

# GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

McDONALD FEADER



**CHAPTER 49**  
STEWART had been listening to Willowby tell Consuelo of the gypsy folk as he had seen them. And Consuelo had been sighing for the past—trying to recapture it.  
Stewart was not at all pleased. He was determined to get Consuelo off to the dinner party which he had arranged.  
"Come, now, you're being morbid," Stewart interrupted. "I hate to spoil this jolly talk but we'll be very late if you don't start to take off your make-up and get dressed. I'm sure Mr. Willowby will excuse you now."  
"Why, yes, yes, of course," Willowby hastened to say.  
"Oh, now, don't go! What is a party? We can go any time."  
"Just as you like, my dear, but supper was to be served at 12:30 and it's almost that now," Stewart's voice was peevish.  
For an instant her eyes narrowed. "Listen, my darling—" anger was well concealed under a coaxing voice—"you go and tell them that I am detained and will be there later—just a bit later. You will, like a darling one, won't you, and I promise that I will not be too late."  
"Oh, come now, that isn't fair!" She hesitated. Her eyes had narrowed further.  
"Oh, yes, my darling. You are so good at making excuses, make them for me to-night." It was dismissal. "And they asked you to stay to eat!" This to Willowby. "Ah, my papa must have thought you a fine gentleman to do that."  
Stewart picked up his hat.  
"I'll see you later," he said crossly.  
"Yes, my darling. Tell me, Mr. Wil-

lowby, how long were you around the camp?"  
Stewart slammed the door behind him. Willowby smiled.  
"I live there—that is, part of the time. You see, I have a farm in Kentucky just outside of Louisville where I breed horses. I spend part of my winters there. Your father's camp this year was only a short distance away. I saw quite a good deal of him and the others."  
"Tell me all—" Laughter rumbled in her throat. "Oh, Lord, but I am happy! My people, my own! It is not a dream that I was once a gypsy who danced down dusty roads as free as the birds above! I wonder if I shall ever do that again!" The laughter died in her throat. "Tell me more about them. I am so hungry!"  
Consuelo forgot that she had promised to meet Stewart later. She forgot the hands on the clock. She and Willowby had supper together in a quiet little restaurant where there were no blaring orchestras. She listened eagerly, intently, and asked a thousand questions which he could not answer. It had been a month since he had returned to New York. They had not spoken of breaking camp. Girtza had not sent any message except this: "Tell my little bad one to forget this old gypsy and be happy."  
"The day before I left, the big fellow, Marcu, came to my farm. He was wearing new clothes—a green silk shirt, striped sash around his waist and a scarf knotted around his head. A gypsy girl was with him. 'See,' he said, 'this is the one I am going to marry. I have already paid my gold for her.' Willowby had kept this till now.  
"He is taking a wife?"

"Yes, that is what he said."  
"He is taking a wife—" She played with her fingers upon the tablecloth. Absently she turned up the palms of her hands and stared into them.  
"I am quite sure your father would welcome you back." Inwardly he was not so sure.  
"Now you are wrong, but I would like to believe you. And you think this other, this one with his new bride, would welcome me back?" she asked scornfully.  
"Well, I don't know about that. I think you hurt him dreadfully by going away."  
Silence.  
"This Dummy, too, you have hurt."  
Silence.  
"Your father—"  
Then—  
"If my life might pay I would gladly make payment." The words were uttered from the depths of her being.  
"Tell me about the Dummy," she said a bit later.  
"He finished a picture while I was there. It is the prize of his work so far, and, in my opinion, a masterpiece. He let me take it only on the condition you would see it. He gave me a note to give to you when you saw the picture and commanded that I tell you no more. I am going to hang the picture next week. There will be a very select audience invited. If you care to come then you are welcome, but I would like you to see this picture first—alone. It will mean much to you."  
She promised.  
Over and over she asked him to repeat until at last there was nothing more to be said. He escorted her home and lingered on the doorstep. Her voice was unsteady when she thanked him and she begged him to come to see her again.  
"I wish you were not so lonesome, little gypsy."  
"Ah, now, how can you say that? I have everything. A thousand things more than a gypsy ever had—"  
"I said 'lonesome.'"  
"Lonesome—I have you now for a friend and you have known them, so I will not be lonesome again."  
"Goodnight, little gypsy."  
"Goodnight, my good friend."  
The days that followed were strange, unreal days for the Gypsy Consuelo. She forgot she had become a lady. She quarreled with Stewart. She was through being nice. What was a temper for if it could not be used? All the pent-up emotions of weeks were released and Stewart stayed at the club and did not go near her. She broke appointments and no one could talk with her. She came to the theatre like a whirlwind and danced like a mad woman and heaven help the one who crossed her will.  
She phoned Willowby time and time again, only to be informed that he had been called out of town. She received a short note from him from Detroit offering apologies and promising to call her when he returned. She tossed the note into the fire and called Doug. Together they disappeared in the mornings and returned at night. Doug's ears were frost-bitten and he began to have rosy cheeks and acquired the annoying habit of opening windows when others were freezing.  
Called to Stewart for an accounting, he explained that he and the gypsy had gone into the country and had found green trees and ground where the "ice cubes" had vanished and had ridden horses like "injuns."  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MICHAEL BARTLETT • ROBERT ALLEN  
Directed by Victor Schertzinger  
A Columbia Picture

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Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in  
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## NEW EMPIRE

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MATINEE DAILY—2:30 p.m.  
Midnight Show Sunday 12:01 Midn.

Thursday, December 19  
Edward Everett Horton in  
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Friday & Sat., Dec. 20—21  
Burns and Allen in  
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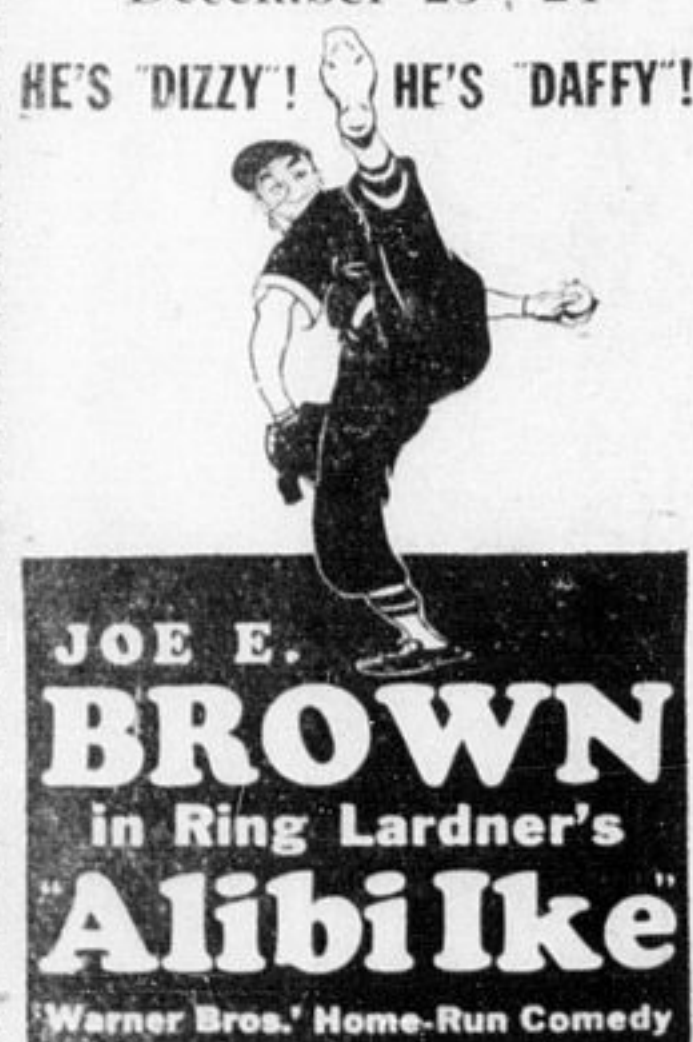
Mon. & Tues., Dec. 23—24  
BUCK JONES IN  
**"Outlawed Guns"**

Wed. & Thurs., Dec. 25-26  
Warner Baxter and Conchita Montenegro in  
**Hell in the Heavens**

Friday & Satur., Dec. 27-28  
GRETA GARBO IN  
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HE'S "DIZZY"! HE'S "DAFFY"!



JOE E. BROWN in Ring Lardner's  
**Alibi Ike**  
Warner Bros. Home-Run Comedy

Wednesday and Thursday  
December 25—26

A BRAVE LOVE IN A LAWLLESS CITY



SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents  
**BARBARY COAST**  
with MIRA HOPKIN, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, M. C. CREA  
Entered into the UNITED ARTISTS

**United States Newspaper Amazed at Great Britain**  
(Springfield Republican)  
While many whose whole sympathy is with the oppressed Jews in Germany are puzzled as to how the proposed boycott of the Olympic games in Berlin would help them, there is interest in reports from London of an international soccer football game played between the champion British team and a German team which was accompanied by 10,000 Nazi enthusiasts. In spite of bitter British resentment at the recent course of things in Germany, the game, which was won by the British, 3 to 0, was cleanly fought, resulted in no untoward episode and was made the occasion of a notable exchange of courtesies just before the referee blew the whistle for the beginning of play.  
As the scene is described, with the two teams waiting on the field the band first played the German national anthem and the Germans, massed in one of the stands, sang the verses "like a huge, well-trained choir," while the British, bareheaded, stood at attention. Then when the band started "God Save the King" the whole 70,000 who surrounded the field—"Germans and all"—joined in. Finally with the two teams still waiting together at the centre of the field—"the Germans in white shirts and dark shorts and the British in blue and white"—the whole crowd sang "Abide With Me." One of the striking incidents of the affair is the fact that the task of catering for the German crowd seems to have been admirably carried through by a long-established London Jewish firm. In addition the game was played in a neighbourhood in which the Jewish population largely predominates.  
Sudbury Star:—Once they find employment for the unemployed what are they going to do for the lads who have spent the last six years attending unemployment conferences?

**Disappointed Prospector Breaks Out into Poetry**  
(From W. J. Gorman's "Grab Samples")  
An old prospector friend dropped into the office this fall and voiced a complaint verbally and in rhyme. The circumstances were that he had made a discovery in the Matachewan area, had interested one of the largest of the mining organizations, which had promised to send an engineer to inspect the property. As the property was several miles inland from a lake the company arranged for the prospector and his partner to meet the engineer who would fly in on a certain date, at a lake where the plane could land. The two men faithfully kept the appointment, waited day after day, afraid to leave the lake lest the engineer should drop down in their absence. After two weeks' lost time they retired in disgust to the main camp, nursing a justifiable grievance. Here is how the old-timer describes his reactions:  
Ba gosh, de tam she don't pass quick  
For ma chum, Mose, and me  
We bin camp here for mos' two weeks  
But no airplane we see.  
De big mine boss, he'll say for sure  
He sen' de engineer  
For see de nice prospec' we got  
On Cleaver township here.  
He say for sure we mus' be dare  
An meet plane wid canoe  
An hurry up and take him back  
For odder places too.  
Dat engineer man mus' visit  
Spose two tree place same day  
De big boss man try very hard  
Make dat man earn hees pay.  
He don care dat for prospector  
Costs noting, let heem wait.  
He'll tink dat smart, so raise hees pay  
But big boss get dis straight.  
You keep me wait here, My expense,  
You fool me once, Oh well  
Next iam I'll find some good prospect  
Big Company. Go to—I don know  
where dat place be but she's not at  
de Nord pole.

## BE BEAUTIFUL

By ELSIE PIERCE  
FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



BEAUTY, A WOMAN'S WORLD, OFFERS MANY EMPLOYMENT.

To create a coiffure as beautiful as KAREN MORLEY'S requires skill. Screen stars' hairdressers must be artists, with a flair for originality and a knowledge of coiffure styles suitable for costume pictures and the ability to adapt them to the wearer becomingly.

This business of beauty is making such strides, expanding so rapidly that it is opening many new avenues of employment for women. While there are many male hairdressers in this field, it is nevertheless a woman's world and the opportunities it offers are legion.

There are very few working women who, putting their mind to it, could not find themselves in this particular field. From the factory worker to the creative artist, from writer, lecturer, sales-girl, beauty salon operator—there is such a variety of jobs open in the field that it opens the door to employment for thousands of women.

**Beauty Schools Gain Popularity**  
There are two ways for one to prepare for the post of operator in a beauty parlor. One is by training in a beauty school; the other by actual apprenticeship. A combination of the two is the ideal way to get the necessary theory backed with practice. Beauty schools are gaining popularity. They report increased enrollment the past few years. And the job of operator is becoming increasingly important.

There should be some talent, aptitude or at least a definite liking for the work to begin with. That plus a good foundation and a genuine interest in her work also a pleasing personality and (very important) a groomed appearance will make an operator rise to very gratifying heights of success. This sort of work demands that one be "up-to-date."

Even the matter of manicuring, for instance, it might seem that once one knows how to give a manicure, how to

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file the nails and trim the cuticle and put on polish there isn't any more to learn. But isn't there? The alert manicurist knows something about the association between the shape and size of the hand and the shape of the nail; she knows the latest colour combinations for the nails; how a particular shade of polish should be chosen to complement either costume or the make-up. The latest vogue matches fingertip polish and lipstick.

The facial operator has a wide scope to deal with, which means a more intensive as well as extensive training. She must know the structure of the skin, the underlying muscles, how to differentiate skin types and how to treat each. Make-up becomes a fascinating study and she who is up on her toes can command the admiration of her clients as well as a handsome salary.

With the spotlight focused on the hair, the permanent waver, the operator who can do scalp work and hair colouring fills an important post.

So you see that in the one field alone there are jobs and jobs to be had and if you like the work and are conscientious, you can take more than one wrung of the ladder at a time.

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vilege of the franchise. He recalls the long fight which went on in Great Britain for the extension of the franchise to males. The pioneers in this struggle fought as if they meant something, and they eventually obtained their desire. Later on the women began to clamor vociferously for the vote. They paraded in their thousands even to the very doors of the House of Commons in London. They disrupted meetings, destroyed letter boxes, they chained themselves to pillars, they went to jail willingly, and even starved themselves to death." And at last they too were enfranchised. Later on a World War was fought in defence of democracy. But now, when election day comes along the majority of both men and women voters often absent themselves from the polls. They certainly show no real appreciation of the victory won for them in the days gone by. When the chance is given them of participating in the control of their own country, they are not interested. In Federal, provincial and municipal elections surprisingly large numbers of otherwise intelligent people do not take the trouble to cast their ballots. In short, they do not seem to care how the money which they pay in taxes is spent, or whether their municipality or their province, or the country at large, goes to rack and ruin."

It's a Funny World—This is—If You Don't Weaken

An editorial last week in The Toronto Mail and Empire says:—"A correspondent, who uses the nom de plume 'Gonfalonier,' writes in commenting on the sheer indifference displayed by a majority of Canadian voters to the pri-



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**COOKING ODORS BANISHED!**

## Gift Suggestions

from

# RINN BROS.

Your almost sure to find a gift inspiration here if you are looking for useful gifts

<b>Pyjamas and Lounging</b> <b>Pyjamas</b> \$2.50 to \$11.50 <b>Gowns</b> \$1.95 to \$5.50 <b>Satin Sets</b> \$1.50 to \$2.50 <b>Hosiery</b> Sheer Chiffon and Service Weights per pair. \$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50	<b>Handkerchiefs</b> All our Hankies are pure linen. Priced from 15c to \$1.50 each <b>Blouses, Skirts, Sweaters, Twin Sets Wool Suits</b> Make Lovely Gifts and ours are most reasonable. <b>Coats</b> Very Special Prices on all Coats. See them if you need a Coat. <b>Dressing Gowns</b> Satin—\$5.95 to \$11.50 Wool—\$6.50 to \$8.95 Jaeger Gowns - \$15.00	<b>Gloves</b> A large variety to choose from in Kid Wool and Cape. \$1.00 to \$3.95 pair <b>Handbags</b> Our purses are solid leather—up-to-the-minute in style. Priced to \$7.50 <b>Dresses</b> No doubt she would like one of our new creations for Christmas \$7.50 to \$29.50
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A Word to the Men . . . .

Once again we invite you to visit our store, and we can probably solve your gift problem for you.

## RINN BROS.

Pine Street North Timmins

Commencing on Wednesday, December 18 our store will remain open in the evenings until Christmas