

Gorgeous

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

TOBY HAN, 19, works behind the jewelry counter of a large department store. He has a photograph of a girl named MARY HART, the photographer, who has a "camera face". Toby goes to dinner with MARY HART, who works in an advertising agency.

A few days later Toby leaves her job, due to the scheming of MARY HART. MARY HART also works in the jewelry department. Toby's efforts to find a model are fruitless. Then she meets MARY HART and he sends her to a dressmaker. MARY HART tells her she must have photographs in order to register as a model and arrange for MARY HART to take them.

After several anxious days, the model agency reports to Toby that they have an assignment for her. She goes to the office, is told she must wear a white evening dress. Toby has none.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII

THE girl at the desk looked thoughtful. "Maybe," she said after a moment, "you could borrow a dress."

Toby knew she couldn't. In all New York there was no one from whom she could borrow a white evening dress. And she couldn't possibly buy one. Her purse contained less than \$10. She was going to lose the chance she had dreamed of, the chance she had prayed for—because she didn't have a white evening dress. She said, trying to hide her disappointment, "I'll—I'll see—"

And then the amazing thing happened. The girl in the gray fur coat had been standing with her back toward the other two. She turned now. "Listen, Sally," she said. "I've got a dress she is, but we're about the same size otherwise."

"Oh—would you?" Toby's voice was eager.

"You'll probably have to turn up the hem," the girl in the fur coat went on, "but that's easy. I've got slippers to match—I think they'll fit you. What size do you wear?"

"Four-A."

"Then that's all right. Mine are four-B, but nobody will know the difference."

The girl called Sally said, with some uncertainty, "If you're sure the dress will be all right, Harriet—"

"Of course it will be all right! It's the one I wore for those movie camera ads a couple of weeks ago. Don't you remember? It's white satin—with sort of a square neckline and a couple of rhinestone clips—"

Suddenly she looked at her wrist watch. "Heavens! I've got to run or I'll be late." Turning to Toby, she said, "I'm going to be working for about three hours, but after that I'll be home. Can you come over to my apartment—say about 5 o'clock? You can try on the dress and if it needs to be taken in or anything there'll be time to fix it." She gave Toby the address. "If I'm not there," she finished, "wait for me."

"I'll wait," Toby promised. "I don't know how to thank you—I—"

"Oh, you can do something for me some time," the other said easily. "See you later. Goodbye, Sally." The door closed on the words.

Toby said, "That's terribly nice of her. Why, she'd never even seen me until this morning!"

"Harriet's a good scout," the girl at the desk said. "Let's see—did I tell you the time you're to be at the studio—"

THE house in which Harriet Holm lived was in a row of houses, all much alike, on an east side street boasting, to left and right, much more pretentious dwellings. Toby had no difficulty finding the address. She arrived a few minutes after 5, expecting that Harriet would be late. But she was mistaken; the door burst, releasing the lock, almost immediately after Toby pressed the bell.

She went inside, climbed the first flight of stairs. Then, from above, a head appeared over the bannister and a voice called, "I hope you don't mind climbing! It's the top floor—"

Toby went up two more flights. Harriet Holm, clad in a becoming blue negligee, met her at the top step. "Those steps are terrible," she said. "I've climbed them myself so often I'm beginning to feel like a mountain goat! But I keep the place because it's rather nice, once you get up here—"

It was rather nice. The "apartment" was a huge room with three windows looking down on the street. Pale yellow draperies had been drawn back so that none of the afternoon light was lost. There were bookshelves, well filled, in the space between the windows. On one side a dark green davenport faced a coffee table on which was a copper tray and vermillion coffee set. In the center of the opposite wall a piece of Chinese embroidery hung. Low, comfortable chairs stood before the windows and a leather footstool was pushed against the wall. There were splashes of color—pale blue, gold, sea green, and henna—in cushions and pictures and bits of pottery.

Toby said, "How lovely!"

"Like the place?" Harriet asked. "Here—let me take your coat. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. You need a rest after that climb—"

But Toby, instead, went to the window and looked out.

"It's the nicest room I've ever been in," she said. "How you must love it here!"

"I do like it," Harriet admitted. "I spent more furnishing the place than I should have, but, thank goodness, it's paid now. Well, I suppose you want to see that dress—"

SHE crossed the room and opened a door. "Here's another reason why I like this place. It's so hard to find an apartment with closet space!"

Toby, following, let out a low exclamation. The door opened on a closet that was almost another

room. Hanging on bars, closely packed together, were rows and rows of dresses, suits, coats.

"Are they all yours?" Toby exclaimed. "All those dresses?"

Harriet stepped into the closet, emerged with a white dress over her arm. "Yes," she said. "You'll find you have to have a lot of clothes if you do much modeling. The best-looking clothes I have are from fashion shows. After dresses have been worn in a show they usually let the models buy them for half price. That's how I got this white one—regular \$39.50 and it cost me \$19.75."

She held the dress up before her. "What do you think of it?"

"It's beautiful! But do you think it will fit me?"

"Easy enough to find out," Harriet said. "Try it on."

Off came Toby's own dress, and over her head went the soft folds of satin. Harriet snapped the fasteners, stepped back and eyed the other girl critically. "Well," she said, "you can see for yourself. There's a mirror—"

Toby moved to the mirror, stared at the image reflected. "Oh—I!" she said, and then again, "Oh—I!" She couldn't believe, for an instant, that the girl in the mirror was herself.

Harriet said softly, "I'll have to tell it to you, Toby. After seeing you in that dress I'd never have the nerve to wear it again myself. It was made for you! Of course it will have to be turned up about an inch, but that's easy. Wait, I'll get the slippers—"

A hour later Toby departed, carrying the borrowed evening dress and slippers in a pasteboard box. One hand on the door, she balled. Toby said earnestly, "I'll never forget what you've done for me."

"Well," said the other girl, "it that's true it'll be a record—in this town. But I'm glad we happened to meet this morning. Toby, there's something about you—I don't know what it is—but I think we're going to be friends."

"I hope so!"

Toby said goodbye then and hurried down the stairs. She had 20 minutes to reach the studio and Harriet had told her it was important, never, under any circumstances, to be late.

She worked until midnight that night and earned \$17.50. Two days later she spent a morning posing as a housewife making a bed. In the afternoon she stood for three hours while a photographer made picture after picture of her feet, clad in smart footwear. At the end of the week Toby's earnings had mounted to \$46.30—more than three times what she had earned at Bergman's.

She paid part of her registration fee at the Models' League, bought herself a pair of black pumps and paid Harriet Holm \$10 of the \$15 they had agreed upon as the price for the white satin dress. She still had more than her old salary left.

It was almost, Toby told herself, as though she had stepped into a new world. She felt that she had been going about with her eyes closed. There were so many new things in this strange world—new people, new places, new things to do and to think about. She met other models, photographers, artists, advertising salesmen, art directors. She caught glimmers of the workings of that most complicated of modern businesses, advertising.

It was all absorbing, exciting. Toby worked hard and enjoyed it. Her eyes sparkled more gaily; her smile was brighter. Each morning she woke, eager to see what the day would bring. At night she dropped into bed, tired but content in the knowledge of a day's work done.

And then—just when Toby felt that she had never been so happy—something happened that changed everything.

(To Be Continued)

The painted lady butterfly owes its world-wide distribution to the fact that it thrives on a plant which, itself, has been most successful in gaining a foothold throughout the world. This is the thistle, which sends its seeds on journeys of 1000 miles or more.

The city of London, with a resident population of 830,000, registered 82 births and 571 deaths in 1934. Only 51 of the latter, however, were of persons who had resided in the city.

King Edward VIII asked how one can reconcile a world that produced the mighty ship, Queen Mary, with slums he had just visited. It's all in the taxes.

To mislead her enemies the female green turtle digs numerous pits on the sandy beach before she finally deposits her eggs in one of them.

Flapper Fannie Says



OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



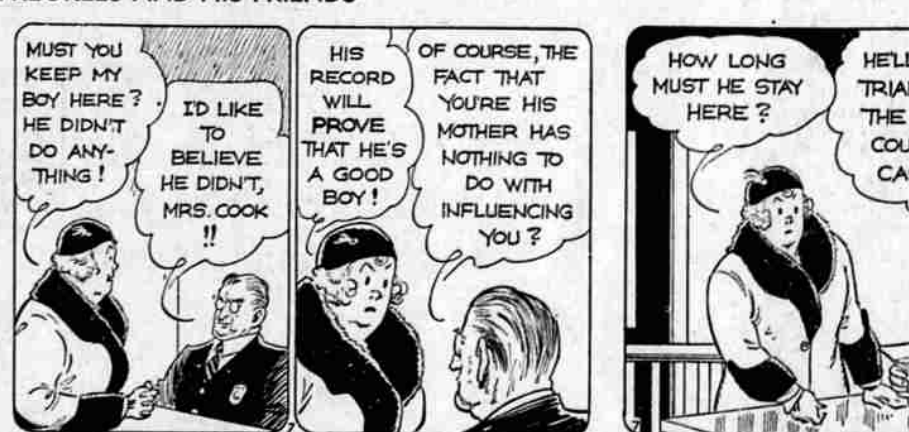
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

