

# Married Flirts

By MABEL McELLIOTT

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
 WEASER and TOM  
 GRAY are married with a  
 simple ceremony at the  
 home of LILA HOTALING  
 and DORIS BLISS, sister  
 of Tom's. The ceremony  
 was held at the home of  
 Gypsy and Lila are childhood  
 friends. The Weasers spent  
 their honeymoon in a  
 Long Island beach and the  
 blisses go to Europe.

### CHAPTER III

IT was quite different, starting  
 off in the morning, from life in  
 Blue Hills. There Clyde had  
 always had Gypsy's breakfast ready  
 and waiting. Here she had to  
 rise half an hour earlier than  
 Tom in order to squeeze oranges,  
 set the table and make coffee.  
 Gypsy was still far from expert  
 in these matters, although Tom  
 praised her inordinately.

This morning a slight stiffness  
 brooded over the little household.  
 Gypsy flew about, measuring,  
 straining, pouring. Although she  
 was studiously cheerful, her heart  
 was sore. It wasn't fair—it wasn't  
 fair... she kept telling herself,  
 that Tom should be lurching to-  
 day, their first day in the new  
 life, at the end of the honeymoon,  
 with another girl. Men were dif-  
 ferent, there was no doubt about  
 it. Now, she wouldn't have thought  
 of making an engagement that  
 did not include him.

The fact that he had meant to  
 include her—had, in fact, blun-  
 dered into the engagement be-  
 cause he hadn't known, man-  
 fashion, how to get out of it, did  
 not mitigate the offense, in Gyp-  
 sy's mind. She didn't reason  
 about the matter... she merely  
 felt. And the sum total of her  
 feeling was injury.

She wouldn't have time to wash  
 up the breakfast things, that  
 much was certain. It was 8:15 by  
 the time they sat down to break-  
 fast. She had to be downtown by  
 nine. Tom left at 20 minutes past  
 eight, with a hurried embrace and  
 a backward anxious look. Poor  
 Tom! He didn't know what it was  
 all about, Gypsy thought, resent-  
 fully.

She took special pains with her  
 appearance, with mental eye on  
 the unknown Miss Vera Gray.  
 Everything she wore was new,  
 from the crisp blouse to the small  
 shining shoes—all part of her  
 modest trousseau. The other  
 girls who taught at the Settle-  
 ment—Helen Marr and Blanche  
 Jordan—would be curious about  
 such matters and Gypsy did not  
 want to disappoint them.

She hated leaving the apart-  
 ment, but at six and seven, beds  
 unmade, the kitchen in confu-  
 sion, but there was no choice.  
 Maybe Tom was right and she  
 would have to get someone in to  
 help.

THE morning had turned un-  
 commonly warm, one of those  
 late, lingering Indian summer  
 days which bewilder the city  
 dweller with their languor. The  
 subway was hot and crowded.  
 Gypsy, packed between two per-  
 spiring garment-workers from the  
 Bronx, was conscious of wilting  
 freshness. She felt less and less  
 like a bride, and more and more  
 like a married breadwinner. "I'm  
 glad Mother can't see me now,"

was her irrelevant thought. At  
 least, from Blue Hills, she had  
 ridden in more comfortable fash-  
 ion, on train and ferry. Oh, well,  
 you couldn't have everything.  
 You had to pay for the privilege  
 of living in New York City.

"My dear, that's the best-look-  
 ing outfit!" Her colleagues  
 greeted her with smiles and hats  
 clasped. "We missed you," said  
 Miss Marr, an eye-glassed girl  
 from Randolph-Macon. "We've  
 certainly missed you, honey. It's  
 mighty nice to see you."

This part of it wasn't so bad.  
 She forgot the subway. Her pup-  
 ils had eager dark faces and  
 grubby hands, but the work was  
 so interesting, you overlooked the  
 dirt and saw only the eagerness.  
 She plugged into her classes...  
 modeling in clay... chalk-drawing...  
 She was surprised to look up at  
 the clock and discover it was half-  
 past eleven.

With the approach of lunch-  
 hour came the thought of Tom's  
 rendezvous. Her heart sank. Why  
 did she feel so miserable about it?  
 It was nonsense—utter nonsense.  
 Tom had chosen her out of all  
 the world. What did it matter if  
 he lunched today with another  
 woman? Thus reason argued,  
 but the sense of injury persisted.

"You going to have something  
 sent in, honey?" Miss Marr  
 stuck her neatly coiffed head  
 around the door-jamb.

Gypsy, surprised in her reverie,  
 said vaguely that she didn't know  
 —she hadn't thought about eat-  
 ing. She wasn't, she added, a bit  
 hungry.

"It's all right." It really was,  
 now. Bring on your vamps.  
 Bring on your Vera Grays. She  
 was equal to all of them. He  
 loved her.

She went back to the others,  
 her face shining.

"I hope you've saved me a big  
 husky sandwich," she cried, run-  
 ning into the teacher's room. "I'm  
 famished."

Miss Marr and Miss Jordan ex-  
 changed sly, amused, spinsterish  
 glances over her head. So they've  
 kissed and made up, the glances  
 said.

USUALLY Gypsy's duties at the  
 settlement house were ended at  
 four o'clock, but today she was  
 detained for almost an hour,  
 catching up with letters, seeing  
 parents who happened to stop in.  
 She had planned to shop for din-  
 ner on the way home. None of  
 this night-after-night tearoom  
 dining for the young Weasers, she  
 had announced, very firmly. It  
 was half-past five when she got  
 off the subway, feeling drugged,  
 hot and tired.

Valiantly she  
 turned in at the little corner mar-  
 ket and bought chops, vegetables  
 for a salad and peas. Next door  
 she added a bag of rolls to her  
 collection. She would, she de-  
 cided, have to manage her affairs  
 better in future. She would tel-  
 ephone an order before she left,  
 and find the supplies awaiting her  
 at home. She would make menu  
 lists for a week ahead...

A church clock struck six as  
 she reached the apartment build-  
 ing. She longed for a shower,  
 clean clothes, time to rest before  
 dinner. Clyde had had a deli-  
 cious habit of drawing a bath just  
 before her arrival at the house  
 in Blue Hills...

Now she would have to rush,  
 to have things fixed before Tom  
 got home. She didn't want to be  
 a bedraggled, home-keeping wife.  
 She wanted him to think her al-  
 ways pretty and glamorous. From  
 where she stood, this looked quite  
 a large order.

As she slipped her key into the  
 lock, she was visualizing the scene  
 which would spread before her.  
 There would be a pile of sticky  
 dishes. There would be two beds  
 to make. Yesterday's papers still  
 lay about. She braced her shoul-  
 ders, and the door flew open.

"Why, darling!"

TOM was there before her. Over  
 his shoulder she saw a spick  
 and span kitchen. The living  
 room was in exquisite order.  
 There were even some fresh  
 chrysanthemums in a little vase.

"What on earth...?"

His kiss silenced her. He was  
 taking her bundles. Behind him,  
 in the gloom, an aproned figure  
 loomed.

"This is Dinah, Mrs. Weaver,  
 ma'am," Tom said, gravely. "Din-  
 ah's going to clean up for us  
 every day, fix the things for din-  
 ner and whatever else you like."  
 White teeth gleamed in a black  
 face. Dinah's apron was spot-  
 less.

"But Tom," said Gypsy, follow-  
 ing him into the living room. "How  
 on earth do you do it? Where did  
 you find her?"

He radiated the pride of the  
 efficient male.

"I came home early," he said,  
 "and when I saw what a state the  
 place was in and realized what it  
 would mean to you every night,  
 I scared up the superintendent  
 and he sent Dinah around."

"Won't it cut into our budget?"  
 Gypsy wanted to know.

Tom waved this aside. Dinah,  
 he said, would charge them \$5 a  
 week for part time work—and  
 she was glad to get it.

Wearily Gypsy tossed the smart  
 little hat on the daybed and suffed  
 out her hair.

"Well, that's fine," she said.  
 "And now I must see about din-  
 ner."

Tom restrained her.

"She'll get dinner tonight—  
 didn't I tell you? Three nights  
 a week—that was the arrange-  
 ment I made."

"Darling, you're wonderful,"  
 Gypsy breathed.

"You're to rest until it's  
 ready," commanded the wizard  
 of affairs, masterfully. "And af-  
 terwards you're to look your pret-  
 tiest, because we're going to have  
 callers."

Gypsy stared at him. His man-  
 ner was a shade too casual. Her  
 suspicions were aroused.

"Not... not..." She refused  
 to say the name.

"Yes, Vera's dashing in to see  
 us," Tom told her with hardi-  
 hood. "She's dying to meet you."  
 (To Be Continued)

### Flapper Fanny Says



Dancers don't need arms to make a revolution.

### OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



### SALESMAN SAM

By Small



### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



### WASH TUBS

By Crane



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



### THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP

By Cowan

