

# The Hollywood Story

NEA SERVICE Inc. BY ERNEST LYNN

**CHAPTER X.**  
 Romer had entered the restaurant with Martin Collins, the director, and Jim Donnelly; but at sight of Eva Harley sitting alone at a corner table, he excused himself and hurried over to her.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked, and Eva, looking up, said, "Not a bit; glad to have you."  
 She was in make-up; her cheeks bright red, lips carmine, dark blue eyes intensified and enlarged by purple shadows.

"Technicolor?" Dan asked, taking a chair.  
 He followed her swift downward glance at her costume. Her coat covered bare white arms and shoulders, and a low-cut, light-waisted gown of another era.

"I see," Dan, looking about the restaurant, noticed other girls similarly arrayed; but these wore their old-fashioned hats without trace of self-consciousness, or, as at one table he saw, they made a merry joke of it.

"How long have you been at Continental?" Dan asked, and Eva, unsmilingly, informed him that she was just there for the day.

He thought, sittingly: "And tomorrow spent in the hope that the next day, or the next, may bring another job. In the name of heaven, how does she stand it?"

"How are Anne and Mona?" he asked casually, and Eva said they both were fine.

"Keeping busy?"  
 "Not just at present," Mona, she elaborated, had worked one day since Dan had seen her last, and Anne had been relieved of further duties in "Married in May" nearly a week ago.

"How did she make out?" he asked.  
 "Anne? All right. Anne would," she added, with some emphasis.

He said, "Just why do you say that, Eva?" and she told him it was the way she felt about Anne.

"You can see it in her—a blind man could."  
 Eva added, bitterly: "She's not an ordinary ham, like the rest of us; she's a real actress, if she gets a few of these alleged stars look sick."

"You really think so?" he asked—a little too eagerly, he thought—and at Eva's nod he produced his cigarettes and said, "but you're not fair to yourself, or to Mona."

"Oh, yes I am." She paused while Romer held a light to her cigarette. "Mona," she said, "is one sweet kid; but she doesn't know what it's all about. She'll have to be awfully lucky if she ever gets anything better than extra work."

"She's a mighty pretty girl," Dan said. "I thought she was pretty clever."  
 Eva's brief smile came and went. "What of it?" she challenged. "There's thousands just as pretty and just as clever. Mona's just a chorus girl in Hollywood; but," she added, enthusiasm coming into her voice and kindling her eyes, "it wishing could do it for her, Mona would be a star. You wouldn't find it hard to remember that girl in your prayers if you knew her the way I do."

Her swift ardor surprised Romer, left him a little embarrassed. "I'm sure you're right," he murmured to fill in the silence.

Eva, blowing an ash from her cigarette and turning her gaze toward the sun-filled window, remarked that it had not been for Mona Morrison she would have left Hollywood long ago.

"But Mona," she said, "makes me feel a little ashamed of the thought of giving up."  
 "And you mean to say," Dan demanded, "that's it's Mona's cheerfulness and optimism that are holding you here?"

His tone carried skepticism, and Eva, though she met his eyes calmly enough, colored more deeply beneath her makeup, and Romer remarked that her hand trembled as it closed on her water glass.

And her reply came with a shade of defiance and a touch of bitterness. "That's not all," she admitted, "but it's one reason. Another, if you care to know it, is that Mona's just a kid and she needs somebody around who knows what's good for her and what isn't. You don't see any of these would-be sheiks hanging

around her, do you?" she demanded, and Dan said he hadn't.

"And you won't, as long as Mona's willing to listen to me."

Romer thought that Eva Harley was dangerously close to tears. There was a fierceness in her last sentence, a sort of ragged-edge quality that he felt might border on hysteria; and he welcomed the arrival of the waitress with their luncheon.

But he knew an increased respect for Eva Harley; and if he had entertained any doubts concerning her suitability as a living companion for Anne Winter, they now were gone.

He thought: "There's a story somewhere down deep in Eva, and it's not very pleasant. It's tearing her heart out."

Presently he reminded the tall, blonde girl sitting across the table from him that, though she had given her reason for thinking that Mona's chances for Hollywood fame were small, she had not, after all, said anything about her own case. He knew that he would be interested now in anything she said about herself.

"You don't mind, do you?" he asked.  
 Eva shrugged. "Why should I?" "Because," Dan said, "you gave me the impression when I met you of being very quiet and self-effacing and—a little mysterious."

He smiled. "I felt that you didn't like me—and that's an uncomfortable sort of feeling to have."  
 Eva looked at him, looked him straight in the eyes until Dan felt awkward and ill at ease; and he concluded then that Eva Harley would be the wrong person to lie to. "Because," he thought, "those eyes of hers would find it out."

She said presently, "You're all right. Dan Romer, and I do like you."

"I'm very glad," Dan said. "I like you, Eva."  
 He thought, watching her: "What a heartbreaking smile!"

"I'll tell you about myself," Eva said. "You've heard—everybody has heard—of what happened to some of the stars when pictures started to talk. There's Barrett, for instance—the Great Barrett; he's through, and he doesn't know it. But all Hollywood knows it. And she mentioned others he had heard of. But there were hundreds of other cases, no less tragic by reason of their obscurity, that the world never would hear about."

She said, "I've got a voice like a night-club hostess; it's about as pleasant and musical as scraping your finger-nail along a window pane."

Romer laughed. "That's foolish talk, Eva," he said, but she told him: "You ought to hear how it records."

Before the mad rush for talking pictures, she went on, she had found fairly steady employment. "I had some pretty decent bits, too. But now—well, if you're pretty enough and small enough; if you can sing a little and do a tap-dance routine without falling on your face, there's jobs to be had in the revues. . . . That's not my style." Her laugh was short and mirthless. "It's out of luck, that's all," she concluded.

"But you're working today," Romer pointed out.  
 "Yes. Today . . . a bit of scenery."

A shaft of sunlight threw an irregular shadowed triangle on her throat and caught and held the yellow gold in her hair, so that Romer's eyes smarted at its

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Four Bottles of New Hair Tonic Has Banished the Dandruff and Gray Hairs Are Back to Youthful Color Now

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"It was really embarrassing to be not over thirty years old and have gray hair and itchy annoying dandruff. It was causing my hair to comb out by the handful and my scalp seemed so dry and itchy all the time," writes Mrs. Gray, whose picture appears on the right. "Then I learned about Lea's Hair Tonic and it is nothing short of a miracle what it did for me. Four bottles and a week's shampoo with their powder did it. The first bottle made such a wonderful improvement I kept on and today my scalp is as healthy as can be. Not a bit of dandruff any more and you should have seen the gray hair go back to its former color as a girl. I rubbed it into my scalp sparingly every night so I obtained quick results."

continued Mrs. George Gray, of Alexandria, Miss.  
 Anyone may obtain the same results. Dandruff and gray hairs are not at all the fashion in these bustling times. Be better groomed and keep young looking if you wish to forge ahead socially or in business. No one need be designated as the gray haired party any more. Obtain a bottle of your druggist, or send \$1 to Lea Tonic Co., Brentwood, Md., for bottle return mail if store hasn't it yet. Results guaranteed satisfactory in six weeks or money refunded on demand.



## PROMINENT MEN COMING FOR CONCLAVE

**National, State Heads of Order of Redmen Coming for Meet**

The most prominent of the visitors who will be in Klamath Falls for the Redmen lodge state convention which opens August 14, will be Judge Harry J. Cuthrell of Portsmouth, Va., great lodges' highest officer of the Redmen lodges in the United States.

E. O. Connor, Spokane, great senior sagamore of the Great Council of the United States, who ranks second highest in the organization, and who next year becomes the great Incochonee, will also be present.

**To Induct Pocohontas**  
 Reception of delegates and visitors and Pocohontas day when the degree of Pocohontas will be conferred upon the auxiliary of the Dewineek lodge 73, will be on the program the opening day.

August 15 and 16 will be business days when officers of the Great Council will have charge. The evenings will be devoted to amusement including a banquet for the great chiefs, visiting Redmen and Pocohontas.

The Great Council officers of the Redmen lodge of Oregon and elective officers of the grand lodge will be present, including: John Jensen, great sagem, Portland; E. J. Bella, great senior sagamore, St. Helens; E. J. Hahn, great junior sagamore; Henry Swint, great prophet, Portland; E. M. Wells, great chief of records, Portland.

Great Pocohontas Alleen Reeves of the Great Council of California

will confer the degree of Pocohontas upon the new local auxiliary. She will be assisted by Great Grand of the Wigan Ruth Hughes, also of the Great Council of California, and a degree team from McCloud, Calif.

The welcoming committee will consist of practically all local members of the lodge and their wives. The general committee in charge of the convention is W. C. MacRae, chairman; W. H. Cochran, secretary, and Sachem J. N. Arnett. They will be assisted by the subsidiary committees. Cochran, who was organizer of the Twineek lodge will be assisted by Mrs. Cochran and several members who are organizing the degree of Pocohontas.

Business houses of the city have been requested by the local lodge to have their windows decorated in red and green, colors of the order, during the three days of the convention, and have also asked that the American flag be displayed throughout the entire convention.

Delegates and visitors' headquarters will be at the Arcade hotel, and the business headquarters will be located in the former bowling alley room over Woolworth's store.

**Masons Attention**  
 All visiting Masons and members of Klamath Lodge No. 77 A. F. & A. M. are requested to meet at the Masonic Hall at 2:00 p. m. Saturday, August 9th, for the purpose of holding funeral services for our departed brother, Wm. Bowdoin.

C. W. Stanley, W. M.

## Labor Union Picnic At Fort Klamath

The Central Labor union's picnic will be held at Duke O'Neill's Sunset camp, near Fort Klamath, instead of at Lake of the Woods, it was announced last night by C. D. Long, president of the council.

The change was made necessary because of the condition of the roads to the Lake of Woods and because it will not be so far for the large crowd, which has signified its intention of attending the picnic, to travel.

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## EXCURSION to PORTLAND August 10th

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## Four Charged With Disturbing Meeting

Charged with disturbing a religious meeting in Keno, four youths will go on trial in Justice of the Peace W. B. Barnes' court on August 15.

The charge was filed by Marvin Gilliam and accuses the quartet of disturbing the meeting by "throwing into the building in which said congregation was gathered for worship a T. & T. N. flash salute."

Pleas of not guilty were entered by the youths, Tom McCormick, John Taylor, Lyle McCormick and Lee Norris.

The defense contends that the congregation was making so much noise that a sick woman in a nearby house was disturbed and that the congregation would not respond to a request to be less noisy.

The complaint states that two persons were slightly burned when the firecracker exploded.

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## Freckles and His Friends

THIS IS WHAT I'M DRIVING AT... IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR PAY-ROLL BACK, LOOK FOR IT HERE ON THE RANCH... OSCAR AND I FIGURED OUT THAT IT WAS SOME BODY HERE WHO HELD US UP...

WELL... I'LL TALK TO REDDING, BUT I'M SURE HE WASN'T THE PARTY...

## Redding Flares Up

SAY, REDDING... THE BOYS SEEM TO THINK THIS HOLD-UP WAS PULLED BY SOMEBODY HERE ON THE RANCH... BY THE WAY... YOU DIDN'T RIDE QUEEN BESS THAT AFTER-NOON, DID YOU?

YOU DON'T MEAN TO INSINUATE I WAS THE ONE THAT STUCK THEM UP DO YOU?? NO... I DIDN'T RIDE QUEEN BESS!!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D FLARE UP SO... EXCUSE ME FOR EVEN QUESTIONING YOU... I'M SORRY!!

## By Blosser

I WONDER IF THIS PIECE OF KNIFE BLADE THAT WE FOUND WHERE WE WERE HELD UP HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT??

IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME... JUST HANG ON TO IT... YOU NEVER CAN TELL!!

## Mom'n Pop

SAID THAT'S A GREAT STORY! AFTER READING IT MY HEART ACHES MORE THAN EVER FOR HER

IT'S JUST LOVELY IF THAT WOMAN READS IT I DON'T SEE HOW SHE'D HAVE THE HEART NOT TO BRING THE LITTLE DOG FOR A VISIT

## An Important Decision

WHY! THAT'S THE LITTLE GIRL GERTY TOOK BINNER FROM THE DOOR KID! I TOLD GERTY SHE SHOULD HAVE GIVEN THE MUTT TO HER, SHE WAS A CUTE LITTLE KID, HUM-

SHE'LL THINK HE'S SKIPPED AWAY AGAIN, I'LL DO IT!!

## By Gowan

THE DOOR KID'S NEWS... PINES TO SEE DOGGIE

LITTLE ANY GUNN BANNER BECAUSE LEARNED TO DOG WAS TAKEN AWAY BY THE DOOR KID'S MISTRESS

## By Blosser

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