

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seiwright © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
GAIL EVERETT, who has won the John S. Larnie costume design prize, came to New York to work. Gail's parents are both dead. She has no one to turn to except her aunt, who is a fashionable school for girls, due to Miss Cranston's generosity and friendship for Gail's mother.

Armed with a letter from Larnie, Gail goes to the office of the large silk manufacturing company of which he is an officer. She is told Larnie is out of town, and not expected back for some time.

CHAPTER II
A LOOK of surprise widened Gail's amber eyes as she turned to the young man. "Why, yes," she said, "I was in Mr. Larnie's office."

His blue eyes were twinkling. "You got the dope all right that time, though these lovely ladies make grand watchdogs for the guys higher up. Larnie is out of town."

Gail smiled. "You know Mr. Larnie?" she questioned.

"Oh, yes, he's a grand chap, but his partner—well, you'd think Held's purpose in life was to nip genius in the bud. He hates Larnie's generosity and his interest in artists. Thinks encouraging fellows like me— and maybe you— (he glanced toward the big brown envelope Gail was carrying) "is a waste of money. Held will never help you, but, if you don't think I'm butting in, maybe I can do something. I guess if you wanted to see John S. Larnie it was about some art work. I'm Derek Hargreaves. I'm painting some portraits for him."

"That's ever so kind of you to offer, but I don't believe there's anything you can do," Gail answered. After all, this man was a stranger, and Miss Cranston had advised her to beware of strangers, especially in a city like New York.

"Well, if that's how you feel, all right," Derek pulled his hat on at its accustomed rakish angle. His eyes twinkled. "I thought perhaps you were a stranger and a word from someone who knows the ropes might save you time and tears!"

For a moment Gail raised her eyes to Derek's. He was so tall. Six feet two in his socks he would have told you! "Well, if you're sure it won't be too much bother, I guess you can help me."

"That's the girl! I know a little place just around the corner. Let's go there and talk things over. It won't be busy yet. We're early. Later you almost have to fight for a table!"

WALKING along the short block, Gail told her companion about the prize she had won and her hopes to become a designer.

"Congratulations!" he cried. "Larnie's a mighty good judge. Even though he generally has a jury of three or four fashion authorities—editors of swanky magazines—he always has the final say-so, and he's never picked a failure yet. So there, I guess I'm talking to a famous designer! Well, here we are."

Walking down two steps they entered the basement of a brownstone house. With a gay nod to the waitress who was dressed as a shepherdess Derek led the way to a corner table. "Now," he said, handing Gail the menu, "what do you want?"

"Oh, I'm really not hungry," she answered.

"I haven't eaten yet, so you might as well have something and keep me company. Besides, I think you're going to have a busy afternoon. They have delicious Cornish pasties here. Let me order one for you."

"All right then," Gail answered. "Now, while she's getting our order," said Derek, as the waitress headed toward the kitchen. "Let's talk things over. I suppose the first thing you want is a job."

"Yes, I guess a job's what I want. Of course later I'll have my own place—" Gail stopped. "Here I am, starting to tell you all my dreams when I hardly know you!"

"That's O. K. We're both interested in the same things. While I'm doing portraits now, I'll tell you a secret of my deep, dark past. I earned enough to study with Loeffler by doing fashion drawings! Lord, how I hate them!"

Gail smiled. "I'm not so keen either on regular fashion sketches—those black and whites for newspapers! It's designing gorgeous clothes for young girls that I love."

"Say, that's good, for youth's ruling the world these days. There's lots of competition, though. I know two or three youngsters who are making names for themselves, but 'there's always room at the top,' and I guess that's where you're going."

And so they talked. When the waitress brought the check Gail opened her handbag.

"Now, nothing like that," protested Derek.

"Oh, but I can't have a stranger paying for my first lunch in New York."

"Surely you don't consider me a stranger now?" Derek looked steadfastly across at the girl.

Again the color rose in Gail's cheeks. "Yes, but a very nice one. Maybe he'll be a friend some day."

"That's better. Now, a toast to our friendship."

Gail raised her glass, and as her gaze met Derek's above the rim of the glass she felt strangely thrilled.

As they reached the door, Derek said, "I think you'll stand a chance with Madame Lizette. She's always making changes, but remember, while she's got a wonderful reputation among her cus-

tomers, I've no idea what she's like to work for. Still, even if she is a temperamental old piece you'll get experience. It would be better than a wholesale house!"

"Well, thanks for all your advice. You've been wonderful, and I'll surely let you know how I make out."

"Fine, and here's luck to you," called Derek, helping Gail on to a Fifth avenue bus.

"WHAT next, Miss Carolle?" Madame Lizette wrung her plump white hands.

The tall, slight woman who attended to the business details of Madame Lizette's gown shop in the upper fifties, swung round on her swivel chair in the tiny, rather poorly-lighted room that Madame designated as her office.

"What am I to do, Miss Carolle? My wonderful designer leaves me flat. Flies to California this morning because a movie magnate wants him to create some clothes for a new picture. And not a thank you, Miss Carolle, to me, for all I have done for him. . . . Can't you say something?" shrilled Madame, as tears ranged themselves on her painted eyelashes.

"We can advertise. There are always designers looking for work."

"Yes, yes—always plenty of designers, but not for Madame Lizette. Will you never learn? We must have something—what you call it—delective!" She paced the floor like a caged hyena.

There was a knock at the door. "Who's there?" cried Madame, her heady, brown eyes eager.

"Mrs. Travers wants to see you about her cloth of gold evening gown," announced a very tall young salesman.

"Mrs. Travers!" Instantly Madame was all smiles. "Yes, yes! I will be there at once." Snatching a compact from her desk, she quickly rouged her cheeks, accentuating the high bones that told of her Slavic ancestry.

"Do you want me to get in touch with some of those people?" Miss Carolle indicated the file before her.

"Prepare an ad. Maybe we find some one that way."

"I'll have to send it right away if you want it in tomorrow's paper."

"Tch! I want it in the trade paper. That is where you find people like I want. Get it ready. I will look at it later." All smiles, Madame went to the salon. Mrs. Travers was worth a fortune to her. Besides—

Miss Carolle turned to the typewriter, a look of resignation in her pale blue eyes. Madame was impossible, and yet she had spent 10 years with her—bullying her, knowing to her, and incidentally handling her affairs in a way that brought Madame Lizette a generous income and a growing reputation for being a very clever designer.

She slipped a sheet of paper into the machine. After all, it would be up to her to decide what to do. It was always like that. She wondered sometimes why she ever consulted Madame, for in the end she settled everything, the eccentric Slav insisting that Miss Carolle's calm, capable judgment was far better than her own.

The door of the office opened, and Clytie, one of the mannequins, announced, "Some one to see you, Miss Carolle."

"Who is it? You know I never see buyers in the afternoon," she answered sharply, without turning her head. "Don't you see I'm busy?"

"She isn't a buyer," declared Clytie, gliding away as Gail Everett stepped into the room.

(To Be Continued)

Canada exported 44,028,600 pounds of cheese, 6,906,100 pounds of butter, 1,350,700 pounds of condensed milk, 2,629,400 pounds of milk powder, 12,550,000 pounds of evaporated milk, and 1487 gallons of fresh milk between April and October, 1935.

Among the royal stamp collectors, in addition to the late Kings George V of England and Fuad of Egypt, are the queens of Italy and Belgium, King Leopold of the Belgians, and the crown prince of Sweden.

Since Selassie emerged with a few millions from the Ethiopia debacle, certain depression-hit business men are wondering what civilization could have done for him.

Flapper Fannie Says



Women save their best tricks for the magic moments of romance.

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