

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA Service Inc.



Dick groaned despairingly as he dropped into his armchair.

(Continued from page one)

"You've been singing the blues to yourself all day. You haven't had a bit of a good time, have you?" Gloria shook her head.

"No," she confessed, "I haven't. I feel awfully 'blah,' somehow or other, today."

"You're worrying about that sap, Wayburn," May said with sudden bluntness. "And you're a fool to do it! I've had his number ever since the night of your party when he made such a fuss over Myra Gail. He's some sheik. . . . At least, he kids himself that he is!"

Gloria looked intently at her fingernails. "Stan's left town," she said at last. "So don't worry about him and me any more. . . . And I don't know what the matter with me, May. Honestly."

But she did know. She was terribly lonely without Wayburn.

"What's the use of pretending?" she asked herself on the way home through the streets, warm and sunny in the late afternoon quiet. "I'm homesick for Stan. That's what's the matter with me. That's all that's wrong with me."

Wayburn had filled her idle days with interest, for months past. When there was nothing else on hand, he was always ready to go for a drive or to take a walk with her. He always had a new dance to teach her or the latest New York hit to sing to her.

He had a ready laugh, and a wealth of funny stories. He was amusing. Gloria had always called him her "one-man show."

Now that he was gone, time hung heavily on her hands. She didn't know what to do with herself all day long.

"I'm lost without Stan. That's about the size of it," she told herself, as she turned the corner of her own street.

The mother of the Dolberg twins was just ahead of her, followed by her lovely off-spring on roller skates.

Across the street two of the neighbors stood gossiping on the driveway between their houses. Gloria looked at them, curiously.

They seemed happy and contented in their placid, deep-bosomed maturity. . . . those two women.

"But I wonder if they really are," Gloria asked herself. "Or are they sick and tired of married life, like I am?"

She quickened her steps and caught up with Mrs. Donberg.

"Hello there," said the twins' mother. "It's nice to see you around here again. I tried to get to the hospital to see you, but the twins were both sick in bed with bronchitis, and I never poked my nose outside the house for two weeks!"

She sighed. "It's just one thing after another for a woman, isn't it?" she asked. "Now it's the spring sewing, and then the coming season will be here, and after that the fall cleaning and sewing! . . . My goodness, I don't get time to do half the things I'd like to do!"

Gloria looked at her intently. Was

Fashion Plaques



With shaking fingers, she ripped open the cheap, white envelope. "Dear Russell," the letter read. "I trust this letter will find you well and happy. After I sent the old farmer to get you the day of the accident, I beat it. I thought you were dead when I saw you lying under the car, and I knew if I stayed I'd be mixed up in a scandal. Believe me, I was glad when I heard that you'd only had a few broken bones. If anyone happened to find my silver cigarette case, will you send it to me?"

"As always, S. W."

little, bright-eyed smiling woman disconcerted like herself? "What would you like to do, really?" Gloria asked her.

"Well," she said, "I've had three cans of blue paint up on my broom closet shelf for three months," she said, "and I know it sounds silly to say it, but I just can't seem to find time to paint the twins' bedroom set with it. That's what I'd really enjoy. Fixing up my house so it would be pretty, like yours, Mrs. Gregory."

Gloria's interest flagged. She certainly had nothing in common with the little "hausfrau" beside her!

She said good-bye to her and walked on. Dick was in the side-yard transplanting some cannas along the house.

"Hello, where have you been all day?" he greeted her. "At May's house," Gloria answered briefly.

Dick ran up the front steps and opened the door for her. He followed her into the house.

He asked her how May was. He told her that Mrs. Gordon had telephoned an invitation to spend the day with her, tomorrow.

But Gloria knew that that was not what he had come into the house to say.

He said it leaning up against the newel-post at the foot of the stairs, nervously tapping the trowel he still held, on the polished wood.

"Doc Seymour thinks I ought to go away for a rest," he said. "How would you like to go away with me for a couple of weeks, or so? It would do us both good."

Gloria's eyes narrowed. "Is your mother going along, by any chance?" she asked, biting off the words, like little bits of ice.

"We—el, Doc Seymour thinks she ought to go along," he began. "She's not getting over her operation as well as she is hoped."

Gloria interrupted him, stупidly. "Is she going?" she asked sharply. "Now don't hedge, Dick! She is going, isn't she?"

"I don't see how I can very well tell her you don't want her with us," he said. "After all, she's my mother, Gloria."

"Well, go with her, then! But come on out!" Gloria cried passionately. "I wouldn't go to the most wonderful place on earth, with your mother, Dick! I can't stand her!"

MUTT AND JEFF

THE TOURING TEAM IS IN CHICAGO AND THEY LIKE IT SO WELL THEY'RE GONNA STAY TWO DAYS! MAYBE THEY AINT IN SOFT-THE CONGRESS, BLACKSTONE, AUDITORIUM, LA SALLE, DRAKE, SHERMAN, PLANTERS- AND MORRISON HOTELS HAVE EACH OFFERED A SUITE TO THE BOYS FREE OF CHARGE.



THEY TAKE A SWILL DATE ON THE WEST SIDE TONIGHT! IVE GOT ONE ON THE NORTH SIDE! IVE GOT ONE ON THE SOUTH SIDE! SENATOR DONGEN! SENATOR, THIS IS JEFF! LET'S TAKE A SPIN THROUGH THE PARKS IN MY CAR. I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING CAL TOLD ME IN POLITICAL CONFIDENCE! SORRY, GENTS, BUT I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF! OFFICER, WHERE'S THE FEDERAL BUILDING? ON THE LEVEL, GEORGE, I'VE GOT INFLUENCE AMONG THE DEMOCRATS OF COOK COUNTY-- LISTEN-- MUTT CHATS WITH GEORGE BRENNAN IN LINCOLN PARK. JEFF CALLS UP SENATOR DONGEN. CASH ON HAND \$86.40

Jerry On the Job

LOOK AT THEM--THEY AINT GOT NOTHING ON THEIR MINDS BUT THEIR HATS--WHERE'S THERE'S NO FEELING.

BUT WITH ME IT'S DIFFERENT--I KEEP DREAMING ABOUT THE BOSS AND MY WORK AND ALL THAT.

HEY MR FIGSBY, ALL LAST NIGHT I WAS DREAMIN'

DREAMIN' ABOUT YOU MR FIGSBY.

OH--I'M FLATTERED.

SOMETHING I ATE MUSTA DISAGREED WITH ME

HINTS ON HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Just Watch Your Diet, Says This Ziegfeld Beauty



Agatha Debussey

BECAUSE I know beauty must come from the inside instead of the outside, I am extremely careful of my diet. During the summer I avoid all complicated mixtures of food and all high-calorie dressings or sauces. Once or twice a week, but no more, I have oat. The rest of the time I live on green vegetables, simply cooked or arranged in crisp salads.

more money to keep house on, Dick. Then we wouldn't have to eat this horrible stuff, just because it's cheap?" Dick laid down his knife and fork on his plate. He looked across the table at Gloria thoughtfully.

"That reminds me," he said. "Miss Briggs said she let you have \$200 of mine while I was sick to spend on the backyard. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for that money, Gloria. . . . We can't afford to spend it just now. That's why I'm trying to get the place up myself."

Under the tablecloth, Gloria's hands were twisting and untwisting themselves frantically.

She tried to open her mouth to speak. But she couldn't make up her mind what to say. What could she say? What was there to say?

He had given up all hope of Wayburn's paying back the money.

She sat silent, looking at Dick with her great brown eyes fixed and staring. Then she began to cry. Tears always distressed Dick horribly, she knew. He got up and came around the table to her. He drew her up from her chair, and out of the room. He led her to the dressing in the living room and pulled her down into his sweaty shirt.

Radio Programs

WAW, Portland, 401.5 meters--6 to 7 p. m. (Chas. Johnson and his Duke-theater orchestra; 7:30 to 8 p. m. weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. After 8 p. m., silent for 3-4 distance reception.)

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters--5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical machine; 6:45-8:15, Sherman, Clay & Co. program; 8:30-10, Times dance music.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters--6-7 p. m., children's hour; Big Brother of KFWB; 7-8, program. John A. Evans corporation, Hacienda Park orchestra; 8-9, program. Check-Nut Coffee company, Maxwell House coffee string quartet, Harry Jackson, leader, Columbia instrumental trio, Dorothy Dool, soprano; 9-10, Aladdin program by E. P. Jones, Ray Kallberg and Bill Hatch, the jazz trio and orchestra; 10-11, Warner Bros. Radio, direction Charlie Wellman.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 545.3 meters--6:45-8 p. m., Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 8:45-9:15, Sherman, Clay & Co. program; 9:30-10, Times dance music.

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KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters--6-7 p. m., Kohler & Chase Amphistudios, Nona Campbell, mezzo-soprano; Alice Guarita Poyner, violin; 7-8, program. The Trend of Agricultural Prices, Professor L. W. Fluharty; "Getting Our Children Ready Right," Dr. Albertine Richards Nash; "Letters of Application," W. J. Murray; "Americanization," Dan H. Shering; 10-11, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KJL, Los Angeles, Cal., 465.2 meters--6-7 p. m., Leighart's Arcade "Favorite orchestra; Jack Cronshaw, leader; 8-10, program.

KDVL, Seattle, Wash., 365.5 meters--6-8 p. m., Christian Science station; 9-10, musical studio program. KXN, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters--5:30-6:15 p. m., Westlight pipe organ studio, Ed. Giff's sports talk; 6:15-7:30, travel talk, W. E. Alder; 7:30-7:50, dinner hour music; 7:50, program. I. W. Bookwell company; 9-10, program. Entertainment and Gossip, Bala vocal quartet; Zenith string trio; 10-11, Goodrich Silver-Cord dance orchestra; Lilian May Challenger, contra-contralto; 10-12, As Lyman's Concerts. Glorioso dance-orchestra Don Ambrosador.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.7 meters--6:15 p. m., baseball; 6:40-7, Waldemar Lind and the States Restaurant orchestra; 8-10, operatic night, Clara Harrington, Arturo Capovilla, organist; 10-11, Waldemar Lind and States Restaurant orchestra.

KJX, Oakland, Cal., 569 meters--7:30 p. m., news items, weather forecast, market and financial news, 8-9:15, stocks program, made quarterly, 9:15-10:15, news by Tom Greenough's ball room entertainers, broadcast from Sutter's ballroom; 9:45-11, regular meeting of the Protective Order of Lake Merritt Ducks.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 275 meters--8:15-9 p. m., baseball night.

KPAC, Pullman, Wash., 318.6 meters--7:30-9 p. m., educational and musical program, farm talks, made and broadcast by college talent.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



Lipsticks make men see red.

Home Hints

To Discourage Moths Wrap your woolen garments in newspapers putting moth balls in the folds, and pack away for the summer in covered boxes. Printers' ink is very obnoxious to moths.

Those Rust Stains Remove iron rust stains by wetting them with lemon juice and salt and letting them dry in the sunshine.

Try an Oil Rub If a black straw hat has become dusty and gray, brush it thoroughly with a piece of flannel that has been slightly oiled with vasoline.

A New Complexion Colorful straw hats that have faded may be made like new by coloring with an oil paint thinned to the right shade and made the consistency of gasoline.

The Regal Color There is a decided vogue for purple. Not only the purple hat and frock, but the purple coat is featured in the smart shops.

Those Tan Shades "Due to the popularity of beige, one sees much broken and tan footwear, and combinations of the two shades in the same pump."

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

If you ever caddied on a golf course you will certainly know the first word across, but if not, it means forward, and sounds very much like the word it means.

| | | | |
|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |

Across

- 1. Forward or in front.
- 2. Truthful.
- 7. Hollow word for God.
- 8. Italian river.
- 9. Paid publicity.
- 10. Writin.
- 11. Part of a verb.
- 14. Long grass.

Down

- 1. Machine for folding.
- 2. Upon.
- 5. Second gate in scale.
- 6. Discovered.
- 7. To warn.
- 8. 200 lbs. (pt.).
- 9. Point of compass between north and where the sun rises.
- 13. Point of compass between south and where the sun rises.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

The Bees and the Golden Hive



Silver Wing sat on a rose and Nimble Toes balanced herself on a spray of honeysuckle.

(As a successor to Jack Daw, a new feature for children is being started in The Guard today. It is a daily fairy story. The first one follows herewith.)

SILVER WING and Nimble Toes appeared to Nancy and Nick one day when they were weeding the garden. Silver Wing sat on a rose and Nimble Toes balanced herself on a spray of honeysuckle, looking like a very gorgeous butterfly.

"Hello!" said Silver Wing as loudly as she could--which wasn't so very loud.

"Hello!" said Nimble Toes almost as loudly as Silver Wing, but not quite.

To the Twins it sounded like two little mouse squeaks, but they had sharp eyes and sharp ears, and the minute they heard these odd sounds, they knew that something unusual was happening.

"Hello!" they answered. "Then they looked around in every direction very, very carefully, and suddenly they spied the two tiny creatures."

"What are you doing here?" asked Nick, throwing a big burdock leaf over the fence and hitting his hands together to shake off the dirt.

"We're on business," said Silver Wing. "We've brought a letter from the Fairy Queen. Where is it, Nimble Toes?"

Nimble Toes fished around in her pocket and brought out a tiny envelope which she held out. "Here it is," she said.

As the Twins took the letter and Nick read it. This is what the letter said:

"Dear Twins: You are such smart little people and so brave and everything that I am going to ask you to help me again. I'm in all sorts of trouble. Someone stole my bees and I haven't any honey. You have no

idea how fond I am of honey. All queens like honey and I like it better than anyone else, I believe.

"Now, my bees are special bees. They make all their honey out of rose juice. But I have many enemies and they have been jealous of my bees for years and years. Now they have been stolen--the bees have--and I wonder if you will go in search of them."

"If you are willing to go, please tell Silver Wings and Nimble Toes and they will give you the magic shoes.

"The bees are in the golden hive shaped like an acorn.

"I hope you will go and that you won't have very much trouble finding them for me.

"Lovingly yours, "THE FAIRY QUEEN"

"Sure, we'll go!" cried Nick. "I should say so!" said Nancy. "Where are the magic shoes, please, Fairies? We'll go and hunt for the golden bee hive right away."

"There they are," said Silver Wing pointing under the rose bush.

The Twins looked and lo and behold, there were the shoes.

They put them on and instantly the two fairies flew back to the Fairy Queen's palace bearing the news that Nancy and Nick had started on another adventure and would search far and wide for the wonderful bees that made rose honey for her Royal Highness' table.

As for Nancy and Nick, they stood for a minute considering where to go. "Let's ask the Green Wizard in the tree-tops," said Nancy.

"That's a pretty good idea," said her brother.

And by merely wishing, they were whisked through the air to a forest of tall trees.

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY MANY and many an old maid is the direct and unhappy result of the "steady company" institution. And there is an even sadder arrangement on earth than this one between a man and a woman.

"I love you," says the man, "and so I want you all myself. I want no other man to call on you, to take you to parties or movies, or to make love to you."

Very often the girl in the case is greatly flattered by this proposal. Time and bitter experience have yet to teach her that when a man loves a girl he wants her for his wife. . . .

She has yet to find out that the man who asks a girl to be his makes love to her without asking her to marry him, is a "dog in the manger."

The plain fact is that he doesn't want her, himself, and he doesn't want anyone else to have her. . . . until he has fallen in love with somebody else.

A girl plays a waiting game in love. She cannot go out to woo the Prince Charming of her choice, as a man can. She has to wait until someone comes along and falls in love with her.

And of the end of one love affair, she has to wait for the next one to begin. Whereas a man can "break off" with Mary at a Saturday

night dance, and ask Sally to go to Sunday evening service with him, 24 hours later!

Unfair! Of course, it is. But under present conditions, most of the man-made rules of this world are unfair to women. The one safe institution for women is marriage. . . . with its forerunner, the formal engagement.

And a man who is sincerely in love will offer nothing less than this to the woman of his choice.

"Man," remarked a long-headed sage, "propose, and woman disposes."

The sensible girl will immediately dispose of the chap who proposes "steady company" to her. If his love is worth anything it is worth the dignity of an engagement, at the very, very best!

Fashion Tips

EMBROIDERED net is an effective trimming for lingerie frocks of voile and organza.

Easy to Make Collar and cuff sets of ribbon in black or bright colors are shown for sport costumes.

Good Team Work In connection with the print dress the use of the wide jabot is almost inevitable.