the cocktails and the wild parties had had anything to do with it? Or her worry over Stanley Wayburn?

"Well, he'd be gone now, at any rate. Gloria, at that moment, wished that he had gone already.

And yet, her heart soared like an early-rising lark as she went out into the street to meet him.

"What have you done to your face?" were Stan's first words of greeting as she drove up beside him.

"Oh, I didn't do it. It was done to me," Gloria laughed, rubbing a finger across her darkened eyebrows.

"Marie, the beauty specialist, says I'm not pretty enough to suit her. So she fixed me up. How do you like me this way?"

"I don't," Wayburn answered bluntly. "I don't know where all you girls get this idea that we men like to see you all colored up like a barber pole."

"Men hate cheeks of chalk," Gloria quoted glibly.

"They hate cheeks of sun-proof paint, too," Wayburn said stubbornly.

"Oh, I know that. There's no pleasing you men!" Gloria answered. "If we're pale you want us rosy. And if we're rosy, you want us to be pale! Dick wants a home-making wife, so he marries me... and I'm a giddy!"

She stopped suddenly, struck by an arresting thought.

"Stan," she said, "what kind of a woman would you want for a wife?"

"None at all," Wayburn answered. "Not even one with money? You always said you'd marry a woman if she had money enough, you remember," Gloria said.

"I know, but I've a hunch I'm going to make money myself from now on," the actor told her with one of his infrequent bursts of frankness.

"This New York engagement looks pretty good to me. At least, Sonya Chotek says it is a good thing."

"Sonya Chotek!" Gloria exclaimed. "Do you mean to say she found this job for you?"

Jealousy swept over her like a wave of heat from a furnace.

Wayburn nodded.

"She suggested to the manager of the show," Mangold, his name is, "that I go for the leading man."

"So I'm on for the try-out. Of course, I may be a bloming failure. You never can tell."

Gloria was silent. She would never have given Stan that \$200 if she had known he was going down to New York to Sonya Chotek with it!

They were out in the open country now.

The day was perfect. Here and there the white sail of a cloud floated across the dark, blue sky.

There were dandelions in the tangle of wild grass that edged the red brick pavement.

And in the budding branches of the trees robins were singing that song of theirs that is as sweet and cold and gay as spring itself.

Gloria stopped her car at the edge of the road.

"What's the matter now?" Wayburn asked.

"Nothing," Gloria answered. "Only if you don't like my face this way I'm going to change it."

She took out a small handkerchief and began to rub the mascara from her eyes and the rouge from her cheeks.

Wayburn lifted the shadows from her face and looked at her. He saw that she was crying.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" he asked.

"To be continued"

**Fashion Tips**

**They Add Dash**

Bands of brilliantly figured silk trim serviceable frocks of blue or black flat crepe or crepe de chine.

**Hats of Belting**

Heavy silk ribbon known as belting is used to make some of the smartest new sport hats.

**Old-Fashioned Lace**

English eyelid embroidery collar and cuff sets are returning to favor for both silk and cotton frocks.

**Velvet and Fur**

For fall the velvet coat trimmed with fur is expected to be the correct thing.

**This Adds Richness**

Gold embroidery is very much liked to trim chiffon and georgette crepe coats that are as stylish now.

**Fancy Sleeves New**

The bottoms of the new sleeves are very often embroidered or trimmed with circular ruffles.

**Silhouette is Narrow**

Many of the new coat-dresses have belts in the back but the fronts are straight and the fullness kept in place by means of pleats.

Four out of every 10 Bibles sold in the British and Foreign Bible Societies in 1924 went to China.

## MUTT AND JEFF

THE BOYS REACHED BUFFALO TODAY ON THEIR TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR! — MUTT WAS TOLD BY AL. BECKERICH THAT MAYOR FRANK X. SCHWAB TAKES A GREAT INTEREST IN LOOKING AFTER THE WELFARE OF ORPHANS IN BUFFALO AND THAT GAVE MUTT AN IDEA.



## Jerry On the Job

JERRY: THIS IS MR. PROFUNDO - OUR NEW TRAIN ANNOUNCER. I WISH YOU'D TAKE HIM AROUND AND SHOW HIM WHERE HE'S TO DO HIS STUFF.

DO

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

YOU GO IN AND PERFORM.

THEN UP THE HALL TO A BIG SIGN THAT SAYS "SILENCE"

YEAH.

THAT'S WHERE YOU YELL YOUR TONSILS LOOSE



Cherries should be well represented in your collection of canned fruit, as they are useful in many other ways as well as for sauce.

### By SIXTIE MARY

**SOUL CHERRIES**, not too tart, are the best to can for pies. The flavor of the sour fruit is rather richer and more desirable for desserts. Sweet cherries are delicious to serve as an old-fashioned "sauce" with cake and are well worth canning for winter use.

While many housekeepers prefer to can cherries by the open kettle method, new canners will find that cold-pack is more satisfactory. The fruit is not crushed, there is less danger of spoiling and the flavor is preserved to a finer degree than in the open kettle method.

Unless cherries are very sour they are not blanched before processing. There is a variety of late cherries that is beautiful to look at, but so very sour that blanching is necessary.

**To Cold Pack Cherries.**

Wash and remove stems. Save the juice that escapes during the pitting. Pack into sterilized jars to within 1/2 inch from the top. Pour over medium thin syrup made with the juice from the cherries and as much more water as necessary. Adjust to desired sweetness, half seal and sterilize for 15 minutes.

**Sunshine Preserves.**

Wash and remove stems from the fruit. Remove pits, saving juice. Weigh fruit. Use three pounds of sugar to four pounds of fruit. Put juice in the preserving kettle and add a thin layer of cherries. Sprinkle with sugar and continue layer for layer of sugar and fruit until all is used.

Cover the kettle and put over a slow fire. Bring slowly to the boiling point, removing cover to prevent boil-

ing over. Increase heat and let boil "up" for one minute.

Pour fruit and juice onto large platters and place in the sun for 24 hours. The platters must be covered with glass or cheesecloth while in the sun. If glass is used wipe frequently. Pour into sterilized pint jars or jelly glasses and cover with paraffine when cold.

Large sour cherries should be used for these preserves.

Cherries combine deliciously with other fruits and add much to winter salads.

**Pickled Cherries.**

Wash and remove stems and pits from cherries. Put into a smooth earthenware crock and add vinegar to cover. Cover crock and let stand in a cool place for 36 hours. Drain off vinegar and discard. Add as many cups of sugar as there are cups of cherries. Let stand until sugar is dissolved stirring frequently to mix thoroughly. Fill sterilized pint jars with cherries and juice and seal.

11. Art Hickman's Baltimore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Birtmeier, leader.

KNN, Hollywood, 3363 meters—5:30-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, Sid Ziff's sports talk; 6:15, travel talk, W. F. Alder; 6:30-7:30, dinner hour music; 7:30, style talk, Myer Seigel; 8:30, program by Bill Press; 9-10, program, George Bray; 10-12, movie night at the Ambassador; Alex Lyman and his Coconut Grove dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, 4283 meters—6:30-6:40 p. m., Amusement information service; 6:40-7, Waldemar Lind and the States restaurant orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Selig's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 8-9, program, Madame Lillian Steikley Putini; 9-10, talk on air service; Emile H. Rovagna, baritone; Mrs. Bellelet, soprano; 10-11, Johnny Buckley's Cabarets.

KLN, Oakland, Cal., 500 meters—6:7 p. m., Aunt Elsie's Sunset weather report; 7-7:30, news items, weather forecast, markets; 8:45 after 7:30.

KFSD, Los Angeles, 275 meters—2:30-4:30 p. m., organ recital of B. Ernest Ballard and assisting artists; 6:30-7:30, Great studio program presented through the courtesy of Harry James Heardsley (Cousin Jim), assisted by Eugene Lamb and others.

KFOA, Seattle, 4543 meters—6:15-8:15 p. m., studio program; 8:30-10, Times program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

**Canadian Stations.**

CFVY, Vancouver, B. C., 411 meters—6:30 p. m., half-hour program for children; 7, news items.

CKUD, Vancouver, B. C., 411 meters—8:20-9:30 p. m., musical studio program; news items.

CKLN, Calgary, Alta., 453 meters—8-9 p. m., program of vocal and instrumental selections; market and news reports.

CNRR, Regina, Sask., 350 meters—7-9 p. m., bedtime travel tale for children; concert orchestra recital.

**Utah Station Features: Popular and Dance Music Concerts.**

Pacific coast stations: 8 p. m., KFI, KRL, KNN; 9, KFI, KNN, KFWB, KRL, KRN; 10, KFWB, KNN; 11, KNN.

## In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN

NEW YORK, June 23.—Now who would think that the skeleton of a dinosaur might stand as the memorial to a great love? Or that between the time-marked trunks of a mastodon romance might reach flower, that the bones of a brontosaurus might sweep the plighting of a troth?

Yet if you were to visit the gallery of skeletons in the American Museum of Natural History on a summer afternoon you would find it the trysting place of many a maid and man.

Undeterred by the spectacle of ghosts of the past pointing the way that all flesh must go, they sit there letting time pass swiftly by, saying little, holding hands, looking both static and sick.

Think not that these youngsters find some enchantment in the presence of the great piles of old bones. It is to be doubted if they know the difference between a dinosaur and a dipodomys (and who does?), but they do know that the cavernous honeyard is cooler and more comfortable than any place in Central Park. And each skeleton affords seclusion from the casual visitors who visit the place to study the story that lies in the bleak exhibits.

Fourteen years ago Mrs. Margaret Ritter became paralyzed and has been bedridden in the Broadway Lutheran hospital since then. And each day of those 14 years John Ritter, 85, has called at the hospital to visit the girl he married 29 years ago. Once a prosperous merchant, he spent all his savings in a vain effort to cure her.

And now at 85 he does his best at odd jobs to earn enough for flowers and little tokens of his love for her.

Stories of men who have served

## FLAPPER FANNY says



A tax driver is the only person who can pull down the flag before sunset.

long and faithfully in one job always have appealed to me, probably because my own inclination is to throw the typewriter out the window and start hobnobbing. Yet the fellows who keep at their work always seem to enjoy life more than the rovers. There is Dr. Henry Motter, for instance. He has been pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion for 52 years and was choir boy in the same church 47 years ago. He remembers when John Jacob Astor and the future Baron Ja-

tor led to the communion table an old negro woman and her blind son. And there is Jim Sheridan, New York's oldest cabby. At 81 he is still driving a cab, but keeps to Central Park because he doesn't like traffic and one-way streets. In his day he has seen as much of life as those who circle the globe trying to see it. He has had as fairs the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds and Belmonts. And many new-yeeds.

## Home Hints

**BE SURE** the butcher gives you the trimmings from meat, because you can use them for making soup stock.

**Instead of Butter**  
Beef fat, clarified, is a good substitute for butter in shortening bread, biscuits and ginger bread.

**When Frying Food**  
Food to be fried should be as dry as possible and not very cold.

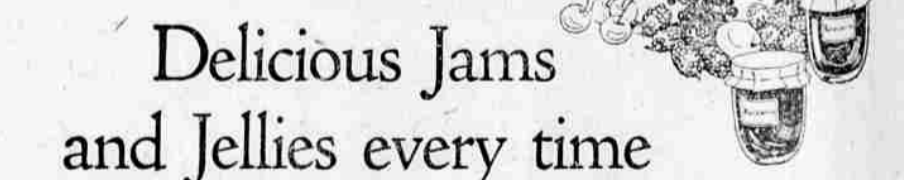
**For Croquettes**  
Cold cheese and macaroni may be utilized in croquettes and with certain vegetables.

**Use Knitting Needle**  
A knitting needle is better than a fork for piercing vegetables to test whether they are done or not since it breaks them less.

**With Acid Fruits**  
Avoid serving milk or cream at the same time with acid fruits, particularly with oranges or cherries.

**To Best Advantage**  
Fruit is most wholesome eaten by itself at the beginning of a meal as a dessert and least wholesome in the form of pudding or pie.

## From any fruit — Delicious Jams and Jellies every time



OH, it's so easy now! Before, no matter how experienced you were, you could never be sure—sometimes jelly and jam just didn't turn out. No amount of care seemed to positively safeguard you.

But you never have a failure with Certo—no desperate re-boiling—the most difficult fruits jelly perfectly. For Certo is the substance in fruit that makes it jelly—fruit can't jelly without it.

This jelly-making element is completely lacking in some fruits, others have only a little, and even in the fruits that naturally contain most of it, it gradually diminishes

as they ripen. But now, because Certo itself supplies the all-important jelly-making property, you can make your jam and jelly of the richest ripe fruits—those with the finest flavor and loveliest color. You can even use fruits that have in themselves no jelly-making property.

So easy—so quick—no juice and flavor boil away

Less than 15 minutes from fruit to jam or jelly! Certo means that just one minute's active boil is needed. No more standing stirring over a hot stove—no long boiling that reduces the amount of your jelly—no loss in steam of flavor, color and juice.

Certo's brief boil saves you all the fruit that used to boil away. When you count up the cost you will find that with Certo you have half again as many glasses as you ever got from that much fruit. Millions of housewives now use Certo all the time. Your grocer has Certo. Order a bottle right away. Douglas - Pectin Corp., Granite Building, Rochester, New York.

Clear, sparkling, firm, yet tender—every glass you make with Certo.

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