

our meal in a wayside inn, and we came to blows instead of to table."

"Scandalous!" said I. "Why don't you protest?"

"I threw him into a ditch," he announced. "By the way, your 'phone call this morning interrupted my breakfast—"

"Good heavens! You aren't going to set about me, I hope," I cried in terror, for I knew he was every bit as athletic as he looked.

"Not this time," he reassured me; and we both laughed and sat down.

"Tell me," I said, by way of changing the subject, "all about yourself."

"I'm shy," was the reply. (He's a tease, anyway.)

"I really must insist," I persevered.

"In that case," said Langhorne Burton, taking up a position on the hearth-rug, "I give in. I am not bald—I am not married—I am not 6 ft. tall (5 ft. 11 in.)—I don't like living in London—I don't wear a wig for screen work if I can possibly help it—I don't receive upwards of two hundred letters from admirers every day—and I am not Johnny Walker, though I do dress like him occasionally."

"But you are a tease," I interrupted.

"There's more yet," pursued my tormentor. "I haven't deserted the stage for films—I don't mean to—I like riding—I like American producers—I like cowboy films—and I like the PICTUREGOER. I think it stunning, don't you know. There!"

"Where were you born?" I enquired. (Some people are never satisfied.)

"I was born," he said, "somewhere round about—shall we say—forty years ago?"

"Not really, though?"

"Seriously, yes."

He doesn't look much more than half that; he has fairish hair (curly), grey-blue eyes, and a very becoming dimple in the right cheek when he laughs, which he frequently does.

"You were born," I queried, "at—?"

"At the usual age. I am seriously thinking of spending next winter in Spain."

"How delightful! Tell me some more."

"I'm rather fond of filming abroad. I enjoyed making *At the Villa Rose* in Nice and Monte. A friend of mine, who knows Spain really well, has offered to obtain all the necessary permits for me, and he tells me that I can engage many accessories to the company over there, and that the Spanish are very good actors. But it's only a day-dream as yet."

"Kind of 'Castle in Spain,' I suppose?"

"Exactly. Another dream of mine is to make a Wild-West film in the

The LAMENT of Langhorne

His face was sad, and his voice was serious, but there was a twinkle in his eye that belied his sorrowful story.

"My movie meals are a misery to me," lamented Langhorne Burton. "Never am I allowed to take one in peace. Sometimes it's a duel first; once I did manage to finish eating, but then I had a terrific fight before I had time to digest it."

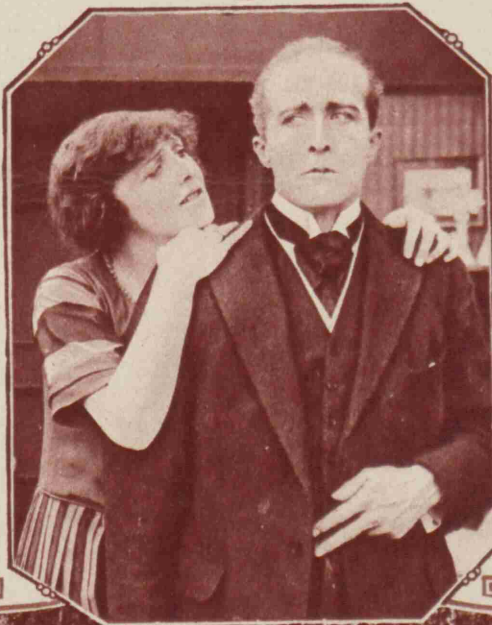
It had not afflicted him physically, at all events. He had not the appearance of a man whose digestion had been disturbed. Instead, he looked handsome and fit, as the hero of so many stage-plays and films ought to look.

"Do you remember what happened in *Tom Jones*?" the recital continued. "How the villain deeply insulted me, and how I went for him, and put his head in a pigeon pie? Spoiled the pie, of course, and spoiled my dinner."

"The screen is starving you," I sympathised, though I could see no signs of starvation about him.

"In *The Impossible Woman* the producers made me pour my tea all over the place, and then get up and leave it untasted. I was deeply in love, you see."

"Two repasts were also ruined in *The Amateur Gentleman*. I dined with the Prince, but there was unpleasantness afterwards. And the friend I was so glad to meet offended me just after we'd ordered



Left: "In A Man's Shadow."

Below: "Two Little Wooden Shoes."

