

The Glamorous Adventure

by Jean Seiwright © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEHIND THE SCENES TODAY
GAIL EVERETT, winner of the John H. Lange costume design prize, was in New York to see the three years of the fashion school for girls—due to Miss Cranston's generosity and friendliness for Gail's mother.

Armed with a letter from Larry Gail sent to his office and to tell her to get the job and to help Gail, she went to the office of Miss Cranston and to the office of Miss Cranston's mother.

Gail arrived there just after lunch. She found Miss Cranston's mother in the office. She had just finished her work. Gail got the job and is to start work next morning.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

THE subdued tinkle of the telephone on her bedside table awoke Gail next morning. Still half asleep, she reached for the receiver, and heard a crisp young voice announce, "It's 7 o'clock!"

"Thanks," answered Gail, mechanically placing the receiver in its cradle again. She'd quite forgotten she had left word at the desk to be called.

The sun was shining brightly, and already the unfamiliar noises of the city were drifting into her room. There was the screech of the elevated as its serpentine train swung around a curve, the throb of innumerable motors as a never-ending stream of cars swept along the street. Hundreds of men and women were already on their way to work.

Gail breakfasted alone, for she was not yet acquainted with any of the young business women who comprised the population of the tall clubhouse. At the tables around her little groups of girls were coming and going, pausing here and there to call a greeting to new arrivals or wave gaily to others in more secluded corners of the large dining room. Gail felt thrilled. The atmosphere was so buoyant. Surely romance and adventure were in the very air.

She rose from the table but as she neared the door she came face to face with a girl whose vivid green eyes and dark hair immediately set her apart from all the others. She gave Gail no friendly good-morning, but a cool stare which undoubtedly she would have resented from a less intriguing character.

"Wonder who Natalie's gunning for this morning?" sniggered a rather petite blond to the girl beside her who carelessly shrugged her shoulders at the green-eyed girl passed.

"But had Gail not been in such a hurry to leave she might have heard the blond girl exclaim, as her eyes still followed Natalie, 'She's looking us over again to see if there's any newcomer worth getting acquainted with.'

GAIL sniffed the air as she stepped into the street. Although there was no fragrance of flowers around her, and she missed the sweetness of growing things, it felt fresh.

She walked quickly, amazed to see so many people on the streets so early in the day. Then, catching sight of a mail box, she crossed the street and dropped a letter into it. She noted the time of collection before she hurried on, her lips parted in a smile. Had Derek Hargreaves really wanted to know the result of her search for work, or was it only politeness that had prompted him to ask her to let him know how she had made out?

Gail was still smiling as she stepped down to the basement court where the employees' entrance to Madame Lizette's shop was located. Something seemed to tell her she would see Derek again.

"This the wrong entrance you'll be coming to the young lady," exclaimed Pat Murphy, the porter. "Sure, it's only the employees that do go in at this door."

"Well, I'm one of them," Gail answered gaily.

"Begorra, then, 'tis my mistake, though it's a lady you be!" and he flung the door open for her.

Down the dark passage Gail followed the other workers into a small dressing room which was crowded with lockers. She looked around. It was bedlam in the crowded room where girls were changing their shoes, combing their hair, adding another touch of lipstick, and calling back and forth to each other, until suddenly, some one said, "Shush!" as Miss Caroline entered.

"Miss Everett," she called, "here's the key for your locker. Use 57," she added as Gail appeared.

"Thank you," Gail answered; but when she tried to open the door, she could not move it.

"Here, sister, let me show you the trick," exclaimed Clytie, the model Gail had seen the day before. With a crooked smile in her languorous eyes, Clytie took the key and continued, "It's a temperamental one, you know. Takes after Madame."

THERE was a loud guffaw in the room. Then, having opened the locker, Clytie said, "Maybe you'd like to meet the crowd, Miss Everett?"

Gail nodded. "Yes, I would," she said.

"Girls, this is our new designer, Miss Everett," Clytie announced. Then, turning to Gail, she declared, "I don't believe you'd remember all their names even if I told them to you, but you'll soon learn who's who. Oh, you'd better meet Selma and Toinelette. They'll sew for you, and here's Ariadne who'll be your model."

Gail acknowledged the introductions, though she felt a little tremor as she met the rather disdainful glance of the dark-eyed Ariadne. For a moment she wished that Clytie had been assigned to her. Then, quickly, she tried to banish the thought that the dark-eyed girl might be difficult to work with—perhaps a trouble-maker. Yet as she walked toward Madame's room to await her orders, she confessed to herself that, as a rule, her first impressions were correct.

"Madame's just telephoned that she won't be here for an hour, so she wants you to work up some ideas for youthful summer frocks. I'll show you the designer's room." Rising from her desk, Miss Caroline led Gail along a dim passage to a room in the rear.

It was an extension to the old brownstone house which was Madame's salon, and the long studio windows at the north made the room quite light. There was a large work table in the center and at one side Gail saw Selma and Toinelette busily at work, the former running an electric sewing machine and Toinelette, the finisher, working on a filmy organdie frock. Nearer the door was a handsome Italian with a beautifully curled mustache, pressing a fine white woolen coat.

"You'll find paints and paper here," Miss Caroline pointed to a small chest of drawers. "I guess there are plenty of supplies, but if you need anything make a list and hand it to me. Frank does your pressing and Selma and Toinelette will help you. Madame said she wanted you to make some water color sketches before you start to work in the materials. You've had some experience in the practical side of designing, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," answered Gail bravely, though she stifled a sigh as she thought how different her surroundings were now.

"All right," Miss Caroline exclaimed, leaving the room.

FOR a moment Gail felt a desperate desire to follow her. Then, turning to the chest in front of her, she found the paper, paint and brushes she needed. Soon she was absorbed in her work. A buzzer sounded, and Ariadne, who had been in the showroom most of the morning, sauntered over to Gail. "It's 12 o'clock. Time to go to lunch."

"My, but the morning's gone fast," cried Gail, sitting up and looking about her. "I guess I'd better finish this before I go out. Madame may wish to see it."

"Better go when the going's good," advised Ariadne, and she slouched from the room.

A moment later the door opened, and Clytie called, "Didn't you hear the buzzer, Miss Everett? It's time to go to lunch. I don't go till one, for someone has to be in the showroom, but our designer always goes at this time."

"Then I guess I'll go," said Gail, rising and cleaning her brush while she studied her painting through half-shut eyes.

"Say, that's gorgeous! I bet Madame will like that. Oh, well, if she doesn't—and when she's worried about Rex (that's her son) she often acts crazy—just never mind her. She gets out of it, especially if some of her pet customers are pleased with the sketches she shows them."

So Madame had a son, thought Gail, as she quickly got ready to go out. Clytie's warning words were still ringing in her ears when she reached the street. "Don't be late, Miss Everett, if you'd take a tip from a model."

Gail glanced at her wrist watch. It was 20 minutes past 12. She'd have to hurry through her lunch. Directly across the street she saw a smart-looking tearoom. Maybe she'd better go there. Still, service was often rather slow in these places that cater to women of leisure. Gail remembered passing a drugstore on her way to work that morning. The drugstore was at the corner, so she hurried toward it. A cup of coffee and a sandwich would have to take the place of anything more substantial today. She dare not risk rousing Madame's wrath the first day!

But Fate often smiles at mortal's resolutions! As Gail left the drugstore, a luxurious car pulled to the curb and a young man with the figure of an athlete stepped out.

(To Be Continued)

Knoxville woman, seeking divorce, says her husband hasn't bathed in more than a year. Probably the first instance in which the man saved the grounds for divorce.

Denver decorator reveals that unharmonious dining room wall paper would ruin any meal. Still, it can't be much worse than the host-bridge salad.

A Baltimore cat, which for years has been forecasting the weather accurately, has passed away. From a broken heart, no doubt, after that winter.

Flapper Fannie Says

Things crab your act most often when you're seeking oceans of approval.

Flapper Fannie Says



OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



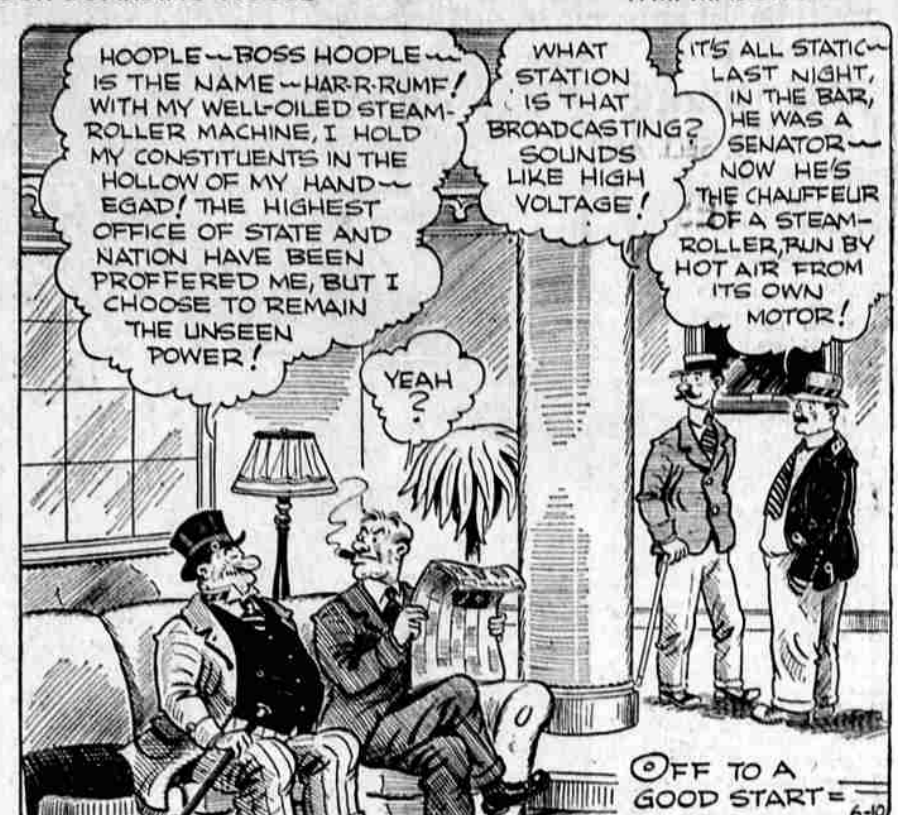
WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



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