

Georgious

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

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MEAN HEIR TODAY
TOBY RYAN, 19, works behind the jewelry counter of a large downtown department store. She poses for a photograph to be used in a story about a student and a photographer. Toby, the photographer, tells her she has a "mean" look.

Toby goes to dinner with BILL BRANDT who works in an advertising agency. A few days later Toby loses her job, due to the scheming of JENNIE MAURINE HALL, also employed in the jewelry department.

Toby's efforts to find another job are fruitless. Then she meets Harry Platt and he sends her to BEN BLAKES who runs a model agency. Blakes tells her she must have photographs in order to register as a model and arrange for Platt to take them.

After several anxious days the model agency reports to Toby that they have an assignment for her. HARRY PLATT, another model, joins Toby a dress.

Toby works at several other jobs. In one of the cases three times her salary at the store.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIII

IT WAS one of those deceptive March days when brilliant sunshine and a clear blue sky call the unsuspecting out of doors—to face, not balmy breezes but a snapping, wintry wind.

Toby Ryan walked briskly, clinging to the narrow brim of her hat, which looked as though, at any moment, it might dance away. Toby had been calling at studios, making the rounds as new models are advised to do in the hope of future calls for work. The last call had taken longer than she had expected and now Toby was in a hurry. In 20 minutes she was due at a studio on lower Madison.

She reached the intersection, saw a bus on the opposite side of the street, headed down town. Toby ran for it, climbed on board just as the doors were about to bang shut.

She dropped her fare into the coin box and slipped into the nearest seat with a sigh of relief.

The pictures Toby saw to pose for were for a company that made hats—not expensive, one-of-a-kind hats to be sold in exclusive shops, but the sort displayed in department stores with \$3.49 and \$4.98 price tags. It wasn't likely it would take more than an hour or so—

A voice at her elbow interrupted. "As I live and breathe! It's the girl with the blue eyes."

Toby turned. It was a moment—a long moment—before she recognized the young man beside her. His top coat was rough tweed and his hat was a gray felt. Toby said, knowing very well that she should not have said it, "Oh—hello."

"You don't know what a shock this is," the young man went on. "Meeting you again. Just like this. Why, I've looked everywhere for you—actually everywhere—"

Toby said, "You're the man who bought the rhinestone clips, aren't you? Fifty-nine dollars' worth."

"Yes. And I'm the man you bumped into on the street corner one morning about a week ago. Remember?"

Toby's eyes told him she did. "By George!" he went on. "You're even prettier than I thought you were."

IT WAS the wrong thing to say and he recognized this almost instantly. He said, "Oh, please don't be offended. I only said that because it's true. You're prettier than any other girl I've ever seen. Why shouldn't I say it when it's true?"

Toby had risen. Murmuring something he did not hear clearly, she pushed her way toward the door. A moment later the bus halted and she stepped down to the street.

On the sidewalk she turned—and raised startled eyes. The young man was beside her.

"Why—?" Toby began.

He said, grinning, "You don't think I'm going to risk losing you again, do you? Not a chance! Remember, we were going to have dinner together. I waited an hour for you that night. Now, listen, why don't you forget whatever it is you were going to do this afternoon and come along with me? We'll go over to Tony's—"

There was something about him that made it hard to refuse. "But I can't," Toby said.

"Oh, but of course you can. And, what's more, you're going to. I'll tell you what we'll do—"

Toby shook her head. "No," she said. "I really can't. And I've got to go now. I'll be late if I don't."

"Then when can I see you? Will you meet me for dinner?"

She said, smiling a little because it was all so ridiculous, "You've forgotten that I don't know you. Why, I don't even know your name."

"My name," the young man said, "is Timothy Jamieson. And you wrote it when you made out the charge for those clips—or whatever you call the things. I was hoping you'd remember."

Toby did remember, then. She said, because she really was curious, "What in the world did you do with all those clips?"

"Really want to know?"

"I really do."

"Well, it's a long story but if you'll meet me for dinner—"

Toby saw a clock on the building across the street. The hands pointed to 4:25. Without waiting to hear more, she exclaimed, "Oh, I've got to hurry!" and fled.

SHE WAS breathless when she opened the door of the tenth floor studio. A woman in a green smock came forward and said, "Miss Ryan?"

"Yes. I hope I'm not late—"

The woman glanced at a wrist watch. "No," she said, "by my time you're a few minutes early. The photographer is busy with another model, but you can go in the dressing room and get ready. You'll find the hats you're to wear on the table."

Toby went into the dressing room. Thank fortune, that clock on the street had been fast!

It was an hour and a half later when she emerged from the building. Dark had fallen and shop windows were lighted. A head street lights glowed in the semi-darkness. Toby stood at the entrance for a moment, looking to left and right.

But there was no young man in a tweed topcoat and jaunty gray felt anywhere in sight. Toby hadn't really expected that there would be. She just wanted to be sure. He'd said that he'd wait, that other time—

That, Toby promptly assured herself, was nonsense. Since when had she taken to believing the "lines" of fresh young men, trying to pick up dates? He was a fresh young man. What else could you call him—coming to the store the way he had, asking her to have dinner with him when they hadn't even been introduced? And he must have thought she was the sort of girl who would accept such an invitation or he wouldn't have asked her. The idea of believing, even for a minute, that he was different from any of the other fresh young men! He wasn't different; he was exactly like the rest.

No, she'd never see Mr. Timothy Jamieson (if that really was his name) again. Hurrying toward the avenue, she told herself she didn't even want to see him.

It was Wednesday, the night she usually had dinner with Bill Brandt, and she met him at their favorite cafeteria. The little table they favored, in a corner shadowed by the balcony, was vacant.

Toby set a plate of chicken and noodles and another of perfection salad on the red-and-white checked table cloth, discarded the tray and looked across at Bill.

She said, "I think I'm going to have a chance to pose for some really important pictures next week! I was in Tone & Raleigh's studio this afternoon and they practically promised me—"

She went on, relating the day's adventures—except, of course, the encounter with the young man on the bus.

SHE didn't notice as she talked, important names rolling glibly from her tongue, quoting figures that would have seemed enormous a few weeks ago, that Bill had little to say. Once she asked, "What are you working on now, Bill? Anything new?"

"Same old chores," he told her. Toby didn't ask questions. She remembered something another girl who modeled had told her, launched into the narrative.

They finished the evening with a movie. It was a picture starring Norma Shearer, and Toby, intent on the screen drama, could not forget that the glamorous heroine once had stood, even as Toby Ryan, before the cameras of commercial photographers. Of course Toby wasn't dreaming of a Hollywood career. Nothing like that. Still it was exciting!

They took the subway home. Toby didn't need to rise early the next morning, but she knew that Bill did. The light from a street lamp shone down on them as they stood before her rooming house. Toby suddenly noted Bill's coat. It wasn't an expensive tweed, nor was it cut on smart lines. It was just an ordinary, two-year-old coat. Bill looked—well, a bit shabby. She'd never thought about it before.

She said goodnight then. She looked over her shoulder from the top step, smiling as she usually did, but it wasn't Bill she was thinking of. She was thinking of a young man with brown eyes beneath a jaunty gray felt—a young man she was never going to see again.

Toby turned her key in the lock and went inside. From the open door at the end of the hall the rooming house keeper's voice called, "That you, Miss Ryan?"

"Yes, Mrs. McLooney."

"There's a message for you. Came just a little while ago."

Toby said, "Why, how in the world—?" and reached for the slip of paper.

(To Be Continued)

In 1694, the English admiral, Russell, Earl of Oxford, prepared a toast to the king from the officers of his fleet by filling a public fountain with punch. A boy in a small boat rowed around filling the cups.

Bread and cake dough, in Morocco, is prepared in the home and then sent to the bakeries to be baked. For his services, the baker received 10 per cent of the dough.

In Japan, a popular method of committing suicide is to leap into the smoking crater of Mount Mihaha. The volcano is located on the island of Oshima, in Tokio bay.

Women in Egypt are not allowed to be employed as barmaids or as waitresses in places where alcoholic liquor is placed.

Men in England spend \$50,000,000 annually on shirts, ties and collars.

Flapper Fannie Says

"I really do."

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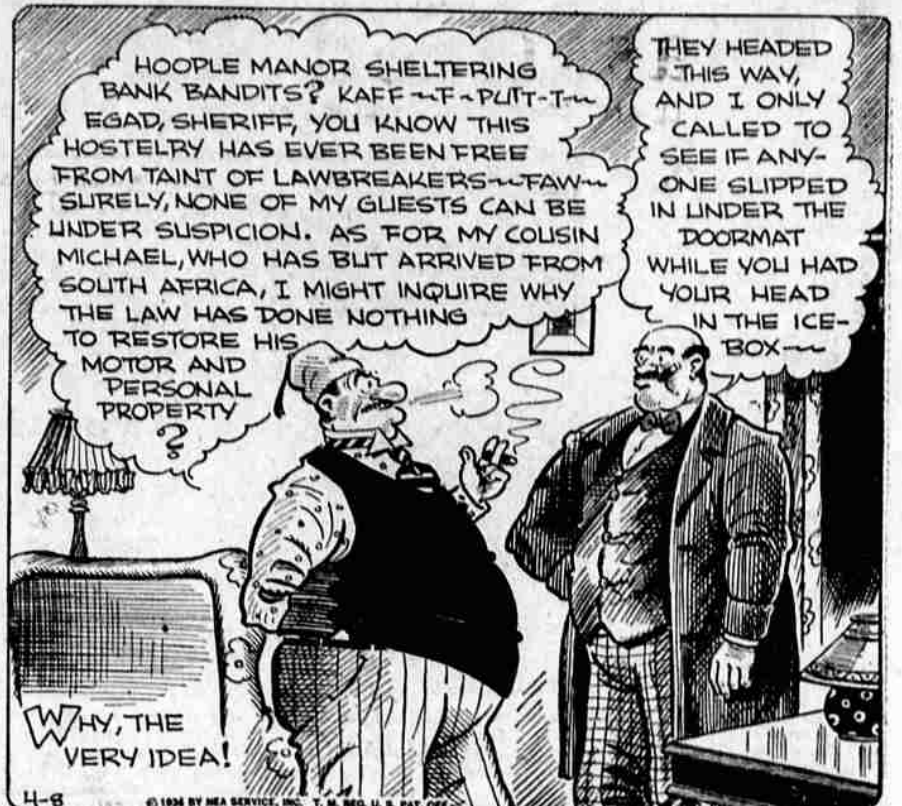
The thermometer gets Spring fever first—a high temperature, left and right.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

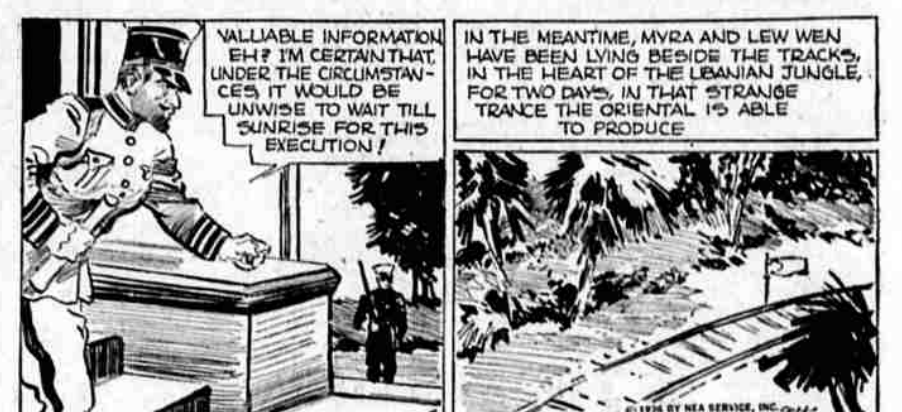
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



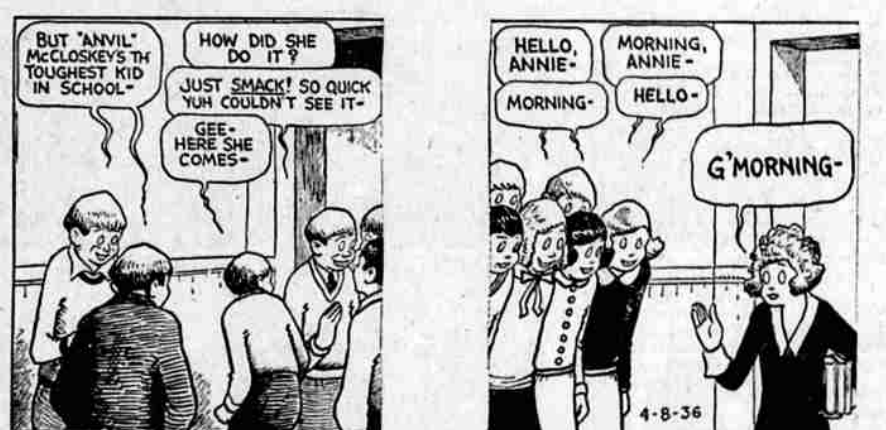
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

BY THOMPSON AND COLL



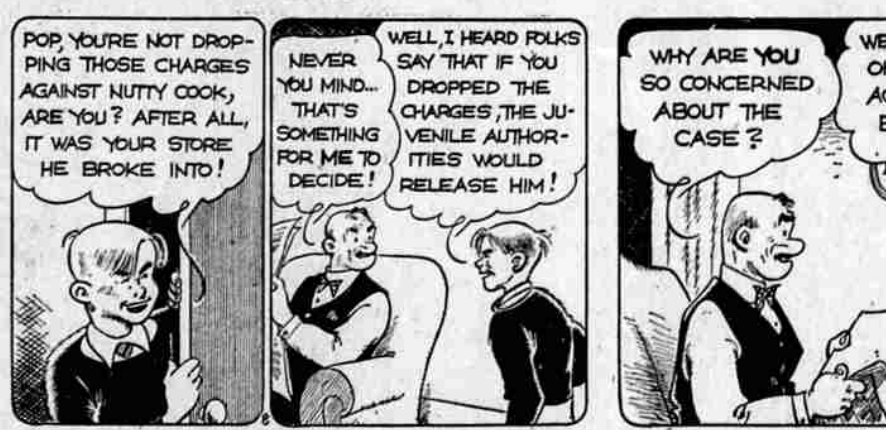
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

