



WAR COLLEGE



When Jacqueline Bordoni, famous movie star, returns to the little town where she had grown up, Howell Shefield feels that he has found satisfaction. His father, a hard-working doctor, never had gone rich, and Howell, studying medicine in private, follows his father's profession wonders if he will ever want to be a doctor. Jacqueline is a dancer in her honor, tells Howell he is too good-looking for the stage, and advises him to leave his father tired and overworked, comes down with pneumonia.

The wife death of his father leaves Howell bitter and rebellious. He has three years of medical work to finish, and his father has left little money. Howell decides to quit medical school to go to Hollywood and try to get into the movies, for quick wealth, fame, and success.

CHAPTER FOUR

TO Howell Shefield the journey from Fairfax, Mo., to Los Angeles was like a dream. Others might complain of boredom. He found no difficulty in amusing himself.

Staring with equally unseeing eyes at mountains and desert, he was conscious of the scenery, in a secondary way, but the topmost layer of his mind was occupied with his own future.

Even the memories of his father were laid resolutely away. No room for sentiment in the struggle to which he had pledged himself.

He made no effort to accept any of the tentative offers of companionship from fellow travelers. He made no confidences to any one but Lambie, and that was not until the magic word "California" appeared after the name of every town. Once in the diner, he thought how surprised some of these people would be if they knew they were traveling with a future motion picture star.

Four years from now he would probably be forced to dine in the seclusion of his own compartment.

Howell's heart almost suffocated him when a couple of reporters boarded the train at Ogden and were admitted to the drawing room of his Pullman.

"Richard Reynolds is in there," explained the movie-wise porter. "Been sleeping all the way from Chicago. That's what most of them do on the train."

From then on Howell watched the door of that drawing room with the intensity of a cat. Rewarded by a solitary glimpse of a big man, with tired eyes, and a disappointingly unfamiliar face.

Richard Reynolds did not at all resemble the pictures Howell had seen of him. He never would have recognized him without the porter's explanation.

At Salt Lake Howell, strolling through the station, paid a dollar for a book he hoped would be a "to him. "How I Broke into the Movies" was the title and it gained the autographed photographs and personal experiences of movie stars.

surely, thought Howell, one of the many must have had a way of breaking in which might be repeated.

He read them all, from beginning to end, finding them surprisingly similar. "My mother was a stage star." "I made my first appearance on the stage when I was 7 years old." "My mother, faced with the necessity of supporting herself and her baby took to the stage." "Breaking into pictures for me was a matter of stepping across the footlights to the front of the cameras."

Howell's family certainly had not done their "bit" by way of preparing him for a motion picture career. So far back as he could remember—and the ancestry of his father's family was traced to pre-revolutionary days—there never had been an actor. He obviously was certainly under more or less of a handicap.

But that should not deter him from his purpose. A scientific training should be an asset for any profession. Certainly his background and education would be no drawback.

He understood that "real ladies and gentlemen" were hard to find in Hollywood. And "directors were always looking for new types."

Of the stars said, further: "For any one seeking to break into the movies today, it is almost imperative that they have personal acquaintance with some studio executive, plus a good-sized bank ac-

WHEN I FIRST SEEN THEM TWO GUYS COME AROUND TH' CORNER I THOUGHT THEY WAS JUST TWO HONEST LABORERS—FIVE MINUTES LATER A GUARD COMES AROUND TH' CORNER AND, BEHOLD, I FIND THEY'RE DESPRIT CRIMINALS.

THEM PRISONERS BETTER WATCH THAT GUARD. A SENTRY DESERTED ON TWO OF 'EM ONE DAY AN' THEY HAD TO GO BACK TO TH' GUARD HOUSE ALONE—AN' THEY GOT BAWLED OUT FOR LETTIN' THEIR GUARD DESERT.

count or personal income, and above this, of course, a complete wardrobe and the ability to act.

"Personal acquaintance with some studio executive." There was a word of advice. Only how did one manage it? If Jacqueline Bordoni were in Hollywood, instead of New York, she might have given him an introduction to her director.

But then how had Jacqueline broken in? She could have had no personal acquaintance with a studio executive. Her experiences were not recorded in the book. Her success was perhaps too recent.

Howell read the paragraph again and dismissed it with the same conclusion that the topnotchers in any profession liked to make; they struggled more difficult than it really was. The facts undoubtedly were exaggerated.

Even if her name did not appear in the book, Jacqueline Bordoni was a recognized star and Howell knew she had become so without a single one of the requirements listed here. With the exception, perhaps, of the ability to act.

But then how much ability did it take just to be oneself before a camera? How could any one tell whether he had such ability until given a test?

The book was not so helpful as he had hoped. Even when the writers did confess to starting as an "extra," the gaps between those days and the time when they began to play "leads" were not filled in.

Neither were there any explanations as to how one became an "extra." No doubt that would be easy enough to do, once one had arrived in Hollywood. Problems of that kind had a way of solving themselves...

Howell was sitting in the parlor when he discarded the book he had been reading. He was embarrassed to find a woman in the chair next to his, regarding him amusedly.

"Thinking of breaking in?" she smiled.

He did not like her smile, nor the voice that went with it, but he answered, truthfully: "I thought I might."

Her eyes swept his face with the intensity of a powerful searchlight.

"What have you to offer besides youth and your very obvious good looks?" Howell blushed.

"As much as any one else, I guess."

HE hated her for asking such a question, but for some reason he could not have refused to answer. There was a quality about her—something hard and glittering—which commanded attention.

From her brassy, well-kept hair to the thin hands, weighted with rings, Howell felt she was a person with authority. One unused to having her desires refused.

They talked for half an hour, but it was not until that night on the observation platform, that she said, "call me Lambie, if you like. Everybody does."

"Perhaps," thought Howell in his own berth, "perhaps she didn't really mean any of the things I suspected. I'm not used to women of that type. Never met one in my life before. I wonder if she was laughing at me."

Nevertheless, his last waking thought was relief that he had broken away from her. There had been something almost compulsory in the pressure of her hand...

(To Be Continued)

—By Williams

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

DEC. 6, 1929

—By Ahern



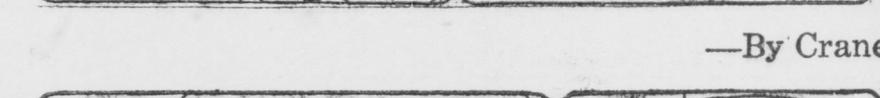
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



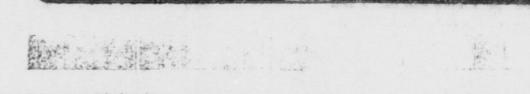
—By Ahern



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Ahern

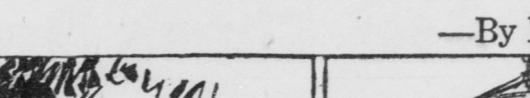
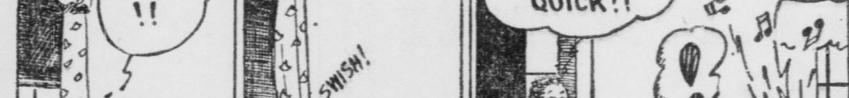
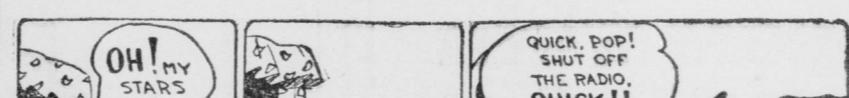


—By Small

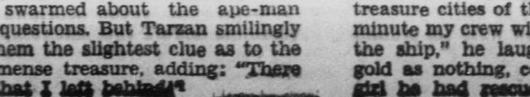
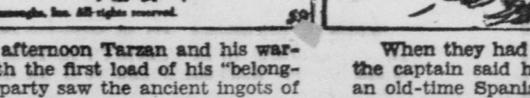
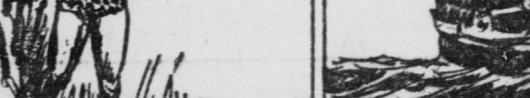
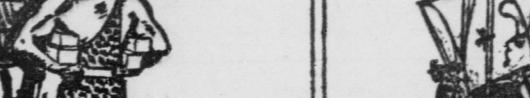


—By Small

SALESMAN SAM



—By Taylor



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

THE RETURN OF TARZAN



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But first he was searched and, to Tarzan's despair, the stolen papers were found. A moment later, after this exertion, had died down. Jane introduced Tarzan to Temington, "John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, my lord," she said. It required many repetitions of the ape-man's strange story to convince Lord Temington that they were not all quite mad.

Late the next afternoon Tarzan and his warriors returned with the first load of his "belongings." When the party saw the ancient ingots of virgin gold, they swarmed about the ape-man with a thousand questions. But Tarzan smilingly refused to give them the slightest clue as to the source of his immense treasure, adding: "There are a thousand things I left behind."

When they had stored this aboard the cruiser, the captain said he felt like the commander of an old-time Spanish galleon returning from the treasure cities of the Aztecs. "I don't know what minute my crew will cut my throat and take over the ship," he laughed. But Tarzan valued the gold as nothing, compared to the golden-haired girl he had rescued from the golden...

...ship.