

THE EVENING WORLD'S COMPLETE NOVELETTE

A Bull In A China Shop

BY ROYAL BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE

A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LOVE IN DEPARTMENT STORE SURROUNDINGS

WHO'S WHO IN THIS COMEDY.

- NANETTE WRENN, suburban and progressive, who leaves a home of plenty for a department store position.
SCHUYLER TAYLOR, known in his set as "Sky," assistant to a wealthy and doting old Boston grandfather.
MISS MULCAHEY (MAE), who has little appreciation of the higher possibilities of art study or of salesmanship.
STELLA TRACY, Bathroom fixtures.
JULIE DORT, Laundry furnishings.
GERTIE NOONAN, Kitchenware.
All interested in the outcome of the delightful little comedy that has Endicott's as its scene of action.

yet— he began. "I wondered if you had forgotten that," she murmured. "I haven't," he acknowledged. "I know it isn't done. Mr. Nobody can introduce Mr. Nobody to a girl, and then it's all right. But I don't know a soul you know, unless— unless she'll do."

stock?" interposed a meek voice. Mae gave him a look. Just a look. Then she nodded toward a whole table full of tea sets. "All specials," she said. "The gold bands, two eighty-nine; rose and luster, three seventy-five; fruit and flowers, four and a quarter—if you want to go that high."

It mustn't. He listened, his lips setting the tighter, his eyes on her with an expression in them that somehow made her angry. What right had he to look reproachful? "You mean— you believe such a thing printed in a paper like that?"

EVERY one of the tree of knowledge, and departed from Eden. Nanette Wrenn read a book, and shook the dust of Leicester from her feet. The dust, in so far as her trimly shod feet were concerned, is purely figurative, for Nan drove the car to the station. Her father, who had played hooky from business to see her off, sat beside her. Her mother was in the rear seat.

"Well, Nan," said he. "I suppose you'll come rolling home in a five-thousand-dollar automobile and lift the mortgage on the old homestead." Nan's mother produced a handkerchief. "Give my love to Aunt Jennie," she whispered. "And be sure to wear your rubbers."

Composedly she patted the blond puff that flared wide from either ear. "I don't hafta work," she explained. "Ma was simply wild when I gotta job. But no girl wants to stick about home."

handle that sort. What you want is experience. Experience was, indeed, what Nan was after. "The goal of the most ambitious young saleswoman is to become one of the fabulously salaried buyers who go abroad two or three times a year. . . . The buyer's job is one of the biggest in the business, requiring a fine grasp of human nature, knowledge of commodities and administrative ability of the highest order. The aspirant . . . is interested in more than the details of her own job. The manufacture of the articles she sells, their history. . . . This 'Modern Woman and Business,' speaking as a prophet! To Nan, Endicott's was an empire to be conquered. She wished she might have been set down in some other province than chinaware, where the overturn is slow and the possibilities of achievement fewer; but, as chinaware it was, she mapped out her campaign and put it into execution.

the modern business woman must learn to judge character for herself. NOW it is possible that the hot wave that ushered in July would have made the Art Museum and the Public Library less attractive to Nan, anyway. This was the first summer she had worked, and the book had emphasized physical fitness as a prime requisite of the modern business woman. This being so, she saw no reason why, with all outdoors calling her of a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday, she shouldn't go to Riverside for canoeing or to Nantasket for a swim when Sky Taylor suggested such trips, as he inevitably did. Especially as she always paid her own share, that, as the book had informed her, being the modern business woman's way.

Nan retorted she had no idea of going any distance whatever with him. Indeed, as she assured herself, she might never even see him again. And of course it wasn't because she had the slightest idea that he would be at the Art Museum the next Sunday that she went there—or spent ten minutes more than usual in front of her mirror before going.

"What grandfather said he's—he's sure of?" he demanded. AND WILL YOU COME WITH ME TO TAKE DINNER WITH HIM TO-NIGHT?"

I never trusted him. And, say what you will, an honorable gentleman wouldn't complicate a lady by putting her in such an equivocal position. Even the breadth of a continent or an absolute lack of any idea who was referred to failed to dull Mae's avidity. Judge, therefore, of her interest in the item; "Believe me," she went on, "I'd like to be a fly on the wall when she lights into him this noon. Yes, he was waiting, the same as usual. Gertie Noonan saw him outside. I bet he gets a good start before she's quite through with him."

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He paused to consider her. The eagerness was gone from her eyes now. She didn't, he added, care for him. Not the least little bit. She couldn't look at him like that, so hard and unyielding. "I suppose," he said, bitterly, "that it's useless for me to try to explain."

He whimsicality was contagious; she smiled, if uncertainly. "Of course," she said. "Over this way. . . . This is the set of a Thousand Wise Men. You can see their faces on the cup here."

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