

You've got good water, but Cactus City is better lit up."

Zizzbaum led him upstairs to show the sample of suits.

"Ask Miss Asher to come," he said to a clerk.

Miss Asher came, and Platt of Navarro & Platt felt for the first time the wonderful bright light of romance and glory descend upon him. He stood still as a granite cliff above

quired 38-25-42 standard a little better. She had been at Zizzbaum's two years, and knew her business. Her eye was bright, but cool. Incidentally, she knew buyers.

"Now, Mr. Platt," said Zizzbaum, "I want you to see these princess gowns in the light shades. They will be the thing in your climate. This first, if you please, Miss Asher."

Swiftly in and out of the dressing-



"A Dry Martini," she said to the waiter. . . . "When it was set before her, Platt reached over and took it away." . . . "This is liquor. You can't drink this."

the canon of the Colorado, with his wide-open eyes fixed upon her. She noticed his look and flushed a little, which was contrary to her custom.

Miss Asher was the crack model of Zizzbaum & Son. She was of the blonde type known as "medium," and her measurements even went the re-

room the prize model flew, each time wearing a new costume and looking more stunning with every change. She posed with absolute self-possession before the stricken buyer, who stood, tongue-tied and motionless, while Zizzbaum orated oily of the styles. On the model's face was her