

# Gorgeous

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 newspaper advertisement and Marty Hatt, the photographer, tells her she has a "camera face."

Discharged from the store due to the scheming of jealous Maurice Bell, Toby has difficulty finding another job. Then she meets Marty Hatt and he sends her to Ben Blake, manager of a model agency, to register at the agency, secure work as a model.

At a style shop where she is modeling she meets Carol Marsh, rich and snobbish. She also sees wealthy Tim Jameson who has been trying for some time to persuade her to dine with him. Impetuously she agrees.

For a week Tim showers her with gifts, admires her, admires herself that she is falling in love with him. She is surprised one evening when, shortly after their arrival at the fashionable Seville Club, Tim insists on leaving. He tells Toby he is leaving next day for Maryland, to be gone "a few days."

Later, Toby learns that Carol Marsh is in Maryland attending a house party.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY

Toby spent a sleepless night and awoke with a headache. Harriet was worried about her, but Harriet had to leave for an early appointment. Standing in the doorway, she looked back anxiously.

"You're sure there isn't anything you want?" she asked. "Anything I can get for you?"

"No," Toby said. "I'm going to be all right. I think I feel better already."

She didn't, but she wanted to be alone. After the door had closed on the other girl, Toby pressed her head against the pillow and closed her eyes. If she could sleep, she thought, the pain in her head might stop.

But, before she knew it, she was again going over the arguments she had repeated so often to herself the night before. There was no reason—none at all—to suspect that, just because Tim had gone to Maryland, he was at the house party Carol Marsh was attending.

Why, Maryland was a whole state. There were hundreds of towns in Maryland. It was merely a coincidence that Carol was there,

too. A surprising coincidence—but how many times had she heard that truth is stranger than fiction?

IF Tim would only write or telephone—

She lay very still, thinking that perhaps, if she did that, by some magic the telephone across the room might ring. She was so still it seemed she could hear her heart beat. But the telephone did not ring.

Then the scene in the Seville Club, that last night she and Tim had spent together, came back—so vividly Toby might have been seeing it all again. Tim's sudden insistence that they should leave, rushing her away almost before she knew what she was about. And the memory of Carol, cool and beautiful in her silver gown, sitting at that table not a dozen feet away.

Had Carol and her friends just arrived? Was that why Tim was in such a hurry to go somewhere else? The thought held infinite torture, and Toby tortured herself as women in love, before her, have done.

Tim had explained, of course, and she had believed him. Oh, she had wanted to believe him! She wanted to believe him now, but why didn't she hear from him?

At last, tired by the unanswered and unanswerable arguments, Toby slept.

WHEN Harriet returned in the afternoon she found her roommate sitting by the window, mending a blouse.

"Why, Toby," Harriet said. "That's my blouse. You shouldn't be doing that!"

"Oh, I saw it lying there and thought I might as well be working at something. It's just about finished."

She held up the blouse for inspection. Toby's stitches were neat and tiny.

"Hm," Harriet said. "Better than I could do. Is the headache gone?"

Toby nodded. "I'm feeling fine now," she said. She didn't look as though she were feeling fine, by

any means, but Harriet was too concerned with her own affairs to notice. "Clyde's coming tonight," she exclaimed jubilantly. "I found a letter from him when I came in. He's going to get in town about 5 o'clock and he's coming to take me to dinner. I don't know whether to wear my green dress or that new black one—"

"Wear the black one," Toby advised. "It makes you look as though you'd just stepped off a ritzy magazine cover."

"All right, if you say so. Listen, Toby, I wish you'd come with us! Clyde knows a lot of men. I know he'd be glad to call one of them to go along."

"Tim's voice was regretful. "I'd like to Bill—but I'm afraid I can't tonight."

"Some other boy friend ahead of me, huh? You're certainly getting to be a popular girl, Toby."

"I really do want to see you, Bill. Call me again, won't you?"

"Well, from where I'm sitting, it looks very much as though I would. And I hope to have better luck. So long, Toby."

"So long, Bill."

She put down the telephone. Harriet, busily manicuring her nails, looked up. "Was that the Bill you introduced me to?" she asked. "The one we met on the street that day?"

"Yes, Bill Brandt."

"Hm. Nice sort of fellow, I thought. If it wasn't for Clyde I might try to give you a little competition."

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