The Talking Movies
By W. E. Hill

"Isn't it wonderful, Ethel? You can even hear her tears falling on his shirt front!" "That isn't the moving picture. Aunt Ada, the man behind us dropped some money."

"They're making such a noise I can't hear you. Gravy—talk louder!" The talking movies are an awful wet blanket for those lassies in the mezzanine seats who like to have a good heart to heart talk while the feature is on. Because sometimes the actors get excited and begin to rant, and that excites the talkie-tone machines and there is a terrible rumpus, so that Mrs. Floss can hardly hear Mrs. Haggerty tell how never again will she rent her apartment furnished to a family with ten small children and a grown dog.

Hollywood is full of tragedy since the synchronized stuff came in. Here's Ronald de Roos, one of those big, tall, baby-eyed boys; just the type, everyone said, for the lead in the new talkie, "The Rajah's Ruby." Well, Ronald tried out for the role of the gentleman crook and they found that he said "wooby" for ruby, "wohber" for rubber, and "vogue" for rogue, which, while cute in real life, was all out of place in an underworld film.

How it sounds from the rear of the theater. The heroine: "Don't let them torture me, Raoul! I'm-a-momma!" The usher: "Can't stand in the aisle, lady!" Lady stands: "O, I can't, I can't! I'm just as much right there as you have young man." The police: "We got the goods on you, kid. It was you bumped off Rambler Fred Bennett!" The usher: "Yay! Well, you gotta keep out of the aisle, lady!" The hero: "Loew, officer; you must listen to us! We're innocent!" Lady stands: "I'm going right out and report you to Mr. Loew, you little holler ing!"

Introducing Mr. Argyle Henley, hero de luxe of many a screen drama, this time appearing on the silver sheet to tell you via synchronized sound about coming attractions. Every syllable spaced just so. Pretty cute.

This, friend reader, is the end of the croak drama, where the honest gumman and his girl bids go to the country to live a new life after surviving the wicked police. The movietone comes in big here because, while the hero and heroine are skipping around in the glitfing sunshine gathering cherry blossoms and great big cabbage roses by the brook, you get all the country sounds. You hear the birds twittering, the guinea pigs creaking to their young, the walnuts ripening, and the cow groaning. Best of all, you hear the gurgling laughter of the boy and girl. And if your ear drums have never been hit by the gurgling laughter of two sweet young things in a talkie, via the amplifier, boy, you've never really lived!