

The Hollywood Story

ERNEST LYNN

CHAPTER XIII
Just a simple little routine now, Miss Winter—anything at all. Harry said.

She smiled at him and looked up at him and took heart. And presently Anne began to dance.

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.

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.

Yes, 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.

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

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

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

That's pretty fine! When? Dan asked.

Day after tomorrow, under the circumstances, they certainly ought to celebrate.

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.

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 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.

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.

Of course, there had been a word or two from Garry Sloan, and a word from Sloan went a long way.

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.

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.

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.

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."

"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."

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

thought 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 cigarette 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."

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.

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.

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.

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.

Committee composed of Noble Canter, B. P. Alexander, Mrs. L. B. Hague, George Grizzle and G. W. Bratton were elected to fill office vacancies existing on the democratic ballot.

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'.

In 'Cameo Kirby,' Edeson enacts a role that seems made to order for him.

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.

Ocean liners sailing to and from San Pedro, California, were frequently "hove to" off the Point Firmin light-house during the filming of 'Undertow.'

AT THE LIBERTY

The story is basically a simple love tale wherein war aspects the normal relationship between a Polish prince and a peasant girl.

AT THE VOX

The height of something-or-other excitement, that either Wesley or Don must have been bitten.

excitement, that either Wesley or Don must have been bitten. Then the two collapsed in their chairs, laughing at the company.

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

PARIS.—Mail leaving here for Buenos Aires reaches that far-off South American city in three and one-half days.



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