

Gorgeous

BEYOND HERE TODAY
Toby Ryan, 19, who behind the jewelry counter of a large Manhattan department store. She poses for a photograph to be used in a store advertisement and Mary Hiatt, the photographer, tells her she has a "camera face."

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 jealous Marjorie Ball, also employed in the jewelry department.

Toby's efforts to find another job are fruitless. Then she meets Mary Hiatt, manager of a model agency. Blake tells her that in order to register as a model she must have photographs.

Toby, lacking \$25 to have the photographs made, says she has changed her mind.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER EIGHT
BLAKE BLAKE said, "Do you mean you've changed your mind or you haven't the money?" Toby met his gaze. "I haven't the \$25," she said. "Even if I had a job, a regular one—and I haven't—it would take months for me to save that much. I'll just have to forget about it. I'm sorry."

"Wait a minute," Blake interrupted. "Maybe we can do something about this."

"But Mr. Blake—"

He did not seem to hear her. Picking up the telephone, he said to the operator, "Get Mary Hiatt on the wire for me."

Toby exclaimed insistently, "Oh, I couldn't ask him!"

Blake raised one hand, silencing her. "You let me handle this," he said. "Sit down."

"Toby obeyed. A minute later Blake was speaking into the telephone again. "Mary?" he said. "How're you? Yes—yes, I've been talking to her. She's here now." For several moments he listened, now and then making monosyllabic answers. Presently, he said, "Listen, Mary, are you doing that worthwhile job? You are? Well, here's what I'm thinking about. How about using Miss Ryan on that job and, instead of paying her, let her have some of the photographs? Could you do that? Well, I thought—yes, sure. Yes. Wait a minute; I'll ask her—"

Blake turned to Toby. "Marty says he can use you on a job this afternoon. He's willing to let you have some of the pictures instead of paying you. Is that all right?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Blake!"

"Could you go over to his studio this afternoon?"

"I can go any time."

BLAKE spoke into the telephone again. "It's all right, Marty," he said. "She'll be there. What time do you want her? Four o'clock. Okay. Thanks, Marty. I'll be seeing you in a day or so. Yes—good-by."

He put down the telephone, pushing it aside. "Well," he said, "that's that. Hiatt will make the pictures and turn them over to me. Of course I can't promise that we're going to be able to get you work as a model. It all depends on how well you photograph. The pictures will be the test."

Toby said, "I don't know how to thank you—"

"Never mind about that," Blake cut in. "Wait until we see how those pictures turn out. Hiatt wants you at his studio at 4 o'clock." He glanced at his wrist watch. "You've a little time yet. Maybe there're some questions you want to ask about this business."

"There are," Toby admitted. "You see, I don't know anything about it at all. I didn't even know there was a place like the Model's

League until Mr. Hiatt told me."

"Well," Blake crossed one knee over the other and settled back comfortably. "In the first place, the regular price for modeling is \$5 an hour. That's for photographic work. Artists' models pose three hours for \$5. That's why most girls would rather work for photographers. Some girls—the ones in demand—are paid three and four times the regular rate. We have six on our lists who have yearly contracts with a cigarette company that pays them \$1000 not to pose for any other cigarette manufacturer. Besides the \$1000, the girls are paid for all the modeling they do, and they can work for as many other advertisers as they please—but no other cigarette company. Some of these girls earn as much as \$5000 and \$6000 a year. Of course, there aren't many of them. I believe I forgot to tell you that we charge 10 per cent of all fees for our services."

HE reached for a large leather-bound book on the corner of his desk, and handed it to Toby. "Here," he said, "is our model book. Maybe you'd like to look through it."

Toby opened the book and turned the pages. Each was made up of reproductions of photographs. There were girls of all types—blond and brunette; tall and aristocratic-looking; small and vivacious; girls who looked like "the outdoor type" and girls who were like orchids; girls posing in evening wraps, in bathing suits, in riding habits. Beneath the pictures were descriptions of each girl, giving the color of her hair and eyes, her height, weight and the sizes of dresses, hats, shoes, gloves, etc., she wore.

"What do these letters mean?" Toby asked, pointing to a line that read "A-B-E-H-L-M-N-O-P."

"That's a code," Blake told her, "for convenience. A means 'Camera experience.' O means that particular girl has beautiful legs. Some models are willing to pose in bathing suits, lingerie and so on, and others are not. Some will do medicinal advertising and some won't. The code tells. These books go to photographic studios and advertising agencies. From it they select the models they want and telephone us. We get in touch with the girls, make appointments and do the rest. See how it works?"

Toby nodded. "I'm beginning to," she said. "Mr. Blake, do you really think I can do it—pose, like these other girls—"

He smiled. "I'll tell you after I've seen those photographs," he said. "But you'd better be getting along now. Know where Hiatt's studio is?"

SHE said she did not and Blake told her how to reach the place. The address was within walking distance. Toby hurried away and 15 minutes later was stepping from another elevator into another hallway.

She found the studio and entered without hesitation. A girl sitting at a desk, looked up and asked whom she wished to see.

Toby said, "I want to see Mr. Hiatt. I'm Toby Ryan."

"Oh, yes, Miss Ryan," the girl said quickly. "Go right on in. He's expecting you."

Toby entered a large room, unfurnished except for a curious assortment of chairs, a bench and table at one end. There was a camera, facing a small raised platform. On either side of the platform were lights such as those Toby had seen when she posed for the photographs at Bergman's. A

tall basket of artificial flowers, an iron railing and several strips of linoleum were the only other objects in the room.

A tall young man was working away over one of the lights. He raised his head and Toby asked hesitantly, "Is Mr. Hiatt here?"

The tall young man motioned toward a door. "Back there," he said. "He'll be out in a minute or so."

Toby waited. Presently Marty Hiatt, coatless, his sleeves rolled to the elbows and his red hair somewhat ruffled, appeared. "Hello," he said, addressing Toby. "So you got here."

"I hope I'm not late—"

Hiatt said, "You're on time all right." He went on, "Marty'll show you the dresses you're to wear. There are three of them. It doesn't make any difference which you put on first. We're to shoot all of them. Oh, Mary—"

THE girl from the outer office entered and led Toby to a tiny dressing room. Across one end of the room, on bars, several dresses were hanging.

"You wear size 12, don't you?" Mary asked. "Here they are." She pointed out three light-colored summer frocks, hanging side by side.

"Anything else you want, let me know," Mary added and then disappeared.

Toby surveyed the dresses. There was a green and white checked seersucker, a printed voile and a two-piece, bright blue linen with a round white collar and bow tie. With no hesitation Toby slipped the linen over her head. It fitted perfectly. Toby, gazing at her reflection, smiled. The dress was becoming, as she had known it would be.

Ten minutes later she was on the platform before the camera. The lights blazed down on her with their scorching heat. She took the pose as Hiatt instructed and felt awkward. Toby told herself earnestly, "Everything depends on this. I've got to make good now! I've got to—"

AND then suddenly everything began to go wrong. Hiatt was shouting instructions at his assistant. He shouted at Toby, too. "No, no!" he said, "not like that. Can't you be more natural? You look wooden, stiff. No, it won't do—"

A light, poised precariously, started to fall and the assistant caught it barely in the nick of time.

When the lights were in place again Hiatt said, "Now again. Please, Miss Ryan. PLEASE—"

Toby took the pose. It wasn't right this time either, and she knew it. She felt stiff, strained. She tried to smile, but the lights blinded her and made her squint. This was nothing like the time she had posed at Bergman's. It hadn't seemed important then and it had been easy. Now, when so much depended on it, she was panicky, helpless.

Hiatt, behind the camera, said wearily, "Let's try it from the other side. Maybe that will be better. Turn your head—"

Toby turned. Startled, her eyes met those of a young man standing in the doorway. He was staring at her intently. All at once, with a quick flush of color, Toby recognized him.

(To Be Continued)

Montmartre Party Held

BY HELEN WORDEN
Times Special Writer
NEW YORK, March 20. — I've been taking stock of the things Indianapolis people like in New York. Mrs. Franklin Rand Magee says her favorite place is the Russian Tearoom next door to Carnegie Hall.

"Mrs. J. Campbell Phillips frequents the little restaurant," Mrs. Magee said. "Fannie Hurst's husband, Jacques Danielson, lunches there every week. It is always full of people important in the music world."

Several people famous in the music world turned out for the opening of the new season at the Montmartre Thursday evening, among them Grace Moore and George Gershwin.

Lehr Would Have Liked It
Tongue-in-the-cheek ghosts of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Harry Lehr must have floated approvingly through the gray and blue rooms of the fashionable Montmartre that night. It was a party after their own hearts.

"What do you think of society?" Elsa Maxwell, court jester of Park-asked John, the parrot.

John's reply was a Bronx cheer. He and Miss Maxwell are part of the new floor show in the night club on the second floor of the Winter Garden Building, controlled by the Shuberts.

Elsa Maxwell as mistress of ceremonies introduced 80-year-old John to society.

Race Horse Named After John
John a. eady is known in the social world. One of Jock Whitney's racing horses, John Tio, is named after him.

He is very gentle and, like all African Grays, a great grandstand player.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Harry Lehr loved to give animal parties. It is difficult to say whether their monkey dance at Newport or their elephant ball in Mrs. Fish's town house caused more of a stir.

History is repeating itself at the Montmartre. Miss Maxwell looks like Jeanette Gilder, sister of the erudite Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century.

Practical Miss Gilder figured prominently in the early history of the Montmartre back in 1913 when red-haired Joan Sawyer was the featured dancer.

JOB'S DAUGHTERS TO BE VIEWED

An official inspection of Bethel 4, Job's Daughters, is to be held at 2 tomorrow at 230 E. Ohio-st. Miss Theima Tugh, honored guest, is to preside, and Mrs. Audie L. Runyan is to be inspecting guardian.

Mrs. Elizabeth Uland, Bethel guardian, and other grand officers are to attend.

Home-Made Concoctions Aid Budget



Anne Darling, M.-G.-M. screen beauty, demonstrates that "kitchen-cupboard" cosmetics are safe and efficacious. Left, even ice isn't essential as a home cosmetic—cold water also will help skin. Right, a few drops of perfume makes plain olive oil a fine skin softener.



Ice is fine pore refiner and skin stimulator, she agrees.

GOOD TO EAT

—BY LOLA WYMAN—

MODERN household gadgets have contrived fewer mishaps for the cook to mourn over than in other days. But as long as the telephone WILL ring when there's a pan of cookies in the oven or the small boy of the family comes in with wet shoes at the moment the vegetables are ready for buttering, there will be minor kitchen catastrophes.

The most common accident in every home is the boiling dry of sauces, pans in which vegetables are cooking. When this happens, turn the contents of the cooking pan immediately into a fresh pan and don't under any consideration scrape the burned pan.

Usually the burned portion of the vegetable will stick to the pan and the part in the fresh pan will be all right. If you are using an aluminum pan, as soon as the vegetable has been transferred to the fresh pan, put the burned one in a large kettle of cold water, but put no water inside.

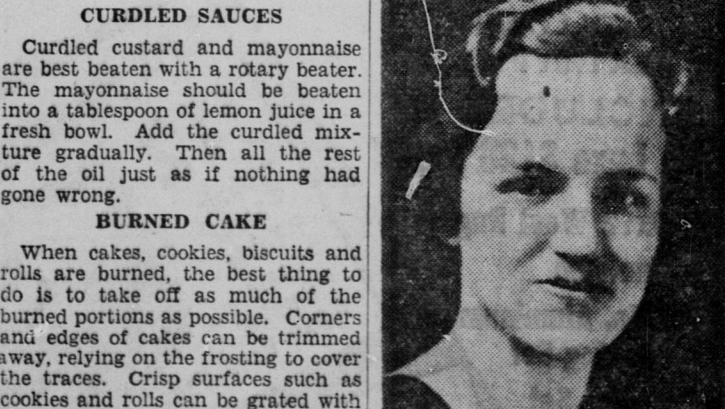
WHEN GRAVY GOES WRONG
To the too-greasy gravy, add more flour, and since this naturally thickens the sauce, more liquid and more seasonings.

For lumpy sauces, too-thick sauces and too-greasy ones, there is a remedy. Add more liquid and then more seasoning.

Too-thin sauces can be thickened by adding more flour, stirred to a smooth paste with cold milk or water. Add only a little at a time, stirring vigorously. Often a lumpy sauce may be made smooth by beating with an egg beater. If this fails there's always the strainer to fall back on.

CURDLED SAUCES
Curdled custard and mayonnaise are best beaten with a rotary beater. The mayonnaise should be beaten into a tablespoon of lemon juice in a fresh bowl. Add the curdled mixture gradually. Then all the rest of the oil just as if nothing had gone wrong.

BURNED CAKE
When cakes, cookies, biscuits and rolls are burned, the best thing to do is to take off as much of the burned portions as possible. Corners and edges of cakes can be trimmed away, relying on the frosting to cover the traces. Crisp surfaces such as cookies and rolls can be grated with



Mrs. Walter Reitz

THETA ALUMNAE MEET TONIGHT

Gamma Alumnae members of Kappa Theta Sorority are to meet for a covered-dish supper at 6 to-night at the Butler University chapter house, 442 W. 46th-st. Miss Dorcas Rock is supper chairman.

A nominating committee is to be appointed and a party for the senior class members in the sorority discussed.

QUALITY PERFECT FIT HOSIERY
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Ease Into New Life, Jane Says

Wife Is Advised to Break Through Her Own Inertia.

If you're discouraged over your problems, write to Jane Jordan for help in solving them! She will answer your questions in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—I made a mistake with my husband and I hope some of the brides who read this will take a tip from what I have to say. I gave up parties, as my husband just couldn't be sociable with any one whom I liked. I gave up my friends because he seemed to wish it. At that time I thought his love was all I ever would need, but after five years things are different. My giving in has made him sulky and now I have no women friends except his mother.

I am tired of hearing a lot of masculine boys, tired of talking about bowling and trucking, but he doesn't realize this, as I am a good listener. For him I learned to swim and enjoy fishing and get a blistered back from sitting over the water for hours, but I can take it, for I am making him happy.

I want some girl friends. I'd like to talk to women my own age. I get to go downtown whenever I want to, as my mother-in-law is willing to keep our boys at any time, but I hate to be in her debt so much. The biggest hurt my husband gave me was when he drove me to give up the lovely friendship of my sister; we were inseparable before my marriage. Afterwards he made it clear that she wasn't welcome in our home; so she faded out of the picture and now I seldom see her.

My husband doesn't show me any affection any more and I am terribly lonely. Should I declare war in my otherwise happy home and go out and acquire women friends, or should I just sit back and make the best of the mess I made for myself?

ANOTHER DAILY READER.
Answer—I doubt if your husband has the slightest idea that he is driving away your friends. He is simply wrapped in self-centered felicity and regards you as an adornment to his own ego rather than as a separate person. The result of his unintentional imprisonment of his wife is that he finds her less interesting. If you never have any new experiences you grow stale and lose your zest for living.

It is not too late for you to mend your ways. Break through your own inertia and go where other women are. The papers are full of lectures and classes devoted to the interests of women. There are countless clubs, churches and other organizations which would welcome you as a member. You have only to show your interest in a project to be besieged with requests to help with this and that.

Again there are your neighbors whom you must meet here and there in your housekeeping errands who would respond to a friendly greeting and an invitation to call. Every married couple should be able to enjoy friends who drop in in the evening to break the monotony. If your husband gets on well with other men, wouldn't he enjoy bringing his friends and their wives to the house for dinner?

Then there is your sister. Is there any reason why you should not seek her out in your loneliness and meet her friends?

A hobby is an excellent device for adding zest to life and attracting friends. If you sew, knit, bake, draw, sing, read or collect stamps diligently, somebody will notice your endeavor and enjoy learning from you or teaching you more. Sharing is one of the joys of existence, for it relieves life of its tedium. There is not and never will be anything to take the place of



Jane Jordan

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



Only birds can make several pecks out of a pint of chicken feed.

Peace Group Meeting Set

Session of the Indianapolis Institute of International Relations are to be held April 18, Mrs. Florence Carpenter, chairman, announced today. The institute is sponsored by the Mid-West Institute of International Relations, Northwestern University. It was organized in an effort to co-ordinate efforts of all students and adult groups interested in working toward peace.

Committees were appointed at a recent dinner meeting held by the newly-formed executive committee at the Young Women's Christian Association.

Miss Agnes Calvert, Alvin Coate, the Rev. Howard Anderson and Miss Dorothy Keane are on the speakers' committee. Registration is to be in charge of Miss Ruth Milligan, the Rev. O. H. Folger, Hugh Leaming, Mrs. Frank L. Evans and Mrs. Leonard Smith.

The literature committee includes Mrs. Imogene Poston Huddleston, Miss Frances Allen, Mrs. Howard Lytle, the Rev. E. J. Unruh and Miss Helen Young.

Publicity is to be directed by Mrs. Louis Kirkoff, Mrs. Hayden Shepard, Miss Mildred Beard, Mrs. J. D. Coleman, Miss Minnie Lloyd and Mrs. Hunter Hedger.

FRIENDS HONOR GERTRUDE HINES

Parties are being given honoring Miss Gertrude Hines, Noblesville, who is to be married May 10 to Orval Evans. Miss Irene Bishop entertained recently with a miscellaneous shower honoring the bride-to-be.

Guests included Misses Hazel Cunningham, Evelyn Bridenstine, Charlotte Carl, Audra Swift, Lois Cowgill, Lavonne Fullgraff and Mrs. Herbert Wilson, all of Indianapolis. Out-of-town guests included the honor guest's mother, Mrs. A. J. Hines; her sister, Mrs. Russell Huff, both of Noblesville; Mrs. Alfred De Groot, Spencer; Mrs. Kenneth Thom, Peru; Mrs. Charles Mull, Greenwood; Mrs. Cyrus Herod, Scottsburg; and Miss Edith Manges, Crawfordsville.

contact between two human beings.

Such changes as you make need not be done hastily or in a manner which will antagonize your husband. A clever wife would ease him into a new set of circumstances with the minimum of friction.

However, you must steel yourself against his unreasonable objections to your normal pursuits, if they come. A kind but firm insistence upon the right to interests of your own will wear him down if you aren't afraid.

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The SPRING and SUMMER PATTERN BOOK with a complete selection of late dress designs, now is ready. It's 15 cents when purchased separately. Or, if you want to order it with the pattern above, send in just an additional 10 cents with the coupon.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES
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Prevents Stretching
When washing woollens, particularly woolen sweaters, lay them flat to dry or they will pull out of shape. Says Harriet Hilliard, film player.

Try Spry
IT'S THE AMAZING NEW SHORTENING
IT'S ALL VEGETABLE

SEE PAGE 32
FOR ALL FRYING CAKES PASTRY BISCUITS PIES