

The Hollywood Story

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CHAPTER XIII
 "Just a simple little routine now, Miss Winter—anything at all." Harry said. He swung around on the piano stool so he could watch her, but his fingers were very busy on the keys and he beat time softly with his foot and his head went up and down in smiling accompaniment.

The piano sounded strangely there in the shadows, a small strangled voice in a vast emptiness, urging her to unfamiliar steps. But Hurley's grin was friendly and encouraging and Harvey Bell sprawled cheerfully in a chair and smoked a cigar, and there was that in his attitude which conveyed the feeling that the proceeding was not at all strange. One looked at him and took heart.

And presently Anne began to dance. Lightly and easily. Simple steps, for all of the gymnastic tap-tapping of feet and rapidity of movement.

Approval lighted Director Hurley's eyes as he nodded. He switched to a waltz tune, watched her keenly as she adapted herself immediately to the new rhythm. Once or twice the girl tumbled and certainly in the unfamiliar routine, but there was no awkwardness in Anne Winter's lithe and graceful body, and when he came to the end of the tune he got up at once and shook her hand and told her she had done very well.

"And, Mr. Bell," Hurley said, "tells me you haven't taken any lessons since you were a little kid."

Anne told him that was so, and he said, "Well, you haven't anything to worry about. We've got an instructor who'll have you dancing like Ann Pennington in a week."

More seriously he informed her that he had been more interested in what she looked like while dancing than in the actual performance of the steps. "Know what I mean? Some girls have all sorts of technique but very little natural grace to go with it." He turned to Bell and told the casting director that one could guess Anne Winter would be a good dancer from the way she walked.

Bell nodded, and said that was true. "I wonder," he said, with a smile for Anne, "whether Miss Winter would mind terribly if we asked her to sing a little?"

"Really, Mr. Bell," Anne began, but Fred Hurley had seated himself at the piano. With a wave of his arm he commanded Anne to come over beside him, and he began to hum as he played.

Anne told Rorimer that evening: "They were wonderful to me, Dan! I didn't dance well, really; I felt as clumsy as an elephant."

"Yeah, I imagine so," said Dan dryly. "I bet you knocked them right out of their seats."

"Don't be silly!"

"I mean it," he insisted. "What did they say about your singing? Remember what I told you, if you ever got a chance."

Anne laughed. "Oh, I'm all excited, Dan! They liked it. I'm to have a screen test."

"Say! That's pretty fine! When?"

"Day after tomorrow," Rorimer said that, under the circumstances, they certainly ought to celebrate. "How about a dance after the movie?"

Anne demurred. "It's too warm, Dan."

"Well, a drive, then, to the beach." He brought his car to a stop in the parking lot beside the Chinese theatre, and Anne said, as they turned toward the lobby that a drive certainly sounded more appealing.

Sitting beside her in the theatre he watched her, and he kept her in his thoughts, paying scant attention to the story that was unfolding on the screen. Anne's eyes shone with a happy, eager light, but otherwise she seemed calm and cool. Anne, he thought, always seemed that way. The day had been hot—it was the middle of May now—and Anne had been under a strain; but she looked as cool and fresh as though she had stepped out of an electric refrigerator to meet him.

His own day had not gone so well; nothing seemed to go well nowadays at Continental, with Martin Collins gone over to the Amalgamated lot and Adamson on the warpath with one of his periodical campaigns for economy. . . . Save a few dollars a month by taking out a couple of the office telephones . . . waste thousands by spilling

the morale of the organization with his insistence on foolish routine.

Rorimer, looking at Anne Winter watching the little smile playing on her lips, was glad for her sake that she had no Adamson to contend with. A screen test day after tomorrow . . . He was proud of her. . . . He thought: "And she did it by herself, too—no pull."

Of course, there had been a word or two from Garry Sloan, and a word from Sloan went a long way. . . . Well, by time a mere extra girl could catch the eye of the great Sloan the girl must have something. "And Anne has," Rorimer thought, and he laughed a little guiltily as Anne turned her head and confronted him.

She said, "Are you looking at the picture, or not?"

"Yes," he said, grinning. "It's great, isn't it?"

"You're incorrigible, Dan Rorimer."

"I'm nothing of the kind, he whispered. "I've been doing nothing but sitting here being proud of you in a big way. You can't hate me for that, can you?"

He thought: "I wonder if I ought to tell her about the row I had with Adamson today? I suppose not; she'd think I was crazy. And maybe I am."

But later that evening he told Paul Collier. He and Collier had been living together for some time now, in an apartment off Hollywood boulevard a short distance east of Vine street.

First, though, he drove Anne out to Santa Monica, and they sat in the cooling wind that blew off the water and watched the ocean and talked.

"Remember the other night we were out here, Anne?"

Anne nodded. She said she thought she could remember everything they had talked about that night, even though it was three months ago. "It was an eventful day, Dan—my first day at Grand United, for one thing; and that was the day I met Mona."

"Today was an eventful one, Anne. . . . I suppose you've never regretted moving in with Mona and Eva, have you?"

The look that Anne turned on him held a question. "We've been very happy together. They've kept me from being lonely, and I hate loneliness. I'm—afraid of it. . . . Why do you ask?"

Dan said he didn't know exactly. "Unless it's because I was thinking of Eva. I'm rather sorry for Eva, Anne; she seems so cheerless."

"Not all the time," Anne corrected, and Dan, looking up at the star-strewn sky and smoking, said it was his guess that Eva at one time or other must have been badly broken up over a love affair.

"Because," he explained, "she's so—oh, I don't know—so defensive when men are around. Paul Collier said the same thing about her. She doesn't have very much use for men, does she?"

"Eva likes you," Anne told him, evasively, and Dan nodded solemnly and admitted that Eva had once told him that.

"But I think," he added, "that Eva had measured me in her mind for some time; weighing me in the balance, you might say." He laughed. "And why, do you suppose?"

"Why?" Anne asked.

"Because," Dan said, "I think Eva had your interest in mind. In some ways she reminds me of a mother hen; she seems so fiercely protective of Mona, and you, too. I think Eva was trying to make up her mind whether I was the right kind of young man for little Anne Winter to associate with."

Anne laughed. "Now you're being silly again, Dan Rorimer."

"You don't mean that at all; there was absolutely no conviction in the way you said it," he accused her, and Anne made no answer.

Dan said, "In a sense, Eva's quite a comfort to me. I'm a little worried about you myself, and with Eva around to cast a critical eye over the competition, it's—well, it's something for my peace of mind."

Anne, snuggling down in her seat and still smiling at him, said: "Can't you ever be serious?" and Dan replied that he was a darn

sight more serious than she thought.

"All you have to do is find out," he said, "to give me a little encouragement," and he looked away from her and took another cigar from the package in his pocket.

Anne said, with a provocative little laugh: "Yeah?"

"Yeah," he answered. "And I wish you wouldn't use slang. It's not becoming in a young lady on her way to stardom, and under the present circumstances it's quite unromantic." He thought: "It would serve you right if I kissed you here and now for saying that," but he remembered with unpleasant vividness, and a certain amount of hurt pride, what had happened on the one occasion that he had tried it; and he knew a stiff-necked determination not to try it again unless the invitation was unmistakable.

Eva and Mona were sleeping when Anne got back to the bungalow, but Rorimer, when he returned to his apartment, found Paul Collier seated before his portable typewriter and turning out copy in a cloud of pipe smoke.

Collier looked up shortly at Anne's entrance and turned back to his work. "Come in, son," he said, "and tell papa all the news."

Dan felt a malicious satisfaction that Collier would be jolted out of his jocular casualness with a brief second. He said, and he began leisurely to remove his coat: "I tore up my contract today, papa. How's that for news?"

(To Be Continued)

San Francisco to Celebrate "Harbor Day" August 21st

On August 21, "Harbor Day" will be celebrated in San Francisco in honor of the concentration of the Pacific battleship fleet in the San Francisco bay. The fleet will be in the harbor from August 16 to 25.

It is expected that the Southern Pacific will offer low rate fares from Klamath Falls to San Francisco for this occasion, although no definite announcement of this has been made.

On August 21 gala festivities will mark the bay city celebration. A grand parade, in which close to 3,000 uniformed sailors will take part will be held. The 59 vessels in the fleet will be open during the day for public inspection, as well as all the commercial ships in the harbor at that time. Navy races and marine lifeboat races will be held. A marine parade will be featured in the afternoon, to be followed by an evening display of fireworks, an electrical display from the fleet, and a dance on one of the large ships.

Democratic Meeting To Be Held Tonight

Democratic precinct committee will meet this evening at 8 o'clock in the office of Mrs. L. B. Hague in the Willis building when a report will be received from the nominating committee appointed at the last session.

Committee composed of Noble Carter, B. P. Alexander, Mrs. L. B. Hague, George Grizzle and G. W. Bratton were elected to fill office vacancies existing on the democratic ballot. The candidates they select must receive the endorsement of the committee before the names can be placed on the ballot, however.

All committeemen are urged to attend the meeting tonight which will be one of the most important before the election in November.

Use of bicycles has increased steadily in Switzerland in recent years, until the ratio now is about one for every five inhabitants.

Today In Klamath's Theatres



AT THE PELICAN

One of the best loved figures of the screen, Robert Edeson, has a prominent role in "Cameo Kirby" Fox Movie tone romantic musical drama, which will be seen and heard on the audible screen of the Pelican theatre.

Edeson, in his day one of America's most popular matinee idols, has mellowed with the years and, according to critics, is a much better actor now than in the days when he was at the height of his fame on the stage.

The audible screen proved a great boon to Edeson, and he was one of the first of the veterans to adopt himself to this new medium. Proof of his great talent and popularity is seen in that he is in constant demand in Hollywood and has steadfastly refused to sign a permanent contract, preferring to freelance.

AT THE PINE TREE



The newest but already one of the most popular of romantic "teams" in motion pictures comes to the Pine Tree Theatre today in First National's spectacular, all-color "Song of the Flame."

Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire first met as singers in the operetta "The Desert Song," the former as leading man and the latter as an understudy who made good when the star was put out by illness.

Noah Beery, Alice Gentle, Inez Courtney and Bert Roach are others in the cast.

AT THE LIBERTY

Ocean liners sailing to and from San Pedro, California, were frequently "hove to" off the Point Firmin lighthouse during the filming of "Undertow," Universal feature starring Mary Nolan, which is now being shown at the Liberty theatre, so that the passengers could watch the Harry Pollard company on location making pictures. Sometimes as many as three or four liners, their decks lined with passengers watching through glasses, would lie as close to the light as they dared while the exterior scenes were being shot. John Mack Brown supports Miss Nolan, with Robert Ellis playing the "heavy" and Audrey Ferris.

The story is staged against the colorful background of the Russian revolution, with thousands of real Russians in mobs, scenes of fighting in barricaded streets, pillage, feasting and debauch.

"Song of the Flame" presents massive sets accurately reproducing parts of Moscow, Petrograd, and other Russian cities and villages.

AT THE VOX

The height of something-or-

others in outdoor sports was discovered by the Tiffany unit on location for "Border Romance," the all-talking picture which Don Terry, Armida, Marjorie Kane,

W. Harry, Victor Potel and many others take part. Players going on location take along cards, books, golf clubs and innumerable devices of amusement to take care of idle hours when not in scenes. And one thing that must be taken is a sense of humor. Without it, hardships and work become monotonous.

On the second day it was noticed by the company, shortly after lunch, that Harry and Terry had sat for one hour in two canvas chairs, side by side, without moving once. Apparently they were asleep. The thermometer had passed a decent mark and no one felt like disturbing them. It was too hot even to perpetrate a joke.

Suddenly Barry leaped up with a blood-curdling shriek. "Got him! Got him! Look!—hey, look!"

The nearest prop man grabbed the rattlesnake medicine and six cowboys came running with over the route between San Luis de Bengal and Natal.

excitement, that either Wesley or Don must have been bitten. Then the two collapsed in their chairs, laughing at the company. Barry held a string in his hand. On the other end was a noose and in the noose was a gopher. He and Terry had been waiting for over an hour with a noose drawn around a gopher hole, and success had crowned their vigil.

"Silly little animal," said Richard Thorpe, director of "Border Romance," to go for a gag like that!"

"Border Romance" is the attraction until Thursday at the Vox Theatre.

THAT'S SPEED

PARIS.—Mail leaving here for Buenos Aires reaches that far-off South American city in three and one-half days. By air mail it is flown, leaving here at 7 p. m., and making the flight to Buenos Aires by the afternoon, three days later over the route between San Luis de Bengal and Natal.



For mal de mer

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"I was troubled with premature gray hair and dandruff, it was turning gray at 19 years of age and quite gray at 35. Dandruff fell so profusely my coat was often littered with it, but nothing I found would stop the dandruff, until I bought Lea's Hair Tonic. This remarkable preparation easily kept my hair its youthful color, and the dandruff entirely disappeared. I'm convinced Lea's Hair Tonic will do all the company says it will," writes Professor A. H. Bailey, teacher in High School, at Mountain Grove, Mo.

"Thousands of professional men, lawyers, preachers and business men get their hair years younger than their real age, and have a far better appearance since using Lea's. Just a few drops rubbed with finger tips into the scalp at night for a short while does the work so natural-like and pleasing, one can defy even an expert to detect its use. Gray Hair or Dandruff are a detriment socially, or in business. Many not gray but troubled with Dandruff, use Lea's. It does not effect hair of natural color. Mothers often use it on the children's heads. Beauty shops often use Lea's but it may easily be applied at home by anyone. Obtain a bottle of druggist, or send dollar a bill, check or stamps for bottle prepaid to your door. Results must please you in six weeks or money back. Lea Tonic Co., Brentwood, Md.

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