

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

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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—due to a stroke of luck—by MADAME LIZETTE, proprietor of an exclusive shop. Lizette proves temperamental and difficult to work for.
Derek Hargreaves, young artist, is interested in Gail, and offers her friendly advice. Frequently Gail sees DICK REAGAN, whose sister, ROSEMARY, was her roommate at school.
Meanwhile, in Arizona, MARIE CHAPMAN, long a wanderer, returns to find his old home in the hands of the Traverses. Mr. Travers suggests the deal is crooked. He does not know the whereabouts of his niece, Gail, rightful owner of the property.
REX HALL, Madame Lizette's son, is representing the Travers company.
Gail spends the week-end at the Seattles' home. Rex asks her to marry him and again she refuses.
As the days pass Gail finds herself thinking more and more about Derek. He asks her to come to a reception at the home of the wealthy MRS. MORTON.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XV
"So you thought I'd forgotten you?" Derek said, handing Gail into the waiting cab.
"Well, that would be easy, wouldn't it?" she countered lightly.

"Think so?" Blue eyes held hers while he caught her hand in his.

Gail flashed him a swift glance. Derek really meant it! "Maybe I missed you a little bit too," she said. "Didn't you promise to show the little country girl around the big town?"

"And so I will. Tonight I'm going to introduce you to Mrs. Morton and a lot of worthwhile people."

"But if this is an invitation affair, Derek, it's no place for me! I'd never be a piker!"
"Of course not, Honey. I've a special invitation for you."

He drew out a folded sheet and read: "I didn't send you a formal invitation because I had planned to ask you to come to dinner before this. Then it occurred to me that there might be people you'd like to meet at the reception, and it would be a pity for you to miss them when you're anxious to see more portraits. Won't you bring that girl who was with you at Ivan's the other evening? I'd like to know her. Tell her she needn't be afraid of me!"

"Oh, Derek, what can she think of me?"
"Think of you, dearest? She'll love you! Yes—even though she looks rather hard-boiled she has more than the proverbial heart of gold. You don't know how sweet you look tonight! Did you have a nice week-end?"

"Yes," Gail answered impulsively. "The Seattles' are old dears."
"How's the work been going?"
"Oh, I've had a wonderful time. If it isn't too terribly wicked to say it, I hope it goes on this way for months." Smiling gaily, Gail told Derek all that had been happening at Madame Lizette's.

The taxi stopped in front of one of Park avenue's most imposing apartment houses.

Gail's first impression when she entered the apartment was that she was stepping into a garden. Wherever she looked there were huge vases and baskets of flowers. Entering a large room where indirect lighting was unmarred by any visible fixtures, they found Mrs. Morton. "Oh," she exclaimed as they approached, "I'm so glad you've come! Yes, Derek, this is the girl I want to know." Fixing Gail with her sharp, dark eyes, she went on. "I don't suppose you went to the Ferrara Gallery?"

"No," Gail replied, while Derek, hastening to present her, declared, "I'm to blame for that, Mrs. Morton. We'd planned to go one night last week—for Miss Everett is busy all day—but I had to run out of town. There's still time, though. The exhibition's to be held over another week, so we'll take it in."

"All right, young man, and now, Miss Everett, what are you doing?"

"Designing clothes at Madame Lizette's."

"Madame Lizette! An unutterable creature, even if everyone does rave about her! Gail, Mrs. Morton had not forgotten the day she had stopped at Madame Lizette's to buy a new evening wrap. She had been wearing an old tweed suit and after one look at the rather dowdy costume, Madame Lizette had shown her to the door."

"I suppose it's not very nice of me to talk like that about your employer," Mrs. Morton said, smiling rather sardonically, "but I have my reasons. Come, tell me all about yours!"

QUICKLY she won Gail's confidence. Then she turned to Derek. "What I wanted to see you about particularly before the crowd comes is a portrait of my son's small daughter. I'd like you to paint a portrait of the child, but she's quick as lightning and it will be a hard commission." Mrs. Morton finished her talk, having arranged that Derek should drive with her to her son's country place up on the Hudson the following week. With another kindly word to Gail she turned away to meet the guests who were now rapidly filling the rooms.

"You've made a hit with her," Derek told Gail.
Gail smiled as they passed from one group to another. Would she ever remember who was who among all the people to whom Derek was introducing her?
"Oh, excuse me a minute. I forgot to ask Raf Gregory, the artist, who he gave old Hazlett such a knock. He ought to know better."
"All right, Derek." Seating her-

self on a wide window perch which was banded with flowers, Gail added, "I'll wait here."
GAIL watched Mrs. Morton moving around among her guests. Derek had disappeared. Then suddenly her heart seemed to stand still. Lucille Travers was talking to him beside a huge bouquet of fragrant syringa. At the same moment Gail caught her hostess' eye, and Mrs. Morton stalked at once to her side.
"You like Derek, don't you?" she demanded, gazing steadily at Gail.
"He has been very kind to me." Quickly Gail told of their meeting.
"Just like Derek. He had a long, hard row to hoe, though meeting him now you'd never know it. But success is not going to turn his head. I don't want creatures like that Travers girl to do it, either. Better have your engagement announced immediately."

"But we're not engaged!" Gail's cheeks grew rosy.
"You will be," said the homely old woman, patting the girl's shoulder as she moved forward to meet a belated guest.

Again Gail's eyes turned to Derek. He was coming across the room, bringing Lucille with him.
"Hello, Gail. I thought you'd like to know that Derek's going to paint my portrait. I want him to come to our place now and select the frock I'm to wear, but he says he has to take you home."

Gail started to say, "All right!" when she remembered the warning gleam in Mrs. Morton's dark eyes. Why should she let Lucille take Derek away? "He's quite right," Gail said. "We have a date for tonight. He can select your frock some other day." Lucille shot her a glance of hate. "I'm dated up all next week, and he wants to start at once. Perhaps I won't have the portrait, after all."

(To Be Continued)

FT. KLAMATH

FORT KLAMATH.—A fine attendance featured the regular meeting of the women of the Civic Improvement club Friday afternoon in the club house.

Mrs. Frank Edwards acted as president for the meeting.

Following the routine of business, Mrs. Oris Moon was complimented with a miscellaneous shower by women of the community.

After the gifts had been opened by the guest of honor, the following program was presented, under the direction of Mrs. Marcella Rowe: Tap dance, by Miss Phyllis Neely of the Sunset camp ground; reading, by Miss Marie Loosley, "Jack Tends the Baby"; tap dance, by Miss Roma Mae Albaugh of Chilquin; musical contest, with Mrs. Fred Bishop winning the prize. A buffet lunch was served all present, the refreshment table being decorated with vases of colorful flowers. The committee in charge of the shower and luncheon arrangements included Mesdames Emma Gorden, Frank Edwards, R. O. Varnum and Harold Moon.

Those enjoying the afternoon were Mesdames Fred Loosley, Frank Edwards, Fred Bishop, Marcella Rowe, William Page, M. L. Ferguson, Taylor, Ray Ferguson and children Larry and Laura, Ray Loosley and daughter Joan, Harold Moon and daughter Velma, R. O. Varnum and daughter Audrey, Llewellyn Smith and twin sons Lawrence and Lloyd, Charles Noah, Wilber McFarling, Frank Denton, Martha Brewer, Stewart Nicholson and son William, Mordecai Hess, Joe Mapes of Hastings, Neb., Misses Mildred Ferguson, Rosemary Richards, Mary Pat Rowe, Delores Rossington, Lois Loosley, Marie Loosley, Phyllis Neely, Roma Mae Albaugh of Chilquin, Maxine Loosley, and the guest of honor, Mrs. Oris Moon.

The period of torpor undergone by certain mammals during the hot, dry season, when food is scarce, is known as estivation, in contrast to winter hibernation.

The proportion of American men who are six or more feet tall is not very great. Only about one man in 200 is six feet or taller.

Not one Swedish bank failed in 1931, despite the depression. Two raised their dividends, and six reduced them.

Fixing rubber grips to horse-shoes prevents the horse from slipping on concrete pavements in wet weather.

Flapper Fannie Says

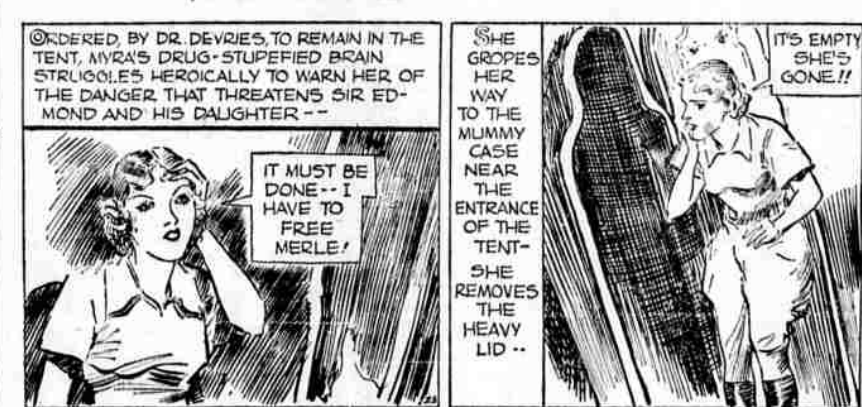


A bath brightens a dog's darkest days.

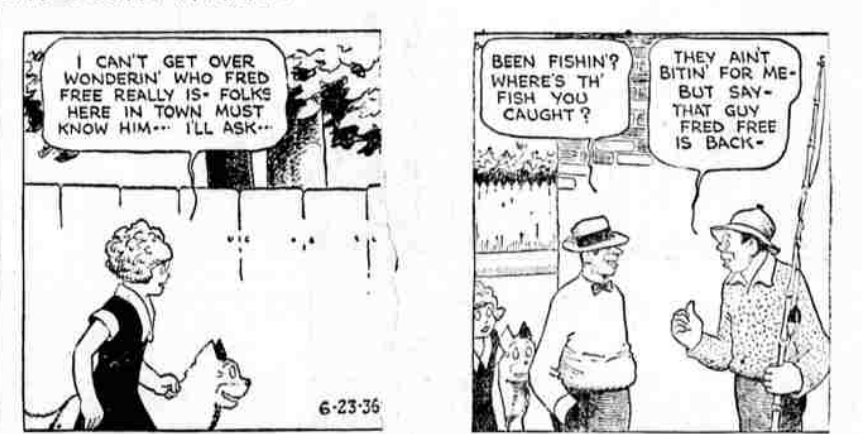
OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



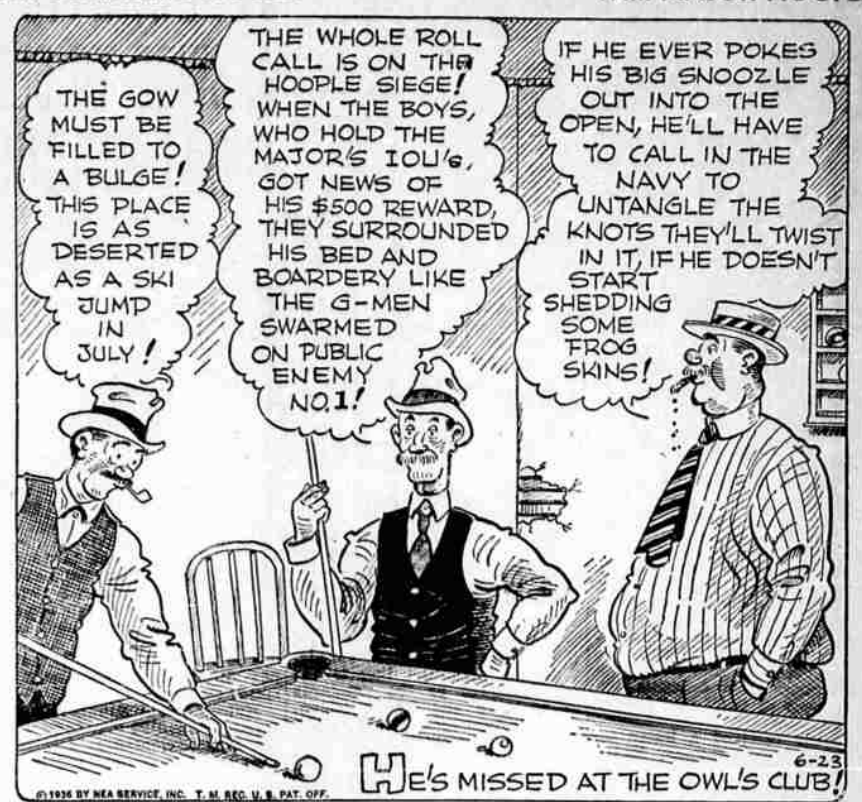
WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



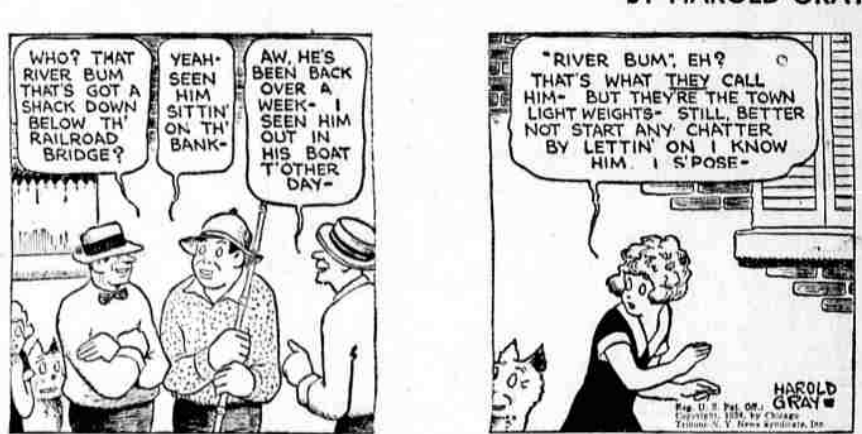
BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

