

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—due to a stroke of luck—meets by MADAME LIZETTE, proprietor of an exclusive shop. Madame Lizette, a temperamental and difficult to win for.

DEREK HARDING, young artist, is interested in Gail and offers her friendly advice. Frequently she sees DICK SEARLES, whose sister, ROSEMARY, was her roommate at school. Meanwhile, in Arizona, MARK CHAPMAN, long a wanderer, returns to his old home in the hands of the Traverses Mining Co. Mark suspects the deal is crooked. He does not know the whereabouts of his sister, Gail. He is representing the Traverses company.

Mark confides in his friend, old JIM HOOKER, and writes a letter to GAIL HARDING, New York lawyer.

Derek asks Gail to marry him and she agrees. Later a misunderstanding comes between them. LUCILLE TRAVERS tells Derek that Gail is to marry Dick Searles. Gail Harding comes to see Gail and she shows him a letter offering to buy the Arizona ranch. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

IMPATIENTLY Rex Hall glanced through the mail, for his boss had been called away to one of the mines and Rex was in charge of the office. There was no letter from Gail Everett. She should have written by this time, even if only to make further inquiries about her property. He recognized his mother's cursive handwriting on one of the envelopes and opened it, more from a sense of duty than pleasure.

So the new designer had done some splendid work for the fashion show. Madame Lizette wrote, "Of course I haven't praised her for the moment you show them that their work is good they demand a raise or go to some rival firm."

Rex wrinkled his forehead. Why did his mother act like that? Then, as he read the next paragraph, he suddenly gasped. "What a dumbbell I've been," Gail Everett was the name of that designer!

He glanced at the morning paper, dictated a few letters, and then decided he would ride out to the Rancho Angelo. But as he took up the receiver the telephone operator said, "New York is calling you."

Rex groaned inwardly. Had the summons come, he wondered. But he gave no inkling of his thoughts as he answered, "Yes, Rex Hall is talking." For three minutes he listened. Then, with a muttered curse, he laid the receiver in its cradle. His orders were to try to New York at once and fly and clinch the deal.

THERE was no special welcome awaiting him when Rex Hall reached his mother's apartment. Madame Lizette knew too well that her son disliked his work and she lived in a continual state of dread that he would give up his job and be hanging around home once more.

"What a surprise!" she exclaimed as she opened the door and faced him. "What's brought you here, Rex?"

"Oh, I've got to close a deal for the company."

"What do you mean?" Madame's beady brown eyes were instantly alert.

"I think your new designer is the owner of this land—"

"You mean Gail Everett?"

"Yes. Her ranch has some valuable ore—may be worth millions. But Travers is offering her \$10,000 cash for a quick sale. Of course she doesn't know Travers is behind the deal and she mustn't know it. Why—what's up?"

Suddenly Madame burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"Oh, Rex, Rex! You'll never forgive me, I fired her!"

"Fired her? Why?" exclaimed Rex incredulously. "Come, sit down and let's get this thing straight."

"So," he said as she finished her recital. "You've dishd yourself all round. Fired the girl who might have brought you new customers, and lost your backing because Cal Travers has started to tighten up the purse strings after you've simply bled his wife, and he's shown her what a sucker she's been. Where is this girl now?"

"I don't know. Miss Caroline may have her home address."

"WELL, Gail," began Natalie as they sat on a park bench, glad of the little breeze that fluttered among the blossom-covered trees, "now that you're so rich, I don't suppose you'll bother about your old friends any more. But before our paths separate I have something to confess."

"What do you mean?" Gail asked eagerly.

Quickly Natalie told of her interview with Mrs. Barton. She told, too, how she had gone to Mrs. Barton's residence a few hours before and had found that she was no devoted daughter, taking care of an invalid father, but held a responsible position in the Travers Mining and Development company.

"Well, that clears up another point, Natalie. Mr. Harding was quite right when he said the Travers company was back of that offer. Of course my uncle's letter confirmed it, too."

"But, Natalie, Mrs. Barton gave me \$25 for the information I gave here. Here it is."

"Oh, Natalie, put it in your handbag and don't think any more about it. Come on, let's go home. Rosemary said she might call me tonight."

AS they started back to the clubhouse Natalie asked, "What does Derek say about your fortune?"

"I haven't seen him or heard from him for days."

"You haven't given him up, have you?"

"It looks as though he's given up."

"I don't believe it. He's crazy about you. Maybe he's awfully busy on his portraits."

"Not too busy to take Lucille Travers for a walk down the avenue and buy her orchids!"

"What? Who told you that?"

"I saw it. That afternoon I walked over to meet you at the office I saw them together. Oh, well, I don't have to stay in New York now. I'm going to go out to Arizona and get acquainted with that uncle of mine."

They were silent as they walked toward the clubhouse. Then Natalie said, "Gail, if it's all off with Derek and you, why don't you marry Dick Searles?"

Gail smiled, but as they crossed the threshold of the clubhouse she felt there was something to what Natalie had said. Married to Dick she would know security. It was ecstasy to be with Derek, and yet must there be a heartbreak, too?

"Oh, there's Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed Gail, as she saw an oddly dressed woman with unusual dark eyes turn away from the desk.

"Oh, Gail Everett, I'm so glad to see you," Mrs. Morton grasped the girl's hand. "Who is your friend?"

"Well, Miss Preston, I hope I'll see you some other time," Mrs. Morton said, "but I want to talk to Miss Everett on business for a few moments."

"Certainly," Natalie left them and went on to her room.

"I suppose you know what my 'business' is?" Mrs. Morton continued. "What have you done to Derek? My grandchild's portrait is not going well at all, and he's cross as a bear. What have you to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Morton talked rapidly for several minutes. Then, as she left she said to Gail, "Eat humble pie—do anything but don't let that hussy make a fool of Derek Harding for another day!"

(To Be Continued)

News of Oregon

PORTLAND, Ore., July 1. (P)—An agreement by the Inman-Poulsen sawmill to re-employ four workers discharged five weeks ago brought settlement of a strike by 300 men. The controversy tied up the mill 34 hours yesterday. The union said four of its members were dismissed while newer employees were retained.

ALBANY, Ore., July 1. (P)—"Just for fun," George Settemler, Elmer Hofizer and Willis Clem turned in a fire alarm. Just for \$150 they settled by forfeiting bonds of \$50 each.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 1. (P)—Six hundred free forest camps in Oregon are available for vacationists this summer, forest officials said today. In reach of main roads are community kitchens, roadways, trails, bridges, rustic buildings and even swimming playground facilities in places.

The number of camps in the various national forests are: Mt. Hood, 196; Willamette, 84; Deschutes, 48; Umpqua, 29; Ochoco, 35; Siuslaw, 9; Siskiyou, 27; Rogue River, 44; Whitman, 10; Wallowa, 18; Malheur, 17; Umatilla, 31, and Fremont, 16.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 1. (P)—The request of Jack Justice that the state furnish a transcript of testimony for appeal of his murder conviction to the supreme court was denied.

The circuit court said it would cost about \$1,000, and suggested the defendant's rights might be adequately protected by preparing a bill of exceptions along with contested parts of the record.

Justice was sentenced to a life term for conviction of complicity in the slaying of W. Frank Akin, investigator, here in November, 1933.

BONNEVILLE, July 1. (P)—Receding high water on the Columbia river gave indication today that construction crews at Bonneville dam soon would be increased to full strength.

In the past week, more than 30 men have been re-employed and the crews are expected to be completed within several weeks. Operations have been resumed on the north half of the main spillway dam, and these will be followed with work on the west wing of the north bank cofferdam and excavation and pouring of dam piers.

In Korea, middle-aged women of the higher class and young women of all classes wear hats six feet in circumference.

Flapper Fannie Says



Exercising discretion helps create a strong impression.

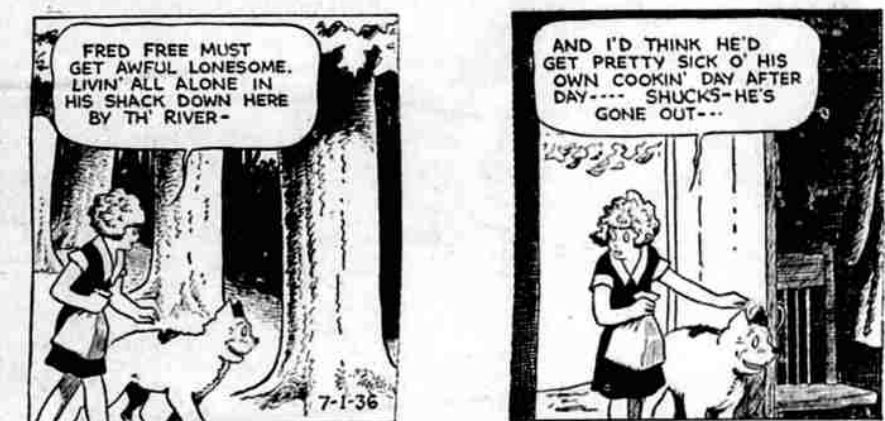
OUT OUR WAY



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



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

