

# The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

(Continued from page one)

and put them on. She slid her wrist watch under her pillow.

Then she looked up at Dick. There was scorn written in the lovely depths of her eyes.

"So you knew when you came into this room that I'd been with Stan the day of the wreck?" she said. "And you set a trap for me!"

"Of course I knew. The minute I saw his initials on the cigarette case I knew," Dick answered grimly. "I wish I had the fellow by the throat this minute!" He made a twisting movement with his hands.

"Dick, please don't get excited over this. There's really very little to it," Gloria pleaded. "I told Stan that day that I was never going to see him again. Truly I did . . . and, anyway, he's going to New York soon."

Dick stared out of the window at the house across the street. He jerked his head toward them.

"I wonder if any of the men who live in those houses have wives like you, Gloria," he said. "I wonder if their wives are the kind who refuse to have children, who go tearing around with other men, who never stay at home . . . who don't even know how to make a home . . ."

"Well, it's their own fault if they have!" Gloria cried shrilly. "It's their own fault!"

Dick turned toward her. "How do you mean, it's their own fault?" he asked sharply. "I suppose you mean it's my fault that you're being stepping out with this Wayburn? Because you have, of course!"

"Yes," Gloria answered boldly. "I have. And I'll tell you why I have. If you want to know . . . because he knows how to be a pal to me, and you don't!"

Dick said nothing. There was a white line around his lips. And a fine sweat came out on his forehead.

"No, you don't!" Gloria repeated as if she were arguing with him. "You think that because you've given me a roof over my head and said the bills you've done your husbandly duty."

She paused for breath. "Well, you've kept me pretty busy paying your bills," Dick said. "Although I wouldn't mention the fact if you hadn't brought it up."

Gloria flushed. "You kick every time I ask you to take me out to a dance or to a picture show," she went on. "Your idea of the end of a perfect day is to go to sleep over the newspaper every night! And I can just sit there and twiddle my thumbs, I suppose? . . . Well, I'm not going to. Not if I see myself first!"

"I go to sleep over the newspaper it's because I'm dog-tired after a day's work," Dick answered. "And if you did your housework, as you should, instead of lying in bed till noon every day, you'd be pretty tired yourself at night. Other women don't want to be gadding every night in the way you do."

Gloria pulled her blue silk bed-jacket around her shoulders. "With her unimpaired arm she picked up her hand-mirror from the table at the side of her bed. She smiled into it.

"Other women!" she said scornfully. "Other women!" she said scornfully. "Other women!" she said scornfully.

She turned so that Dick could see her face as she looked into the mirror. It was a face of short, red-gold hair. She smiled at him with teasing sweetness.

"Other women aren't as pretty as I am," she said bluntly. "Most of them are mighty lucky to have husbands. And they know it. They work hard to hold them . . . but I don't have to. I don't even need a husband! You know, Ricky, that any stage-manager in the country would be glad to give me a job, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," Dick answered truthfully. "You're far and away the best-looking girl I've ever seen. But you remember what happened to Helen of Troy. In the end she was dogged and to sneak home to the old husband!"

"Yes, but she had her good time first!" Gloria said brightly. "And you'd better treat me gently, Dick, or you'll wake up one of these mornings and find me gone."

"Treat you gently? . . ." Dick growled. "As if I've ever treated you any other way! Sometimes I think that if I'd pulled a little of the ravenman stuff on you, you'd been a better wife. . . ."

He stopped, lost in a new train of thought. "See here, Gloria," he said after a moment. "I want you to tell me how far this Wayburn affair has gone. Has he made love to you?"



Suddenly Gloria put her head down on the table before her and cried as if her heart would break.

"I knew I was lying under the car half dead. . . ."

He began to cry weakly. Dick put his arms around her very gently.

He could feel the beating of her heart. It fluttered like a frightened bird's, it seemed to him.

"And then you talk to me as if I was a bad woman!" she sobbed. "Just because I want to jazz around and have a little fun. . . ."

Dick patted her round shoulder. When he spoke his voice was harsh. His eyes were filled with passion and tenderness.

"Poor little kiddie!" he said. "I'm sorry. It was not until he was half way home . . . away from the warmth and perfume of her . . . that he began to doubt what Gloria had told him. She had led to him so often!"

That night Gloria lay in bed thinking over what she had told Dick about Wayburn.

She had told him the truth. But not the whole truth! Far from it! She had not told him that Wayburn had kissed her dozens of times.

She had not told him that the reason she had struck Wayburn that day in her car was not because he had tried to make love to her . . . but because she was afraid of his love-making when he had been drinking!

Above all, she had not told him that she had given Wayburn \$200 of Dick's own money! Money that he would probably never pay back!

Ten days later, when Gloria left the hospital, her own little blue car stood at the curb waiting for her. It looked as good as new.

Gloria shuddered when she saw it. "I don't know whether I have nerve enough to ride home in it or not!" she said anxiously to Dick.

"Sure you have. Hop in," Dick encouraged her. "Your nerves are jumpy. You'll be all right pretty soon. Doc Seymour wants me to go away for a long rest. We'll go together, you and I. We both need it."

He started the car. "Perhaps mother'll go along with us," Dick said as the car rolled slowly along. "She looks pretty seedy after that operation of hers."

"Just you dare to ask your mother to go anywhere with us!" Gloria's eyes flashed. "I'd rather stay in this town all my life than go anywhere with your mother!"

Dick tried to change the subject. "We may not go anywhere ourselves," he said. "We've spent so much money on doctors and nurses and hospitals this month that we won't have much left to go gadding around the country, I guess. Your bill at the hospital was \$225. I just paid it."

"Oh sure, tell me what my bill was!" Huh! It is Gloria cried. "Why don't you talk about the money you paid Mrs. O'Hara and Doc Seymour for your own sickness! I get tired hearing about all my expenses!"

her garment, haggard fatigue in her face. Yet she laughs and jostles the basket up and down to make the baby coo. Laugh, clown, laugh!

Now we see another woman with a thick pillow under her elbow as she leans on the window sill looking out upon the street, leaning tab on the eunings and grins of her neighbors. And on a pillow beside her a snuggly-posed dog.

The train stops and we behold in a window a girl washing out filmy pink things, singing as she hangs them on a kitchen line. Singing for what? A treat for the night, a tooth to be pledged, a marriage, and more (remember) lilies to be cuddled to sleep on a fire escape at the end of a day of radio, of laughter and great fun.

On we go, and now we catch a glance of young couples dancing in a small room, a snatch of music from a radio, a laughter and great fun. And there's an old fellow sitting in his undershirt puffing at a pipe and watching us skid by.

And there a woman over a tub putting on her overalls and denim tickets to sock.

Did you see those three pick-ninnies in that window? All as like as three peas in a pod and each with a jolly pop!

We stop again. Look there, in that window! Look at the man crawling on all fours, a kid on his back, snapping his suspenders and yelling "Giddy-dy-yap!" The whip of the little boy cracks and the man laughs. Who knows but that another whip has cracked in his ears all the day? "Giddy-dy-yap, Giddy-dy-yap!" Laugh, you clown, laugh!

And so the train rumbles on. Windows upon windows stand in series of rows, windows that are mirrors of life, windows that are great glass eyes through which life looks out upon us.

Through the changing kaleidoscope the laughing clowns cavort and the whips crack. Laughter and happiness chase each other around through fantastic patterns. So laugh not at the clown, but with him. For he likes his joke.

## FLAPPER FANNY says



Love may laugh at locksmiths but not at grocery bills.

## Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST  
KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—6:30-7 p. m. Concert by Civic Music Club; 9-10:30, Concert by wire telephony from Sherman, Clay and company Don Art studio; 10:30-12 midnight, Host Ows, with Pantheas frolic, Rose city trio, Helen Norstrom Duober, Kathleen Duffy, Alan Green, et al.  
KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—3:30-4 p. m. Examiner's matinee musicals; 8, McDaniel's nighty dramas; 9:45, radioorial talk; 7, comedy program by the Examiner; 8, Aedean residence pipe organ studio, Dan McFarland organist; 9, play with music, "The Kentucky Mountaineer," by George Frerger; 10-11, artist-puppets of Myra Belle Vickers in all vocal program.

KFWB, Hollywood, 232 meters—8-7 p. m. children's hour, Big Brother of KFWB; 8-9, program, Frasier's mountain park and fisheries, Frasier's orchestra, Melba Melting, popular singer; Frances St. George, the jazzman's girl; Salvino Balzano string trio; 9-10, Warner Bros. frolic, direction Charlie Wellman.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—4-7 p. m. Ben Black's orchestra.  
KRL, Los Angeles, 463.2 meters—3:30-4 p. m. Leighton's Avenue cafeteria orchestra, Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Baltimore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Pitts-patrik, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertwig, little "See" Richard Headrick of movieband and Uncle John; 8-10, program, Western Auto Supply company, arranged by J. Howard Johnson; 10-11, Art Hickman's Baltimore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Barnett, leader.

KSN, Hollywood, 336.9 meters—10:15-11 p. m. Whittier pipe organ studio, Sid Ziff's sports talk; 6:15, travel talk, W. F. Alder; 6:30-7:30, program, Reverendridge company, 7:30 to 8, program, Eastern Outfitting company; 8-9, West Coast theaters; 9-11, KSN, feature program; 11-12, The Lyman's Occident Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel.

KFY, San Francisco, 428 meters—6:15-7 p. m. Loew's Warfield theater; 7-7:30, Palace hotel concert orchestra; 8-11, Palace hotel dance orchestra.

KTCL, Seattle, 306.9 meters—7-8 p. m. studio program, courtesy National Supply company; 9-10, Western Auto Supply company musical studio program; 10:15-12, Earl Gray's Butler hotel dance orchestra.

KFOA, Seattle, 454.3 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m. Sherman, Clay and company; 8:30-10, Times program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

KFRG, Los Angeles, 275 meters—7:30-9:30 p. m. "Granada" service with sermon of Auntie Simple McPherson; Silver band, temple choir and soloists; 9:30-10:30, Gray studio program through the courtesy of

## On Gardening

NOT all people like the same vegetables so it is a waste of time and space to grow vegetables for which you do not care. Devote your garden to those that you like most and specialize in these. Suppose green peas are your favorite "garden sass." There is a great list from which to choose and during the pea season you might grow five or six varieties, testing out new kinds that you have never grown or seen. You will find some revelations in the newer peas.

Asparagus lovers will want a larger asparagus bed than they will string beans, for instance. For one who likes asparagus almost daily while it is in season, a good-sized patch is necessary. Fit your garden space to your appetite.

Sweet corn is a special favorite with almost every one and here is a chance for experiment and prolonging the season by devoting the greater portion of the garden to various sweet corn, planting at intervals and planting early and late varieties at the same time. Now is a good time to start with the first planting of sweet corn, using one of the earliest kinds, such as Malakoff, Golden Bantam or other standard types. Nearly every gardener will have Golden Bantam. It has taken such a strong hold that it would take years for another variety to supplant it.

String beans are one of the easiest of garden crops to grow. You can try bush and pole varieties, green and wax podded and have a special bean garden if this appeals to you.

The salad garden offers an opportunity for ingenuity to keep the salad material going from spring until fall with a succession of lettuce, endive, fontaines, green peppers, cress, corn salad, and cucumbers for the latter part of the season. Many gardeners specialize heavily in tomatoes for canning material as well as for catsup, chili sauces and various pickles and besides there is always a ready market for any surplus. Select a garden feature and develop it.

Russian exports to Great Britain and imports from Great Britain were each about \$5,000,000 greater during the first quarter of this year than last year.

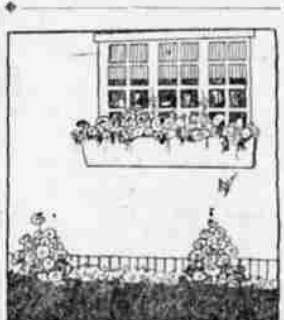
## In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN  
NEW YORK, June 25.—To ride along the elevated lines through Manhattan, Brooklyn, Harlem and the Bronx is to hold a kaleidoscope of life to the eye, each jar and curve of the car changing the patterns.

Picture, then, a sultry evening with heat waves dancing from the tracks as the train weaves through the buildings like a giant hobbit through the fabric of life.

There in a wash basket on a fire escape lies a babe cooling up at a lullaby of a woman, her hair astring and damp, the splash of tell upon

Geraniums at Your Window



Nothing is more suitable for your summer window box than the red geranium. A box of these flowers will stand the heat well and the color adds an attractive touch to your home.

## Fashion Plaques



Surely a woman should be able to keep her engagements with ease when equipped with a snappy, triangular watch in black enamel and platinum links from the neck by a tiny black cord and has an etched design on the underside.

## MUTT AND JEFF

THE FAMOUS TOURISTS VISITED FORT WAYNE, IND., AND JACKSON, MICH., BEFORE THEY GOT TO DETROIT. IN FORT WAYNE MUTT GAVE A SHORT TALK TO THE R.I.R. MEN, HIS SUBJECT BEING EVOLUTION. IN JACKSON THEY LAID THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW LION TAMERS' CLUB. WE LEAVE THEM IN DETROIT!



## Jerry On the Job

OSCAR: THAT'S THE BOSS GAVE A LOAD OF THE . . .



Mr. Applegate Says:  
**Close the Sale Saturday Night!**

For the last day we will give the people values that will make them remember that when Applegate says "Sale" it will have a real meaning.

**We Are Going to Make a Clean Sweep by Saturday Night**

Sale prices will be all off Monday morning. We expect to have the small portion of this stock that must be moved to our new home in the Miner Building, all placed by Monday night. If there is anything in this stock you need, buy tomorrow. For the sale will positively close Saturday night.

**Applegate Furniture Co.**  
Heilig Theatre Bldg. New Home—Miner Building

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



A HALF hour passed, and the sailboat had reached the end of the stream and was dipping along toward the ocean. "Guess we had better turn back now," said the hermit. Jack had explained that he knew how to sail a boat and that he really didn't need any lessons. So they turned about and headed back up the stream.



AS THE boat slid up to the shore where they had started out, the old hermit rolled up his trousers, slipped off his shoes and hopped into the shallow water. "I'll give you a good push and save you the trouble of landing," he said. "Wait until I crawl back with Jack," shouted Doty.



SHE then worked her way around the mast and sat down back where the rudder handle was. "You take care of the sail, Jack, and I'll steer our boat," said the little girl. "That's a good idea," replied her cousin. Then, when they were all set to start the old hermit shouted, "Wait just a minute." (Continued.)

They See Fort Wayne, Ind., and Jackson, Mich., and Reach Detroit Safe and Sound By **BUD FISHER**

OFFICER, WE'RE MUTT AND JEFF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TOURISTS AND WE WISH TO GET SOME DOPE ABOUT YOUR BEAUTIFUL CITY!

SURE!

CAN YOU HELP US OUT?

OF COURSE I'M SURE THIS IS WHERE AUTOS ARE MADE!

WE MAKE OTHER THINGS IN DETROIT, TOO!

WE ALSO KNOW THAT WE'RE TOURING IN ONE OF THEM! SEE?

AFTER DIGGING DOWN FOR GAS AND REQUISITION THE BOYS NOW HAVE \$ 94.10

**Foxy Little Shopper**

GLAZE ON THE AIRM HAN HELMET NO. 15185V-IT GOT IT AT MACHINES-IT WAS FOUR BUCKS= BUT HE GIMME 10% OFF

VERY NICE - BUT YOU COULD HAVE GOT THE SAME THING AT MACHINES FOR \$3.

SURE - I KNOW

BUT THEY WONT GIVE YOU DISCOUNT.