

The Hollywood Story

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CHAPTER IX

There flashed through Rorimer's mind the picture of Garry Sloan and Sylvia Patterson seated at a restaurant table; and Johnny Riddle saying: "Sylvia's a swell girl; but Sylvia's ambitious—and she can be diplomatic."

And Dan wondered if Sylvia Patterson would be starting with Grand United if she had chosen not to be diplomatic to Sloan. Perhaps the thought was not exactly fair to Sylvia, though; the girl had an undeniable talent, and a rare, orchid-like beauty, and her fan mail, Riddle had said, was among the largest in Hollywood.

Perhaps, Sloan or no Sloan, she would have gone far. And yet, remembering how she sat there smiling at him with eyes and lips, listening with flattering attentiveness as the brawny director smoked and talked, Dan found it easy to think that perhaps Sylvia Patterson felt it was less to her choice than to her interests to feed Garry Sloan's vanity.

And Dan resented him.

Anne Winter said "I may be doing a bit in this picture yet. It sounds almost too good to be true, I know; but Mr. Sloan himself talked to me today and they may give me a few lines."

"Atta girl!" Dan said encouragingly. "Didn't I tell you you'd knock'em dead if you got a chance?" Rather abruptly he asked, "What do you think of Sloan?"

"He's rather wonderful, Dan," Anne got up from her chair and took a few nervous steps toward one of the front windows. There she stood, gazing into night and nothingness for a minute or two, and Dan perceived, when she turned her face toward him again, that she was highly agitated.

He said, "I'm nothing but a clumsy idiot to be staying when you should be resting. Tomorrow may mean a tremendous lot to you, and I'm keeping you from bed. You're a little nervous; you ought to have some hot milk and go right to sleep."

Anne said, "Oh, Dan, you talk as if I were a baby. I'm going to have sandwiches and coffee, and so are you. I'm—I'm just a little silly, I suppose. Only, it does mean a tremendous lot to me; you were right. And I shouldn't of course; a bit is only a bit, after all—I'm only fooling myself if I think it means any more. A week from now I suppose I shall be looking for any kind of extra work and thinking myself lucky if I get it."

guests. And that's where I come in."

Mona's cheerful voice from the kitchen announced loudly that coffee and sandwiches were on the way, and she and Eva followed a moment later with trays.

"Anne can pour the coffee," Mona said, and she dropped gratefully and noisily into a chair. "No sugar for me, Anne, dear—and I love it so, too," she sighed. She turned to Dan and said, "Wouldn't it be heavenly to have a figure like Anne or Eva? They can eat as much as they want and never gain an ounce. But me! Gosh, Dan, it's awful!"

Eva Harley, passing sandwiches to Dan, smiled. "How is your picture coming along, Mr. Rorimer?" she asked politely.

Dan was a little surprised at the question. It was the first time he had heard Eva express curiosity about anything.

Mona said, "What's the idea of the Mr. Rorimer, Eva? His name is Dan."

"Well, Dan, then," said Eva. "That sounds a lot better," Dan said.

The picture, he informed them, was proceeding satisfactorily enough. "But it's nothing to rave about. I saw some rushes today, and Collins seemed to be satisfied."

"And what kind of a newspaper reporter is Frederick Atwood?" Anne wanted to know.

"He's rather wonderful, Dan," Anne got up from her chair and took a few nervous steps toward one of the front windows. There she stood, gazing into night and nothingness for a minute or two, and Dan perceived, when she turned her face toward him again, that she was highly agitated.

Rorimer grinned. "Just too nice for words," he said.

Mona said, "That doesn't sound so hot," and Dan admitted that perhaps he was damning Atwood with faint praise.

"He's a good actor and a good fellow," he said, "but every time Atwood talks he sounds as though he has just had his voice muffled. He's that correct and precise." And police reporters, he went on to say, didn't talk like actors. "They talked like police reporters."

"I like that crack," Mona said, about the muffled voice. . . . And what will you do after this picture is finished—write another one?"

Rorimer said he supposed so. "I've got a little more than five months to go before they can fire me," he said, and he laughed.

"That's a great break," said Mona. "How would you like to

shop around for jobs by the day? How do you think it would feel, Eva, to have a steady job—for a month, even?" And to Dan she added: "We get our checks at the end of the day—when we're working. And if there's a job tomorrow you're in luck."

Eva Harley said, "And how!" She said it unsmilingly and, Rorimer thought, a little bitterly.

He made his excuses a few minutes later and departed; and when he got back to his hotel he felt strangely at war with himself; the evening, despite Mona's attempts to put him at his ease, had not contributed to his peace of mind. He tried to tell himself that Anne Winter's welcome had been as warm as usual, but he thought: "The girl wants to be left alone."

The prospect of bed was singularly uncheering, so he sat for a while in one of the lobby divans, his hat and coat in his lap, and watched the party-goers drift past him to the dancing room, the women, expensively wrapped and coiffed, chattering animatedly; the men following more quietly in dinner suits like uniforms.

One of the Roosevelt's "dress nights," Rorimer idly supposed, and brought his gaze to rest on the entrance to the Blossom room, where young women in black and bright colors, and in pastels, wait

ed for their escorts and smoked cigarettes and awaited their shoulders gently with the dance rhythm.

Rorimer thought he recognized one or two among them as movie actresses, but he was not certain. He thought: "But they'd all like to be mistaken for movie actresses"; and, remembering an old English racetrack quotation, that "On the turf, or under the turf, all men are equal," he felt that there was something equally democratic and leveling about the scene before him.

He went upstairs presently, and took a book with him, and read himself to sleep. His bed-side lamp was burning and the book beside him on the covers when martial strains from the Hollywood high school band, almost beneath his window, roused him in the morning.

In his bath he told himself determinedly that there would be no more visits to the bungalow without a direct invitation. To prove to Anne that he was interested in the outcome of the day at Grand United, and to satisfy his own curiosity, he called her up that evening, and learned that she had been given the greatly-coveted

Hanley Says Hank Bruder Greatest Football Player

EVANSTON, Ill., Aug. 7. (AP)—After twenty years' experience as coach, critic and player, Coach Dick Hanley of Northwestern University picks his 1930 captain, Hank Bruder, as the greatest football player of all time.

"Bruder is no specialist," Coach Hanley said. "He can do everything. He can punt, he can pass, and he can run. More than that, he can receive a pass, which is harder than throwing one. No finer defensive man ever stepped on the gridiron. Injuries have held him back the last two years, but watch him go this season."

Bruder, flashed impressively during the start of the 1929 campaign, but broke his leg, and was out for the season.

"But he said nothing about seeing her."

Another ten days passed, during which he heard nothing from her at all; and then one day, in the restaurant on the Continental lot, he ran into Eva Harley.

(To Be Continued.)

UPGE ORGANIZATION
SALEM, Ore., Aug. 7. (AP)—Land urged organization for marketing dairy products in speeches dairy co-operative organization, and last night before local dairymen.

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Freckles and His Friends

YES—AND DID YOU SEE THAT SCRATCH ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER? SOMEBODY WERE WAS RIDING THAT HORSE I TELL YOU—

WE'LL SEE—

As Plain as Day!

THE THING FOR US TO DO IS TO GO STRAIGHT TO YOUR UNCLE CLEM—SOMEONE RODE THAT HORSE NOT MORE THAN A HALF HOUR AGO—

By Blosser

SAY, UNCLE CLEM—HANE YOU BEEN RIDING THAT HORSE DOWN THERE—NOT OLD TOM—THE OTHER ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE HIM?

RECKON I HAVEN'T. NO MORE HAS ANY ONE ELSE—I SENT HIM DOWN TO THE VALLEY FOR A REST!!

By Blosser

EXCUSE ME—BUT YOU'RE ALL WRONG—THAT HORSE OF YOURS HAS BEEN RIDDEN AN' RIDDEN HARD, TOO—WITHIN TH' LAST HALF HOUR OR SO!!

WHY—WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

Mom'n Pop

IF THAT DOGGIE READ THE STORY IN THE PAPER DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL COME TO SEE ME IF HE CAN GET AWAY FROM HOME POP? DON'TCHA?

Watchful Waiting

SURE HE WILL! WHY I'LL BET WHEN HE READS ABOUT HOW LONGSORE YOU'VE BEEN FOR HIM THAT HE'LL COME TEARING DOWN THE STREET SO FAST HIS TONGUE WILL BE HANGING OUT DOWN TO HIS KNEES

By Gowan

AND WHEN HE DOES COME, POP DO YOU THINK THE LADY WILL LET HIM STAY A LITTLE WHILE

A LITTLE WHILE! SAY, I'LL MORTGAGE THE OLD HOME TO GET THE PRICE TO BUY HIM BEFORE I'D GO THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK OF THIS, IF THAT PUP EVER DOES SHOW UP

By Gowan

GO! I'LL GO TO THE WINDOW AND WATCH FOR HIM!!