

The Hollywood Story

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CHAPTER XXII

Sloan had said nothing more. A smile, a glance at his wrist watch, and Anne moved on, and the director followed her progress toward the dressing room before he turned away to stride through the litter of the vast interior toward the exit.

Throughout luncheon, words kept forming themselves in Anne Winter's brain, words that Garry Sloan had spoken. "Something ought to be done about that." They were words to repeat over and over again, to ponder on deliciously, to experiment with, using different inflections in quest of different significances.

She ate lunch with a couple of girls from the chorus—New York girls, both of them from Broadway musical shows. Their laughing, wisecracking chatter was a noisy accompaniment to the meal, but Anne made absent-minded replies, fooled around with her fruit salad and glass of milk.

One of them said, "I see you made a bit with Garry Sloan. Tell me how it's done, will you?"

Anne forced a smile. "I would not say a bit, exactly."

"Didn't I see him giving you a lot of time? And he was using his eyes on that costume of yours, too."

Anne shrugged and made no reply. A light wrap now covered her bare legs and arms, flesh that she had been conscious of beneath Sloan's cool scrutiny.

The other girl said something about giving her right arm to have Garry Sloan, the "biggest shot" at Grand United, take notice of her. Maybe you don't know it, Anne, but you're in luck."

Anne said, "You're being silly. He only said a few words to me. I've talked with him before."

But he had said something ought to be done about a contract. She bore the exciting news to Eva and Mona that evening. Mona had worked that day—her first job in more than a week. Eva had not, Eva hadn't seen the inside of a studio for nearly a

month, and she was rather more discouraged than usual these days. Anne worried about her. Eva could be very bitter—bitter toward herself. Even Mona's unfailing cheerfulness could not always chase that hard look from the blond-haired Eva's eyes and force her unwilling lips to smile.

But Eva tonight tried to be as unselfishly enthusiastic as Mona, and for a while she succeeded. Later on, though, she brought up an unpleasant topic. She was thinking, she said, of leaving Hollywood.

Anne stared at her in dismay. "But why, Eva?"

"Because," Eva shrugged—"oh because."

"Quit singing the blues," Mona advised.

But Eva said she was not singing any blues. "I'm just talking sense. I'm not getting by out here—I'll never get by. What's the use of staying?"

"I wish you wouldn't say such things," Eva pleaded.

"Yes," Mona said, "snap out of it." She went over to Eva and sat beside her and put her arm around her. "Cheer up! You'll get a break some time, and then you'll wonder why you ever thought of giving up."

Eva stared moodily at the floor. "Yes," she said scornfully, "I'll get a break, all right. I've been kidding myself about that for three years."

"Well, you will. Anne got one, didn't she?"

Eva made no answer.

"Didn't she?" Mona insisted, and Eva turned on her impatiently.

"Yes!"

"And she added in a tone less harsh: 'Anne got a break because she knows what to do with it when she gets it. I haven't got what Anne's got, and neither have I.' Eva's voice stopped."

"Neither have I," Mona finished for her. "I know it; you don't have to spare my feelings. But she laughed, and her arm tightened

around the other girl, drew her closer. "Aw, honey, don't be so blue. You make me blue, too, when you talk that way. I know we're not going to set the world on fire, but what of it?"

"I'll bite," said Eva bitterly. "What of it?"

Anne Winter sat by, watching. She had the uncomfortable feeling that all this had been caused by the announcement of her own good news. She was sorry for Eva, so much so that at times she felt almost ashamed of her good fortune. Toward Mona she felt differently. One's own good luck was Mona's, too, or so Mona made it appear. Happy-go-lucky, thinking not of today's disappointments but of tomorrow's possibilities, Mona would not set the world on fire—but what of it? One didn't quit just because of that.

Mona was saying: "I may get a bit next week, Eva. What do you think of that? I was talking to an assistant director today and he said—"

"I know all about that, too," Eva cut in, not raising her eyes. "He probably wanted to make a date, didn't he?"

"I know, but these assistant directors and fourth assistant camera men and office boys give me a laugh. Always promising to do something for you! What can they do—even if they did mean what they said? You'd think some of them, to hear them talk, were as important as—Garry Sloan!"

"Oh, well," Mona got up and turned on the radio. "Let's change the subject." And she turned to dial. "See what KFI has to offer."

KFI offered a jazz orchestra. Mona snapped her fingers and hummed, tried a few tap-dance steps. She fumbled, began over again. "How do you do this, Anne, anyway?"

Anne got up and showed her. Mona looked on doubtfully. "It looks easy enough, but—" She tried it again, but half way through the step her feet got tangled up again and she sat down.

"Too deep for little Mona."

"Why, you were doing fine, Mona," Anne said. "Keep it up. It's not so hard."

"Maybe not for you," Mona began to whistle.

Eva watched her, and Anne saw the blond girl's eyes soften and a half-smile curve her set lips. Presently Mona sat down beside her, put her arm around her again and began to talk. She chattered on about inconsequential things, trying to get Eva out of her black mood.

And later on Eva complained of a headache and said she was going to bed, and the others let her go. Mona told Anne that evening that she was afraid Eva was se-

rious about leaving Hollywood. "I've tried to talk her out of it. This is the first time I've heard her mention it to you."

"I wish she wouldn't feel that way," Anne said. "I don't know how I'd get along without Eva and you."

Mona smiled thoughtfully. "You'd get along all right. The trouble is, Eva thinks you might get along better without us. . . . I mean," she hastened to explain at Anne's look of astonishment, "that Eva thinks she's a burden, or something like that. She feels pretty badly because she hasn't been able to pay her share of the rent for one thing."

"I hope," Anne said, "she doesn't think I mind paying a few extra dollars. Besides, Eva does nearly all the cooking."

"But you can't make her see it that way. Gee, I've been hard up myself," Mona laughed. "I still am, for that matter. I mean, I know what it is to have rent day roll around and not be able to pay it. I've borrowed money from Eva many a time, and she from me. I don't know why she should feel that way unless—"

"Unless what?" Anne urged.

"Oh, I don't know. Unless it's because you're doing so well that it makes things seem all the more hopeless for Eva. Know what I mean?"

"I think I do," Anne said.

"I'm not that way myself," Mona confessed. "If I see another girl get a break, it sort of encourages me. Oh, I'm not kidding myself about being a star, or anything, but there's a lot of people getting by. Maybe I will."

"I'm sure you will," said Anne. Mona laughed. "Life's too short to spend your time worrying. I wish I could make Eva see that."

Mona moved over to the radio and tuned in on another program, and she came back and sat close to Anne on the sofa.

"I want to tell you something else about Eva," she said. "It might help you to understand a few things." She glanced toward Eva's closed door, continued in a lower voice:

"Remember the day after the party that Martin Collins gave?"

Anne nodded.

"Well, remember my asking you who was at the party, and when you mentioned Frank Maury I told you not to say anything to Eva about him, because she could not stand him?"

Anne remembered, and smiled.

"I can understand that. I can't stand him myself."

"Well, believe me, I can't either! The swell-headed chump! But Eva can; Eva's mad about him."

"About Frank Maury?" Anne frowned.

"Yes. He and Eva were extras together, and Eva was crazy about him. I think she still is, although she says she hates him."

Anyway, he played her the lowest trick a man can pull on a girl. They were engaged to be married, and then when Maury began to get a few breaks, and commenced to mingle with some of the high-bats, he dropped Eva like that."

Mona snapped her fingers.

She said, "Eva's a funny girl, Anne. She doesn't have much to say, but she thinks a good deal."

Her eyes sought Anne's, and Anne silently assented. "And I know she still thinks a lot about Frank Maury," Mona continued.

"People say Eva Harley is bitter and disillusioned, and all that, but there's a reason for it. There usually is. Maury dropped her without saying a word, and she'll never get over it. . . . Somebody ought to break his no-good neck," she finished, savagely.

(To Be Continued)

Ladies Auxiliary Plan Jitney Dinner

The ladies auxiliary of the Fraternal Order of Eagles are serving a jitney dinner in the basement of the Oriental hall Friday evening after the Eagles regular meeting. A card party will be held during the early part of the evening. No charge is being made.

All Eagles, their wives and friends are invited to attend. Anyone who wishes to attend is cordially welcome.

For Results Use Herald Class Ads

Corrections To Errorgrams

(1) Los Angeles is spelled incorrectly. (2) Los Angeles is the fifth, not the fourth, city. (3) The previous census was 19, not 15, years ago. (4) The palm at the right is a feather palm, not a royal. (5) The scrambled word is HORIZON.

DO NOT Be Misled By Knockers!

There is no Beauty Shop Union in Klamath Falls and we want it understood that our shop is not non-union and we are not against organized labor.

Organized Beauty Shops locally have no affiliation with organized labor and their prices are not uniform.

Our prices are fair to all. Our work done by graduate expert operators. Our materials the highest grade to be secured.

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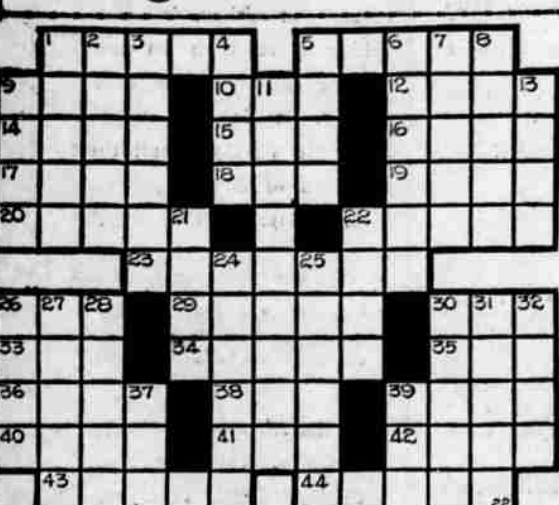
ERRORGRAMS



There are at least four mistakes in the above picture. They may pertain to grammar, history, etiquette, drawing or whatnot. See if you can find them. Then look at the scrambled word below—and unscramble it, by switching the letters around. Grade yourself 20 for each of the mistakes you find, and 20 for the word if you unscramble it. Look on this page and we'll explain the mistakes and tell you the word. Then you can see how near a hundred you bat.

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Long Central Word



HORIZONTAL
1 Tie.
3 Impudent.
6 Fish.
10 To consume.
12 Demonstrative.
14 Rootstock.
15 Ocean.
16 Net weight of container.
17 Always.
18 Conclusion.
19 Last word of a prayer.
20 Aliots.
22 To wrench.
23 Lampons.
26 Fluid in a tree.
29 Metric measure.
30 Because.
32 To mow.
34 Food.

VERTICAL
35 Rustle.
36 Entrance.
38 Farewell!
39 Stepped upon.
40 Neap.
41 Fair of a beast.
42 At this place.
43 Safety device.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
MOBILE SPARTA
AVID RELATE
RED FORAGE CO
AK SEDATE KOD
I STEEDS FORE
BOAT I READ
ROAR SCORED T
ELK SHAPED NU
LO SLATED SOL
I SPIDER MOOS
CURATE ALASKA

Freckles and His Friends



A Fast One



Mom'n Pop



Over Time



By Blosser

By Gowan