

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seiwright

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
GAIL EVERETT, ambitious to become a designer, comes to New York and meets a designer named MADAME LIZETTE, proprietor of an exclusive fashion house. LIZETTE, a young woman, is interested in Gail and offers her friendly advice. Presently she sees DICK SPARKS, whose sister, ROSEMARY, was her roommate at school. Meanwhile, in Arizona, MARK CHAPMAN, long a wanderer, returns to his old home, in the vicinity of the Travers Mining Co. Mark suspects the deal is crooked. Gail does not know the whereabouts of his niece, Gail, the rightful owner of the property. GAIL HALL, Madame Lizette's son, is representing the Travers company. Mark confides in his friend, old JED HOSKIN, and writes a letter to GAIL HALL, New York lawyer. Derek asks Gail to marry him and she agrees. A newspaper fashion writer praises Gail's work and, in a race of jealousy, Madame Lizette accuses her. Gail applies for work in a window display, but is told another designer has just been employed.

CHAPTER XX

GAIL'S spirits drooped as she stepped into the elevator again. Rita Cordell had spoken so hopefully about this chance yet nothing had come of it! What would she do next? She did not want to tell Derek. She knew his solution would be an immediate marriage. He'd insist they could get along somehow and that he wanted to take care of her. But there was Derek's work. No, he must not have more responsibilities now.

The lobby was crowded, and men and women were shaking their hats on the floor as Gail reached the door. The streets were spattered with hailstones, and the few people still outdoors were racing to cover.

The sky grew lighter and the crowd thinned away. Men and women started on their way again, keeping close to the huge structures as though seeking protection. Gail left the building.

It was almost half past 6 when Natalie came to Gail's door. "Aren't you going to eat tonight?" she asked. "I should think you'd want to have a big celebration after the boost Rita Cordell gave you."

"Boosted me out of my job! That's what Rita's article did for me."

"What, you mean that Madame Lizette fired you? No, Gail, you can't mean that!"

"That's what happened. She was furious." Quickly Gail told of her eventful day.

"The old so-and-so! I hope she gets it in the neck! Doesn't she realize that having a brilliant designer like you would really mean a fortune for her?"

"Madame Lizette evidently doesn't think that."

"Well, I'm taking you to dinner tonight. Come on! I'm ravenous."

Later, as they lingered over the dinner (most of the tables around them were already deserted) Natalie said thoughtfully, "Some people say you have a better chance of getting a job if you still have one. If I were you, I wouldn't tell anyone you've left Madame Lizette's unless it's necessary."

"All right, Natalie," Gail agreed. "I'll take your advice. It's been awfully good of you to tell me who's who and where to go first." She folded the sheet of paper with its list of names and slipped it into her handbag.

BUT in spite of Natalie's practical advice, Gail came home the next night footsore and weary. She had made dozens of calls, but evidently no one wanted her services. There was a letter in her pigeon-hole, but when the girl handed it to her, Gail did not bother to open it. After her bath she slipped into a negligee, picked up a magazine and began to read. At last she dressed. Natalie had a date and would not be home until late. Gail decided she might as well have dinner in the clubhouse. Derek had gone deep-sea fishing with an old friend who only came to the city about twice a year. He'd wanted her to join them when they returned and go to a theater, but Gail had been sure his friend would prefer the evening alone with Derek.

As she stooped to pick up her handbag she saw the letter again. A moment later she sank down on the couch. "Oh!" she cried. "What next!" The missive read:

Dear Miss Everett: As I understand you are a daughter of the late Peter Everett, I presume you are the owner of the Rancho Angelo. Although it is rather rundown, it is just the sort of place I am looking for. If you will consent to an immediate sale—within 10 days—I am willing to offer you \$10,000 cash.

Please let me know your decision at once as if you do not accept my offer I shall have to find another place.

Yours very truly,

Rex Hall.

"A ranch!" Gail exclaimed. "I didn't know Daddy had a ranch!" She wrinkled her brows, trying to remember. His relatives were all easterners. He'd never bought a ranch so far as she knew. Then, suddenly, she remembered how her father had said to her one day when she was being lifted to the saddle of her fat little pony, "You ought to be a good horsewoman if you take after your mother. Many a time I've seen her galloping over your grandfather's ranch!"

THE telephone tinkled. Gail's amber eyes glowed. Had Derek got rid of his guest unexpectedly, she wondered, taking down the receiver. But it was Dick's voice she heard. "So you got back sooner than you expected?" Gail said. "You're going to stay in town for the evening. Oh, you

have your car with you. Yes, with Rosemary at the Langs... but why don't you go there now? They're all out at some affair—yes, I'll be ready—goodbye."

They met in the foyer and as they walked toward the swinging door Dick's eyes grew bright, for Gail looked radiant. "I'm so glad you're back. Did you get along all right with your business?" she exclaimed.

"I guess so, Gail. I wired the information to Dad and that's why he called me back. It's been pretty hot driving today and I came down at a good clip, but it's worth it all to be with you. You know I'm still as crazy about you as ever."

"Then you haven't taken my advice?"

"What was that?"

"To find a nice girl and marry her!"

"I've found the girl, but she won't promise to marry me. What would you do in a case like that?" He helped her into the car.

"Forget her!" declared Gail. Then as she saw a shadow darken his eyes, she patted his arm. "Listen, Dick, I'm terribly excited, so you must excuse me!"

"What's up?"

"Wait till we reach the place where we're to dine. Then I'll tell you all about it."

Presently they were seated at a table and Dick gave the order. Gail handed him the letter from her purse and said, "I'm wiring this man he can have the ranch the minute I get the cash."

"But, Gail, you'd better go slow about this. Dad owns some land in Arizona. Better let him find out if this is a fair offer."

"Oh, but, Dick, \$10,000 is a fortune to me. I could start on my own if I had it. While they talked—apparently so confidentially—Gail did not see Derek and his companion enter the room."

(To Be Continued)

A survey by the Bureau of Air Commerce shows that a 10-week course in a flying school, leading to an amateur pilot license, costs about \$275; while a 20-week course, required for a limited commercial license, costs approximately \$500.

Thorough tests have shown that most of the oil that pumps into the cylinders from the crankcase gets behind the piston rings, not between the rings and the cylinder walls, as is generally supposed.

It is rumored that cadets in the Philippine army will be given air training by a commercial airline, the government paying the line a fixed sum for each mile flown by the scheduled commercial planes.

Sweden's first air baby was born recently in an ambulance plane, and before birth could be registered legal action was necessary to determine the official place of birth.

Texas Delegate? No, Townsend!



Well, well, look who's at the Democratic convention! Just below that hat may be seen Dr. Francis Townsend, father of the old age pension plan, who flew to the Quaker City to have a look around, he told reporters. Perhaps he's getting a pointer or two for his own convalescence, to be held in Cleveland beginning July 15.

Flapper Fannie Says



No matter how hot the weather, it's easy to be cool to a person you dislike.

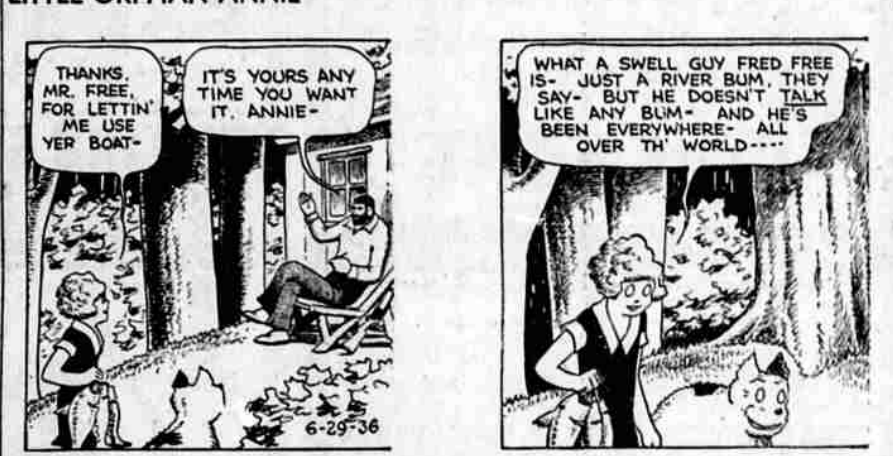
OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

