

# "Seats in Balcony Only"

By W. E. Hill

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"Plenty of choice seats in the balcony." In the better managed movie houses the prettiest usher (one with big eyes and curls, preferably) is usually placed at the foot of the balcony stairs to lure standees to the floor above, where they won't be in the way of traffic.



O, but wasn't Maxine the bad girl?—squirmed around in her seat and made fresh remarks till her mother just had to slap her good and hard. Well, that made Maxine furious, and she set up a terrible howl and, of course, had to be taken out and reasoned with. Some sort of a truce must have been arrived at, however, because they are seeing the rest of the film ("The Street of Forgotten Women") from the rear of the balcony.



The corridors leading to the balcony seats, in all the bigger and grander movie palaces, are getting more and more sumptuous. There are early Italian niches, and Spanish haciendas, and Louis the Fourteenth anterooms till you'd almost think you had a look-in at a 'round-the-world cruise. But it's the same old balcony, with all the choice seats gone when you get there.



"O, she does say the most terrible things to her mother! You see, her mother uses slang, and she don't get it up to date. She's just started talking about 'whoopie,' and, of course, it embarrasses Helen terribly, and she loses her temper." (Just to show that the talking pictures have had no appreciable effect on the standee talkers.)



"No seats on the main floor." These three lovely girls—Edna, Ida, and Elda—are trying to walk through an usher because they want to make sure for themselves that there really are no seats left. Some people just won't take anybody's word!



Elderly party who can't see a thing, after the bright sunlight outside, being led precariously and haltingly to a balcony seat.



"O, look! look! They're going to plant a gun on him!" This is a very tense moment in the latest talkie, "Street of Forgotten Women," a screen version of "Rip Van Winkle," and the standees in the rear of the house are all a-tremble with excitement. (The lady in the pony coat is going to get pretty mad in a minute if certain parties don't stop pushing!)



"Honest, hon-ee, I don't care anything about Wilbur! I'm just hardly civil to him, that's all, when he takes me out." Joe and Irene prefer balcony seats. They've parked Irene's mamma downstairs.