Gorgeous

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

TOBY RYAN, 19, works behind the jewelry counter of a large Manhattan department store. She poses for a photograph to be used in a store advertisement and MARTY HIATT, the photographer, tells her she has a "camera face."

Discharged from the store due to the scheming of jealous MAURINE HALL, Toby has difficulty finding another job. Then she meets Marty Hiatt and he sends her to BEN BLAKE, manager of a model agency. Toby registers at the agency, secures work as a model.

At a style show where she is modeling she meets CAROL MARSH, rich and snobbish. She also sees wealthy TIM JAMIESON who has been trying for some time to persuade her to dine with him. Impetuously she agrees.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVII

FOR the rest of that week Toby saw Tim Jamieson or had some word from him every day. They had dinner together twice and then Toby had an evening assignment and had to work. She made it up to Tim by lunching with him next day—a luncheon at a hotel where Toby, whenever she had happened to walk past, had looked curiously at the men and women entering or leaving. She was sure they must be very rich or celebrities of some sort. Toby had never expected to enter those doors herself.

She was impressed by the fact that the head waiter seemed to know Tim, greeted him effusively and called him, "Mr. Jamieson." But then, it was that way most of the places they went.

Tim sent her an enormous box of roses, long-stemmed and fragrant. He said they reminded him of Toby as she had looked in the rose-colored evening dress she had worn in the fashion show. The roses were beautiful and Toby, lifting them from the box, had buried her face in the blossoms, drinking in their sweetness. But the card that came with them was more precious. She took it from the little white envelope and read: "To remind you that a certain lad can't stop thinking about you—Tim."

The flowers faded and drooped after a few days, but Toby kept the card.

She had to break a date with Bill Brandt. She was sorry about that, but Tim had promised to take her to a new place and, of course, she could see Bill any time. She rather wanted to see Bill, to tell him all the things she had been doing lately. Bill was such an old friend. Her very oldest. It didn't seem right to Toby that, when life had become so exciting, Bill shouldn't know about it.

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IT was Harriet Holm, though, in whom she confided. Harriet had seen Tim and agreed with Toby that he was handsome.

The two girls sat in a restaurant a few doors from the building where the Models' League had its office. Harriet broke the edge from a butter cake and said, "He certainly seems to have fallen for you. And in a hurry, too!"

"Well," Toby said, "it wasn't really in such a hurry. I mean I told you how we kept meeting each other, just by accident. And I wouldn't give him my telephone number or tell him where I lived or anything. But it didn't seem to make any difference. I'd go some place—and there he'd be. It seems funny now when I think about it—"

"I suppose," Harriet interrupted, "that sometimes it happens that way. You see someone and decide right away that's the right one for you."

Toby nodded solemnly. "Yes," she said, "sometimes I suppose it does."

"It wasn't that way with Clyde and me," Harriet went on. "I met him several times at parties and places before he even asked for a date."

"Clyde? Who's he?"

"Haven't I told you about Clyde?" Toby shook her head.

Harriet said, "That's funny. I guess I thought everybody knew about him. We're going to be married—well, as soon as everything gets settled. His name's Sabin—Clyde Sabin. As soon as he gets back—he's on a business trip—I want you to meet him. Maybe we can go out together some evening—you and Tim and Clyde and I."

"I'd love to," Toby said. "Oh Harriet, I didn't know you were going to be married! Why didn't you tell me?"

The other smiled. "I don't know."

"Aren't you excited about it?"

"Yes. When I can believe it's really true. You see, we've waited quite a while. I hope it won't be much longer. Maybe—maybe it will be June. Clyde said just before he left that he thought it could be in June."

"Tell me about him. What does he do?"

"Well, he has quite an important job. He works for a company that makes office equipment—adding machines and addressographs and things like that. They send him out of town a lot and he brings in big contracts. He's not exactly good looking—at least, I don't think so. But he's big and he dresses well and, altogether, I think he's pretty grand."

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TOBY said, "I'm sure he is." She was surprised, though, at what Harriet had said. Toby had supposed it was lack of money that had postponed Harriet's wedding; with most young people it seemed to be that. But if Clyde Sabin had such a good job, it couldn't be money. She wondered what was delaying the wedding plans, but she didn't want to seem curious or ask questions.

So she turned to another subject. "There's something I've been wanting to ask you, Harriet," she said. "I'd like to move from the place where I'm living. It's so dingy and sort of run-down. Not very convenient, either. Of course, it's cheap, and I was glad to find it when I was working at Bergman's, but I can afford something better now. I was wondering if you might know of any place—"

Harriet nodded. "You ought to be able to find something," she agreed. "Before I found my place I think I looked at every room that was for rent within a mile either way. Let's see, I ought to be able to remember—"

She stopped suddenly. "Why," she exclaimed, "I don't know why I didn't think of it before. It's—yes, of course, it would be all right!"

"What would be?"

"Just this. Why don't you move in with me? You see, I've been trying to save some money lately. I've got to have some new clothes when I'm married, some really nice ones. I'd be glad to have you come in with me if you'd like to. It will cut my rent in half, and be cheaper for you, too. I'm sure we'd get along together—"

"But it wouldn't be fair for me to pay only half the rent. You own all the furniture."

"That doesn't make any difference. I'd use the furniture anyhow, wouldn't I? No, it will have to be 50-50. And it isn't as though we'd be crowded. There's plenty of room. The davenport is really a full-sized bed and there's plenty of closet space. Oh, I think it's a grand idea!"

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TOBY moved into Harriet's apartment the next day. Her rent was paid at Mrs. Moeller's until the end of the week, but there seemed to be no reason to stay there. She had loved Harriet's big sunny quarters ever since she had first seen them.

And now Toby was sure that some magical force was at work in the world, turning everything that had been harsh and disagreeable into paths of pleasantness. Calls for her at the studios increased and her earnings doubled. Her smile seemed to have taken on a new radiance. Art directors commented on this. Photographers twitted her about it, accused her of being in love.

Of course, they couldn't really know. She never let Tim come to the studios. Usually they met where they were to have dinner. Tim was continually finding new places. One was an old mansion, cavernous and dimly lighted, where a gypsy orchestra played haunting, unfamiliar tunes, and a dark-haired, dark-eyed youth sang. The words were in a foreign language, but Toby knew they were love songs.

Afterward, driving through the park, Tim drew her into his arms. The lights along the drive, like gay, golden balloons, gleamed in the distance. Beyond, against the black sky, loomed the spangled pinnacles of mid-Manhattan. To Toby it was suddenly fantastic—a dream world, imaginary, unreal.

Tim's arm stole closer and he said, "You're a sweet little thing, Gorgeous." And suddenly he kissed her.

Toby said, "Oh, Tim—" It was barely a whisper.

He kissed her cheek then and her temple and her eyelids. He said once more, "You're sweet."

Toby was sure that none of the poets had ever put such music into words. She closed her eyes for a moment, nestling closer to his shoulder. And she thought, "All my life, I have waited for this moment."

They rode in silence. And presently they were at her door and Tim was helping her out of the cab. He said, "I'll call you tomorrow, Sweets." And she said, "Don't forget!"

He wouldn't, of course. He had called her every day for a week. She let him kiss her again, standing in the entrance of the building. She said good night then and hurried up the stairs. In all New York there was no girl happier than Toby Ryan. She would have sung out her happiness from the house tops, if she could. She wanted the whole world to know that Timothy Jamieson, the handsomest, the most wonderful, the most altogether marvelous young man in the world, was in love with her—with her, Toby Ryan. It was really true!

For three days Toby enjoyed her paradise.

(To Be Continued)

First dipped in a weak solution of caustic soda and then suspended with a weight just sufficient to keep it taut, a long human hair will foretell weather changes by growing longer for wet, and contracting for dry, conditions.

Betting is forbidden to men receiving public relief in Germany. Relief payments may be made to their wives or stopped altogether, if they are caught placing bets.

Columbus set sail on Friday, left the Canary Islands on Friday, first sighted land on Friday, and began his return journey on Friday.

October, with an average rainfall of 2½ inches, is the wettest month of the year in much of southern England.

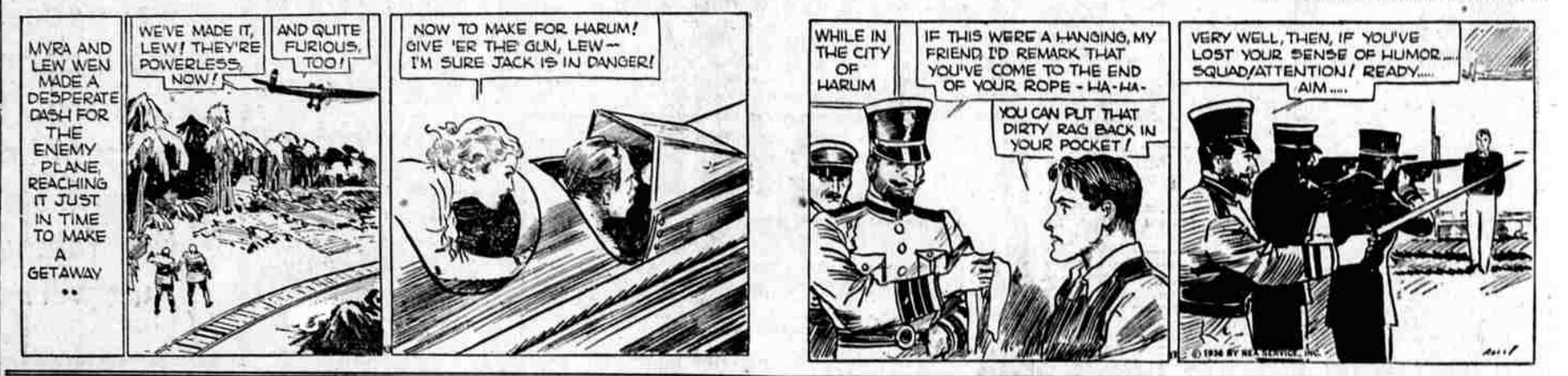
Flapper Fannie Says

Domestic science seeks formulas for happy homes.

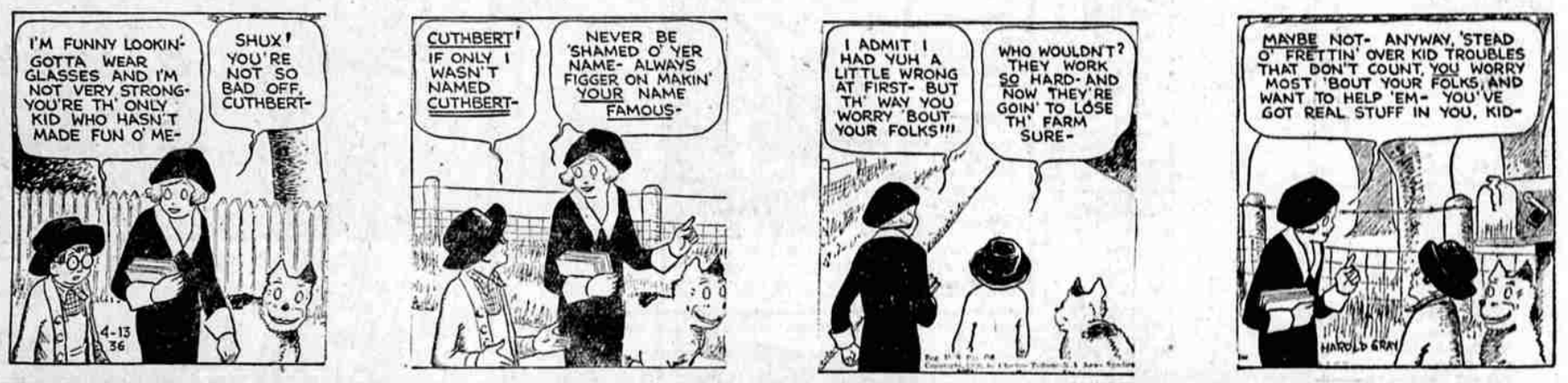
OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

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