

Gorgeous

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

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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 photo-rapher, tells her she has a "camera face."

Discharged from the store due to the scheming of jealous MAURINE BAILI, Toby has difficulty finding another job. Then she meets TIMOTHY JAMIESON, and he takes her to MAREN BLAKE, manager of a model agency. Toby registers at the agency, secures work as a model.

On a bus one afternoon she meets wealthy TIMOTHY JAMIESON, who tries to make a date with her. Toby refuses.

TOBY and her friend, HARRIET HOLM, take part in a benefit style show. CAROL MARSH, wealthy and snobbish, also models in the show. Toby, modeling as a model, sees Jamieson again. He asks her to have dinner with him and impetuously she agrees.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THEY sat on a bench against the side of the room. Almost all the tables were filled now, except that here and there couples had left their places to dance in the square space reserved for that purpose. The floor show had ended a few minutes before. Now the dance band was playing a gay and rhythmic tune, the hit number of a new musical show.

Tim Jamieson touched Toby's arm. "Bored?" he asked.

"Oh-no!"

"I thought you must be; you've been quiet for so long."

"Have I?" Toby smiled. "I'd forgotten. I think I'd forgotten everything—this room and the people—"

"And did you forget me, too?"

"Well—in a way. I was thinking how happy I am. Wishing everything could go on and on, just as it is now—the music and soft lights and everybody having a grand time. Oh, I have had a grand time tonight, a wonderful time! I don't know when—"

"Well, that's better!" Tim paused, eying her. Then he smiled. "You're a funny little thing, Toby Ryan. Did you know that?"

She had never looked lovelier. Her eyes, brightly questioning, seemed enormous. Her head was lifted, bringing into outline the adorable line of her throat. She put one hand to her cheek, tucking a stray curl into place and he noticed how graceful the movement was.

"Never mind," Tim said. "You're exactly the way I like you. And I'll tell you something else. I saw you this afternoon—no, I don't mean those few moments when we talked together. It was after I came away and went back. I was early; you see, I didn't want to take a chance of missing you. The fashion show was still going on and I stood at the door a moment. I saw you come in in dress that was sort of rose colored—like pink sea foam. It was an evening dress."

Toby nodded. "It was lovely, wasn't it?"

"Lovely! It was gorgeous—or rather, you were gorgeous, wearing it. That's what you are and that's what I'm going to call you. Gorgeous. It's exactly the right name for you. Do you mind?"

She laughed. "I don't see why I should."

"Neither do I, Gorgeous."

They both laughed then, for no reason at all. Toby said, "I like your name—Tim. It seems to suit you. It sounds care-free and good-natured—and—"

"Lazy?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that. At least, I wasn't going to. Is it true?"

"Some people think so." He frowned. "But why should I pretend to like sitting around in an office when I don't? I've tried and I hate it. Looking at charts and tables and pretending to know what they mean. Going to conferences and hearing some old duffer spout off a lot of facts and figures that nobody gives a darn about or even listens to. It's triple, that's what it is. Besides, if I did have a job, it would only mean taking it away from some poor devil who needs it. Why should I do that?"

"Never mind," Tim said. "I see what you mean," she said, "and I think I agree with you."

"The way things are," Tim went on, "the business is a lot better off than if I were trying to put my oar in. Sometime, of course, maybe I'll feel differently about it. Meanwhile, I've got other things to do—"

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, lots of things. Pooling around with boats in the summer. Playing golf and a little polo—I'm terrible at it, but still I like to keep at it. Staying in town in the winter, getting around and seeing people and keeping track of what's going on—"

"It sounds like a pleasant life," Toby told him.

"It's all right. Tell me, Gorgeous, do you like being a model?"

"I like it a lot better than working at Bergman's."

He considered this. "Yes, I guess you would. But how about going around to studios and style shows and the places you do. Don't you meet a lot of fresh guys?"

The dimple showed in her cheek. "Only one, so far. There's a Mr. Timothy Jamieson, who's been something of a nuisance."

He grinned. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't quite decided yet."

"Well," he said, "if I can be of assistance in any way—"

"Thank you. I'll remember that."

reply. She had never known that dancing could be such sheer delight, but then, she had never had such a partner.

She was sorry, when, at last, the music ended and they went back to their table. Several newcomers were entering, the women in evening wraps and the men in tail coats. Toby saw that nearby tables had been deserted. Suddenly she realized it must be growing late.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Tim consulted his wrist watch. "Not late yet. A little after 1."

"Oh, but that is late! Remember, I have to work tomorrow."

"One more dance," he bargained. "Then we'll go."

THE picture a dozen different ways. They always do."

"How long will it take?"

"All morning, I hope. We're paid by the hour, you know."

"Will you have lunch with me?"

Toby hesitated. She wanted to say that she would, but caution raised a warning voice. "I'm sorry," she said, "I'm afraid I can't. You see, I don't know how long I'll be working or whether the office will have something else for me in the afternoon."

"Then how about dinner?"

Once more the cautioning voice rose, but this time Toby ignored it. "I don't know," she said. "But you can call me."

THE entrance to Mrs. Moeller's rooming house looked dingier and shabbier than it had ever looked as Toby and Tim Jamieson stepped out of the cab. He followed her up the half dozen steps, took both her hands in his.

"I'll call you tomorrow, Gorgeous," he promised. "And I'll be thinking about you—"

She thrilled to the words. She said—her own voice not as steady as she wished it had been—"I'll be thinking about you, too."

For a minute she thought he was going to kiss her. She was glad when, instead, he stepped back. Still holding her hands, he said, "Good night, Gorgeous."

Toby went inside then. The night lamp was burning, casting a dim, faintly yellow glow over the hall. There was not a sound to be heard in the whole house.

Very quietly Toby went up the two flights of stairs, switched on the light in her own room and closed the door.

Then, for a few moments she stood there, leaning against the door, holding both hands to her cheeks. Tim had held her hands. It was as though she could still feel his touch on them; as though she was transferring that touch to her cheeks. Oh, she was glad he hadn't tried to kiss her or take her in his arms. She didn't want cheap caresses. She wanted every memory of the time they spent together to be fine and beautiful. She wanted to think of Tim always as he had been tonight. Handsome and tender and devoted—

She could still see him, looking down at her as he had during that last dance. Only a brief moment. Living that moment again, Toby's heart raced.

Once every two weeks, especially if you stand up most of the day, as a result, often have a burning sensation about toes and arches, soak your feet in salt and water, cover them in plain white vaseline or olive oil, put on old, but clean, stockings and wear them while you sleep.

In addition, do daily foot exercises. Holding your legs straight, point your toes downward toward the floor, making ankle muscles stretch and pull. Then point them upward toward your face. Bend ankles back rapidly until your feet feel relaxed instead of tense.

If you have callouses, rub them gently with a piece of pumice after you have bathed. Massage the hard spots with a good foot cream twice a day. Use cuticle remover on them whenever you give yourself a pedicure.

Speaking of pedicures, remember that in these days of toeless sandals and the vogue for beach bathing, beautifully groomed toes are as important as well kept finger nails.

Even though polish stays on the toenails for a month, sometimes longer, don't forget to use emery board, oil and cuticle remover once a week. Comfortable feet are those which get adequate attention.

STORY-A-MONTH CLUB TO MEET

A second meeting of the Story-a-Month Club is to be held Friday at Maude Courtney Waddell's home.

The club was organized under the adult education division of the emergency education program; 15 members submit manuscripts anonymously. The best is selected by popular vote and is sent to a critic and agent at expense of the club. The winning manuscript at the first meeting was a short story by Margaret Hummer, vice president.

Malcolm Snoddy is president; Miss Polly Lois Norton, secretary, and Mrs. Edith H. Allen, treasurer.

P. E. O. COUNCIL PLANS ELECTION

Election of officers was scheduled as a part of the Indianapolis Council, P. E. O. Sisterhood's program to-day at Ayres' tearoom.

New representatives in the council are Mrs. Gibson Adams and Mrs. Paul Kilby, Chapter F; Mrs. H. Staley, Chapter G; Mrs. E. C. Michaels and Mrs. Harry S. Rogers, Chapter P; Mrs. William F. Chafey and Mrs. R. Kuebler, Chapter Q; Mrs. C. W. Haladay and Mrs. Herbert H. Young, Chapter S, and Mrs. B. H. Lybrook and Mrs. Estel Daugherty, Chapter U.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE music that had ended a short time before was beginning again. This time the band played a number with a slower tempo. Toby had heard the words, sung by a radio favorite. They were rather sentimental and it was a dreamy, sentimental tune.

She said suddenly, "Let's dance."

He had asked her earlier and she had refused, afraid to reveal that she was not a practiced dancer. But her caution proved unnecessary. In Tim's arms she moved lightly, smoothly.

The dancing space was small and crowded. Another couple, rather awkward, swung toward them and he held her closer. Toby felt his cheek against her hair. It was only for an instant; the awkward couple moved on and Tim released her.

He said, "Why didn't you tell me you can dance like this?"

She laughed, not bothering to

reply. She had never known that dancing could be such sheer delight, but then, she had never had such a partner.

She was sorry, when, at last, the music ended and they went back to their table. Several newcomers were entering, the women in evening wraps and the men in tail coats. Toby saw that nearby tables had been deserted. Suddenly she realized it must be growing late.

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