

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seiwright © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
GAIL EVERETT, winner of a prize for costume design offered by a large silk manufacturing company, comes to New York to find work. She is hired as a model for a line of clothes by MADAME LIETTE, proprietor of an exclusive shop. Madame proves temperamental and difficult to work for.
Derek Hargreaves, young artist, is interested in Gail, and offers her friendly advice. Frequently Gail sees DICK SEARLES, whose sister was her roommate at school. She also becomes acquainted with NATALIE PRESTON who, under a mask of friendliness, makes shrewd plans to advance her own interests.
Meanwhile, in Arizona, MARK CHAPMAN has an automobile accident, is picked up and cared for by old JED HOSKINS. Mark, long a wanderer, has returned to see his old home. He learns that the ranch, formerly owned by his brother-in-law, PETER EVERETT, is in the hands of the Traverses. Mark is sure the deal may be crooked. Mark does not know the whereabouts of his sister, Gail.
REX HALL, Madame Liette's son, represents the Traverses company in Arizona. Word comes that a stranger is staying with JED Hoskins, and Rex is sent to investigate.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XI

NATALIE PRESTON faced Gail across the threshold. "I hope you managed to get along without your scissors," she said. "I haven't had a chance to return them before. Oh—were you going somewhere?"
It was Saturday afternoon and Gail's week-end case, partly packed, lay open on the couch.
"Yes, I'm going to Long Island. You surely don't think I'd be going down to the shore all by myself?"
"Hardly! What train are you trying to make?" asked Natalie.
"I'm not going by train."
"Your friends are coming for you in their car?"
"Yes, Dick Searles will be here any minute."
"Dick Searles!" Natalie repeated. "Not one of the rich Searles who give so much to charity?"
Gail smiled. "Well, this is the only family of that name which I know. They have a lovely home and I know Dick's parents are very philanthropic."

The telephone tinkled.
"That must be Dick now!" Gail picked up the receiver while Natalie rose and looked out of the window.
Parked in front of the door was a long, slim car that looked as though it was brand new. Natalie's green eyes hardened. Some people certainly seemed to have all the luck!

NATALIE turned as she heard the receiver click in its cradle. Gail was tucking her red-gold curls inside a small, close-fitting, hyacinth blue straw hat.
"I hate to run away, Natalie, but I don't like to keep Dick waiting."

"Oh, that's all right! He must be a brave young man to come to a place like this when all that's to be seen is girls, girls and more girls! Well, have a good time!" Natalie opened the door and walked with Gail to the elevator.

When the door clicked behind her, Natalie returned to her own room. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to keep friendly with the youngster. Apparently she had a good job, and, with friends like the Searles, undoubtedly she would have some good times.

As she stepped into her room her eyes suddenly filled with tears. What had all her success brought her after all? Even the girls in the clubhouse (most of whom she ignored, for at heart Natalie was a social climber) were to be envied for their dates and good times.

At last, with a wisp of a handkerchief, Natalie wiped away her tears. Maybe, after all it had paid her to be exclusive. Maybe through Gail, she might yet step up the social ladder.

"HERE, let me take that," said Dick Searles, as Gail, dressing case in hand, stepped from the elevator.
"Oh, it's light as a feather," she answered, handing the case to him. "How's everybody?"
"All fine, and, say, I've a surprise for you!"
"What is it, Dick?" Gail questioned as he helped her into the car.

"Rosemary's coming home next week!"
"Oh, grand! I wish it were tonight!"
"And in that case I couldn't have gotten a word in edgeways, with you two chattering. No, siree, I'm going to have you all to myself this week-end."

"Selfish young man!" Gail exclaimed, though gay lights flashed from her amber eyes.
Gail watched Dick drive and marveled at his skill. As she looked ahead it seemed to her that some of the cars—as thick on the bridge as ants in an ant-hill—must surely crash. But at last traffic thinned and when they reached the shore road, Dick slowed down. He glanced at Gail, and said, "Now we can breathe again!"

"But Dick, I don't see how you ever manage to drive in that mess, when every one's going at such a rate!"
"You get accustomed to it, sweet. His glance was tender as he turned to Gail. "How's the job going? I guess the old dame didn't swallow you, even if you were a minute late the other day. I waited to see."
"You did? You're a dear."
"That's right. Be good to me, for I deserve it."
"Oh, is that so?"
"Yes, I had a nightmare after I left you."
"Pat Murphy didn't order you away from Madame's front door, did he?"

"Pat Murphy! Never heard of the guy. Are you keeping something back from me, woman?"
"Pat's the doorman, stupid!"

"WELL, it's too bad he didn't do his duty. I was held up for 20 minutes by an old friend of yours. Though she gave me several hints I wouldn't rise. I didn't want to drive her to the Waldorf and treat her to a belated lunch."
"You mean Lucille Travers?" Oh, now I understand. The little spark of jealousy that had leaped in Gail's heart as she'd mentioned Dick that morning she was called into the showroom, was instantly extinguished.

"How did you guess that?"
"Oh, that was easy! I don't know many of your friends, but I'm quite insulted that you should call her a friend of mine. I know she's not that," Gail declared.
"Well," said Dick, "she's no friend of mine either."
"I designed a frock for her the other day," Gail told him, and the memory of her taunts drove the laughter from Gail's voice.

"You don't sound very pleased about it. What did she do? Tell me, quick, so I can settle with her."
Gail was silent. She knew Dick. He wouldn't hesitate to say what he thought to Lucille. Still, she wouldn't be a tattletale. She was a business woman now, so, with a gay laugh, she parried his question.

Laughing and chatting they drove along, through straggling villages, past prosperous developments and then between tree-bordered estates, catching a glimpse here and there of velvety lawns and chimney tops of magnificent homes.

"Oh, this is lovely!" sighed Gail, sitting forward and resting her eyes on the young green leaves and blossoming shrubs.
"Yes, and there's home," said Dick, as the old white house came into view around a bend in the road.

(To Be Continued)

CARR NEWS

CARR, Calif.—J. Steyskal made a business trip to Alturas on Tuesday.

Clifford Williams, from Cottage Grove, Ore., is visiting at the Gus Lindsay home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bollenbough left Saturday morning for Idaho and expect to be gone for a week.

Mrs. C. Costely made a business trip to Malin Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jones and two daughters are on a two weeks' vacation in Idaho.

Mrs. H. Whitehead was a Tulare caller on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thurman were Malin business callers on Wednesday.

The California-Oregon Power company has run the power line from F. Johnson's ranch to Harry Palmer's ranch.

Ray Garlie has been helping with the rodeo grounds at Malin for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barkheast have a daughter.

Mrs. Nona Corpening made a business trip to Malin on Thursday.

Mr. Stonelpher of Coquille spent a week visiting his son, Chet, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodrich and children have returned after spending a week at Cottage Grove and Portland. Fred has been on the sick list since his return.

H. Palmer has put in a milking machine since he extended electric lines to his place.

Among the children attending the Catholic school at Merrill are the two children of Dr. and Mrs. Welsh and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McCulliff.

Mrs. P. Fisher and daughters, Alice and Loreta, have returned after a two months' visit in the east.

William and Jack Steyskal and George Fabanick attended the dance at Merrill Saturday evening.

Ray Garlie won the horse race Sunday at the Malin rodeo.

Victor Schuk made a business trip to Lakeview Monday.

Paul and Ivan Patracek are cultivating their potatoes on the Art Pearl ranch this week.

Building cement is sifted through such fine screens that it is possible to hold water in them.

The Ohio garageman's report that he saw a new comet for undoubtedly was true, as Zincheck was in Washington at the time.

Veterans are about to receive their bonus, and merchants are hoping there will soon be a lot of by-baby-bonding.

Flapper Fannie Says



In the old days girls would have gotten a good dressing down for the way they dress up now.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

