

The FLAPPER WIFE

By Beatrice Burton

(Continued from page one)

about a clean little hotel in West Eleventh street.

Gloria made up her mind that she would go there first to freshen up. She was dirty and tired, after her journey.

... And then—and then, she would hunt up Stanley Wayburn!

She sat back in a corner of the taxicab and watched New York whirl by outside the windows. In the pale sunshine, the tall buildings seemed rich and wonderful. The very trucks and busses seemed marvelous to Gloria that day.

... She was going to see Stanley Wayburn!

Perhaps she would go on the stage and become a great star!

... And this big, careless town, the New York, would be hers to struggle with, to conquer! Perhaps she would write her name in electric lights against the night sky of Broadway yet!

At the little hotel she registered as "Miss Gloria Gordon"—a better stage name than "Gloria Gregory," she decided.

She went upstairs to the tidy, dehumanized hotel room and unpacked her bag.

She bathed. She brushed her red-gold hair until it shone like polished copper. She "did" her hair, and rubbed perfume into the palms of her hands, and on the nape of her neck. She rouged her cheeks.

"When tulips bloom in Union Square..." sang Gloria, happy for the first time in weeks.

She was happy!

And wasn't she pretty, though! She put her head on one side and laughed at herself in the looking glass.

... Oh, she could land a job in a beauty-show all right!

If Stan couldn't help find her a job, she'd go to Kit Cameron!

Kit was a chorus girl in the "Gaieties"—the most beautiful chorus in the world! And Kit could introduce her to the great Ginfield, himself.

Gloria was sure that if Ginfield saw her, he would give her a place in the "Gaieties"...

She tried to speak but her lips would scarcely move. They were white and drawn.

"I suppose you'd call it that..." she said at last. Her voice vibrated high and thin, like a violin string that has been stretched too taut. It broke suddenly.

She wanted to tell Stan how empty life at home had been for her since he dropped out of her life—how terribly she had missed him.

But his coldness froze her. She couldn't tell him anything. Her voice was congealed in her throat.

"Does your husband know you're here with me?" Wayburn asked. He gripped the arms of his chair with both hands, he leaned forward, hanging upon her answer.

"Suppose he does know it? What difference does it make?" Gloria's voice was a dull whisper.

"Difference?" Wayburn shouted. "It would make a difference of a difference to me!" He began to dash up and down the room like a caged tiger.

He stopped suddenly before her chair and glared down at her.

back on the table, so that it faced the wall.

It was then that the telephone in Wayburn's bedroom rang.

Gloria flew to it and unhooked the receiver.

"Hello," she said.

The voice that answered her had a foreign accent. It was a woman's voice. It was Sonya Chotek's voice, Gloria knew at once.

"Who is this speaking, please?" it asked.

Gloria didn't answer. She banged the receiver back on its hook, and turned away from the phone. Then she stopped dead-still.

Wayburn had come in. He was standing in the doorway between the two rooms. Of course, he must have been listening.

He stared at her as if she had been a ghost. "For the love of Mike! Where did you drop from?"

Gloria's voice was wistful when she answered. "From home, of course. Aren't you glad to see me?"

Wayburn ignored her question. "Who was that on the phone just now?" he asked harshly.

"Oh, just some Jane who wanted to talk to you," Gloria replied. She managed to ripple a laugh at him, flippantly. He looked past her into the sitting-room.

She was hurt—bewildered. What was the matter with Stan? The Stan who used to catch her hands in his, give her a look that was like a caress, and call her "Russet"?

"Aren't you going to ask me to sit down, or say you're glad to see me, or anything?" she asked.

She dropped into a chair, and watched Wayburn through her lashes. He took off his overcoat and hung it up. He lit a cigarette with a steady hand. He drew up a chair and sat down.

And not until then did he answer her.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact, I'm not exactly tickled to death to see you, Gloria. ... What have you done? Left your husband?"

Not exactly tickled to death to see her! Stan not glad to see her! She tried to speak but her lips would scarcely move. They were white and drawn.

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MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT AND JEFF ENTERED UPON THE THIRD WEEK OF THEIR TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR IN LOW SPIRITS!! THEIR HUNDRED DOLLAR ROLL HAS SHRUNK TO \$40.10 AND TO CAP THE CLIMAX THEY ARE SUFFERING FROM HAY FEVER!! THEY DINED WITH THE MAYOR OF DULUTH, MINN. AND TRIMMED THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF SUPERIOR, WIS. AT PINOCHLE. — THEY ARE NOW HEADED FOR HOUGHTON, MICH. B. 7.



The Tourists Are Glad to Reach Houghton, Michigan

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job



No Action Wanted

OPERA HAILS ITS NEW BEAUTY



Suzanne Keener

Not since the debut of Jorjita has the opera world seen so lovely a face and figure as that possessed by Suzanne Keener, American girl whose coloratura, soprano voice has been acclaimed at the Metropolitan Opera House and who has been introducing herself to American audiences through a concert tour.

London Gossip

By MILTON BRONNER (NEA Service Writer)

LONDON, July 1.—Young Miss America, who is on a visit to these shores, is not going back with a very high idea of England as regards one thing, and that is dancing. In all the hotels and in all the big dancing places you can see Miss America being accompanied by young Mr. John Bull. And they don't get along at all. Mr. Bull is still dancing the old steps that the U. S. A. declared out of date long ago. Over in America all sorts of new steps and curley cues have been invented by the young people, which make a really dancing. Conservative England still adheres to the box step and the one step plan and mannered.

Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

The Japanese are the most polite people on the globe. Their manners are perfect. Even their quarrels have a certain dignity about them.

So their home life has an outward effect of harmony that our American family life very often lacks.

Their "family jars" do not jar on the nerves of every member of the family circle.

Whatever of hate or unfriendliness they bear toward each other is concealed under the shield of good manners.

And this is an excellent thing... not only for the Japanese, but for all of us.

For it isn't the disagreement that sticks in people's minds, after a quarrel, but the cruel and cutting things that were said during the disagreement.

Take, for example, the case of the John Smiths who are having a word-battle about the Monthly Bills.

Says Mr. John Smith: "You seem to think that money grows on trees... the way you spend it, June, you haven't the intelligence of a child when it comes to keeping your family budget!"

Answers Mrs. John Smith: "Don't talk to me about intelligence. If you had any brains, yourself, I could have as much money as Mary Jones of Lot 12 Lee. Their husbands seem to know how to earn enough to live, if mine doesn't!"

Long after the matter of the Monthly Bills has been settled, the rude and cutting things each said to the other will rankle in the bosoms of John Smith and Jane, his wife.

Such things are not forgotten. They lie at the bottom of the mind, and often are the real cause for misunderstandings and unkindness between husbands and wives.

A quarrel of this kind coming between a Japanese family, A polite disagreement would take its place. And the feelings of neither the party of the first part or the feelings of the party of the second part would be hurt.

It is not easy to "razz" a man of name—old him after you have just addressed him as "honored sir." There is no room for rudeness that comes with them... and that makes for domestic peace and harmony.

Someone once said that good manners were more important than good looks. I wouldn't go so far as to say that. But surely they are most important in the daily life of every one of us.

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST

KGW, Portland, 104.5 meters—6:30 p. m., Jackie Souder's Portland local dance orchestra; 7:30 p. m., Doris McLeary, violinist; 8:30 p. m., concert by the Western Auto Supply company; 9:30 p. m., concert by the Western Auto Supply company; 10:30 p. m., concert by the Western Auto Supply company.

KFMB, Pullman, Wash., 348.5 meters—7:30 p. m., Doris McLeary, violinist; 8:30 p. m., concert by the Western Auto Supply company; 9:30 p. m., concert by the Western Auto Supply company; 10:30 p. m., concert by the Western Auto Supply company.

KFI, Los Angeles, 407 meters—5:30 p. m., Examinor's mother's musical; 6:45 p. m., Examinor's mother's musical; 7:30 p. m., Examinor's mother's musical; 8:30 p. m., Examinor's mother's musical; 9:30 p. m., Examinor's mother's musical; 10:30 p. m., Examinor's mother's musical.

KFOA, Seattle, 434.5 meters—6:45 p. m., Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 7:30 p. m., Hopper-Kelly company studio program; 8:30 p. m., Times studio program.

KFWB, Hollywood, 222 meters—6:30 p. m., children's hour, Big Boy; 7:30 p. m., program, Beverly Hills; 8:30 p. m., program, Beverly Hills; 9:30 p. m., program, Beverly Hills; 10:30 p. m., program, Beverly Hills.

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

The Sour-Old-Woman and the Balloons



The Sour-Old-Woman looked cunning. "What would you do to get it?" she asked in a whisper.

"Now then," said the Green Wizard to Nancy and Nick, "when you knock at the door of the Sour-Old-Woman who lives Under-the-Waterfall you must say:

"Balloons! Balloons! A bunch of balloons!"

"At that she will open her door instantly, because if there is anything the Sour-Old-Woman loves it is balloons."

"Why?" asked the Twins.

"Because one time," said the Green Wizard, "she had her fortune told and the fortune teller said she would find her fortune through a balloon."

"All right, we'll try to remember the words," said Nick, saying them over again to himself. "But what if she won't give us the key after we do get in?"

"Just do anything she asks you," said the Green Wizard. "No matter what it is, do it. Then she will be sure to feel grateful and give you the key to the cupboard in Pizis Cave."

So the Twins started. They crossed a county and a township and a town and a hamlet, and at last they came to a rushing stream.

Then they went along the rushing stream about three furlongs and a league, and at last they came to a high waterfall which fell with a crash onto the stones below.

Under the waterfall was the stone house of the Sour-Old-Woman. The Twins went tapping, tap on the door and sang out:

"Balloons! Balloons! A bunch of balloons!"

Fashion Plaques



The watermelon hat is a summer novelty, not to be taken too seriously or recommended for formal wear. It is of silk in light and dark shades of green arranged to make the crown a perfect copy of a melon. The brim is of the lighter silk, curled. The crown is bound with a ribbon band of watermelon pink.

Home Hints

THE combs and brushes you use for your hair should be kept immaculately clean by frequent cleanings in ammonia water.

To Whiten Linen To whiten linen if it has become yellow add one teaspoon of cream of tartar to each quart of water in which you wash it.

Air Them First Frocks should never be hung up in a closet wardrobe immediately after they have been taken from the body, but should be placed where they may be thoroughly aired.

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle.

Newsprint production in Canada this year is greater than ever before.

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS



Answer.