

Gorgeous

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

TOBY HAN, 29, is a commercial model, posing for photographs. He lives in an apartment with HARRIET HOLM, also a model.

At a charity show Toby meets wealthy Harriet in the elegant apartment. It seemed silly to have let himself become frightened.

She had hurried into the nearest store and wandered about the aisles for several minutes. When she had emerged, the man in the shabby clothes and dark hat was not in sight and she did not see him again.

Toby went to dinner that night with Bill. They went to the entrance where they had seen Harriet as often. Bill suggested another place, but Toby said she really wanted to go to the cafeteria. They ordered corned beef and cabbage, the day's "special," and it was delicious.

They were even lucky enough to get their favorite table. Toby said, across the restaurant while checked tablecloth. "It's a long time since we've been here, Bill."

"That hasn't been my fault," Bill said.

"Getting a date with you is like making one with Garbo," he told her, grinning.

"You know I didn't mean it to be that way," Toby said seriously. "I've missed you, Bill. I've realized suddenly how much she had missed him."

She told Bill about the test photographs Duryc had made that afternoon, and he listened without volunteering any information. She didn't know who the pictures were being made for.

"It's a big deal," she said. "I got it—only I won't. There was another girl making tests, too, Carol Marsh. She's a society girl and has a lot of money. She's the one they'll take, because she's really beautiful."

"What does she look like?" Bill asked.

"She's tall and thin and her hair is so dark it looks black. She wears it with a lot of curls on one side. It would look terrible on anyone else, but it doesn't on her. And she uses an awfully red lipstick. You can tell just by looking at her that Park Avenue is where she belongs."

Bill said, "One of those snooty dames, huh? She doesn't sound like any prize package to me."

Toby smiled. It was true that Bill wouldn't think Carol Marsh a prize package. He wouldn't like anything about her. But Carol would get the job, just the same.

Toby asked, more as a polite inquiry than anything else, what Bill had been doing lately.

"I've got a new job," he told her. "Bill You haven't left Amber and Eleanor?"

"No, baby, instead of writing ads, I'm trying to sell them."

"You like it?"

"Well, I've only been at it a few days. I'm pretty green, but I think I'm going to like it. Besides, if I'm ever to have an agency of my own, I've got to know something about the selling end of the business."

"I suppose that's true."

She thought of the evenings when they had sat at this very table and planned the future. Bill had told her about the advertising agency he was going to have some day, and she had never doubted that his plans would come true. She had had her own dreams—of becoming a buyer at Bergman's. Would Bill's plans fail as completely as hers had done?

Toby hoped they wouldn't. Bill deserved to succeed.

Afterward they boarded a bus and climbed up to the top deck. They rode far up the shore of the Hudson. The wind was cool, but there was the scent of spring in the air—intangible, exhilarating. A moon that was not quite full shone down on them. Lights gleamed afar.

In front, a sailor and his sweetheart sat, her head on his shoulder. Other couples, equally indifferent to the surroundings, rode with arms about each other. But Bill's arm remained at his sides and Toby's two hands were clasped together.

appeared. Some day, perhaps, he would come back. Toby hoped so devoutly. She had loved him; she still loved him. She would never love anyone else.

Thinking of Tim, Toby had forgotten Bill completely. Perhaps his thoughts, too, were far away, for they finished the ride almost in silence.

From the Avenue they walked to Toby's apartment. Bill said, "Well, some time if you'd like to go strolling again—"

"It wasn't slumming," Toby interrupted. "It was a grand evening."

"Then we'll do it again some time. And I hope those pictures that Duryc made will win the job for you."

"I hope so," Toby said, though she didn't really. She'd made up her mind to forget about that job.

CONSEQUENTLY she was amazed when Den Blake called her two days later. He said, "Toby, I've good news for you. The Hillier Soap company want you to pose for the photographs in the big advertising campaign they're putting on. Those test shots Duryc made were great. The Hillier company is offering you a year's contract with \$1000 bonus and you'll be paid double the usual rate for all the posing you do. It's a real chance for you—"

Toby said, not daring to believe her ears. "What did you say?"

He had to repeat it all over again. She was to go to the Hillier office that afternoon to sign the contract. Blake said, "It's all right, because he had gone over it carefully. The \$1000 would be paid in quarterly installments of \$250."

The office of the Hillier company was impressive, as was the building in which it was located. Toby arrived there promptly, and was shown into the office of the advertising manager, Mr. Russell.

Mr. Russell produced the contract. He said, smiling, as Toby signed it, that he hoped it would be profitable to them both. He was a tall, slim, rather reserved man with a habit of frowning slightly when he spoke.

"Duryc's making the photographs, as you know, of course," he said. "You'll hear from him through the Model's League."

Toby rose to go. "Thank you, Mr. Russell," she said. "I can't tell you how happy I am about this. I'm going to work awfully hard."

The door of the office opened. The man in the doorway was distinguished-looking rather than handsome. He was well-built, a little above average height and his hair and eyes were dark. He half-smiled and said, "Oh, excuse me—"

The advertising manager was on his feet. "Come in, Mr. Hillier," he said. "This is Miss Ryan. She's going to be the Hillier Soap girl. Miss Ryan, this is Mr. Hillier, the president of the company."

Hillier came forward and shook hands, smiling. "Of course," he said. "I recognize Miss Ryan now from her photographs. They were excellent, but they don't do you justice."

"I was telling Mr. Russell," Toby said, "how excited I am about the chance to pose for these pictures."

"We're pleased, too. Think it's going to be a fine advertising campaign—"

He chatted a few more minutes. Then Toby said she must go.

"Which direction are you going?" Hillier asked.

She told him the street on which she lived.

"It happens I'm going that way," Hillier said, "and I'm just ready to leave. My car's downstairs. Won't you come along?"

"Why, yes," Toby said. "Thank you very much."

Ten minutes later she was riding down Park Avenue in Jay Hillier's town car.

(To Be Continued)

In 1900, Bauendahl, a German lieutenant, attempted to build an overhead railway from Spitzbergen to the North Pole. The cars were to be suspended from a wire strung on poles. Several miles of poles actually were erected.

The Rose of Sharon still is grown on the plain of Sharon, along the Mediterranean coast. Botanists know it as tulips montana. It bears deep red flowers, with black centers and is a member of the lily family.

Dora believes those Russian workers are called that because it's rare that one is Stakhanoff the payroll.

The Japanese alphabet possesses two sets of characters—katakana for the use of men, and hiragana for women.

Flapper Fannie Says

THAT was another reason Toby was glad to be with Bill. She could sit beside him, drinking in the spell of the night, knowing that Bill would not suddenly turn romantic.

Romance, Toby was sure, for her was over. Romance had vanished with Tim Jamieson. It had been 10 days now since she had heard from Tim. She did not know whether he was in New York or not, but she did know that, wherever he was, he could have sent her some message.

In the last 10 days Toby had had time to think—and she had faced things to which before she had closed her eyes. Tim had been lavish in his compliments. He had addressed her with endearments. But he had never said, "Toby, I love you and want to marry you." He had never even said, "Toby, I love you."

She had told herself it was because their love was still so new. Later Tim would say those things, would take her to his home and introduce her to his parents and his friends.

All this, she realized now, had been in her imagination. For a little while Tim had seemed devoted to her and then he had dis-

appeared. Some day, perhaps, he would come back. Toby hoped so devoutly. She had loved him; she still loved him. She would never love anyone else.

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Branching out in new field often, gets you up a tree.

OUT OUR WAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



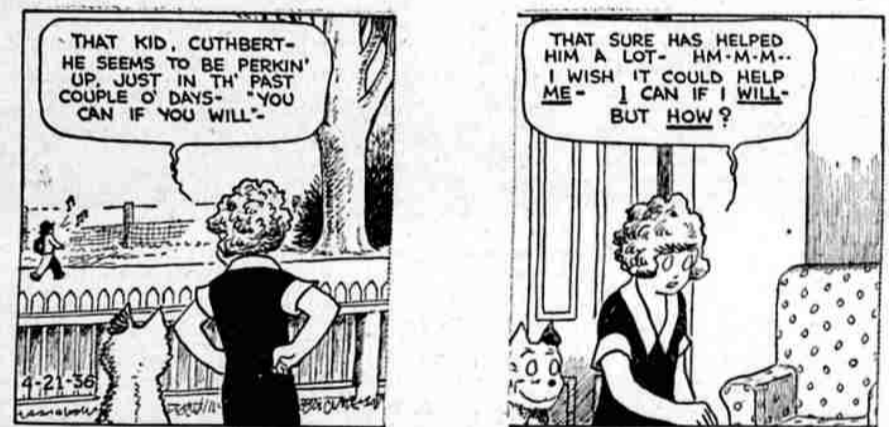
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

BY THOMPSON AND COLL



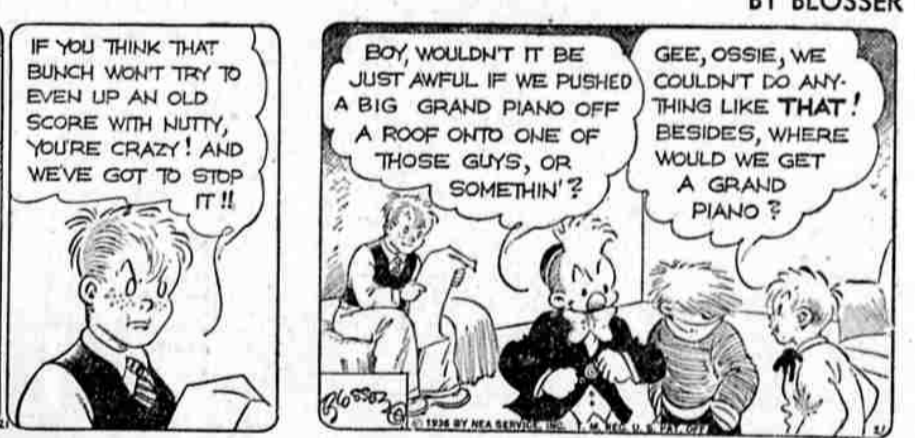
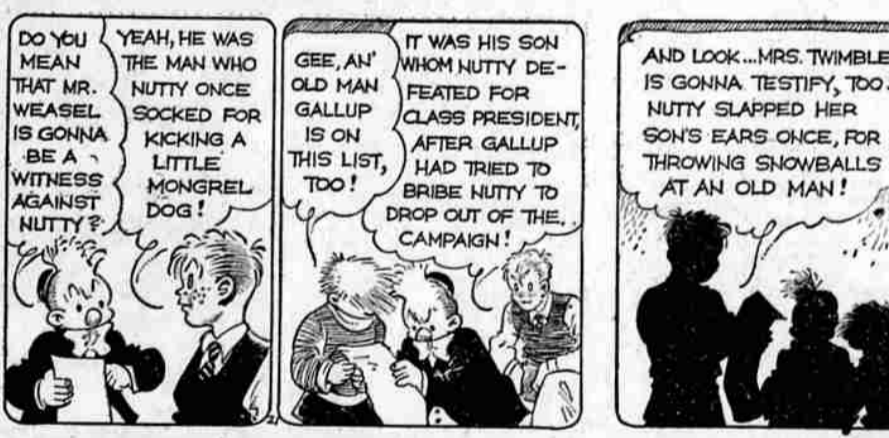
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

