

# The Hollywood Story

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## CHAPTER VIII

Anne Winter had moved and was now living with Mona Morrison and Eva Harley in the little furnished bungalow on the western fringe of Hollywood. It was a modest place of pale-green stucco, but it was cheerful and well-lighted and "homey"; and Dan Rorimer, contrasting it with Anne's former quarters, could well understand her enthusiasm for the change.

"A place to live in," Anne said, "rather than mere storage for one's body and one's belongings." And she had added: "Even if it is too close to the tracks to be fashionable, it's home at least; which is more than I could say for one room and a kitchen."

Mona won Rorimer's liking instantly. She was as vivid as her flaming hair, which was curly and bobbed, and she didn't look a day over 19, and she was slightly tough in a pleasant, boyish way that he found altogether delightful. She was considerably shorter than Anne, and more rounded, and Dan suspected that Mona might occasionally have to pay careful attention to her diet. He discovered before he had known her more than a few minutes that she was quite a tease and that she seemed to take keen delight in plaguing her friends and receiving their banter in return.

Eva Harley he liked, too, but with reservations. She had been neither cordial nor unfriendly in her greeting, but after a brief smile and a murmured commonplace or two had quietly withdrawn from the conversation, and Dan sensed a guarded aura about her that left him a little ill at ease in her presence.

She was a striking looking person, though—tall and slender and lithe of figure, and languorous of motion—and crowned almost spectacularly with abundant pale-gold hair. Gorgeous looking, Rorimer thought, at the same time remarking that her mouth was just a little too wide and thin of lip to be beautiful; her cheek bones a trifle high, and marring the oval contour of her face. And he judged that she was older than the other two girls.

Anne had said, "Eva's just a little uncommunicative and mysterious, but I like her—she minds her own business, and that's saying a great deal."

"It is," Dan agreed, "for a girl."

"Well, you needn't be uncomplimentary," she said with a grimace, and Dan grinned. "Where is she from?" he asked. "Some where down south, with that drawl. You can't fool a Tennesseean."

"Eva comes from New Orleans," Anne informed him. "Mona says she has been in Hollywood almost three years."

"Doing extra work?"

Anne hesitated a little. Eva hadn't been very busy, she said. "Mona tells me she sometimes models clothes in one of the Los Angeles department stores. She has a beautiful figure."

Rorimer thought: "Yes, but there's something just a little wrong about her. And he had the strange thought that Eva Harley ought to have a foreign name and speak broken English, and this, somehow, would make her less difficult of explanation. He thought: "There's something about her voice—something—disappointing." It ought to be, he felt, low and vibrant, like a low-strung guitar; and it was unexpectedly high and wrongly keyed, and in disharmony with her personality.

Dan had gone over to the bungalow one evening to call on Anne. It was shortly after their removal, and he found the girls busy with some new pale-green curtains which Anne had that day bought for the kitchen. And it was that evening that he asked Anne about Eva; but first he had been put to work hanging curtains.

It was Mona who opened the door for him, and she said, "Anne, it's the boy friend from New York." She said, "Come in, and wipe off your feet and take off your hat; the butler is off duty this evening. . . . My goodness, you're all shaved up this evening, aren't you?"

Rorimer said, "Pipe down, nuisance!" and followed her in. "Good evening, Miss Harley," he said to Eva, and held out his hand; and the girl smiled as she took it and said, "Good evening, Mr. Rorimer," and bade him welcome.

"You're just in time to do some interior decorating," Mona Morrison told him. "Take off your coat if your suspenders don't

show, and come out in the kitchen. . . . What does he wear, Anne—suspenders or a belt?"

"How should I know?" Anne asked with a laugh.

"Well, you've known him almost two weeks, haven't you?"

Dan said, "Suspenders. Red-head—but the better shops call them braces."

"Yeah? Well, down on the farm we call 'em galluses. Did you know I was born on a farm, Dan?"

"You've never seen a cow in your life."

"Say, I've milked more cows than you've ever seen! That's right: I was raised on a farm down near Urbana, Illinois. And then the little gal went to the big city."

"Chicago? Do you call that a big city?"

Mona tossed her red head in disdain. "Just another fresh New Yorker," she said.

"How's the job coming?" Dan asked.

Mona said, "All washed up; I was through today. Anne's still great."

Dan thought: "And she really means it, too. She gets as big a kick out of Anne's good fortune as if it were her own."

Mona went on to say that she considered herself lucky. "Nine straight days of work is pretty hot for little Mona." And in a lower voice that only Dan could hear, for he had followed her out to the kitchen, she added: "You keep your eye on Anne. I wouldn't be surprised if she got a break."

Rorimer felt a swift elation; at the same time, though, he was aware that he was struggling with a vague sense of uneasiness, and with a question on his lips he hesitated.

But Mona informed him in a thrilled undertone: "Garry Sloan noticed her today; he picked her out of the crowd and talked with her. And Anne's so excited she doesn't know whether it's Thursday or Sunday. Gosh, I don't blame her! Imagine what Sloan could do. . . ."

Anne and Eva came in then, and Mona said nothing more about Sloan; but the matter sat on Dan's mind, and it remained there beneath the light banter he

and Mona exchanged while he hung the curtains.

Later on he suggested to Anne that they go to a movie, and he named a picture that Anne had said she wished she might see; but she pleaded tiredness and an eight o'clock call at the studio, and Dan, remarking her preoccupation and feeling curiously unwanted, said that perhaps he had better run along.

But Anne looked up quickly at his tone, and her eyes reproved him. "You're a dear, Dan," she said. "Please don't mind if I don't feel like doing anything, will you?"

Dan felt a little cheap. He thought: "After all, she came out to Hollywood to get into pictures; not to go running around at night with anybody who comes along." He thought: "What a big chump I am to complain because she insists on getting sufficient sleep before a hard day's work!"

So he remained a while, and Mona suggested cheerfully that they have sandwiches and coffee, and went out to the kitchen. Eva rose with a faint smile and said, "You'd better let me help you, Mona," and followed her out.

Anne turned to Rorimer with a little laugh. "Mona," she explained, "is almost useless in a kitchen. She cuts the bread too thick for sandwiches, and she doesn't know the first thing about making coffee."

Eva, she said, was different. "She's very capable."

Dan said, "Looking at Eva, you'd hardly think she was domestically inclined," and he expressed some curiosity about her, and for some minutes he and Anne talked in low tones about the two girls whom they could hear moving about the kitchen.

"They're dears—both of them," Anne said after a short silence.

"But a strange pair to be such good friends," Dan remarked.

Anne agreed. "Perhaps that's why they get along so well—Mona's so blithe and gay, and Eva. . . ."

She paused, and Dan said, "Eva gives one the impression that she hasn't found very much to be happy about. Do you suppose it's because she's disappointed in not doing well in the movies?"

"I think there may be something else, too," said Anne, and Dan felt that she didn't care to discuss the subject further.

"Mona tells me," he said presently, "that big things may be in store for you. Here's hoping, Anne."

At the same time, though, he knew a feeling of injustice that Garry Sloan could do so much for her without half trying, while he, who wished so greatly for her success, could do nothing.

(To Be Continued)

## A Great Big Black Bear Will Get You

You can remember the time when it was the custom of many parents to scare their children into being good or doing what they were told to. "Now if you don't go to bed and be good, the great big black bear will get you." This was usually effective on the immature mind of the child in getting results, although we have learned it was very injurious to the child.

One would conclude that the writer of the arguments against the new charter thinks he is dealing with children. Instead of an intelligent argument based on facts, resort is had to an attempt to scare the voters into believing they are going to be eaten alive.

First they whispered the story around that Mayor Watters had it framed so he was to be the City Manager. That didn't seem to scare the people as Watters has made an exceptionally good mayor and the people have confidence in him and like him, and then Tom spoiled their story by publicly and emphatically stating that on January 1st he was through with public office.

Now these same people, who at first were so distressed at the possibility of some local man being selected as manager, discovered that the charter provided that the manager need not be a resident of the city, so they have had to change front. You are now told how the Commission, men selected by your votes, are going way off somewhere, even to China, and get a strange man, maybe someone who cannot even speak English, and then this manager is going away off some place else and hire all of the policemen, and hire all of the firemen, and a treasurer and a health officer and an engineer and a dog catcher and all of the men to work on the streets. I ask you, won't it be awful Mabel? And then this "one man power" is going to put all you voters in jail.

Such arguments as have been presented by the Anti-Charter League are silly, ridiculous and an insult to the intelligence of any American citizen. There may be honest differences of opinion on this question, and we can understand how certain people, who have accustomed themselves to holding public office, would resent anything that might possibly endanger their jobs. However, we believe that the voter and taxpayer who foot the bills are more interested in getting results for their money, than they are in the individuals who want the jobs.

The Manager Charter was drafted by fifteen men who are well known throughout the city. They represent all classes, business, profession and labor. They have always been found in all movements for the betterment of the city. Their motives have never been questioned. The committee that drew the charter had one idea only—to recommend for Klamath Falls a modern charter, of the sort that has been satisfactory elsewhere and that will enable the growing business of this community to be handled to the best interests of the taxpayer.

This fine city should have the best and most modern charter in order to facilitate the city's natural growth, to encourage industries to locate at this point, and to guarantee that the taxpayer's dollar will produce the maximum results. San Francisco, Oakland and Portland all have citizen's committees preparing manager charters for those cities. Need this city, destined to be the second city in the state, fear to adopt a form of charter that the larger cities of the Pacific Coast and the country at large have found suitable to their needs?

## Voters Charter Committee

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