

# Love isn't Important

By LOUISE JERROLD

READ THIS FIRST:  
Gay Elwell, check girl in a prominent Detroit club, meets a number of social elite when she fills in at a dinner party at the request of Dr. Wilson, a club member. One is Brock Carter who is very friendly toward Gay; another, Wayne Adams who is both interested and annoyed by her; and then Christian Scott and Tim Keenan, two millionaires. Tim takes her to his suburban estate and makes suggestions which Gay resents. Tim talks of his engagement to Eleanor Randolph and Gay counters with her philosophy of marriage. Gay agrees to show great interest in Tim to arouse Eleanor's jealousy and hasten her return from Europe. Mark Vance, artist, for whom Gay is posing in the evenings, discusses Brock and Wayne. Gay runs into Brock whose attentions are still persistent. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

### CHAPTER 22

POSING that night was difficult for Gay after Brock had left her. Charlotte Vance was not there, and Mark seemed in a bad humor. The bathing suit illustration was finished, and he was starting on a new one, supposedly of Vivien Bennett entering the dining room of a smart hotel at the dancing hour. In spite of all Gay's earnest attempts, she couldn't hit upon the attitude and expression the artist wanted.

"That's too stiff!"  
"Is this better?"  
"Worse. Don't simmer like that. Smile!"  
"Like this?"  
"Oh, for heaven's sake! Vivien's not a Cheshire cat—she's a human being," Mark groaned. "Look here, Gay. You're coming into a room, crowded with people. You're a poised society girl. You're acquaintances at a table, off here—" he gestured graphically to illustrate the scene. "You don't smirk at them like a salesgirl in the 10-cent store! You smile faintly. There! Now you're getting it!"  
"But your body!" He gritted his teeth. "For Lord's sake, don't slump like that. Hold yourself up!"

Things went on like this for quite a while, until Gay was about ready to burst into angry tears and run out of the studio. But she was game; she meant to get a pose that would satisfy Mark Vance if it took all night, and she finally achieved it.  
Slim, poised, and cool, her face touched by the faintest of smiles, she stood in an imaginary doorway. She was Vivien Bennett, she kept telling herself. She was rich, spoiled, high-bred. She was an aristocrat.

"We've got it at last," Mark exulted. "I knew if I could only make you mad clean through, you'd manage it. Now, for the love of all that's sacred, hold that expression and don't let it slip." He set to work.  
Gay was wearing a formal dinner gown of Charlotte Vance's, since that lady thrifly preferred to lend clothes from her own wardrobe, rather than have Mark hire costumes for his models to pose in. This dress was one of the loveliest Gay had ever seen: a Paris import, of ice-blue velvet. She wondered how much it had cost.

Once upon a time, such a gown as this would have been as far beyond Gay's reach as platinum or diamonds. But now she had one evening dress, equally exquisite, and perhaps if she saved the money she earned by posing, she might buy herself another. If Tim were really in earnest about taking her around with him, pretending to be in love with her, she'd need a change of evening clothes.

While she stood, immovable as a statue, on the model's platform, Gay's thought raced ahead into a dazzling future of endless new clothes, and parties, and excitement. Finally Mark Vance swung round and called "rest."  
She stood quiet while he chalked the toe-and-heel outline, so that she could step into the exact spot



Gay came slowly and gracefully down the steps.

on the platform later, then sank into a chair and relaxed thankfully.

"Tired?"  
She smiled at Mark. "Not so very. I'm sorry I was so stupid about the pose."  
"Stupid? Don't be foolish!" The artist filled and lit his pipe, and sat down beside her. "You're as good as any professional model I've ever hired."

Gay's eyebrows arched in astonishment. "I thought you were ready to fire me, I was so dumb!"  
"Nothing of the sort. Sometimes we have to fiddle around for hours, before we hit the right pose. Pay no attention to anything I may have said."

He sauntered over to the easel and studied the preliminary sketch, changing a line here and there. "Has anyone ever told you, Gay, that you're an exceptionally beautiful girl?"

She realized that the compliment was quite impersonal. "It's the lovely gown I'm wearing," she assured him, laughing. "I don't look like this in my ordinary clothes."

"You're partly right. That particular shade of blue happens to be your color."  
All during the rest of the time she was posing, that remark stayed with Gay.

Both Wayne and Christian Scott had seen her in the white evening gown. How heavenly it would be to appear at the party tomorrow night in a different dress: a dress of this enchanting shade of blue. She made rapid financial calculations, while her lips still held that cool, distant smile.

Mark asked suddenly, "A penny for your thoughts!"  
"I'm making up my mind," Gay told him, "whether or not I'll eat next week!"

Next day, during lunch hour, she found in a small shop on Madison avenue, precisely the dress she wanted. Fashioned of lustrous satin in exactly that silvery tint of ice-blue, it fitted Gay perfectly.

The price made her catch her breath, though the saleswoman insisted that it was an unusual bargain.  
"My dear! A copy of one of our exclusive imports, reduced be-

cause it's a small size. So becoming—and you'll need no alterations whatever. A marvelous value!"

Gay said, "I'll take it. . . . Wrap it carefully, please, because I want to wear it, tonight."  
Outside the shop, she counted the money she had left in her purse. Four dollars, to last till pay-day!

"I'm crazy!" she told herself, as she hurried back to the club. "If Mr. Vance doesn't need me to pose next week, I won't even be able to give Jean my half of the rent!"

But all worries and scruples were forgotten when she slipped into the new dress that evening, and saw how she looked in it. She had come home directly from work, bathed, powdered, and arranged her hair in delicious excitement. For almost two weeks she'd been looking forward to Wayne's party. Now the great evening was here, and she had this adorable gown to wear. What a heavenly world!

She gazed breathlessly at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. The ice-blue gown made her look tall and aristocratic—like Vivien Bennett, Gay thought suddenly, and then burst out laughing at herself. But certainly no one would ever take her for a check girl!

Wayne arrived at last, in a taxi—his own car was laid up at the service station for repairs—and Gay, who had been waiting for him with anxious impatience, came slowly and gracefully down the steps, pulling on the long white gloves that were Jean's contribution to her ensemble. She was well aware of the fact that from behind the curtains of the ground floor windows, the caretaker and his wife were observing her departure with deep interest.

"How stunning you look!" Wayne's eyes were smiling, as he helped her into the cab. "Such grandeur deserves a Rolls Royce, instead of a common taxi."

He seated himself beside her, and Gay lifted a radiant face to his.  
"Don't make fun of me. If you only knew how I'm loving all this—being asked to your party—and you coming for me, and everything. It's like a dream, and I don't want to wake up."

(To Be Continued)

## Standings

| PIEDMONT LEAGUE |    |    |      |
|-----------------|----|----|------|
| Club:           | W. | L. | Pct. |
| Norfolk         | 74 | 36 | .673 |
| Durham          | 63 | 52 | .548 |
| Richmond        | 61 | 54 | .530 |
| Rocky Mount     | 52 | 63 | .491 |
| Portsmouth      | 51 | 61 | .455 |
| Asheville       | 35 | 79 | .307 |

| AMERICAN LEAGUE |    |    |      |
|-----------------|----|----|------|
| Club:           | W. | L. | Pct. |
| New York        | 72 | 37 | .660 |
| Cleveland       | 64 | 49 | .566 |
| Chicago         | 59 | 52 | .532 |
| Detroit         | 58 | 52 | .527 |
| Boston          | 58 | 54 | .518 |
| Washington      | 54 | 56 | .491 |
| St. Louis       | 40 | 71 | .360 |
| Philadelphia    | 38 | 72 | .345 |

| NATIONAL LEAGUE |    |    |      |
|-----------------|----|----|------|
| Club:           | W. | L. | Pct. |
| St. Louis       | 66 | 43 | .606 |
| Chicago         | 65 | 43 | .602 |
| New York        | 61 | 46 | .562 |
| Pittsburgh      | 56 | 53 | .514 |
| Cincinnati      | 52 | 57 | .477 |
| Boston          | 51 | 58 | .468 |
| Brooklyn        | 43 | 66 | .394 |
| Philadelphia    | 39 | 70 | .358 |

## Today's Games

**PIEDMONT LEAGUE**  
Rocky Mount at Norfolk.  
Portsmouth at Asheville.  
Durham at Richmond.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**  
New York at Philadelphia.  
Washington at Boston.  
Cleveland at St. Louis.  
Detroit at Chicago.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**  
Chicago at Cincinnati.  
Boston at Brooklyn.  
Philadelphia at New York.  
St. Louis at Pittsburgh.

## Results

**PIEDMONT LEAGUE**  
Durham 2; Richmond 7.  
Norfolk 5; Rocky Mount 8.  
Asheville 0; Portsmouth 4.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**  
Washington 0; Boston 9.  
New York 5; Philadelphia 10.  
Cleveland 12; Philadelphia 10.  
No other games played.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**  
New York 3; Philadelphia 0.  
Chicago 7; Cincinnati 5.  
Boston 2; Brooklyn 4.  
No other games played.

**RAMS SOLD IN WATAUGA BRINGING FANCY PRICES**  
Boone, Aug. 15—Twelve registered Hampshire rams were sold here last week with six of the animals going to sheep growers of Watauga county, reports Assistant County Agent H. M. Hamilton. The rams averaged \$26.92 a head with the top animal bringing \$38.00. Three were bought by growers of Mitchell county, two by farmers in Avery, and the remaining animal was sold to a grower from Alleghany. The rams were consigned by leading breeders in the southwest section of Virginia, says Hamilton.

## B. H. Mixon

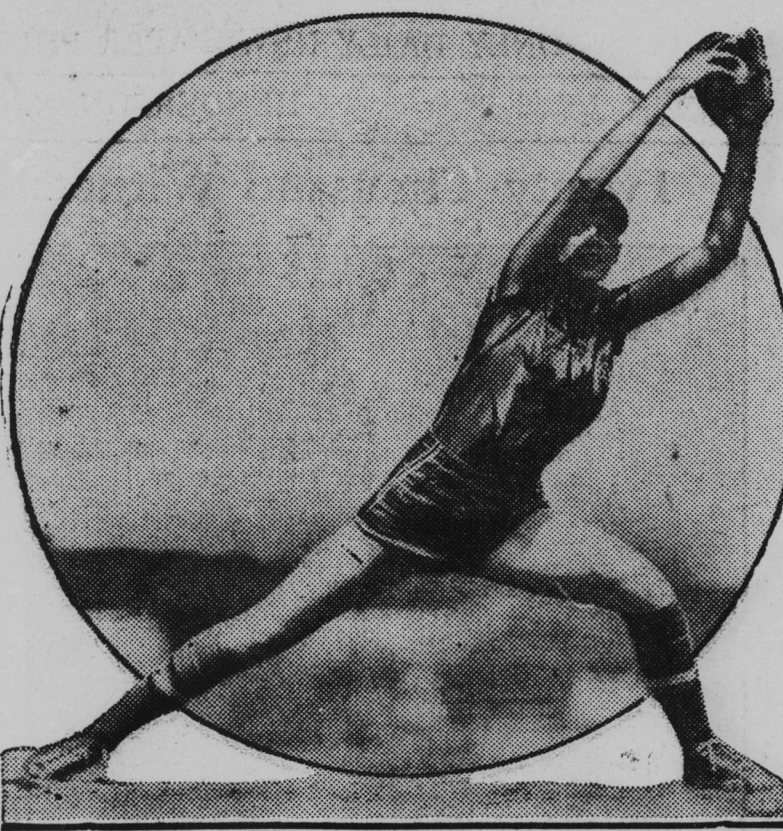
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## Watch Your Job, Lou Gehrig!



Even the famous Lou Gehrig never displayed better form at first base than does Miss Margaret Brown (above) who has that difficult assignment on a team of semi-finalists in the girls' division of the softball tournament at Chicago. Look at her pull 'em out of the air!

Ornament seems to have been the Dwarf Elephant found on the privilege of the male alone in the Congo averages less than four and a half feet in height, and is very rare.

## Conference On Tenancy Called For

(Continued from Page One)  
announcement by United States Attorney General Homer S. Cummings of a Federal grand jury of charges of peonage in Arkansas cotton fields. Futrell's proposal was the result of conferences with State leaders which started last spring, when a cotton choppers' strike was called in eastern Arkansas by the Southern Tenant Farmers Union.

## OBTAINS BIG INCREASE IN PRODUCTION OF HAY

Franklin, Aug. 15—The application of 100 pounds of triple superphosphate to the acre by J. R. Ramsey of Stiles, Macon county, has given an increase of 963 pounds of cured hay, reports Assistant County Agent S. D. Alexander. No material difference could be seen in stand or growth before cutting, but the fertilized crop matured one week earlier than did the check plot. Mr. Ramsey is well pleased with the hay yield and is of the opinion that a much greater increase would be made in a normal season, Alexander says.

## \$814 WORTH OF TRUCK IS SOLD FROM FOUR ACRES

Burnsville, Aug. 15—Troy Powell of Booneford, in Yadon county, has sold \$814.74 worth of truck from a three and three-quarter acre plot this spring, reports Assistant County Agent R. H. Crouse. Two acres were planted to beans, one and one-quarter to cabbage, and one-half acre to onions. All the produce was graded and sold in small containers. Truck growers have found a ready market for their produce this year and are making a good profit on the investment. Corn and tobacco are also locking well and growers are expecting a normal yield from both crops, Crouse reports.

# The Bible and A Newspaper In Every Home . . .



—said Benjamin Franklin, whose death on April 17, 1790, we remember

If you asked the founder of a great library system what reading matter you should place in your home, you might expect him to hand you a sizable list of books. But old Ben Franklin, father of the free library system of our country, being a man to put first things first, might have looked over the top of his glasses at you, and repeated "a Bible and a newspaper in every home."

Franklin himself was Printer and Publisher . . . and an advertising writer. He recognized, as you do, that good advertising is NEWS. Back in 1780, when a ship came to port with a consignment of India shawls and some merchant announced this in the newspaper, you may imagine that that item meant more to the ladies of the day than the usual chronicle of somebody's cow "lost, strayed or stolen."

An editor gathers up the news from all corners of the globe, just as a merchant gathers up his stock of goods. Then the story of both is carried in the newspaper. Both mean a great deal to every reader.

## Henderson Daily Dispatch

## A SENORITA WINKS, BUT IT'S NOT A FLIRTATION



A senorita winks—along the barrel of her rifle

When a senorita winks these stormy days in Spain, it doesn't necessarily mean a flirtation, as this Hearst Metrotone News photo taken in Somosierra, Spain, shows. A girl on the firing line of the Popular Front government troops winks as she sights along her rifle barrel.