

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 Mary Hiett, 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 Mary Hiett and she 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 leave with him. Impetuously she agrees.

For a week Tim showers her with attentions and Toby admits to herself that she is falling in love with him. She is surprised one evening when, shortly after her 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."

"No," Toby said hastily. "Some other time, maybe, but not tonight."

"But, honestly, I think it would do you good. You've been in the house so much lately."

"I just don't feel like it. Harriet, I'd rather not."

"Well—maybe you'll change your mind later," Harriet suggested. She eyed her roommate uncertainly. Something was the matter with Toby; she hadn't been a bit like herself lately. Harriet suspected it had something to do with Tim Jamieson. He'd given Toby such a rush for a while. Now he was gone and Toby didn't seem to want to talk about where he was or when he'd be back. All she had said was that he was out of town. Harriet was inclined to hope he was, and that he would stay there. Any one who made Toby look so miserable was good ridance!

It was half an hour later that the telephone rang. Harriet answered and then lowering the instrument, put a hand over the receiver. "It's for you, Toby," she said.

"For me?" The words were the barest echo of the song in Toby's heart. Tim was calling at last! He was home again and all her silly worries and fears had been for nothing. Oh, she had known it. She had known it all along!

SHE took the telephone and said, trying to keep her voice as steady as possible, "Hello—"

But it was not Tim who answered. For an instant Toby didn't understand the voice on the wire. She only knew it wasn't Tim's voice. There was a pause and then she heard herself speaking. She said, trying to stifle her disappointment, "Oh, Bill—how are you?"

It was odd that she hadn't recognized Bill Brandt's voice. Only she had been so sure—so very sure it would be Tim. Toby suddenly realized how long it had been since she had seen Bill. Almost two weeks, except for a brief encounter on the street. Until lately she'd seen Bill two and three times each week.

He said, "Oh, I'm getting along all right. How's America's most popular advertising model?"

Toby laughed. Something about the way Bill said things almost always made you want to laugh. "I really don't know, Bill," she said. "Is she an acquaintance of yours?"

"I'll say she is," Toby Ryan, her name is. Skinny little thing, about as big as a minute. Maybe you've heard of her?"

"Never," Toby was emphatic. "But if I ever do see her, I'll remember she's a friend of yours."

"THAT'S right. Give her a break. She deserves it. And, by the way, how about giving me one? I haven't seen you in a coon's age."

Don't you think it's about time we went down to the old cafeteria where they have the corned beef and cabbage? Or, if you'd like something fancier, I might even be able to manage that. Not too fancy of course—

Toby'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."

"BILL'S one of the nicest people in the world," Toby assured her.

"Hm." There may have been an answer on the tip of Harriet's tongue, but if there was, she kept it to herself.

Clyde Sablin telephoned later and then arrived at the apartment. He wasn't at all the sort of person Toby had expected him to be. In the first place, he was older—well into the 30's, surely. From Toby's 19 that seemed middle-age. Harriet was 22.

Sablin was tall and broad-shouldered and very well tailored. Not at all handsome, but rather nice-looking. And he certainly tried to be pleasant. Toby thought perhaps he tried a little too hard. Maybe that was the reason she didn't feel at ease with him. She couldn't think of any other reason.

Sablin repeated Harriet's invitation for Toby to join them for the evening. "Let me call up Tom Gardie," he said. "I know he'd be glad to come along. Tom's a nice fellow, too. You'll like him."

But Toby made it plain that she preferred to stay in, and when the others saw she meant it they gave up their urging.

THEY left finally and Toby went to the window and looked out. Dusk had settled over the street; in half an hour it would be dark. Already Manhattan's electrical splendor was in evidence, though Toby could not see it. Nearby buildings, bleak, unlighted, closed in about her. They assumed grotesque, menacing outlines.

Toby turned her back on them and walked from the window. Downstairs a radio had begun to play a tune she had often danced with Tim. The music was being broadcast from some place where there was gaiety and laughter, soft lights, couples dancing as she and Tim had danced.

A sudden sense of loneliness swept over her. Why had she insisted on remaining at home tonight? Why hadn't she gone with Harriet and Clyde Sablin? Or with Bill?

Yet she knew, even as she asked the question, why she had not gone. She was waiting to hear from Tim.

(To Be Continued)

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16 Periods.
17 Jockey.
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20 Roman day.
21 Amphitheater center.
22 Auction.
23 Per.
24 Mountain.
26 Native.
30 Hops kiln.
32 Fancy.
33 Woven strings.
34 Knock.
35 Senior.
37 Doctor.
38 Kettle.
41 Trees.
44 Prima donna.

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AUNE AGERS TIER
MID PIONEER TAI
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UE
SAW FRANZ
BE LISZT
PUR SETA DIM
AT
R CLOT WERAS TO
IGLOO BAN SLOPE
ANON HAREM ORAS
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46 Portion.
50 To uncloze.
51 Sea eagles.
52 Herb.
53 She is an excellent.
54 She achieved her greatest fame on the
13 Trunk part.

16 She is an actress of charm and
19 Guided.
23 Felicity.
25 Tuning devices.
27 Wine vessel.
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30 Rowing tool.
31 Peak.
36 Cruder.
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38 Mollusk.
39 Kiln.
40 Strong taste.
42 Gibbon.
43 Night before.
44 Dower property.
46 Nominal value.
47 Beer.
48 Eggs of fishes.
49 X.

2 TEACHERS TO ATTEND PARLEY

Manual Instructors - Will Take Part in Physical Education Event.

Miss Theo Parr and Alvin Roemer, gymnasium teachers, are to represent Manual High School at the spring meeting of the Indiana Physical Education Association to be held at Culver Saturday.

The meeting is to include a business session, summarized reports on district meetings, discussions on grading and testing in physical education, rhythmic and national achievement standards, demonstrations by the Leaders Corps from Notre Dame University.

Among others who are to attend from Indianapolis are: Ioma Jean Hodson, Louise - Karl, Louise Schulemeyer, Clara Hester, Kate Steichman, Hazel Abbot, Thelma Armfield, Emil Rath, Norman Krueger, Rudolph Schreiber, Reuben Behlmer, Ann Morgan and Elizabeth Hatfield.

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have... low in spirits... run-down... out of sorts... tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly... as my experience has since proven... that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment. At the end of ten days I noticed a change... I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

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