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Can you distinguish these men and women of the Shadow World? Do you know that their number is constantly increasing? The strange power these men and women wield over normal people is almost unbelievable. Dr. Potter says, "NO MAN ON EARTH HAS A CHANCE AGAINST A WOMAN ONCE SHE HAS SUCCumbed TO ANOTHER WOMAN." Actual clinical cases reveal the abnormal ties and the unnatural desires and erotic reactions of these twilight men and women! There are records that actually prove that men have been MADE INTO ABNORMALS, that sexual operations have been performed to produce queer specimens of men and women! A startling, provocative indictment against the false modesty that has been responsible for the growth of these fantastic, strange amatory curiosities among savage and civilized races.

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Dr. Potter tells about the hidden, secret passions that dominate these women's exotic lives. He talks about the tragic duality of the effeminate man—half man—half woman. He delves deep into the ages—relates the bestialities and savageries practiced by the old Egyptians, Hindoos, Greeks, Assyrians and Romans—the sensuality that was ascribed even to the Greek Gods, to Zeus, Appollo, Hercules and Jupiter—the growth through history from ancient countries to France—to Germany—to its tremendous spread through the United States.

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Fearlessly, openly, the meaning of many misunderstood subjects is brought under the scorching light of truth. Sadism— Necrophilia—Phalic Worship—Sodomy—Pederasty—Tribadism—Sapphism—Uranism—the normal man and woman will refuse to believe that such forms of perversion exist and have been practiced through the ages.

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How many of the famous men of history were considered "odd"? Socrates, Plato, Caesar, Virgil, Oscar Wilde, Leonardo da Vinci, Lord Byron, Tchaikowsky, the musician, Walt Whitman, the gentle, lovable poet, Napoleon—men and women of all kinds, in all stages of life.

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THE ROBERT DODSLEY CO., Dept. M-15
110 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
MARLENE
DIEFRIICH
Dec. 27th

HELEN TWEETREES
December 25th

MURIEL
EVANS
"trims a tree"
Hail the New Year!

HAPPY NEW YEAR, everybody! Here's hoping that 1934 will bring to you and to yours a veritable outpouring of success, happiness, and a bountiful measure of good health. That is the wish of the editorial and business staff of "MOVIES" magazine which is soon to enter on its fifth year of service to the screen fans of America.

The years through which we have just passed have been tough ones, but we can look back and laugh at the hardships which are now but memories.

True it is that we have many fights and trials ahead; life wouldn't be worth the living if we didn't.

Every sign on the horizon portends a revival of interest in the world of the stage and the screen; prosperous months may not be on our doorsteps, but certainly they are at a more definite stage of arrival than the proverbial "just around the corner."

"MOVIES" magazine will continue its fight for fair play to all concerned in the movie game. We are just as much opposed to a star making a hog of himself (or herself, as the case may be) in the salary and contract question, and setting a bad example to the rest of the players on the lots, as we are to the high-handed and thug-like tactics with which one or two of the major film companies have dealt with the smaller and less fortunate independents in the past.

We shall continue our fight for civic righteousness as far as the movies can be used as a vehicle or weapon to win a conflict. This was the only one of all of the film magazines which for nearly four years waged a war against the iniquitous system of the prohibition laws. We shall continue to wage that fight for decency and sobriety, and it is with no small sense of pride that we realize we stood alone among all of the film magazines in partaking of the repeal victory.

We extend our congratulations to Marion Davies, Anna May Wong, Dorothy Arzner, Doreta Young, Tom Mix, Phyllis Haver, Kenneth Thompson, Alexander Gray, Vilma Banky, Anita Louise, Virginia Valli, Pauline Starke, Francis X. Bushman, Peggy Shannon, Chester Conklin, Mona Smith, Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Diana Wynyard, Harry Carey, Carl Laemmle, Marjorie Gateson, Nils Asther, Oliver Hardy, Cary Grant, Leon Waycoff, Roscoe Ates, Colin Clive, Merle Tottenham, Conrad Veidt, Ralph Graves, Randolph Scott, Raymond Griffith, Charles Morton, Greta Nissen, Marcia Manners and Tallulah Bankhead upon their birthdays this month.

—THE EDITORIAL STAFF.
June Brewster who made a real hit in R.K.O.'s "Headline Shooters"
WILL ROGERS
who appears in
"Dr. Bull" and
other Fox films
Two studies of June Knight, stage and screen star.
WHEN such items as this “As a reward for her splendid performance in ‘Cross Country Cruise’, the picture starring Lew Ayres, Universal has exercised its option on the services of June Knight, and the blonde charmer will be affiliated with this studio for another year. Miss Knight only recently began her screen career with Universal in “Ladies Must Love”; and “Diana Bourbon, former Parisian newspaper and magazine writer and author of numerous American short stories with modern romantic backgrounds is writing a screen treatment of ‘The Indecent Age’ in which Russ Columbo, popular radio idol and June Knight, versatile musical comedy star, are to be co-featured by Universal. Both are busy now on other productions”; keep piling in, it is a sure sign that a certain young lady from California is apparently making a go of it.

She is one of the very few motion picture doubles in existence ever known to branch out for herself and win fame in her own right. Even while doubling for Garbo, in that sensuously barharic dance in “Mata Hari,” Sam H. Harris strove to induce her to join a Broadway production.

She was much interested then, however, in dancing and didn’t even know she could sing. Until one night the regular prima donna at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, in San Francisco, took sick and the manager said, “You sing the number, June. I heard you humming it backstage.” “All right, if you want me to,” June answered, “but please turn down the lights because I’d be afraid to have people watch me sing.” The number was “Love For Sale” and her lovely soprano voice did it full justice. Then she came to New York, of course, and became the prima donna ingénue of “Hot Cha.”

The blonde baby was described by Florenz Ziegfeld, at that time, as one of the most beautiful and talented girls on the American stage. Then she became dancing and singing star of the Broadway hit, “Take a Chance,” was given a long term contract by Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal. A native Californian, Miss Knight was brought to New York last season to share stellars honors with Lupe Velez (Mrs. Weismuller) in Ziegfeld’s “Hot Cha.” She began her picture work at Universal City at the conclusion of the “Take a Chance” engagement.

It is a mistake to assume that she didn’t have any movie experience prior to that, for she has done “Take a Chance” for Paramount, with Buddy Rogers opposite her and the two Lillians—Bond and Roth, appearing in support of her.

She was “among those prominent” in “Fifty Million Frenchmen”, both the stage and screen versions, and was also seen in “On with the Show”, the first all-color and all-talkie movie, produced by Warner-First National. Her cinematic efforts have found her working on practically every big lot in Hollywood, and I for one predict a rosy future for her.

Both of her parents were, and are, Californians; they are two of the nicest, “loveliest” folks I have ever had the privilege of meeting. June is “regular”—she is true blue all through, although some of the scissors-grinding columnists have been trying to brand her as “high hat” lately, and accusing her of having “gone Hollywood.”

In addition to her ability to play, dance, act and sing superbly, June is a costume designer, and has actually created the styles for many of the dresses and afternoon suits she wears, although she did call upon Claire Julianne Spiker, of “MOVIES” magazine, to create an afternoon dress for her wear on the coast and in pictures—a creation designed in Chinese vermillion and chocolate brown which becomes the youthful blonde in no small degree.

She swims well, has a superbly beautifully figure without showing any trace of lumpy muscles in her thighs or calves, and the last time I saw her she was sipping cold coffee and enjoying some of the frosted doughnuts from the Maxwell Coffee shop on Broadway.

She likes embroidery work, and has done the actual sewing on several of her own dresses; that was some time ago, obviously, for she is up to her neck in work most of the time now. Asked how she liked Manhattan, she said:

“I like New York,” she said, “as a place to work. It is fine; people are most hospitable; far more so than the impression one gains in the rest of the country. But I would not want to live here permanently; I think it would be bad for my health and for my complexion. I love California and won’t be really happy until I get back there.”

Asked if she was married she laughingly replied:

“My name is constantly being linked with some man or other; sometimes with and sometimes (Cont’d on page 42)
3 LITTLE PIGS

The Production of Animated Cartoons—Part I

By WALTER W. HUBBARD

If anyone had told you that one of the cinema hits of 1933 would be a seven-minute cartoon feature concerning the brief adventures of three little pigs, you would have either laughed at the ridiculousness of the statement or wondered what form of insanity would cause anyone to make such a patently outrageous claim.

I doubt if any short subject, since the advent of films, has aroused more discussion than the "Three Little Pigs"; certainly there have been more than twice as many prints made of it than are made of the average successful film.

It is doubtful if, in the entire history of the cinema, the public has attended the movie theatres in such droves just to see a short subject for the first, second or third time; and in thousands upon thousands of cases people who never cared for vaudeville were willing to pay the admission to a vaudeville house to see a feature picture and an entire vaudeville bill just to be able to see this seven-minute cartoon "short".

What are the secrets of this sensational success?

Having been associated with both the cartoon game and the motion picture game for a dozen years or so, the writer feels that the most essential element so vital to the success of any screen success has been inculcated in that seven-minutes comedy. It is an element which some producers today, (many of whom are paid princely salaries) seem to ignore every once in a while.

That "priceless ingredient", as the Squibb folks are prone to broadcast, is STORY.

Again and again in feature articles this magazine has emphasized the need of a story to insure the success of a picture, and pointed out instance after instance in which pictures with great names, from the producer, director, stars and cameramen, have gone toppling into puddles of red ink because they lacked an adequate story punch.

And more frequently than some of the big producers care to admit, pictures which boasted of no stars other than "has-beens" or amateurs will turn a trick at the box office and make money for the exhibitor and producer alike, just because there is a story back of it all. And don't forget that at the same time the public is pleased, and the theatre-going crowd's faith in the cinema as an institution has been restored every time they see a good picture—no matter who makes it!

Now that we're talking of successes, let me quote from Grace M. Keefe's excellent article in a recent issue of Psychology Magazine in which she discusses personalities.

"Two successes in one", writes G. M. K., "and both in five years' time. That is the enviable record of Walter Disney and his merry little partners in fame—Mickey Mouse and the Three Little Pigs.

"Mickey just celebrated his fifth birthday with a party that stretched round the world—and with presents enough to fill a good-sized room. For he is probably the best-loved personality in the world today—more famous even than the Prince of Wales.

"And—something strange in such a partnership—Walt Disney doesn't begrudge him his popularity. He is perfectly content to bask in Mickey Mouse's reflected glory.

"In New York on a short vacation a few weeks ago, he expressed the conviction that he is the luckiest person in the world. For he is now realizing the three great ambitions of his youth.

"'I always wanted to be an actor, a stage director, and an artist,' he said. 'Today I am combining these three careers in one.'

"When Walt Disney was a youngster, all he could think of was drawing. He covered his school books, his writing pads, even his examination papers with funny pictures of people and animals. His teachers used to throw up their hands in despair. He had the thickest little head they ever came across, they swore. They couldn't even pound arithmetic or grammar into it.

"But Walt went merrily on his way, worrying little about the poor marks he received. He knew what he wanted to do. And grammar wouldn't help him to do it.

(Continued on page 43)
The Smoky City Welcomes

DICK POWELL

By Julia Gwin

W HEN Dick Powell came back to Pittsburgh a few weeks ago after almost a year's absence stirring up things in Hollywood, he was given a welcome that even New York might boast of with pride.

There were automobiles and bands and people, people, people. All of Pittsburgh must have left her pots and pans and desks that day to greet this lad who, in less than four years, they had come to love as a native son. It was a spectacle—a splendid, glowing tribute to the fine, clean cut youth of America which he symbolized for them.

About five years ago Dick went to Pittsburgh unknown and unknowing to take over the job of Master of Ceremonies at the Enright Theatre. But he didn't stay here long—they soon moved him in town to the Stanley. It was a big job for a boy not yet out of his teens, one that would have turned most boys' heads.

But Dick isn't like most boys. He hadn't had a lot of experience prior to this,—he couldn't at this age, but he showed an amazing combination of showmanship and intelligence for one with no previous training in this work and who had no inherited guidance. He wasn't too wise to ask questions or too sufficient to take advice. Soon his associates in the theatre and those on the outside with whom he came in contact, began to realize that he was steady, loyal and responsible with a great enthusiasm and freshness of spirit. They found him a delightful companion, warm and amusing, human and approachable with a humor quiet but unfailing. He was never boisterous, always tremendously busy, doing whatever he did joyously and accepting praise in a modest manner.

The theatre management liked him, the actors who came to play there found him a refreshing surprise. With a sweeping admiration for the accomplishments of other artists he never attempted to inject his personality into their acts in a hurtful manner. He was always the perfect host.

Then Pittsburgh found him. And that was something to write home about. No other actor ever sang in Pittsburgh's protestant churches. Reverend John Ray Ewers, Pastor of the East End Christian Church, one of the finest in the city where Dick sang several times, is a Powell booster. He said more people came to hear Dick sing than came to even the laying of the corner stone of the church.

A year passed, two...it was an anniversary that the town celebrated by sending flowers and telegrams, by telephone calls and little informal visits to the theatre to give their personal greetings to young Dick Powell. Pittsburgh, through the president of the Chamber of Commerce, offered its congratulations. And Dick loved them for it. There was an excitement about him subtly contagious. He felt that he couldn't let these friends down...ever. And he never has!

They proved that a few weeks ago when he returned to make a personal appearance in the town where he had worked and played and been happy for the better part of four years. Such a short time he had been away, but long enough to make them very proud of him. Somehow they felt he was a product of their own designing, so they turned out to do him honor.

When Dick stepped off the train he was met by Mayor (Cont. on page 44)
MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL

By Pricilla Wayne

Short Story from the Monarch Film, by Anita Delglyn. Part I.

The MOONLIGHT filtered down the narrow hallway and illuminated the youthful figure of a comely young woman half crouched by the keyhole of a bedroom door. Her thin white nightgown was almost transparent, certainly ghost-like, in the sombre stillness of the night.

"I tell you, Mary," said the man's voice as the girl outside in the hall strained her ears to catch every syllable, "I'd as lief see the child in her grave as have her carryin' on like the young folks of today. Like some in our own church and Sunday School, for that matter. How their folks can rest with them out traipsin' around in cars, neckin', and to dances with hip flasks and —"

"She wanted to roll her stockings the other day—" the woman interposed.

"Roll her stockings? Is that some new flapper stunt? Wants to show off her legs, eh?"

The smile of the girl outside broadened. Sometimes it was very hard for her to believe that these two actually were her father and mother, with their mid-Victorian notions, their crazy ideas of the jazz age, as they called the good times of the modern generation. She listened for her mother's reply.

"The girls have been doing it for some time," the woman's voice explained from behind the door. "It's because they don't wear other things, John," she explained to her husband of the cloth, "garters and corsets and underthings. No girl wears them now. You should have seen the girls at the pageant. I was back stage helping them get into their robes, you know. I was astounded, John. Not a single one of those girls wore a stitch of clothing more than a thin little dress and a teddy and maybe the sleaziest kind of a binder."

"What's a binder?"

Beth MacDougall grinned as she straightened from her crouching position at the door and padded in her bare feet softly down the hallway.

"Dear old Dad," she giggled to herself. "It's unbelievable how pure he is. And mother can't give him accurate information at that."

Softly the girl opened the door of her own room; silently closed the door behind her. Instantly her pose of slow movements ended. In a flash she dropped the billowy whiteness of the gown about her and in the space of a split second stood in the moonlight which drenched her room, a straight, shining white thing of soft voluptuous curves and feminine appeal. With the quick, stealthy grace of a panther she padded over to the mirror, admired her naked self fleetingly in the long glass, turned a little so that the moon caught a perfect profile of her young face, her firm, little, girlish breasts, and the silky smoothness of her well rounded limbs.

She wasted no time in dressing quickly,—a white sports skirt and a crimson sweater, and, of course, rolled hose. Opening the screen of the window she slid quickly to the soft, velvety carpet of the lawn below.

After hurling a few hedges with the agility of a young panther, she was soon seen walking sedately down the broad street under the great oaks that almost met in a great, arching, net-like canopy.

She had reached the outskirts of the village and her heart was singing light; now she was headed for the country club less than a quarter of a mile from the limits of the little college town.

Near the stone entrance of the club grounds a masculine figure detached itself from the shadows of the parked cars and came hurrying to meet the girl. Admiringly he took in her beauty at a glance.

"Gosh, I thought you'd never make it tonight, Beth," he said. "It's warm,—what do you say to a ride?"

"I'd love to ride, Larry," she replied, "but somehow it seems so, well,—secret. If we could just go up to the club house and dance!"

She stopped, gazing wistfully in the direction of the jazz
orchestra as the sensuous notes floated out on the night air.

Larry slipped his arm about the girl, virtually lifted her into the waiting car.

"We don't dare," he reminded her. "Lord, I'd love to as well as you. Realize, Beth, I've never once danced with you? But we wouldn't dare. First thing you know someone would tell dominie, then our goose would be cooked."

She hated to hear of her father being called "dominie", but realized how terrible the result would be should he find out about their pleasures and clandestine meetings.

"Got a cigarette, Larry?" she questioned, and without waiting for an answer, searched the pocket of his sweater with his college letter on it until she located the pack and the matches.

She lit it, and lit one for him... They rode on through the balmy night air in silence, and yet happy, these two. They turned into a country road that followed the contour of the river, startling a lot of petters whose cars were parked along the roadsides.

"A great little night for petting," Larry said. He threw one arm lightly about Beth, clutching her soft, rounded shoulder under his wispy sweater covering, in exultant fingers as he did so.

"Better not," said Beth, moving away reluctantly.

For answer Larry stopped the car in the shadows of great trees that skirted the road.

"Beth," he said suddenly, "We've got to have this thing out. I—I—well go, I'm crazy about you, Beth. This thing can't go on. I—I'll I'm afraid I'll lose my head some time. I—"

He stopped suddenly, and swept the girl roughly into the circle of his strong arms. Her flower-like face fell back, upturned, on his shoulder and he bent his own face to her, covering her mouth, her throat, with quick rough kisses.

With a quick muscular movement she freed herself from his passionate embrace.

"Larry, you promised last time! I said I'd never come again if you did, and you promised—"

The man understood, unwillingly, and let go. Beth put her hand to his shoulder.

"It's not that I don't want to," she said slowly, "It's just that I'm afraid. If anything happened,—well, it would kill mother; and I've given my promise to dad. I couldn't—"

"You don't love me," he blurted out.

"Yes, I do!"

Larry Caspar didn't answer immediately; he knew the power the Reverend Bruce MacDougal could wield in exacting a stern promise from a daughter.

"There's the other way, Beth! Trial marriage. Why can't we try it," he asked.

"But Larry, we don't get anywhere with it. It's just begging the question. Give us a chance to see each other often. Be more—more intimate. Why, we wouldn't dare. It would be found out. Sooner or later someone—"

"It wouldn't be found out. I just accepted a job in Chicago, darling. Another two weeks and we wouldn't see each other again. I couldn't stand that,—could you?"

"Well, if I had to—"

Impulsively he swept the words out of her mouth. "You couldn't; neither could I. Get a job as a teacher in Chicago. Your folks don't need to know I'm in the windy city. I'm almost converted to this companionate idea of marriage. Many judges are back of it. They say couples are surer of each other if they aren't bound so tightly; and they try harder to make a go of it. They say trial marriages couldn't fail once in a hundred times while one real marriage fails to every one that succeeds. The human psychology of the old-fashioned marriage is all wrong. When you're twenty-five you'll be released from your promise to your father. Then we can get married in the old way. By that time you'd know if you wanted to—to put up with a fellow like me for the rest of your life."

Larry's face looked so pleadingly boyish in the moonlight that Beth felt her heart yearn toward him. It was hard on her, this secrecy, these clandestine meetings, this sneaking about through alleyways fearful lest some person should see them and report to her stern old father.

Perhaps it would have been different if Beth had lived a normal girlhood. In spite of her bare twenty years she felt as though she had already lived most of life.

Since her earliest girlhood Beth remembered the same weekly regime repeating itself in dreary cycles. Saturday night and choir practice. Sunday morning and Sunday school with the squirming little bunch of 10-year-olds who would rather have been out.

And the rest of the week, with prayer meetings and young people's societies for spiritual advancement,—all alike and jammed down her throat.

She nearly had the matter settled in her own mind, in response to his pleas and the influence of a wise, old moon, when a car pulled up and gay voices called.

"Hello, Larry,—thought it was your car!"

"Billy McGee," Larry whispered. "He can be trusted."

"And Miss MacDougal," Billy McGee's voice held surprise, almost consternation, as he recognized Beth. Then they noticed Billy too had a companion,—introduced as Hortense Parsons, and slightly "under the weather." After they drove off, Beth drew a deep breath.

"Larry, wasn't she,—wasn't she awful?"

"Yes. Can't understand why fellows pick up with that kind of girl. Can't understand!"

Beth sat in silence. Her cheeks burned. She felt degraded. Larry, the man she loved, would say that to her! As though she were any other type than this drunken Hortense. What a hypocrite she, Beth, was!

Posing as a good girl, and out,—like this. And the man whom she loved with all her heart and soul had proposed that they—live together,—without benefit of clergy—just live together. She as his mistress.

And she had listened.

Generations of conventional living back of the girl revoluted at the thought. And yet in her heart Beth MacDougal, virtuous daughter of John Bruce MacDougal, knew exactly what she intended to do.

Beth could see that Hortense, when they met a few minutes later at a roadhouse, had recognized her as Miss MacDougal. She was coming to, now. Not so bad, this girl who had dabbled in art and music, but mostly "dates."

They ordered barbecued sandwiches and "something to drink" on the side, and were no sooner started on the, virtues when somebody screamed:

"It's the sheriff!" Then pandemonium broke loose. In strode one of the raiders.

The face of eternal doom itself could not have quailed Beth MacDougal more, for the face was that of Robert McDivitt, President of the Anti-Saloon League and a pillar in her own father's church.

Larry took a sudden hand in the tragedy.

In a flash he had squared his athletic shoulders,—college football training standing him in good stead,—literally heaved the thin parti-

Would YOU want YOUR daughter or sister to enter into a companionate marriage without benefit of clergy?
tion from its mooring, and, shielding Beth from sight with his own body, was backing her to the rear of the little shack. They escaped hurriedly, dodging a motorcycle policeman as they sped on their way. He fired one shot at them, but that wasn't what Beth worried about most.

Larry sensed her perturbation. He headed the car toward town.

“Two thirty now,” he muttered, looking at his watch. “Be three before we can possibly get to town. We better beat it.”

He drove with one hand, his other holding one of Beth's cold little hands close. “Now don’t worry, honey,” he told her. “You've done no wrong and you know it. If worst comes to worst and your father finds out about it we'll stand right up to him. Then we can get married. It's all his fault anyway. If he'd given you a chance like other girls. If he wasn't so narrow-minded and conceited—”

But her fears proved groundless. In less time than she took to worry, she had climbed back into her window, slipped off her clothes, and gotten to bed, thinking.

For half a year now she'd been meeting Larry, and at first he had just been content to meet her. Then kisses and hugs; now he kept talking of marriage and children. But she was aware of the bleak, rigid home life she had had and of the five children her parents had had. “Loaned by God,” her father would say with an expansive smile. Then one by one they had been taken away—two boys and a girl died of diphtheria and one son, almost a young man, was drowned. Four graves in a row.

“You're all we have left,” her father had told her. “You owe a duty to us that you must fulfill. After we're dead and gone then you can go your way—until then you belong to us.”

Years of service in what her father called “his vineyard,” years of living with ladies' aids and missionaries. Years of church activities with young people in the background and then youth and Larry Caspar asserted itself.

She arose rather tired, after a somewhat worried night. There were the usual chores, mimeographing the church calendar and the like. Burdensome tasks now. The usual lengthy invocation at breakfast which was never overly cheerful.

Then another half day of torture worrying whether her name would be in the papers, even though Larry urged her to face her father with the facts and offered to come over and back her up. But nothing came of it, and the Reverend MacDougal merely used the story to point out another moral "lesson" to his daughter.

Just prior to supper the telephone rang.

“Mother,” said the Reverend MacDougal, “it's John Larson on the telephone; grandma Larson's ill and they wonder if Beth could spend the night there. John's wife has to stay at home and take care of the baby, and the daughter doesn't get in until the late train from the city.”

The minister's word was law, but in going to her grandmother's she found that the daughter had arrived on an earlier train and only a casual visit was necessary. The inevitable thing happened; she met Larry, and, with Billy McGee and Hortense, they went for a ride.

“I've got the Chicago job cinched,” said Larry as he fondled her hands and lovingly caressed their hair. “You're of legal age. After it's over what can he say? What can he do? Just listen to reason, honey.”


But Larry was not to be entirely directed from his purpose. “Then what about the trial marriage?” he told her. “You come to Chicago to teach. Even if you don't get the teacher's job what does it matter? I'm going to have a hundred dollars more a month than here. I've had plenty to live on here and I've got some in the bank. We could get a little apartment and nobody would be the wiser.”

“I want to marry you, Larry,” said Beth. “But I want to in the honest, old fashioned way. I know I made a promise to my parents they had no right, morally or legally, to exact; but I did, and that's all there is to it now.”

The rest of the argument trailed on until they arrived at the Light House Inn for a chicken dinner and drinks in a neighboring county, and it was half after eleven when they again tried to start for home. By this time the rain had developed into perfect cloudbursts and the ditches at the side of the road were filled, making driving not only difficult but very dangerous.

Stuck in the mud they drowned their sorrows and worries by drinking from the well filled flask Billy had,—including Beth of the temperance-bringing-up. Soon Beth and Hortense were both silly and hysterically happy.

After the raid Larry had taken out a marriage license, and he suddenly thought of the idea of using it while Beth was in a mellow if not tractable mood. An elderly justice of the peace was summoned to the shack where they had sought shelter and in a jiffy a legal marriage was performed, Beth speaking only when Larry prompted her to say “Yes.”

A rosy dawn was breaking when their car was finally hauled out of the mud and Beth was later delivered to her own parental roof. She was glad the day was Saturday; there were so many things to do to keep her mind off the blur of the night before. She remembered nothing of her being married; that was Larry’s secret.

It was John Larson who “spilled the beans,” as they say in the vernacular, and told the Reverend MacDougal that Beth should have gotten home safely on Friday night. Now she felt conscious-stricken for having been drunk, and on Sunday she had to listen to a glowing pulpit denunciation delivered by her father against the sins of the young people of today.

She slipped Larry a (Continued on page 41)
SECONDARY in importance to the stars of a motion picture, ranks the director. Why?

When John and Jane Public go to the theater to see the screening of a production, they usually pick the one that shows their favorite stars. At least this is the opinion of producers when planning to produce a picture. Apparently their theory is right, if box-office returns are considered a criterion.

The electric lights on the marquee board, the 24-sheet stands and the newspaper and radio advertising space all shriek the name, or names, of the stars. If one looks closely enough, the name of the director may be located — way down in one corner in small type. When the picture is unreel'd, it will be found again but in no case so prominently displayed as that of the star's.

On the other hand, the director is boss of his unit during the filming of a story. His word is the last word. The stars look to him for an interpretation of the scenes to be portrayed. The writers consult him on any changes in the dialogue or continuity. Yet, more than seventy-five per cent of motion picture patrons never know who was behind the camera when the picture was screened.

"Why?" we ask again.

The director is supplied with a story, an adaptation, or continuity. He has a cameraman to "shoot" the scenes and electricians to "light" his sets. He has players of experience to enact and interpret the scenes of his story.

Why, then, couldn't any person with ordinary sense direct? Why not give the office boy the script and tell him to follow the continuity, thereby saving the salary of a director? Couldn't such a person deliver a picture that would please, providing the script was interesting and fundamentally correct?

The answer is, "No."

Yet, on the face of the things, directing a picture seems fairly simple. What else does a director need outside of a continuity and a technical staff?

Continuity is a unique piece of writing. It is a screen story broken down into sequences, which are, in turn, broken down into detailed scenes. Every scene necessary to motivate the story is included. Every bit of action is described for the players—from "long shots" to "closeups."

Following is a sample of the continuity in Paramount's "The Woman Accused," a unique story featuring Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant, written by ten of America's leading writers—Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum, Zane Grey, Vina Delmar, Irvin S. Cobb, Gertrude Atherton, J. P. McEvoy, Ursula Parrott, Polan Banks, and Sophie Kerr:

"He thrusts her away from him violently. She struggles against a table and in order to prevent herself from falling, her hand closes over a heavy bronze figure of Venus which is standing on the table. Leo, the 'phone still in his hands, turns toward the girl and leers."

The direction of such a scene seems simple, doesn't it?

But, how would you group the players? Which is most important to the audience—the girl or the man? How is the playing to be emphasized? How long should the scene run in order to register the action without filming undue footage? A thousand and one questions are inspired by every scene and only a trained director can answer them.

That is why Hollywood's directors are second in importance to the stars.

A writer can sit in his office, write continuity and visualize the action. However, he unconsciously presents problems that are not realized until actual filming of the photoplay begins.

For example, the geography of a set is something beyond the writer's control. The art department cannot, at all times, give the director settings
WILLIAM GARGAN and FRANCES DEE in RKO's "Headline Shooters"
AS the late ex-president Theodore Roosevelt would have said it, with a smile upon his beaming face,—"Dee-lighted!"

That's the way Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee to you!) has delighted her fans with the work she is doing recently before the lenses. Having had an enviable "bit" in "One Man's Journey" which was one of The Pictures of the Month, she has graduated to bigger and better things; so much so that there are three pictures in which she appears which must be given special honors as the Three Pictures of the Month.

This is the second time in the four years' history of "MOVIES" magazine that three pictures have received that award simultaneously, but here they are:

"Little Women", "Blood Money" and "Trouble Shooters".

"Little Women," from the old-time novel by Louisa May Alcott, is the story of four sisters, who, under the guidance of an understanding mother, Marmee, and their father, Mr. March, mature into idealistic lovely young women. The girls are Jo, Meg, Amy and Beth. (Frances Dee has the role of "Meg."

Of them all, Jo, while impulsively more generous, more brilliant and charitable than the rest, causes Marmee the most worry. Artistic, gripped with the fire of desire to write, she is racked by a complex about love—fearing it for herself and for her sisters, and resenting the fact that it some day may separate their little family.

When Meg marries Mr. Brooke in spite of Jo's pleadings, Jo grows exceedingly bitter and spurns a proposal from her girlhood sweetheart, Laurie.

She leaves home and goes to New York, where she meets Prof. Bhaer, a scholar and philosopher of high ideals. Under his influence Jo gradually casts out her bitterness. The professor also helps her with her writing, leading her into literary efforts of a higher type which promise her fame and success.

In Jo's absence from home Laurie finds happiness with Amy, and they are married. The marriage brings Jo a peculiar sense of relief, as though she had escaped something.

When Jo leaves New York to be at the bedside of Beth, who is dying, Bhaer realizes she is taking his heart with her, but he cannot speak of it in the face of her grief and terror and because he is wise enough to know that she is untouched by his own emotion.

Beth dies, and later the March family is reunited, Meg happy as a young mother, and Amy happy with Laurie. Jo, while happy in her work, for success has come to her, soon comes to realize that her life is empty, that she has erred in allowing love to escape her. There is a gnawing in her heart which she cannot understand.

The cure is made clear to her when (Cont'd on page 43)

Below:—Frances Dee in a scene from "Blood Money."

Below in circle:— A scene from "Little Women."
JUNE VLASEK and GEORGE BRUGGEMAN
In a Fox film.
COMPLEXION COMPLEXES

By June Vlasek, *Fox Films Player*

If there is a young woman in Hollywood who doesn't have a complex about her complexion,—a radically firm belief in the efficacy of a beautiful skin when it comes to securing and retaining work in the cinema colony, I have yet to hear of her. I do not disparage the thought of glorifying the American skin,—quite the contrary.

If ever there were three cities in which a girl or a woman absolutely must retain what the advertisers like to call "that schoolgirl complexion" or "the skin you love to touch," I think I can safely say that they are Los Angeles, Paris and New York.

Appearance means so much to a woman in the battle for recognition and appreciation in those three cities; particularly in Hollywood where one's face and figure must face the mechanical perfections of the camera's eye as well as the eyes of the casting director and the producer.

Not long ago I talked with a famous woman of the stage, and was told that one of her complexion tricks was to put on her cleansing cream and let it remain on during her bath. She did have exquisite skin. After the bath and the face steaming included, she'd wipe off this cream, turn her face up to the shower and let the water grow from warm to cold and colder.

I agreed that this was an excellent idea. Well known beauticians now agree that this is an excellent hint for complexion improvement. Leaving the cream on during the hot tubbing does give it a more penetrating effect, and of course, the more deeply the cream gets into the pores, the clearer the skin will be. This is advocated particularly for people with grimy pore susceptibility. The penetrating cream, the softening of the skin from the steam and the later rinsing of the face in warm, then cool, and then cold water will clear the face beautifully. Very hot water is not good for the face and for that reason it is unwise to use it. It is far too harsh to use on the tender facial skin. You will readily understand that heat tends to expand. And if you continually steam and scald your face with very hot water, the sensitive muscle fibers tend to grow relaxed and flabby.

The purpose of the use of hot water or hot towels, usually, is to open the pores. But this can be accomplished much more safely, with no attendant harm, simply through the use of a good, liquifying cleansing cream. For if the skin is gently massaged with such a cream before a soap and water cleansing is administered, the process will soften the skin and open the pores.

It didn't need a Fox cameraman to tell me that blackheads photograph in a way which is entirely unflattering to one's complexion. If there are blackheads a bit stubbornly located you should use a complex...

(Continued on page 43)
REPEAL RECIPES

By Tom Collins

WITH the advent of repeal, we are faced with new problems. All but the rabid professional reformers who foisted Prohibition on a temperate nation, feel that with repeal, we can again enjoy, as did our fathers, a well-cooked meal, leisurely partaken to the accompaniment of wines and liquors.

The approaching holidays, Christmas and New Year's Day, will have a new significance, we believe, that has been missing too long. Instead of the wholesale drunkenness that the die-hards promise will ensue, we feel that quite the contrary will be true. All the people of the nation seem determined to prevent the return of the saloon or the continuance of its illegitimate brother the speakeasy.

This will return the fine art of drinking to its proper place in the scheme of life. Instead of people drinking their meals, they will drink with their food, and it is with this thought in mind that we have gathered some favorite recipes from the leading bars of a generation ago. Since all the experts are agreed that the cocktail is here to stay, we offer our readers some hints on mixing your own. Here's how!

**Manhattan Cocktail.**

Named for one of the most famous hostleries of New York.

\[
\begin{align*}
1/3 \text{ French Vermouth} & \quad 2/3 \text{ Bourbon whiskey} \\
\text{Dash of Angostura Bitters} & \\
\text{For those who like a sweet drink, two dashes of gum syrup may be added. Add ice, shake until very cold, serve with a maraschino cherry in the glass. A slice of lemon may be added to each glass if desired.} & \\
\text{Among the most popular "aperitifs" with the ladies a score of years ago was} & \\
\text{Clover Club Cocktail.} & \\
2 \text{ parts Gin} & \quad 1 \text{ part lemon juice} \\
1 \text{ part orange juice. The stiffly beaten white of one egg.} & \\
\text{Add cracked ice and shake until it is very cold. Strain into glass and serve with a spring of mint.} &
\end{align*}
\]

Another drink highly preferred by the fair sex, whose admirers can afford the makings, is the

**Champagne Cocktail.**

1 lump of sugar
2 dashes Angostura Bitters
Cracked ice
1 piece lemon peel twisted and placed in each glass.
Fill with champagne and serve at once.

**Mint Julep**

1 tablespoon sugar \( \frac{1}{2} \) wineglass water 3 or 4 sprigs mint

Be sure that the container you use has been thoroughly frosted, preferably a tall glass. Mix the above ingredients until the flavor is extracted without crushing the leaves, (a good trick if you do it). Then pack the glass full of shaved ice, leaving just enough room for a jigger of Bourbon and a dash of rum. Garnish with cherries, pineapple or orange. Then insert a sprig of mint, sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve with straws.

In passing, this writer goes on record that there are probably as many variations of the above as there are Kentucky Colonels, so help me.

**Side Car.**

3 parts Brandy 2 parts Cointreau 1 part lemon juice
Shake with plenty of ice and serve in cocktail glasses. Among the stayer-uppers, this is claimed to be the most popular of all after dinner cocktails, although some people can’t wait that long for theirs.

**The Martini Dry Cocktail.**

2 parts Gin 1 part French Vermouth 2 dashes Bitters.
Cracked ice.
Shake well and serve with a green olive in the glass. For those who prefer a sweeter drink, use Italian Vermouth and substitute a cherry for the olive. One of the old Waldorf’s famous drinks was a variation of this made by adding the white of an egg to the above.

**Old Fashioned Cocktail**

Into the glasses that are made for the purpose put one lump of sugar. Dash a little Angostura Bitters onto the sugar and crush. Add a jigger of rye whiskey. Garnish with half a slice of orange, lemon and a maraschino cherry. Fill the glass with water and serve iced.

This is another recipe reputed to have caused much elbow bending in the era of Volstead.

**Milk Punch.**

This drink, known as a pick-up for its gentle and soothing quality is made in a bar glass. Put a teaspoonful of sugar into the glasses, add a wineglass full of cognac and a half wineglass of rum. Add one small lump of ice, fill up with milk, shake well and sprinkle with a little grated nutmeg. An egg milk punch is made by substituting one egg for half of the rum. If a hot drink is (Continued on page 42)
GET THAT VENUS

Ernest Truex Judge in Nation-Wide Contest

ARE YOU a "Venus" type? Do you have the full, pulchritudinous curves of the classic figure of Venus de Milo which occupies a place of honor in the hall of sculpture in the Louvre, famous French museum of the fine arts?

If you are, then "MOVIES" magazine wants to hear about it; so does the management of Regent Pictures, in association with their distributors, the Freuhler Film Associates. And possibly one of the larger film organizations may be interested in hearing about your qualifications.

In the recent film success "Get That Venus," we find Ernest Truex, famous stage and screen comedian, starring opposite Jean Arthur. Mr. Truex has consented to be a judge in the nation-wide search for a perfect Venus type, and will serve with a famous artist and with Mlle. Claire Julienne Speikter, well known stylist and fashion editor of "MOVIES" as a board of three judges. Their decision will be final.

You need not be a subscriber to enter the contest; but you must be a young woman between the ages of 16 and 26. Details of the contest, as given here, may be read in the magazine in the Free Public Libraries or consulted at the offices of this magazine, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Two photos are necessary; a head and a figure photo. The figure photo may be of you in a bathing suit, theatrical tights, gymnasium suit, or as close to the figure study as you yourself desire it.

One photo of each entrant will be published; that is guaranteed in advance. The same rules which apply to the Casting Office qualifications each month, apply here; no rolled photos and no tiny, hand-tinted pin gpong pictures! A Qualifications Blank, such as you find on page 36 of this edition should be filled out; you can make your own 3 by 5 card. Be sure your name, address and measurements are written clearly and plainly.

Address all photographs to "Mr. Ernest Truex, Contest Judge, 'MOVIES' Magazine, 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y." Be sure that sufficient postage is on them. The contest closes at midnight on January 31st, 1934. All photos not actually mailed (postmarked) on or before that date will be rejected from the contest.

The prize: A splendid Hollywood wardrobe such as you can well be proud of. You'd like a new dress and sport suit wouldn't you; and a bathing suit for the summer? We intend to make the Broadway and Hollywood wardrobe as complete as possible and as attractive and expensive as we possibly can, with the co-operation of several of America's leading manufacturers of ladies' garments, evening frocks, underwear, etc.

If you don't have a photo, one can be made at the places listed on page 36 without charge to you; simply tell them the photo is for "MOVIES" magazine and it will be free. Now get busy with the measuring and let us have your pictures. We are going to recommend the winner and the runner-up for screen work as one of the rewards in the contest. The American Lead Pencil Company, of New York City, manufacturers of the famous "Venus" pencils so much used by young women who are artists or stenographers, is one of the backers of this nation-wide contest, and has issued window posters referring to Ernest Truex and the Regent-Freuhler comedy film.

Don't forget, girls, every contestant will have the right to have her photo reprinted in an issue of this magazine in the very near future, so get as good pictures as you can and send them along in marked for the "Get That Venus" contest, in care of "MOVIES" magazine. You may be one of the winners.
"Sorry, miss — this is the United Steel Corporation. The Casting Director who used to have offices here moved two weeks ago."

BOSS: "Do you realize we've got to get a new card index and ledger system installed soon?"

LAWYER, at home: "I object!"
Whaddya say Joe, wanna go dancin' after we close here?

“What shall I do with this thing, boss?”

“My dear, if they cut my salary any more, I'll be working for nothing—they've got me down to $12,000 a week now.”
TO THE LAST MAN. Paramount picture, directed by Henry Hathaway, from the screen play by Jack Cukingbaur, Randolph Scott, Robert Ripley and Warner Oland, have the leading roles. A Western picture that sends the blood thumping through your veins, excellently photographed by Ben Reynolds. Prominent in the cast are: Jack La Rue, Marthe Kirke, Barton MacLane and Noah Beery. Good.

WHITE WOMAN. Paramount to the fore again with the mystic groups of the East. The saintly acting of this master of the stage and screen, world famous, Charles L. Angeline, in a rest against the strong and subtle type of man's woman. A Carole Lombard. What a star! Carole was never so exquisite. Directed by Stuart Walker, himself an artist. Plenty of sex in this.

DUCK SOUP. Paramount clicks again. The only things that can make home play really funny organize their comedy in an opera house, about our rivalry. The four Marx Brothers are really original in their ever-changing humor. And can they pick beautiful girls! When you are not gasping for breath you are gasping at the beautiful scenery, and I don't mean trees. Directed by Leo McCarey. Very well photographed.

SKYFALL. Monogram feature produced by W. T. Lackey, directed by Low Coley in a knockabout comedy. Fred Astaire loses his job as an aviator because of his quick temper. He gets this job in the air force, but he doesn't hold it very long because he is continually mixed up in some deal, Flash Harris straightens things out, Ray Walker and Kathryn Crawford star. Very good.
OFTLIGHT PARADE. Claire Dodd, snappy blonde, plays opposite the pugnacious and versatile James Cagney in this new Warner Brothers production—a huge musical feature picture which bids fair to rival the "Gold Diggers" and "42nd Street." The swimming tank scene, a very elaborately staged set, will attract nationwide attention, as will one or two other spots in the movie. Anni Coli appears to advantage.-

POWER AND THE GLORY. Fox feature also directed by Wm. K. Howard which introduces the so-called "narrative" technique. Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore have the male and female starring roles assisted by Helen Vinson who was first recommended for film work by this movies magazine, Ralph Morgan, Clifford Jones, Henry Kolker, Sarah Padden, Billy O'Brien, I. Farrell MacDonald and Colleen Johnson. Ralph is fine.

HE SILK EXPRESS. A Warner Bros. and Vitaphone production. It is melodrama of the first water, with Neil Hamilton, Belma Terry, Arthur Byron and Dudley Digges responding enthusiastically to Ray Knight's directing. Allen Jenkins and Cora Huber supply plenty of suspense and Guy Kibbee is in his usual genre of comedy. Plenty of thrills and suspense in his story of silk and sleeping sickness and slick swindlers.

BROKEN DREAMS. Robert G. Vignola does an excellent job in directing this melodramatic comedy for Monogram Pictures; supervised by Ben Verichin. Starting and featured are Rondoeh Scott, Martha Sleeper, Beryl Mercer and Joe Cawthorn, ably supported by Butler Phelps, Gene Nush, Charlotte Moria, Sam Flint, Sydney Bracey, Martin Burton, Edward LeSaint, Phyllis Lee and Adele St. Maur. Most capably cast.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE. Ann Harding is her usual, superbly beautiful self in this recent RKO-Radio Picture. Playing opposite her we find the Swede, Nils Asther, who has played every sort of an international character except a citizen of Sweden. The love scenes between Robert Young and Ann Harding are skilfully handled, and the whole production is admirably well photographed. An excellent picture.

BULI'S MATE. Monogram feature produced by Ben Vorhees; directed by Phil Rowen is a superb melodrama. Peggy Shannon and Preston Foster are supported by Ray Baker, Hurst Cavanough and Barbara Bordow. Maloney, convicted contrary, is arrested in the electric chair is killed by a small red heart. Peggy starts an investigation. Maloney's girl is attacked by the same weapon. Peggy almost meets death.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO.—Mervita Costanza, a Latin-American beauty, youthful and talented, steals the picture from Dolores del Rio, Mexican film star, in this newest RKO-Radio Picture triumph. Gene Raymond and Fred Astaire must be credited with a lot of the "boss off the set" of the film, the love scenes between Gene and Dolores being exceptionally good. Airplane sequences well photographed. Excellent.

TORCH SINGER.—A romantic comedy drama of night club life; starring Claudette Colbert and featuring Ricardo Cortez and baby Esther Gann. Pessimistic and uncertain is forced to give up her baby and become a night club singer. She meets Ricardo who is a crooner; they fall in love with each other. The principals are ably supported by Charles Grapow and Lydia Roberti. Fine. Claudette sings superbly.

QUEEN CHRISTINE. - Cora Garbo stages a marvelous come-back in her recent M-G-M starring vehicle in which she shares honors with John Gilbert, Reginald Owen, C. Aubrey Smith, Lewis Stone and others appear in support, and the glamorous blonde gets her chance to dance as a man. A thrilling and interesting story of Sweden's Protestant war with Catholic Spain, excellently directed and superbly photographed.

DELUGE. - An RKO-Radio production from the book by S. Fowler Wright, directed by Felix E. Feist. The film stars Sidney Blackmer, Lois Wilson and Peggy Shannon. Others are Matt Moore, Fred Kohler, Ralf Hardale, Edward Van Sloan and Samuel Hinds. The scenes of the destruction of New York City by a tidal wave are a worthy contribution to both cinematography and motion picture "technique."

BLOOD MOON. - An amusingly good picture, released by 20th Century and directed by Ronald Brown from the screen play by and Hal Law, starring Frances Dee, John Pickard, Dorothy Lamour, Don Jarrett, Arnold Fewy, Wim. Lawrence and Andre Vass Haden also appear. A slap at blue-nosed prohibitionists.

5 CENTS A GLASS. - A little late to review this one, but it'll be around in the smaller and second run theatres. Rather fair; a Fox picture starring Buddy Rogers and Marion Nixon. A story of the old time saloons, Prohibition and musical education abroad for two young folks. Joe Cawthon, Don Jarrett, Arnold Fewy, Wim. Lawrence and Andre Van Haden also appear. A slap at blue-nosed prohibitionists.

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT. - One of those screamingly funny comedies starring El Brendel and featuring a bevy of beautiful girls. A worthy Fox Film production directed in the grand manner by Malcolm St. Clair, and featuring Walter Catlett at stage and screen fame, Barbara Weeks and Susan Fleming. What more can you ask; and aren't some of the jokes a wee bit risque? Fairly well done; on the whole...


BERKELEY SQUARE. - A bit duzzy and with an unfortunately bad ending which will prejudice its being real "box office" value in the talk towns and the southwest. A Fox production starring Leslie Howard and Heather Angel, most ably directed from the book of the same name by Frank Lloyd. Valerie Taylor, Irene Brower, David Torrence, Beryl Mercer, Olaf Hytten, Alan Mooney, and Samuel Hinds.

BEFORE DAWN. - A sentimentally good picture, one of those thrillers which sends the blood tingling through your veins. Starring and featuring Stuart Erwin, Dorothy Wilson, Walter Oland as a psychologist, Dudley Digges, Gertrude W. Hoffman, Oscar Allard, Frank Reichel and Jane Darwell. The Schoedsack influence is apparent in its spectacular and horror element; and Dorothy Wilson gives her best performance.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY. - RKO-Radio. The "Country Doctor" story which we have seen often before, who is paid in potatoes and sacrifices all for his son, is made new and interesting by the skillful handling by the one and only Lionel Barrymore. Not exciting but good wholesome entertainment. May Robson proves herself an able partner for Lionel, many ways beyond. Frances Dee is superb in this picture.

PAROLE GIRL. - Mae Clarke, Ralph Balsam, Marie Powers. Male Hamilton, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Ernest Wood, Sam Godfrey, John Paul Jones and Lee Phelps are starred and featured in this Columbia picture. Scenario by Norman Krasna; directed by Eddie Cline and David Selman; photographed by Benjamin Kline. A sort of "Within the Law" in which the hero marries the heroine and all ends well.
HOLD ME TIGHT. James Dunn and Sally Eilers star in this one for Fox Films. Frank McHugh, June Clyde, Kenneth Thomson, Noel Francis, Dorothy Peterson and Clay Clement are also in the cast; an ideal picture for lovers and for those who want to "play with fire." Capably directed by David Butler from the story and screen play by Gertrude Righini and Gladys Lehman. "Jimmy" is exceptionally good.

FLAMING GOLD. RKO Radio puts over a fascinating story of the oil country. Our old friend Bill Boyd, as exciting as ever, teams up with Pat O'Brien to make a real he-man story. Mariele, Helen Ware and Rollo Lloyd play in perfect harmony under the technical direction of the master, Ralph Ince. Max Steiner wins the bouquets for the music. A distinguished and most capable cast, Excellent photography.

CRADLE SONG. An excellent production by Paramount, starring Dorothy Wack of "Marlene in Uniform" fame. The second feminine lead is ably handled by Gertrude Michael, who has the role played by Gladys Krueger in the original Eva Le Gallienne stage production of the same name. Like Miss Michael, Glad Patrick also appears, hail from Alabama as well. Louise Brewer has a very important role.


HELO, SISTER. James Dunn is the outstanding star of this Fox film formerly known as "Walking Down Broadway." He is ably assisted by Bette Maitland who received her first screen magazine publicity from this picture. ZaSu Pitts and Miuau Goodell. The story has been endowed a bit from the original play by Dace Powell. Interestingly told, delightful in its love scenes, and well photographed. Excellently directed.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK. An excellent, fast moving picture produced by RKO Radio under the supervision of Glenvil Allnine and Merian C. Cooper; directed by Christy Cabanne. A story of Amours and "sassy sweethearts" starring Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness, and featuring Frank Albertson, John Barrow, Fontaine Furt, Margaret Sheridan and Florence Lake. Basil Wrangel served as director; Julia Cohn the press books.

GOODBYE GINGER. A Warner Brothers production featuring Warren William and Joan Blondell in a highly sophisticated picture. Joan, secretary to Warren the philandering author, are very much in love with each other, Genevieve Tobin already married to Hugh Herbert, is also in love with Warren and tries all her seemingly charm to emanate him into an affair. Helen Chandler is in it; sexy and very funny.
Una Merkel, upper left, charming M-G-M featured player, in a delightfully pretty evening ensemble. A Wil-lard George coat of white ermine, with graduated tiered sleeves and a fan shaped scarf, worn stock fashion. An orchid for Una completes the picture.

Something neat in negligees. Joan Blondell, above, has gone in for this filmy pink negligee with the rolled neck line and the accordion pleats. First National photo.

Lucille Browne, RKO-Radio Pictures player, lower left, wears a dark brown and eggshell print dress. A three-quarter length cape sleeved coat of plain dark brown crepe is worn over this dress. Her hat and purse are also of brown crepe. A Walter Plunkett creation.

The warmth and beauteous luxury of a Beckman Mink coat is Mae Clarke's choice. The M-G-M player wears a soft, clinging gown of midnight blue crepe satin which lends beauty to the ensemble shown above.

Green composition and silver pin and bracelet, monogrammed with monogram initials that are put on the new jewelry while you wait. This large jewelry is the smart type for sports wear. Velvet beret with 'gay feather, repeats the costume color. Photo, below, courtesy of June Hamilton Rhodes.
Formal winter evenings call for velvet. Heather Angel wears this lovely black velvet gown banded with ermine. The lines of the dress are extremely simple with skirt touching the floor in front and becoming a tiny train in the back. A stitched velvet belt, unornamented, fastens at the rather low waistline, and the elbow length ermine cape is fastened at the neck with wide velvet ties. Photo courtesy of Fox Films and the Velvet Guild.

The "Bali" peaked shoulders shown should be worn with this sort of wool ensemble with gloves of the same fabric. Note the smart peak in the wool beret. Photo, below, posed by Madge Evans, M-G-M star. A May Company costume.

Florine McKinney, above, M-G-M player, adds a Beckman ermine coat to her winter wardrobe. Fan shaped lapels on this model may be worn stock fashion or thrown back over the shoulder forming a semi-cape.

Dress above, featured by Best & Co. of New York and J. N. Adams of Buffalo, is an "Hour Glass" model of hairy knitted woolen, a popular fabric this season. A new idea is the carelessly knotted scarf, smooth shoulder line, and smart, dull silver buckle. Photo above by Century Knitting Mills, N. Y. C. Grace Voss, photographer.

Lower right: Ginger Rogers, R. K. O. player, chooses a navy ensemble of cross-bar triple sheer for wear in Southern California. It features the cuffs and a huge notch collar of white pique. The front pleats add grace to the skirt. White kid pumps, novelty cloth gloves, white linen hat and a white leather bag complete the outfit.
Photographic Promotion

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Reference,—January 1933, issue, your magazine—picture and comment on Dorothy MacDonald.

In speaking of gold—you may think, raw gold, but is not the refined gold, much better? And silver ore, is generally known, but the quality desired, is sterling.

Then to speak of thousand and one women, nude, is erroneous; rather, a thousand women nude, and one unchased. For that one,—how crude to call her nude!

The picture in your magazine of Dorothy MacDonald is very good, but I would like another photograph published.

Well, the wonder comes! Why do you not strike up a band,—lead a parade?

But no, the meaning of band is not one of those so-so groups,—performing, very quietly, upon various instruments, musically. How sweetly, does the leader wiggle his wand,—how gentle, is the music—boom—boom.

We mean, a gutter band,—the leader, strips,—he spins his baton. The band erupts—we’re off—to Hell, or glory—TIDDEE BOOM. You have general plans—would you consider a particular plan? Success? Who knows—may be so, and maybe not. I think Dorothy should be given a chance in the picture field,—she has been such an outstanding success in the Hollywood Revue on Broadway.

Do you not think the active promotion of one particular star would greatly enhance your present general plans?

—Vincent Clark.

Thank You, Frank

DETROIT, MICH.—“Movies” is a cute little magazine at just the right price—ten cents. Its line up, its stories and articles, its various departments are all quite refreshing. And the pictures! Ah! one thinks he is perusing an art magazine!

Before “Movies” made its debut, all movie magazines were the same to me,—just another mag, on an already overstocked market. But “Movies” is different!

—Frank R. Moore.

Likes “Westerns”

CHICAGO, ILL.—Thanks a lot for the article by Tom Tyler, also the pictures. Here’s hoping there will be more. I like the way you give the independents a break. I get so darn sick of reading about Crawford and Bennett and Harlow and the other so-called “big shots.” Just as Julianne Claire says in a recent Month’s Mail letter, let’s have more about the western girls and the little fellows.

Also congratulations on your new name.

—Mary E. Kelly.

Lee Tracy In Trouble

MEXICO CITY, MEX.—I have no special respect for the bandits, Pancha Villa, whose daughter objected to the picture in which Mr. Lee Tracy is being featured; but I do object to his high-handed attitude towards our military; an arbitrary “cheap” attitude, if reports are to be believed. I rejoice with many citizens of the United States that he has been let out. The writer was educated in one of your northern universities, and I know that had I insulted the dignity of your West Point troops, I would have been severely reprimanded and probably dismissed from your schools.

Why is the American attitude towards Mexico so intolerant; aren’t we also Americans?—Victor Roberto.

From North Carolina

FOREST CITY, N. C.—So pronounced is the impression that your magazine has made on me that I have succumbed to its magic spell; and as a result, I am enclosing $1.20 for a one-year subscription. I think you will agree that this action is a clear demonstration of my unconditional approbation of “Movies” magazine.

In fact, it is obvious to me that your magazine and the glittering Mae West bear a close relationship in your similar, manifold duties to your clever propaganda. Forthcoming pictures stampede enthusiastic fans to the theatres, and Mae responds by enthraling the entire audience! My heartiest wishes for your lasting good fortune and prestige!—Hoyt McAfee.

Allan, Not Crawford!

WHITING, IND.—I am a constant reader of your fine magazine, and I want to congratulate you and thank you for publishing such an interesting magazine.

The reason I like your magazine is because it contains so many beautiful pictures and so many different and interesting stories, fashion pages and articles about our favorite stars.

Will you please publish less pictures of Miss Joan Crawford? We have all become tired of seeing her pictures in almost every issue.

I wish you would publish a picture and a story about the beautiful M.G.M. star Miss Elizabeth Allan. You have never published a picture of this star in your magazine, so, dear editor, will you please publish something about her in one of your future issues of your magazine? While writing this letter I must express my admiration for this beautiful, charming, and marvelous actress. I wish Miss Elizabeth Allan and your magazine the best of success.

—Johnny Lobus.

Page the Cowboys!

GARY, IND.—I think that the “Movies” has got all other movie magazines trimmed. It’s a swell little magazine.

Say, Editor, let’s have more articles on cowboy stars. They’re great! That was a dandy one by Tom Tyler—and now let’s have one by Ken Maynard or some other cowboy star. It wouldn’t be such a bad idea to have one every month—a different cowboy every month. We’d like to have some by Ken Maynard, Geo. O’Brien, Buck Jones, John Wayne, etc.

The “Movies” has the best illustrations of any “mag.” That was a swell one of Jack La Rue in “To the Last Man” in the November issue. How about another cowboy on a page like La Rue’s?

Some of us movie fans get tired of seeing the same old stories about the same stars. We want a change—so give us more of the cowboy, please.

Do you think you can put articles in “Movies” about “Smoky,” that new western by Will James? Paramount is making the cinema; we see pieces about it in the papers but not in the movie magazines. So please give us some “info” on the picture.

—Vince Nosko.
Director Stephen Roberts left Hollywood, Cal., some time ago for the mountains of Northern Arizona, accompanied by two of his assistants, a cameraman and a member of the studio art department. They are on a location hunt, the object of which is a suitable site for the background of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," in which Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Richard Arlen and Sir Guy Standing will have the leading roles. A satisfactory screen script of Francis Yeats-Brown's novel has finally been made by Achmed Abdallah and Waldemar Young, after a number of other writers tried in vain to satisfy the producers.

Bull Montana is said to be recovering, at Hollywood, from an attack of arthritis. He was operated upon recently. "Bull" is a wrestler and stage and screen actor . . . The Trans-Lux Theatre, on Broadway, New York City, is packing 'em in regularly. A good show of short subjects and up-to-the-minute news reels comprises their daily program, admission being reduced to "two bits."

The wave of kidnapping exploits which is terrorizing all sections of the United States is responsible for Rupert Hughes' writing "Mrs. Fane's Baby is Stolen," the original story which Paramount will transfer to the screen with Baby LeRoy in the featured role. Six months ago this magazine, "MOVIES," demanded that a kidnapping story be put on the screen to expose this nefarious racket.

"Mrs. Fane's Baby is Stolen" is pure fiction," Hughes emphasizes, "but in view of things which are happening in broad daylight, with people disappearing from their homes, their cars and from trains, it is highly plausible.

Sori Marita appearing in RKO-Radio Pictures' "The Right To Romance," learned to speak Chinese before she did English. The exotic and charming Miss Marita was born in Tientsin, China, and as a child, was taught Chinese words and phrases by the natives.

Having finished their work in featured roles with Maurice Chevalier in Paramount's French version of "The Way to Love," Jacqueline Francell and Marcel Vallee returned to France on the S.S. Lafayette, Mlle. Francell is Chevalier's leading lady in the French version and Vallee plays the comedy role enacted by Edward Everett Horton in the English production. Even the "Three Little Pigs," put out by United Artists, was made into a French version.

Dorothy Lee is another of Hollywood's budding actresses. A few more lessons and she will be entitled to a private license to fly her big Fairchild monoplane.

"Flying and tennis are the recreations I prefer," she explained between scenes of "Take A Chance," the June Knight film musical produced for Paramount in New York by Laurence Schraub, William Rowland and Monte Brice. "Of course I swim like a fish. That's one of the reasons I got a job as leading woman for Wheeler and Woolsey. But I'm rather proud of my tennis and think I play pretty well. As for flying. There's nothing like it except heaven, maybe."

Harriette Lake, Columbia's blonde "discovery" is to be the screen star in Columbia's first musical of the year, "Let's Fall in Love," described as a spectacular feature of studio life in Hollywood. Two of the most versatile personalities of screenland, Edmund Lowe and Gregory Ratoff, will support Miss Lake in the elaborate production. Mr. Lowe will be seen in the part of "the director," while Ratoff plays the "producer."

"Let's Fall in Love" was written by Herbert Fields, with Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler doing the music. David Burton is directing.

Lowe, prominent as a romantic hero and matinee idol since the silent days, achieved his greatest success with his performance of Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory?"

"The Witch of Wall Street," story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti dealing with the adventures of a woman operator in New York's financial mart, has been purchased by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a May Robson vehicle. This will be a Lucien Hubbard production, and gets under way in the near future.

That Ann Harding, now starring in "The Right To Romance," for RKO-Radio Pictures, hopes to produce and direct pictures designed solely for children when she retires from the screen.

"Dinner I Hate" is the title of a two-reel burlesque of the feature picture, "Dinner At Eight," being filmed by Vitaphone. The short, which is in production at the Brooklyn film studio, has been undertaken in view of the success enjoyed by "Nothing Ever Happens," the Vitaphone burlesque of "Grand Hotel."

Gertrude Michael has been chosen by Paramount for the leading role in "Death Takes A Holiday." She will support Fredric March, Evelyn Venable and Sir Guy Standing under the direction of Stuart Walker. Miss Michael, who appears as Mae West's rival in "I'm No Angel," is an Alabama girl who went to Hollywood after a few appearances on the New York stage and after being recommended for her for picture work at both the Long Island and the west coast studios.

Her work in Dorothy Wick's "Cradle Song" and in "Wayward" with Nancy Carroll won her this leading role. She also appeared in "Ann Vickers" for RKO-Radio, in "Sailor Be Good" for Jefferson Pictures, and in "Unashamed" for M-G-M.

Dave Mount, president, announces The Big Race as the fifth picture produced by Showmen Pictures, Inc. It stars Boots Malory, Johnny Durante, Paul Harri, Frankie Darrow, Phillips Snalley, Jones Flavin and Katherine Williams.

Merian C. Cooper, Vice-President in charge of all production at the RKO Radio studios, returned to his desk after the middle of December to resume active supervision of all production activities, according to B. B. Kahane, President. Cooper has been absent from the studio for some weeks due to illness. Mr. Kahane visited the production executive in San Francisco over the week end and found him completely recovered. Cooper is going on a cruise for two weeks, after which he will go to New York to line up stories for next season's RKO Radio program, returning to the studio in December. Congratulations on your recovery, Merian!

Paramount has purchased an original story, "A Son Comes Home" and a Broadway hit, "Pursuit of Happiness" for production on the 1934 schedule.

"A Son Comes Home" is the work of Julian Josephson, veteran Hollywood writer responsible for many early Charles Ray successes. Grover Jones and William Slaven McNatt, will prepare the screen play and direct.

"Pursuit of Happiness" by Alan Child and Isabelle Loundon, is a comedy of early American Revolutionary War days.
Edwina Booth, her career of film stardom cut short after a brief triumph in "Trader Horn," entered a million-dollar suit for damages against M-G-M recently, while confined to her bed as a result of the ravages of her African exposure.

Nakedness played its part, too; for her daily sun baths in the nude under the broiling tropic rays enforced, she says, by Metro directors as the price of stardom, wrecked her health and made her the invalid she is today.

Regularly on shipboard bound for the African jungles where "Trader Horn" was filmed, Miss Booth was forced to bare her tender skin to the sun to obtain the proper degree of tan, she charged.

En route from Naples to Mombasa, on the African Gold Coast, she had to lie out on the baking decks und tank herself, the beauty said, and then:

"I had to remain in a tree, exposed to the sun, suffering such undue heat and exposure that I fell from the tree and was injured."

As the goddess of the picture, a white girl gone native, she had to run bare-foot and half nude through spiky, thorny bushes which scratched and tore her body, and feet, the lawsuit said.

The result was a nervous breakdown which closed her film career in 1930, before "Trader Horn" was even completed. Since that time she has been suffering from some mysterious tropic disease that has wasted her body and destroyed her beauty.

In the leafy recesses of the dark continent, where the flaxen-haired heroine and Duncan Renaldo played out their parts to the splashing of crocodiles in the Nairobi River, the jinx also touched her personal life.

When she came back Renaldo's wife charged that more than stage love had prompted Edwina's close friendship with the dark-haired actor. She sued for $50,000 damages on an alienation count, but lost.

Failure to provide proper medical care and attendants were charged in the suit. The star said she was robbed of proper treatment when her illness became serious in the jungles.

The current issue of "Psychology" magazine, the only popular monthly in the field of applied psychology for both the student and the psychologist, has an excellent article (illustrated) concerning Walter Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and "The Three Little Pigs." The article, extremely interesting and enlightening, appears in the November edition . . . "Esquire," an impressively good publication for men only, recently made its appearance on the newsstand of the nation. All we can say is that it is most excellent . . . "More Sales," another new magazine, is doing well in its particular field, selling for a dime a copy. Allen Zoll edits it in New York City.

"The American Art Student and Commercial Artist," started in 1916, is scheduled to make its appearance very soon, at its regular "two hits" a copy price . . . "Wilfred Waves," as a bi-monthly, is publishing a series of articles—interviews with stage and screen stars, written by a well known psychologist.

"Transcontinental Bus," M-G-M photoplay, went into production recently aboard a cross-country bus. Many of the subsequent scenes will be photographed on this bus. The players
include Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Ted Healy, C. Henry Gordon and Robert Montgomery.

James Cagney has another honor added to his publicity recently; now has a "swell" shirt for men named after him. Nirenberg and Salzman, of East 26th Street, New York City, are "dishing out" the shirt in a variety of colors, and male film fans are falling for 'em like a ton of gravel on a bed of nasturtiums. Jimmy's photo is being featured in all window displays of the James Cagney Shirt.

One dollar buys a ten months' trial subscription to "MOVIES" magazine, if sent to the 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y. . . . Bette Davis is soon to appear with William Powell in "King of Fashion" . . . Ruby Keeler's next film is to be "Sweethearts Forever," a musical show with, of course, Dick Powell. Ruby's hubby, Al Jolson, is finishing up "Wonder Bar" at Burbank, Cal.

Thirty-one new pictures are in various stages of production at the Gaumont-British and Gainsborough studios, London, for release in America by Gaumont-British Corporation of America, New York, according to Arthur A. Lee.

Cassie Hanley and Dorothy MacDonald both of the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue, Broadway, Noo Yawk, may eventually land jobs in the movies. Good luck, girls!

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee have been honeymooning in Washington, D. C. Miss Dee played the feminine lead in "Rodney," starring Walter Huston, which RKO Radio was producing on location at Fort Myer, Va. Fortunately McCrea is between pictures, so he will probably remain with the troupe until Miss Dee can return to Hollywood; she will arrive there about the time this issue of "MOVIES" comes off the press, and will go to the Fox lot for a picture, according to Julia Gwin, one of the ace writers of the film business.

With the next issue there will be an increase of one-third in the number of pages in "MOVIES" monthly magazine, and new and interesting features will be added. The fashion pages by Mile. Claire Julianne Spieker will be retained for the women.

Fredric March says he knows a pet Scotty who looks like Jim Tully. Tully, upon being told of this, said he was flattered and added that he knows of a writer who looks like Fredric March . . . Richard Ralston Arlen, aged five and a half months, has cut a tooth.

If the brunettes are clearly outnumbered by the blondes at the First National studios, at least they may claim one of Hollywood's most striking brunettes in the person of Kay Francis. Aline MacMahon is a distinctive representative of the brunette type.

Margaret Lindsay is an unusual example of dark-haired beauty. Ruby Keeler belongs on the brunette side of the roster rather than on the blonde side, though her hair is a rich brown. Ann Dvorak and Eleanor Holm complete the exclusive minority of brunette beauties at the Burbank studio among the stellar and featured artists.

(Continued on page 40)
Where to get photos taken:

**ALABAMA**
Birmingham—Loveman, Joseph & Louh

**CALIFORNIA**

**FLORIDA**
Jacksonville—Cohen Bros.
Miami—St. Surti Studio, 214 East Flagler St.

**ILLINOIS**
Chicago—Fred Fox Studio, 746 Fullerton Ave.

**IOWA**
Davenport—Peterson-Harned-Von Maur
Des Moines—Youker Bros.

**MARYLAND**
Baltimore—Hochberg Bros. & Co.

**MASSACHUSETTS**
Boston—C. F. Hovey Co.

**MINNESOTA**
Minneapolis—New Hennepin Studio, 727 Hennepin Ave.
St. Paul—Emporium (Dept. Store)

**MISSOURI**
Kansas City—John Taylor D, G. Co.

**NEBRASKA**
Lincoln—Gold & Co.

**NEW JERSEY**
Asbury Park—Steinbach Company
East Orange—R. H. Muir, Inc.
Montclair—Lou Harris Dept. Store

**NEW YORK**
Albany—W. M. Whitney & Co.
Brooklyn—F. Louer & Co. (2 studios)
Buffalo—Hens and Kelly.
Hempstead, L. I.—Franklin Shops, 250 Fulton Av.
Newburgh—Schonemaker & Sons.
New Rochelle, H. R. Ware Co.
New York—Gracie Salon of Art, 1630 B'way.
New York—Jas. McCrery & Co., West 34th St.
Poughkeepsie—Lucky, Platt & Co.
Utica—Robert Frey & Co.

**NORTH CAROLINA**
Asheville—Bon Marche Store.
Greensboro—Meyer's Dept. Store.
Monroe—Dixie Photo Service, 504 N. Stewart St.
Raleigh—Boyan Pictures.

**OHIO**
Akron—C. H. Yeager Co.

**PENNSYLVANIA**
Ardsdale—Strawbridge & Clothier.
Jacksonville—Strawbridge & Clothier.
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier, Market St. (2 studios).
Pittsburgh—B. Rodgers & Bulld.

**SOUTH CAROLINA**
Greenville—Keith's, Inc.

**TENNESSEE**
Memphis—Lowenstein's Store.

**WEST VIRGINIA**
Wheeling—The Hub, Market & Chapline Sts.

**MOVIES**

LaVerne Anders director but without a single actor whose name has ever been heard of before.

Mr. Lasky will make this picture with none other than he says, because he wants to keep away from the trends—and the current trend is for pictures with from two to a dozen genuine stars.

"The public wants novelty," he explained, "and while my proposed film may prove a disastrous failure I am not going to lose any one by creating fictitious standards and exaggerating the values of players that are unproved.

"I shall advertise the fact that these people are unknown; that some of them, possibly, will never see studio lights again." Mr. Lasky hopes by this means to test the sincerity of the public in demanding new personalities.

A South American beauty, Raqucl Davido, tossed her hat into the Hollywood film industry the other day when she signed for a brief role in the next Ruth Etting music comedy for RKO Radio Pictures. Another "break" for youth and beauty! Her qualifications "clicked."

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Make out 3 x 5 card similar to above, fill out neatly and mail in WITH photographs.
Max Baer

Our Hollywood scouts have it that Max Baer, heavyweight title contender and lately a lover in the movies, has found love in real life and contemplated marriage with Mrs. Edna Dunham, a blonde, plump New York divorcee. Baer announced the event, which must sting a thousand female hearts from the Atlantic to the Pacific, at a strictly private showing of Sally Rand's nude dance in San Francisco.

"She'll be out here soon," cried Max, waving a telegram which he had just received in answer to $58 worth of long distance billing and coolin with Mrs. Dunham.

"She is a swell girl," said Maxie. "She thinks I'm sweet and I think she's sweet. And money won't figure in this. She has plenty of her own. You ought to see her penthouse."

Max said he met Mrs. Dunham when he was in New York last time.

"She was running around with Phil Plant, Constance Bennett's former husband, but now everything is hotsy totchus with us," he added.

Maxie's hotzy totchus new love was not at home recently in her apartment at 405 E. 54th St., which is not, by the way, the swell penthouse that Maxie told the world out in California that it ought to see. Mrs. Dunham's is a simple apartment on the seventh floor of a 17-story building and faces First Ave. The ritziest apartments face East River.

Mrs. Dunham is known in her neighborhood as a great reader. At the corner drug store circulating library, where she is registered as Mrs. C. E. Dunham, the clerk said proudly that once Mrs. Dunham read thirteen books in thirteen days. Her maid, however, selects the books.

We're wondering how Nancy Carroll's latest marriage is coming along; or isn't it? Last thing Nancy was doing was in a Broadway show,—a short run of "Undesirable Lady" at the National... Doris Hill, film actress, and George Derrick, actor, were divorced recently in Los Angeles. Doris testified, under oath, that Derrick threatened her with death if she went ahead with divorce proceedings.

Eleanor Hunt, movie actress and former wife of Rex Lease, also of the movies, was married at Las Vegas, Nevada, recently, to Dr. Frank Nolan, staff physician of the Columbia Studio, Hollywood. The knot was tied by a justice of the peace.

Ricardo Cortez and Christine Lee, shapely blonde dancer from New York, expect to be married before the holidays. They have been looking for a home in Hollywood recently. Cortez met Miss Lee at the Ambassador three months ago. He became a widower three years ago on the death of Alma Rubens. Cortez has just finished "Mandalay," opposite Kay Francis, and in "Wonder Bar" at Warner's. Miss Lee has done some minor film work.

Crane Wilbur, actor, playwright and producer, won an uncontested divorce decree from Beatrice Blinn, actress, in Hollywood recently. Wilbur testified his wife preferred her own career to living where his profession required his presence. He agreed to pay $50 a month alimony for two years.

Barbara Barondess, stage and motion picture actress, recently won an interlocutory divorce decree from Irving Jacobs, motion picture distributor. She testified that her husband was cruel, once telling her she was a "rotten actress." The case was uncontested.

The stork is rumored to be en route to the Joan Bennett-Jean Markey family, and is scheduled to arrive some time in February. 1934. Miss Bennett, whose last camera work, in "Little Women," makes Amy a living, breathing, understandable girl, has retired from the screen until the end of her next chapter in family affairs.

Miss Bennett is mother of one of the cutest, best behaved little youngsters in Hollywood, 5-year-old Diana Fox, by her first marriage to a Seattle man. It'll be the first blessed event in his career for Markey.

And rumor also has it that Dot Jordan, beautiful wife of Merian C. Cooper of RKO-Radio fame, is soon to become a mother...

Is Mr. Powell engaged? "Engaged to Bill Powell? I should say not. That is, I should say I am not engaged to any one." And that's Margaret Lindsay's stand on the proposition of matrimony. But she still goes out with Powell and smiles fondly while she does so.

She gave up a promising career in the movies to become a model wife for William T. Ince, eldest son of the late Thomas Ince, and then found herself forced to attend parties where her husband "passed out" and the guests amused themselves by breaking crockery against his armored costume, Ada William Ince, one time "Miss Florida," charges in a separation action filed in Hollywood recently.

The 19-year-old beauty asked the court to grant her $750 a month alimony from Ince, a hospital intern. She told of having entered the movies, after winning the beauty title in 1926, and of being launched on a "most promising" career when along came Ince.

So deftly did he paint the beauties of home life, Ada claims, that she was persuaded to abandon her efforts towards stardom to be his wife.

But her husband, she says, soon wearied of the cricket on the hearth and the canary in the cage, and developed a habit of nightly drinking. She says that he became cruel to her, and abused her both mentally and physically.

The height of her torment was reached at the party which Ince attended dressed in a knight's armor.

James E. Barton, Broadway comedian, appearing at a Des Moines theatre, was married to Kathryn M. Mullins, by District Judge Joseph E. Meyer, of Iowa, not long ago.

Barton, 43, gave his home as New York City, and reported he had previously been married, Miss Mullins, 30, said she lived at Hollis, Queens, New York City.

(Continued on page 41)
MURDER AT THE "VANITIES"—Earl Carroll, who was working on an opera with Elbert Hubbard just prior to the latter's death aboard the Lusitania, has bestowed himself to produce another gem of musical comedy,—this time with a thrilling melodrama rolled in with it. And with the wrapping, in silks and velvets, by Sidney Blumenthal, Inc. and Celanese, it turns out to be a prize package.

James Rennie, Bela Lugosi, well-known men of stage and screen fame, are aided and abetted by Olga Baclanova who had a brief film experience a few years back and who is now, of course, getting on in years.


Pauline Moore's and Dorothy Dawes gowns are superbly beautiful; we can't say as much for the things Baclanova was wearing. However, the show is a real "peach" and well worth the price of admission.

EIGHT BELLS.—Off in the doldrums the full-rigged ship "Combermere" is stubbornly becalmed;—that is, in the three-act play by Percy G. Mandle at the Hudson. Dorothy Dawes in "Murder in the Vanities," Murray Korman photo.

THOROUGHBRED.—Florence Reed stars in this racy melodrama at the Vanderbilt Theatre in Noo Yawk. Miss Reed, being an old trouper and knowing melodrama about as well as the best of them, stops racing along through her lines whenever there is an important scene to play and gives it the benefit of her experience.

Then the play story comes out of the scramble into which Theodore Hammerstein has forced it in his determination to make the play appear casual and natural. Then it is good entertainment. Apparently Daisy Horth, the author, has surmised that racing people speak bluntly about the processes of equine nature. The argot of the paddock is racy, and Mrs. Petie Westervail knows it. But there is a great deal more. For "Thoroughbred" includes rude deeds done honestly by hearts of gold, and villains foiled just in the nick of time. Thurston Hall, John Lynda, Clyde Fillmore, Harry Ellerbe, Chas. Stepanek, John Daly Murphy, Jerry Norris, Louise Glover, Hilda Spong, Claudia Morgan (related to Ralph Morgan of stage and screen fame) and Lillian Emerson appear in support of Miss Reed. Miss Reed once got her chance to star in films through the efforts of I. W. Ullman, of this magazine.
Above, POLLY WALTERS in "She Loves Me Not"


Hazel Nevin in Earl Carroll's "Murder in the Vanities."
Clifford Jones is the young man who sits between pictures in Fox's Cafe de Paris, waiting for a producer to come along and sign him up. He has been cast in three Fox productions in that manner. The last was "The Power and the Glory."

Recently, sitting at his regular table, Jones was spotted by Jesse L. Lasky and assigned a role in "Coming Out Party" with Frances Dee, Gene Raymond, Nigel Bruce and Alison Skipworth.

Four persons, including Gladys McClure, actress known in motion pictures as Linda March, and Bruce Turner, reserve right guard of the Stanford football team, were killed recently in an automobile collision near Broadway, Col., on the Bayshore Highway.

Educational Pictures is preparing or shooting a series of nine comedies for Fox release. Both Hollywood and Eastern studios are being used to complete an active schedule.

Recently Jack White finished a Coronet Comedy at the Eastern Service studios in Astoria while Andy Clyde made "Springtime And Gypsies" in Hollywood. Jack was once the husband of Pauline Starke.

Modulated modernism is today's trend in interior decoration, according to Hans Dreier, one of the most able art directors of Hollywood. An excellent example of the last word in furnishings and decoration has been provided by Dreier for the settings of Ernst Lubitsch's current Paramount picture, "Design for Living."

Modernism and Directoire period are nicely blended in a drawing room of blue and white as a setting for Miriam Hopkins' home. The walls are deep blue, the floors the same color and the carpeting white. Draperies are white net.

J. Carrol Naish, one of the screen's super-gangsters, is a soloist in the choir of a Los Angeles church and will follow his custom again this year of singing at the midnight Christmas Eve service.

Naish has been seen as a plug-ugly in the Fox production, "The Mad Game," and will be seen in "Sleepers East."

Unable to sit down from nine a.m. to six p.m. because of the costume painted on her body, Joyzelle, noted Oriental dancer paid a tiring penalty this past month for performing the Chinese Dance of the Dragon for the first time on the screen in "The Girl Without a Room," which Charles R. Rogers was producing for Paramount. Joyzelle's costume, practically nude, consisted solely of varicolored paints and an ounce of fleshcolor chiffon. Newt Johns, makeup artist, took more than two hours to apply the costume and had to remain on the set all day to repair the damages.

Just a reminder that readers may now secure a ten-month's subscription to "Movies" magazine by sending in one dollar.

The ideal Xmas gift is a two years' subscription to "Movies" magazine. Send all checks for $2.00 each to the 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, New York, N.Y., marked for the Circulation Dept., of "Movies" monthly. No December issue was published in 1933, but all subscriptions have been extended one more month.

Richard Arlen will portray the harassed young lover in "Double Door" when Paramount's film production of the current New York stage hit goes before the cameras. We saw Dick at the New York opening of "Design for Living."

When Caty Grant returns from his vacation in England he will step into the leading male role opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Thirty Day Princess" which B. P. Schulberg is to produce for Paramount release. Stephen Roberts will direct from the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Edward Arnold will play a featured role. Sylvia's having plenty of trouble with her real father, Victor Koslow, according to what her attorney, Benjamin F. Spellman, told Judge Isidor Wasservogel recently in discussing Sylvia's adopted father, Sigmund Sidney.

Two final titles are announced for forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. "The Women in His Life" supplants "The Comeback" as title of the new story by F. Hugh Herbert dealing with a criminal lawyer, "Should Ladies Behave?" is the new title of the adaptation of Paul Osborn's Broadway stage comedy, "The Vinegar Tree," in which Alice Brady, Lionel Barrymore, Katherine Alexander and Conry Tearle appear.

Ray Walker, who appears in "He Couldn't Take It" has been signed for several pictures by Monogram as a result of his fine performances in this new production and "Skyway" and "Devil's Mate." Columbia has a deal with Tren Carr, head of Monogram production, to borrow Walker for one of their releases.

When Burns and Allen finish their current roles in "Six of a Kind" at the Paramount studios, they will be featured in "Often a Bridesroom," a story by Lady Mary Cameron, which is being prepared for the screen by J. P. McEvoy.

"Timber Line," Gene Fowler's story of Denver in the nineties and of the establishment of the Denver Post, has been made ready for the screen. Due to go into production at the M.G.M. studios before the end of the year, Walter Wanger will act as supervisor.

JosephMoncurMarch andJackO'Donnell, authors of the screen play for the famous "Leather Patcher" series, are writing the screen play for B. P. Schulberg's production of Damon Runyon's magazine story, "Little Miss Marker" at the Paramount studios, announce.

Virginia Brown Faire has been signed by Paul Malvern to play the lead opposite John Wayne in "West of the Divide," Lone Star Western, which is in production.
Splits and Spices
(Continued from page 37)

Carl Laemmle Jr. has entered the love field again. This time the gal who hears the advance dope about Universal flickers is Irene Bentley . . . Hollywood chatterers are talking about Dick Powell, crooning film actor, and pretty Gwen Hecksher. Will it be a marriage?

Marlene Dietrich's name may always be linked with that of Josef von Sternberg, but her companion off the lot is Herman Kosleck. Kosleck is a former member of the Reinhardt School and was once Marlene's leading man in Berlin.

Once featured in a Broadway hit, "Gay Divorce," Luella Gear arrived in Reno, Nev., recently, to play a role of reality in a divorce action against her husband, G. Maurice Hecksher, son of August Hecksher, philanthropist.

She registered at the swanky Riverside Hotel here. Both previously married and divorced, the actress and Hecksher were wed in New York in 1927.

Mrs. Heckscher is expected to charge her husband with mental cruelty after she has established the six weeks of residence necessary before she can file for divorce suit. She was divorced from the wealthy Byron Chandler in 1924, and the first wife of Hecksher divorced him in Paris on May 26, four months before his second marriage.

Known as Luella Gear, the actress made her Broadway debut as the comedy lead in "Love O' Mine." Other successes followed, culminating in "Gay Divorce," which enjoyed a long run on Broadway.

Hecksher declared himself bankrupt several months prior to his marriage to his present wife, listing debts of more than $65,000.

Leaving Los Angeles recently by train for New York, Joan Crawford forced Frances Tatum to face a battery of cameras and then said: "He's sweet, and I adore him," but declared they were not "engaged."

The couple said the trip would be only a short vacation in the East.

The actress and her leading man had entered the railroad station and were asked to pose.

"You can't take my picture with Miss Crawford," the actor said, "It isn't exactly proper."

He walked away with Miss Crawford running after him. She shook her head vehemently as they passed and soon Tone came back for the picture.

Miss Crawford stated emphatically they were not engaged and, referring to her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Jr., explained: "I'm not a free woman until next April and I really can't know how I'll feel about any one by then."

Tone said he had intended to fly East "when I heard Miss Crawford was going. I changed my plans. It is worth three or four days' loss of time just to be with her."

Thomas F. Manville, Jr., only son of the late T. F. Manville, from whom he inherited $10,000,000, and Miss Marcella Edwards, a chorus girl, film player and former Earl Carroll's "Vanity" beauty, were married in Greenwich, Conn., recently. It was Mr. Manville's fourth marriage.

The Gene Raymond-Marion Nixon business of cooing continues . . . Randolph Scott is wiring frantically to Vivian Gaye to "come over" to England for a real Xmas wedding, and she may possibly do it. Who is the tall blonde from a New York show who was slapped by the wife of the backer of that show right in a Broadway restaurant not many days ago?

It's all true about Gary Cooper; he's gonna get hog-tied! Another slick of broken hearts will attempt their devotion to the he-man idol. He's really going to do a middle-aisle with Veronica Balfe, who has acted on the screen under the name of Sandra Shaw. The engagement was formally announced recently at a supper dance given by Miss Balfe's mother, Mrs. W. S. Balfe, at 70 Park Ave. Miss Balfe, who is 20, a graduate of the Todhunter School, was introduced to society two seasons ago. She met the actor, a son of Judge and Charles H. Cooper of Helena, Mont., more than a year ago. Cooper's latest screen success was in "Design for Living." Persons close to the couple said that the marriage date is distant.

Earlier in the evening, Sandra's half sister, Barbara Shields, gave a dinner in honor of the couple at the Central Park Casino. Only a dozen of Park Avenue's most fashionable younger set attended this gay event. These included the John C. Patterson, Sandra's cousin Barbara Balfe, whose engagement to Jack Rohe Howard was announced yesterday morning; the popular Jimmy Blakeley, Mrs. Daniel R., Topping, John Howard and Richard Betts.

Marriage on Approval
(Continued from page 14)

note which read: "I can't talk with you. I don't want ever to talk with you again."

She refused to answer his repeated telephone calls, and the day wound up with a violent and heated argument with her father over where she was Friday night. Her problem had become a serious one.

Suddenly the Reverend John Bruce MacDougal spoke.

"Eliahbr," he began in that executioner's voice, "your mother and I have been praying all afternoon. We're glad you've made your confession. Glad you've squared yourself with your Maker. Now you must do it with our church. Tonight, after the evening service there will be a special meeting of the session. I'm going to ask you to come before the session and confess your sins and be forgiven. Don't think it won't be harder for your mother and for me than for you. Don't think it won't be a Gethsemane of humiliation."

But it's our duty and your duty, I'm going to ask you to do it.

"You may ask all you please," Beth spoke suddenly, boldly, passionately. For the instant she seemed as far removed from John and Mary MacDougal as though she never before had seen them. "It'll do nothing of the sort. I'm not sorry for a single thing I've done. I don't want forgiveness! I haven't done anything criminal. What's more I'm leaving this place this minute."

She snatched her hat from the hall tree and stood, facing her father defiantly. She ordered her out of the house; and she went.

As she trudged down the street, Larry drove up. Quickly he gathered her in his arms. Quickly she told him her story.

"Now," he said. "Now that absurd promise you made about not getting married is off. And I've got something to tell you. We—"

But he never finished. In a flash Beth was out of his arms facing him indignantly.

"It is NOT off," she said. "My father made me give him my promise. All my life he has tied me down. All my life he's kept me from having young friends, from having a good time."

"And to go sneaking out like a thief for all the good times I had. He made me give him that promise. He knew it was wrong and selfish when he did it. But I'll not break the promise, Larry, I'd rather die than break it."

"Then you won't marry me—you won't?"

"Not in the conventional way I won't. Not like my father believed in marriage. We'll do it the new way; we'll live together. You can have me if you want to, if you love me. Without benefit of clergy. Without the little, mean, narrow, conventional ritual that he calls sacred. We'll do it the way the judge suggested. We'll be free, unmolested."

Suddenly Beth seized Larry's hand. Her face was pale in the soft moonlight. "Here, Larry, take my hand. Now say as I say it. "I promise Beth, to be your companionate husband, faithful and loving. You say it to me and I'll say it to you."

Standing together they made their pledge while the foolish old moon looked on, smiling: a bit in tenderness—compassion—at their fervor.

And Larry took Beth into his arms. "Any way, to possess you, Little Flowerface," he whispered. "Any way, to have you belong to me," he kissed her passionately.

And the foolish old moon grinned on.

Possibly he grinned because the young folks were so sure their troubles were all over—while he, with his fellow that he knew they had just begun.

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REPEAL RECIPES
(Continued from page 20)
desired use hot milk and no ice.

Egg Nog
Especially appropriate at holiday time is this popular drink from Louisiana. Into a mixing glass half full of ice, add a fresh egg, half a teaspoon sugar, half a cocktail glass of Bourbon whiskey. Fill up with rich cream, Shake until thoroughly mixed, strain into tall thin glasses and grate nutmeg over the top.
This may be made with milk in place of cream, using half a wineglass of brandy and half a wineglass of rum, and increasing the sugar to a heaping teaspoonful.
For a hot egg nog, use boiling water instead of the ice.

Sweet Cider Cocktail.
Another drink especially popular at holiday time is made in the shaker.
1 part Gin
1 part sweet cider
Teaspoonful Grenadine
Fill with ice, shake well and strain into cocktail glasses.

June Knight
(Continued from page 9)
without my approval; mostly without. Press agent gags, you know! But I am not interested in any one man and have no intentions of getting married for quite a while yet.
Sue wore what looked like a wedding ring on her left hand, and I quizzed her about it. "Oh, that," she said, "that's a Chinese good luck ring; an odd but valuable piece of jewelry my grandfather got when he was in China a long time ago. I wore it when I was cast in the first all color, all "talkie" picture, "On With the Show," produced by Warner-First National.
"I think it brought me luck; for I appeared in several pictures, and since then although my greatest success, from a financial and artistic standpoint, has been scored on the stage."

By way of proving that statement, I was reminded that she had been the stellar attraction at the Paramount Theatre for three solid weeks, and because of a contract to appear in Chicago she was unable to accept the call to do a fourth week there. No feminine star has ever remained longer than that the Paramount opened with Paris-loving Jimmy Walker as its guest of honor.
The best recipe I can give for success in the movies, or on the stage, for that matter," said June, "is hard work, a cheerful disposition, and the courage not to be discouraged. One must learn to live and to love; my parents give me the proper freedom and encouragement, and leave the rest to me.
"It has been very aptly said that genius is at least ninety per cent perspiration."

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Complexion Complexes  
(Continued from page 19)  
Complexion brush and soap on the face after you have removed the cream. Then, the warm water rinse and the cold water and colder. It's a simple little trick that really does make the face look extra clean and clear. Suppose you have a dinner date and your face looks a bit grimy. You haven't had time for that facial you want, but you have to take time for a tubbing before dressing, put the cream on as advised and see how much fresher you look and feel than merely laying the cream on and wiping it off in the usual hurried manner.  
There's something bracing about greeting that fresh looking skin in the mirror—and it goes without saying that you'll put your makeup on just a little more painstakingly when you know you have a clearer canvas to work on.  
The white hats, white evening gowns and white ermine coats which will be so much in vogue this winter call for nothing if not a flawless skin. If you have a Grimm or clouded spot on the face the white of the turban, coat collar or dress will certainly aggravate it. In other words, keep the face spotlessly clean and fresh at all times.  
Clothes may make the man, but they're a long way from making a woman perfect. Get a good complexion complex if you haven't already cultivated one. The best style creators in the world—as famous as Maggy-Rouff, Schiaparelli, Patterson, Drian, Royce, Spieker, or Augustabernard, can do little to enhance one's beauty unless the skin is flawless.  
And if you're Hollywood bound, you can save the price of a ticket unless you make up your mind in advance that your face and your figure will have a large claim on your time and attention, always!

Three Little Pigs  
(Continued from page 10)  
"By the time he was seventeen, he was earning a little money drawing amusing animal sketches for a barber in Kansas City, Missouri, where he lived. This man appreciated the advertising value of the drawings and set them up in his shop windows to attract customers.  
"With the few dollars he derived from this source, Walt rented a dingy room above a smelly garage and fitted it up as a 'studio.' There he made the acquaintance of Mickey.  
"One evening as he was bending over his drawing board, two little mice scampared across his table. Annoyed at their capers, he began to make friends with them. And presently they were serving as his models.  
"For hours they would sit on his drawing board, while he worked, combing their whiskers and ticking their chaps in true mouse fashion. And Walt would weave them into human situations and make them tell funny human stories... A short time thereafter, Walt set out for Hollywood with forty dollars in his pocket. In the spring of 1928, movie fans the world over began to sit up and take notice of a new comedy character. Soon they were splitting with laughter.  
"Fortunately for Mickey, he came just at the time that the whole world needed him most. Before he was a year old, the bottom dropped out of the stock market and the depression was upon us. But Mickey's jolly cheer and happiness made the dark days easier for countless millions. He helped them to forget their troubles in laughter.  
"When people laugh at Mickey Mouse, it is because he is so human. That is, in fact, the secret of his popularity. As he skips about on the screen, folks identify themselves with him and experience his joys and sorrows. They have a warm spot for the jolly, little gentleman who works and plays, who lives and loves as they do. He is, in short, a 'regular guy' enjoying life.  
And the story of the Three Little Pigs and the big bad wolf is an intensely human thing—but first of all it is a story!"  
Walt denies, according to a copyrighted story by Sidney Skolsky, the story that he's a millionaire and that 'Three Little Pigs' will gross millions... Disney, who is not given to poses, said he didn't believe the net profit on "Three Little Pigs" would exceed $25,000 from all the world markets over a period of two years. The most popular picture of the year has had nineteen weeks of unprecedented popularity... yet it has not yet returned print costs.  
(Continued in next month's issue.)

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"MOVIES"
Smoky City Welcome
(Continued from page 11).

John S. Herron who escorted him to a car. Seated on the lowered top in the same manner in which all conquering heroes—Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Commander Byrd, Jimmy Walker, etc., have ridden up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and, accompanied by the Mayor, Dick Powell began his triumphal march. Great throngs of people lined the streets and cheered him as his car rolled by what seemed like a hundred other cars.

It was a bright, sunny day and its suniness was reflected in the attitude of the crowd. As the car passed they called out gaily to Dick greetings and good wishes. Dick gave them their greetings back with an understanding, happily boyish smile.

Occasionally he laughed and his laughter was warm and heartening—so gay it was. But he couldn't have said very much just then. The immensity of this thing that was happening to him overwhelmed him. He was wondering what he had ever done to deserve all this. That was the point. Most anyone in that crowd could have told him that he hadn't done a thing. He had just been himself—a fine, wholesome, charming lad with a great capacity for friendship and loyalty.

They didn't think of him as the hero of "42nd Street", "Footlight Parade", "College Coach", or the "Gold Diggers of 1933"; they thought of him as a lad they liked, almost revered. They were paying homage to a clean-cut, stalwart young man whose chief claim to fame lay in an excellent voice, an unassuicpted manner, and a personality that was charming in every way.

That is what the "Smoky City" thought of the Warner-First National star. They carried him to the City-County Building and the Mayor presented him with a golden key to the city before a crowd of 20,000 or more. Dick made a little speech, a speech so like himself... it was simple, direct, intensely sincere. It was just Dick Powell speaking to friends who had known and liked him long before Hollywood found him and put his name up in lights for all the world to see.

Pittsburgh wants the world to know that Dick Powell is just that and that even though he hails from Little Rock, Arkansas, they have at least a 40-60 interest in him—and the stock isn't for sale.

Yes, all of Pittsburgh must have left her pots and pans that May day to greet her adopted son and all of Pittsburgh returned to its routine tasks made happier and more content for what it had seen.

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it but you cannot possibly imagine how much I
have enjoyed it. This time last year I was much
suffering and I could hardly imagine what would
have happened to me. I thought I was going to
have to go to a Doctor. But with your help I am
recovered and I am able to do the ordinary duties
of the day and even more than that. I am able to
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"MOVIES" magazine published monthly at Mount Morris, Ill., for October 1st, 1933.

State of New York. 

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter Whitely Hubbard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposed and said that he was the owner of the business managers of the "MOVIES" magazine, incorporated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the said "MOVIES" magazine for the date shown in the above caption. Pursuant to the requirements of the Act of March 4, 1923, embodied in sections 501, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit: 

1. The name and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Managing Editor—Walter Whitely Hubbard, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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MARIE JUNKE, Dept. RM
424 N. New York, N. Y.
This Directing Business
(Continued from page 15)

writer had in mind. Therefore very important decisions of this nature must be made by the director—decisions that may radically change the story later.

Then, there is the problem of scene grouping. Where should certain players he at certain times to obtain the most effective "shots?" How and when should they move about? The director must answer these important questions.

Although this point is rarely taken into consideration a director must see that his players act natural—not act. Directors, and audiences demand that players enact a situation just as human beings in real life would under similar circumstances. Artificiality is a cardinal sin. Sincerity is the keynote in the making of a picture. Neither is in the script.

However, many artists and technicians combine their talents in "breaking down a script." Just mention the term inside a movie studio and the entire personnel will be seized with buck auge.

For it means increased activity and new responsibilities for nearly every person on the lot. It means that all department heads must make important decisions regarding a new and costly film production. It means that the execution of these tasks has a direct bearing on future film careers. "Breaking down a script," to studioites, is no laughing matter.

Each movie script comprising, around 50,000 words, is sent to the stenographic department where 165 copies of each are mimeographed and distributed.

Here is where "breaking down the script" begins. Scripts go a-calling. The cameraman reads and visualizes only set-ups and angles. He determines the number of long, medium and closeup "shots," and whether pantomulating, perambulating, panoramic, crane or dolly "shots" are needed.

At the electrical department the head juicer "sees" special lighting effects. He spots electric signs that are a part of the story, looks for day and night sequences (for these make a vast difference in light requisitions). He determines the number and kinds of lights needed and the number of electricians and operators essential to "carry on."

The property department in "breaking down the script" checks the story closely for "key" props; that is, articles appearing in the picture that play an important part in the plot, such as pistols, billets, jewels, etc. Woe unto the property man if these "props" are missing when needed!

The set dresser chooses furniture, drapes, rugs, etc. In short, he’s an interior decorator. He senses the story period and the social standing of the occupants of an interior, and is guided accordingly.

As the casting director reads the script, hordes of characters, great and small, pass in review before his mind’s eye. He visualizes old men, flappers, crooks, mobs, business types, bankers, society dames—extras, bits and supporting players.

Only the outdoor scenes interest the Location Department. Transportation and feeding of extras must be arranged. Owners of deserts, woodlands, mountains, seashores, etc., must be contacted.

Songs and orchestral music interest the director of the Music Department. He also arranges to heighten dramatic effects by supplying incidental scores to scenes that suggest it.

As the sound man reads, he hears the train whistles, the shriek of police sirens, cow bells, wild animal growls, and the scream of the mother-in-law as she perishes from the effects of poison. He also prepares a microphone plot by a study of the set diagram and the players’ action and dialogue.

The special sound effects department works in conjunction with the sound department.

The art department supervises the work of set dressers and wardrobe workers.

The business department head “sees,” as he “breaks down the script,” the salaries and pay items from star to the rent of the yellow canary.

Readers, assistant directors, script girls, grips, estimators, carpenters, laborers, research experts, plasterers, cutters, laboratory workers and hundreds of others are drawn into the huge production swirl as the script goes into the dressing stage.

* * *

Eaton’s Note: Mr. McLeod the author of the above article, is now directing Charlotte Henry in "Alice in Wonderland," having previously done that screamingly funny comedy "Mama Loves Papa," and the dramatic picture "A Lady’s Profession." This is the seventh of a series of articles by and of the well known directors in the Hollywood studios.

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“Dee-lighted!”
(Continued from page 17)

Fritz Bhaer pays a visit to the family. One sight of him and her fears fly by out the window, and she thrills with the knowledge that here is “her king.” She invites him “home.”

In “Headline Shooters” we have the thrilling adventures of the news reel cameramen, plus Frances Dee’s activities as a newspaper reporter. Miss Dee apparently was delighted with her role in this R.K.O. film, because she gave it her very best efforts.

It was originally titled “Trouble Shooters,” but then R.K.O. makes a specialty of changing names frequently. William Cargan had the male lead, and, supporting him and Miss Dee we find Ralph Ballamy, Jack LaRue, Gregory Ratoff, Wallace Ford, Mary McLaren, Hobbart Cavanaugh, Bill Hudson, Dorothy Burgess, Purnell Pratt and Henry H. Walthall.

“Trouble Shooters” was directed by Otto Brower from the screen story by A.C. Johnson and Allen Rivkin. It was well worth seeing.

In “Blood Money” we had another type portrayed by Frances Dee which shows, if nothing else, the versatility of this young artist. As “Elaine Talbert,” daughter of the “pineapple king,” she essays the role of a thrill-loving, sex hungry maiden who is willing to sacrifice practically anything for excitement.

The windup of the picture finds her willing to strip and pose nude in an artist’s studio for the sake of having some photographic studies made of her and supplying her with one more thrill.

The vehicle doesn’t offer George Bancroft the “punch” that it should,—our main criticism being that the picture gets into good situations and then pulls its punches. George is superb in what he has to do, however, as “Bill Bailey,” the bondsman. Mr. Bancroft and Miss Dee are ably aided by Etienne Girardot, Chic Chandler, Judith Anderson, Blossom Seeley, Bradley Page, Geo. Regas, Theresa Harris, Henry Kolker, Kathryn Williams, Sandra Shaw, John Bliffier, Henry Lewis, Jr., and Ann Brody.

The screen play was by Rowland Brown and Hal Long; direction by Mr. Brown, and this one of the three “Pictures of the Month” was produced by Joseph M. Schenck and Darryl F. Zanuck. A United Artists’ release.

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February Birthdays

ARLINE JUDGE (below) born Feb. 21st.

KAY FRANCIS, (above) born Feb. 13th.

SUSAN FLEMING (at left) born Feb. 18th.
February Foibles

February is the month which always reminds us that the present calendar is more or less of a back number. With the exception of leap years, it stands as a sound argument for the 28-day calendar and the thirteen-month year.

We hope that the wisdom of future generations will find a way to ease it into legal and universal use without the necessity of constitutional amendments or years of bickering and wrangling. Anything which the films can do to promote a standard calendar would be in the nature of a valuable service rendered to humanity.

Appropriately enough February brings us, on the 14th, St. Valentine’s Day. It is biologically logical that the patron saint of sweethearts and lovers should seek his obeisance during the last month of winter,—on the threshold of Spring. Remember Omar Khayyam:

"And in the Spring your Winter garments of repentance fling."

And what would February be without the observance of George Washington’s and Abraham Lincoln’s birthdays? Two of the greatest characters in American, if not the world’s history. What actor is there who has not yearned, at some time or other, to enact the character of Washington or Lincoln upon the stage or for the screen?

"‘Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

A far cry it is from Washington and Lincoln, to others who celebrate their birthday this month; but in closing these “February Foibles” let us congratulate these talented men and women who have done so much, in the amusement world, to make your life and my life, a happier one.


If we have missed any other February birthdays, you of the stage and screen, it is the fault of your publicity representatives, not ours, and we send you our congratulations anyhow, and our “periodical” blessing.

—A. R. ROBERTS, Editor.
WHO SAID HIGH HAT?

By Julia Gwin

There is a rather definite report that Robert Montgomery is going to do a show in New York. That's grand news for people in and near Manhattan but it isn't so good for the ones scattered all over the country who are Montgomery conscious . . . and there are millions of them.

This young man, who is still under thirty, has built up a success and a following which holds its own with remarkable consistency. His fans don't come and go from picture to picture. His charm is of that insidious kind which works slowly but quite completely.

Once a Montgomery fan always one.

A rather concrete proof of that occurred last summer when he made a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York in connection with the picture "Another Language" in which he was seen with Helen Hayes. It was a week of surprises for everyone. Montgomery was playing all over New York in three different pictures. Regardless of that, the Capitol grossed for the week $64,000, more business than that theatre had seen for a long time, proving that Robert Montgomery was still 100% box office in spite of the bad pictures he had been given for far too long.


Some one has accused Bob of having acquired a high hat attitude. Well, maybe? But I, for one, disagree with the idea. Bob has a tremendous amount of calm assurance. He knows what he wants as well as anyone I have ever seen and is all set to accomplish certain things. He's willing to wait if necessary but he's pretty confident about the ultimate results.

Bob started life with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was still very young, about fifteen or sixteen I believe, when he came up against the awful fact that it had turned to the cheapest kind of metal. He didn't whine because for generations the sporting instinct had been one of the predominant features in his family. He was a thoroughbred.

He went to work . . . it didn't matter much what he was doing so long as he was making his own way. He worked as a mechanic's helper on a railroad for a while and as a deck hand on a Standard Oil tanker . . . tough jobs for a lad whose hands had hardly been soiled by work, strange companions for a boy whose father had been vice president of the New York Rubber Company. But if Bob minded no one has ever heard him say so.

He lives in a cozy little cottage out in Hollywood with his lovely young wife and their new baby . . . (they lost their (Continued on page 49)
The Rolling STONE
That Gathered Moss

By MARY A. ROBERTS

IN THE language of the moralists, rolling stones do not gather moss. But the film capital in California is a veritable center for those who have gathered much "moss" on their way to the Pacific Coast,—moss of experience, background and reputation.

Much has been said, off and on, for the past few years about the invasion of foreign talent into the vast reaches of Hollywood. Not all that has been written or spoken has been of a pleasant nature. To be truthful, most of the comment has had an anti odor to it. Now let us look at something that has been going on in Hollywood, something that few realize. It concerns one man and a vision which he had of a vast market, a market across the seas, and across the Panama Canal.

The man is John Stone. His title, producer and director. His story, one that would bring them in, at the box-office, did anyone think to film his career.

By birth, Mr. Stone is a New Yorker, a son of the greatest city in the world, or so New Yorkers have ever thought. His early life was much the same as yours and mine. He went to school, sometimes willingly and sometimes rather laggily. Wild west thrillers might have been found now and then, concealed within the covers of his copy books. At that time, had you asked him what he wanted to become, he probably would have told you "another Jesse James."

Gradually, these romantic ambitions were supplanted by more practical ideas. Teaching drew him. Literature held him. He had the desire to impart his love of song and story to others. In due time then, he became head of the Literature Department in one of New York's High Schools. While there he developed an ambition to direct plays.

Soon, though, this dream of spending his years as teacher and inspiration of the young was to have nightmarish moments. His time, he found, was not to be given, entirely, in putting youth on the track of the best in the world of letters. Reports, registers and other similar petty jobs that teachers irk under, took a great deal of valuable time and energy. Anyone who has ever taught will understand what a bore charts and I.O. tests can become. They bored Mr. Stone, more than that, they annoyed him, and further, they irritated him to the nth degree. And so, after twelve years of delightful work with his beloved books, and also twelve years of struggling with auxiliary book work, John Stone heard the words of Horace Greeley ringing insistently in his ears. Westward, he turned his feet. Since there is no west more west than California, thither did he go. And he has remained, except for brief trips to the land of his birth.

Mr. Stone's first connection was with Fox Films, as reader. From there, he went to the scenario department, there to supervise. After trying his hand at adaptations, he decided to write original stories and they were most successful.

"Famous Players offered me an interesting proposition," he said. "They had bought several Zane Grey novels, and I made the adaptations for the screen. After a year of that, I went back to Fox. Since I've been here, I've written about seventy scenarios, a dozen or so, of which were for Tom Mix.

"Now, you know, I suppose that we were in the habit of fixing up our American pictures with titles and explanations in foreign languages. The market for our pictures was good, and I thought it could be better. That is, it seemed to me that if we tried to give as good in Spanish as we did in English, the South American and Spanish market could be built up. Other studios had the same idea, we all went to work each hoping to get the market. It happened that I had good foreign (Cont'd on page 48)
ANN DIXON was known as one of the nicest girls at Central High. Two soft blue eyes, finely spun flaxen curls shot with a glint of gold and full yet sensitive lips gave to Ann the fresh sweetness of innocent girlhood not yet conscious of the gilded pleasures which life offers to beauty and youth. For Ann was very young, but this her fifteenth year witnessed the passing of adolescence and the coming of more mature girlhood.

During the past few months several of the boys in Ann's class at school had tried to make dates with her, and when she shyly refused, they catalogued her as a sweet girl, but a "dead" one. So it seemed strange that a girl like Eve Munroe should choose Ann for a chum, for Eve was extremely sophisticated, a typical flapper for whom life held no terrors or mysteries.

Eve's bold self assurance and her worldly knowledge were somewhat startling to Ann, yet the other girl's sophistication aroused her interest and admiration. Their companionship had been confined to school hours when they ate their lunch together or walked home in the afternoon.

One day after school, a dilapidated old Ford rattled up alongside the curb as Eve and Ann were walking home.

"It's Tommy and Ed" cried Eve.

"Hi, Eve, come on" called Ed.

"Hi, Ed." Eve returned the greeting. She turned and said

"Goodbye Ann."

"Goodbye," said Ann,

"See you tomorrow."

Tommy, at the wheel of the car, grinned at Ann.

"Taxi, lady? Take you home for nothing."

"For nothing?" asked Eve.

"Well, practically nothing" retorted Tommy.

"Come on, Ann" called Eve.

"Are you sure there's room?" inquired Ann as she walked toward the parked car.

"Lady, we make our own" laughed Ed.

A few moments later, the car drew up in front of the Dixon home, which was but a few blocks from the school.

"Thanks for bringing me home" said Ann as she jumped out of the Ford.

"Don't thank the lug... he didn't want to. That was your idea" replied Ed. "Goodbye all."

"Say, I could go for her in a big way" remarked Tommy.

"Oh, yeah!" said Eve. "Well, on your own time, big boy. Get going."

"Let's go," said Ed.

The Ford rattled on its way to Eve's home.

In the meantime Ann had entered the house.

"Hello, Mommy" she said as her mother kissed her.

"Hello dear" answered Mrs. Dixon in a soft voice. Mrs. Dixon was a sweet-faced, quiet-mannered, mousey sort of woman, kindly, humble and unassuming.

"Wasn't that Eve Munroe I saw you with?" she asked.

"Yes, and a couple of the boys from school."

"Oh, I'm so glad you're beginning to make friends," said Mrs. Dixon.

"You don't see enough of young people. Why didn't you bring them in?"

"Why I never thought of it... anyway, Eve had to get right home," said Ann.

"How were the examinations today?" questioned Ann's mother.

By this time, Eve, Ed and Tommy arrived at Eve's house.

As Eve peered into the living room she said:

"The coast is clear."

Eve stopped dancing suddenly and gave Ed a long kiss.
"What, no interference?" exclaimed Ed.

As Ed started to grab Eve around the waist, she pulled away, saying gaily:

"Gee, my operation!" She dashed over to the radio, laughing: "Let's have some music."

"Okey, a little music," returned Ed, and as the two started stepping lively around the room to a jazz tune, Ed said:

"How are we doing?"

"Ed, my toes," cried Eve as the boy stumbled over her feet while dancing.

Both Ed and Eve were good dancers.

"Oh, forget it," answered Ed.

"Oh, yeah?" giggled Eve.

Tommy was busily engaged searching the room, trying to find where the liquor was kept. Eve, knowing what he was looking for, called:

"Dumb-bell . . . the table." And as Ed said smartly, still twirling Eve around the room, "Catch on?", Tommy opened the table to find a complete array of cocktail glasses and what it takes to fill them. Bowing low, in a mocking tone, he said:

"Fancy meeting you here!" And Tommy proceeded to pour himself a drink.

Eve stopped dancing suddenly, and planting her mouth full upon Ed's lips, gave him a long kiss.

"What technique," gasped Ed breathlessly when she finally took her moist lips away from his.

"You can't take it," taunted the girl.

"Well, Tommy, my boy, here's to you," said Tommy giving himself a toast, and taking a long gulp from his glass.

"Hey," yelled Ed. "What the heck?"

"Say, we're here," added Eve.

"So I hear," and Mrs. Munroe had come into the living room. "Hello Ed . . . and Tommy" she welcomed them.

"Hello Mrs. Munroe," said Tommy, and "Hello Mom" said her daughter.

Ed made ready to leave.

"Come on," he said to Tommy, "we better take off . . . it's getting late."

As the two boys made their adieux and left the room Eve called:

"See you tomorrow."

She turned to her mother.

"Darling" said Mrs. Munroe, "I'm going to steal forty winks, and when Jim Wheeler phones, you tell him to be here at nine o'clock because the bunch is dropping by for a drink before we go to the Cotton Club."

"Mother, do you mind if I have Ann Dixon over to spend the night?"

"Of course not . . . Ann's a sweet child."

Eve rushed to the phone to call Ann.

Ann was at home sitting quietly reading a book. Her father, his hat and coat on, was saying good-bye to his wife.

"Think you'll be late, dear?" asked Mrs. Dixon, kissing him.
"I hope not. These conferences are always such bores. Good night dear."

"Good night Daddy" smiled Ann, looking up from her book.

As Mr. Dixon prepared to leave the house, Ann's mother called her to the phone, telling her Eve wanted to speak with her.

Ann's mother, hearing her say, "Why no, I don't think I'd better. Mother's going to be alone," said:

"What is it, dear?"

"Mrs. Munroe's going out and Eve wants me to spend the night with her."

"Well, if you've done your home work, go along . . . don't worry about me. Daddy won't be late." And Ann joyfully accepted Eve's invitation.

Mr. Dixon, having left the house, quickly got into a closed car standing near the curb, greeted a young woman seated inside, and gave directions to the driver:

"Pierpont Inn," he said briefly.

That evening, Eve and Ann retired to the former's bedroom where they applied themselves studiously to their lessons for nearly an hour before Eve tossed her book aside impatiently. The girls were lounging comfortably on the bed in their pajamas. Eve produced a salacious novel. Ann was shocked.

Eve began reading a chapter in which the author left

"Ann, you're lovely," breathed Ralph passionately as they sank on the divan, embracing.

"Mother's party must be getting rough. Let's watch them!"

Eve and Ann tiptoed to the top of the stairs where they could watch the party which was getting ready to leave the house. Mrs. Munroe and a Mr. Wheeler stole to a corner of the hallway, and there exchanged an embrace and a kiss.

"Is your mother going to marry that Mr. Wheeler?" asked Ann.


Mrs. Munroe and her friends having departed, Eve and Ann went downstairs to the living room. Eve took one of the half-filled glasses and drained it greedily. Then she placed a cigarette in a holder and inhaled easily. She then filled two cocktail glasses and handed one to Ann. The first sip of the cocktail was pleasant and Ann drained her glass also. "It's good" she commented. She picked up a cigarette and took a generous puff. The smoke made her cough and she put it down hastily.

"Atta girl" said Eve. "Try a puff."

"I don't think I ought to" demurred Ann.

"Oh, come on, snap out of it" (Continued on page 38)
HOLLYWOOD HIPS

By Mary Dees

Warner Brothers—First National Player

THE importance of beautiful, shapely legs cannot be exaggerated; not only to the stage and screen girls but also to the average young woman. Let me point out to you that if your body is in correct proportion, but your legs are under or over developed, you are seriously handicapped, not only for a career in the movies but also your social activities in life.

What young woman is there, who doesn’t want slender, straight thighs? The new straight-skirted suits give no quarter to bulges.

This exercise is excellent both for reducing your thighs and hips, and for giving you balance and poise. It also is excellent for insomnia.

Stand on your toes, feet together, facing a straight chair. Rest your little fingers on the top of the chair and do not lean on them. Keeping your body balanced on your toes, bend knees slowly until you sit on your heels, keeping your back straight and your knees apart. Then rise, very, very slowly, making your thighs do all the work. Do another deep knee bend, very slowly, and rise, being sure that you don’t wobble around on your toes.

This exercise gets at the muscles running down your limbs that get almost atrophied from lack of exercise. It is over these lazy muscles that fat accumulates. Get the muscles to working properly and the fat will be worked off.

Stand up on your toes and lower your body ten times, slowly down. In three days’ time you will find that you can do it with pleasurable ease.

Now for the girl whose legs are too thin let me suggest this exercise. Stand on the toes on a pile of books or some hard surface raised three or four inches from the floor, with the heels extending over the edge. Then, place hands on hips, with back straight, and stoop down — up and down — fifteen or twenty times. This exercise, designed to develop the muscles, will do wonders to beautify scrawny legs. This routine should be followed at least once a day. Don’t stop until thoroughly tired, as aching muscles during an exercise indicate that the remedy is having its effect.

I know of no better way of stressing the value of pretty legs in film production, than to mention the highly successful Warner First National pictures “Gold Diggers of 1933,” “Footlight Parade,” “Forty-Second Street,” and other productions such as: “Sitting Pretty,” “Moonlight and Pretzels” and “Take a Chance.”

I don’t know too much about the other studios but I presume their policy is the same as we find on the Warner Brothers and First National Pictures’ lots. They want the girls to keep young, fresh, vigorous and happy. They are just as anxious to have us keep our jobs as we are desirous of retaining them.

In closing this article for “MOVIES”, let me give one bit of counsel to the women who find their charms beginning to lose power in their forties and even in their thirties. They should study the most durable of all charmers, that French Parisian actress, Cecile Sorel. At seventy, the oldest veteran of the Parisian stage and the confidante of three generations of high French officials is appearing as star in a fantastic piece by Sacha Guitry at the Casino de Paris, where she displays her seventy-year old legs in white tights in competition with those of fresh young chorus girls.

For many years on the stage of the Comedie Francaise, Cecile Sorel reigned, entrancing all theatre-goers by the beauty of her limbs, the aliveness of her supple feet, the yielding grace of her body, the exquisite grace of her arms and hands. Beauty dwelt in every line of her and she is still carrying on.

If you want to attain a graceful body, perennially young, it is well to start the day with a long vigorous stretch in bed which should be supplemented by other stretches whenever you find yourself tired or stiff.

Stretch as high as you can. Try to reach an imaginary bar a little above your head. That will help yo unstretch; this will help increase your height.
PRETTY POLLY

By Dr. Abbuh Wretlaw

PRETTY POLLY isn’t a parrot; and she doesn’t like to be called “Polly,” either. She much prefers the nickname which was given at her christening—“Teddy.” Personally I don’t think either name fits her, because she doesn’t remind one of a bear cub, nor is she as talkative and noisy as a parrot.

Polly Walters, as she was “dubbed” on the Warner Brothers and First National lots, will probably stick to her as long as she remains in the spotlight, and it is the name she carries in electric lights while “She Loves Me Not” is packing them in the aisles in New York City.

The blonde beauty, who formerly graced the Florenz Ziegfeld’s beauty chorus, sometimes has dark hair, sometimes platinum blonde; at least she was willing to admit that much between chuckles which make talking to her some what of a pleasurable innovation.

There’s no question but that personal pride and selfish joy is now filling the breast of Tom Weatherly, co-producer with Dwight Deere Wiman, of the harum-scarum rumpus in the 46th Street Theatre, illogically called “She Loves Me Not.”

On the morning after the opening, with almost childish grins of self-congratulation, Mr. Weatherly counted telephone callers who asked, “Who is the girl playing Curly Flagg? She’s a natural!”

Mr. Wiman personally selected John Beal for the important role of Paul in the mad-campuses antics of undergraduate cavaliers out to save a night club dancer from “worse than death.” But he graciously doffs his hat to Mr. Weatherly for finding Polly Walters to become Curly Flagg.

When he first beheld in the Vanderbilt Revue four years ago a slender, blonde minx with a nasal pitch to her voice that made you laugh but want to hear more, Mr. Weatherly made some inquiries. He discovered the lass to be Polly Walters, who had been recruited from the three-a-day to the Broadway showshop. Of course Miss Walters, who is a “Buckeye” beauty, having been born in Columbus, Ohio, had a background of considerable film experience. This includes the job of relieving the tension all through that heavy drama starring Edward G. Robinson in “Five Star Final,” in which the half-pint beauty played the role of the telephone operator.

Film lovers are still laughing over the way she cooed into the receiver during calls: “Good afternoon-o, Evening Gaze-ette.” Put plenty of rising and falling inflection into that and you have it. Tom, who had been a friend of Polly’s for years, remembered that.

And again, when Mr. Weatherly observed Polly Walters’ wide-eyed stare and hinterlandish twang in “Larceny Lane,” he knew a time might come when his mental file would yield up a gold mine that Hollywood had overlooked.

It wasn’t so easy to convince either Dwight Deere Wiman or Howard Lindsay, the author and director. They had not seen Polly Walters in the films.

But no sooner had the two doubting Thomases heard Polly Walters read the rowdy lines of “She Loves Me Not” than the thumbs on four pairs of hands went up.

Polly made her debut with RKO-Radio Pictures in support of Helen Twelvetrees and Eric Linden in “Young Brides.” She has worked in Columbia Pictures, Warner Brothers, RKO-Radio, and First National. In “American Madness” she was again cast as the dizzy blonde telephone girl with the shapely legs, and she filled the role to perfection.

It was common talk on the Hollywood lots that if you wanted to find Miss Walters, you could get her in the stills department. She was forever posing for pictures, — of all sorts. Polly wishes she had been able to collect a dollar for every “leg shot” they made of her, or for every “stunt still” in which she posed with Joan Blondell.

Her birthday? She says it was January 15th, 1913.

Last time I saw her she was (Continued on page 43)
MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL

By Pricilla Wayne

Short Story from the Monarch Film, by Anita Delglyn. Part 2.

The Reverend MacDougal has wrung a promise from his daughter Beth that she will not marry for four years—although unknown to him she is in love with Larry Bennett. In company with some friends they attend a roadhouse dance. After escaping a raid by prohibition officers, in which Beth is recognized, Larry, possessed of a license, marries the inebriated and almost unconscious Beth, swearing his friends to secrecy. MacDougal hears of Beth's presence at the roadhouse and turns her out. She leaves with Larry and his job in Chicago—to live "in sin!" Beth is willing to go through with a so-called "companionate marriage," without benefit of clergy, and seals her promise to Larry with a passionate kiss. Now go on with the concluding installment of the story:

Larry continued to hold her in his arms while they talked and planned. "We'll drive until we're tired tonight and then rest; get located, rest up, and the next morning I'll report for duty. As for your teaching, you're not going to teach," he said positively. "I guess I can support my own wife. All you're going to do, Mrs. Larry Caspar, is to keep house. Do some shopping, look pretty, and have a real good time."

She winced at the mention of "Mrs. Larry Caspar" and wished it true; realizing that complications were sure to follow. One of them came very quickly,—when Larry suggested they put up for the night.

With a worried heart she watched him sign the register in a quiet little hotel,—"Mr. and Mrs. Larry Caspar." Once alone with Larry and the tears came,—she could not stop them. They spent the night together, but she determined they would look for a quiet apartment later.

It was not as easy as they thought, but eventually they got settled in a fairly good neighborhood, but the rent ate into his pitifully meagre salary dangerously. And it didn't help matters when the landlady remarked about her not having a wedding ring.

But she threw off forebodings and worries, and took a certain amount of keen enjoyment in preparing meals for her "hubby." One night Larry told her about the party they planned for him at the office.

"They're just like a family, Beth," Larry told her. "There's the general sales manager, the head bookkeeper, the salesmen here in town, and three stenographers in the office—all pretty, jolly girls.

"The general manager, that's Simcoke, you know, is a chap in his early forties. He's got a peach of a wife. She's been down a couple of times to the office since I've been there and she's the one who is flinging the party. She's going to have them all out to her house, as a sort of welcome to me. I guess it's a swell joint on the Lake Shore drive. The only thing that worries me is you, honey."
"I worry you?" Beth couldn't quite understand, but Larry explained that they didn't know he had a wife or girl friend. On his application for the job some time back he had stated he was a single man. Beth came to the rescue and assured Larry he should go to the party without her, stating that when she was twenty-five, if he still wanted her after the "companionate marriage" test, he could have her for "keeps."

Only it broke her heart for "Dotty," one of the good looking office girls, to call for him and take him to the party. She watched them drive away. A trim runabout was at the curb and by the rays of the street light right front of it, Beth could see that the little car held only one occupant. A woman. Young she must have been because of the trim, slim clad and shapely legs under the steering wheel, just a hint of rolled stocking showed.

The window was partly open.

"Come along, Larry," Dotty said. "Sawtell had a blowout. Phoned me to stop for you. Something tells me this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

She laughed, pushed away her scanty little skirts for Larry to sit down by her side and started the car.

Larry gave a quick, instinctive glance upward while Beth shrank farther back into the shadows.

She couldn't check the pang of jealousy as she thought it over afterwards; Larry out with another girl, and a mighty attractive one at that!

Dotty was deliberately making a play for Larry, not knowing that he was secretly married, and the tell-tale lipstick she left on his face didn't ease things with his wife, either; to the extent that she determined to go to the Gregory restaurant herself and "look things over."

It wasn't long before she spotted Dorothy Tate, a pretty little thing, scantily dressed,—her skimpy silk skirts showing at least an inch above her girlishly rounded knees. Beth was bitter as she listened to Larry talk to the "modern" girl. She was worried, too, about the extra money he had been taking out of his pay envelope.

Then one night he came home and kissed her more ardently than usual, and laid in her hands a tiny package. It was a solitaire diamond and a wedding ring, and she had just begun to enthuse over it when the door buzzer sounded and a voice, Dotty's, asked to be allowed to come up to Larry's room.

Larry's face whitened; he hardly knew what to do.

"I'll be right down, Dotty," he said, and hung up the receiver.

Beth remonstrated feebly.

"You haven't had your dinner. Why we've just got started. Why should that woman——"

Larry put his hand over her mouth. "I'll tell you, Beth—as soon as I can. Until then, well, I'll just have to go."

"Go down and see her, yes. But you'll come right back up?"

Larry shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know, Beth. I—there's something I can't tell you now. It's not my secret. Tell you later——"

He left; his kisses warm upon her reluctant lips.

Several calls from Dotty later convinced her that she had real cause for jealousy; she considered the rings merely as Larry's peace offering,—to square his conscience. She followed them once and saw them together. The next day Miss Tait phoned again.

As if an unkind Fate had planned it, Billy McGee called during her hours of distress: but it wasn't long before she was talked into going to a cabaret show with him, and off they went to make "whooppee."

McGee ordered lavishly and spent liberally; danced with her and held her tight in his sensual grasp. Arriving home she had a disagreeable fight with Larry and he agreed to forgive and forget, but stated that he felt both of them were getting a bit ashamed of the companionate marriage business.

Later Beth went for a walk, visited the landlady where Dotty lived and was told that Miss Tait had a husband, a photo of him being on the bureau in her bedroom. The picture was one of Larry, and Beth left broken-hearted.

The scraps with the boy who was really her husband continued, although of course she did not know yet that she was really married to Larry Caspar. One day a telegram arrived for him stating that his mother and Margaret were on their way to Chicago. Larry's mother never would under-
stand the situation; she must not be informed!

While Larry waited for a delayed train bearing his mother and sister, Beth entertained Billy McGee in the privacy of her rooms; still smarting under the wrong which she thought had been done to her. She was not even properly dressed when Billy called. Later, when Larry returned to the apartment Beth lay in bed, fully clothed, but stone drunk.

After he had awedled her out, he threatened to take her back to her father, the Rev. John MacDougall, but was prevented from carrying this idea out immediately because he was called out of town on a hurried business trip.

Returning suddenly he found McGee again in his wife's room, attacked the rake and knocked him out while Beth and he sped on their way. Of course the police were summoned, but everything was explained satisfactorily.

"Your kind is riding for a good, hard fall," said the landlady when Beth tried to thank her for what she had done to keep the dirty affair out of the papers. "Somewhere you've had decent bringing up. Maybe a decent father and mother still livin' for all I know. You've got a refined look about you, but you ain't happy. Young couples that quarrel all the time and go on like you folks have aren't starting on the level, you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

She turned and stalked unyieldingly to the door. "Mind what I say. Tomorrow's the nineteenth and I want the keys."

So she left and boarded a train at the depot, without leaving any word for Larry as to where she had gone. Larry worried, of course—he even examined a few unknown corpses in the Chicago morgue in his quest for Beth.

In the personal columns of a newspaper he read this startling notice:

"BETH, COME HOME AT ONCE. MOTHER DYING, BEGS TO SEE YOU. COME BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. JOHN B. MACDOUGAL."

The money she had for a railroad trip didn't carry her far, and she "hitch-hiked" it all the way home, even borrowing some money from one of the drivers.

But thanks to a merciful Providence she arrived home in time to put her mother in good spirits, on her way to recovery. Dotty turned out to be, as she later found out, just one of those girls who chase men for the sake of making a conquest.

* * * *

"That's the trouble, Caspar," said Billy McGee when Larry tried to tell him all about the situation. "You've acted foolish all along. I can hardly believe that you lived together almost three months and she never knew you were legally married. That's the thing I can't understand. Why you didn't tell her."

"She was so bitter about that promise to her father," Larry explained for the thousandth time. "No person who didn't know Beth intimately could understand just how morbidly bitter she was about it. It preyed on her mind. In the first place Beth isn't the saint she looks. Oh, I don't mean what you might think. There isn't a more loving, kinder-hearted girl in the world than Beth. Nor a more virtuous, pure-minded one. But she wasn't cut out for doleful hymn singing like her father wanted her to be. She's a gay, little impulsive thing. She wanted to sing and dance and be happy.

"And then he forced her to make this promise. Good heavens, think of it, the girl had never had a date. All through high school and then during those two years in college. And dozens of fellows had been crazy about her."

"I had myself," McGee confessed.

In the meantime, Hortense, Billy's real friend, informed Beth that she really had been married, although the minister's daughter was far from sober when it occurred. Her so-called "life of sin" was just a pleasant memory, a new start, now, and she was happy. She even forgave her father for trying to prevent her seeing her mother Mary.

Arriving home, she heard footsteps on the walk outside the door. She opened it. On the threshold stood Larry Caspar.

They fairly flew into each other's arms, clinging together and turning defiant eyes to the stern man who watched.

"It's all right, dear, it's all right," Larry whispered soothingly. He turned so that his body shielded the girl, as though from the physical wrath of her father.

"I didn't know where Beth was. (Cont'd. on page 13)
The Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf will be back on the screen in a new Walt Disney Silly Symphony early in February. This is despite the fact that Walter has added to his duties; he's now the papa of a darling baby girl.

Disney has just informed the home office of United Artists, the company which releases his films, that while he will not build an entire series of pictures around the pig and wolf characters, he has struck upon an idea to continue their adventures in a Silly Symphony cartoon ideally suited to their particular talents.

The screen cartoonist intends to bring them back in the story of Little Red Riding Hood, who meets the Big Bad Wolf on the way to visit her grandmother in the woods. The Three Little Pigs are being introduced as friends of Red Riding Hood. She has to pass their house to get to the home of her grandmother. The practical little pig warns her to beware of the Big Bad Wolf, but the other two little pigs laugh and tell her not to be afraid that the wolf is a big sissy.

The Three Little Pigs and Red Riding Hood meet the Big Bad Wolf in the woods, and two of the pigs turn tail and run fast back to their home, leaving Little Red Riding Hood at the mercy of the wolf. The little girl escapes, but the rest of the original story is carried out with the wolf dressed in the grandmother's night clothes in bed at the old lady's house.

The two little pigs have arrived at their brother's house and dived under the bed to hide, while the practical little brother goes to the rescue of Little Red Riding Hood. After all is safe and the Big Bad Wolf has gone howling over the hill, the two little lazy brothers come dancing back. They sing their little song while Red Riding Hood plays the organ as the brave little brother pumps it.

Disney's musical staff has already finished work on a score for the new picture, and if the songs fit they will be used in the same manner to enhance the action as was "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" in "Three Little Pigs."

Naturally the second edition of this series of "porky pictures" will be in color, and a brief history of that branch of the technique will add interest to our story. Scientific achievement marks the course followed by Technicolor from the time of the old Kinemacolor process pictures of 1909 up to the present perfection to be seen in the celebrated Walt Disney "Silly Symphonies," now produced in Technicolor.

At first all color effects depended upon an alternation of red and green pictures on the screen in such rapid succession that they fused together in the eye. The first commercial motion picture positive having the color actually on the film was manufactured by the Prisma Company. Intensive work on the part of the Technicolor group was begun in 1915. In 1917 the first Technicolor pictures were shown publicly.

Recording an animated cartoon: trap drummer's table in center. Note the head-phones used by each member of the orchestra.

Among the early important feature productions employing an extensive amount of Technicolor film, may be mentioned, "The Ten Commandments," "Ben Hur," and "The King of Kings."

The leading spirits in the (Continued on page 42)
ROME to RIO

Two Pictures of the Month

IT MAY be a “long, long way to Tipperary,” but it’s a much longer jump from ancient Rome to modern Rio de Janeiro. Yet United Artists and RKO-Radio Pictures have given us two tempting dishes in “Roman Scandals” and “Flying Down to Rio”; both of which must share honors as The Pictures of the Month.

In the former film the leading roles are handled by Eddie Cantor and Gloria Stuart; in the latter the blonde is Gene Raymond and the dark haired one Dolores del Rio.

Both shows are musical productions, with several catchy tunes which will linger for some time; both have a background of pretty girls and novel dance routines. The scene in which Eddie Cantor, as a Roman “food-taster” for the Emperor, is nearly caught in the baths is a scream. Dozens of pulchritudinous maids are at the daily bath, being prepared for the pleasure of the Emperor.

We won’t spoil the picture for you by going into details regarding the story, but a word or two regarding the cast which supports Mr. Cantor and Miss Stuart should not go amiss. It includes Ruth Etting, David Manners, Edward Arnold, Veree Teasdale, Alan Mowbray, Jack Rutherford and Grace Poggi. An excellent cast, and more good direction on the part of Frank Tuttle.

The songs in this United Artists’ feature must be credited to Al Dubin and Harry Warren; the dance numbers being directed by Busby Berkeley. Those who had a part in the original story, dialogue and literary “material” are George S. Kaufman, Robert Sherwood, William Anthony McGuire, George Oppenheimer, Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Our hats are off to those gents!

Thornton Freeland, who has made a number of box office successes for Columbia, Warner Bros., Fox and Universal, directed “Flying Down to Rio” for Mr. Cooper’s organization. The cast includes, in addition to Gene and Dolores, Raul Roulian, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire (who did so well in Joan Crawford’s “Dancing Lady”), Blanche Frederici, Walter Walker, Howard Wilson, Mowita Castenada, Mildred Lehrman, Adrian Rosley, Paul Porcasi, Reginald Barlow, Eric Blore, Wallace MacDonald, Franklin Pangborn, Betty Furness, Mary Korman, Alice Gentle, Lucille Brown, Helen Brock, Eddie Bordon, Ray Cooke and Luis Alberni.

Vincent Youmans contributed stirring music for this Lou Brock production. Mr. Brock, for several years was a resident of Rio as foreign representative for American films, and is the one man in the business best qualified to produce a musical laid in the city of Rio.

Backgrounds are real scenes of Rio de Janeiro. J. Roy Hunt, and an Assistant cameraman, flew to Rio de Janeiro and photographed actual shots of Rio, from the air and on land, to serve as the backgrounds for the picture. This, utilizing the mechanics of process work, is equivalent to a location expedition to the real locale of the story. There are no studio exteriors to resemble Rio.

The opening scene in the picture is taken from a plane and shows 500 Brazilian sailors in a formation that

(Continued on page 43)
FRED ASTAIRE and two airplane beauties in RKO's "Flying Down to Rio."
"Hmph! Another wild, all-night party, I suppose. YOU BIG BUM!"

He can't hurt us,—he's a man-eating animal!

"D'ja hear about the chorus girl who was told to bring a pair of tights to rehearsal and showed up with two Scotch friends?"
"MOVIES"

"Oops, Mr. Chonsky! Catch!"

"I'll be able to use you: I can see you have lots of talent."

"Does the new pink one go in this room, Ma'am?"

"Say, Officer, got the correct time?"

FLYING DEVILS. The story of a reckless group of stunt pilots who thrive on danger and make a daily business of cheating death. In the cast we find Ralph Bellamy, Amiee Judge, Bruce Cabot, Cliff Edwards, Eric Linden, and others. Capably directed by Russell Bader, and excellently photographed. Good love interest in the picture, and plenty of thrilling airplane crashes and daring stunt flying. Very good.


ONLY YESTERDAY. A Universal picture starring and featuring Margaret Sullivan, John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny and Edna May Oliver. One of Universal's best releases. Others in the cast are Franklin Pangborn, Berton Churchill, Benita Hume, Osa Nov Roberts, Hugh Endfield, Robert McWade, Arthur Hoyt, Joyce Compton, Mabel Marden, Brumwell Fletcher and Dorothy Granger.


SHANGHAI MADNESS. The story of an over-sexed society girl living in China during the period of civil war, who falls desperately in love with a dishonorably discharged officer of the U. S. navy. These roles are handled by Fay Wray and Spencer Tracy. Others appearing in this exciting melodrama are Ralph Morgan, Eugenie Pallect, Herbert Mundin and Reginald Mason. Directed by John Blystone. Excellently done.

TRIGGER. Katharine Hepburn, as "Trigger" Hicks, is a beautiful, young mountain girl with a character surpassing belief; a faith healer by practice and a lying, thieving, ensuing wildcat by deliberate design. Miss Hepburn is ably supported by Robert Young, Sara Haden, Ralph Bellamy, and other talented players, in this extraordinarily interesting Merian C. Cooper production for the RKO-Radio Pictures.

RAINBOW OPER BROADWAY. A hilarious musical romance starring and featuring Joan Marsh, Frank Albertson, Lucien Littlefield, Grace Hayes, Glen Boles, Gladys Blake, Dell Henderson, Natt Carr, Harry Meyern and May Beatty. The story opens with brother and sister selling sheet music in the five and ten cent store to keep the wolf from the door...
HORSE PLAY. A Universal production produced by Carl Laemmle and directed by Edward Sedgwick. Slim Summerville and Andy Devine are ably supported by Leila Hyams, Una O'Connor, May Britt, David Torrence, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Lamoon Thomas and Ethel Griffiss. The scene takes place on a broken-down ranch in Montana. Story by George Robinson and Clarence Marks. Excellent photography.

EMPEROR JONES. Paul Robeson as Brutus Jones whose shrewdness tells a big financier about a business secret that he has overheard and in return receives a large sum of money which enables him to plunge into Harlem night life. Having killed a man during a crooked crap game he is sentenced to prison, escapes, and flees to an island and proclaims himself emperor. Very good.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS. A Universal production starring Robert Young and Leila Hyams. The pigeon classic is filled with thrills and spills. The supporting cast includes Johnny Mack Brown, Grant Mitchell, Andy Devine, Mary Carlin, Mary Doran, Joe Sawyer, Paul Forest, Lucille Lund, Paul Hurst, Richard Tucker, Herbert Corthell and William Kent. Well cast, beautifully photographed and well directed.


THE SOLOTAIRE MAN. An M-G-M picture, directed by Jack Conway. A good story of an ex-officer, unable to secure a position after the war turns crooked and becomes a jewelry thief. Starring and featuring Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Lionel Atwill, May Robson, Ralph Forbes, Elizabeth Allen, Lucile Gleason and Robert McWade. It is very good and most capably photographed.

BY CANDLELIGHT. A Universal production produced by Carl Laemmle and directed by James Whale. Starring and featuring Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, Nile Ascher, Lawrence Grant, Dorothy Courtice, Raymond Hatton, Wilfred Lucas, John Larkin and Samuel Hinde also appear. Photography by Theodore Tetzlaff. Excellent cast; well directed.

STRAWBERRY ROAN. Here's another one of those red-blooded "ho man" cow punching, "gun toting" types of "westerns" which are usually successful box office draws; the cast headed by Ken Maynard includes Ruth Hall, Harold Goodwin, Charles King, Frank Vosomel, William Desmond, Bob Walker, Jack Rockwell and Ben Corbett. A Universal production directed by Alan James.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Story of an East Side lawyer who tries to save, defeat disharmonious proceedings, but loses his wife at the end of the story. Supporting John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels are: Doris Kenyon, Isabel Jewell, Oscar Stevens, Melyn Douglas, Maya Methot, Thelma Todd, Marvin Kline, John Qualen, Conway Tearle, Ruby Gordon, Martha Rosewall and John Hammond Dalley.

CONVENTION CITY. First National's humorous travesty on our national pastime which takes place every four years. Adolph Menjou, Ruth Donnelly, Gay Kibbee, Mary Astor, Grant Mitchell, Patricia Ellis, Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, Joan Blondell and others appear in this rollickingly-funny feature picture. It's a typical Warner "stock company" production, but is excellently directed and well worth seeing.

HELL AND HIGH WATER. Formerly known as "Cap'n Jericho," this Paramount production, capably directed by Graver Jones, stars and features Richard Arlen, Sir Guy Standing, Judith Allen, Wm. Frawley, Charley Grapewin and Burton MacLane. The picture is replete with lively action and splendid dialogue, some of which was supplied by Wm. Stevens McNutt, in his capacity as associate director. Good.
RUTH HALL, of First National and Monogram Pictures, sends Valentine's Day Greetings.
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT. A story of adolescent life in boarding school in which a young medical student becomes involved with a young girl. Dorothy Wilson and Douglas Montgomery are the feature players. Ably assisted by Kay Johnson, Barbara Barondess, Walter Connolly, Foster Broos, Colin Campbell, James Bush, Peggy Montgomery, Margaret Marquis, Marjorie Cavalier, Kay Hammond and Virginia Hall.

NOTORIOUS BUT NICE. The beautiful blonde star of Warner-First National discovery, Marian Marsh, has the feminine lead in this recent Chesterfield Pictures release. J. Carroll Naish, Donald Dillaway, Betty Compson, and others appear in support of the pulchritudinous Marian in this feature released by First Division. The woman's dresses could be designed better, and the photography improved upon. Good.

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER. An all-round comedy featuring Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. Being robbed of their life's savings they decide to become bandits. Hardy as Oliver pretends he is Dwayne already a famous bandit, and is sentenced to be shot, when saved by a bull who sees Laurel blow his nose with a red handkerchief. Dennis King, Thelma Todd and James Finlayson also appear.

THE BOWERY. A 20th Century production starring Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper. Wallace Beery as Chuck Conforti, the big shot of the New York Bowery, is much envied by George Raft who plays the role of Steve Brodie. Other able characters are Fay Wray, George Walsh, Bert Kelton, Ferdinand Munier, Oscar Apfel, Harold Huber, Herman Bing, Ebie Harmer and Fletcher Norton.

THE HOUSE ON 54TH STREET. A Warner Bros. production starring Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Gene Raymond and Margaret Lindsay. The story is based upon an inept gambling mother who is sent to Sing Sing for the murder of a man. After twenty years in prison she meets her daughter in a gambling house where her daughter kills a man over a gambling debt. Well directed.

GIRL ON THE EDGE. A 20th Century production starring David Manners, Claire Trevor and John Litel. Miss Trevor is a young wife who becomes infatuated with a famous bandit, and the romance is between her and the gang leader, played by Manners. It has the usual chemistry of the Manners-Trevor team and makes vivid use of interesting locale in South America.

THE BIC SHAKEDOWN. Charles Farrell as Jimmy and Betty Davis as Norma star in a First National Picture. Supporting them are Richard Conte and Glenda Farrell. Jimmy who owns a small drug store is threatened to be run out of business because of competition but is persuaded by a racketeer to manufacture substitute antiseptics. Norma gives birth to a child but dies because of a substitute stimulant. Fair.
MEET THE BARON. A M-G-M farce comedy in which Jack Pearl the famous radio star has his innings with Jimmy (Schmolze) Durante. The comic pair is abetted by Zsa Pita, Ted Healy, Ben Bernie, Edna May Oliver, Henry Kolker, Mae Howard, William B. Davidson, Larry fine and Jerry Howard. Directed by Walter Lang, from the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Norman Krasna.

WALLS OF GOLD. A Fox film directed by Kenneth MacKenna in which the eternal question, love or luxury, which faces every young girl, is dramatized. Sally Eilers and Norman Foster have the leading roles. Assisting them are Ralph Morgan, Rochelle Hudson, Rosita Moreno, Frederic Stanwyck, Mary Mason, Marjorie Caton and Margaret Seddon. It is well cast and ably directed.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. A Paramount production superbly directed by Norman McLeod starring Charlotte Henry as Alice and Richard Arlen as the Cheshire Cat are ably supported by Romeo Atw, Billy Barty, William Austin, Colin Campbell, Harvey Clark, Jack Oakie, Jack Duffy, Gary Cooper, Louise Fazenda, Leon Errol, Harry Erexian, W. C. Fields, Skeets Gallagher, Alice H. Francis and Cary Grant.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII. The story of Henry VIII who marries in a haze during the days of public executions. Henry is a widower after the birth of his son but marries shortly after that to Anne of Cleves but neither of them love each other. His love for Katheryn Howard is shattered when he discovers her other love affair. He finally marries his children's nurse.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM. A Charles Rogers production, directed by Ralph Murphy is a story of Bohemian life where free love and plenty of champagne prevail. Charles Farrell and Charlie Ruggles star; supported by Margaret Chevychell, Gregory Ratoff, Grace Bradley, Walter Woolf, Missch Anet, Leonid Seoff, Alex Melesh, Leonid Kissny, August Talleris, Adrian Rosler, William P. Cobin, Perry Evans and Sam Ash.

FROM HEADQUARTERS. A Warner Bros. picture featuring George Brent and Margaret Lindsay. Eugene Pallette, Dorothy Gpregson, Hugh Herbert, Henry O'Grill, Robert Barrat, Theodore Newton, Ken Murray, Robert Cavanagh, Mary Kinney, Kenneth Thomson, Edward Ellis, Robert House and Frank Darin appear in this thrilling police story. A murderer at police headquarters is part of the plot.

IF I WERE FREE. R.K.O. production directed by Elliott Nugent from the screenplay by Dwight Taylor. Irene Dunne and Clive Brook are starred; abetted by Henry Stephenson, Vivian Tobin, Laura Hope Crews, Temple Fitzgerald and Lea Paine MacLean. Edward Cronjager's photography is deserving of commendation, as is the work of the musical director, Max Stiener. Arthur Roberts did the film editing. Good.

EASY TO LOVE. A Warner Bros. picture featuring Genevie Tochin as Carol and Adolphe Menjou as John. Mary Astor, Gay Kibbee, and Edward Everett Horton also appear. John and Carol lived a happy married life with their daughter Janet who is engaged. John begins to slip and has a secret love affair with another woman. Carol discovers it and contemplates a divorce but Janet and her fiancé intervene.
Covered shoulders are smart for the less formal satin evening frock in the new molded silhouette, with interesting clips and buckle of rubies with brilliants. Posed by Martha Sleeper, M-G-M player; courtesy Modern Merchandising Bureau.

Martha Sleeper, M-G-M player, wears a white silk corduroy pique evening gown. The dress is plaid trimmed, backless and held up by a round collar. A plaid buckle at the back of the waist is the only trimming. A wrap of the same plaid, propeller bow and plaid gloves to match make the complete outfit.

Black Canton crepe evening gown with soft, twisted belt of the same material, fastening in front with a rhinestone buckle which matches the three slender shoulder straps, rhinestone studded, and the band high around the neck. An I. Frank, N. Y. C., creation, designed by Claire Julanne for Monogram Pictures. Posed by Polly Walters, star of "She Loves Me Not." Photo by Joel Feder, N. Y. C.

Metal-Bun velvet; on glowing blue creates the important, long sleeved dinner gown with slashed bracelet neckline, accented with jewelled buckle at neckline and belt. Worn by Jeannette MacDonald of M-G-M's "The Cat and the Fiddle." Photo by the Modern Merchandising Bureau, above.

The Tiara Turban, (below) is equally smart for daytime or evening wear; the discs are made of cords of wool or metal. A Lilly Daché creation; posed by Madeline Masla. Photo by Mitchell, N. Y. C.

"MOVIES"

"Dress Up,"

Monthly Fashion Page

Edited by...
"MOVIES"

America!

for
Film Fans
and
Screen Stars

C. J. Spieker

Below: a subtle brim of white cotton with duo-tone of belting ribbon trimming features this Lilly Daché model. Worn by Madeline Masla; photograph by Mitchell, N. Y. City.

The ultra in the feminine mode is found in a hostess robe (shown above) of pink chiffon and satin roses, worn by Miriam Hopkins in Paramount's "All of Me." Photo courtesy of the Modern Merchandising Bureau.


At right: Rhumba crepe in a smart, wide-shouldered frock with period puff sleeves, brown taffeta tie; worn with a visor beret in stitched brown velvet, by Jean Parker, featured M-G-M player. Modern Merchandising Bureau.

Upper right: Cheney Bros. Ottoman file, in a smart, black and white afternoon frock designed by Claire Julianne. A belt of the same material, with double linked silver clasps, and matching hat, complete the ensemble. The flared white sleeves, pointed at the hand, and yoke, are detachable, and may be substituted by an Ottoman file in another color to afford a pleasing change. Posed by Polly Walters, stage and screen star of "She Loves Me Not". Photo by Joel Feder, N.Y.C.
“Talkies’” Ten Leaders

OVERTON, PA.—The ten greatest actors and actresses, and I defy any of your readers to name any better, of the screen, in order of superiority, are Greta Garbo, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Edward G. Robinson, Walter Huston. Mr. John Barrymore himself stated that Garbo and Lionel are the screen’s greatest, and he ought to know a little about acting.—Talkie Fan.

An Open Letter

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Knowing Hollywood as I do, I am giving you a story about the "Hollywood Chain Gang".

Hollywood is what the Stars themselves make it—a beautiful world all their own. Anyone who cannot find happiness in that "Land of Make Believe" does not know the true meaning of that word. In other words, they are not trying to find happiness. I am also going as far as to say that any true-born actor or actress who is trying to break away from this so-called chain gang is not being sincere with him or herself nor with the public. I am sure that down deep in their hearts they feel that they could not give up their work in motion pictures unless their work gave them up first.

Hollywood has given the stars everything yet some of them are unappreciative of this fact. The public along with most of the stars and directors try to blame Hollywood for their many mistakes, for their unsuccessful and unhappy marriages which the movie magazines and newspapers are filled with. But how often do these same magazines and newspapers print stories about the really happy marriages in Hollywood, about the stars who do find this film world a living heaven. Must they always condemn Hollywood for everything?

Let’s take for example Warner Baxter’s marriage which has been a happy one for fifteen years. Why has there never been a scandal or rumor connected with him? Why does he love Hollywood and has found happiness there? Mr. Baxter, like very few men and women in this world, knows the value and meaning of real love and does not mistake it for infatuation or passion. He is willing after his day’s work at the studio to find love and happiness in his own home and with his own wife.

I am satisfied with his wife and shares her sorrows, heartbreaks, and happiness with her. Although he is grateful to his fans, to his directors, and to his leading ladies, he does not take the flattery of his success too seriously. He does not let it stand in the way of his wife, home, or happiness. Yet he is kind, understanding, and thoughtful of other people. He gives all that is in him to his public and in return they all love him and respect him.

Movie magazines, give us more stories and pictures of Warner Baxter. Directors, give us more pictures like “Daddy Long Legs,” and “The Doctor’s Wife.” And please, above all else, rush the release of “The Tale of Two Cities.” Only Warner Baxter could bring to the screen such a man as Sidney Carter, such a story of love and sacrifice. He is his fan’s reel hero, and his wife’s real hero. Long may Warner Baxter live in Hollywood and may all his most cherished dreams come true.

If Hollywood is a chain gang I only wish I were part of it where I too could find the magic spell of happiness under those sunset skies.—Henrietta Mantell.

William Wishes Westerns

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.—I want to congratulate the Broadway and Hollywood “Movies” magazine for their article about Tom Tyler in the Nov, 1933 issue. I get this magazine every month and look forward to seeing articles about Western stars. I also like this magazine for the scenes of all the different scenes in production of films. This is about the only magazine that gives the Western heroes any consideration. A person gets tired of seeing sex pictures and gangster’s rolls all the time, and a good western about twice a week is refreshing. I hope to see some more articles of this kind in some more of the issues to come.

I would really like to see Jean Parker or Laura Lee play a heroine in a blood-and-thunder “Western” picture soon.

—William Doty.
ALTHOUGH Marlene Dietrich uses her fork in her left hand when at table in the Continental mode, she insists that her little daughter, Maria, hold her fork in her right hand in the American manner. "Legs" Dietrich has again been photographed with her alleged "boy friend" Josef Von Sternberg well known director, recently.

Shooting on "The Silver Lining," the miniature edition of "Sally," well known Broadway stage hit, has been completed at the Brooklyn Vitaphone studio. Dorothy Stone, star of many stage successes including "The Gay Divorcee," and Gus Shy, the prominent stage comedian, have the featured parts. Stanley Smith, Gertrude Neissen, Olin Howland, Claire Whitney, Dinah Poppen, Alice Weaver and the Vitaphone chorus of 14 gorgeous girls are included in the cast. Roy Mack directed.

Lo, the poor Indian! At least, if the stories are true about dirty moving pictures and colored girls indulging in indecent associations are concerned, we'll have to sympathize with the questions give an idea of her story who left her tepee to seek fame and fortune on wicked old Broadway.

In suing for breach of contract, she wants to ask Nathan B. Stern, heir to a jewelry fortune, six simple questions. She wants $232,860. Phyllis Emerson, her name is, and in 1928 she decorated the "Vanities" with her beautiful figure. Then she met Mr. Stern.

One night she went to Stern's house on Gay St., in Greenwich Village. It was just a family gathering, but Phyllis says she found the White Man's customs to be more than she could stand.

1. Whether, on Feb. 5, 1929, Stern invited about the evening's events. Here they are, as prepared by her attorney, Richard J. Mackey, of Mackey, Herrlich, Vatner & Bren: the pretty Cherokee County Indian maiden her to accompany him to his residence at 12 Gay St. and whether she was his fiancee.

2. Whether J. Ernest Stern, (his cousin) came to that home and insisted on exhibiting improper motion pictures, over her protests, and whether the defendant, Nathan Stern, forced her to remain and watch the exhibition.

3. Whether Nathan brought in two colored girls and started to show the indecent pictures in the presence of the colored girls, and whether she, being pressed beyond endurance by these outrages, started to leave the house? She would like to know whether the defendant assaulted her, breaking her jaw, kicking her to the floor and causing her great pain and suffering?

Marlene Dietrich

4. Whether, two days later, the defendant entered into an agreement by which, in consideration for her promise not to hold him civilly liable for damages for physical injuries inflicted upon her, and her further promise to keep secret the incident of the indecent things which involved payment to her of $500 a month for life. In case he died before she did, his estate was to pay her the $500.

5. Then the Cherokee belle would like to know whether the defendant didn't pay her $500 on the first of every month thereafter until Aug. 14, 1931, when he discontinued the payments?

6. Phyllis' last question is whether or not, by reason of this breach of contract, she hasn't sustained a claim of $232,860 against Nathan B. Stern? She's suing Stern, who owns a dude ranch in New Mexico, oil wells in Oklahoma and real estate on Long Island, for that amount. But he has denied all the charges.

The Kodascope Repeater, a device which has the film wound ready for another projection as soon as one projection is finished, is intended primarily for business showings of 16-mm. motion pictures rather than for home use.

The attachment makes possible repeated showings of the same reel without the usual re-threading or rewinding.

A new contract has been given Gertrude Michael, Talladega, Ala., girl, by the Fox Film Studios, Miss Michael was brought to Hollywood from the New York stage and already has a dozen screen roles to her credit. She will appear in a picture starring John Boles and Rosemary Ames. Gertrude received her first backing from any publication in "The Dancing Lady," a long story in "Movies" magazine. . . Fay Bainter, Broadway stage star, has made her debut in motion pictures. She faced a movie camera for the first time in the role of a novelist.

As a result of "Gallant Lady," Gregory LaCava has been signed to an exclusive long-term by Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production of 20th Century Pictures. "Gallant Lady," starring Ann Harding, released by United Artists, is being given great preview criticism, and job of direction will be on Fredric March's first film for 20th Century, "The Affairs of Celnini," based on the autobiography and the Edwin Justus Mayer play, "The Firebrand."

Two "stars," well known to followers of the stage and screen, have apparently gotten "in Dutch" with the Quaker folks of one of the largest cities in America, in their recent "addresses" to a Philly Lecture Assembly audience composed of people of good taste and refinement.

If the reports are true, these young (?) women belched forth a lot of nonsense and heaped a lot of unfounded criticism upon people who have been, in the past, good supporters of the stage and screen. According to the N. Y. Times, Miss Barrymore characterized the gathering as "moronic," adding that both actresses did them honor in being present.

If all the reports from Philadelphia are to be believed, it is time the axe fell on the necks of those two fair (?) damsels as far as their theatrical careers are concerned; the one unforgivable thing in the drama is bad taste! Mrs. Arthur B. Waters, director of the assembly, declared that the remarks constitute "the worst insult a Philadelphia audience ever had."

Miss Barrymore, introduced by her fellow-actress, said she did not see "why we bother to speak to you at all."

"Miss Le Galiennre and I do you an honor to be here," she went on. "You don't know anything. You don't appreciate anything. You never have known anything and you never will. I don't see why we speak to you, especially to a moronic audience such as we have in Philadelphia.

"I have given thirty-five years of my life to the theatre, to the American public. Pit! What difference does it make? My grandmother had a theatre here in Philadelphia, in another generation when there were people here who appreciated such things. It was a good theatre. But I don't suppose you know anything about it."

Frank Tuttle, director of many Hollywood successes, was being chased by Jules L. Lasky to direct the screen version of "Springtime For Henry." In this production Nigel Bruce will have his original stage role.

An addition to the cast of "Heat Lightning," Warner Bros. screen adaptation of the stage play by Leon Abrams and George Abbot, is Preston Foster, who has the "heavy" role of the former lover of the hero.
Dorothy Granger in Monogram’s “He Couldn’t Take It.”

Dorothy Granger in Monogram’s “He Couldn’t Take It.”

ine (Aline MacMahon). Other members of the cast are Ann Dvorak, Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell and Emily Lowry. The production unit left the Burbank studios last week for location in the Mojave Desert, scene of the story, where most of the pictures was shot.

Barbara Sheldon was signed by Paul Malvern and has the lead opposite John Wayne in “The Lucky Texan,” Lone Star western, under the direction of R. N. Bradbury. In the supporting cast are George Hayes, Yukima Canutt, Lloyd Whitlock, Earl Dwire and John Ince. “The Lucky Texan” is the fourth of the John Wayne series of eight westerns for Lone Star Productions, distributed by Monogram.

Irene Thirer, charming movie critic formerly with the N. Y. Daily News is now with the Rialto Theatre, Times Square, New York City. Good luck, Irene. . . . There’s a Hollywood in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, California, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York and in Ireland.

Monogram’s newest picture, “He Couldn’t Take It,” based on an original story by Dore Schary, is now ready for exhibition. The picture stars Ray Walker, Virginia Perry, George E. Stone and Stanley Fields heads the supporting cast. The picture was directed by William Nigh under the supervision of T. T. Luckey.

A list of the socially prominent girls, who will appear in Jesse L. Lasky’s “Coming Out Patty” with pretty Frances Dee and Gene Raymond, includes Betty Flournoy, of St. Louis; Patricia Scott, of Calgary, Canada; Helen Peterson, Wilkesburg, Pa.; Jeanne Ruwe, San Antonio, Texas, and many others. Some of the boys include Maury Ginn, Jr., son of M. E. Ginn, former head of Ginn and Company, Massachusetts book publishers, and John Ruwe, of San Antonio.

One hundred persons attended the second annual picnic of the Greenbrier Amateur Movie Club, of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. The affair was held at Camp Shaw-Middletown in Caldwell, W. Va. The organization is “all set” for studio work indoors.

“Men in White,” current Broadway stage success has been purchased for films. This new play with a hospital background, by Sidney Kingsley, is now at the Broadhurst Theatre, N. Y. C. The screen transcription is Monte Bell’s first venture under a new producer-director contract with M-G-M. Young prepared the picture script. . . . There was no December issue of “Movies” magazine; all subscriptions will have their subscriptions extended a month.

“Not Tonight, Josephine,” one of the most lavishly produced, and “sexy,” musicals turned out by the Vitaphone Hollywood studio, was previewed by home office executives recently. This is the third in a series of Technicolor “Broadway Brevities.” Frank McHugh, Kitty Kelly, Robert Garrat, Florence Roberts and Clarence Nordstrom are in the cast. Girls of “Fourth-Second Street,” “Gold Diggers of 1933” and “Footlight Parade” appear in the dance ensembles were staged by Bob Freeland. The music was turned out by Sammy Fain; lyrics by Irving Kahal. Eddie Cline, well known feature comedy director, directed it.

Special Bulletin: A suggestion from the White House to all broadcasting stations has taken “Brother, Can You Spare a Dime” off the air. The official expression labelled the song as bad psychology. And besides, this magazine is darn tired of that aching dirge.

The two best sellers at the moment, because of movie publicity, are reprints! “Little Women” and “Alice in Wonderland” . . . Gene Raymond is slated to come East about the time this “mag” gets on the newsstands, en route to Europe. . . . Terrible pressure is being exerted in quarters—that would surprise-you to get a certain pretty, but obliging little blonde dancer from one of Noo Yawk’s night clubs a rich job in the motion pictures.

Ernest Lubitsch will direct “The Merry Widow” for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Maurice Chevalier will have the male lead in this new talking picture version of the famous Lehár operetta.

“End of the World,” Vina Delmar’s new story, has been purchased by Paramount for production. . . . Paramount’s “Six of a Kind” has gone into production with a cast composed of three teams of famous comics, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, and George Burns and Gracie Allen. Lee McCarey directs.

“Fugitive Lovers” is title for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture formerly known as “Free, White and Desperate.” Robert Mont-
The story deals with adventures on a transcontinental bus. Bus pictures are the vogue; Columbia's making "Night Bus" and Universal has just finished "Cross Country Cruise" with the pretty blonde star June Knight.

During the filming of "Henry the Ache," the Meyer Davis-Van Beuren Musical Comedy in which he plays the title role, Bert Lahr lost five pounds within three days, the result of wearing a one hundred pound padded costume. This RKO Radio comedian is now convalescing at his hotel and agrees that the role of "Henry" certainly was an Ache!

Donna Mae Roberts, of the Warner-First National outfit, and Beatrice Roberts of Fox Films, are doing very well, thank you, with their respective companies. Both hope to get a featured role soon; neither are related to that grand old man of the early silent days.—Theodore Roberts.

Ray McCarey, who has been directing the two-reel Meyer Davis-Van Beuren Musical Comedies in New York, arrived recently in Hollywood where he continues his picture work. While in the East he handled the megaphone for "Hizzoner" with Bert Lahr; "The Strange Case of Hennessy" with Cliff Edwards, and others.

Ralph Bellamy will jump into his third successive leading role when Columbia Pictures placed in production "Murder at Rexford Arms." This story which is a vivid, gripping drama, was written and prepared for the screen by Harold Shumate, well known author and scenarist.

Walter Plunkett, costume designer and style creator for the RKO-Radio Pictures, recently gave a national broadcast on how it's all done,—on the air with Jimmy Fiddler, Hollywood's talker. He designed the costumes for "Little Women," and an interested listener was the young lady who worked with R. H. Macy and Co. to design modern adaptations of those old-time dresses . . . Good looking blondes with perfect figures,—girls who are young and can dance, who have good voices and pleasant personalities, are still in demand at the Hollywood picture lots. Consult the Casting Office for information, or send in your photo for publication,—to the 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, in care of "MOVIES."

Tay Garnett, who recently returned from Germany, where he had been associated for a time with Ufa, will direct "China Seas" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This will be an Irving Thalberg production, and present plans call for Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in the leading roles. Grosbie Garstin is the author.

Walter Huston, who has just completed a starring role for RKO Radio Pictures in the Fort Myer Cavalry post story, "Rodney" may return to the New York stage. He is reported to have been engaged by Max Gordon for the leading role in Sidney Howard's drama-

Marguerite Churchill in Paramount's "Girl Without a Room."

ization of the Sinclair Lewis best-seller, "Dodsworth."

Huston, who has had success in Hollywood, last appeared on the New York stage in "The Commodore Marries" in 1929. His recent screen roles have been in "Ann Vickers" with Irene Dunne and "The Prizefighter and the Lady" with Myrna Loy and Max Baer.

The Joel Feder Studies, Inc., at 15 West 37th St., New York City, have been photographing a number of motion picture and stage stars recently. The cameramen there specialize in fashion and commercial work, and have won a lot of favorable comment for some of the beautiful girl models they have given employment to in pictures.

Clarence Dane, whose famous play "A Bill of Divorcement" served as the vehicle in which Katharine Hepburn surprised audiences with her new and dynamic personality, has arrived in America to assist Delos Chapell, Colorado drama enthusiast, in the production of "Love Comes of Age."

A new, strikingly good magazine called "The News Red,"—(not a movie publication), has made its appearance on the newsstands; it sells for $.15 a copy and is a "feminine" for its courageous treatment of the fast moving panorama of the tide of affairs,—politics, religion, art and sex, we had today. The cover is by Russell Gale, well known New York designer and portrait painter.

Blind residents of Brooklyn who have made use of 8,500 theatre passes distributed during the past year by local motion picture (Continued on page 42.)
THE "heart balm" suit filed suddenly against Alan Dinehart, movie actor, by Betty Kaege who claimed the star should have married her and in which she asked one hundred "grand," later raising the price to a quarter of a million dollars, was dropped just as suddenly and mysteriously. Mr. Dinehart's attorney claims the case was thrown out of court, and Alan is now honeymooning with his bride, the pretty Mozelle Brittone.

Charging mental cruelty, indifference and neglect, Mary Pickford, film actress, recently filed suit for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, motion picture actor, who is climbing the Alps in Europe as this story goes to press. Despite rumors of reconciliation, including Walter Winchell's, this magazine predicted some time back the action for divorce, and, as usual, we were right.

The complaint, prepared by Lloyd Wright, the actress' attorney, sets forth that Mr. Fairbanks lacked consideration for his wife's feelings and sensibilities; that he publicly announced he had no interest in life except travel, which "destroyed the legitimate ends of matrimony"; that he absented himself from home for months at a time, and that this caused "much public criticism and unfair comment."

The complaint also states that the specific neglect began in June, 1930, after which time Mr. Fairbanks, it is asserted, disregarded his wife's wishes and assumed an attitude of indifference toward their marital status.

In a formal statement Miss Pickford said: "For the past several years my married life has become increasingly unhappy. Being convinced that under the existing circumstances the future offers no solution, it is with the deepest regret that I am filing suit for divorce."

Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks were married in Los Angeles on May 28, 1920, and separated, the complaint said, on May 29, 1931. Both had been married before, Miss Pickford to Owen Moore, motion picture actor, and Mr. Fairbanks to Anna Beth Sully. Divorces ended these marriages in 1920 and 1918, respectively.

After their marriage, Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks continued their film work, but only once appeared together. That was in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Their friends said the first signs of a rift appeared in the making of that picture. Miss Pickford's role as Katherine became virtually a secondary one. Mr. Fairbanks "stole the show."

Mrs. Grace D. Jennings, the former Grace Dealing of screen fame, recently, in Hollywood, had won a divorce from Rudolph P. Jennings. She accused him of scolding her at the slightest provocation. They were married Jan. 22, 1918, . . . June Whalen, wife of the Broadway comedian, Harold J. Whalen, came West, not for a film career but to seek a divorce, friends reported today.

Alice White is back in the movies from her recent honeymoon in Mexico, while her new husband, Cy Bartlett, remained on his Soto ranch, 170 miles below the border, for a roundup.

Formal separation, with possibility of divorce action to follow, is being arranged in the Holmes-Herbert family. Mrs. Herbert is the widow of Thomas Ince, pioneer movie magnate. She and Herbert were married in the spring of 1930.

Believe it or not, they say that her husband preferred cards to her red-headed beauty. He liked solitaire instead of her company, and Corliss Palmer, one-time Georgia peach, was recently granted a divorce from Eugene V. Brewster, former millionaire publisher of film magazines.

The divorce furnished an anti-climax to the bizarre romance between the publisher and one-time Macon cigar stand girl that blazed several years across front pages of the country.

Winner of a beauty contest, Corliss' name began to be coupled intimately with Brewster in 1921 when she came to Hollywood to enter the films. The romance culminated in 1926 in a runaway marriage in Mexico. Mrs. Eleanor Brewster, the publisher's first wife, filed a barrage of suits the last for $200,000 which was settled just prior to Corliss' marriage.

The couple settled in Hollywood, but Brewster's publications waned, and with them Corliss' film chances. In August, 1931, Brewster declared his business bankrupt and two California mansions and furnishings were sold.

The couple took a shabby bungalow and posed for photographs washing dishes with brave smiles. Later Miss Palmer was confined in the alcoholic ward of San Francisco Emergency Hospital. She told the judge today that her husband had "shamfully neglected her."

No property settlement or alimony was involved in the default decree.

Attended only by four friends, Fifi D'Orsay, vivacious French Canadian film actress, recently became the bride, at Hollywood, of Maurice Hill, Chicago socialite and winner of a magazine contest to find the handsomest man in the mid-West, in the rectory of St. Victor's Church. The marriage climaxd the "first trial honeymoon on record."

Witnesses to the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon D. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Roland Becker. Wood is Miss D'Orsay's business manager and Becker her tour manager.

After the wedding, a reception was held at the Beverly Hills home of Lew Cody, film actor friend of Miss D'Orsay.

The couple's plans are indefinite because Miss D'Orsay has to fill a number of theatrical engagements. Miss D'Orsay met Hill last February, when she was appearing on the stage in Chicago.

Peggy Rich, show girl, who lost Freddie Rich, orchestra leader, via the divorce route, and then lost Jack de Ruyter, playboy broker and her vaudeville partner, who was the cause of it all, announced recently that she's going to marry again. "Rumor had it that she would skip over to the City Hall in Newark, N. J. to become the wife of Ed."

(Continued on page 43.)
MABEL MARDEN and DOROTHY SANDER in Universal's "I Like It That Way". Is Dorothy married? Below, in circle. — FIFI DORSAY, who is on a happy honeymoon now.
The Road to Ruin (Continued from page 13)

this baby stuff. Don't let it throw you. Smart
girl. I can see where we're going to have
some swell times together. Say, do you know
that Tommy's all hot and bothered about you?
said Eve.

"I kinda like him too" answered Ann
dreamily. And so from her chum Ann
received her first knowledge of liquor and
cigarettes. Through the worldly Eve's sophis-
tication she learned of love and the more in-
timate things of life — things her mother
should have told about and discussed frankly
with her, for Ann was at a dangerous age.

An age when the sexual instincts of early
womanhood were beginning to awaken, wait-
ing to be satisfied, and Ann was too young to
fight against this spell of the moment. In the
abandoned intoxication of the moment she
responded to her youthful lover's passion and
yielded herself to him completely. * * * *

Tommy was waiting for Ann the next af-
afternoon after school. Catching sight of him
parked in his battered Ford, Ed called:
"Hey, Tom."

"Sorry pal . . . not going your way today,"
"I catch on . . . but if you need any help
Tom . . . send for me," answered Ed, know-
ingly.

"Okay, boy . . . scram."

Tommy took sight of Ann walking down the
street with some school chums. "Let me
have the last half of that Latin . . . page 65
... the last half of the page" one of them
was saying. They parted, saying "Goodbye, Ann . . . see you tomorrow."

"Ann, Ann," signaled Tommy, "I've been
waiting for you . . . I sorta hoped you'd let
me drive you home."

"Thanks, that's nice of you," replied Ann,
seated beside Tommy.

Instead of driving Ann home directly,
Tommy turned off on another road, and soon
they were driving in the country. Tommy
stopped the car, and said:

"Sorry I didn't take you home?"

"No, it's lovely here," she answered breath-
ing in the country air.

"Gee, Ann, you're sweet" said Tommy
gazing at Ann's turned up face. "Do you
like your Uncle Tommy just a little bit?"
He paused for a moment, and then suddenly
said for an start: "Why, Ann?"

"Where," asked Ann, bewildered. As she
leaned her head back, Tommy suddenly
kissed her. Ann was startled and confused.
Tommy's arm was about her slender shoulders
holding her close to him.

"Tommy, you musn't." Ann blushed with

confusion. She was flattered by Tommy's at-
tention and thrilled by his love-making. With
a sigh she closed her eyes and rested her
head back on Tommy's arm. She could feel
his warm breath upon her cheek as he bent
over her and pressed his warm lips upon her
own. For a delicious moment Ann did not
resist Tommy's ardent caresses. A strange
new emotion stirred deep within her young
heart — an unaccountable conflict of awaken-
ning desires and maidenly fears. Ann put
Tommy gently from her after the brief, for-
bidden moment. "All right, baby, I'll be good," said Tommy
softly.

Neither had given a thought to the passing
moments and the sun hung low in the west
before Ann became conscious that she should
have been home an hour ago.

"Oh Tommy, it's getting late . . . I must
go home."

"Okay, lady, you're practically there. Say,
how would you like to go out to the Lake
Friday night?"


"Oh, sure come on . . . " urged Tommy.

"We'll get Ed and the four of us can
have a swell time. Aw, come on.

"Well, all right."

It was nearly dark when Ann reached her
home.

"Your father will be home any moment
and I wish you'd set the table," Mrs. Dixon
called from the kitchen.

Ann went about her task. A faint blush
mounted to her cheeks when she thought of
Tommy and the way he had kissed her. It
had aroused vague unknown emotions within
Ann — emotions that quickened her young
blood and filled her heart with a great
hunger. * * * *

Friday night found the two young couples
enconsed comfortably in two canoes that
Tommy and Ed had rented to use on the
lake. Their canoes drifted side by side. The
night was balmy and a full moon cast its
silvery reflection upon the still waters.

Tommy produced cigarettes

"Have one?" he offered Ann, as he lit
his own. "No, no, honey, look," he showed
her how to inhale correctly. "Gee, Ann, you're
sweet."

"Hey, you eggs, where are you?" called
Ed from his canoe.

"Here we ar," answered Ann.

"Buddy, can you spare a drink?" inquired
Ed.

"Quit boasting and crack out that injay,"
exclaimed Eve as Tommy produced the bottle.

"Women and children first!" cried Tommy
as he took a gulp. As Eve and Ed both took
long drinks, and Ann too, Tommy laughed:
"Children, hey, watch out, you'll kill it!"

"Come on, boy friend," said Eve, pushing
away from Tommy and Ann's canoe. "Let's
go places and do things . . . the company
bored me."

"You'll pardon us, I trust . . . unfinished
business . . . you understand," and Ed
winked knowingly.

"Glad an opportunity of you," retorted Tommy.

"Don't do anything we wouldn't do," called
Eve as they floated out on the lake.

"How about a little walk?" suggested
Tommy. The two got out of the canoe, and
seated themselves on a grassy knoll.

"Look at that moon!" said Ann dreamily.

"I'd rather look at you. Gee, honey, I'm
crazy about you!"

"Really, Tommy?"

For reply Tommy drew her close to him
and kissed her warm, responsive lips with
all the fire of his desire. His more amorous
nature had been aroused by liquor and the
same influence quickened Ann's blood and
weakened her resistance. The balmy night,
the moonlit waters and the shadows of the
wooded shore was a romantic setting in which
youth would respond to youth.

Ann surrendered herself to the spell of
the moment. In the abandoned intoxication
of the moment she responded to her youthful
lover's passion and yielded herself to him
completely. * * * *

Mr. Dixon paused in the hallway to brush
a spot of powder from his coat before he
joined his wife.

"Hello. Ann not home yet?"

"Why no, and it's after 11 o'clock. Do you
suppose anything's happened?"

"Of course not! Kids never know what
time it is. Stop worrying, and come to
bed."

* * * *

It was past midnight when Tommy stopped
the car before the Dixon home. Ann's eyes
were red from weeping and although she had
managed to control her emotion during the
ride back from the lake she was strangely
silent and subdued. At first the evening had
seemed one of terrible tragedy to Ann, but
Tommy had pleaded earnestly with her, had
told her he loved her and said something
about marriage as soon as they were old
enough. After her first abandoned outburst
of emotion, Ann had been more than ball
convinced by Tommy that she had done no
great wrong after all. Love was a part of life
and they had an undeniable right to love
each other.

"Aw Ann, honey, don't, please don't," said
Tommy, "Ann . . . Ann, don't be like that . . . please . . . I don't know
what to say. Gee, I wouldn't have done
anything to hurt you for . . . I do love you. Ann . . . I love you . . . please don't
hate me for what's happened!"

"It wasn't your fault, Tommy. Good night.
Tommy."

"You don't hate me?"
Ann kissed him quickly and went into
the house. * * * *

With summer came the end of the school
term and vacation time. Warm balmy
nights that witnessed the utter destruction of
Ann Dixon's innocence, Tommy's Ford made it
easy for them to seek lonely spots miles
distant from home.

The "Lodge" was a notorious roadhouse
not far from the city limits where a motley
assortment of pleasure seekers gathered for
an evening's entertainment. Liquor could
be obtained if one was known and had the
price. There was a jazz orchestra and a good
dance floor. Whenever Tommy could afford
it, he took Ann to the Lodge, and usually
Ed and Ann went with them.

Of late, Ann had been looking at Tommy
through questioning eyes. One evening at
the Lodge, Tommy was very drunk. He
grew extremely boisterous, and when Ann
tried to quiet him, he became very disagree-
able. She was disgust with him and re-
solved that this was the last time she would

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ever go out with him.

"Aw gone," Ed was saying to Eve, as the four sat in a booth. "Hey One Lung," he called to a waiter. "More, more," he and Eve and Tommy chorused.

"That's the stuff," said Tommy, and took a further pull up Hop Toy, said Ed taking a long drink.

"Whee ... has that stuff got a kick!" giggled Eve.

"I feel so funny, Tommy," said Ann.

"Do you honey?" asked Tommy, bleary-eyed.

"Don't you feel kinda funny, too, baby?" snickered Ed, turning to Eve.

"You'd be surprised," bantered Eve. "Mama first" and she took another drink.

"Okay, partner," answered Ed.

"This is station FKBV," said a radio announcer, talking through a mike on the bandstand. "You have been listening to George Slater and his harmonizers, from the Lodge. The next number will be 'Dearest' with J. Harty on the vocal."

"Say," remarked Tommy, looking around the room. "Most of the gang's here. Oh, look ... have Tubby and his girl got an edge on us?"

At this juncture, Tubby made his way through the back door to the bandstand. "I crave entertainment. Where's that guy with his hand organ? Come here," and he motioned to one of the orchestra members.

"What'll you have?" asked the singer obligingly.

The 'Campus Crawl.' Do you know what the 'Campus Crawl' is?"

As a singer launched into a hot chorus of the desired number, a peppy, vivacious little blonde, unable to contain herself any longer from the jazzily tuned words, leaped to her feet from where she was sitting, and proceeded to go into a hot solo dance for the benefit of the pack.

"Look at that girl go. Boy, is she hot?" cried the group at her table.

"Gosh, I sorta like this joint," said Tommy, quite drunk.

"Well, after some of the places we've been lately ... I don't wonder," answered Ann sarcastically.

"Take care, honey, Tommy ... you picked the last one," said Eve flippantly.

"Aw, why bring that up?" grumbled Ed.

"We gotta see life, haven't we?" mumbled Tommy.

"You won't be able to see anything pretty soon, Don't drink any more, Tommy," pleaded Ann.

"Awright ... awright, no more not one more ... after this one," and Tommy took another gulp.

Ann was suddenly conscious of a stranger staring at her from a nearby table. His eyes met her with frank admiration and he raised his glass to her in silent toast. Ann dropped her eyes quickly, but when she stole a glance back at him she saw that he was still watching her.

The stranger at the nearby table was saying to his equally good-looking collegiate companion:

"Brad, look over there in the first booth," said Ralph Bennett, "the little brunnette. What a dish! Say would I like to put her in the book?"

"I didn't know you had any empty pages," laughed Brad.

"Loose leaf system, brother, loose leaf system."

"Don't, Tommy," Ann was saying, pushing the drunken youth away from her as he tried to embrace her at the table.

"Awright, awright, she doesn't love me any more," she announced, woefully, to the other couple.

"I know the young punk with her," said Brad, "his father's a client of the office."

"Well, what's holding us up? Do your stuff ... go ahead," and Ralph and Brad rose from their table, as Brad said: "Okay, brother ... don't phone me from the jail."

They made their way to Ann's table.

"Hello Tom, hello Ed," greeted Brad, "I'd like to have you meet a friend of mine, Ralph Bennett."

"Eve Munroe ... Ann Dixon," Ed did the introducing.

"Glad to know you, Miss Dixon," and Ralph gazed at Ann till she blushed in mingled confusion and pleasure at his admiring glance.

Tommy by this time was too drunk to do more than stare stupidly at Ralph as he sat down next to Ann. He glanced toward the dance floor as the orchestra began playing.

"I feel a song coming on," announced Ed.

He pushed his way to the bandstand, and began singing in a boyish voice, "Join Our Fraternity."

"Should we dance?" asked Ralph of Ann.

"If you sit down a moment, I'll buy you a drink."

The two rose finally, and began dancing to the romantic tune the orchestra was playing, called "Dearest." Ann found the evening passing swiftly. Ralph was an excellent dancer. Several years older than Tommy, he carried an appealing air of mature romance which Tommy did not possess Ann was fluttered by his attentions and thought him gallant and entertaining.

Suddenly, Tommy, missing Ann at the table, said:

"Where's Ann?"

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SOME unknown high school girl will be given an opportunity to win screen fame for herself, it was revealed to this magazine recently. King Vidor is seeking a promising albeit inexperienced girl for the starring role of "Give Us The Right To Live," his initial independent production venture for RKO Radio Pictures.

Vidor, noted for his revolutionary ideas about motion picture making, has inaugurated an intensive search among high schools all over the country in the hope that he may discover a youthful feminine personality suitable for the lead in his production, which will be released through RKO Radio Pictures. We shall co-operate in every way possible through our own "Casting Office."

"Give Us The Right To Live" is an original screen play written by Vidor himself, and is described as a highly dramatic theme dealing with the problems that face illegitimate children.

The director, it will be remembered, defied film precedent once before when he selected an unknown youth, James Murray, and made him the star of his drama of humanity, "The Crowd."

Besides writing and directing "Give Us The Right To Live," Vidor will also be in entire charge of all production and business matters connected with the film, which will be made in the RKO Studios. It will be remembered that several RKO-Radio stars and directors served as judges in our nation-wide contest over a year ago to find America's prettiest high school girl. Youth still has a good chance, even though inexperienced.

A talented and experienced young woman, by no means a high school child, though is Phoebe Evelyn Taylor who was with Clara Kimball Young in "Daddy's Gone a Hunting" and with Martha Hedman in "The Bomerang."

In "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Second Mrs. Tanquerry" with Mary Young, and in "Grounds for Divorce" with Alice Brady, "Jenncy" with Irene Purrelli and Geoffrey Bryant now with the New York hit "The Party's Over."

She is now doing radio work and is considering two screen offers.

The real, lovable, unsophisticated type of high school girl,—and one with a delightfully charming Southern accent, is no less a person than Madelyn Jones, of Sally, S. C. She has had considerable experience as a radio star, is an excellent dancer, and has a background of amateur theatrical experience. Shapely limbs, a perfectly formed body, and a gracious, agreeable disposition with the proper amount of reserve. We predict right now that Madelyn will be a real success. She was born March 21st, 1917.

Helen Wilson, an attractive blonde of West 50th Street, New York City, would be a worthy entrant for movie honors; we believe she has ability. Certainly she has youth, a shapely figure, good looking legs, and a very

pleasing voice ... Ann Backer, a guest of the Flagler Hotel at Fallsburg, N. Y., is an attractive and youthful young woman; has poise and a pleasing personality plus a good voice.

Born in Berlin, Germany, an attractive blonde with a marvelously beautiful figure, has been called to our attention. Good voice, naturally wavy, soft hair, and pretty hands and legs. We'd like to see her get a chance ... Elsie Andre, a 26 year old girl from Ft. Atkinson, Wis., has had four years' dramatic experience in Germany. Weighs 135 pounds.

Virginia Grigler, Chicago, Ill., beauty, bears a slight resemblance to Marlene Dietrich ... Ann Grace Wood, of 4817 Rising- sun Ave., Crescenville, Phila., Pa., is seventeen years of age now; is five feet four inches tall, and is a senior at Olney High School.

From Creton, N. J., Mariette Welsh writes that her friends think she looks like Lupe Velez and Raquel Torres, and we agree with them.

---

Miss Madelyn Jones

---

Name ................................................................. Phone .................................................................

Address .................................................................

City & State .................................................................

Sex........ Race........ Color Hair........ Color Hair Age........

Height ........ Weight ........ Color of Eyes........ Calf........

Hips ........ Chest (Bust) ........ Glove Size........ Shoe Size........

Theatrical experience, if any. Accomplishments such as vocal, dancing,

singing, horseback riding, swimming, etc. .................................................................

Make out 3 x 5 card similar to above, fill out neatly and mail in WITH photographs.
Three Little Pigs

(Continued from page 19)

Technicolor enterprise are M.I.T. men. Credit for the initiation of the work belongs primarily to Dr. H. T. Kalms and Dr. D. F. Comstock, both of the Class of 1904. Both of whom have been professors in the Department of Physics at the Institute. Others prominent in the enterprise were Dr. L. T. Troland, J. A. Ball and E. A. Weaver. It is interesting to note that several of these learned professors actually worked out some of the problems applied to the animation of cartoons.

A powerful impetus to the more general use of natural color film, appeared with the general adoption of sound in motion pictures beginning in 1927. Now all Technicolor film is manufactured by a new single-coated process which yields a film towards which Technicolor experts have been directing their energies is the achievement of additional colors to the original use of red and green color with hues to include blue and yellow. The three color process was first successfully achieved in the Walt Disney Silly Symphonies. Further research promises to adopt these new discoveries to the screen in more extensive use during the next motion picture season. The present executive personnel of Technicolor Inc., consists of President, Dr. Herbert T. Kalms, Vice-President, Wm. T. Jerome, Secretary and Treasurer, S. M. Corekin.

Although experiments in Technicolor were primarily carried on in Boston laboratories, the present production activity is now centered in Hollywood.

In addition to color in animated cartoons, there's music which is also important. The musical score of a film cartoon is as important as the drawings. Everything is done according to tempo. Certain drawings must end on certain beats of music. When an orchestra records the music for a Silly Symphony, they sit with earphones on and listen to a device that grinds out the rhythm of the animated cartoon. They can't hear the score they're playing.

It's an art where everything is done in fine detail. "Three Little Pigs" was no happy accident, as many picture producers have found. The men who made it are the real wise men of Hollywood. They are among the few "big shots" who really do know something about the cinema. Next month we shall go into this subject a little more fully.

(Continued in the March issue.)

The News Reel

(Continued from page 35)

houses in cooperation with the Exchange for the Blind have just voted Marie Dressler their favorite screen actress. Responses to a questionnaire distributed among several hundred blind motion picture patrons by Arthur Weisert, social service director, placed Miss Dressler first.

"Most Precious Thing in Life" is now in work at Columbia. This is an adaptation of the Travis Ingham story "Biddy," which appeared in McClure's Magazine in serial form. It portrays the glamour of youth, its yearnings, dreams and romance, well-known players were selected for the starring roles.

"EDWINA BOOTH"

Renault Duncan, known in film circles as Duncan Renaldo, was recently sentenced to two years for perjury in obtaining a passport. While he claimed he was born at Camden, N. J., the government asserted he was a native of Roumania. Duncan co-starred with Edwina Booth in the movie, "Trader Horn," and was once quoted as being Edwina's "boy friend."

Veer Teasdale, reported fiancee of Adolphe Menjou, is still working on the same lot with him. When she finished an important role in "Fashions of 1934" with William Powell she was assigned to the cast supporting Richard Barthelmess in "A Modern Hero." Prominent stage and screen stars will be present at the big Spring Fashion Show to be held at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., the third week in January.

Two of Warner Bros. trio of male character comics, Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert, are together again in "Harold Teen." Frank McHugh isn't with 'em this time, but his place is taken by Richard Carle, veteran of many a Broadway musical comedy. $20,000 worth of racing cars were smashed to provide one of the many thrills in Colubria's "Straightway"; eight of the fastest American cars being used.

Warren and Dublin, that ace 'words-and-music' team that has supplied scores for all the big Warner musicals, is doing another for "Dames." . . . Rosemary Ames, the Chicago, Ill., girl who is making her film debut now in a featured spot in "Disillusion" at Fox's, has one bit of luck; the director of her film, Irving Cummings, has a Hollywood record of starting movie newcomers off successfully. Cummings directed Janet Gaynor in her first film, "Johnstown Flood," and directed John Boles in his first, "Romance of The Underworld."

Jean Muir, recently from the New York stage, has played three successful leads in her first six months as a movie actress, and now has the tentative promise to be starred after finishing "As The Earth Turns" and one other film, as Dick Barthelmess' lead. Miss Muir's confidence in her own film destiny is evidenced by her belief that in another year movie fans will be talking Muir, not Hepburn.

Pretty, naked girls, and red heads at that! A couple of auburn-haired young women recently caused the downfall of the New Gotham Theatre, a New York burlesque house at 165 E. 125th St.

The women, it appears, performed a "strip act," which despite transparent coverings, simulated nudity to such an extent that two horrified inspectors of the city license bureau witnessed several performances during the course of a single afternoon! This was all revealed when License Commissioner Sidney S. Levine suspended the license of the theatre for two days, with a solemn postscript to his recent dictum that burlesque performers must at all times wear "opaque raiment."

The names of the two red-heads were withheld by the Commissioner. But he did reveal the identities of the two horrified inspectors—they were Mister Plunkett and Mister Rock, and they sat in the third floor center and witnessed a " lascivious display of feminine nudity," according to Levine. The Commissioner also was shocked at his agents' report that the burlesque house presented a "bedroom scene without a husband." This will also be a shock to a lot of Broadway playwrights.

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Rome to Rio (Continued from page 20.)
spells out the words, "Río de Janeiro." As the plane dives towards this formation it breaks up and scatters so that it is apparent that the name of the city was spelled out in living sailors. This scene was secured with the cooperation of the Brazilian Navy. This was the first motion picture musical ever filmed partially in the air, the first to utilize the giant 44 passenger Yankee Clipper, four motored planes in flight, as the background for the exceedingly novel and original action in mid-air.

Pretty Polly (Continued from page 15)
smartly attired in a black and white afternoon suit which set off her blonde beauty superbly; a Claire Julienne creation of some sort of Cheney Brothers materials. She has an odd way of walking,—a sort of dignified carriage with just a tiny little swagger which goes with the sweet impudence of her personality.

Her next picture venture? I was sure to ask that one.

"Will be ‘She Loves Me Not’, for Paramount has bought the show, and me with it", she confided, "I also have a chance to do two films for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but the way things look now we'll be on Broadway for many weeks yet.

She likes New York, but hates New York weather in early winter. Has posed for several famous artists, like movie fan magazines, and has had her photographs made by Hal Phye, Joel Feder, and other famous cameramen.

"It helps to have her, credit, in addition to the films I have already mentioned, 'Blond-Crazy',' 'Smart Money', 'Expensive Women', 'Love on a Budget', 'Play Girl' and 'Union Depot.'

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Marriage on Approval (Continued from page 18)
"I'm the most profligate woman I know," Larry said, addressing the Reverend John Bruce MacDougall. "I wouldn't have been so long in coming if I'd known. I was searching everywhere.

"Everything's all right here", Beth whispered from the shelter of his arms, "Mother's goinf to get well." A complete and overwhelming happiness circled about her heart now, just as it always did when Larry's arms were about her. This time it was different. Today they stood together, ready to defy the word if need be for their happiness together.

No need for explanation. Time had healed the wounds, and Beth's father had forgiven her and changed his own viewpoint somewhat.

From now on it was simply a case of living, and loving, forever afterwards.

Splits and Splices (Continued from page 56)
ward Maxwell, of Detroit, who is a broker, and in his odd moments, a vaudeville blues-singer.

She explained that the ceremony had to be performed in Jersey because terms of Rich's divorce prevented her from remarrying in New York for several years.

Miss Rich said she is going to forget all about Jack de Ruyster at any even about a settlement in the $250,000 alienation of affections suit she brought against him.

Miss Rich and Maxwell are planning a wedding trip to Panama and Havana. She was born in Cape Town, South Africa, and played in musical comedy in Australia and Paris before the Met, appearing in London in 1925 and engaged her to come to this country. She first appeared in "Sally."

Adelaide Gloria, once named the girl with the world's most beautiful legs, recently presented the police of Bayside, L. W, with a mystery. Although the stage and screen dancer said she had been accosted near the house one night by a strange man and dragged into unconsciousness, investigation showed she had neither been robbed or harmed physically.

Miss Gloria, who not long ago brought a $50,000 suit for manners, now lives with her mother, Mrs. Anna Gloria, once a lion tamer, was examined by a physician who said she could find no evidence that she had been molested.

Miss Gloria, who not long ago brought a $50,000 suit for manners, now lives with her mother, Mrs. Anna Gloria, once a lion tamer, was examined by a physician who said she could find no evidence that she had been molested.

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MARY CARLISLE celebrates Saint Valentine's Day. Below: LEE TRACY, who was born Feb. 14th.
JOAN BLONDELL celebrates George Washington's birthday. Below, in circle, LEW CODY, who was born Feb. 22nd.
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"The Rolling Stone"

(Continued from page 10.)
talent to work with. And, to the others who worked on the first Spanish picture, I dwelt on the seriousness of the problem.

"It was necessary to be as serious about this production as about any in our own tongue. It couldn't be treated as a joke. I told them that we had to have their best efforts, or else. It was an experiment. It worked. Today, we're far ahead of the other fellows. We give the Spanish speaking peoples what they want. In other words, everyone working on a Spanish picture thinks Spanish. Many of them speak the language, many have come from Spanish ports. But all, Spanish or American, try to give the best that is in them."

For those connected with Mr. Stone in the output of these foreign pictures, their work is serious, worthy of their best efforts. And that is one reason why these same pictures have been successful.

To be sure, Mr. Stone was not the only one who saw the foreign market. Practically every other company in Hollywood was aware of the potential gold in such productions. They too, tried to woo Spanish speaking fans. There was hot and heavy competition. Mr. Stone weathered it all. Today, he is recognized as a genius in his work. It didn't come to him like manus from heaven. It was the result of hard work, concentrated effort. That he won, that he is the sole producer and sometimes associate director of real foreign screenings is due to his own efforts and work. Mr. Stone knows his Spanish audience. It is not a matter of "maybe it will do." He has imbibed himself with the literature, the customs and the thoughts of our Spanish neighbors. He knows how their fancy runs, as he knows how his own American sentiments. Principals in his casts, are for the most part, Spanish. His leading lady is a Castillian by her name, a Mexican by birth. One of his best and most loved leading men is a singer of note, known throughout, and almost idolized by the people of Mexico. Another star, a Brazilian, has been named, in his own land, as "the price of all leading men."

By his truthful and artistic Spanish portrayals, Mr. Stone has built up a most lucrative business for his company. More than that, he has formed a bond of understanding between our South American theatre-goers.

Now and then, think a bit on the fact that our southern neighbors are buying, enjoying and asking for more of our American-made movies. And, to the vision and hard, dili-
genious labor of one man, this market has sprung into being.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the eighth of a series of articles by or about the leading producers and directors of the film world; published exclusively in "Movies" monthly magazine. Another will appear in the next issue.
Who Said High Hat? (Continued from page 9)

first child, you know) . . . in a simple friendly style. There are no wild parties here yet he is a leader in the younger Hollywood social set because he has a fund of ready wit and is a good mixer. Bob doesn't squander his money foolishly ... it's such a short time since he had to count each nickel and dime twice. And he's determined that he won't end his movie career broke. Work doesn't frighten him but charity would . . . Some day he hopes to enjoy himself in a leisurely fashion, to travel, read, write and play polo and tennis with his friends. And this is the man whom someone has dubbed "matinee idol." Well...

I had an interesting chat with him during that week he played the Capitol. That is, it was interesting after I succeeded in getting through the mob which completely blocked the stage door on 50th Street.

The door itself was locked and it was only because I knew the doorman that I was permitted to enter. He opened the door a fraction of an inch, risked one eye and with a relieved "oh" opened it enough for me to edge my 100 pounds through the sacred portals. Back of me a crowd of women and girls of all ages pushed and shoved in the hope of getting a glimpse of Robert Montgomery until it brought me to a momentary halt. If I got in at all it would be on a stretcher. Upstairs Bob greeted me! with a broad smile . . . it was the first time I had seen him since he appeared in a play called "Dawn" which starred Emma Dunn. It was Bob's second, or maybe it was his third show. And, oh yes, it was in this play that he met the girl who afterwards became Mrs. Robert Montgomery.

While I had waited for my name to be sent up to him I had gossiped with the doorman and a few people appearing on the hill at the Capitol that week and they gave away a great deal of secrets. They told me that at every performance and in between times crowds of admiring females stormed the stage door until it was next to impossible for Bob to even get out to meals. One day when he was leaving the theatre a woman grabbed him and kissed him much to his embarrassment.

Another performer told me that after one matinee as Bob left the stage two girls in the front row stood up and one of them exclaimed: "Oh, isn't he beautiful!"

I asked Bob about it and, believe it or not, he blushed even through his make-up. "Gosh," he said, "I didn't know anything about it. I probably would have run had I heard it."

It made me feel good to see how little success had changed him. . . . I, too, was wondering about this high hat charge against him, but not even the fact that he was drawing a capacity business to the Capitol seemed to put him up. I kidded him about what the Montgomery charm was doing to feminine New York.

"But thing," he replied, "what is happening to me. I've found four ways out of this theatre but only two in. I guess I'll have to send to Max Factor for a beard so I can come and go unnoticed. But," and he became serious here, "it does make me feel mighty good to be received like this. It takes my breath away . . . I hadn't expected it . . . but, of course, I like it. After all I'm only human."

Now I ask you, does this sound like a man with a high hat attitude? Not by a jug full and Bob Montgomery isn't high hat. The solidity of his popularity disproves it more than anything I can tell you, for there is a possibility that I might be prejudiced in his favor but a united movie public presenting a phalanx of universal approval to all of Robert Montgomery's pictures, good and bad, is pretty fair evidence that the lad is sterling.

Those of us who saw him in "War Nurse," "Private Affairs" and "Hell Below" need not be told of the sterling qualities of his acting.

He has just completed "Fugitive Lovers." Let's hope it is a Montgomery part for Bob is a working good actor if given half a chance and his fans deserve to see him in pictures worthy of his talent. He has just been cast in "Rip Tide," the new Norma Shearer picture and that's interesting because some of his best work has been done with Norma. If he is to do a play in New York it looks as though the country at large will have at least one good picture to remember him by until he returns to them again.

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DEPT. BM-2

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Grows to tall plants. Price: 25c, 3 for 70c postpaid.
Hundreds Have Already Won Big Cash Rewards

Now—100 MORE Cash Prizes Being Given Away
Would YOU, TOO, Like to Win $2,500.00—or Buick 8 Sedan and $1,000.00?

Over $5000.00 in Cash Prizes
Do you want money—a small fortune—$2,500.00 in real cash? Here's your opportunity! And not one cent of your money is required now or ever to win. This is our sensational new way to advertise. We want people everywhere talking about our company quick. So we are actually giving away thousands of dollars—real fortunes—100 cash prizes totaling over $5,000.00 besides thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards. Everybody may share in these big cash rewards. Why not you? Wouldn't you, too, like to win a Buick and $1,000.00, or $2,500.00 all cash?

Can You Find 4 Dogs in Picture at Right?
Some are upside down. Some sideways. Can you find 4 dogs? Mark the dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick. Many have already won thousands of dollars in other advertising campaigns conducted by men in this big company. Above are pictures of a few. Now comes your chance. Maybe this great opportunity sounds like a dream to you—but I'll be happy to send you $2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and $1,000.00 the minute you win it. Rush your reply.

Not a Penny of Your Money Needed Now or Ever
All these thousands of dollars in prizes are being given outright to winners. You don't need to put one penny of your own in. You don't need to spend a penny of your own money or ever to buy anything. This is not a lottery—no luck or skill needed—nothing to write. Imagine the joy of receiving a letter from me with $3,500.00 in it! Oh, boy, what a thrill! Hurry—get started quick by finding the 4 dogs.

You Are SURE to Win a Cash Reward If You Do As I Ask
I don't care how many people are rewarded. The more the merrier! You are GUARANTEED to win a cash reward if you take an active part. But I want quick advertising—quick action. First and foremost, you must finish. This is the first step of all the happiness $2,500.00 can bring you! A new start in life. Pay bills. Marriage. Education. Travel. New clothes. New furniture and many other things you long for.

All Prize Money Now in Bank
All the thousands of dollars to pay every single prize winner is now deposited in a big, strong bank in Des Moines. Read the bank's letter at right. That's proof! We are a big, reliable firm. I invite you to look us up through any credit agency, any bank in Des Moines, any business house, railroad, express company, magazine, newspaper. We are well known national advertisers.

$1,000.00 EXTRA for Promptness
Promptness pays! So hurry! I will pay $1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize winner just for being prompt—a Buick and $1,000.00 (or $2,500.00 all cash is preferred). Do you want it? Act NOW! Not only one person, but hundreds will win cash rewards. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given.

$10,000.00 REWARD
will be paid if anyone can prove that we payout really give away all these thousands of dollars in cash prizes.

Send No Money
RUSH COUPON
Many who won prizes in other campaigns like this thought they didn't have a chance. Imagine their surprise when they won! Mark dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick with coupon below—or write on a penny postcard how many dogs you find. Don't send a cent. For replying I will tell you how you may also share in thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards and win $2,500.00 too. Nothing for you to lose—everything to gain.

Answer NOW
Tell me which you desire to win—$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and $1,000.00.

MERFOLD JOHNSON

Price Mfg. Co. 
Dept. 2891 
Des Moines, Iowa

MAIL COUPON NOW!
MERFOLD JOHNSON, Prize Manager, Dept 2891 Des Moines, Iowa.
I have found 4 hunting dogs in picture which I am enclosing, and I am anxious to win.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ______________________________
City: __________________ State: __________
(You must enclose your own 4 dogs)

[ ] Buick & $1,000.00 or [ ] $2,500.00 Cash

*This ad is a part of a national advertising campaign conducted by the Des Moines Buick Company. The management of this company is well known to us. As new agencies everywhere have found good share for our products, we have given them the privilege of being part of the Christmas campaign.
JOYCE COMPTON, above, born March 17th.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN right, celebrates St. Patrick's Day.
The March of Time

T
e month of March, 1934, is veritably a "March" of all time! It marks the first year of a new administration which has had the courage to do things, to try something other than "noble experiments," and the grass is not yet growing on the streets of our great cities.

The way in which the motion picture industry, which is one of the half dozen largest businesses in the United States, has rallied to the call of the President for cooperation and loyal support, is one of the memories which will go down in the annals of American business and economic history.

Every theatre in the country, without exception, carried news reels, comedies, and special features supporting the return of prosperity, encouraging re-employment, wise spending and buying, and approval of the N.R.A. movement. An old Chinese proverb says that one picture is worth a thousand words, and we can well believe that when we see the results produced upon the minds and hearts of the people.

Never a national crisis has arisen but that the motion picture industry has rallied nobly to the needs of the occasion and created propaganda for the right, in a way which could not be equalled by any other system or agency. At the end of a year, under The New Deal, we owe the cinema folks an unending debt of gratitude which I hope that we, as individuals and as a nation, will make some attempt to pay.

One way in which we can help is to see to it that, during the next year of The New Deal, the industry is not hampered and hamstrung by rattle-brained legislators and crack-pot legislation, nor by narrow-minded censorship which too often develops into a graft-seeking political racket.

To those whose birthdays are in the month of March we extend our sincerest congratulations, and again add our word of thanks for the part they played in the return to better times, now that the tide has turned. Let us list a few of them: Lois Moran, Jean Harlow, Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Mackaill, Sheila Terry, Hugh Williams, Rochelle Hudson, Leslie Mac, Claire Trevor, Conrad Nagel, George Brent, Betty Compson, George Sidney, Madelyn Jones, Claire Maynard, Joseph Schildkraut, Joan Crawford, Fr.Brandel, William Harrigan, Guy Kibbee, Gloria Swanson, Eddie Quillan and Warner Baxter.

A. R. ROBERTS, Editor.
ANN SOTHERN
in Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love."
JOEL McCREA in R.K.O.'s Radio Picture "Girl Meets Boy"
Above: SYLVIA SIDNEY and GENE RAYMOND in "Ladies of the Big House." At right: GENE attired for his flight down to Rio.
HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T SPOIL HIM
By Julia Gwin

HOLLYWOOD hasn't spoiled Gene Raymond! Hollywood will never spoil this lad with the laughing eyes and the comically mein, for to him the theatre is a workshop for actors just as the court room is for lawyers and the hospital for doctors.

The rapid acclaim which is made possible through the medium of motion pictures can't affect him. He has a job to do, as they have, and he can't figure out why he should become puff'd up about it. As a matter of fact, he thinks a doctor has a great deal more reason to develop a sense of ego than an actor for they not only heal sick bodies but bring small souls into the world. This isn't a pose with Gene. You don't need to know him fifteen minutes to realize that his profoundly sincere, democratic manner is genuine. There isn't the least bit of affectation about him. Gene Raymond is the real thing!

Perhaps there is a reason for this attitude which is so essentially a part of Gene. Since he was a very little boy he has been taught that

acting was his career. It didn't make him any different—it was up to him to try to bring characters to life, characters which another kind of worker had created and passed on to still another who had picked him for the job of interpretation. It was rather like a man who, knowing both French and English brought understanding to people whose knowledge was limited to one or the other. Acting was Gene's trade and there was no legitimate reason for him to ever become high hat about it.

Children must be taught to walk a step at a time... their little legs are not strong enough to bear the weight of their bodies without the strength which comes through correct development of the tiny bones and muscles. And when they are allowed to walk too early, when precociousness puts them on their feet before the development is complete the limbs become misshapen.

Careers and lives must be regulated in much the same manner that a parent guides the first faltering steps of their young... so Gene Raymond thinks. When an actor, or anyone for that matter, skyrockets to a place in the sun they totter dizzy's on heights whose foundations are laid in shifting sands. The stones haven't been placed soundly... the atmospheric change is too sudden and breathing becomes a difficult thing... the passing has been so rapid that only a hazy idea of the country side has been gained and the perspective is naturally distorted and misshapethereby.

"I'm very glad," said Gene, "that whatever success I am having is coming to me in three feet steps rather than eight feet. I feel I shall know all the way stations when I reach the top as I hope to. And when I
get there I want to quit. At least that's the way I feel about it now; later I may feel differently but I don't think so. I don't want to see myself come back down the ladder it has taken me so long to climb. It seems to me the joy of success is in achieving, not in trying to make an endurance test of it.

When you review Gene's life—so far—you are impressed with the fact that he has pretty much adhered to the ethics of this code. He believes that you are bound to get what you start out for if you make a sustained effort to do so. Preparation for any event in life, socially, artistically, athletically, etc., is the one necessary factor. Just as a parent must train a child to walk an individual must train his brain to think, his body to respond to the dictates of that mind and govern his life by system.

I'm not trying to make you believe that Gene Raymond is of a plodding temperament. He isn't. He's friendly and generous; he's happy and even tempered with a distinctly individual laugh which explodes joyfully and spontaneously. He has an abounding vitality demanding constant activity and change ... which in its broader sense is life ... and to top it all he is intensely ambitious. He has set himself a goal and he means to score.

He has been setting himself goals to reach all his life. In his early youth he once conceived the idea of becoming an electrical engineer. Radios were responsible for it ... he was forever trying to make them or repair old machines.

While he was playing in "Why Not" with Marguerite Churchill he almost broke up the show when music floated through the queer box he called a radio. In Chicago while he was playing in "Young Sinners" he was always up at dawn. He fenced for two hours, had breakfast, and then went to a riding academy where he was learning to jump hurdles on horse back. This kept up for about three months, then one night after his performance at the theatre he dashed over to the riding academy and won a blue ribbon for himself on a four foot jump.

Another time he put in hours learning aquaplaning ... he plays a near professional game of tennis and is a pretty smart polo player and just because he is French but looks German he has acquired a fair knowledge of both these languages.

Gene is taking his first European vacation, only he doesn't plan to make it a vacation. He is using it as a means to further his education and improve his (Continued on page 44.)
MY IDEAL MAN

By Patricia Ellis

MY IDEAL MAN is sophisticated, and at the same time old-fashioned, with reverence and respect in his heart for old fashioned ideals. Because of this, he will not go to any extreme, but will take the in-between course that I believe makes for the greatest happiness; the truest love life; a natural mating.

He must be an older man—at least 25 or 28. (I can see many of my readers smiling at this, but you see I'm only 18.) It doesn't matter so much what my ideal man looks like, except that I'd like him to be good looking enough to "wear" well. But I'm not worried about that, for a man with all I require of him would just naturally be fine-looking—rather than handsome, you understand—for his character would show through in his face.

Then, he must be very honest and sincere. He must have a sense of humour. And he must be definitely clever; as well as intelligent. I might add, "Please, Santa Claus, make him fairly tall!" I'm five feet, six, myself. I like to look up to the so-called stronger sex. I'd like him to be athletic, but not a bulging, knotty mass of muscles which need constant training to maintain. I don't want a chap who wants to climb mountains, play tennis, swim or go canoeing at all hours of the day or night. There's a sane limit to athletics!

Now, here's another requirement that narrows the field. He must be in "the business." Somehow or other connected with the theatrical profession, so that he can understand me. But, heaven forbid, not an actor! Especially an actor who doesn't understand my moods and desires.

Then, after I have met him, I hope it won't be a case of love at first sight. I believe that's possible, but I don't want it for myself. I'd rather have love sneak up on me. I'd rather it would gather momentum slowly, strongly and richly.

Polished manners, of course, are nice in a husband. So is a smart appearance. So is conversational ability. But they would not mean a thing in an emergency like a nervous breakdown, say, or any bad illness. What matters in marriage is the gentlemanliness that holds loyalty a virtue; appreciation, something due a wife for her share in the partnership.

And he mustn't be too ardent—rather shy and gentle instead. I don't want to be swept off my feet, even if my family does laugh at me and say I'm too romantic. I like the delicate, cavalier-like approach; the gentler conquest on the part of the male. And finally, I hope I don't find him too soon. I've so many things to do yet, it seems as if I've barely started. Because—if I ever did meet this seventh wonder of the world, I'd have to devote every second of my time to him, and to keeping the other girls away!
MAKE YOUR OWN MARIONETTES

By R. E. Vandergrift

FAR FROM being on the wane, the puppet show is gaining in popularity with the passing of the months and years. While making puppets is not child's play by any means, it is a most interesting and instructive pastime for those between the ages of twelve and sixty-five.

Marionette making, and puppet shows are becoming a very popular pastime in the United States and Canada, though the art reaches its greatest popularity and perfection in European countries. In New York City, for example, we have the Yale Puppeteers who operate a little theatre, and many other enthusiasts and experts such as Tony Sarg. Of those in Europe Podrecca's Piccoli Marionettes are probably the most famous. Both the Yale Puppeteers and Podrecca's Piccoli Marionettes were engaged for the Fox Picture, "I Am Suzanne!", in which over 300 puppets were used. Many of these were constructed in Hollywood by these famous puppet builders, and it is these that we will use in pointing the way for you to become a puppeteer.

It takes time and patience to make a good puppet. Though most of the material may be found in the average home, in the attic, the cellar, and old clothes closets. Puppets should be constructed about eighteen inches high, for the average use in the home. These will be easy to handle and easier to dress than larger or smaller ones.

For the boy with a workshop, a jigsaw, and other tools which the high school boy is familiar with, the building of the body will be a simple matter. For the boy with a sister, a partnership can be formed. One making the body frame, and the other getting in her fine work with the needle when only the dressing is needed to finish the puppet.

In the illustration on page 12, the skeleton body of a puppet is shown. Study this as follows: A — THE HEAD, which will take up later. B and C, the body, is cut from a three-quarter-inch thick pine board, using a jigsaw, or small key hole saw. These can be marked out on the board before cutting, they can befastened together with light nails. D, you will notice, is a wire loop which acts as a hinge for the legs at the hips and knees. Simply bend it to suit the action. E — LEGS made from 1-inch square, or slightly larger pine strips, purchased already sawed or cut from the side of a board. F — Lower leg, note that this is slightly larger than the upper part of the leg. G — FEET, these are whittled out of a small piece of pine with a sharp jackknife.

The boring of the holes for the wire joints, and for fastening the feet is a simple matter of patience and a little care. Arms should be joined like the legs, using same material. Study the illustration at left carefully, this picture practically explains itself.

In making puppets one must have an idea in mind as to the characters. This should be done by taking a favorite book, fairy story, or better still your favorite comic strip from your newspaper. Comic characters will be easier to construct. So now that we must talk about the head, we will suggest starting along these lines.

The first step in making the head is to secure some modelling clay, shaping this into the general shape of the head, study your character carefully, long chin, or long nose, as these will make your likenesses. This clay head is merely the mold for the finished puppet head. The next step is to grease it with vaseline. Then a wet piece of crinoline must be stretched over the clay face. This is worked with the thumbs until it clings to the mold like a mask. To give stiffness and body to the puppet head, layers of soft paper, the various paper handkerchiefs and face tissues are ex-
To make the head more substantial,

The entire thing is allowed to dry, then the clay is removed from behind the mask and discarded. If the wig is being used on the back of the head it may not be necessary to make a mold for that part, otherwise the mold will have to be made in two halves and sewed together.

The mask is then painted according to taste, a wig of yarn or of professional hair, which may be purchased at cosmetic shops, is added, and the head is ready for the body.

NOTE: If clay is not available for modeling the head it can be modeled over an electric light globe, shaping the nose out of paper. Two small wire loops should be made at the ears, imbedding the ends solidly in the paper build up. These are for fastening the strings for moving the head.

The legs of the puppet can be built up and padded with old cloth found in the rag bag, or from discarded clothing. Clothing for puppets need not be made with the great care that is necessary for undressing or dressing figures, as this can be fastened permanently on the figure.

One reason why we have suggested that the first puppet figures be cartoon characters is that the faces will be easier for the amateur to produce. The lines can be painted in with pencil or brush, using the cartoon faces for a pattern.

As we said previously, the boy that goes in for puppet making will find himself most fortunate indeed if he has a sister near his own age who can take part in the proceedings. Otherwise you may be called upon to look towards older members of the family, unless, of course, you are one of those boys who delight in cutting out and designing costumes. Your characters should be dressed as they are shown in the comic strips, or book, which you are using for a model.

It is not necessary to make a complete suit of clothes or a dress. In fact, material can be saved by attaching shirt, collar and vest, only where shown, then placing coat over all.

In this manner, the shirt can be tacked right on to the wooden body.

The arms, which are made exactly like the legs, must now have hands attached. These are made by bending wire in the shape of a hand, using your own or a model. Then cover the wire with tape, and paste paper to the proper thickness, and color same.

ATTACHING THE STRINGS: (Continued on page 39)
HARRY LACHMAN’S studio home is in one of the little cottages that make up Directors’ Row at the Hills. We found him there, at leisure. His “The Face in The Sky” was just completed. The script for his forthcoming production, just completed, was for “Paddy, the Next Best Thing.”

Mr. Lachman is one of Hollywood’s latest acquisitions. From the other side of the Atlantic, he comes. Yet, he is one of our own; La Salle, Illinois, claims him for her son. Hollywood has opened the eyes of many new-comers. It is our belief that Mr. Lachman will do much to open the apathetic ones of Hollywood. To the casual observer, Harry Lachman looks the part of a well-groomed business man, in the late thirties. He’s almost six foot tall and heavy set. His black hair holds those interesting streaks of grey. His hazel eyes have a quizzically mischievous glint. A cigar, his almost constant companion, defies his most persistent efforts at keeping it aglow.

How did it come about, we wanted to know, that this man was known to European audiences and not to us. Why had his talents been recognized abroad, not here?

“Oh, I tried to get in over here, long ago,” he said. “It didn’t work. At that time I had been doing a lot of poster work.”

Mr. Lachman, early in the century was recognized as one of our foremost illustrators. The Saturday Evening Post, Sparemoments Magazine and several others used many of his drawings. Later, he did illustrations for the Chicago Tribune in their crusade against child labor. Landscaping finally appealed to him as his proper medium. Several of his canvasses were reproduced in The American Art Student and Commercial Artist magazine. Working with nature as his subject, it was but natural that the camera should interest him. Photography became his hobby, then his pursuit.

“In those days, before the war, the movies really didn’t amount to much. They didn’t have any backbone. They tried to ape the stage. In many instances, they still do. I had an idea that I could improve on the work being put out, and as I had some friends who were influential, I decided to crash the gate. I believed and still do, that motion pictures should have an identity separate and distinct from the stage. There should be a real art, a cinema art. Define it as a series of pictures that move. Then you have it.”

Mr. Lachman’s cigar again needed attention. He looked at it thoughtfully a moment, then questioningly at us. He chucked in answer to our question as to “how”.

“Oh, no, they didn’t let me in. I armed myself with letters of introduction, and approached one of the big magnates of the day. This was about ten years ago,” he paused in explanation. “Then, more than now, were brambled and stony the paths of new thoughts and ideas.”

Let us picture the interview between this disciple of individuality and one who rested on the heights of movie land. True, he was a young man. His life, though, had given him an understanding of the difficulties and hurdles of the world. The man had struggled every inch of his way. He had learned to portray sensations, emotions, desires, the beauties and the harshnesses of nature on ageless canvass. Harry Lachman, at the age of ten years was orphaned. From that time on, he was independent, working as newsie, at anything that would enable him to grasp his birthright: an education. That he was successful in this, his work proves.

This, then was the young man sitting opposite one of the mighty. The older man was scanning the letter which had been this artist’s “open sesame” to him. As he read, the thought in his mind was of a law. A law that would prevent well-meaning friends from writing such letters as these.

“What experience have you in the field?”

“None. But I am an artist. I’ve watched the industry. I see wherein it fails. I would not do worse and I know I could do much better than those who now make our pictures.”

“Yes, yes, I suppose so,” muttered the magnate, to himself. Then, gently but ever so firmly he dismissed the young man. Without experience, he could not be used, and there was no way for that experience to be had because the doors of Hollywood were closed against him.

In the course of time, Harry Lachman, as do most artists, went abroad. He worked, and out of fifty-five canvasses displayed in one exhibition, forty were sold. Of that number, two were bought by the French Government. At another exhibition, the following year, the State purchased two canvasses to hang in the Luxembourg. It is to be remembered that the great Whistler has but three, in that Museum.

And then Mr. Lachman met a compatriot from the United States, Rex Ingram. Still interested in the movies, Mr. Lachman gladly accepted an offer to go with Rex Ingram to Nice, there to make some pictures. Then Paramount in Paris signed him. Afterwards, he directed several pictures in England, the critics acclaiming him one of the great.

(Continued on page 44.)
WHAT PICTURES HAVE DONE TO ME

By Ray Walker

"S"O YOU can't take it, eh?" asked a motion picture executive faintly related to Herman Glogauer when I objected to their changing my name to Ray Walker. Apparently he knew what he was talking about. Monogram Pictures have just broken the news that I am to be starred in "He Couldn't Take It," recently completed film.

But the motion pictures have robbed me of a great deal more than my given name (Walter Glass to you). I hope in the limited space of this article to give some vague idea of what a player has a right to expect when in a moment of fatal weakness he allows the insidious cinema to make a star of him.

Look what they have done to that noble tragedienne and Shakespearean actress (with whom I had the honor to appear in her last dramatic vehicle) Miss Mae West. I can remember when the management eyed the waistcoats of incoming spectators apprehensively for the tell-tale badge of a municipal authority that might summarily ring down the curtain on her histrionic endeavors. Now the police chief of any borough from Kalamazoo to Calcutta would consider himself honored with an invitation to come up and see her some time.

But enough of that pitiful case. Let us consider the instance of another victim of the deadly camera, a poor downtrodden wretch who on closer examination turns out to be none other than your humble correspondent.

There was a time when I was a member in full standing of the UJA (Unemployed Juvenile Association). Ours was the life of pure Elysian pleasures. How grand it was to foregather in the lobby during intermission of the shows to which we had been invited and pan the performance of the leading man to death! How ennobling to sit around some Village wineshop—provided we could humbug the proprietor into serving us drinks on tab—and discuss the doom of the American drama (the first acquaintance as in gargling).

So now what? So now I'm in the movies playing the parts I used to criticize. And other young men are gathering in some distant speakeasy—that is, restaurant—and roasting my performance. Can nothing be done about it? Why should they have all the fun and I all the work? I can scarcely enjoy my steak sandwiches at the Ambassador for envy of the times when we used to starve to death in dear old Manhattan.

Will those days never return? Will I ever know the joys of obscurity and penury again? I'm afraid not.

Life goes on, and we, her uncomplaining vassals, must do her stern, inexorable bidding. Shakespeare might have said that. Now that I think of it, I'm not quite sure he didn't.

And then there is the matter of (Continued on page 48)

DOROTHY GRANGER and RAY WALKER in "He Couldn't Take It."
ANN DIXON, swept into the reckless abandon of girlhood "on the road to ruin," (as given in details in the February issue), was having an "affair" with Ralph Bennett.

At the moment that Ann was permitting Ralph to make passionate love to her, her mother was remarking to Ann's father:

"I can't imagine what's keeping Ann so late."

"You certainly should be used to it by now. I certainly don't approve of the way these youngsters chase all the time," said Mr. Dixon firmly.

"Who's being old-fashioned now? I like to have her with young people... it's good for her," said his wife.

"Don't you think it also might be a good idea for her to come home to her meals once in a while?"

"I'll put dinner on the table right away. We won't wait any longer for her."

"Oh, Ann," called Mr. Dixon, as his daughter came in at this juncture.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Ann, I think you are showing your mother very little consideration being late like this."

"I'm sorry, Daddy," lied Ann. "Mrs. Monroe gave a tea and Eve and I helped serve. I didn't realize it was so late."

"All right this time, but no more. Understand," admonished her father.

"Sit down, I'm glad you are home, dear. Dinner's ready," announced Mrs. Dixon.

"I couldn't. Mommy... I'm up to hero with cake and things," said Ann guiltily.

"Just a little something," begged her mother.

"I couldn't, please."

"Well, your Dad's starved. Come along, dear."

"Better change your mind," advised her father.

As her parents entered the dining room, Ann tiptoed to the telephone in the hall and called Eve.

"Eve, is it still all right for tomorrow night? Brad's expecting you."

It was the middle of the evening, and Brad's party was already in full swing. Ann had already saluted Ralph with a kiss. Everyone was well under the influence of liquor when someone suggested a strip crap game. The idea was hilariously received. An excited group gathered on the floor in the center of the room. Eve started the game by turning to a drunk and saying gaily:

"Thanks, Mister, I'll take you."

"Sure, where to?" he blubbered, in return.
“Right here, big boy. Where’s your money. Give!”
“There tis... my all...”
“Gotcha... shoot!” said Eve. And the crap game was on.
“Come on, dice... a nacheral for lil Willie,” said the drunk, and rolled the two white cubes on the floor.
“Come on, snake eyes,” said Eve, talking to the dice. By this time she was divested of hose, shoes, and her dress. Various articles of feminine and masculine clothing were piling up on the floor.
“Who’s got snake eyes?” stuttered the drunk. “Come on, put, put up.”
“No can do,” said Eve, “You’ve cleaned me.”
“Cleaned you... come, somebody fade me here. Baby needs a new pair of shoes.”
“Shoes!” exclaimed Eve.
“All right, here it goes, come on, fade me, papa needs a pair of pants.”

Ralph and Ann had been sitting in a secluded corner of the room all this time, with eyes for no one but each other.
“Having fun, darling?” asked Ralph. “Come on, let’s try our luck.”
“But I don’t know how to play.”
“Then we’re a cinch to win this game,” laughed Ralph as he pulled Ann over to the crap-shooting group.
“How about letting a fellow in there?” asked Brad.
“There’s a buck open... who wants a buck?” and Ralph threw the money on the floor.
“Say, will you pay a buck for the coat? Maybe I’ll have some luck this time. I’ve never had such luck. I can’t afford to lose any more.”

Meanwhile, a man and his wife in the neighboring house were gazing out of their bedroom window, disapprovingly at the noisy group of youngsters next door.
“This is an outrage,” said the man, furious because the boisterous group of young people were interrupting his night’s slumbers.
“Listen to that,” sniffed his wife, as a loud burst of laughter came from the opposite house.
“Here’s a perfect little fig leaf, Eve,” the drunk was saying to Eve, who had lost every stitch of her clothing in the crap game. Truly an “Eve”!
“Thanks, Adam,” she answered, and took refuge behind a baby grand piano. She pulled the silk Spanish shawl which served it as a covering and draped it around her nude body.
“My girl’s gone native,” laughed Brad.
“On the beach of Waikiki,” retorted Eve.

“That’s an idea,” Brad took up the suggestion. “The pool, let’s go swimming. Let’s all have a drink first.”
“If this doesn’t stop soon, I’m going to phone the police,” said the man next door.
“Well, if you won’t, I will” answered his wife. Then aghast, she said. “Look, they’re going to the swimming pool.”
“How about a bathing suit?” asked one of the girls at Brad’s party, as they all trooped out to the open air pool, half clad.
“Don’t be silly,” said Brad.
“In the raw, in the raw” announced the
Ann became frightened in the "doctor's" office.

"Naked."
The merrymakers began falling, half-diving, scrambling into the pool, some with their clothes, some not. Eve ran to the diving board, still robed in the shawl.

"I'm going to dive" she said, suddenly, and throwing off her one garment, she stood, poised for a moment, then dove into the water.

"Well, why don't you phone the police?" asked the woman next door.

"Are you going to phone the police or not?" she said as her husband suddenly became an interested spectator in the proceedings at the pool, especially after Eve made her famous nude dive.

"Just a minute dear" he protested, his eyes glued to the naked, shapely figure in the water.

But his wife had the police sergeant already on the phone.

"Certainly, Madam, right away!" he was saying.

"There, that'll cut that disgraceful performance," gloated the woman. "Homer!" she called to her husband.

"Yes, my dear!" he answered meekly.
The Sergeant was giving instructions to his men, in the meantime. "Jack," he said, "Drunks going back to nature... take Mrs. Wagner along with you to round up the females."

"Okay!" was his answer.

Ralph and Ann had been sitting on a stone bench near the pool watching amusingly the gay crowd having its fun.

"She's marvelous, isn't she?" observed Ralph when Eve took her famous plunge. "What's the inquisite? I know what my baby needs... a drink!" said Ralph solicitously as Ann smiled at him wistfully. "I'll be right back. How about a little kiss before I go?" And Ann gave him his wish. He disappeared into the house.

"Ann, is this gorge?" called Eve to her friend. "After this pleasure, I'm never going to go swimming in a suit by moonlight."

"It's getting terribly late, Eve. You'd better get dressed now," was Ann's answer.

"Don't be silly... you won all my clothes."

"Please Eve."

While the two girls were talking, another secluded corner of the pool revealed a pretty young girl sitting on a middle-aged man's lap.

"Don't you want to take a little swim, baby?" he asked.

"No, daddy," answered the girl. "I'd rather stay here with you." As the girl bent to kiss "daddy," a detective came upon them, saying:

"Say, what's going on here? Come on, get out and get your clothes on."

"In a moment the party had been raided, and the protesting group were led to the house to collect their clothes.

The next morning, Ann and Eve, sadder, wiser, and much chastened found themselves in the head policewoman's office. She was giving them both some needed advice. Mrs. Merrill was a tolerant, wise woman, neither preachy nor soft.

"We are not here to punish!" she told the downcast, frightened girls. "Our only hope... in fact, our only aim in this juvenile department is to help you youngsters to set your feet again on the right way... to stop you before it's too late."

"But if it is too late?" questioned Ann.

"But it isn't, if you put all this behind you," cautioned Mrs. Merrill. "Oh, you can still make something fine and worthwhile with your life."

"But mother and daddy will never forgive me," said Ann sadly.

"I'm afraid they are going to have a harder time forgiving themselves," was the answer.

"Can we go now?" asked Eve.

"Not yet, dear!" said Mrs. Merrill. "I've sent for both your mothers, and, of course, you'll have to be examined first."

"Examined?" exclaimed Eve and Ann, terrified.

A policewoman was at the door, speaking:

"The doctor will be here in a few minutes. Burk reported that Mrs. Dixon is on her way, but Mrs. Munroe is out of town."

"Thank you, Miss Peterson" said Mrs. Merrill... "take the girls to the doctor's office to wait... I'll send for them after they've been examined."

Eve and Ann left the office with Miss Peterson.

Mrs. Dixon, alone in the office with Mrs. Merrill, was heartbroken as the story of the raid was unfolded; and shocked as she read the doctor's report of Ann, showing that she was not the pure girl her mother thought her to be.

"I can't believe it" Mrs. Dixon cried. "I can't believe it. I always trusted Ann so."

"But blindly, I'm afraid Mrs. (Continued on page 12)"
I N CONTINUING our discussion of animated cartoons, under the title of "3 Little Pigs" (because that picture brought the animated comic game into the limelight recently), I secured a statement from a producer of comedies.

"3 Little Pigs" took four months to make; it didn't take M-G-M that long to make "Dinner at Eight" and "Fugitive Lovers" combined. But neither of these were comedies.

"Animated cartoons have changed the entire psychology of 'human' comedies," Al Christie, who has been producing comedies for over two decades and has to his credit some of the biggest comedy successes ever produced, notable among which is "Charley's Aunt," told me.

"The mechanical tricks which, for many years, had been an integral part of motion picture comedies, have been almost completely taken over by the cartoons, and since it is true that the cartoon animals have a quality of appeal that no human can compete with, the only logical thing was to withdraw in their favor.

"Gag comedies are, therefore, now quite obsolete, and in their wake comes the 'personality' comedy, stronger now than ever. I wouldn't attempt, in the new order of things, to make a comedy without a strong comedy personality. Because I share this opinion with the executives of the company with which I am affiliated, Educational Pictures embarked on a talent hunt which has resulted in the most impressive line-up of top-notch names ever corralled by a short subjects company.

"Stoopnagle and Budd, Ernest Truex, Bob Hope, Moran and Mack, Andy Clyde, Lillian Roth, Eddie Craven, Charles Judels, Tom Patricola, are among the personalities Educational has signed for its current program of two-reel comedies. Showing the extent to which we attach importance to the presence of names in our comedies, Educational has moved half of its current production activities to the East to insure availability of first rank talent. With the Broadway stage and the radio keeping a number of the topnotchers in New York, we did the equivalent of bringing the 'mountain to Mohammed.' The success of these comedies creates an appetite for the cartoon comedy as well, and vice versa."

In answer to many inquiries regarding the actual process used in producing Technicolor in connection with the Silly Symphonies, the following outline is presented as a brief non-technical exposition of the principal facts involved.

FIRST: The watercolor drawings are prepared with the figures drawn for animation painted on celluloid sheets which are super-imposed on a tinted background of heavy drawing paper.

SECOND: A special camera is used whereby each color value represented in the drawing is accurately photographed on the negative. An expert color cameraman and assistant supervise the chromatic work.

THIRD: This negative is developed by Technicolor from which they make the positive prints. On examination of the film, the print itself shows in miniature, the exact colors of the original. One of the great obstacles to perfection of colored motion pictures has been color fringing, (that lack of distinct outline in which adjacent shades merge with each other). This has been overcome by the high precision of the photograph and each process step thereafter. Complete utilization of color values has greatly enhanced the accuracy and charm of the picture, giving it brilliance and definition.

The Silly Symphonies achieve their smoothness in action because of the vast number of drawings used, which frequently approximate the exact number of frames on the film. There is great public demand for color motion pictures and with the present perfection of the process, undoubtedly this field is just beginning to show its extensive possibilities.

The new Disney cartoon concerning the adventures of the Three Little Pigs is rapidly nearing completion as this issue hits the newstands. The title, "Little Red Riding Hood" was selected because it gives the big bad wolf an opportunity to get back into the picture. It is the sensible pig, who builds his house of stone, who rescues Red Riding Hood from the big bad wolf.

It took four months of actual work, after the story was approved, to make "Three Little Pigs." Every Silly Symphony consists of about 12,000 separate frames, or original drawings. Many of the frames must be duplicated (Continued on page 40).
A New Deal in BEAUTY

By Muriel Evans

EVERYONE's talking about "the new deal" which, this month, has had just a year to run. That progress has been made is apparent to all. That there are more smiling faces, happier homes, more jobs for folks, and better living conditions than a year ago is obvious.

It means that young women get old-looking not nearly as soon as they did during the four years of sub-normal business conditions, and that middle-aged women will have a few worries, at least, less than before, and therefore will have a new deal in the sense that they have a chance to retain their poise and beauty a few years longer than they would have had.

The young women who read this magazine are particularly interested in how to attain and retain beauty, beauty of a character which assures them success on the stage, on the screen, in their social life; in short, wherever they are thrown in contact with those of their own and the opposite sex. It makes no difference whether you're a Norma Shearer or Maureen O'Sullivan, or just a plain Miss Smith or Miss O'Brien, you have a right to a new deal in beauty.

One of the first requisites of a beautiful face is your state of mind. How many people have those two, sinister, deep-cut lines between their eyes, just over the nose bridge? You can count dozens of them in a trip on almost any conveyance. Sometimes there are three lines; these vertical ones, known as brown lines. No other lines in the face, it seems to me, become as permanently fixed and so disfiguring. They look so deeply grooved, corded.

Of course, their treatment should have begun away back months, maybe years, ago. Eyestrain causes them times without number. Postponement of eyeglass wearing, or poorly fitted glasses, or bad reading habits, and so on.

Even when you go to the cinema, be sure to select a seat which is best suited to your vision; then your visit to the theatre will be more of a pleasure than ever and you won't have to blame the movies for your aching eyes. Diet and sleep have more to do with proper eyesight than the worst "flickers" ever did.

Frowning may help cause eyestrain. The mere habit of frowning, rather than anything to frown upon, folk don't frown upon enough these days to create as many of these lines as are seen. So, it is just a careless mannerism developed into a habit in many cases. They're hard to smooth out once they've cut a line deeply. It takes months and months of patient rubbing, brow smoothing, massaging, and astringent applying. It is advisable to get a new habit now.

While you're sitting, or standing, or reading, get the habit of taking two fingers of each hand and beginning over the brown lines work fingers out smoothly and flatly toward the temples. If at a table and it is convenient, use the entire palm of both hands, working in opposite direction, smoothing, smoothing the troubled lines. Even so, they'll probably call for circular massage with finger tips dipped in a good wrinkle lotion. No trick to work the fingers so. The trick is to keep at it long enough to effect a change. Any time, every time you can think of it, take your lotion and your finger tips and work the circular massage racket on the lines.

And for good measure use a plaster nights over the affected area. One of our professional beauties, noting this characteristic of brown lines in her family, forestalled her brow against them by wearing the brown plasters to prevent them.

Many famous portrait painters, both men and women, have bitterly bewailed milady's use of cosmetics. Some have dared to declare that most women of the United States look middle-class because they use both lipstick and rouge. Their ideas are that women should discard these cosmetics, as a whole, and permit themselves to appear pale and interesting like the Mona Lisa or Raphael's Madonna.

If this suggestion were carried out, too many young women would doubtless appear pale and sickly, rather than pale and interesting. There's no denying that rosy cheeks and red lips make lady look healthy.

For that reason alone, I'm all for the rouges and lipsticks, provided, of course, one buys a good, nationally-advertised brand of unquestioned quality. Besides, if the country were chittered up with Mona Lisa-like femmes, even Mona Lisas might become dull and tiresome.

There is, however, one use of rouge that I think the average woman could dispense with without any great loss to herself, if she wants to give herself a new deal in beauty. What I refer (Continued on page 10)
Two studies of MURIEL EVANS, M-G-M player.
Cello Player: "I hear it's a swell show."

"She's not so hot! You oughta see my sister in the raw!"

Give him THE CHASER, Charley, it's his turn to carry me home!
Ah fine! Just the man we want to play the rich, bloated Russian Prince!

“Psssst! That bathing suit I had painted on me has washed away!”

“Nix, miss, ya can’t woik in dis cabaret, —ya ain’t modernistic looking.”

Jones—I don’t see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown!

Mrs. Brown—No; he stays at home now and enjoys life in his own way, as I want him to!
THE YEAR 1934 brings us, as an "opener," what will probably be rated as one of the best. It may win the National Board of Review award just as "Topaze" did for 1933. We refer to Greta Garbo's latest, "Queen Christina" which was launched in every city last month.

Judging by the ravings of the critics, this M-G-M production "clicked" immediately, and the majority of the expressed opinions seemed to agree that Miss Garbo's performance was much better than usual. Inspired, we have no doubt, because of the fact that she was playing opposite her former screen "lover," John Gilbert. It was a happy coincidence to have these two working once more on the same lot.

The story will doubtless interest our readers. Miss Garbo, naturally, plays the title role.

The great Protestant nation, Sweden, has been at war nearly thirty years. During the last few years the Swedish armies have been gloriously victorious under Prince Charles. Charles has come back to Stockholm and the two great questions are: will Queen Christina marry him, and will she allow him to continue the war?

The Swedes love their handsome young queen; she is the daughter of Gustav-Adolphus, fallen in battle. It is hoped on all sides that she will marry the hero. The nobility hope she will continue the wars.

The queen is dressing for the audience, changing from the boys' garb which she often wears to the robes of state fit for a great ceremony. She enters the parliament chamber with all the dignity of her father before her and announces her decision. Sweden has been too long at war, and peace is needed. She will not marry Charles as yet. She is young and there will be time for that later. Charles is chagrined, but Chancellor Magnus is furious. Magnus has been Christina's lover and wants her to marry Charles because he knows she does not love him.

An ambassador from the King of Spain is expected. Christina, escaping from the court in her boys' garb and riding through the snow-covered forests, meets this handsome Don Antonio and his suite on the road. She knows he will have to spend the night in an inn. Christina has never been in an inn, nor has she ever seen as handsome a man as Don Antonio. She reaches the inn ahead of him and engages the only remaining room. When Antonio arrives the landlord informs him that if he wants shelter from the snow he will have to share a room with another young gentleman. Antonio is introduced to the "young gentleman," the "boy" he met on the road. He will be charmed to share a room with him, he declares.

At supper Christina and Antonio be-

IN THE LATER LENS A Warner Bros. production starring and featuring Jean Muir, Donald Woods, Max Jensen, Yvonne Ritch, Doris Petersen, David Lake, Donald Appleson, Sarah Padden, Emily Lucare, Ethel Mclntire, David Durward, Elyse Roche, Willy Milligan, Martha Knoedler, Frank Bullington, Udina Fisher, Gelsie Wills, Donald Davis, Shirley Temple and Henry Keene described by Lewis.

MADAME. The story of a girl who, after drinking and carousing in a comparative carriage, the life she afterwards as "must-street" and regret her promiscuous conduct. The cast includes Barbara Kent, William Farnum, Leila McRae, Edward Woods, Donald excesses, Donald Douglas, Virginia Cherrill, as the heroine, and Dorothy Douglas and her shapely legs. Well directed and photographed.

ON THE EVE. A very enthusiastic story, beautifully shot and released by D.K. Du-Ray Pictures. The film star and leader is such well-known players as Jean Parker, Tom Brown, Zero Mostel, Neville Westman, Arthur Byron, Charles Smick, Wladimir Robinson and others. It is an engaging drama of adolescent love, based on the play by Don McLaren. Originally known as "Wild Oats," very well photographed.

THE SPY. First Division production directed by Phil Sears and scripted by Win Royall. The cast includes Laila Lee, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Frederick Vincent, Lois Alberts, Lucien Pradal, Robert Ellis, Paul Fox, Algerle Cather, William Farnum, and George Hurrell. One of those mysterious marvels, that keeps our guessing as to the facts until the last. A silent triumph. Part.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS. A thrilling and stirring picture of the screen story by Francis L. Patrick and David Hertz. Supported by John Long, Samuel Jaffe, Marie Dressler, E. Aubrey Smith, Raoul Walsh, Agnes Moorehead, Olive Tell, William Harrigan and others.

THE YANKEE. Starring and featuring Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Robert Harrat, Ned Sparks, Robert Cavanagh, Edward LeRoy, Paul Wing, Kathryn Sowa, George Marks, Douglas Pendrill, Benoit Churell, James Paskadden, Steven Vail, Robert Chaplin, Donald McHardy, Frank Reicher, Donald De Bmare, Marjorie Gaff, Mabel Roberts picture directed by Max Veloz. Supervised by Robert Prewitt.


FRIGHTENED. Robert Montgomery as Porter and Margaret Rawlings as Letts are excellent in this McCallie production. Portraying a legible escape from the commoner's life to one full of romance and love, the two are the center of the action. A story of a dance and the love that follows it. Having successfully escaped with Letts' help, he is found pardoned when he becomes a scout in school life.

BILIKI. George Raft, Estelle Lundland and Neville Wield are superb in this Paramount production. Supporting them are Frances Dorse, William Reicher, Gladys Shea, Raymond Walland, Lida Reiner, Michael Frank, I. Donaghel, Henderson, Martha Knott, Paul Justice, Anne Gaylor, Adolph Menjou, Phillip Spelzler and John Mescall. A story of a night club girls who has an interest in a film star.
A Fanchon and Marco dancer from Freuhler's "Marriage on Approval".

An attractive model from R.K.O.'s "Double Harness".

Real and reel pulchritude from R.K.O.'s "Flying Down to Rio".
TO THE UNKNOWN "SOLDIERS"

Seven shapely sirens whose names the publicity departments failed to divulge. Do you know any of them? These are the "unknown soldiers" who give their best that pictures may please the public and pay the producers.
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR. A Universal picture produced by Carl Laemmlle and directed by Edward L. Gordon, Robert Carlisle, film editor. A story of the air mail service, the man who has robbed him from his master. Having been captured a broken down horse is sold to a packer when discovered by his master who takes him home. The cast includes Victor Jory, Irene Brayley, Hank Mann, Frank Lawren, Lee Roy Mason and Leonid Uris. Excellent.

LADY KILLER. Another Cagney picture for Warner Brothers, formerly known as "The Finger Man", remake of the record Cagney hit. Kate Noreen and Mae Clarke appear in support of Mr. Cagney's cinema efforts and the result is satisfactory from a box office standpoint. The direction is good.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE. A novel by E. F. Benson, directed by Edouard T不足, starring John Barrymore, Gertrude Lawrence, Elissa Landi, Basil Rathbone, Henry Vickers, Jason Robards, and others. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

MARY OF TWO ROSES. Starring and featuring Frances Dee, Joyce Compton, John Miljan, Roberta Sherwood, Barbara Pepper, and others. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

SMOKEY. A lively intelligent horse whose hatred has been aroused so strong for mankind that he transpires to death the man who has robbed him. Having been captured a broken-down horse is sold to a packer when discovered by his master who takes him home. The cast includes Victor Jory, Irene Brayley, Hank Mann, Frank Lawren, Lee Roy Mason and Leonid Uris. Excellent.

DAY OF RECKONING. Starring and featuring Richard Dix, Madge Evans, and Michael Toller. In a prison melodrama directed by Charles Brabin for Lewis Milestone and Victor V. Gee Merckel, Stuart Erwin, Isabel Jewell, Spanky McFarlane, James Bell, Paul Hurst, Raymond Hatton, Walter Connors, John Larkin and Samuel Hindley also appear. Photographed by Thomsure Trott. Excellent cast; well directed.

LETS FALL IN LOVE. A Columbia production starring Ann Sothern and Edward Brophy, directed by Edward L. Cahn, written by Edward L. Cahn. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

I TELL YOU. Story of a young girl who had been in private school for years. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

THE ROAD TO RAY. Story of a young girl who had been in private school for years. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

SHE TRAVELLED. Starring and featuring Edward Brophy, Louis Calhern, and others. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

HURRY UP. Starring and featuring Madge Evans and Jean Hersholt, directed by Charles Brabin for Lewis Milestone and Victor V. Gee. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

THE TURN OF THE CLOCK. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production starring Ray Milland and Ann Sothern, directed by W. Wyler. The story is of a young girl about whom there has been discussed much in the press. The production was well directed.

RAINFOREST. A First National release in which Charles Conroy, explorer, naturalist and cameraman takes us through animal kingdom with him, where we see many interesting sights. For the first time on the screen we see a white rhino. Another thrilling episode of this adventure picture is a scene between a crocodile and cobra, and the revelation of the most intimate secrets of jackass penguins are shown.


STORY OF THE SEA. A story of two young high school boys and a girl who "lives in a town to Chicago to read train and what happens to them after they arrive. A First National picture starring and featuring Frankie Darro, Thelma Todd, Lloyd Nolans, Donald Lock, R. E. Clave, Alan Shackman, Reginald Shubert and Natalie Moorhead. Directed by Richard Thorpe, photographed by Nick Monta "A story of an intrepid father, who rains away, to leave his wife and baby daughter to face life. Many years after he returns, his daughter who is a dancer.

THE BAD GAME. A thrilling story of racketeering in the horse game, starring Spencer Tracy, who is sent to jail through the treachery of a dishonest lawyer. They are released from prison to fight the kidnapping racket in which they work. Directed by Sidney Franklin. A story of Claire Trevor, Ralph Morgan, Carl Naatz, John Miljan, Matt McHugh and Katharine Burke.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER. Lila Lane in the title role gives a sterling performance as "Ann McGregor," who is continually getting herself in and out of trouble because of her contact with her business men and traveling salesmen. William Collier, Jr. has the love interest opposite her; they are supported by Esther Mar, Dwight Rockhula, Jason Howard, Richard Tucker, Al St. John and Brent Wohl.

THOUGHT OF THE GODS. Another interesting travel picture, presented by Mo. M. Prins and released by First Division Pictures. "Comparing the conquered mountain where dwell of danger lurk among the glaciers and tucks" as in it is hailed by Harry M. Thomas. It's a graphic camera record of the ascent to the summit of K2, the next highest, in the Himalaya mountains.
Upper left: White "Corded" Rubber Raincoat, with the new high collar, accented with brown buttons and buckle; worn with white rain beret, by Jean Howard, M-G-M featured player. Courtesy of Modern Merchandising Bureau, N. Y. C.

On stage, or off, this exciting gown that turns into a blaze of glittering glory, (shown above) is worn by Lyda Roberti, stage and screen star. Bands of bugle beads outline a bodice (which is practically non-existent) and forms backstraps on a formal gown of Celanese, with flowing train.

A new evening gown of polka-dot satin, shown lower left; worn by Ann Dvorak who is featured in Warner's "Massacre". An unusual gown with brown and white polka-dots, with a new back strap arrangement and shoulder straps of braided lace.

Linen Beach Ensemble (above). Sleeveless white linen blouse with anchor in blue, matching white linen shorts, separated buttoned linen skirt and blue suede belt, with linen topcoat in red and blue on white; worn by Myrna Loy, M-G-M featured player. Photo by Modern Merchandising Bureau, Inc.
Screen Styles

Paris, New York and Hollywood

C. J. Spieker

Upper right: Cream, hand-knit resort costume in a dashing two-piece model with jacket-blouse, accented with brown buttons and brown taffeta bow posed at the club collar, worn with new, large Panama hat with a low crown, banded in brown taffeta. Photo posed by Madge Evans, M-G-M picture star.

Making heads behave! (See above.) Grace Bradley, Paramount player, reduces the glitter of many thousands of beads into a sleek gown with sweeping lines. The tone of the beads takes on a gray note against a chiffon background of that shade. Modern Merchandising Bureau, N. Y. C.

Smart sport outfit (above) with rolled collar and sleeves, Bette Davis, of "Fashions of 1934" wears this outfit on the golf links this Spring. The belt emphasizes a trim waist.

Lower right: Sheer black chiffon creates this formal gown with molded lines, accented with ruffles at back of the decolletage and posed low on the skirt. Worn by Mary Carlisle, M-G-M actress, Modern Merchandising Bureau, Inc.

"The Boater", shown below. A sailor type of finely stretched cotton, banded with two contrasting, brilliant colored ribbons; created by Lilly Dache. Posed by Madeline Masla.

"MOVIES"
Dolores Del Rio adds new laurels to her records for her performance in Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar" for First National Pictures, following her sensational success in "Flying Down to Rio" for R.K.O. Pictures. The best thing she ever did, however, was "Bird of Paradise."

Ann Drorak has received more than a score of responses to her appeal for help in locating her father, Edward McKim, whom she has not seen in fourteen years. The best clue came from a New York radio station which reported a "Shakespearean actor" by the name of Edward McKim had made a microphone appearance last summer. Any of our readers who may have definite information may communicate with her through the "Movies" magazine, 1450 Broadway, New York City.

A strong protest against the 10 per cent, amusement admissions tax was made before the House Ways and Means Committee in Washington, recently.

Henry Moskowitz, of the Legitimate Theatre Industry Code Authority, told the committee 6,000 theatres are dark, of which 3,000 are legit, and that the road is completely dead.

Moskowitz said that, whereas $24,000,000 was the estimated return from this levy, only $15,000,000 had been realized.

In New York, he said, of seventy-one legitimate theatres, only twenty-five are open and but "about a half dozen" doing "some business."

President Frank Gillmore of the Actors' Equity Association and the Chorus Equity Association decried the Government's "taxing of the legitimate theatre out of existence," and said 60 per cent of the 50 per cent in employment two years ago had been forced out by the tax.

He contended the Government had set a bad example, with Ohio, for instance, subsequently levying an admissions tax with the result not seven legitimate theatres remained in the State.

Fred J. Dempsey, general secretary treasurer of the Stage Employees and Picture Operators of the United States, testified similarly, reporting only 500 out of 1,700 stage employees working in New York. With the return of beer and liquors, the tax certainly should be abolished or halved.

"The Cat's Pan" will see a new Harold Lloyd on the screen. His character will be more mature, if not more sophisticated. He will get into the innumerable difficulties that have marked his previous pictures, but his method, of coping with these is different.

Rochelle Hudson, who plays Lillian in "Harold Teen," opposite Hal LeRoy for Warner Bros. studios, confessed that her childhood ambition to have all the ice cream she wanted had never yet been satisfied. Rochelle was programmed to eat at least a dozen banana splits, ice cream sodas and other fountain concoctions in the course of "Harold Teen," so that her dream came true.

S.0.0. Wattel had scheduled four pictures to go into production last January. They were "Murder In Trinidad" with Nigel Bruce and Heather Angel; "3 On A Honey-moon"; "Gold Rush of '33," with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor, and an untitled story... Gertrude Michael, who was proposed for film work by this magazine, made the down payment on a fast airplane the day after Paramount signed her to a long term contract. She's taking flying lessons now.

Jean Muir wears low-heeled shoes on every possible occasion. She won't don high heels if she possibly can get out of it. It's not Carbohm with the 19-year-old leading woman of "A- The Earth Turns." She simply prefers comfort to smartness.

Vivian Oakland, Eddie Gargan and Spec O'Donnell have been cast in "David Harum," the film adaptation of the famous novel by Edward Noyes Westcott in which Will Rogers is starred. Miss Oakland will be seen in the role of Lillian Russell, the famous beauties of the '90s.

Gladys Hasty Carroll, author of "A-The Earth Turns," which saw completion on the stages at the Warner studios, is an accomplished cook as well as a successful novelist. Her novel of New England farm life terms with vivid accounts of toothsome dishes and meals. All are taken from Mrs. Carroll's memories of her own early life in Maine, many from recipes that have been in her family for years.

As a result of his brilliant performance in the featured role of Columbia's Frank Bor-
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Chas. E. Mack
Mary Boland gets dizzy if she looks down from any considerable height, yet she loves to fly. . . George Burns, the serious member of the combination, always consults Gracie Allen, the nutty one, about investments. . . . We congratulate M. Kinsler for his splendid work for the Roxy Theatre in New York City.

It's about time the good old U. S. A. started taxing Italian lace, olive oil, wines and lava dishes and crockery! Premier Benito Mussolini's next tax, the proceeds of which are to be used as a Government subsidy for films "made in Italy," is dealing a severe blow to American films there. Il Duce's decree provides that all American talks must be "doubled" into Italian conversation. The tax on each film so "doubled" is to be about 25,000 lire, about $2,500.

Marian Nixon and William Gargan were signed by Columbia Pictures for the romantic leads in "The Line-Up," which just finished production, with Howard Higin in charge, recently. Marian Nixon started her picture career in silent pictures. She has turned in numerous outstanding performances. Some of her latest pictures are, "After Tomorrow," "Winner Take All," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Chance at Heaven," "Work." "Madison Square Garden" and "Too Busy Monckton Hoffe, British journalist and playwright, author of "Many Waters" and a number of other West End and Broadway plays, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a scenarist. Hoffe arrived from England recently on the Majestic.

Elissa Landi, noted international cinema star, who is under a long-term contract to Columbia Pictures, on arriving in Hollywood recently from New York, announced she had written the words for a new song entitled "Offering of Eros," with music by Abram Chasins. While in New York she also arranged for publication of her fourth full-length novel, entitled "The Ancestor," which will reach the public early in April. Preliminary work on Miss Landi's first Columbia vehicle is nearly completed.

Feminine winners in Paramount's "The Search for Beauty" all admit their greatest thrill in Hollywood is that of wearing the beautiful clothes with which the studio wardrobe furnishes them. . . Jack LaRue never eats less than five candy bars and two bags of salted peanuts each day.

The Army Flying School at San Antonio, the West Point of the air, will serve as a background for the spectacular production "Fledglings," which Fox will produce with Lew Ayres in the leading role. The locale will be used as the site for the manoeuvres executed by fledgling flyers in the service with the cooperation of the Army.

"Laughing Boy," the adaptation of Oliver LaFarge's Pulitzer prize novel, and "A Rich Widow," May Robson, are列入 a vehicle dealing with the career of a feminine Titan of Wall Street. Both of these pictures are now being distributed. . . Kathleen Howard, a former fashion editor of "Harper's Bazar," makes her screen debut in "Death Takes a Holiday," for Paramount Pictures.

Two more stories have been added to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's list of assembled properties. They are "Calm Yourself," by Edward Hope Coffey, soon to appear in the American Magazine, and "Roundhouse Meg," an original story for the screen written by Stuart Paton. There are several stories in the Yellow Book and Young's Magazine which would make ideal screen plot material,—love stories, intrigue and others,—they would prove profitable to both M-G-M and Paramount if their scenic departments would "get wise."

As his first picture on his new long term contract, Will Rogers, entering his fifth year with Fox Films, will be seen in "Merry Andrew," the screen version of the play by Lewis Beach, in which Walter Connolly starred on Broadway. The story concerns the efforts of a druggist to retire from business and will be adapted by Kubec Glassman. Sol M. Wurtzel will produce.

"West Point of the Air," an original story by Philip Dunne dealing with the education of army aviators for service, is being produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Monte Bell is the producer for the forthcoming picture.

On the first day following her return to Hollywood, after her romantic Mexican marriage to Sidney Bartlett, Alice White was obliged to kiss Arthur Hohl twenty times—for a scene in "The Heir Chaser," starring James Cagney. . . Director Alfred E. Green sneezed so hard the other day that he broke a rib. He kept right on directing, though.

Just at the time George Arliss was building up publicity and propaganda for his latest venture for United Artists, "The House of Rothschild," one of the famous members of that international Jewish banking house died. Baron George ("George," by the way) Rothschild, eldest member of the famous Austrian family, died of intestinal trouble recently in an insane asylum in Mauerleining, near Vienna. He was fifty-seven.

Baron Rothschild, who had been widely respected among the world's financiers and art collectors, had been an inmate in the Mauerleining institution for many years.

The partial collapse of the Rothschild fortune in the disasters which overtook German and Austrian banking houses several years ago contributed to the baron's mental collapse, according to members of the family.

The Rothschild fortune and the banking business established by the family for years held smaller European Governments in possession and provided a stable banking basis for many of the larger European nations.

The family was held to have financed many smaller European conflicts and to have been for years a "war-inspirer" and the financial dictatorship of Europe. These facts will probably be exposed in the film.
"MOVIES"

A copy of the rare first edition in the original cloth of Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," the great novel which Monogram is shortly to put into production, was sold at auction this week by the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, Inc. for $1,300. That company now has a new costume director and stylist, a talented young woman from Long Island who is their style designer.

In "Lady Killer," James Cagney makes a columnist and dramatic critic literally "eat his words" in the men's toilet of a restaurant because he had revised and attacked the personality of a charming actress, Jimmy concurred the critic's right to criticize the picture, but punished him for indulging in filthy personalities and "spite" criticisms. The so-called crisis is pitched into the lavatory compartment, and, in falling, he flushes the toilet—to the intense satisfaction of the audience. Recently Walter Winchell, in a commercial broadcast paid for by a skin lotion company, knocked the picture. We wonder why!

Sir Guy Standing loves to box and to take long walks. He does either one or the other every day, and sometimes both... Mae West hates to be alone.

The first member of the cast for Harold Lloyd's "The Cat's-Paw," the adaptation of Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post serial, is Una Merkel, the screen comediene who was to be released through Fox Film, has been started at the Metropolitan Studios in Hollywood. Miss Merkel, seen recently in "Whistling in the Dark," "Clear All Wires," and other productions, has been borrowed from M-G-M to play the part of Prunia Pratt in the Lloyd story.

Casey Robinson, who was forced by influenza to withdraw from the direction of "Baby in the Ice Box," which Charles B. Rogers is producing for Paramount, has gone to Palm Springs to recuperate. Ralph Murphy replaced him... First Division Pictures recently moved into their new Gotham offices in the RKO-Radio Building, on the 23rd floor. Good luck... Strange as it may seem, although Cecil B. DeMille is turning to the writings of Plutarch and Dion for material for "Geopatra," his next picture, no one as yet has made the crack about Paramount trying to sign up one of those ancient writers to a long term contract.

Will Rogers is one of the most deceptive men in Hollywood when it comes to the question of weight. To look casually at the famous actor-vitamin salesman, one would judge him to weigh somewhere between 160 and 170, but under ordinary conditions, he tips the scales at close to 200.

He gets a big kick on midways and at fairs by fooling the professional weight guessers. Once, in Shanghai, a Chinese expert, with a reputation of never having been wrong more than a couple of pounds either way, tore a set of scales apart after he had guessed Rogers' weight as 178 and the comedian registered 200 on the dial.

Rogers has a long, solid body and his legs are comparatively short. This is the secret of his unusual deception.

Her Hollywood visit a flop in that she and her employers at Radio studio proved unable to agree on any story in which she could appear. Lenore Ulric left Los Angeles for New York, saying, "I'll give them until late in the Spring."

Charlotte Henry dislikes parties. Most boys bore her, she says, and she'd much rather curl up in a bed chair at home with a book than race around with them... Baby LeRoy doesn't care a hoot for expensive toys. He'd rather have his rugged old teddy bear.

Columbia University which got into the news reeling so prominently by trouncing Stanford University in their home state, is going to best them again, as well as other universities, by going into the movies, along with leading man Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

The first college course ever to deal with motion pictures as an important educational and social factor of American life will be offered at the university during the school year of 1934-35. Officials announced yesterday.

Dr. Frederic M. Thrasher, noted sociologist, will direct the course, which will be titled, "The Motion Picture: Its Artistic, Educational and Social Aspects."

Carole Lombard dislikes pink as a color and the whites of eggs as food. Even her lingerie is either a delicate apricot shade, or white. And she's never eaten an egg-white in her life... Ida Lupino hates to wear stockings. Even on rainy days, Ida can be seen tripping along in the thinnest of sandals, sans hose.

In "Easy to Love," a catchy, snappy Warner-First National picture featuring Mary Astor and Genevieve Tobin, a college magazine saleswoman is pictured holding up a copy of the October issue of Broadway and Hollywood "MOVIES"—the issue on which Ruby Keeler is portrayed by Lieut. James Lunnom. Adolphe Menjou and Edward Everett Horton have the principal male roles.

"Love Past Thirty," Monarch's current production from the book by Prescilla Wayne, has Aileen Pringle, Theodor von Eltz, Gertrude Messinger and Phyllis Barry in featured roles, while a large supporting cast includes Robert Fraser, Gastold Pendleton, John Marston, Ben Hall, Pat O'Malley, Mary Carr, Francis Ford, Dot Farley and others.

The story is the struggle of a woman of thirty-four to retain the affections of her long-absent sweetheart who returns to marry her and makes a detour in the general direction of her pretty young niece of eighteen.

Al Jolson, blackface stage star, has offered his wife fifty grand to quit the movies, several times during the past few weeks. His latest picture, "The Wonder Bar," in which he shares honors with five other stars, was only well started when he announced suddenly that it would be his last picture. He changed his mind shortly afterward, however, and gave First National an option for three additional pictures.

Those close to Jolson believe that the comedian's inability to make up his mind is based primarily on Ruby's indecision.

Ruby has always said that her husband's

(Continued on page 45)
MYSTERIOUS FASCINATION . . . .

A Great Social Evil Uncovered

Now a Doctor has dared to tear away the veil of mystery that hides the facts behind homosexuality. In blunt understandable words he describes the unbelievable facts.

"STRANGE LOVES; A Study in Sexual Abnormalities," by Dr. La Forest Potter, noted authority, is a document so weird, so startling as to amaze the civilized world. Dr. Potter says, "NO MAN ON EARTH HAS A CHANCE AGAINST A WOMAN.

Once she has succumbed to an other woman." A startling, provocative indictment against the false models that has been responsible for the growth of these fantastic strange anxiety curiosities among savage and civilized races.

Dr. Potter tells the hidden secret passions that dominate these women's erotic lives.

He talks about the tragic duality of the effeminate man—half man—half woman. Fearlessly, openly, the meaning of many misunderstood subjects is brought under the searchlight of truth. Sadism—Necrophilia—Phallic Worship—Sodomy—Pederasty—Pedophilia—Sapphism—Frenship—

the normal man and woman will refuse to believe that such abnormalities exist and have been practiced through the ages.

ASTONISHING DISCLOSURES ABOUT THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN!

How many of the famous men of history were considered queer? Sophocles, Plato, Cæsar, Virgil, Oscar Wilde, Leonardo da Vinci, Lord Byron, Tchaikovsky, the musician; Walt Whitman, the gentle lovable poet; Napoleon—men and women of all kinds in all stages of life.

MUST THIS SUBJECT BE CLOTHED IN SILENCE FOREVER?

For Sophisticated Adult Readers!

This document in book form contains bewildering disclosures and discoveries of a subject that is seldom if ever discussed, that most people know little or nothing about—not one that deserves the most painstaking and thorough investigation. A limited edition has been prepared for ADULTS ONLY. 250 pages, beautiful bound in cloth, printed on fine paper—for the book lover and collector of rare, esoteric literature. Reserve a copy of this book—the most startling document of its kind—by mailing the coupon. Order Today—Edition is limited!

ROBERT DODSLEY CO.

110 W. 42nd Street, Dept. C-15
New York, N. Y.

"MOVIES"
ONCE in a while our attention is called to a candidate for screen honors who has an overwhelmingly lovely personality, youth, beauty, a splendid figure, a fine, modulated and cultured voice, and who graphs practically perfectly. Such a girl came to our notice recently.

Miss Ada Hickok, of Colonial Parkway, Manhasset, L. I., is an eighteen-year-old blonde beauty with a splendid education and a lively disposition. She is a top dancer, but has no trace of the knotty or bulging muscles in her calves that older girls have. Very much the type of Charlotte Henry, the youthful

Where to get photos taken:

**ALABAMA**
- Birmingham—Lawrence, Joseph & Loch

**CALIFORNIA**
- Hollywood—Evansmith, 6352 Sunset Blvd.

**OHIO**
- Cincinnati—Cohen Bros.

**ILLINOIS**
- Chicago—Fred Fox Studio, 2746 Fullerton Ave.

**IOWA**
- Davenport—Peterson-Harrod-Man, 107 West Market St.

**MASSACHUSETTS**
- Boston—C. P. Henry Co.

**MINNESOTA**
- Minneapolis—New Hampshire Studio, 557 Hennepin Ave.

**MISSOURI**
- Kansas City—John Taylor D. G. Co.

**NEW JERSEY**

**NORTH CAROLINA**
- Asheville—R. A. Marche Store.

**OHIO**
- Akron—C. J. Vanzer Co.

**PENNSYLVANIA**
- Altoona—Strawbridge & Clothier.

**SOUTH CAROLINA**
- Greenville—Keighty, Inc.

**TENNESSEE**
- Memphis—Stovall's Store.

**VERMONT**
- Burlington—Johnson & Stillman's.

**VIRGINIA**
- Richmond—Petersville & Co.

**WISCONSIN**
- Milwaukee—Starling & Sorenson's.

ful Ada has everything which should entitle her to a chance in the films.

Young women still do get chances in the movies. Agnes Anderson, 20, is just two years out of a Detroit high school. But she holds a seventeen-year contract with one of the larger studios. Starting at $50 a week, she will be getting $750 a week in seven years. Congratulations again, Agnes!

We shall continue, as a movie magazine, to do our best to place young men and young women, who are seriously inclined, in jobs on the stage and screen, or as professional models. There is absolutely no charge for this service, as this is not an employment agency nor is it an advertising stunt.

The details of this service are found in nearly every issue of the magazine, and nothing disqualifies a young man or girl quicker than writing in asking what it's all about. We can't help those who won't help themselves. If you can't find everything in this number, read the last issue you got in detail.

All applications must have a 3 by 5 card or slip of paper filled out giving then correct name, address, age, color of hair, and telephone number if any. And one or two photos should accompany each slip. One should be a head, the other a figure study, taken in gymnasium "shorts", bathing suit, underwear or theatrical tights.

These will be placed in our steel, fire-proof files and will be available to casting offices, executives of producing companies, stage directors, booking offices, and well known artists and commercial photographers seeking models. We've had some good luck in the past; we expect the circle of our influence to widen in the future months; and if you feel we can help you, by all means write in. Do not send rolled photos, and don't send in tiny, hand-colored ping pong pictures.

Miss Ada Hickok

they won't be filed in our offices.

There is a list, which is published nearly every month of studios in the principal states and cities in the United States where one may obtain a photograph without cost, or, at the worst, a few cents nominal charge for the actual wrapping, packing, developing, chemicals, etc. This magazine is standing the cost of having your picture taken if you can't afford to get one yourself.

There need be no reason for your neglect to take advantage of this, as the list can be consulted in the back numbers of the magazines in the free public libraries if you are interested. Leonia B. Armstrong, for example, filled out the Qualifications Blank neatly, and mailed it from her Los Angeles, Calif., home. She is an attractive young woman, possibly married, and has a 36-in. bust. Rides horse-back, can drive any make of car, and has shapely legs and a most attractive smile.

If you'd like your photo published, just mark the back of the photos you submit.

(Continued on page 40)

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Theatrical experience, if any. Accomplishments such as vocal, dancing, singing, horse-back riding, swimming, etc.

Make out a 3 x 5 card similar to above, fill out neatly and mail in WITH photographs.
Press dispatch. He is credited, in Los Angeles, with having lured her out of her habitual seclusion during non-working hours. They have been seen at cafes recently.

The 36-year-old director was born in Tiflis, Caucasus, Russia. After schooling in Paris and Moscow, he became a play director in London. He was a director of the American Opera Company, Rochester, N. Y., for three years and later went to New York City, where he directed several plays, eventually gravitating to Hollywood.

The hotel man who so astutely penetrated the disguise of the usually silent Greta is Joe Gerwitts, manager of the hotel at Holbrook. Greta, at the time, wore large, shell-rimmed glasses, though she changed to the dark ones later.

Gerwitts, noting her resemblance to the Swedish actress, asked her if she wasn’t Miss Garbo, and she broke down and confessed she was.

Mamoulian hastily admitted he wasn’t Robert Brown at all. Several stars state they believe the pair to be married.

To Mrs. Harry Green, wife of the screen comedian, a 7-pound 11-ounce son was born in Hollywood recently. Mrs. Green, former actress, was known on the stage as Alva Larsen and in 1928 was selected “Miss New York” in a beauty contest. The couple was married March 24, 1932.

As dailly as a champion ping-pongist, the glamorous screen star Claire Windsor recently parried a query as to the possibility of her engagement to Erskine Gwynne, wealthy scion of the House of Vanderbilt.

Mentioning that she is going to Florida the next week-end, she said: “I met him through his cousin-in-law, Gloria Vanderbilt. We’re really just good friends—as far as I know. I’ve known him more than three years . . .”

Was there a cryptic Mona Lisa look in her eyes? The inquirer thought so, but wasn’t sure. La Windsor can act, on occasion, you know. And in the short week she has been here, she acknowledged she had two “dates” with the Vanderbilt heir.

Jean Coventry, the bride’s bride of John Morris, said recently that she will file an amended answer in Supreme Court in a suit pending for annulment of marriage. Morris, seeking to void the alliance, charged that the show girl’s stage name possessed classic significance since, like Lady Godiva in Coventry, she appeared undraped.

But unlike the English noblewoman, said Morris, the townspeople did not close their eyes when she appeared undraped. He also said he married her only to spite Faith Bacon, another nude dancer, who rejected him.

Miss Coventry said she would apply, through Eli Johnson, attorney, for an annulment herself. She, too, will charge fraud.

Helen Freeman, New York stage actress, was married to Edwin Corle, short story writer, more than a year ago, she revealed in Los Angeles. Miss Freeman is one of the founders of the New York Theatre Guild.

Victor Fleming, pioneer film director, was charged with alienating the affections of Margorie De Haven Lockwood, young actress and daughter of Carter De Haven, in a $150,000 damage action brought some time ago by her husband, Paul A. Lockwood.

Lockwood, a movie cameraman, accused Fleming of enticing the pretty 22-year-old wife from her home and taking her to San Francisco last Oct. 4. There, it was charged, she was abandoned, causing her such mental shock that she has been confined to a hospital.

Fleming was married secretly last Sept. 26 to Lucille Rosson, socially prominent Beverly Hills woman, in Yuma, Ariz.

Lockwood demanded $75,000 for the alleged lost love of his wife and an equal sum for the asserted seduction.

Her divorce will probably “final” soon. In the action, accusing his husband of “laziness and prolighagy,” Miriam Jordan, film player, filed, some time back, a suit for divorce against Joseph Davis of New York and London. Records of Domestic Relations Court disclosed in Los Angeles, that the

(Continued on page 40)
**Making Marionettes**

(Continued from page 13)

The strings should be of strong black flax thread, which, being black, will not be seen, and flax will be very strong. One string should be attached to each hand, one to each knee, one to each ear, and one to the middle of the back. This will give you seven strings to pull, which will be quite enough to experiment with at first. Later, when you have mastered these, you can experiment making the puppet pick up objects,loff his hat, and do other things equally as interesting.

The puppet controls (see diagram at top of illustration on page 13) are the stick frames to which the animated threads are tied. They serve to keep the threads from getting into a snarl. By tipping them up and down, or from side to side, the puppets are moved about. We have given a detailed sketch of controls, only by experiment can you master the tricky business of making the actors perform naturally.

**S.E.F. DIAGRAM:** The frame is built of lath 1 inch wide. Parts 1 and 2 are nailed together, and a thin piece of flax is loosely over peg made fast to Part 1. Threads A-A go to ear loops—B to arms—C to middle of back. Threads D-D are made fast to loops in upper legs and when puppet uses legs Part 3 is held in operator's right hand. The main control always remains in the left hand. C is a wire loop to hang up puppet when not on stage.

**THE STAGE:** The size of your stage naturally depends upon the size of puppets you are using. If your puppets are eighteen inches high you will need a stage at least 3 feet wide and 20 inches deep. The arch should be thirty inches high. The top of a wooden kitchen table can be used for the foundation of your theatre, and if you can find a large discarded picture frame in the cellar, it will make a perfect prosenium arch. At the rear of this the curtain of velvet or similar material must be rigged. For a background black velvet or something black must be used, as it is against this that your puppets will perform. Behind the stage a platform must be provided for the operators to stand on, at least two operators are necessary. Chairs can be used if they are strong and solid.

The lighting of the stage will depend upon your ingenuity and knowledge of handling lights. You will have to experiment with this. But you have enough material to work with now, using up many idle hours in a most interesting pastime. Organize your puppet show with your friends, you will find the older folks just as deeply interested in the subject, and, if you get the chance, see the 800 puppets in operation in "I Am Suzanne!" the picture starring Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond.

In the lower left hand corner of page 13 is reproduced a copyrighted diagram, through the courtesy of *Modern Mechanics and Invention*, a popular monthly, published in connection with a description as to their ideas in making a similar puppet.

"Instead of manipulating the feet of this puppet with strings", writes the author, "you make them dance by vibrating the dancing platform with your fingers. The platform is a shingle, or thin board, and it is held upon your chair, knee, or as much as possible of its length projects. Light tapping upon the board produces simple foot movements, fast, heavy tapping produces lively movements, and with a little practice it is possible to make the puppet dance to one's whistling or any other accompaniment, in slow or fast time."

"The puppet is of simple construction, as you will see by the diagram of Fig. 1 on page 13. Figure 2 is a pattern for the body block. Fig. 3 is a pattern for the arm blocks. Fig. 4 is a pattern for the hands. Fig. 5 is a pattern for the blocks that form the upper portion of the legs. Fig. 6 shows the pattern for the blocks that form the lower portion of the legs, and Fig. 7 is a pattern for the feet. A board 1½-inch thick is right for working material."

"After marking out the blocks, saw them out and sandpaper their surfaces. A knife and a file will be helpful in shaping the hands and feet. Figure 8 shows how to shape the toe of the shoes."

"The body, arms and limbs are assembled with string attached to tacks. The diagrams show the use of double-pointed tacks, but any kind to which string can be attached will do. Tie the strings loosely so the joints will work freely."

"Bore a ½-inch hole ¾-inch deep in the body (Figs. 2 and 9) to receive the neck. For the neck use a piece of ¾-inch dowel stick, or stick whittled to this diameter, ¾ inches long (Fig. 10). Drill a 3/16-inch hole through the neck stick near one end for the Brad pivot that fastens the neck to the body."

"The head is a rubber ball (Fig. 11). Cut a hole in the ball, push the neck stick through the hole as far as the opposite side of the ball, and screw a small screw eye through the ball and into the end of the stick. Drill a hole in the stick end so the screw will drive in without splitting the stick."

"Finish the puppet with lacquer or enamel colors. It will be easiest to finish the parts before assembling them. In finishing the model, black was used for the head, hands and feet, red for the coat, green for the trouser legs, and yellow for the stockings. Eyes, nose and mouth were painted with white. Round-head brass nails were used for eye pupils, and tiny round-headed brass tacks for coat buttons.

"Fasten a string or thread to the head screw eye to slip over your second finger, and fasten another string to each wrist and make loops in the ends, one to slip over your little finger, the other over your thumb."

"Drawing at the left shows the method of puppet control used by professionals." **No More Whiskey Drinking**

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If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, it should be just the thing in making a dancing you want. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of Golden Treatment. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 644 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Three Little Pigs

(Continued from page 19)

and worked into other frames. It would take a man many tears to draw a Mickey Mouse scene-symphonic in effect-by himself.

It is, therefore, the co-operation, or what Disney calls his happy family, that makes these animated cartoons a success. He doesn't approve of his staff screen credit, because it might cause friction among the members.

He is too style-baffled by the publicists given to Frank Churchill, the staff member who wrote the music for the three pigs.

Churchill, in the way, wrote the "opening musical phrase, 'Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" in three minutes. Which of the staff members suggested the blue coloring when the wolf blew and blue is not known, and they're not telling over at the studio, but the idea was a "swell" one.

"Three Little Pigs" was directed by Ben Celsi. Each of these animated cartoons has a director. The director must know how to draw, and he must be a bit of an actor, He directs, draws pictures, and most dramatizes the scenes when he wants the figures portrayed artistically.

The "Rasslin' Match," first Amos 'N Andy cartoon in the series being produced by The Van Beuren Corporation for RKO Radio release, appeared in the RKO-Musiee Healthy, and played the entire New York RKO Circuit of 10,000, a success over the world's largest theatres, for a comic!

This series of pictures makes a new departure in cartoon production methods. The well-known voices of Amos 'N Andy, known to millions of people throughout the nation, will be heard from the screen in perfect synchronization with the screen and in caricatures of this famous pair of radio stars. This was accomplished by having Amos and Andy actually photographed when the dialogue was recorded and the lip action traced by means of a specially built reproducing camera. Experts time the voice of any of the characters, to blend the lips in just naturally, though the characters themselves were on the screen in person.

RKO Radio Pictures also release the Cubby Bear, and his sweetheart, series of animated cartoons. So popular are they growing that one of the RKO Radio officials has asked Claire Beaudine, so well known new York stylist, to design children's clothes for manufacturing purposes, based on the Cubby Bear idea.

Thus does the animated cartoon take its grip upon the hearts and the imagination of an interested public. The novelty built around Krazy Kat and Mickey Mouse are legion in number, and of course, with the increasing use of color, this last will continue to grow and prosper.

A New Deal in Beauty

(Continued from page 20)

"Release for Publication." No attention will be paid to photos mailed to our offices in Hollywood, Cal., or Mt. Morris, III. All photos and blanks must be mailed to The Casting Office, care of "Movietone," 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you must write plainly. Two cents.

Eleanor Wenzel, of 78-03 79th Pl., Glen
dale, Queens Co., N. Y., is a real beauty and we'd like to see her make a serious effort to land in pictures. At the Astoria Studios. She likes gladios. . . . Marjorie Scott, weighing 111 pounds, hails from Melville, Long Island. She has light brown hair, and some experience in local dramatics. . . . Mrs. H. P. Borer, of 39-44 Glenwood Av., Little Neck, Queens Co., N. Y., has a most attractive smile and is a real beauty. Wears furs most becomingly.

Ann Leonard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., slightly resembles the cartoon character Baby Doe, possesses fangs. She has a fine figure; rides and swims, and weighs 120 pounds . . . Mrs. H. Hoffman Bolan, a charming young matron who occasionally visits Narragansett Pier photographs wonderfully well and has a perfect figure.

From a job as a cafe entertainer to a featured role in a Buddy De Sylva production for Fox, is the jump just made by Divine Francis, beautiful burlesque dancer and blues singer. The "promotion" meets with the approval and prolonged applause of The Casting Office of "Movietone" magazine.

Miss Francis recently came to Los Angeles, with a bag full of songs, and dance and the "Plantation" in Hollywood, when De Sylva saw her and asked her to make a test. The test was so successful Fox officials signed her to a seven year contract. Her Qualifications Card checked out okay, so did her photos.

Splits and Splinters

(Continued from page 35)

action was filed under the family names of the principals, Miriam Ruby Davis and Joseph Davis. The couple married in London April 14, 1929, separating Oct. 1, 1929.

The actress said she supported Davis for three and one-half years and, finally, operated from him. She said he often told her in the presence of others that he had no desire to work, because his wife was capable of supporting him.

Mrs. Jordan, a native of London, won at auction as the beauty queen of the Wembley Exposition, an all British Empire trade fair. She played on the stage and then went into films.

The petite blonde had kept her marriage a secret in the film colony and always was regarded as single.

Miss Jordan denied she obtained a Mexican divorce though she did not remember in which State the decree was granted.

Subsequently she heard the divorce might not stand the test of legality, so she decided to institute action in California.

"Now that it's out," she said with crispness, "you may as well say definitely that I have no plans for marriage again.

She once aroused him as a jilt and sued the young man for one hundred dollars, but now she's marrying him! Pretty Maxine Lewis, night club entertainer, filed a notice of separation with Donald Cook, movie star, that they intend to marry in Hollywood. So the "heart balm" sunk all off!

At Phoenix, Arizona, recently, Ricardo Cortez, motion picture actor, and Mrs. Christine Lor, wealthy New York society woman, were married, on a billboard before the back of a billboard over looking the desert.

A double ring ceremony was performed by Justice of the Peace Nat T. McKee, pictureque Westerner. Sheriff J. K. McFadden gave the bridegroom a revolver, saying, "To the boy at the Sheriff's office."

The couple then flew to Hollywood. Cortez was the husband of the late Alma Rubens.

Marriages, divorces, births, engagements: all of the interesting personal items about the stars are to be found in these columns.

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HOW ONE GIRL FOUND ROMANCE

A Whispered Remark That Changed A Girl's Life!

ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT MEN NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO EVELYN?

MY DEAR, IT'S HER FIGURE!

ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED?
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NANCY LEE, Dept. BM-3
816 Broadway, N. Y. C.
The Road To Ruin
(Continued from page 18)

Dixon. Like too many mothers” said Mrs. Merrill gently. “Our boys and girls today need more than trust. They need the armour of knowledge . . . of intelligent sex instruction to protect them.”

“Oh, thank God her father is away. Will he have to know about this?”

“That’s up to you, Mrs. Dixon” was the reply. “Your responsibility is to do what is best for your daughter . . . she is going to need a lot of help and you mustn’t fail her this time.”

“Your mother’s here, dear, to take you home” the policewoman told Ann.


“Oh, we’ll take good care of Eve.”

“Goodbye, Eve” said Ann tearfully as she looked at Eve’s frightened, downcast face.

“Goodbye, Ann.”

Ann and Eve were sitting on the divan in the living room of Eve’s home several weeks later. Ann’s lesson had been a stiff one. But she found that those who transgress the moral laws must pay a bitter price.

For Ann discovered that she was in grave trouble.

“T’ll see you all right now” Ann was telling Eve, who had just been released from the Juvenile Bureau, “cured.”

“And, Ann, I’m going away with my father. He’s been wonderful . . . Oh, I’d . . . I’d die for him” said Eve happily.

“I wish I were dead” Ann burst out suddenly.

“But, Ann, you mustn’t talk like that. Honey, what’s the matter?”

“I’m in terrible trouble” said Ann in a small panic-stricken voice, and white-faced with fear. “Oh, Eve, what am I going to do?”

“You don’t mean, you’re . . . gasped Eve.

“Does Ralph know?”

“Of course Ann tearfully, “I haven’t seen him since that night at Brad’s. I guess he didn’t really care or he’d never . . .”

“But Ann, he doesn’t know about this . . . You’ve got to see him and tell him.”

“Oh, no . . . I couldn’t.”

“Why honey” soothed Eve. “When he knows, he’ll want to do the right thing. He couldn’t walk out on you now. You will see him?”

Terror-stricken, Ann went to Ralph’s apartment. He seemed surprised and happy to see her. It was several moments before he realized the nature of her trouble, as she poured out her story to him. Ralph was

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“MOVIES”

She was ill and feverish. She made an effort to conceal her condition from her mother.

“Ann dear,” said Mrs. Dixon, “I’m late for my spin’s finishing. Will you phone the Wood’s and tell them that we’ll have to postpone that dinner engagement as your father has been called out of town on business? Ann, dear, you’re feverish. Aren’t you feeling well?” asked her mother anxiously, restoring her hand on Ann’s forehead.

“I’m all right, mother, just a little headache, that’s all.”

“I won’t be long,” and Mrs. Dixon left the house without suspecting her daughter’s illness. The phone rang just as she had gone. Ann stumbled to the phone, feeling dizzy and sick.

“Hello, that you Ann?” asked Ralph, phoning from Evans’ office. “Remember what we were talking about yesterday . . . about us honey? Well, I’m on a deal that’ll mean some real money . . . that means I can speed up certain proceedings. And you can help me put it over.”

“But, Ralph, I don’t understand” protested Ann.

“What could I do? Trouble? I couldn’t, and you know they won’t let me go anywhere, and Ralph, I feel awfully sick.”

“Oh, honey, you’ll be all right by tonight” Ralph’s voice came over the wire. “And think what this may mean to us! I’ll explain it all to you on the way. About ten-thirty? Same place? Goodbye. The receiver clicked, and Ann had answered.

Ralph glanced triumphantly at Evans.

“How you’ve stayed—single and out of jail is beyond me,” remarked Evans in a tone filled with envy.

“It’s a gift, brother, it’s a gift. How about that lunch?” Ralph took out from his pocket, “Okay, I’ll match you.”

That evening, Ralph was waiting impatiently for Ann, his car parked in the usual place. Ann, half running, half stumbling, suddenly appeared around the corner, dressed in evening clothes.

“I was beginning to think you had walked out on me,” was Ralph’s greeting.

“I couldn’t help it . . . gasped Ann, breathless and feeling faint. “I had to wait for mother to go to bed.”

“Well, let’s be on our way. Why Ann...” Ralph bent over the girl tenderly and solicitously, her head swayed, her eyes closed, and she sank into the seat beside Ralph.

“Ralph,” she said, fighting for strength, “I don’t think I can make it.”

“Rest a minute, dear, you’ll be okay,” and Ralph put his arms around Ann to steady her. “I’ve got something in the car that’ll keep you right up. Come on honey” he coaxed as he took a flask from the car and forced Ann to drink “Come on, honey, just a little bit more . . . remember it’s for a good cause.”

The party was in full swing at Evans’ house when Ann and Ralph arrived. Evans was standing at the bar, offering drinks freely.

“How about a drink? Come and get it and it’s my own recipe,” said Evans, as some of the guests gathered around the bar.

“Man, what a drink! Say that is the last word,” vouched for one of the drinkers.

“You said it, brother” replied Evans. “One of these and talk’s over for the evening. Am I right, lady?”
“Right you are, cutie” answered the girl standing by his side.

“You like that? Getting impatient, old man?” Evans turned his attention to his chief guest of the evening, for whom his friend Ralph was graciously supplying his girl as feminine bait. “Well, it won’t be long now” he continued, “and... take it from me, this is worth waiting for. There you are... here’s to our new deal and your new experience.”

Ann and Ralph had entered the room. As Evans made his way toward them, Ann was imploring Ralph:

“I’ll do my best, Ralph, but please let’s don’t stay long.”

“We won’t loney” promised Ralph.

“Bennett... glad to see you” said Evans.

“Thanks, the one to you, Ann. This is my partner, Lester Evans.”

“It’s a pleasure” said Evans warmly, “May I take your wrap?”

“I wonder if I may fix my hair” said Ann, once again feeling faint.

“Why, certainly,” said Evans, pointing to a dresser in the corner.

Ann entered the little room and closed the door. She wanted to be alone, if only for a moment. Making her way unsteadily to the dressing table, she sank down before the mirror, weak and faint. She buried her head in her arm on the table.

At the door, Ralph was bidding Evans good-bye.

“Well, I’ll duck... it’s up to you from now on. Good-night, and take it easy.”

Ralph left the house.

Evans approached his star guest of the evening, and said with a knowing air:

“Good-night, she’s waiting for you in there.”

The man staggered toward the dressing room door, and entered softly.

Ann, her head still buried on the table, was becoming extremely ill and she did not hear the door open and close quietly. She was not conscious of another’s presence in the room, until a pair of arms suddenly embraced her, and a man’s hot, liquor-moistened lips were pressed sensuously to her bare neck.

With a startled cry of fright, Ann looked up and shrank away from the man. He raised his head, his face deadly pale.

“Ann, good God” said her father, as Ann collapsed on the floor. He bent over the still figure mumbling: “Ann—my little girl... oh God, forgive me...”

Ann opened her eyes slowly. “Daddy... oh, Daddy, I’m sick, please take me home.”

Tenderly Dixon gathered her in his arms as he would a small child. Shocked into obduracy by the discovery that the girl who had come to spend the evening with him was his own daughter, Dixon was torn by shame and remorse. Overcome by emotion, he carried her through the lonely rooms where the party was reaching its height in drunken gaiety. As he reached the door to the street, some one wise-cracked:

“Naughty, naughty.”

“It’s the caveman in...” Evans started to say, when the door slammed and Dixon and Ann were gone, leaving Evans and his friends looking at each blankly, wholly ignorant of the tragedy that had just taken place.

***

Tommy, Ann’s first and only sincere lover, was pacing up and down the hallway of Ann’s home anxiously, acute distress plainly written on his face.

As Mr. Dixon walked out of Ann’s bedroom, Tommy rushed up to him.

“Oh, excuse me, sir, but I just heard about Ann. Is she very sick?”

“Yes, Tommy, very sick,” answered Mr. Dixon gravely.

“Isn’t there something I can do, sir?”

“No, Tommy.” Dixon shook his head sadly. Ann’s father hurried to the doctor, as the latter came out of Ann’s room.

“Dixon, she’s asking for you,” said the doctor.

“Then she’s better?” he said hopefully, but the doctor inclined his head negatively. “No hope?” he added.

“None.”

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Well-Known Dancer Tells

How to Have Slim Legs

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Miss Carolyn Dyne, the R. K. O. featured dancer, advises those who want slim, graceful legs, small hips, and slender figure to take, half a teaspoonful of Mint-Flavored Harvin Salts every morning.

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It’s so easy to get rid of fat, to have a slender figure. Simply follow Miss Dyne’s advice.

Take half a teaspoonful of Mint-Flavored Harvin Salts in a glass of water every morning before breakfast and fast and follow the Harvin plan you find in the package. That’s all there is to it. But for those who want slim, graceful legs, small hips, and slender figure to have, half a teaspoonful of Mint-Flavored Harvin Salts every morning.

Mint-Flavored Harvin Salts are harmless and pleasant to take. Unlike other salts, Harvin does not make you nauseous. And you’ll like the Harvin plan, for it permits you to eat like a regular person. You may even have pies, cakes, cookies, and sandwiches—all still have a slender figure, the kind women envy and men admire.

Mint-Flavored Harvin Salts may be obtained at any druggist or direct from us on receipt of 8c stamps or Money Order. Harvin Products, Inc., 58 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.
Harry Lachman
(Continued from page 14.)

"Of all the directors who have advanced the screen, Ronnie Claire has done most," said Mr. Lachman. A Ronnie Claire is needed here. We are still photographing plays when we should be photographing pictures. The story? It isn't necessary to have a story, a theme will suffice. They do it in Europe, they can do it here where we have so much of everything. The technical equipment here is far above that on the other side. We have much more to work with, too, (and this includes money). Mr. Lachman could dispense with gladly.

"To improve cinema art? Well, I'd have the script writer, the composer and the director work together before the picture is started. Then, when all is agreed between them, I'd go ahead and do it all together, sound and story. We'd produce something better and it wouldn't cost as much in the end." Mr. Lachman is the only one, to our knowledge who works by chart. In advance he figures out just how, where and at what angle he will shoot. When the force arrives at the studio, a diagram showing the placing of lights and props is there for them to work on. There is no delay. The scenes are rehearsed, then shot. Mr. Lachman believes that nothing should be shot haphazardly, all should be worked out scientifically, in advance. A shot to him, is what a performance is in a theatre.

Mrs. Lachman, too, is an artist. We suggested painting. His hands went to the air, he fairly shouted, "Good Lord, no." From which we gathered that lady painters are rather an obsession with him. Mrs. Lachman is a concert singer. Several photographic studies of her, by her husband adorn his work shop.

Harry Lachman, yes, you've seen the name on billboards and posters describing the latest from Hollywood. Perhaps the type has been too small for you to have been aware of it. But then, other important words have been almost neglected by tiny type. "Flavor" beneath the glaring words "Holland Gin" is almost unreadable, yet, 'tis there and 'tis important.

It was no trick of Fate that inspired Fox to have Harry Lachman serve as co-director of the famous "George White's Scandals" which recently went into production in Hollywood; he can lend that genius of artistry and composition that many musical shows have distinctly lacked.

As director of "The Outsider," from the play of the same name, by Dorothy Brandon, he won honors on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and did the adaptation as well. Gunther Krampf, cinematographer, worked very closely to Mr. Lachman during the filming of this one.

In our minds, the day is not far off when his productions, as his paintings will be known as "Lachman's." And when that day comes, motion pictures will be products of cinema art, as are contemporary bits of the stage.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the ninth of a series of articles, published exclusively in "MOVIES" and written by or about producers and directors. Another will appear soon.

Are You Getting the Most Out of Life?

ARE you getting ahead—are your efforts bringing results—are you realizing your ambitions—are you making mistakes? Some of it—yes, chances are, you are succeeding without any help from others? The power to succeed is within you. Wake it up! Orison Swett Marden tells you how. He shows you yourself as you really are, faults and all. He shows you how to measure yourself as others measure you and to save yourself many humiliating and bitter defeats.

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INSPIRATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
1406 Broadway New York, Y.
"MOVIES"

The News Reel

Continued from page 35

HAPPINESS is more important to her than her own career. If she decides to leave the screen now, her friends say, it will be because Mel's happiness is involved, not to collect the $50,000.

Samuel Raphaelson and Lulu Vallone, each of whom has written a number of Broadway plays, have signed contracts for screen work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Miss Vallone's best-known dramatic work is "Sun Up," while Raphaelson's plays include "The Jazz Singer" and "Young Love."

Victor Jory will have one of the three leading roles in Fox's "Murder in Trinidad," for which Nigel Bruce and Heather Angel have already been announced.

"Murder in Trinidad" is from the novel by John Vandercook, who wrote "Black Majesties," and takes place in the famous and villainous Caponi Swamp of Trinidad, far down in the Lower Antilles.


I Believed In You" is the new title of what was previously known as "Dissillusion," starring John Boles, Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames. This is the story of Bohemian painters, labor leaders, rich young patrons of the arts and the inevitable beauty.

W. C. Fields could rather sleep than do anything in the world. If he can get away from the set for half an hour, there's no trouble finding him when he's needed. He's on the couch in his dressing room, fast asleep. But best of all, he likes to travel between the heavy linen sheets of his highly prized Louis XV bed.

Herbert Mundin is in the cast for an important role in "All Men Are Enemies," the Fox Film version of the best seller by Richard Aldington with which Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees... Rube Wolfe is now master of ceremonies at the Roxy in New York City.

Motion pictures were made of the capture of all the animals which are included in Rack's forthcoming feature "Wild Cargo," produced by the Pa Bearen Corporation and released by RKO Radio Pictures around the middle of March.

Gaumont-British Picture Corporation of America opens a branch office in Los Angeles for the handling of company product in West Coast States, according to Arthur A. Lee, operating head for G-B in this country. George W. Weeks, former general sales manager of Paramount, is in charge of the new office.

Metro-Goldwyn Mayer announces production plans for the new picture "Penny reindeer".
MIMI JORDAN, now in Fox Films. Above, in circle:
SIR GUY STANDING.
MAXINE DARRELL, appearing in Universal Pictures. Above, in circle: CREIGHTON CHENEY.
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Are you self-conscious about your figure? There is nothing quite so conspicuous as an enlarged bust, is there? Especially now, when the vogue is all for the sheer, form-revealing dresses, decreed by Paris. That bulging, drooping line utterly ruins the silhouette.

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Send today and see how easy my method is, and how effective. Nothing difficult or dangerous. Just simple, sensible directions for taking off flabby fat, for lifting the sag and remoulding the form. A large container of my FORMULA-X is included, a dainty, creamy compound used with my special massage technique. If you want a trim, shapely bust, with smart, arched contours, then I urge you to take advantage of the liberal introductory offer below. Your satisfaction is guaranteed—or money back.

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THE BOOKSHOP 10

M. SMITH

Catherine Street
To those who think
Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking
music lessons is like taking a dose
of medicine. It isn’t any longer!
As far as you’re concerned, the
old days of long practice hours with
their horrid scales, hard-work
exercises, and expensive personal teacher
fees are over and done with.
You have no excuses — no alibis
whatsoever for not making your
start toward musical good times
now!
For, through a method that re-
moves the boredom and extravagance
from music lessons, you can now
learn to play your favorite instru-
ment entirely at home — without a
private teacher — in half the usual
time — at a fraction of the usual cost.
Just imagine ... a method that
has made the reading and playing of
music so downright simple that you
don’t have to know one note from
another to begin.
Do you wonder that
this remarkable way of
learning music has al-
ready been vouched for
by over 600,000 people
in all parts of the world.
Easy As Can Be!
The lessons come to you
by mail from the famous
U. S. School of Music.
They consist of complete
printed instructions, dia-
grams and all the music
you need. You study with
a smile. One week you are
learning a dreamy waltz—
the next you are mastering
a stirring march. As the
lessons continue they prove
easier. For instead of just
tones you are always
learning to play by
actual notes the classic favorites and the
latest syncopation that formerly you only
listened to.
And you’re never in hot water. First,
you are told how a thing is done. Then
a picture shows you how, then you do
it yourself and hear it. No private teacher
could make it clearer or easier.
Soon when your friends say "please
play something" you can surprise and en-
tertain them with pleasing melodies on
your favorite instrument. You’ll find
yourself in the spotlight — popular every-
where. Life at last will have its silver
lining and lonely hours will vanish as you
play the "blues" away.

New Friends — Better Times
If you're tired of doing the heavy look-
ning-on at parties — if always listening to
others play has almost spoiled the ple-
asure, of music for you — if you’ve been
envious because they could entertain
their friends and family — if learning music has
always been one of those never-to-come
true dreams, let the time-
proven and tested home-
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School of Music come to
your rescue.
Don’t be afraid to begin
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and found it easy as
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May Birthdays

JUNE VLASEK, at left, born May 5th. Above in circle, MAUREEN O’SULLIVAN born May 17th. Below, in circle, PATRICIA ELLIS, born May 20th.

LYDA ROBERTI, below in circle, born May 20th.
Our Five Year Plan

WITH this, the May, 1934 edition, "Movies" magazine, of Broadway and Hollywood fame, commences the fifth lap of its colorful race to be the bright, sparkling, and essentially different movie publication.

What success we have had thus far in pleasing the film fans is amply evinced in the fact that today, entering our fifth year, the net paid circulation of the publication is slightly more than five times what it was when it was launched as the first, standard-sized popular-priced cinema magazine.

A year from today we will have completed our own "Five Year Plan"; a year from today the circulation will have grown considerably more; and a year from today many more hearts will be happier and many more minds better informed because "Movies," of Broadway and Hollywood fame, has continued to function.

To the major companies, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, RKO-Radio Pictures, United Artists, Caddo Film Company, Columbia, Universal, First National and others, whose page announcements have appeared during the past four years, we extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for your loyal cooperation. We are exceedingly proud of the fact that we have been able to be of service to the industry and to the individual companies, as well as the stars and featured players.

Other magazines will come and go; but "Movies," of Broadway and Hollywood, will march steadily onward. Its departments of news, art, gossip, technical information, screen humor and biography will be retained and augmented; and we will always be glad to receive suggestions from our readers as to their ideas for improving the publication.

It's YOUR "Five Year Plan" as well as ours!

A. R. ROBERTS, Editor.
LEW AYRES, in Fox Films and Universal Pictures.
THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

By Will C. Murphey

from Adam Hull Shirk's play "The Ape"

IT WAS the hour of the dance in the Temple of Kali devoted to the worship of the sacred monkeys.

In front of the altar with its hideous statue of the God, Kali, guarded on each side by two huge apes, a venerable priest gazed into a crystal bowl.

A group of natives stood before the priest holding a white man. Two other natives held a dead monkey and a bloody riding crop.

From the secret entrance beside the altar, watched Chanda, the nautch dancer.

"Why has thou slain one of Kali’s harmless little ones," the priest demanded of the captive without looking up from the crystal.

"I didn’t mean to kill the little beast," Prendergast explained. "It jumped on my back when I came into the Temple. I struck it with my crop and—"

The priest cut short his explanation as he intoned into the depths of the crystal bowl: "Through the sacred eyes of Kali I behold a far-off land—America. I see the sahib being chosen by men of learning who sent him to our country to wrest from our Temples and monuments the secrets and wisdom of her past.

"But the sahib has deceived those who sent him. He seeks not the wisdom of her wise men, but her gold. What he seeks, he shall attain. Ere he leaves Asia, his pockets shall be overflowing with bright gold. The gold shall not be his, but he shall not scruple to take it—knowing not that on every rupee shall be written the curse of Kali."

"You scum," shouted Prendergast now thoroughly enraged. "I’ll show you what I think of your curse." With that he seized the riding crop and struck the priest across the face.

As the aged native fell back, he cast a powder into two incense bowls on either side of the altar. As the smoke began to rise a tom-tom started beating. Immediately the big apes began to move as though coming out of a stupor.

Prendergast, who was thrashing about at the Hindus trying to close in on him, saw the huge monkeys lumbering toward him, and glanced about for some means of escape.

Chanda, the dancer beckoned to him. Together they slipped into the secret entrance. Locking the door, they ran through a tunnel to the open air.

"That was a close shave," said the American once they were outside and safe. "How did you know I was in danger?"

Chanda, the sensuously beautiful, pressed close to him. "My people feel the troubles of those they love."
Prendergast looked down into her upturned face. Then he gathered her into his arms.

From the temple, came the beat of tom-toms, plaintive—doleful—haunting.

Attorney Ellis sat in his New York office reading aloud from a newspaper clipping: "A recent violation of their shrine and the pilfering of several millions of dollars worth of gold and jewels, has caused a furore in the mysterious Kali sect," he read. "Chanda, a priestess of the cult, is missing. She was last seen in the company of Prendergast, who, for the last two years, has been digging among the ruins of the Dravidian and Kali Temples."

"That was twenty years ago," said Professor Potter. "And what do you want me to do?" the lawyer asked.

Potter explained that a group of men had financed the Prendergast expedition to Asia with the understanding that all were to share in whatever glory or profits obtained. The clipping, he said, explained what had happened. Prendergast had stolen the millions he acquired.

Recently, Potter said, Prendergast had been found living under the name of Pren on Long Island. It was the intention of the syndicate to obtain its share of the millions. To that end they had sought the service of the attorney.

A list of the survivors was handed Ellis and a few days later the group assembled in his office. The lawyer checked the list and found there were present, beside Professor and Mrs. Potter, a Mrs. Carfax, and her companion, Stella Walters, a medium; John Armstrong, an insurance broker; and David Fels with no apparent business. Only the two English heirs of the syndicate were missing. Potter explained they had been murdered.

"Very mysteriously," he added, "in London. Scotland Yard is still investigating it."

Ellis informed the group he had found Prendergast, that he had admitted his identity, and was ready to discuss a settlement on one condition to be revealed the next night at his home.

The lawyer further advised them that Chanda was still with him and that Prendergast was paralyzed from the waist down and confined to a wheel chair.

The living room of the Prendergast home presented an eerie appearance. Its chief decorations were pictures and statues of monkeys. A giant stuffed orang-outang stood on a pedestal in one corner. On a standard sat a large incense bowl. A miniature figure of the God, Kali, leered from a teakwood table.

In front of the great ape, Prendergast sat in a wheel chair. He looked gaunt and emaciated with a heavily lined face. Beside him stood Ella Browning, his pretty English nurse. Near the door stood Chanda looking much older but still with a trace of her Indian beauty. She was attired all in white. Seated on chairs and divans about the room were Attorney Ellis and the rest of the heirs.

"For years I have wandered over the face of the earth," Prendergast was explaining, "but the curse of Kali followed me. I went back to the Temple offering to return the money, but the priests said it was cursed, and so it is—"

"Fiddlesicks!" interrupted the practical Mrs. Potter. "What I want to know is—when do we get our money?"

Prendergast paid no attention but continued: "During all these years I have often thought of returning the wealth to the backers of the expedition, but was afraid for them—afraid that the curse would extend to them. Why—" he leaned forward and spoke almost in a whisper as with set eyes he looked blankly at the amazed faces of his audience—"even now in the dead of night, I hear the soft pounding of Hindu tom-toms. Grotesque shadows appear on the walls—and hairy hands press on my throat."

His listeners were duly impressed, and began to shift in their chairs and glance nervously about. All but Mrs. Potter who remarked:

"All very interesting, but still I would like to know—when do we get our money?"

"When you learn to appreciate the curse that goes with it," Prendergast answered her, and then after a pause, "I shall give you the money on one condition that all of you live here.
Clancy and Boyer. Everyone was ordered to remain in the house. After the story had been told to Pickens, he looked the guests over carefully and then scratched his head.

"Hindus—tom-toms—apes—haunted houses," he inquired perplexed. "Say, are you sure this seance wasn't a sleigh ride?"

After the body of Mrs. Carfax had been removed by the coroner, Pickens stationed one of his men outside the house, one in the living room and himself took a post in the upper corridor where he had a view of all the bedroom doors.

No sooner were the arrangements completed than things began to happen. It began with the beating of a tom-tom that brought Ellis out of his room on a run. The two detectives dashed up the stairs. The doleful pounding of the drum led to the door of Fels' bedroom. Inside a terrific struggle was going on.

At the approach of the group, the beat of the tom-tom ceased. The men crashed the door and found the room in darkness. Someone threw on the lights. Everything was in great disorder. On the bureau stood the hideous image of Kali with incense pouring from it. On the floor, apparently dead, was the body of a huge ape. Professor Potter bent over the animal.

"Well that's the end of the ape," spoke up Pickens, while the rest crowded around him. "It didn't take old Pickens long to clean up this mess. Now you can go back to bed and sleep safe with Pickens on the job."

But Professor Potter suddenly pulled off the head of the ape. Inside was a human face—the face of Fels, his body encased in the skin of the great monkey.

"Then Fels is the murderer." It was Ellis speaking. "It can't be."

"It has to be," Pickens told him. "You people saw an ape. Here he is. You can't fool Pickens. It's all very simple. Fels dressed himself up in a monkey suit and went about knocking people off so he could finally get all the money. Almost a degenerate, homicidal maniac!"

"But Fels was at the table when we saw the ape," Armstrong interposed. "He was there when Mrs. Carfax was killed. And, Inspector, you forget one thing—Fels might have killed Mrs. Carfax, but who killed Fels?"

"So what?"

"Both of their necks were broken," Ellis explained. "A creature with super-human power did the killing."

"Listen, you mugs," Pickens whirled on Clancy and Boyer. "Go find that ape, or you'll be pounding a beat."

"How about the windmill?" asked Clancy.

"Search the windmill, search everything and look for that tom-tom gadget. No son of an ape is going to have the satisfaction of double-crossing Ned Pickens."

"Poor Fels, I can't understand it," said Prendergast sympathetically when told of the second murder.

With two murders in two days, the rest of the party were leaving at once, but Pickens (Continued on page 11)
OFFICERS' MESS

"On Location" with Walter Huston

By Julia Gwin

Jefferson didn't like the look of things. What was this Army coming to? Captain Shea had suddenly been demoted to a first lieutenant and to top things off, gone against all regulations. A sergeant at the Officers' Mess! Well, he didn't like it and he'd show them all just what he thought of such carryings on.

With pompous unconcern he served the officers and their civilian guests and left the poor sergeant to starve. If the Captain . . . er . . . Lieutenant didn't mind having him at the mess Jefferson at least objected to serving him. It was beneath his dignity.

"Jefferson," called Captain Shea. His amused voice was not so crisp that his Georgia accent failed to show.

"Yas suh!" replied Jefferson.

"Give Mr. Huston something to eat, immediately!" "Him, suh?" Jefferson pointed an uncertain finger in the direction of the sergeant.

"Yes. And hurry it up," answered the Captain.

Jefferson looked scornfully toward the sergeant and made a slow exit. The group around the table laughed.

"Poor Jefferson," said Captain Shea. "The movies have him all upset. He can't figure things out. One day I'm a captain and the next a lieutenant. Then I have privates and non-commissioned officers dining with me. It's just too much for his intellect."

The scene was in Officers' Quarters where a typical bit of Hollywood make-believe was occurring in the very practical setting of old Fort Myer, Virginia. Here a unit of RKO-Radio Pictures Corporation, under the direction of George Archainbaud was filming "Keep 'Em Rolling" — the legend of a great horse and an old soldier who loved him beyond all else, based on The Saturday Evening Post story by Leonard Nason.

There really was a Rodney at Fort Myer many years ago.

There are people still who remember him with affection and those of us on location there came to realize that this horse played a very important part in the history of this old post.

And here we sat at Officers' Mess absorbing army technique and army ideas, saturating ourselves in the atmosphere and traditions which are the backbone of our nation. The director, George Archainbaud, at the head of the table as well as our tremendously interesting enterprise, is quite convinced that when we return to Hollywood we won't be recognized, we have learned to "sir" everyone and will probably be taken for a lot of "yes men."

To his left is Walter Huston, the star — next, of course, to Display, the horse who plays Rodney in the picture. And you should see that horse with Huston. They have become great friends. Walter feeds him sugar and talks to him in soft undertones. The horse muzzles him and whinnies as he walks away; his eyes follow Huston as long as he is in sight. There is another horse who is the old Rodney. His name is "Pat" and he's actually 21 years old — just 9 years younger than the real Rodney was when he died back in 1917 — and he has the same sort of affection for "Private Benny Walsh." There's something about that man Huston an indescribable something — which even animals recognize as different and regular. But to get back to our lunch before it gets cold.

Around the table reading from Mr. Huston's right, sits your commentator with seven year old Sybil Elaine Krinney who plays the youthful "Margorie" in "Keep 'Em Rolling"; Argyle Nelson, assistant director who does much of the hard work and gets little of the credit; Robert Shayne, whom RKO discovered; Ralph Remley; Harold Wennstrom, chief camera man, responsible for (Cont'd on page 44)
FAIR, FAT, AND FORTY

By Jesse L. Lasky

This April commemorates an important historical moment in motion pictures, the 40th birthday of the now despised "peep-show," a cheap and gaudy institution which sired the present-day motion picture theatre. Now the industry is, to use the vernacular, "fair, fat and forty."

On April 14, 1894, the late Thomas A. Edison, whom I had the privilege of knowing, turned a switch and a fierce-looking dragon, spouting smoke and blinking huge electric eyes, ballyhooed the first public exhibition of motion pictures in what was derisively called a "peep-show."

That electric sign was the first of its kind in the world, as was the theatre it advertised so sensation. The "peep-show" was housed for several highly successful years at 1155 Broadway, in New York City, a monument to the genius and desperation of Edison, who desired a return on the $21,118 he had invested in the development of "living pictures."

The parent movie theatre was called Holland's Kinetoscope Parlor and it offered Broadwayites "the Wizard's latest invention," a couplet of animated pictures showing Fred Ott, the Edison technician-comedian, and dancing girls in a few feet of action. Deficient as that entertainment would be now, it was sensational in that day. Long lines waited hours to see Fred Ott make faces and heave his chest. The money the Parlor earned, boosted an experiment into an industry which is one of the largest in the nation.

By August many of the principal cities of the country had Kinetoscope Parlors, small, dingy places, most of them, so only in the sense that they presented moving pictures were they reminiscent of our present-day screen theatre.

To gaze at "peep-show" entertainment you had to stoop and peer through a small hole at a succession of "still" pictures operated rapidly enough to create an illusion of reality and action. The showing of moving pictures upon a screen was to come later following the work of Alexander Black.

Black, inspired by the Kinetoscope, conceived and carried out the idea of presenting, as a Lyceum feature, a two-hour "picture play," a term he invented. He would write an elaborate scenario for a story, then take "still" pictures of each significant bit of action until his story was told. These pictures he would show at the rate of four a minute. This seems rather crude to us at this time, yet Black experienced great success with his "picture plays." I do not know that the vaudeville magnate, B. F. Keith, wanted them for his theatres, but Black refused holding that his product was essentially a Lyceum subject and not sufficiently developed for mass audiences.

In September, 1894, Ottway Latham and his father, Woodward, visited a Kinetoscope parlor on Nassau Street, in New York. Ottway wondered if it wouldn't be possible to project the pictures on a screen. The father thought it could be done and a few days later set about taking the pictures out of Edison's peep-show box and putting them where they now are, on the screen.

On May 20, 1895, the first public exhibition of screen pictures took place with a staged fight between young Griffio and Battling Barnett as the subject matter. This event spelled the doom of the "peep-show" and paved the way for the motion picture exhibition theatre as we know it now.

My first association with motion pictures occurred in 1900 when, along with Rex Beach and Jack London, I was made an unconscious subject for the Miles Brothers, who were photographing gold mining scenes in the Klondike. I was in a crowd which had gathered to watch a parade honoring the birth of Nome's first white baby. London and Beach were with me. That was my first participation and I thought nothing of it at the time.

Indeed, I had no respect for motion pictures. Particularly was this true during the years after the Alaska experience when I had become a full-fledged promoter and manager of vaudeville acts. In those days, we used motion pictures before the opening of our regular vaudeville bill and called them "chasers." They preceded the good things on the bill to settle audiences, much as dog and acrobatic
and juggling acts did later.

In 1912 Cecil B. DeMille and I became associated and we made "The Squaw Man" with all the cash I possessed, some $26,000. For a time it seemed we would get nowhere with the picture because of a slight technical error in the misplacement of the sprocket holes, but this was corrected and the picture was sold at a tremendous profit.

To my mind this success with a dramatic story helped convince showmen throughout the country that motion pictures were deadly rivals of the legitimate and vaudeville theatres. Shortly after that Mary Pickford, who had developed a tremendous box-office following, was offered $104,000 a year to star in a series of pictures for Adolph Zukor and Famous Players. This salary announcement rocked the show world and did much to dramatize and increase the importance of the screen theatre.

Shortly after that I paid the then largest salary on record to Geraldine Farrar—$4,000 a week to appear in "Carmen," "Maria Rosa" and "Temptation." The contract stipulated that Miss Farrar was to be furnished with a house, servants, groceries and motor car while in Hollywood and a special car for the rail journeys.

I recall these personal anecdotes to prove how profitable and numerous motion picture theatres had become in 1912-13 to show returns on investments of $4,000 weekly, minimum.

The screen theatre has increased both in size, elaborateness and numbers since then. Essentially, however, it is the same type of structure but with gaudier fronts, carpeted aisles, ushers in uniforms and entertainment that is as near perfect as we can make it at this time.

Most of us have lived through the last decade of the motion picture business. The changes that have occurred are common knowledge. Once only the Kinetoscope Parlor at 1155 Broadway stood for what was to become one of the world's greatest industries.

Today there are 12,480 theatres scattered throughout the country, and I doubt if there is a single town or hamlet left without a showplace of its own. The production of motion picture equipment and pictures upon which Edison had spent $24,118 up to 1894, now expends approximately $150,000,000 in production. The industry last year paid in excess of $100,000,000 in taxes to the government, most of which came from tickets purchased by an average of 60,000,000 persons weekly.

That dingy, dark little "peep-show" was the beginning of it all.

More encouraging to us in the production end of the motion picture industry today, forty years later, is the public's growing appreciation for artistic subjects and novel filmic ventures. A few years ago such outstanding quality pictures as "Animal Kingdom," "Berkeley Square," "Kingly Henry VIII" and "The Power and the Glory" might have suffered quick deaths at the box office. Lately this type of production has enjoyed extreme success.

The increased appreciation for pictures of that class is the main reason for my very optimistic view of the future, both in respect to production and financial returns. In the former case it will encourage producers more or less fearful of taboos to flaunt the many self-imposed restrictions which have held back the industry.

There is every indication to prove that producers no longer fear the old bogies of the past, such as war sequences, madness themes, flights into fantasy and sophisticated comedies. The trend is toward experimentation and the development of laboratory subjects possessing basic ideas and the freshness of novelty.

Not to be overlooked, because it has a bearing on the future, is the growing success of costume subjects and biographical films which were our favorite "must-nots" as early as a year ago. Box office records lately have proved that costume pictures can be as successful as any modern drama if the subject matter is made interesting.

As a matter of fact, some of our greatest successes of the immediate past have been costume pictures such as "Cavalcade," "She Done Him Wrong," "The Warrior's Husband" and "Berkeley Square." Among the newer and near releases, which properly belong to the new year, are "Little Women," whose subject matter and period were long taboo, "Queen Christina," and, among the musicals, "Roman Scandals."

The success, actual or predictable, of the period subjects mentioned clearly indicates that production in Hollywood is being diversified to an extent never before experienced in the industry. More than ever, a good story is being appraised by its fundamental values and less by predetermined formulae. A producer will want to do something different, either in story or treatment, because the depression has given birth to a new generation of picturegoers, an enormous army of hypercritical men and women who no longer will patronize their community theatre if the product is below par.

In 1934 I took forward to an abolition of trends, an increase in employment of low-scale workers through the medium of the NRA code, a higher (Continued on page 48)
CARL BRISSON and IDA LUPINO in Paramount (British) Pictures.
THE GREAT DANE,
Not Melancholy

By CLAIRE JULIANNE

If there ever was a “good dog” of the stage, screen, radio and prize ring who was not melancholy, it’s Carl Brisson, and I don’t mean maybe! The great Dane was born in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, but he is about as international a star as any man could be.

Sidney Skolsky, writing from Hollywood recently, called Mr. Brisson a Swede, but Sidney is sometimes mistaken; one of Carl’s closest friends (aside from his talented, beautiful and charming wife) is Lieut. Holger Horii, an aristocratic Danish army officer who made the first transoceanic flight from New York to Denmark and established another record in aviation.

At the time of his flight, Lieut. Horii was one of the editors of The American Aviator: Airplanes and Airports magazine, then published by Col. Walter W. Hubbard, of Broadway and Hollywood “Movies” monthly, who is also a friend of Brisson’s, himself interested in aviation and an enthusiastic air passenger whenever opportunity affords.

But his greatest hobby was boxing, and in the so-called prize ring he attained fame as the amateur boxing champion of both England and Germany. As a matter of fact he was the amateur boxing champion of Scandinavia and of Central Europe at the age of 15. He achieved fame as a musical comedy star throughout Europe before going to England several years ago and almost immediately established himself as one of England’s leading musical comedy favorites. Because of his appearance and physique, he was sought after as a leading man in films even before talking pictures made his singing voice popular.

Some of his best known English talking pictures are “The Ring,” in which he was a boxer; “The Manxman,” “The American Prisoner,” “Song of Soho,” “Knowing Men.”

One of his recent stage appearances was in that splendid operetta “The Duba Berry.”

His most recent screen successes are “The Prince of Arradia” and the English version of “Two Hearts in Waltz Time.”

He was signed to contract by Paramount in September 1933, and reported to the Hol-lywood studios last January. Shortly after his arrival he was assigned an important role in Earl Carroll’s production “Murder in the Vanities” for Paramount pictures. In Hollywood Mr. Carroll had a duplicate of the stage of his famous New York theatre built on the Paramount lot for the filming of this, his current musical show featuring the world’s most beautiful girls.

Footlights, files, drops, staircases, dressing rooms, orchestra pit and all other features were copied for the cinema production. In addition to Mr. Brisson, Jack Oakie, Victor McLaglen, Kitty Carlisle and Gertrude Michael, who was first recommended for screen work by Broadway and Hollywood “Movies” magazine, appear.

Comparisons are often odious, but in this case they may serve as a definition. Carl Brisson has much of the size and virility of Victor McLaglen; something of the facial resemblance of Henry Garat and the late Thomas Meighan; if, such a combination can be visualized; some of the quiet power and reserve of Herbert Marshall; and much of the dash and spontaneity of Jack Buchanan. Can I say more?

A wealth of good humor, the ability to mix well in a crowd, a keen memory and an alert poise are some of his outstanding characteristics. Temperament—oh—a little, they say. Who hasn’t it? Rumor says that he “went Hollywood” during the filming of Mr. Carroll’s picture, but the director smartly countered by giving every one on the lot the afternoon off and he is reported to have come back a tamed person the following Monday.

I like him immensely; privileged to interview him at the Waldorf-Astoria on the occasion of his New York visit, fresh from London where they named cigarettes, perfumes, and lots of other things after him. I found him the personification of what Mr. Carroll had outlined to me just prior to his trip West to start work on the production. He seems to “fill the bill” naturally, and I unhesitatingly predict a marked success for this young Danish Londoner—a great Dane who is not melancholy.

Certain it is that under the Paramount Pictures banner, and working under the competent direction of Earl Carroll, Mr. Brisson can’t go far wrong in his first offering, “Murder in the Vanities.” Broadway and Hollywood “Movies” wishes him all the luck in the world.
Gene and Frances

That stunning, blonde young he-man of the films has been cast opposite Mrs. Joel McCrea, (Frances Dee to you!) in the recent Fox Films venture "Coming Out Party". Frances recently expressed the wish that she did not desire to work in the same studio with her husband Joel McCrea.
Clark and Claudette

By borrowing Mr. Gable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Miss Colbert from Paramount, Columbia Pictures grabbed a pair of lovers who have “clicked” as naturally as anyone could desire. The film “It Happened One Night” is one of the really good box office attractions of the current season and it’s going strong!
SCHNOZOLA'S SCANDALS

Jimmy Durante Wins Three Pictures of the Month

THOSE of his admirers who feel that they never get enough of Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante have not one, but three, great treats in store for them. These three films, produced by three different companies, give Durante a firm grip on the affections of the movie-going public. Never in our history has the value of a laugh been better understood and appreciated. Not just a tremulous smile or a slight cackle, but long loud guffaws meet his efforts in all three productions.

"Palooka" is by far the loudest and funniest since Jimmie has his best role in this ribald comedy. This is the story of a would-be prizefighter who is taken under the wing of a promoter "Knobby" Walsh (Durante). This boy "Palooka" is the son of a former champ, who like most of his kind has long since passed out of the picture. Durante does what he can to push the kid (Stuart Erwin) ahead until finally he is matched to meet the champion (William Cagney). The night of the fight, the champ goes into the ring drunk as can be, and the kid knocks him down and the liquor does the rest.

He proceeds to step out and then his manager conceives the bright idea of trying to vamp the heartthrob (Lupe Velez) away from him. There follows some riotous scenes, but the last is the best, believe it or not. United Artists produced this rollicking comedy and really did a rare job.

"Hollywood Party", another side-splitting expose of life as it is lived in the film capital also features "Schnozzle" Durante. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released this comedy in which Lupe Velez is also featured. She also shared the honors in "Palooka", but in this she is a trifle more Velezish if that is possible. Jimmie is as hilariously funny as one could wish and Lupe with her usual abandon pulls both his nose and his pants without regard for the proprieties.

Among the other stars appearing in this release are Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, and June Clyde. Max Baer and Mary Carlisle with Ted Healy are also at the party. With all these comedians one is sure to find the type that appeals.


This is one of the most elaborate productions of this type ever put on the screen.

Durante's success in ridding an audience of fall inhibitions may be traced to the simple sincerity of the man. He throws everything he has into whatever he has to do, and is willing to make himself more grotesque in order to get you to laugh. His unbounded enthusiasm for his role, like his nose, is "colloreal" as he himself puts it.

After hearing the audiences react to his wisecracks, some of which would almost induce hysteries, it would cause no surprise if the producers, always close students of the box office, redoubled their efforts to find suitable vehicles for this sure-fire draw, James (Schnozzle) Durante, Ace of Buffoons, an artist if there ever was one. He does his "hit" towards winning the award in the Three Pictures of the Month. The charming Lupe Velez wins second "grand honors."

Reviewed by Alma R. Roberts.
CONSTANT CONSTANCE

By Mary A. Roberts

"WON'T you come into my parlor," said the spider to the little fly, Connie. "It's the prettiest little parlor, ever you did spy. And you'll be famous, very famous."

In this case, the spider was one of Hollywood's great. He had seen Constance Cummings playing in "June Moon," and he decided quicker than that, that she was needed on the screen. At the same time, Connie received an offer to head a troupe of girls, to the east. Confronted with two opportunities at the same moment, Connie chose to go west. As a dancer, she had had her measure of success, and the call to the film land was strong.

Arriving in Hollywood, Connie was given a part opposite Ronald Colman. Then and there the difficulties cropped up. Connie's crown of glory, golden-red hair was to be bleached, her teeth were to be stained. Connie didn't want to do either of these things. She liked her hair as it was, and her teeth suited her to a tee. Really, it's easy to understand that she didn't want to have her most salient points changed to suit the moods of someone who might, after all, be making a mistake. The upshot of all this was, that Connie found herself an orphan of a studio storm. The picture was shelved, and Connie hardly in, was on the outs.

And now we come to a part in her story that shows the gallant coming to the maiden in distress. Ronald Colman too often is pictured as a wolf. So much so, that oftentimes one loses sight of the fact that he is only acting his roles. He'd played opposite Connie and he recognized in her a spark of genius. When things were blackest, Ronald came to her aid. She'd counted on going over; not on going out. Her money was scarcely noticeable. And in Hollywood, she had no friends.

Well did Ronald know that with neither friends nor money, there was small chance of this newcomer to buck the tide. As much as he could, he encouraged her, he introduced her to an agent friend, someone who would see that she got work and that her contacts would lead to better things. And then, since in Hollywood, clothes are spelled with a capital "C," Ronald Colman personally guaranteed her accounts with some of the better shops. Of course, time was to tell that Colman's appraisal of Connie was correct. Yet, don't you think he did a mighty fine piece of work in helping so unstintingly? It is true, equally, that she was constant, she was loyal and she was willing to work hard.

Connie fought a good fight, and won. She's a Seattle girl, and though the wiseacres say Hollywood changes all, it hasn't changed her. She's been on top, as far as stardom goes, though her lucrative rewards were not commensurate with her productions. Her contract with one of the studios lapsed. Somehow or other, they forgot to take up their option. Connie didn't want to continue with them. She saw greener pastures all about her. And when the studio remembered, it fought. Connie won, but, when you go to court, win, or lose, you lose. Just as the case was over, Connie left for England. She had scarcely a dime, but an English company craved her presence on their lot.

As for clothes, at this important moment, Connie had almost none. Her mother was in despair, but not Connie.

"I have this suit, and it will do, it's plain, but then . . . and when I get my first check, I'll use it to buy some finery. I'll get along."

When the Europa docked in Southampton, the reporters of England were on hand to welcome the American movie queen. To them, she was a queen, to herself, just a homesick little girl, a girl who had come for a job. England expected to see a glamorous creature swathed (Continued on page 43)
Is There a "New Deal" in LOVE?

By Phyllis Barry

Ever since Adam looked down and discovered he'd misplaced a rib the question has come up time and again—"to marry or not to marry?" It's been a question of are you for marriage—or agin it?

Phyllis Barry, Monarch Star.

Monogamy, polygamy, polyandry, right down the line to the "good old halter at the altar" have been discussed back and forth, and now, with modern Russia doing a right-about-face at the sign of a minister, a bible and a sprig of orange blossoms, it comes up again—and again.

When I was engaged to play the role of Dotty Tait in the Monarch production "Marriage on Approval," and studied the script of the story which deals with this modern question in a new way, I wondered seriously, for the first time perhaps, whether marriage, as we have come to know it, will survive the changes in this rapidly altering world.

With more leisure growing out of our present economic set up, women and men are going to have more time—and more time means more mischief, if I know my sexology lesson! It isn't logic to suppose, with our whole set-up changed beyond recognition, that marriage, orthodox marriage, will remain inviolate. Things move forward in this world—and I'm wondering if the "new deal" in love will lead a procession of youngsters past the registrar's office into strange and divergent paths?

It probably is the old adage worked with new elements. "You can't have your cake and eat it too" becomes "You can't have this new freedom and the old state of marriage." It's one or the other—never both. You may delude yourself that it will work in your case, even though it doesn't with John and Harriet or Phil and Jeanette, but don't kid yourself little sister, you are just one of the pack and the big, bad wolf will get you if you don't watch out!

Freedom means freedom. It never means marriage—for each are extreme opposites.

Freedom as I've seen it in my own life in England, where I was born, in Australia, where I played the leading role in musical comedy for several years, and in Hollywood where I came to first play the role of Doris in "Cynara," means never taking another person into consideration when there's something you want to do. It means that your time, your heart and your fancies are free as the air—and twice as light—it means that there are explanations to no one and fun for all!

Marriage, on the other hand means tee for (Continued on page 48)
PHYLLIS BARRY, RKO-Radio and Freuhler-Monarch star, now appearing in "Dover Road" and "Love Past Thirty." Above: As she appeared in "Cynara" (in circle).
"One more chance, an' y' better be good, baby!"

"I want something to make a man forget himself."

That Sphinx has been silent for two thousand years, Emma; can't you keep quiet for two minutes so I can snap this picture?
"—And now, my dear unseen radio audience, I heartily recommend Temulsky's Hair Restorer!"

*Artist—* "Yes, isn't it strange that when people get frozen they rub their limbs with snow until circulation is restored."

*Dumb Model—* "But what do they do with the poor people in summer?"

"Aw — You and your DAMNED CAREER!"
THE BIG RACE. Boots Mallory, John Darrow, Paul Hurst. Frankie Darro leads the cast of this Screencraft Production for Shoemakers' Pictures, Inc. Phillip Smalley, Katherine Williams, Georgia O'Dell, James Flavin, Skipper Zell, Oscar and Richard Terry are also in the cast. A story of the track, messed up with crooks who are out to get the end. The love interest is well sustained.

CATHY, THE GREAT. London Film Production Ltd. released through United Artists, stars Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Elizabeth Berger. Others appearing in the cast are Flora Robson, Gerard De Maurier, Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hale, Joan Crawford, Diana Napier, Clith MacLaughlin, Clifford Jones and Clifford Heatherley. Story and continuity by Lajos Biró, Arthur Wimperis and Melchior Lengyel.

THE NINTH GUEST. Columbia Pictures has brought to the screen the Owen Barra play which had a very successful run in New York. The cast includes Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Hardie Albright, Edward Ellis, Edwin Maxwell, Vincent Barnett, Helen Flan, Sammul S. Hinde, Nella Walker and Sidney Bracey. A thriller of the first water, the suspense is well sustained in the end.

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP. Craigton Chaney, son of late Lou, has his first chance at stardom in this Monogram production directed by Armand Schaefer. Sally O'Neill is also getting a chance to stage a comeback in films. The supporting cast includes George Regas, Maurice Black, Jack Kennedy, Lloyd Ingaam, George Natch, Robert Kortman, Si Jenkins, Constantine Romanoff and Richard Alexander.


THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release, featuring Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mar Clarke, Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Tom Brown, Eddie Nugent, Henry Wadsworth and Onslow Stevens. While the plot is rather hackneyed, the performances of the cast take it out of the ordinary. Interesting, with the family angle well handled, and Barrymore as always turns in a splendid performance.


SPITFIRE. RKO presents Katharine Hepburn in s late Volmer's, "Trigger." John Cromwell directed this story of mountain life and of the leading character who is a rather unusual cowgirl. Featuring Yvonne De Carlo, Louis Hayward, John Hodiak, Conrad Veidt, Duilio Davo, Ronald Reagan, Anthony Quinn, Victor Kilian, Fritzie Forester, Monty Woolley, Robert Lowery. Written and directed by James V. Hall. An exciting tale, sympathetically handled by a capable staff.

**David Harum.** A Fox film with Will Rogers, Louise Fazenda, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Noah Berry, Stephen McNally, George Irving, Irene Bentley, Frank Melton, Roger插件，Charles Middleton, Morgan Wallace, Lillian Stewart and Sarah Padden. A story of a young man who returns from Europe, to find that his father has committed suicide because of business failure. Excellently directed.

**Social Register.** Produced and directed, for Columbia by Marshall Neilan; Wm. C. DeMille, associate producer. In the cast we find Colleen Moore, Charles Winninger, Pauline Frederick, Alexander Kirkland, Robert Benchley, Rose Aldrich, Margaret Livingston, Roberts Robinson, Oliver Olsen, John Miltenor, Edward Garrie, Georgette Harvey, Hana Hutter and Fréy and Draggioli at the piano. Very good.

**Frontier Marshal.** Fox Films presents George O'Brien in a story of one of the last frontier towns, Tombstone. Others in the cast are Irene Bentley, George E. Stone, Alen Edwards, Ruth Gillette, Berton Churchill, Frank Conroy, Ward Bond, Edward LeSaint, Russell Simpson and Jerry Foster. A tale of Michael Wyatt, based on the history of the Southwest of the '90s, the sheriff who enforced the law.

**Sons of the Desert.** Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in a typical comedy, written by Frank Craven and Byron Morgan. William A. Seiter directed this picture which was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Charley Chase, Mack Sennett, Bessie Love, Wallace Beery, the cast of fun-makers. The story concerns the antics of two "sons of the desert" who try to get away on a "lark."

**Wonder Bar.** Delores Del Rio as a dancer in a Paris nightclub is desperately in love with her partner, who however, tires of her and plays around with the wife of a wealthy banker. Infuriated she stabs him to death. Other featured players are: Kay Francis, Dick Powell, Al Jolson, Hat LeRoy, Ricardo Cortez, Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbe, Ruth Donnelly and Fifi d'Orsay. A First National picture.


**Speed Wings.** A fairly good Columbia picture relative to airplane speed racing and, of course, a love match. Otto Brown, director, and Al Siegler, cameraman. In the cast we find Tim McCoy, Evelyn Knapp, Billy Buckwell, Vincent Sherman, Hooper Atchley, Ben Hewlett and Jack Long. Jack Rawlins served as film editor and Lambert Day as the sound engineer of this aeronautical film.
MURIEL EVANS
Pretty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures player.
LAUGHING BOY. W. S. Van Dyke directed the MGM release featuring Ramon Navarro and Lopa Velas. Adapted for the screen from the novel by Oliver La Farge. Another story of the white man's treatment of the Indian. This is a story of the Navajos, and is very well photographed. Besides the stars, William Davidson deserves mention as well as Chief Thunderbird. Splendid cast; excellent direction.

"SIX FIT FILL." Jack Conway directed this Selznick production for MGM. A capable cast is headed by Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, Stuart Erwin, Donald Cook, George F. Stone, Joseph Schubnaker, Katherine DeMille, Philip Cooper, Frank Puglia, Henry B. Walthall and David Durand. The story was suggested by a novel of the same name, and was made in Mexico. Good photography.

ALL OF ME. A Paramount picture starring and featuring Freddie March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Helen Mack, William Collier, Sr., Nella Walker, Gilbert Emery, Guy Usher, Blanche Friderici, John Marston, Kitty Kelly and Edgar Kennedy. The story of two girls—one living in a tenement but rich in her love for her man; the other from Park Avenue, but selfish in love.


BORN TO BE BAD. A story of a young girl who is an expert in the role of an expert. Louise Brooks widens her range. A story of two girls—one living in a tenement but rich in her love for her man; the other from Park Avenue, but selfish in love.

ONE TO EVERY WOMAN. Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray, Walter Connolly, Mary Carlisle, J. Farrell MacDonald, Walter Brennan, Bille Seward, Katharine Clark Ward, Georgia Caine, Mary Fox, Rebecca Warner, Ben Alexander, Leila Kenzie, Vera Cornell, Jane Darwell and Ed LeSaint appear in this Columbia picture directed by Lambert Hillyer. The story of a young girl who is an expert in the role of an expert. Louise Brooks widens her range. A story of two girls—one living in a tenement but rich in her love for her man; the other from Park Avenue, but selfish in love.

HOLD THAT GIRL. A Fox production directed by Hamilton MacFadden from an original screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Formerly called "Woman and the Law," this is a fast moving, wise-cracking vehicle so well suited to James Dunn. Claire Trevor supplies the boy interest in the role of girl reporter who falls for the detective. Alva Edwards and Gertrude Michael also appear.

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN. Another of those screamingly funny R.K.O. Radio Pictures comedies, made under the general supervision of Merian C. Cooper and starring and featuring Zasu Pitts, El Brendel, Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher, James Cagney and other capable screen actors. Kit Geraldo also appears in a juvenile role, and the whole production is most capably photographed, cut, and directed.


NO MORE WOMEN. A Charles R. Rogers production; directed by Albert Rogell. All about deep sea diving for hidden treasures below the sea. Romance, humor and excitement in the daily lifes of two wise cracking divers. The cast include: Edmund Lowe, Eve McVeagh, Sally Christian, Rub, Minna Gombell, Alphonse Ether, Harold Huber, Hubert, Tom Dugan, William F. Vane and Frank Moran.


THE LAST ROUND UP. A Paramount picture starring and featuring Randolph Scott, Barbara Fritchie, Monte Blue, Fuzzy Knight, Fred Kohler, Richard Carle, Barton MacLane, Frank Rie, Charles R. Middleton, Dick Wink, Bob Miller, "Buck" Compt, Sam Allen, Jack M. Holmes, Ben Corbett, James Mason and Jim Coby. Story of an old saloon-kept man who is forced to take a position as a wrangler in a large cattle drive.
Patricia Ellis, Warner Bros, player in "Harold Teen", models a print ensemble designed by Orry-Kelly. The frock shows an interesting circular yoke of brown crepe, while the swagger jacket has a tie scarf of the same material. Upper left.

Verna Hillie, starring in Monogram's "House of Mystery", wears a two-piece suit of Durochá crepe with embroidered net blouse with daisy embroidery, selected for Miss Hillie by Claire Julie-anne and manufactured by Sheila-Lynn, Inc., Fashion Center Bldg., N.Y. City. In six different colors. The jacket is missing in the photo above.

Ann Dvorak, of "Heat Lightning", (Warner Bros.), models an unusual daytime frock of brown and white striped crepe, showing a peplum waist with yoke and sleeves in one, trimmed with a band of white silk pique across the neck front.

Embroidered net accents this unusual black Cadora crepe ensemble. The formal sheath frock designed with strap decolletage and deep embroidered net ruffle flaring about the feet, with short shoulder cape (not shown in photo above) of net and crepe that fastens with brilliant buttons on the left shoulder; worn with diamond and ruby bracelets and clips. Photo of Madge Evans, M-G-M star.

Below: basket weave straw cloth, in black and white, creates a smart, off-the-face hat with box pleated crown and navy grosgrain bow at the back, with a matching envelope bag, worn by Muriel Evans, M-G-M player. Courtesy of Modern Merchandising Bureau, N.Y. C.
Screen Styles
Paris, New York and Hollywood
C. J. Spieker

Below: a charming summer hat of braided organdy made in the style of a Russian tiara. A Suzanne Talbot original, imported from Paris by Lilly Duché of Madison Avenue, New York City. Photograph by Oggiino. N.Y.C.

Above: Pale yellow chiffon with a gold stripe running through it makes this evening gown for Patricia Ellis (Warner-First National). A stock of the same material adds a tailored touch to the neckline. Miss Ellis appears in “Harold Teen”.

Patricia Ellis (upper right) wears a cocktail ensemble of black and white crepe. The deep tunic and trailing skirt are of black crepe, topped with a white bodice banded in black at the neckline. The bloused jacket is black in back and white in front. Hat and gloves are of dull black satin. From Dot Gregson; courtesy of “Harold Teen”, a Warner Bros. picture.

Above: Two-piece effect of peplum, with embroidered lingerie collar and cuffs and belt of same material with double rhinestone buckles. Sheer material called “Shalairs”; worn by Verna Hillie, star of “House of Mystery”. Claire Julianne, costume designer for Monogram Pictures Corp. Made by Sheila-Lynn, N.Y. City.

Above: Pale yellow chiffon with a gold stripe running through it makes this evening gown for Patricia Ellis (Warner-First National). A stock of the same material adds a tailored touch to the neckline. Miss Ellis appears in “Harold Teen”.

Lower right: Margaret Lindsay, whose first cover appears on this magazine, models a daytime frock of brown and white striped crepe, showing a peplum waist with yoke and sleeves in one, trimmed with a band of white silk pique across the neck front. Courtesy of Warner-First National Pictures.
Personality Plus

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—This old Republican stronghold may have gone Democratic in more than one sense recently, but we're still rock-ridden for your "Movies" magazine and for the three stars I'm going to name: Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, and Ann Harding. Those "gals" have personality plus, and I just wish I could know, in a friendly and "worshipful" sort of way, one or all of them.

I like June Knight, Betty Furness and Gloria Shea, but they're not quite up to the high standards set by Irene, Norma and Ann. Let's have more about them in your splendid magazine.—John Quincy Stephens.

Foolish Football Film

BAY SHORE, L. I., N. Y.—Somebody ought to tell the producers of "College Coach" that their little effort at trying to tell the American public what football is like turned out to be all wrong. If they're so anxious to get folks into the movies instead of having them buy football tickets, they're on the wrong track. I am sorry so fine an actress as Ann Dvorak lent her support to so unworthy an effort; certainly an untruthful film in that it leaves the public with the wrong impression of how it's all done.—E. Banks.

Picture Preferences

PASADENA, CAL.—Much has been written and broadcasted about the best pictures of the year and the individual actors and actresses, such as Mae West, Greta Garbo, the Barrymores, Jean Harlow, Helen Hayes, and so on. Yet, despite the wealth of talent, of actors and actresses of this country, a picture taken in Europe with the European actors of Jean Kopara and Magda Sneider "Be Mine Tonight" has been the best picture of the year.

The atmosphere, the marvelous singing of Jean Kopura, the unspoiled and un Sophisti cated beauty of Magda Sneider; all these made the picture stand out above any other pictures of the year. The most peculiar thing about it is that the above picture has received very little publicity and those actors have been a mystery to the fans of this country. And to top it off, no other picture, having the above stars was produced.

The second best picture of the year I would say is "Reunion in Vienna," because of the superb acting of John Barrymore, the loveliness of the leading lady and May Robson, the excellent music, the hilarity, and the setting of the picture as a whole.

—James Anthony Bird, Jr.

Louis Lux Likes Lillian

COVINGTON, Ky.—Upon reading a recent issue of Broadway and Hollywood "Movies," I would like to congratulate you.

Your magazine is minus those "advertisings" which I don't like to see in a movie magazine.

When I read "The News Reel" on page 32 of you wanting contributions of cartoons of screen stars I am sending with this letter, one of Lillian Bond, one of my favorite actresses. I hope it will prove satisfactory to you for reproduction in the B. & H. "Movies."—Louis J. Lux.

Research Reference

BUFFALO, N.Y.—Whataya think? The other day one of my editors called on me to continue an editorial weekly series I was writing; wanted something on styles, past and present since the nineteen twenties. I had a devil of a time filling that order.

Let me tell you what I do! I preserve certain "mags" so that I have a record of past events. I had saved none that would show me styles; none about movies, etc. So what have I done about is now, but begun to file "Movies" for my references! Why, you may ask? But of course you know! "Dress Up America" dept. I hope is a regular feature-page; it will serve me in my historical comparisons. Your pages of brief reviews, each with one photo, is also valuable in my research work to which I may turn back in reference.

Pages twenty-six and twenty-seven (I believe) as well as "Dress Up America" pages, I label my "Doll House" a la Iben! Thus "Movies" takes its place in my library of reference work.—Montgomery Mulford.

Wants "Seventh Heaven"

CHICAGO, III.—As a reader of "Movies" may I use a little space in voicing my opinion?

Back in 1927 I missed a picture that I hope Fox will make a talkie out of and so give to us again that bit of the year, "7th Heaven."

With the same cast of Janet Gaynor, the queen of the screen and Charles Farrell, I am sure it will again be a bit of the year picture.

My favorite Janet (Sweetness) Gaynor has had a change of partners and to bring them back together in "7th Heaven" would be the outstanding picture of 1934; so come on you producers at Fox, let's have "7th Heaven" again.

—Jack Gardos.

Keep Your Shirts On!

CAMEY, N. J.—I see that John Boles, Warren William, Dick Powell and James Cagney have had high priced men's shirts named after them. Good luck, boys!

When the girls begin to classify men by the neatness of their shirts, possibly the movies are exerting a good influence after all. I liked John Boles very well in "My Lips Betray."—Catherine MacDougall.

Our Humor Puzzles Him

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You Americans have a strange sense of humor. I have recently attended Mae West's imitation of a worm wiggling through a motion picture, and the Four Marx Brothers' latest portrayal of lunacy, "Duck Soup." From the applause and laughter, I though I was in a houseful of hyenas. What's funny about those movie shows, anyway?—Britisher.

"My Weakness" Panned!

EASTON, Pa.—Recently I saw Fox's "My Weakness," and, while I know you will never publish a letter knocking a picture because you might have advertising cancelled on you, I do feel that I ought to say "Thank you!" for your review which said the picture wasn't quite as good as was necessary to recommend it. My family insisted on my going to see that Lilian Harvey film, but I held out and wouldn't go.

They went,—wife, son and daughter, and, I am sorry, to say, they did not like it. Possibly Lew Ayres is "skidding": they complained that he seemed lighthearted. I hate to be an "I-told-you-so" guy, but I simply had to remind them that I followed your criticism in your monthly publication.

—Aaron G. Schmidt.
THERE are stories and stories; this one from the RKO-Radio publicity offices in New York City:

One lone little ungrateful five-dollar canary cost RKO-Radio Pictures approximately $1,000 by making its escape during a scene for Katharine Hepburn’s drama, “Spitfire.” The bird got away through the hole in its cage provided for a small water cup after the star had removed the cup and substituted a saucer to supply more water. (The saucer was left over when the cat ran away!) The ingrate cost the studio several hours delay while a new canary was brought from Hollywood to the location site near Taquitz Lodge in the San Jacinto mountains. Previously that same publicity outfit, and they’re a h—l of a swell bunch of fellows, released a story about a cat costing $5,000 because it decided to run away and leave them holding the bag. We humbly suggest that it might have been “The Cat That Ate the Canary,” and that the next budget for a picture include a ration of bird seed, a strong bird cage, a pound and a half of liver and an ounce of catnip.

“Spitfire” was a good thing Katharine Hepburn didn’t get lost while they hunted through Hollywood for another one like her! Maybe Frank Buck could have brought the cat and the canary back alive!

Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Black Cat” joins the exclusive horror parade at Universal City. Carl Laemmle, Jr. recently announced the early production of this story which takes place in the lineup with such classic hair-raisers as “Dracula,” “Frankenstein,” and “The Invisible Man.” Edgar Ullmer directs “The Black Cat,” with Karloff starring.

Erik Charell, new Fox producer, who recently arrived from Europe to make his first film in America, left New York by train for Hollywood. His first photoplay is to be a musical with Charles Boyer and a feminine star to be announced.

Boyer, who arrived with Charell on the Ile de France, left to prepare for his part in the production which will have a Hungarian-Gypsy background. Both of the Frenchmen were greeted in Manhattan by the western and eastern representatives of “Movies” magazine.

Rudyard Kipling’s two stories, “Kim” and “Captains Courageous,” have both been acquired for the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Preview Committee of the American Library Association has indorsed the Fox film, “I Am Suzanne” which made its debut at the Music Hall, with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond. Clare Kummer, author of the current Broadway play, “Her Master’s Voice,” has been placed under contract by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Miss Kummer’s first assignment although not definite, may be an adaptation of Elmer Harris’s unproduced play, “Happily Unmarried.”

Miss Hepburn in “Spitfire”

Jesse L. Lasky, Fox Film producer, is in Havana, accompanied by his son, Jesse Lasky, Jr. They will spend a brief vacation in Cuba and then continue to Palm Beach where they will entrain for Hollywood.

Warner-First National appears to be going in strong for the fashion design business, according to Claire Julienne, costume designer for one of Hollywood’s leading independent studios. Alfred E. Green’s now directing a picture which is Miss Aline MacMahon’s first starring vehicle, known as “Pur Coats.” The male lead is in the hands of Paul Kelly who is no relation to Orry Kelly, Warner Brothers’ capable fashion stylist. Approximately $100,000 worth of furs, sables and ermine are being worn and displayed in the picture. This follows on the heels of a splendid fashion style film called “Fashions of 1934,” a picture which discusses the intricacies, difficulties and beauties connected with the creation of women’s dresses, suits and gowns.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, frequently listed among the “twenty immortals of the American stage,” has been signed by Carl Laemmle, Jr., general manager of Universal productions, for the role of Queen Elizabeth in Lowell Sherman’s production of “Elizabeth and Mary.” It will mark Mrs. Carter’s talking screen debut. Featured with the famous stage actress will be the brilliant young stage and screen star, Margaret Sullivan.

New writing contracts with John Emerson and Anita Loos have been made with the Goldwyn-Mayer. Co-authors of such stage plays as “Gentlemen Prefer Blonds” and “The Whole Town’s Talking,” Emerson and Miss Loos have adapted a number of plays to the screen, and written several originals. They are now completing a screen original for Jean Harlow and Lionel Barrymore.

Victor J. Schochet sailed recently aboard the S. S. Southern Cross, to resume his duties as managing director for Fox Film in the Argentine and Uruguay. Schochet has been in New York for several weeks on company matters and in conferences with Clayton Sheehan, general foreign manager for Fox Film.

With more than a thousand people present, and a distinguished audience such as New York has rarely seen, the new Geographic Theatre opened in Manhattan recently, being held in the main ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; the first program being on China. The opening program was directed by Princess Der Ling, first lady-in-waiting to the late Empress Dowager of China.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen F. Roberts, Consul General and Mrs. Ko-Liang-ylh, many of the Hubbard group from National Geographic Magazine, Mrs. Lowell Thomas, and scores of others were among the notable present and lending support to the new idea in theatres.

“Strange Holiday” is the release title for Paramount’s screen production of “Death Takes a Holiday,” which features Fredric March, Evelyn Venable and Sir Guy Standing, Mitchell Leisen directed it.

Maude Eburne and Warner Oland appear in the cast of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “In Old Louisiana,” which is finishing production under George Seitz’s direction. Lucien Hubbard is the producer, and the players include Lupe Velez, Jean Parker, Robert Young, Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy. Director Hubbard has a dozen outstanding successes to his credit.

Edward Lowry, well known master of ceremonies, got his first picture break in “The Ape,” Monogram mystery feature. Lowry was signed by Trem Carr, Monogram vice-president. Others in the film include Vera Hillie, former Paramount “panther woman,” John Sheehan and Brandon Hurst. William Nigh directed it. The picture is based on the famous play “The Ape” by Adam Hull Shirk, author of “The Sheik.” The costumes were designed by Mlle. Claire Julienne, New York, and Hollywood style authority. Appearing for the first time under new cognomen of Laya Joy, Jozelle performs one of her most exo-
“MOVIES”

Kitty Carlisle left the cast of “Champagne. See,” and is in Hollywood, where she will appear in Paramount Pictures during 1934.

Katherine DeMille, daughter of Cecil B. DeMille, has a role in the new George Raft film, “The Trampet Blows,” which went into production on the Paramount lot this week. This is Miss DeMille’s second film venture, as she will make her screen debut shortly in Metro’s “Viva Villa.”

Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy, filed suit recently in Federal court against the author and producers of “One Sunday Afternoon,” contending that the play had been stolen from a short story of his, “The Avenger,” published in The Saturday Evening Post.

The defendants are James Hagan, the author of “One Sunday Afternoon;” Leo Peters and Leslie J. Spiller, its theatrical producers; Paramount Productions, Inc., Paramount Distributing Corporation and the Paramount Pictures Distributing Corporation.

Mr. Child demands damages of $1,000,000.

Merian C. Cooper, executive producer at RKO, has commissioned Lou Brock to produce another all-star musical production following the next Wheeler and Woolsey, which bears the title “Frat Heads.” The new musical will be called “Down to Their Last Yacht” and Brock has signed Herbert Fields to write the original story.

Cooper also announced the purchase of a story titled “Barney Smith,” a gob yarn by Hubert Osborne, which Brock will also produce. William Gargan is set for the lead in this one. Mr. Cooper will also do a million dollar production of “The Last Days of Pompeii.”

Madeleine Carroll, beautiful English actress, who was seen on the screen recently in “I Was A Spy,” arrived in New York on the Ile de France for work in Fox pictures.

Miss Carroll, who comes to Fox on a loan agreement with Gaumont-British pictures, will appear in a single Hollywood production, “The World Moves On.” She was met by the editors of “Movies” here.

Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin have written the music and lyrics for “Cosmetics,” it is announced by Paramount. This is the B. P. Schulberg picture to be made from the Hungarian stage success.

A special entrance to Paramount’s Hollywood studios was constructed for the Earl Carroll beauties, eleven of whom were taken to the coast from New York by Carroll, and eleven others picked in California. A sign above the portal bears the famous inscription, “Through These Portals Pass the Most Beautiful Girls in the World.” During the production of the screen version of “Murder at the Vanities,” in which the girls appeared, they entered and left the studio only through this door. Evelyn Kelly, New York beauty who was one of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “Movies’ “ends” and who was boosted for the films by the publication, appears in this movie. Good luck, Evelyn!

JOAN BLONDELL, Warner-First National star.
A default judgment for $45,035 was on file against Langdon. Suit was brought by his former wife, who can be depended upon to keep track of Harry's income, as her interest is the same as the government—collect.

The monetary troubles of Elissa Landi seems to involve more than a managed currency. Recently the actress went into court seeking to remove an attachment on her salary and bank deposits. She said today she had no money to maintain her home since her former agents attached $8,352 in connection with their suit for $11,000 claimed due as fees.

Tullio Carminati, noted stage and screen star was recently signed by Columbia Pictures to play the male lead opposite Grace Moore in a musical production based on a play by Charles Beahan and Dorothy Speare. This is the famous Metropolitan Opera star and screen actress' first feature for the company.

Having completed her role in "The Whirlpool," starring Jack Holt, Jean Arthur has the part of "Biddy," one of the leading characters in Columbia's "The Most Precious Thing in Life." Richard Cromwell plays the other lead—the young college student. This is a screen adaptation of Travis Ingham's short story "Biddy," published in McCall's Magazine. Lambert Hillyer is directing it, with production already started.

Stuart Erwin, one of Hollywood's most popular leading comedians, whose latest appearance was in "Palooka" has been engaged by Columbia Pictures as the male principal in "The Party's Over," the picturization of Daniel Kusell's play which had a successful Broadway run last season. The production is being brought to the screen by Walter Lang, under the supervision of Felix Young.

Tay Garnett, Paramount director currently working on "Honor Bright," has sold his first novel, "The Great U-Anna" to the Macauley Publishing Co.

"Murder in the Studio" third of Columbia's police detective series, featuring Ralph Bellamy as "Inspector Trent," is in production. D. Ross Lederman again directs, from an original by Charles Condon, adapted for the screen by Harold Shumate. "Before Midnight" and "One Is Guilty," were the other two features in this highly entertaining group of mystery screen plays in which Bellamy has played the role of a noted sleuth.

"Social Register," the Columbia production made in New York under the supervision and direction of Marshall Neilan, with an imposing cast headed by Colleen Moore, has been released. This is a picturization of the stage play by John Emerson and Anita Loos which had a successful Broadway run; William De Mille, associate producer, . . . Monogram's best bet was "Beggars in Ermine."

(Continued on page 38.)
Johnny Weismuller

Lupe Velez, fiery Mexican film actress, announced recently that she and Johnny Weismuller were to be separated. Then, after she had had enough fun with the press, she said they had made up. It's a pretty sad sign when one has to trifile with such sacred things as marriages in order to grab off a little publicity!

She and the swimmer somewhat antagonized the motion picture critics of the newspapers not long ago by a "secret" release to one of the fan magazines on her wedding,—a fact which was known by all the screen publications but which she chose to give as a sort of "scoop" to one particular publication, certainly not the largest! The Mexican "spit-fire" said their romance ended after repeated clashes of temperament almost from the day they were married at Las Vegas, Nev., Oct. 8th.

"I guess it's Hollywood," the actress said. "We fight all the time. Johnny and I. I don't blame him. It's fifty-fifty."

Their marriage had climaxd a romance of a year or more.

Weismuller, one-time Olympic swimming champion, had nothing to say. He was packing his personal belongings to leave their palatial Beverly Hills home.

Lupe indicated that there was little hope for a reconciliation.

"I don't think we go back," she said.

The marriage was Lupe's first. Weismuller's first wife was Bobbi Arnst, musical comedy actress. They were divorced in 1932 but the final decree did not become effective until the day before the swimmer and the Mexican actress eloped to Las Vegas.

Before her romance with the swimmer, Miss Velez had been reported engaged to Gary Cooper who is now happily married. Now the publicity-seeking pair says it was all a mistake and they've made up again!

Graham McNamee, radio announcer, broadcaster of sports, and a featured "player" in movies shorts, was married recently at Elkton, Md., to Miss Ann Lee Simms, of New York. They motored into this town, widely known for its quick weddings, and were married by the Rev. William Thompson, one of the town's "marrying parsons."

On the license clerk's record Mr. McNamee's age was given as forty-five and Miss Simms' as twenty-two.

Mr. McNamee was divorced in New York two years ago by his first wife, Mrs. Josephine McNamee, who testified when her suit was heard on February 11, 1932, that she had seen her husband and a pretty, unidentified woman in the bedroom of the McNamee penthouse apartment, says the Associated Press. Two witnesses corroborated her statement.

An interlocutory divorce decree granted at that time became final on June 24, 1932. Mrs. McNamee said she and her former husband had agreed out of court on alimony of $1,000 a month. Miss Simms is an actress.

Elizabeth Handy, daughter of W. C. Handy, who wrote the immortal "St. Louis Blues," has become the bride of Morris White, banjo player in the Cab Calloway orchestra. They will spend their honeymoon in London, England, where the band opens an engagement on March 5th at the Palladium theatre. Irene Bentley, stage and screen luminary, is seeking a divorce from her hubby, George R. Kent, via the Mexican route.

Sam Jaffe, accompanied by his wife, has returned to Broadway and the stage. Jaffe just completed a featured role with Marlene Dietrich in "The Scarlet Empress," at Paramount's Hollywood studios. Their marriage is a happy one.

The romantic marriage of Dorothy Mackaill, blonde screen star, and good-looking Neil Miller has ended in a separation, with a divorce to follow.

Neither Dorothy nor Neil were willing to give any reason for this unexpected severing of their domestic ties, other than "incompatibility."

Miss Mackaill is out of town visiting friends, while her husband is preparing to vacate their apartment and move elsewhere. The pair met in Hawaii. Their elopement and marriage in Arizona followed in 1931. It was Dorothy's second marriage, she having been the wife of Lothar Mendez, director, for a brief period. Mr. Miller is going to marry a Mrs. Smith, of Chicago.

Sidney Fox

The romance and marriage of demure, dainty Frances Dee and six-foot three Joel McCrea, popular masculine star, was one of the sweetest stories ever told in Hollywood.

And now they have climaxed the love lyric by the announcement that by next September there will be an heir to the McCrea fortunes.

Frances is playing the leading role in the current RKO Radio picture "Finishing School," and by a strange coincidence the girl in the story also is expecting a visit from the stork but in less happy circumstances.

Miss Dee hopes to finish one more picture before going into retirement to await the blessed event. Zasu Pitts is reported as having been married again. No new developments on the Greta Garbo rumored marriage to Rouben Mamoulian.

Sidney Fox, film actress, and Charles Beahan, director, who separated during a quarrel at a New Year's party, have talked things over, they said, and decided to continue their plans for a final divorce.

Veree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou will be married, probably next August, Warner Brothers Studio said, coincident with the announcement that the actress had been placed under contract there.

Menjou is a player on the same lot. His divorce from his second wife, Kathryn Carter, will become final in August. His first wife was Katherine Tussey, Miss Teasdale, niece of the late poet Sara Teasdale, was divorced from a Chicagoan. The couple expect to be married in Spain.

Dr. Lou Shurr is being "seen places" with Mary Carlisle of late. Mary Kirk-Brown may wed Olive Alvard down south. They're trying to find out if Verna Hillie, Paramount and Monogram featured player, has been married recently. The golden blonde's last flicker appearance was in "The House of Mystery." (Cont'd on page 39)


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**MOVIES**

Victor McLaglen, recently busy on Paramount’s “The Man Who Broke His Heart”, also has an important role in “Muder at the Vanities”. Others in the cast of the latter picture are Carl Brisson, who plays the male lead, Kitty Carlisle, the feminine lead, Jack Oakie, Toby Wing and Gertrude Michael. The latter two southern girls both received their first film fan magazine publicity “boosts” in the columns of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” magazine.

Ben Gimbel, of the Philadelphia family, is that way about Polly Walters, now in “She Loves Me Not”. Polly will be remembered by movie audiences as the phone girl with the “Li” voice in “Five Star Final”.

Elmer Rogers, who managed the Palace Theatre for fifteen years in the Keith and Albee days, has been announced as manager of the Casino (the former Earl Carroll Theatre) in New York City.

If it’s real “movie humor” you want, watch the columns of this magazine “MOVIES”, of Broadway and Hollywood renown. Only a dime a copy; why pay more when it’s not necessary?

“The Age of Larceny” is announced by M-G-M as the next starring picture for Jean Harlow. Sam Wood is directing this original screen story by Anita Loos and John Emerson; Bernard Hyman, producer. Miss Harlow’s last release was “The Blonde Bombshell.”

Henry Armetta, noted Italian-American comedian, was signed to a new three-picture contract by Warren Doane, Universal “short” producer. Armetta recently finished “Full Coverage” which is his last picture on the old contract. He is now at work on “Ceiling Whacks.”

Production is nearly finished on “Manhattan Melodrama” at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios under direction of W. S. Van Dyke, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and William Powell have the leading roles. Written for the screen by Arthur Caesar and Oliver H. P. Garrett.

Dorothy Granger, who played one of the featured roles in Monogram’s “He Couldn’t...
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ADDRESS
The House of Mystery

(Continued from page 10)

would not permit it.

"Nobody's goin' to leave this joint until I solve this mystery," he told them. "Nobody's puttin' nothin' over on me by this monkey-business. There's a murderer in this house and I am goin' to find him." Suddenly he paused and swept the group with his eyes.

"Wait a minute—who's outa this room?"

As everyone looked around, Ellis spoke: "Armstrong," he said.

"The insurance guy. Just the man I suspected," replied Pickens, starting for the door.

But he came to a dead stop when again came the beat of the tom-tom from down the corridor. Motivating for them to follow him, the detector dashed down the hall toward a door from behind which came sounds of another struggle. It was Armstrong's room. As before, the instant the men threw their weight against the door, the drum beats stopped.

The door gave way and against the wall leaned Armstrong, cut and bruised, and with his clothing torn to shreds. It was Ella Browning who gave a startled cry and ran to him to take him in her arms and ask if he were alright and what had happened.

"When I left Feb. room to come here for a handkerchief," Armstrong explained. "I found this incense burning." He pointed to the God, Kal, smoking on a table. "Then as I looked around I saw a half closed door pulled shut. The tom-tom began and the ape crawled through the window."

"I suppose you expect us to believe all this hooey," said Pickens. "We've combed this house and there isn't a peep. I think you muddled up and this last stunt was just a gag to throw off suspicion."

"Man, you're crazy," Armstrong told him.

"Yeh, crazy like a fox. You cooked up this whole business and all these murders just so you could sell a lot of insurance, I'm going to put you under arrest."

Pickens reached for his handcuffs, but stopped and almost jumped out of his skin when once more the terrifying tom-tom began beating. Everyone rushed for the door and as they reached the hall, a woman's piercing shriek came from downstairs. Before they gained the stairs, the tom-tom ceased and as they reached the dark living room, Pickens switched on the light.

Stella was lying in a huddled heap. Lying back in his chair unconsciously was Prendergast. Ella ran to him and felt his pulse. Chanda, who had joined the group, looked at Prendergast for an instant and then slipped from the room, returning later unnoticed.

Pickens arose from examining the body of Stella. "She's dead," he said, "just like the others." Pointing at Prendergast, he added, "How is he?"

"He's coming around," Miss Browning answered.

Prendergast straightened at her words and looked around. "It was terrible," he said. "Miss Walters felt faint and went toward the French window to open it for some fresh air. Then the tom-tom started. The ape came through the window and grabbed her. That's all I remember. I must have fainted."

"I insist that we leave this place," spoke up Mrs. Potter. "Three people have been killed here already. We are all in danger. Mr. Ellis, as our attorney, I insist you take some means to get us out of here."
"This isn't a case—it's an epidemic," retorted Pickens angrily. "All right, I'll phone for the Coroner. After we take down a deposition from each of you, you can—"

He paused at the renewed belling of the tom-tom. Everyone stood rooted, waiting in silent expectancy. Chanda looked quickly at Prendergast and left the room. Pickens drew his gun and waited. Mrs. Potter in hysteric threw her arms around Potter's neck. Arranging out his arm around Ella's waist protectingly, Prendergast frowned when he saw this and bit his pale lips. At a sound outside the French window, Pickens whispered:

"Boyer, Clancy, plug the first thing that looks like a monkey."

Everyone stared at the handle of the window as it began to turn. Just as the tom-tom stopped, the window opened and a sigh of relief swept up from all the group as Smith, the goofy plumber, stepped into the room.

"What were you doing out there," snapped Pickens.

"Oh, just this and that," replied Smith blankly.

"Where you been?"

"Oh, here and there."

"Listen, you," snapped Pickens. "Either you trot out a damned good alibi, or I'm goin' to pinch you for murder."

"Butu, Todi varende." It was Chanda speaking to Prendergast.

"Chanda says she thinks I ought to get a little air," Prendergast interpreted, and motioned to the Indian woman who wheeled him into the hall.

Pickens was holding a whispered conversation with Smith. Ella was leaning back in her chair warily. Suddenly she screamed and pointed toward the door. Everyone followed her pointed finger and saw a hand holding an automatic revolver slowly moving around the edge of the door. Both Ella and Mrs. Potter screamed as the lights went out.

There followed two shots and the sound of running feet in the hall. Someone moved swiftly across the room. Then the lights came on revealing Clancy standing at the light socket. Everyone else were just as they had been except Smith—he was gone. Ella got up and left the room.

Ella stood staring at a sheet of paper pinned to the curtain. He tore it off and handed it to Pickens who read it aloud: "Inspector Pickens—if you value the lives of Attorney Ellis and his clients, get them out of the house immediately and meet me with them tomorrow in the office of Attorney Ellis. Withdraw your officers and give every indication of having abandoned the case—Scotland Yard."

"I got one of those notes before," Ellis said. "The man who writes them seems to know what he is talking about. We shall leave tonight. Where is Prendergast?"

"The shah feels faint," said Chanda from the doorway. "Miss Ella is going to wheel him in the garden."

"All right," said Pickens. "You tell his shahship that I am returning to the city with these people. I shall expect his presence and yours, too, later in the District Attorney's office."

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**MOVIES**

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The House of Mystery
(Continued from page 41)
As the party prepared to leave, Chanda glanced noisely from the room and watched Ella wheeling Prendergast down the garden walk toward an arbor. She followed and moving closer to the arbor was just in time to see Prendergast seize Ella's hand, kiss it passionately and ask her to be his wife.

The girl thanked him for the honor but refused. He begged her to take time to reconsider it. She promised, but said she did not think she ever could be his wife.

"I know—you are thinking of my crippled legs," said Prendergast, "but I have a little surprise for you. I have been feeling a little returning vigor of late and—"

"I wasn't thinking of that, Mr. Prendergast," Ella answered. "I was thinking of Chanda. Isn't she your wife?"

"Oh, no—no," Prendergast hastened to assure her. "Just a friend. As a matter of fact I am thinking of sending her back to Asia."

With an inscrutable face, Chanda slipped away from the arbor along one of the garden paths toward the windmill.

It was a nervous group that gathered in Ellis' office the next day. They had not long to wait. The lawyer's secretary soon announced: "Mr. Smith of Scotland Yard."

The plumber, gasped the surprised Pickens as Smith walked into the room and presented his credentials to Ellis.

"Yep, I've seen 'em before," said Pickens looking them over. "He's the McCoy, alright."

Smith then explained that he represented the Yard in the United States, that he had been investigating the case ever since two persons were exiled in Prendergast's London house, that he had gained entrance to the Long Island home when he found the steam heating plant was out of order, and that he had solved the mystery.

"Then why didn't you tell us about it and prevent the murders," Pickens wanted to know.

"Because I didn't solve it until after the murders, not until last night, in fact," replied Smith. "As soon as Miss Browning arrives, I'll tell you the whole story and we'll make the arrests."

Armstrong, who had been fidgeting about nervously, walked to the phone and called a number—the Prendergast home. "I can't understand why Miss Browning is not here," he said as he waited.

As soon as he put the receiver to his ear, he gave a startled cry and lowered up, his face white. "It's the tom-tom—another murder—Ella," he whispered hoarsely. As he held up the receiver everyone in the room could plainly hear the beat of the drum.

"Phone the Long Island police and come on," he shouted and dashed for his car.

A Long Island motor police squad dashed up to the Prendergast house just in time to hear a tom-tom beating and the screams of a woman. Paying no attention to a dead man huddled on the floor of the living room, they followed the sound to a room upstairs. Bursting open the door, they saw a huge ape carrying the body of Ella Browning out the window.

NOT MOVIES

At sight of the men, the ape dropped the girl, and started snarling for the group. A fusillade of shots sent it spinning into a corner dead. Miss Browning was revived and found to be uninjured.

Downstairs, they found the body of Prendergast with his neck broken, a victim of his own ape.

That was the story they told Ellis and the rest when they arrived an hour or so later.

"And Prendergast was a self-centered misfit," Smith explained. "When the investors of the old expedition asked for a show-down here and in England, he preferred to kill them rather than give them the money. That was simple for a man who had as an ally, a Hindu woman who was a High Priestess of Kali—and an ape you could train easier than you could a dog."

"Yes, but just how were the murders committed," asked the puzzled Pickens. "That's what I would like to know."

"When the ape heard the tom-tom," Smith explained, "it had been trained to leave its hiding place and come to whatever room the scent of the incense led it. The tom-tom is concealed behind the panels of this living room and the sound is carried by a device all over the house. Both it and the incense burners were worked electrically from any place in the house.

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in furs, bearing sheafs of roses. Instead, a little girl, simply clad in her one little tweed suit, and bearing a bowl of chowder under her arm, for she'd heard of a sick friend, in England, sashayed down the gangplank.

Did she make the front page with that entry? She did. All the papers lauded her for her refreshing simplicity. The next morning, all the papers carried her picture, her little tweed suit and her charming smile had done for her what even furs and jewels and orchids could not accomplish for others.

Connie's was of the bravest. She's plugged along on the other side of the Atlantic, and she's made the grade. Gilbert Miller will use her in forthcoming productions for Columbia. It will be a triumphant Connie who will leap down the gangplank on this side of the ocean later on. Leap? Yes, it was a real, honest-to-goodness leap for Connie was just dying to say "hello" to her mother and to those two pet Scotties of hers.

Beyond Constance's experience in "June Moon", "This Man's Town" and "The Little Show", she had naught but amateur theatrical experience. Her first movie role was in Columbia's "The Criminal Code". Of a perfectly charming and constant disposition, she was educated in Seattle and Coronado. Was born of a non-professional mother and a lawyer for a dad; she is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 117 pounds. She has light brown hair and blue eyes and names May 15th as her birthday.

She reads history, books on the evolution of dress, biographies—particularly the modern writers; but "Alice in Wonderland" is her favorite book. She dresses well and is one of the younger set (though she's not too young to be married) which is distinctly "on its way up the ladder". She plays golf, a fair game of tennis, swims well and dances divinely.

Her best screen roles were in "Broadway Through a Keyhole", "Looking for Trouble", "Washington Men's Round", "Transcript Love" and "Channel Crossing" which she did for British Gaumont, the great English film company. Constance, instead of Gloria Stuart, had the role of the actress in "Glouram", which was filmed from Edna Ferber's novel of the same name all over the world. It went into production last week under the direction of William Wyler with Paul Lukas and Russ Columbo in the male leads.

...room in the house. The incense was a concentrated hashish which temporarily whipped the ape into an insane fury, and it attacked the first person it encountered in the room.

"But what about Prendergast? How is it he got crocked, himself?"

"Chanda was jealous of you, Miss Browning," said Smith, turning to the girl. "She undoubtedly turned the ape on Prendergast when she found he was in love with you. Then she set the animal on you in revenge."

"Hey, where's this dame, Chanda," suddenly yelled the excited Pickens. "I suspected her all along."

"Chanda," replied Smith calmly, "with a goodly portion of the Prendergast fortune is at this minute headed for a boat that will take her to Asia if she were let alone. But she won't be. I have notified your authorities to arrest her as soon as she steps on a ship bound for the Orient."
Officer's Mess (Continued from page 11)

some of the most beautiful photography you have ever seen. Major George D. Shear—his was Captain Shaw when we arrived—Frank Conroy, Maugerite Botts, our capable script girl; Pat Collins and Captain Claude Burch. It's a merry little party and stories fly thick and fast while much "ribbing" is exchanged. Remley is an expert with the Scotch dialect and regales us with some of Sir Harry Lauder's wittiest stories. Houston and Collins and Conroy add their own Scotch stories to the lot.

A second cup of coffee around the table, served by the still dudious Jefferson, and the conversation changes to experiences.

"I remember," said Houston, "returning from Buffalo to New York one season with Archie Christie. We didn't have a dollar between us and what we did have soon disappeared. The problem of getting food presented itself none too encouragingly. There didn't seem to be a thing to do anywhere. Walking along the Bowery we spied a sign in a restaurant window for a waiter. Well, we had tightened our belts to the last notch and this looked like a good chance to get at least one square meal."

"We planned that I was to go in and get the job. Archie was to wait around on the outside until I got a signal. Then on a signal from me he was to come in and with this tip get himself a meal. Of course, I would get my meals for working there. I was probably the world's worst waiter, did everything but spill soup down my customers' back, and I almost did that a couple of times."

"Hours passed and Archie paced back and forth in front of that restaurant until it is a wonder a cop didn't run him in, and I didn't lose my job. But there were no tips, and no tips meant no meals for Archie. Finally, when we had both despaired of relief a street walker came in. As I remember she ordered a cup of coffee and a piece of pie and left a dime tip. When my surprised passed I gestured wildly to my friend. He came in and I gave him everything on the menu and a check for ten cents. Those were the days."

An impatient transportation manager rushed in to tell us that the cars were ready to take us to Battery A Stables where Rodney was waiting to do his part with Sergeant Walsh—yes, Houston was Sergeant Walsh to day though he kept us in a bit of a stew trying to keep up with his rapid changes from a private to a corporal to a sergeant and back again.

It was a rainy day and inside the stables the sparrows in the rafters created a symphony of sound comparable to nothing I have ever heard. You will hear them in all the possible scenes of 'Movies.'

Drawn up near the door of the stable was the camera car and when we arrived Walter crawled lazily out of the car.

"Oh gee, I'm tired," he said, and flopped down on the camera car. His fatigue was immediately dispelled. The electricians were in a playful mood and had turned the "juice" on so that when Walter sat down he got a shock like needles all through his body. The laugh was on him and he grinned good naturedly.

Picking up his script, which he had dropped in his quick take from the camera car, he strolled into the stable. Sgt. J. E. Cocker of Battery C, 16th Field Artillery is waiting to do a scene with Houston and Rodney. It is his first experience before the camera. He is nervous but would rather be drawn-and-quartered than show it. Ten takes... perhaps one good... something always happens. He looks over a can, the sparrows are more than ordinarily noisy, drowning out the voices of the actors by their chirping Another ten or twelve takes. Sgt. Cocker "blows up" several times. No one has told him that this business of shooting a scene over and over is a part of the regular routine. He hasn't heard Colonel C. P. George's famous remark that Mr. Archibald's pet expression is "Fine! Do it again!" He has a slightly drawn expression on his face for he is sure he is to blame for all these errors... he must be rotten. Take 25 and Walter Houston "blows up." There is a general laugh, a relaxing of the tension that hangs over the stall. Sgt. Cocker begins to understand, and three perfect takes follow. The scene is ended.

The following day, bright and warm and sunny, we are back again at Officers' Mess... a sparkling glass of burgundy to add zest to the following scene. Both the director and his assistant are absent. One was dining with the Battalion Commander, Colonel George, the other with the men at Battery A Barracks. For a while we talked about books we had read and their screen possibilities. This led by easy stages to a discussion of the message.

It developed that Robert Shayne, the love interest opposite Frances Dee in "Keep 'Em Rolling," is a Washington boy... that many years ago as a student at Central High he had ridden his bicycle all around Fort Myer and dreamed of the Army as a career; that Ralph Remley, our rotund comedian had been playing in Washington at Poli's when the war broke out. He had enlisted and served for five months in the artillery at Fort Myer. He was on familiar ground and having a grand time.

Walter Houston has never been in the Army and he didn't talk about it or himself. He was much more interested in talking about his son, John, of whom he is justly proud. Once more I must say that there is something about Houston that sets him apart. He is never temperamental... he gave me his explanation of that much abused word and I thought it pretty good... nine-tenths temper and one-tenth mental. He takes things coldly, is always agreeable and willing to help in any emergency.

We were with him one Sunday night where he had a personal appearance at the Hippodrome before a packed house. So great is Houston's appeal that the box office that night was many hundreds of dollars over the Saturday night gross which is always their biggest night. We sneaked quietly out of the theatre but not quietly enough. What appeared to be an empty street suddenly echoed with a rush of feet and many youngsters from twelve to twenty bore down on Walter for his autograph. Both of these occasions had been trying for him. He had been working at top speed from early morning until night drive back to our hotel but that hadn't mattered. He had been perfectly sweet about everything, never complaining about the rehearsals for the broadcasts or the more than an hour drive each way to Baltimore.

He was in grand comradely companion, with a friendly smile for everyone. At Fort Myer he was quite the rage. Officers and men and those two fine horses he worked with all think he is a little bit of all right. Colonel George told me that they thought he was "one of the most adaptable, adjustable men he had ever met." Another truly great character, warm and human and real human.

The wide variety of parts he has played lends credence to this statement of adaptability. I had been a fan of his since the day when I first saw him on the New York stage as "Mr. Pitt" and I had watched his career in pictures with increasing interest. He has been equally at home in the French sea captain in Warner-First National's "The Woman from Monte Carlo"; as the President of the United States in "Gabriel Over the White House" for M-G-M; and a crooked politician in "The Ruling Voice," also for Warner's. His characterizations have been varied and the genuine thing. He is a Mexican bad man. Now he has gone back to his first love and at the moment is giving a convincing and believable, down to earth performance in the play "Dodsworth," from Sinclair Lewis' famous book.

Officers' Mess! People forget to pose when the army is hungry and an intensive morning working with caiasons and horses, soldiers and shells, most of us were famished. But Walter Huston always measured up. Being the star didn't matter a bit to him. His personality was one cog in the wheel of an important production unit and he never imposed it on anyone. That's why he's different—and that's why we love him.

Walter is a humorous Master of Ceremonies at today's mess which has taken on an atmosphere of celebration in honor of the majority our Captain Shea has just had conferred upon him. But from the door a bewildered Jefferson wrinkles his shiny black brows wondering where it will all end and just what rank the men before him actually hold in Uncle Sam's crack artillery outfit—the 16th Field.

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At left: MIMI LAWLOR, appearing in Educational-Fox comedies. Above, in circle: SPENCER TRACY, born April 5th.
At right: JEAN CARMEN, featured in RKO-Radio Pictures. Above, in circle, LESLIE HOWARD, born April 24th.
Fair, Fat, and Forty  
(Continued from page 13)
morale brought about through the adjustment of salaried workers and a friendlier, more cooperative spirit in the affairs of producers, artists, technicians and writers.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the tenth of a series of articles by or about the leading producers and directors of the film world; published exclusively in B. & H. "Movirs" monthly magazine. Another will appear soon.

A New Deal in Love?  
(Continued from page 20)
two and two for tea. It means you must share your golf clubs and your boudoir privacy. It means partnership and consideration and confidence and sharing, standing, forgiving. You are never a whole you in the marriage state, you become the worse or better half of a knockout act "with singing."

And so, it is highly probable, there will be contractual marriages in this new scheme of things. Marriages for perhaps five years' duration, with options, as motion picture contracts have. That is, if, after five years there are no children in the marriage, which has been duly sanctified, is unsuccessful, the two persons involved will be able to go to the family court, or whatever place is designated for the purpose, and file an intention to dissolve the partnership.

If, on the other hand, the couple still love each other, if the marriage has "taken," and no formal notification of cancellation is made, say ninety days before its expiration, then the option will automatically be taken up and Sadie Kluntz will remain Sadie Kluntz for another three years, and so on.

Of course where there are children the issue becomes more and more involved, but a government that can plan for twelve million unemployed can certainly reach a solution for the orphans of divorce. Of course there will be some who feel as divi-

PERSONALLY I think it will mean that people will take each other more seriously. Many a married man who "plays around" just for the fun of it with a bevy of girls who don't mean any more to him than a thrill-a-minute, will be more careful because Minnie can walk out the door while he isn't keeping the home fires burning. And when he plays around like a fox terrier he's just a St. Bernard at heart—and loves his heart, his slippers and the apple strudle that Minnie makes with her fine Italian hand... Marriages that have lost love are lost to those who share them, That's why I have faith in the "new deal." It won't demand a man or a woman pretending at love. It won't ask anything more than honesty—and love can't go very wrong on that. If a couple part because one or both of them can't see the other quite in the same light as he or she did three or five or ten years ago—who shall be blamed? It's too bad but you can't make a feeling live that has died any more than you can wish yourself to be three and a half years with the cutest dimple!

Let's go on from here—go places—see people and do things! I think this new deal in love is something to make our blue eagle warble like a nightingale. Or a love bird, if love birds warble. It's so spontaneous and joyous and real—it certainly does relieve that tired feeling!

It is true that I am not married, but I think that the present shining examples of love under the cuckoo has sounded more like "Listen to the Mocking Bird" than "Kiss Me Again." Maybe I'm wrong.

At least I'd like to give it a chance much as we've tried the gold standard and the single standard and standard time.

Time! That's the big thing. "Time changeth all things" and with it the love, oftimes, of man and maid. Then let's make a new try—it just may work out.

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But please don't believe, as so many people do, who see motion picture people nearly ruin loves and shipwreck marriages on the screen that I am that way really! In "Love Past Thirty," also by Miss Wayne, you'll see still another angle to the romance and affection question; and I'm not that way in real life either. I'm not! I'm for marriage, the good, old-fashioned kind, if you're a good, old-fashioned person; but if you happen to see modern, then I'm afraid that there should be synopsis to Mendelssohn, and that "until honesty do us part" should be substituted for the deathbed confession, I say, and I say it with a prayer and a blessing "Is There a New Deal for Love?"

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Miss Joan Blondell, our little firechief, is keeping things under control on this page. Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford, Metro stars, upper left, and Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow, lower right. Joan's latest, "Sadie McKee," looks like her best.
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In a scene from "Sadie McKee,"
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PANCHO VILLA TAKES BROADWAY

New Yorkers Thrill at "Viva Villa" Opening

Last month Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought "Viva Villa" to Broadway for a reserve seat engagement. Every newspaper in town tags it the greatest picture that has ever been made. Viva M-G-M! Viva Beery! Wallace Beery gave the greatest performance of his career. M-G-M made history. The Criterion Theatre has been sold out months in advance. It looks as if New York will keep the show on Broadway all summer. It is the thrilling story of the life of Pancho Villa. Ben Hecht, the author, tells how he robbed, killed and fought his way as the Napoleon of the desert.

JOE E. BROWN
"A VERY HONORABLE GUY"

The fireman, the baseball player, the sailor and the all-around swell fellow ends the 1933-34 season proving to Alice White that he is "A Very Honorable Guy." Joe E. Brown gives a splendid performance in his new film, which is breaking laugh records all over the country.

"CARIOCA" PAIR TO DANCE AGAIN

In anticipation of Fred Astaire's early return from London, officials at RKO-Radio yesterday purchased the stage hit, "Ringstrasse," as a possible co-starring vehicle for Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Astaire, who is now in London starring in the Continental stage hit, "Gay Divorce," will return soon to star in the RKO filmization of the same play. Miss Rogers recently completed her role in "Finishing School," on this lot.

JEAN HARLOW
"100% Pure"

Jean Harlow, Hollywood's gorgeous platinum blonde, will be starred by M-G-M in their forthcoming deft production, "One Hundred Percent Pure." Lionel Barrymore will head a glittering array of talent. And Anita Loos and John Emerson, greatest and oldest scenario team on the West Coast, have fashioned a story of the highest calibre. Sam Wood has been commissioned to direct the picture. Jean Harlow was last seen in "Dinner at Eight" when she astounded the critics with an admirable portrayal of a rather difficult role.

"MURDER AT THE VANITIES"

Earl Carroll, premier Broadway producer, has gone Hollywood and produced a film version of his recent stage hit, "Murder at the Vanities," for Paramount. In the cast are Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie, Carl Brisson, as well as thirteen of the most beautiful girls in the world.

"REGISTERED NURSE" IN VAUDEVILLE

Bebe Daniels, the First National star of "Registered Nurse," recently arrived in New York with Ben Lyon, her husband, to make a brief vaudeville tour. Mr. Lyon will appear with her. They will go first to Chicago for at least one week of personal appearing and then they will go to Detroit. Other dates are now in the process of being set. There is a possibility that the Daniels-Lyons tour will swing back to New York in time for the couple to attend the Broadway premiere of "Registered Nurse." Meanwhile Barbara Bebe, their young daughter, is in Hollywood, prevented from accompanying her parents by a recent attack of whooping cough, from which, however, she is now recovering nicely.

LILLIAN HARVEY IN "THE ONLY GIRL"

Lillian Harvey, gay European actress, has been selected for the leading role in "Only a Girl," the forthcoming Fox cinema. Charles Beyer will be her leading man. Lillian, as usual, will entertain the film patrons with a bevy of songs and chatter which will delight the eye as well as the ear.

BENNETT - MARCH
"FIREBRAND"

United Artists announce that Frederic March and Constance Bennett will be co-starred in "Firebrand" with Fay Wray. As a stage play it broke all records on Broadway. This will be the first time that these great stars have appeared on the same screen. The part gives March the greatest opportunity in his career.
HEPBURN AGOG OVER NEW ROLE

SILVER ANNIVERSARY FOR LIONEL

Lionel Barrymore marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first role before a motion picture camera when he enacted the role of T. R. Page, millionaire father of Jean Harlow’s lover in “One Hundred Percent Pure,” at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

The assignment of the actor to the new picture, in which he and Miss Harlow are to co-star, brings about an odd coincidence. His first picture, a quarter century ago, was “The New York Hat” in which he and Mary Pickford appeared. A young beginner, Anita Loos, wrote the story.

The present production is by Anita Loos and John Emerson, since that time responsible for many of the great hits of the screen and today rated one of the greatest writing teams in the industry.

VENABLE IN BROADWAY HIT

“Double Door,” the outstanding melodrama of the past Broadway season, has been purchased by Paramount and given the finest attention a film company has given a play in recent years. Over and over again, shots are taken, only to be done again. It is by all means one of the most taxing productions ever to hit Hollywood. Mary Morris who scored sensationally in the stage production will have the outstanding role, that of a ruthless, disdainful spinster who doesn’t stop at anything to avenge her hatred and scorn. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor will round out a substantial cast of talented players. The story, as you all know, is based somewhat on the Wendels, but in a slightly exaggerated vein. It is one picture that ought not to be missed.

PARAMOUNT CORNERS WAMPUS BABY MARKET

B. P. Schulberg has cornered the Wampas Baby Star market for the current season, signing the entire group of thirteen starlets selected last week by the West Coast film publicity agents’ association for roles in “Kiss and Make-Up,” which Paramount will release. Those who will appear in the picture are Katharine Williams, Jacqueline Wells, Gigi Parrish, Lu Ann Meredith, Lucille Lund, Ann Hovey, Hazel Hayes, Jean Gale, Dorothy Drake, Helene Cohan, Jean Carmen, Betty Brysen and Judith Arlen. They will join a cast which includes Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, Helen Mack, and Edward Everett Horton under the direction of Harlan Thompson.

RONALD COLMAN STRIKES BACK

Thousands of Ronald Colman fans all over the country are thrilled that Samuel Goldwyn has announced that Colman is making another picture in this country. “Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back” is a “carry on” of his first talking picture “Bulldog Drummond.” Loretta Young will be his leading lady. No release date has been given out as yet, but the whole industry is waiting for the event. It will be remembered Miss Young played opposite him in “The Devil to Pay” a couple of years ago. It will also be remembered what a charming picture it was, too.

Even Greater Heights

Viewed as “Joan of Arc”

Katharine Hepburn, winner of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences award for the best performance of 1933, recently returned from Europe aboard the S.S. Paris after a five-day vacation sojourn in Paris. The RKO-Radio picture star greeted your correspondent with a hearty “Bonjour” and freely discussed her screen and stage plans, expressing enthusiasm for her forthcoming portrayal of “Joan of Arc.” And incidentally she’s allowing her hair to grow for this role.

Although she expressed no definite plans, she indicated in the course of the interview that she would return to the stage if a suitable vehicle were found.

NANCY CARROLL RETURNS

Nancy Carroll has chosen for her return to the screen, “Springtime for Henry,” which she is to appear in soon for Fox Films. Otto Kruger and Heather Angel have been added to the cast. Nancy Carroll is thrilled with this story and feels that it will help her make a real comeback.

“Cleopatra” Working Hard

Cecil DeMille sure is doing his share to relieve the unemployed fracas. Thus, this year he has used more than five thousand extras. He used 350 people for a “Cleopatra” set at Paramount, the biggest mob in months.
Clark Gable rises to new heights in "Men in White" with Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan in the supporting cast. The story is based on the play of the same name which has been running on Broadway since last October.
Rumors are that Miss Frances Dee will quit the screen for awhile now that she has "graduated" from "Finishing School." After her fans see her in this, there will be thousands of letters swarming the RKO-Radio studios for her quick return.
I'MPOSSIBLE!” cried the public. Yet, it was possible and it actually happened. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell of the screen had split. The sweethearts of America, the most popular screen team had “called it quits,” and that was that. This all took place over a year ago. The public have waited, not always too patiently, to see what it was all about and what the finale would be. Recently, there floated from the West a whisper, “Charles and Janet may team up again.” Soon, a momentous roar swelled across the continent: It proclaimed, “Gaynor and Farrell are going to appear together in a picture again!”

A year is a long time in film land. The public is notoriously fickle. It has been over fourteen months, now, since these two have starred together. Their loyal following—that is to say everybody—had not forgotten. It was their thunderous roar, in the form of letters and telegrams urging Janet and Charles and the Fox Film Company to reunite the “lovers of the screen,” which was probably as responsible as anything else for the fact that they have come together again. The loud demand of the public could not be denied.

Let's take a peek into a studio dressing room. Here we see two people talking earnestly, slowly, and quietly. One of them hides her face in her handkerchief, the other bites his lip. Finally, they stand up, shake hands solemnly. Charles Farrell walked out of Janet Gaynor's dressing room that day more than eighteen months ago. Charles Farrell, stern in his determination to rise out of the “stooge” roles that he had fallen into in his recent pictures with Janet, which were really Janet's pictures. Farrell had ventured on his own with the resolve to win back the self-esteem and self-confidence which his last few pictures had robbed him of. He had become a satelite revolving around a star, and he knew it.

Of course, it wasn't an angry parting. There was nothing personal in the whole matter. Can you picture an angry parting between these two who have played in the films they have together? They couldn't. It was Janet who sighed rather whimsically not long after the split, "I want to work with Farrell (she calls him that to this very day) again. He understands me." Charles, too, wanted to work with Janet. He, likewise, felt in her a co-spirit. However, no more of those pictures that wrenched from him all of his artistic sensibilities and which turned him into a stick-like straight man! "Janet and I," remarked Charles after the eventful split, "must have a lovely romantic story with opportunities for both of us to make our parts live. Chico
of 'Seventh Heaven' was no straight man. He was a 'remarkable fellow,' as he boastfully claimed. He was a philosopher. He did something besides walk and talk."

Well, each went their separate way, and what happened is still current knowledge. Janet made a huge success in "State Fair," "Adorable," "Paddy the Next Best Thing," and in "Carolina," in each, opposite a different leading man. Her star soared to even greater heights and she proved that she was more than the sweet young thing of "Delicious" and that she had a dramatic capability which her public had been prone to overlook. Charles' lot was not so fair. He pulled unfortunate stories in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," "The Big Shake Down," and "Girl Without a Room." These pictures brought forth storms of protests from Charles' faithful public—criticism which would have paled the heart of a lesser man. Not so with Charles. He realized, quite admittedly, that the pictures were "no great shakes," however it was from these pictures, acted on his own, that he regained his lost confidence, his lost courage. It was here that he found Charles Farrell, the actor, again. After all, that was the most important thing.

The story of Charles is an interesting one. It is of a man who had attained the precarious heights of stardom. In reaching those very heights he had almost destroyed in himself those sensitivities and dramatic instincts which made him an artist. These qualities were crushed by stereotyped films, the enigma of all successful actors. Then, like you and I, Charles lost confidence in himself. He was smitten by an affliction which is frequently fatal. He fell victim to an inferiority complex. "Six months ago," confessed Charles recently, "I was weighted down with an inferiority complex." Fortunately, there was something in the man that rebelled rather than submit. It took courage to do that. It takes courage to relinquish a salary placed at the startling figures of three thousand dollars a week. It takes courage to leave the sheltering security of stardom and venture out into the uncharted seas of the future, full of countless horrors for the man who was." Charles had what it took, and did it. Having tried his wings again, wings which were greatly weakened by a lack of real hard work, and having discovered that though a little tired, they still worked, he soon became a new man. He has captured the vigor and the energy characteristic of confident youth, and he is straining at the harness. We need never fear, any more, that Charles will be the straight man or the "stooge." No more of that for him! His, now, will be parts full of meat and character which will allow him to justify for himself his existence as an actor. Charles tried to explain this invigorating change that has taken place, and, expert horseman that he is, hit upon the following metaphor, "I'm as frisky as a polo pony who has just returned from pasture." Then he hastened to explain. "Polo ponies, you know, get stale, just as I did—then they go to pasture, and when they return fit for the game again, they feel, and possibly act just as I do now."

Was Charles happy to return to the team of Gaynor and Farrell? How does this sound? "I'll frankly say that I am just as glad to go back and do pictures with Janet as I was

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Warren William, appearing with Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers in "The Upper World," a Warner Bros.-Vitaphone picture, is hitting a real stride as the film season rounds the turn for the finish of the 1933-34 year.
DOES AN ACTOR WORK FOR A LIVING?

by WARREN WILLIAM

There are persons who when discussing us think only of the glamour of the picture world—hence, give vent to a much distorted opinion—distorted in the sense that the opinion is based upon imagined facts, which neglect oftentimes the vital points.

It is not uncommon either to hear statements utterly rapid, emanating as they do from persons totally ignorant of the ramifications of our work and the responsibility that goes with the actor in pictures. We could easily pass the remarks as unworthy of reply, and thus gain a few moments of complete indifference to it all, but for the challenge the charge carries.

All of us are inclined to leave it to someone else to make answer, for very many reasons, none of which are related to laziness.

We are a regimented crew and when we speak, we design to convey a definite something. I am not a crusader by nature. There is no inner urge to carry a banner for my profession. I am inured to the calumny that actors are cranks, knaves and half-wits. The lies about our drinken-ness and immorality leave me disgusted but cold. But there is one slander that makes me mount the soap box. It is when some nincompoop sighs that "It must be grand to be an actor and not have to work."

Even in this day of widespread unemployment there are still millions of so-called hard-working people who go to work at nine o'clock and quit at six o'clock. They have two weeks' vacation in summer. These people represent the bulk of our working population and may be taken as average.

After staying up late studying a long and difficult part, he has a nine o'clock call for the morning. If his makeup is difficult, it means an hour and a half earlier in his dressing room, or 7:30. For his bath, breakfast and drive to the studio another hour is lopped off. So his day really starts at 6:30. He does not go to a comfortable office, but to an enormous stage that is difficult to heat in winter, but is unspeakably hot in summer. In Southern California, where the average temperature is high, it is always too hot under the powerful studio lamps.

This heat spoils makeup almost as fast as it can be put on. Between scenes there is little rest because he is usually rehearsing lines with other members of the cast. After a hurried lunch, which he cannot eat comfortably on account of makeup and costume, he finishes the afternoon on the stage. Very often he is called back for night shots on some exterior. These California nights are cold. Sometimes the scene calls for rain and the poor shivering actor sloshes around in the mud until he is nearly exhausted, and at two or three o'clock sniffs his way to his car for the drive home.

The next day he does not have to go to work until noon, so he figures on a couple of hours' extra sleep. At eight o'clock his phone rings and the makeup department must

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IN selecting the best picture of the month special caution was taken to award the distinction to that picture, by its sundry substantial qualities which has the most outstanding universal appeal. More or less, it can be likened to the selection of the most dependable baseball player of the season. The steady hitter, rather than the colorful home-run hitter who strikes out more times than he hits, is our choice. This month’s award is to “Stingaree,” the fiery R.K.O.-Radio production.

“Stingaree” is a strong title for an exceptionally strong story, and an exceptionally good picture with an exceptional job of direction. It is in such a picture you would like to find such artists as Irene Dunne and Richard Dix, who portray their stellar roles with zest and class. It has the treatment that his pair so readily mould to—and then again it was moulded under the superb direction of William Wellman.

The story bristles with action and is fired by the passion of the wild. It grips you by virtue of this passion which is unbridled by the very nature of circumstances, building up to consistency the elements of the melodramatic. It is a picture, raw in emotions portraying the raw days of a raw country. At times, it is tense and daring; and, on the other hand, it has its mellow moments, moistened with the tenderest of touch.

Little Wendy is intent on eloping with the son of an old convict, whom she madly loves, much to the chagrin of her granny, socially-prominent family. Appropriately, her granny tells a tale, a simple and aged one, of another woman in their family who fell in love with a jailbird.

Stingaree was a convict and was later shipped over from England with a convict gang, where he became a laborer at the sheep station of the domineering Clarkson. And with the querulous Mrs. Clarkson lived her beautiful niece, blessed twofold by the Almighty with a charming voice.

Stingaree was drawn to the house by her voice. He taught her the popular London song, Shubert’s “Serenade” and they became the best of friends. Discovered in the house, he was brutally lashed in punishment. That night, Hilda cause to his shanty with salve for his wounds. Shaken with sudden passion for the beautiful girl, he sent her away.

Escaping the Clarksons, Stingaree became notorious as a bushranger bandit, with increasingly heavy rewards offered for his capture. Daring an arrest, he attended a recital at which the famous musician was to be present. While his henchmen held the audience motionless, Stingaree forced Hilda to sing. His exploit served his purpose:
Sir Joseph interested himself in Hilda's voice.

To obtain funds for Hilda's voice education and eager to cut their mutual friendship, Hilda's brother captured Stingaree, making him believe Hilda was in back of it.

Later, learning that Hilda is about to marry Radford, a man of distinction whom Stingaree knows to be a thief, he, disguised as a bishop daringly appears at the wedding and kidnaps Hilda. In his mountain stronghold, Stingaree scorns her for her betrayal and declares his intention of possessing her. It is then he learns that she saved his life on the night of the recital and that she has always loved him.

In escaping the posse about to arrest Stingaree, Hilda is wounded. She is taken by Stingaree to the bishop for care, and in atonement, swears to reform. He submits to arrest. And as a last bit of trickery, he forces Bradford to sign a confession of his theft and uses this weapon to coerce Bradford to finance Hilda's studying in Europe.

Learning that Hilda is singing in Sydney, Stingaree escapes from prison and, though wounded, goes to her room. Once more she sings the song he once taught her. Police arrive to take Stingaree back to prison but again he escapes.

This concludes Granny's story. Wendy assumed that Hilda was her great-grandmother. Granny then chuckled, "Oh no! It's Stingaree who's your great-grandmother—a convict, a bandit and the family skeleton."

He escaped to the goldfields, married a convict girl and became rich and respectable. And if Wendy's family interferes with her marriage, Granny threatens to tell the family's origin.
WHAT manner of man in this Wallace Beery? Voted the best little elephant herder in the business, and mind you, he looks every inch the role. You'll have to admit that as the big business man in "Grand Hotel" or the tough sailor in "Hell Divers" he was in there batting every minute in a manner that left no room for discussion as to whether the job was carried off as per specification, done the Wallace Beery way which is to say, complete, correct, as you would have it, and as you feel somehow no one but Wallace Beery could.

Wallace Beery, the best known, and perhaps the best loved of the profession, is a screen contradiction, which is to say he's not the least bit smoozy or arty—he takes it straight and gives it straight. He has never lost a sense of proportion on the long trail from the circus to the summit of picture stardom. As you recall, his work in "Mim and Bill" or as Bulch in the "Big House" or "The Champ"—have you not wondered what manner of man is this fellow. Well, the human slant on this man reveals, an individual with a total absence of swank or show, earning close to one-quarter million a year, with all in every day life to meet him, you would find the 100% man of your fancy—the most human package ever bundled in skin.

You can get a clear line on his reaction to things, and in particular, to the temperamental artist (which is a key to Wally) from a remark he dropped covering his opinion of a young actor with a Broadway reputation (as expressed one day on the Metro lot) who seemed bent on making life miserable for all those around him by way of defining artist differentials—"When will fellows like that get wise to themselves? Anyone would think he was God out walking on a rainy day—some day he'll wake up with a pick and shovel in his hand."

Characters of the Beery type are moulded in a hard school where they acquire the give and take of life. Wally jumped his home town—Kansas City—at the age of 16 years to join up with Ringling Brothers Circus. He had inherited the frame and constitution of his six-foot father and was therefore made doubly welcome under the big top where he was soon placed in charge of the elephant herd. Here he was already indicating the mettle that stamps the man, service to the herd, for Wally was never a shirker. Service, the instinct of the boy and the foundation of the man, as anyone can tell you and as he tells it the sure way to the heart of man or beast, proved itself as Wally tells it in one trying moment which bade fare to be the end, for looking up he discovered an unruly lion had forced his cage door and was set for the spring. With a scream he dropped under his pet elephant who trumpeted and swung his trunk catching the lion in mid air flinging him forty feet or more, Wally says—the two years of circus and the elephant

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CAROLE LOMBARD

The Tempo of the 20th Century

by

MAURICE TURET

As modern as the name of her newest picture, that's Carole Lombard, lissome young actress who has been cast opposite John Barrymore in Columbia's "Twentieth Century." Her part of Lily Garland is regarded as the acting plum of the year. And Carole is as thrilled as she was when she played her first starring role... not many years ago.

Carole was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 6, 1909. Her parents, who are of Scotch and English descent, were rather well-to-do at the time. When Carole was seven, she moved with her parents to Los Angeles, where she attended the public schools, the Los Angeles High School, and then a year or two at the exclusive Marlborough School for Girls. Throughout her school career, she was solely interested in amateur dramatics and appeared in many high school plays.

When Carole was fifteen, she joined the Potboilers, a prominent Little Theatre in Los Angeles, where she appeared in a number of plays including Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" and "Within the Law."

A year later, she took a screen test; and much to her surprise, she clicked handsomely and was immediately awarded the coveted role opposite Edmund Lowe in "Marriage in Transit."

Carole's family were amused by her ambition. They had expected her to finish her education, make her debut in time-honored fashion and marry the scion of a socially prominent family. But Carole had other plans. And her family was wise enough to let Carole have her way, for she was after all quite young and there was time enough for everything.

That first leading role convinced the attractive girl, whose hair has since been likened to ripened corn, that there was (Continued on Page 36)
GREAT distinction rightfully goes to those who can utilize the simple in creating the majestic. Columbia Films again strikes the key of achievement. Literature is deeply indebted to Molnar for the poetic study of youth in his "No Greater Glory" and the picture industry to Columbia in bringing this masterpiece to the screen.

It is not strange that the production has afforded opportunity for stellar work in the role of Nemeczek, since Molnar offers it as a psychological thesis and Frank Borzage in his treatment and understanding opens up and directs a dramatic portrayal equalling anything ever attempted in pictures. He assigned this important role to a mere child, George Breakston, and you will not challenge his rare judgment in so doing. This honor picture of the month in a singular way embodies an inspirational note rare in the annals of the industry; the high emotional urge of a child under the stress of duty as he conceives it.

The industry has frequently become indebted to novelty in production, but here we find the pure in art expressed through superb direction. Borzage draws upon his memory of the days of his youth in this—in every way the delicate touch of mastery shapes the action and reflexes of this juvenile artist, George Breakston, who is destined, we believe, to high honors in the profession.

The world loves the pranks of youth, but Molnar has sketched the very soul of these innocents and Borzage in the most difficult work of his career achieves the greatest picture of his career. "No Greater Glory" is unforgettable in its charm, the burden of its art is one of direction—it comes at a period when something superbly beautiful is most needed and it comes from the house of hits, Columbia Films.

The story is of a group of young boys in Budapest. The boys, one group of them as members of a "secret society," the Paul Street Boys, and another group known as the Red Shirts. Both are organized military units under their own boyish leadership. Each has its own general and army, and each its own domain. The Paul Street Boys have a swell lot and the Red Shirts have to use the botanical gardens as their drilling ground. They want the Paul Street Boys' lot, so they decide to declare war. George Breakston is the only private in the Paul Street Boys' army—all the rest are officers. He is a bit small to be an officer.

The two armies are engaged in war for several days, finally Breakston, who has been ill, has a hand-to-hand fight with the leader of the Red Shirts and rescues the flag of his pal. The Paul Street Boys win, but Breakston dies on the battlefield. This great battle which has cost the boys the life of their buddy has all come to naught for the next day steam shovels start preparations to build a modern apartment house on the beloved Paul Street Boys' lot.

Borzage has selected an excellent cast. Breakston made himself the star, Jackie Searl, Frankie Darro, Lois Wilson and Ralph Morgan are the other leads. It is a picture well worth seeing and a great step forward in motion picture history.

Two months ago George Breakston was only a schoolboy who had won renown on the air. Radio fans were familiar with his voice, but in motion picture circles he was unknown. Motion picture scouts who had visited radio studios in search of talent had passed him by. To them he was merely another kid, another child actor. Today these same scouts are hanging their heads in shame because they might have been the ones to discover the star.

Even lightning requires some assistance in finding its mark. It generally strikes a tall building, a towering tree, or a house on an open plain. George Breakston owes his chance to star in "No Greater Glory" to the fact that he

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This young lady is none other than Miss Muriel Evans, one of the outstanding feature players on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. Watch this little miss.
How to Develop Lovely Legs

by MLLE. GUIRET

THE 1934 amusement cry seems to be, "Legs, legs and more legs!"

The American limb is being glorified everywhere, Broadway as well as the hinterlands. And as usual, Hollywood is setting the pace with such huge and sumptuous productions as "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Murder at the Vanities," where the greatest eye connoisseur was recruited from the East to select legs, only of the most extraordinary finesse.

The plaintive cry is echoed across the footlights, on the nation's stage shows. With vaudeville on crutches, the producers rushed here and there, seeking an "elixir". And they found it in Nature's oldest and loveliest medium of artistic expression.

Then it is no wonder that the Hollywood stars, who hitherto relied solely on their facial beauty, are getting "legs" conscious. And rumor even has it that Marlene Dietrich is discarding her "longies" and will hereafter shed more light on her sprightly calves.

It is almost, you can say, another film revolution. Never since the event of the talkies have such vast changes taken place in the lives of the Hollywood personalities. And that, ladies and gentlemen, includes the high salaried stars as well as the insignificant extras.

You may add that trick photography can obliterate any outward signs of misshaped and unsightly limbs. But that isn't the way of Hollywood, that is, if you know your cinema capital. The tempo of production on the western coast is getting keener every day. There is no time for fixing and

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You can thank Samuel Goldwyn of United Artists for the pleasure you have in looking at "Nana." Of course, we all know who "Nana" is.—Anna Sten.
THE NEWS REEL

For the first time since wild animals have been used for Hollywood motion pictures an African rhinoceros was ridden by an actor—who lived to tell the story!

Johnny Weissmuller, star of "Tarzan" adventure pictures, last week risked his life in this unheard-of feat when he climbed on the back of an infuriated "rhino" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and stayed there while a battery of four cameras photographed the scene.

At intervals for more than an hour Weissmuller entered the small enclosure with the animal and managed to keep out of reach of its deadly horns. During several of the charges, animal trainers who stood by in case of emergency, were forced to run for shelter.

George Emerson, well-known "big animal" man formerly with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus, working on the production declared:

"In my years of experience with wild animals this is the first time I have ever known of anyone, either trainer or actor, who has successfully ridden a live African rhinoceros."

Weissmuller's wife, Miss Lupe Velez, came to the enclosure just as the actor was about to attempt the stunt and pleaded with him not to take the chance. Afer calming her fears and diverting her attention to another setting, Weissmuller entered the enclosure and was on the rhino's back before his "Lupe" could stop him!

Harry Wein is a synthetic liquor expert for RKO-Radio Pictures, making all the beverages used in films by that company. Using apple cider plus a powerful but harmless chemical, he makes champagne that will shoot a cork more than twenty feet, accompanied by a report that would turn green with envy an Epernay distiller.

Among the pictures which Universal will make next year will be the famous classic, "Swiss Family Robinson." Few books have interested more people than this account of a family wrecked on a tropical island and their ingenious methods of carrying on in the face of adversity. It was written in 1813 by Johann David Wyss.

Katharine De Mille was a big hit as Wallace Beery's wife in "Viva Villa." The fans are expecting great things from this little miss.

Henry Hull, eminent stage actor and star of the current Broadway play, "Tobacco Road," was signed by Carl Laemmle, Jr., to a five-year contract. Under this contract, the actor will appear in two or possibly three pictures each year. He will begin work in Universal City June 20th. Hull recently made a screen appearance in "Midnight," a Chester Erskine production, which was released by Universal.

Four more players have been added to the cast of "Treasure Island" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. They are Lewis Stone, Edmund Breese, Nigel Bruce and Cora Sue Collins, the little girl who played Greta Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina." Victor Fleming is directing this film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic with Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Dorothy Peterson and William V. Mong in important roles.

Rian James arrived in New York last week with a new long-term contract with Universal Pictures. The contract calls for Mr. James, former columnist of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, to perform the services of associate producer, screen writer and director at Universal City. He has no definite assignment as yet. Mr. James is author of "The Crooner," "Hat Check Girl," and "The Parachute Jumper," and has also acted as producer in two Hollywood studios.

RKO-Radio Pictures was forced to retain an off-stage singer for Mary Boland because the noted character actress couldn't sing badly enough for her humorous role in the current musical drama, "Stingaree."

Miss Boland, as the female "heavy" of the piece, has an exaggerated opinion of her vocal powers which are really such as not even a mother could love. The plot of the story arises from her attempts to prevent the success as a singer of Irene Dunne, a poor relative. But along comes Richard Dix as "Stingaree," the roguish Robin Hood bandit, to straighten everything out.

Dix and Miss Dunne are co-starred.

Columbia Pictures has acquired the motion picture rights to Wallace Smith's popular novel "The Captain Hates the Sea." Lewis Milestone has been assigned to direct. The story, an absorbing yarn of the sea, has many humorous and entertaining situations, with a strong undercurrent of drama.

Wallace Smith, newspaperman, war correspondent and member of Chicago's famous group of outstanding writers, is noted as artist, novelist and screen writer.

Milestone's fame as a result of his direction of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Front Page" was preceded by the worldwide renown he gained as director of "Two Arabian Knights," heralded as an outstanding feature length comedy.

Immediately upon completing her leading role opposite Stuart Erwin in "The Party's Over," Ann Soothern, former stage and musical comedy star, will be paired with Robert Armstrong as a new romantic team for Columbia's "The Hell Cat," a newspaper story by Adele Buffington and Fred Niblo, Jr.

(Continued to Page 38)
"Not quite the right expression, Miss Dever. We'll shoot it again."

"OIL! OIL! MAGGIE WE'RE RICH!"

"I'M JUDGE CASEY—TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR"
"I think it's Whistler's Sweetheart."

"ALL THE HOTELS ARE FULL—CAN YOU PUT US UP FOR THE NIGHT?"

HIS NEAR-SIGHTED WIFE—"HORACE, WHO IS THIS SHAMELESS PERSON?"
Here are four excellent reasons why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced the "Hollywood Party."

In the "Hollywood Party" you will see most of the M-G-M players, including Jimmie Durante, Laurel and Hardy and an all-star musical cast.
already the Hollywood gossipers are betting that the threads of the rigid matrimonial "Brown and Sally" tie-up are losing much of its hitherto strength. They add, furthermore, that Sally's rather peeved. So, that's that!

Marjorie King, the cute little girl who threw up a film career, and it could have been a glittering one at that, to come to New York on the trail of George Raft, collapsed the other day and confessed she'd been in despair over the sleek screen lover's failure to escort her about New York as he had done about Hollywood and Los Angeles.

One bright morning last month, Bobbe Arnst, ex-wife of Johnny "Tarzan" Weismuler forgot to don her stockings. But that didn't deter her from being a half an hour late. Oh, I suppose you've already guessed where she was headed for. Sure enough, the Higher Court of Marital Sanctions.

Dashing in with all her accustomed vivaciousness, Bobby answered the necessary questions with great ease and rapidity. Well, there's nothing like experience. And Bobby has had plenty! By the way, she signed the dotted line for life (now you're guessing) to Robert Cavanaugh, prominent lawyer.

Gazettes are still resounding in all distant parts of this giddy globe, "Wuxtra! Mary and Doug have made up!" Yes siree, America's sweethearts marriage has been reboned, and today it's as firm as the good ol' mysty rock of Gibraltar. The other day, Doug Sr. returned from a vacation jaunt to Italy and Spain, as is his wont, admitted that he and Mary had reconciliated.

Yes, and for good! So, divorces are not going to the Doug's!

It sure is good for the Eastern eyes, as, for the first time in years—aeons to us—the Atlantic coasters can glimpse the international beauty, Gloria Swanson. She is currently making limited personal experiences.

One by one, Gloria mercilessly tore apart the rumors that she and her Irish husband, Michael Farmer, have separated or are even on the verge of separation. "Michael is in Norway," Gloria told the inquiring, and rather insistent reporters, "and I am here but I don't think it's reason to get excited." And, for once, we're taking Gloria's word with more than a grain of salt.

On the other side of the gay Atlantic, to be specific, in Cannes, France, Sigvard Bernadotte of Sweden and his bride Erika Patzek, former German film star who has worked for the Hollywood entrepreneurs several times, arrived there last week. They stopped long enough to receive the blessing of the bridegroom's father, King Gustav V of Sweden. The old adage that time is the healer of all wounds still rings true. The pompous king has apparently forgiven Siggie's marriage. And was Erika's piquant face crimson when his highness kissed her sweet little cheek.

Angela Joyce, screen actress and "Miss England" of 1930, is suing Lord Revelstoke for a half million (not yen's either). She charges that the debonair heir to the huge estate of his banker father promised to marry her.

Or better to put it, Angela's inimitable purring, "He adored me like a goddess in the clouds. Some people may think I fell in love with him for his money. But nothing could be farther from the truth. I loved him to distraction. He's the best looking man in the world."
Broadway and the Great White Way have really had one of the biggest seasons since the depression, which this writer is thinking is a long time. At the time of this writing there are 36 plays, and musical comedies on the street between Fortieth and Fifty-third Streets and Eighth and Sixth Avenues. The Ziegfeld Follies has given over 100 performances and still going strong. "Men in White" has been running since September. And two plays are just opening: "Wife Insurance" with Kenneth MacKenna and Ilka Chase, and "The Pirates of Penzance," a Gilbert and Sullivan revival.

Hollywood stars have had a great season on Broadway this year. Helen Hayes is still appearing as Queen Mary in "Mary of Scotland" for the Theatre Guild. Walter Huston had Walter Winchell handing out orchids for his brilliant performance in the title role of Sinclair Lewis' novel "Dodsworth." Marilyn Miller is in "As Thousands Cheer." J. C. Nugent is running into his fifth month with "Big Hearted Herbert."

Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews have had New Yorkers laughing since October with "Her Master's Voice." James Kirkwood is in "House of Remsen." Melvyn Douglas is doing an excellent job with "No More Ladies." Ernest Truex goes into his third month with "Sing and Whistle." Henry Hull in "Tobacco Road" is one of the biggest hits of the season.

Earlier in the season New Yorkers had the pleasure of seeing Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins and Tallulah Bankhead in person. And to end the season with a big punch, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey come into the Madison Square Garden.

Theatregoers have missed Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt this season. They have taken a year for a little traveling.

Reports have it on Broadway that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart brought back a nice new play with them from Hollywood. (Not a comedy.) The play, it is reported, will drop nine curtains, in other words there are nine scenes distributed over three acts. In dropping the nine curtains, we all hope, that it doesn't lay an egg.

Ruth Draper is starting a season in London at the Haymarket Theatre.

With the Metropolitan Opera closed for the season two other opera companies have opened up in full swing. They are trying to make it possible for everyone in New York to see operas with a 99c top. Tickets as low as 25c may be had. This is really an excellent movement, for it not only makes the opera possible for all purists but it gives employment to hundreds of singers and musicians.

Producer Max Gordon makes a forecast for the season 1934-35 and announces that the schedule so far is seven plays, which include:
1. "Waltzes From Vienna." Moss Hart will adapt this one. He is in London now conferring with Hassard Short, who is to stage it.
2. "Low Bridge" a play by Marc Connolly and Frank B. Elser.
4. "Spring Song" by Bella Spewack.
5. A play by Sidney Howard.
6. A musical show by Cole Porter.
7. And one by Jerome Kern.

A busy season for Mr. Gordon, but they say that he will probably announce one or two more. He should go into the motion picture business.

Hugh O'Connell of "Once in a Lifetime" and "Face the Music" will be in a play called "The Milky Way." In other words he is to be a milkman who becomes a boxer with a manager and everything.

The Dallas Little Theatre will be the first place in this country to put on G. Bernard Shaw's new play. This was made possible by special arrangement with the Theatre Guild of New York City. The Dallas (Texas) group is a very lively body. It will be remembered that they won the Belasco Cup in New York three years straight, then thought themselves too good to come the fourth time, and they were probably right!

Al Jolson announced recently that he had no plans for the future. He did not know when he would make another picture and he did not think he would be in another play soon. Broadway will miss you, ol' fellow.

Broadway is talking of Miss Judith Anderson making a trip to the west coast to put on "Mourning Becomes Electra," Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece.
Evalyn Beveridge appearing in Educational Comedies.
WANTS GANGSTER FILMS

WACO, TEXAS.—I have been going to the theatres at least once a week for the last ten years. I have watched the picture industry grow into one of the largest industries in the country. It is very interesting to me to notice how the films are going back to the sentimental pictures after about five years of rough-and-ready type. Such pictures as "Little Women," "Alice in Wonderland," "Smilin' Through" and "Spitfire." I wonder how long this will last? I haven't seen a good gangster picture in months.

Manny Taylor.

LIKE ANNA STEN

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—If you can believe the publicity you read, $1,000,000 was spent to make Anna Sten a big star. What's the big idea? If she is so wonderful, and I think she is, why didn't they just bring her over here and put her into a picture and let the public do the discovering. She would be worth several million to her producers then. The theatricals would rather find their own star rather than have them selected for them. I was in New York City recently and saw her at Radio City,—her picture, I mean. It was a good picture alright but I believe I would have liked it better if they hadn't tried to sell so hard. But what's the difference, the more money that's spent, the more gets in circulation.

O. S. Jensen.

SO DO WE!

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—How long do you think Katharine Hepburn will be a star? Forever, I hope.

S. A. M.

WELCOME FOR RONNY

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. — Broadway and Hollywood "MOVIES" is an excellent movie mag. for 10c. I like your policy. . . . Glad to see Ronald Colman is making another picture.

Ruth Baker.

WATCHING DOUG AND JOAN

LANSING, MICH.—I have read in several fan magazines that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. have been going out together since Doug's return from London. Is this just a publicity stunt or are they still in love with each other? I bet they are. Enclosed is a self-addressed stamped envelope for your reply. I would like to know what you think, as you are, through your magazine, in closer contact to the stars.

Miss Isabel Stewart.

GINGER BOOSTER

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Is Ginger Rogers from Dallas or Fort Worth? She won a Charleston contest here in Dallas at the Majestic theatre, but I don't know whether she went to school here or not. If you pay any attention to requests, I would like for you to run an interview about Ginger. She's really a swell person. Get behind her and give her so much publicity that all the film companies will be after her. That's all any of these stars need. You fan magazines really run the film business.

Miss Joan Harrison.

WANTS ADVICE

LONGMONT, COLO.—We have a little girl in this town who would really be a hit in the movies. But in this town there isn't much chance of her getting very far. I've noticed that your magazine has a department called "The Casting Office." Maybe you would be glad to give a suggestion to this little girl on the quickest and least expensive way to get a chance in Hollywood. What would you advise? I am enclosing a snapshot of her.

Harold P.

GOOD CLEAN FILMS

CHICAGO, ILL. — Why don't one of the film companies make a picture with Marie Dressler and Will Rogers together? That ought to be the best team going. These two have really brought more clean fun to the screen than any of the other stars. I read the other day that their popularity was for greater than any of the younger stars, which shows that the theatregoers want something else besides love and sex. A little of it is all right but enough is enough. Many people think that the movies are a bad thing for the younger generation but I feel that it has done much to show them what happens when they get off the straight and narrow paths. Marie Dressler hasn't made a picture in a long time. I hope she will soon. She was wonderful in "Dinner at Eight." I read "MOVIES" every month and like the way you present the latest news from Hollywood. Mrs. Robert S. Clayton.

PAGE MR. CROSBY

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Bing Crosby doesn't get enough mention in your magazine! All the other movie magazines mention him every month. Why don't you? He is one of the best actors on the screen and he really is the best crooner living today. In my mind, he is the greatest fellow living. Many more readers would buy your magazine if you would put him on the cover. You had one of Wallace Beery on the cover. I don't see why Bing wouldn't look better. He's far better looking, don't you think. I buy "MOVIES" every time it comes out, but I won't if you don't give Bing a lot of publicity. That might sound like blackmail, but it's only for your own good. You do have a good movie magazine that's why I want you to have a picture of Bing on the cover. Please do this for me.

Miss Katharine Martin.

P. S. If you don't want to put one of Bing on the cover by himself you might put Marion Davies on there with him. She is a beauty and they were swell.

(Continued on Page 44)
CURRENT PICTURES


ALL OF ME — Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Helen Mack and Fredric March. It is a delightful story of an ex-convict and an expectant mother who teach a young girl that marriage will not kill her sublame love.

AS THE EARTH TURNS — Warner Bros. — Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods. It is a tender story of a girl on a farm, beautifully enacted.

BEFORE, MIDNIGHT — Columbia — Ralph Bellamy, June Collyer. An intriguing mystery yarn which utilizes the flashback idea. On the whole, enjoyable entertainment.

BOLERO — Paramount — George Raft, Carole Lombard and Sally Rand’s fan dancing. A gay romance of two internationally famous dancers.

CAROLINA — Fox — Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young. A simple story of the old, aristocrat South, Sprightly performance and well recommended.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE — M. G. M. — Ramon Novarro, Jeanette MacDonald and Jean Hersholt, Frank Morgan and Charles Butterworth. Delightful entertainment. Ramon Novarro, as the dancing and eccentric composer, is aces.


COMING OUT PARTY — Fox — An old but engaging plot in which a rity society deb goes thru an ordeal so her lover could go on a concert tour. Gene Raymond and Frances Dee.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE — Helber Pictures — An all-star cast. Another exciting Edgar Wallace thriller. And strange coincidences.


DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY — Paramount — Fredric March, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing. Death visits a house party and falls in love. No one in the world dies while he loves. Excellent.

DEVIL TIGER — Fox — A thrilling story of the Malay jungles and the hunt for man-eating tigers. All star cast.

EASY TO LOVE — Warner Bros. — Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor, and Edward Everett Horton. Interesting story and light comedy.


FLYING DOWN TO RIO — RKO-Radio — Dolores Del Rio, Ginger Rogers, Fred Asa¬tire, Gene Raymond. Beautiful dance scenes and clever stunt with dance number from the air. Introducing the Cario¬ca.

FOG — Columbia — Donald Cook, Mary Brian and Reginald Denny. A thrilling mystery story with three good murders on an ocean liner.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE — Paramount — They are Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, who find themselves lost in the jungle with no one but Leo Carrillo to guide them. And he soon loses the way. Excellent production by De Milles.


GOING HOLLYWOOD — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — Marion Davies starring production with Bing Crosby, Fifi Dorsay and Stuart Er¬win. Beautiful choruses and Davies does a splendid job, to say nothing for Bing.

GOOD DAMES — Paramount — Sylvia Sid¬ney and Fredric March. A beautiful romance between this famous pair that really gets interesting.

HI, NELLIE! — Warner Bros. — Paul Muni at his best as a newspaperman with Glenda Farrell and Ned Sparks keeping the action at top speed throughout. Muni great as love¬lorn editor.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY — RKO-Radio — Wheeler and Woolsey with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee. Good music and plenty of laughs on a cross-country auto race.

HIS DOUBLE LIFE — Paramount — Roland Young and Lillian Gish. One of the great¬est little pictures for real entertainment ever filmed. Young does a great job and Gish’s acting is first class, if not better.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT — Columbia — Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert trying to get from Florida to New York without any too much money. Colbert wants to marry someone her father, Walter Connolly, doesn’t want her to and Gable changes her mind. (In one night.)

I’VE GOT YOUR NUMBER — Warner Bros. — Joan Blondell, Pat O’Brien and Allen Jenkins and a thrilling film about the telephone company’s best service men.

KEEP ‘EM ROLLING — RKO-Radio — Walter Huston, Frances Dee and Minna Gombell. Story of a man’s devotion to his horse through War and Peace.


LOOKING FOR TROUBLE — United Artists — Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings and Arline Judge. Trouble shoot¬ers for the telephone company through rain, snow, earthquakes and fire.


MEN IN WHITE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Elizabeth Allan and Wallace Ford in a story about a hospi¬tal based on a great stage hit.


ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN — Columbia — Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy with Walter Connolly. Romance about a hospital with Fay as the beautiful nurse.

ORIENT EXPRESS — Fox — Norman Fos¬ter, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan meet action and thrills on a continental express.

PALOOKA — United Artists — Jimmie Du¬rante, Stuart Erwin and Lupe Velez. Jim¬mie’s great as the manager of Stuart Erwin, the great boxer.

SIX OF A KIND — Paramount — Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth and Burns and Allen. As good as you would want and know it would be. Plenty of action and fun.

VIVA VILLA! — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — Wallace Beery, Fay Wray, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo and Henry B. Walthal. In a few words, the greatest picture ever made!

WONDER BAR — Warner Bros. — Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio, Dick Powell and Guy Kibbee. A beautiful picture of the musical that has thrilled the world for the last three years.
"NICE HOMEY TYPE, ISN'T SHE, JOE?"
There's a chance for you in Hollywood—if you're really sincere and want to take it! New faces and new figures constantly grace the screen. In the three years that we have run this Casting Office several of the girls and boys listed have gone on to Hollywood and have broken thru the gates of the film studios. Has your name been entered on the Casting Office list?

As we mentioned before, this mag-

azine also secures models for professional illustrators, sculptors and commercial photographers. We make no charge to either party, as this is NOT an employment agency nor an advertising stunt. It is interesting to note that recently the RKO-Radio studios called for six exceedingly beautiful Hollywood art and advertising models to appear in a picture starring Richard Dix. You probably remember the picture. It is written around the romance of an advertising office. One of the girls was used as a model for “scantilies,” another for hair, one for teeth, stockings, lips and corsets according to their particular beauty forte.

The possession of “brains” and ordinary horse sense is essential to success in work on the stage and screen, no matter how dumb one may be called upon to look for certain cinematic screen sequences.

We enroll men and women, regardless of age. This holds true with making of photographs; we make photographs of you without any charge if you report to one of the studios listed on this page. And tell the operator or proprietor that the bill is to be charged to “MOVIES” monthly. The studio will then forward the picture directly to us with the Qualification Blank you are requested to fill out neatly and fully.

Photographs which you wish returned must NEVER be sent to our offices because we do not, under any circumstances, return photographs! We do not accept “ping pong” pictures which have been hand-colored, nor do we accept photos that have been rolled.

We have just received a photograph and listing from Sidney Homer Hubbard, 49 Lawrence Avenue, Tuckahoe, N. Y., who resembles Neil Hamilton. He is a fine-looking fellow and is very much interested in flying, football and surf-board riding.

Fill out the blank on this page and mail it today with your photograph to The Casting Office, “MOVIES”, 1450 Broadway, New York City. We shall print all good photographs we receive and give credit in this column.

Where to get photos taken:

ALABAMA
Birmingham—Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Hollywood-Evansmith, 6533 Sunset Blvd.

FLORIDA
Jacksonville—Tuten Bros.
Miami—M. Sardi, 214 East Flagler St.
Tampa—Mans Bros.

ILLINOIS
Chicago—Fred Fox Studio, 2746 Fullerton Ave.

IOWA
Davenport—Peterson-Harned-Yon Maur
Des Moines—Younger Bros.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—Hochschild-Kohn Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—C. F. Howe Co.

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis—New Hennepin Studio, 127 Hennepin Ave.
St. Paul—Emporium (Dept. Store)

MISSOURI
Kansas City—John Taylor D. G. Co.

NEBRASKA
Lincoln—Gold and Co.

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park—Steinbach Company
East Orange—R. H. Macy, Inc.
Montclair—Louis Harris Dept. Store

NEW YORK
Albany—W. M. Whitney & Co.
Brooklyn—F. Looser & Co. (2 studios)
Buffalo—Hens and Kelly
Hempstead, L. I.—Franklin Shops, 250 Fulton Av.
Newburgh—Schonmcke & Sons
New Rochelle—H. R. Ware Co.
New York—Gray Salon of Art, 1680 F’way.
New York—Jas McCreery & Co., West 34th St.
Poughkeepsie—Lakey, Platt & Co.
Utica—Robert Fraser & Co.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville—Boy Marco Store
Greensboro—Meyer’s Dept. Store
Monroe—Dixie Photo Service, 504 N. Stewart St.
Raleigh—Boylan Photo

OHIO
Akron—C. H. Year Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Ardsdale—Strawbridge & Clothier
Avondale—Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier, Market St. (2 studios)
Pittsburgh—Borgs and Buhl

SOUTH CAROLINA
Greenville—Keltho, Inc.

TEXAS
Memphis—Lowenstein’s Store

WHITE VIRGINIA
Wheeling—The Hub, Market & Chapline Sts.

Miss Hilda (4) Chilka
New Rochelle, N. Y.

The CASTING OFFICE

Name ___________________________ Phone ________________
Address __________________________
City & State ___________________________
Sex ___________________ Race ___________ Color Hair _________ Age _________
Height _______ Weight _______ Color of Eyes _______ Calf _________
Hips _______ Chest (Bust) _______ Glove Size _______ Shoe Size ________
Theatrical experience, if any. Accomplishments such as vocal, dancing,
singing, horseback riding, swimming, etc. ______________________________

Make out 3 x 5 card similar to above, fill out neatly and mail in WITH photographs.
Alice Faye is making quite a hit in "George White's Scandals" playing opposite Rudy Vallee. A Fox Film.
She was offered leading roles in Western pictures and appeared twice as Buck Jones’ leading lady and as Tom Mix’s heroine on another occasion. Riding bucking bronchos proved no hardship to her, as she had learned to ride before she could run. But somehow Western pictures didn’t seem to offer much acting opportunities so when she was given a long-term contract by Mack Sennett, she readily accepted it, despite the fact that she wasn’t particularly fond of custard pies or plaster baths. But she knew that Sennett had developed many a dramatic actress, including Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Sally Eilers.

And Carole was right, for the training proved exceedingly helpful. Besides, featured in a series of comedies with Sally Eilers she was brought to the attention of Paul Stein, the director, who was looking for a leading lady to play in “Show Folks.” Which resulted in another long-term contract, but this time with Pathé, so creditably did she acquit herself in her first talkie venture.

It was about this time that she added an “e” to her first name, as a sign of luck. And it sure did turn out to be a lucky stroke, for Paramount soon became interested in her and signed her up to play opposite Buddy Rogers. And one picture was all she needed to prove her real, innate capabilities. Since then she has mounted the glittering ladder, climaxing it with her latest Columbia role in “Twentieth Century.”

The four or five years during which time Miss Lombard has been prominent on the screen have changed her considerably. Always attractive, she has acquired a poise and polish, a finesse in acting technique, to add another of the reputation of being one of the most smartly-groomed Hollywood luminaries. She can wear gowns that hint of the bizarre and show off her supple figure to perfect advantage.

Miss Lombard was married, almost three years ago, to William Powell, suave and debonair screen actor. At that time Hollywood was amazed at the union, for not only was Powell fifteen years older than his bride; but he was sophisticated in every sense of the word, most decidedly a man of the world. While Carole, at twenty-two, was a glamorous young woman on the threshold of a career, pulsating with life and seeking romance and adventure.

But the two were married and all Hollywood was charmed that their prediction had gone astray . . . until two years later when Carole flew to Reno to obtain a divorce. Today, her most ardent escort is her ex-husband. And they are as fond of each other today as they were in the halcyon days of their courtship, for they have discovered, as many Hollywood artists do, that two careers are not compatible in one cottage.

White is Carole’s favorite color, but she also likes green and yellow. She rarely wears the same formal gown more than two or three times before giving it away to someone who needs it. She wears her sport clothes, however, until they fall apart.

She weighs 110 pounds and is five feet four inches. She guards her complexion by keeping it thoroughly clean . . . using soap and water every other day and good cleaning creams in between. Her hair is shampooed very often, usually twice a week, and she uses hot oil applications to keep the hair from becoming unnaturally dry.

Miss Lombard’s favorite sports are swimming, tennis, horseback riding, skiing and pingpong. She likes to read, especially biographies and books on psychology. And Ludwig, by the way, is her favorite author; and she is very fond of Donn Byrne and Geue Fowler. Incredible as it may sound, she revels in poetry; and her musical tastes vary with her moods.

Helen Hayes and Greta Garbo are her favorite actresses . . . attends motion pictures regularly . . . considers herself a red hot fan . . . likes to cook and has no preference regarding food but rarely eats between meals . . . She has
never gone abroad but went to Hawaii on her honeymoon

. She has two dogs, a dachshund named Brownie and an Alaskan husky who answers to Bosco ... She confesses to no economies and changes her perfume frequently ... She likes being asked for her autograph and enjoys sitting for photographers ... And Carole doesn’t diet, for if she did, she’d melt away! So, she’ll tell you ...

**WALLACE BEERY**

(Continued from Page 16)

herd prepared him for life as he laughingly tells how he shoed that lion away.

Leaving the circus, he joined Henry W. Savage Musical Comedy Company in New York City where he soon became leading comedian.

Discussing his first work in pictures with Essanay Film Company back in 1913: “My circus training was my guiding principle in everything attempted for in the circus I saw that clowning reached the hearts of audiences, so I studied their antics to learn the principle upon which they based their action and concluded that a clown had to do something that the average person is afraid he’ll do, then you are sure to get a laugh. The old stunt of having a man walk across the street without his trousers is a good illustration of the point. With Essanay hard work and creative ideas was expected of us and my circus training was drawn upon heavily. We averaged a picture a week for the first two years.”

During most of this period Wally was not only chief comedian, he was electrician, cameraman, all-around utility man and chief pinch hitter in any emergency—ever the man of service, building round by round the ladder of success. Wally remarked, he had no dislikes—“The circus taught me to accept every situation and turn it to good account, to put the old will and the old noodle to work, so when Geo. Spoor asked me if I objected to playing a Swedish gal, I merely replied, ‘Bring her on—I’ll eat her up.’ You see, my feet like the rest of me ain’t so dainty, the way they stuck out from under the dress seemed to get the crowd. In those days, the ‘knock ’em out and drag around type was the vogue’ and you can see the old Swedish gal wade in and do her stuff. We never failed to get the gallery when the fray was on. Of course those years taught me things not of the circus and year by year observation and experience qualified me for better work. My work with Essanay was a source of satisfaction but I longed to work with the old master of comedy, Mack Sennett and the wish was ultimately gratified.”

Another point which shows the unaffected attitude of Mr. Wallace Beery is the fact that he is the only prominent star in Hollywood whose name is listed in the telephone book. He has a beautiful mansion in Beverly Hills, which was designed and furnished according to his plan.

Today Wallace Beery is one of the eight most popular stars in Hollywood, which as can only be attributed to his ingenious characterizations. Now to top all of his performances we are seeing him portray the role of the big Mexican bandit in “Viva Villa!” He appears with Fay Wray, Katherine De Mille and Stuart Erwin. The picture is having a long run at $2.00 top on Broadway. It is just the type of picture you want to see Beery in. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer know their stars and know their stories. Viva Beery—“Viva Villa!”

Miss Barbara Lloyd appearing in Universal Pictures.
which will be brought to the screen under the guidance of Albert Rogell.

Miss Sothern, who made her screen debut in “Let’s Fall in Love,” Columbia’s highly successful musical comedy, was a musical comedy and stage ingenue. She appeared in “Smiles,” “America’s Sweetheart,” “Everybody’s Welcome” and the Chicago company of “Of Thee I Sing.”

Frances Williams, New York stage star, was making her first appearance before a camera, making tests for her role in “The Hollywood Party” at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She asked the cameraman where she could stand, and so on. “You see I’m just a strange little girl from New York,” she explained, “so you’ll have to tell me things to do and places to go!”

Edgecomb Pinchon, author of “Viva Villa!” in which Wallace Beery is starred for M-G-M, believes he has the longest name of any writer in pictures. He was baptized Ernest Wydfred Pierre Mount Edgecomb Pinchon.

Michael Arlen’s novel and play, “The Green Hat,” will be a starring picture for Constance Bennett, according to announcement from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Irving Thalberg will produce “The Green Hat,” cast and director of which will be chosen in the near future. Miss Bennett’s last picture was “Moulin Rouge” and her earlier films include “Bed of Roses” and “Our Betters.” On the Broadway stage, the leading role in “The Green Hat” was performed by Katharine Cornell.

“One More River,” John Galsworthy’s novel written just before his death, will be filmed at Universal City as one of the big productions on the 1934-35 program. Carl Laemmle, Jr., announced that Universal would exercise the option it has held on the novel for several months.

Young Laemmle has assigned James Whale to direct “One More River,” and R. C. Sherriff has already written the screen play for it. When Whale was in London for two months this year, he conferred with Sherriff, who was then attending Oxford University, and together they worked out a treatment of the Galsworthy novel. It was possible for them to actually visit locations mentioned in the book, as most of the action in “One More River” takes place in and around London.

There was a particular reason for assigning “One More River” to Whale and Sherriff. Like Galsworthy, they are both English and therefore understand the country and traditions of the great novelist. Carl Laemmle, Jr. intends to transfer faithfully to the screen both the plot and the spirit of the novel, making a full-sized portrait of English country life.

Throughout his brilliant career, Galsworthy, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1932, always felt distrustful of the movies. He accused them of taking unfair liberties with his books in the filming of them, and after one or two instances, refused to have any more of his works pictured. “The White Monkey,” produced in 1925, is one of the few to reach the screen. In making “One More River,” Carl Laemmle, Jr. will leave no basis for criticism. H. G. Wells was another English author who had no confidence in movie adaptations. But when he saw James Whale’s “Invisible Man,” he was all praise. Whale will keep the same careful hand on “One More River” and Carl Laemmle, Jr. knows it.

“One More River” is John Galsworthy’s last and, in the opinion of many, his finest novel. It was completed only a short time before his death in January, 1934. After being published serially last spring in Good Housekeeping magazine, it was issued in book form by Scribner’s last October.

New long-term contracts are announced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for Jean Harlow, whose next picture will be “One Hundred Percent Pure,” and Stuart Erwin. Erwin has just completed the role of an American reporter in “Viva Villa!” Miss Harlow’s vehicles of the past season include “Red Dust” and “Hold Your Man” with Clark Gable, and “The Blonde Bombshell” with Lee Tracy. She was also one of the stars in “Dinner at Eight.”

Lionel Barrymore is to celebrate his twenty-fifth year in motion pictures with one of the strongest character roles of the year in “Treasure Island,” it was announced last week by the Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer studios.

Barrymore will play Bill Jones, blood-thirsty, rough and roistering lieutenant of Captain Flint, most feared of all pirates in the world-famous story by Robert Louis Stevenson. His makeup is said to be even more unusual than that he wore as Rasputin in “Rasputin and the Empress.”

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, the famous team of “The Champ” are united in the picture with Barrymore, with a powerful supporting cast that now includes Otto Kruger and Douglas Dumbrille.

Victor Fleming is to direct the picture, with an adaptation for the screen by John Lee Mahin. Hunt Stromberg, famous for many adventure dramas, is the producer.
“MOVIES”

(Continued from Page 11)

to stop making them fourteen months ago.”

Was Janet happy to have Charles return to her? I wonder if you, too, can catch the overtones which seep through this conservatively and carefully worded statement which she issued? “I am extremely happy to be teamed again with Farrell. We have made many pictures together without any discord or lack of understanding between us. The public has demanded to see us together again, and I am sure I shall enjoy the association as much as they.”

Their first picture under the “new deal” is called, oddly enough, “Change of Heart.” Appearing with them are Jimmy Dunn and Ginger Rogers. It promises to be a fitting reunion picture. Its story, briefly, is of four kids who leave college to come to New York to show the folks of the big city how to handle a first class depression. The picture opens with Charles and Ginger, sweethearts, but never fear, through a series of charming incidents, Janet wins Charles, whom she loves very dearly, away from Ginger. It is, as they say in this business, a “natural.”

A fourteen months’ absence from the screen of this team has been far from bad. It had made the public hungry for the wholesome fun and simple drama which always have marked Gaynor-Farrell films. The thousands of fan letters have shown that these tales of young romance are what the public want. Janet and Charles are willing to give it to them. However, both are insistent that their stories be less spun sugar and more real life. They believe that the public will like those even more than the bitter-sweet romances which marked their later productions.

The fact that these two were parted for this interval, has been beneficial to both of them. It has given to each a truer, more discriminating perspective of the other. It has assured each that that “perfect working understanding” of the other’s temperament, so necessary to the successful functioning of a screen team, and for that smooth operation which speaks not of the past but the future.

Janet, today, is at the highest point that her career has yet attained. Charles, now, is filled to overflowing with an ambition and a self-confidence which will surely swing him back to the place which he once occupied, and doubtless, beyond that point. A parting of the ways is frequently beneficial, especially when those ways eventually lead back together again. Let us look, then, for a new cycle of Gaynor-Farrell films, which will be, as the circus says, “Bigger and better than ever.”

Loretta Young and Cary Grant in a scene from “Born to be Bad,” a Twentieth Century picture.

(Continued from Page 19)

ran straight home from school on what was to be the most important day in his life. There were several other conditions which made it the proper weather for motion picture fame to come calling:

1. George’s mother who is known professionally as Josephine Duval is the millinery designer at the Columbia Studios.

2. Columbia Pictures was casting “No Greater Glory,” the Molnar masterpiece which Frank Borzage was to direct.

3. The part called for a sensitive youth, capable of an outstanding emotional performance. There was not one motion picture actor in Hollywood who could fill the role.

4. The housekeeper had expected that George would loiter on the way home from school.

When George came home he found the door locked. The housekeeper had counted on his tardiness. Ordinarily George would have waited outside but he was at that time redesigning his radio broadcasting set—a small model of which he was very proud. Unwilling to waste time he went to the Columbia Studios to borrow a key from his mother. As he passed down the corridor he was seen by the casting director who brought him to Frank Borzage. A screen test was arranged. The director and producers had expected to find a possibility. The test revealed star material. The lightning of motion picture fame had struck again.

George Breakston is eleven years old. He was born in Paris, France, and he was brought to this country when he was very young. He speaks English and French with equal ease. He is interested in the mechanics of radio, scientific magazines—he has ambitions of being an engineer—and pets. These consist of two collies—one called Queenie and the other Nemes—after the role he plays in “No Greater Glory” —a guinea pig, six turtles, two goldfish, several salamanders and canaries. He is athletic and plays basketball at school. George has blue eyes and dishevelled blonde hair.

Al Santell will direct Ann Harding in her next production for RKO-Radio, “The Life of Virgie Winters.”

Following the singing of Mr. Santell, studio executives speeded up the wheels of production so the film would get an early start.

This story will serve Miss Harding as her next vehicle instead of the previously announced Sidney Howard play, “Alien Corn,” which has been postponed.

“The Life of Virgie Winters” was taken from a famous short story by the celebrated author, Louis Bromfield.
This bold looking pirate's real name is Miss Joy Auburn, who has the honor of appearing in Educational Comedies.
This big shot is the one and only Joan Crawford. All dressed up for a party.
mending. And why wait, when there’s at your disposal beautiful limbs that need no retouching. They shine with Nature’s own lustre of loveliness.

Indeed, there is a much easier way to get beautiful legs! And if by any chance you don’t believe us just ask any casting director. He’ll tell you that an ugly pair of legs is as rare on the Coast as a snowstorm.

Today, the girls are taking more and more care of their legs. The taboo of the gay nineties has been lifted. And girls everywhere are demanding knowledge, “how to develop and preserve beautiful legs.” There is today, believe it or not, movement under way in many colleges for special classes to enlighten the girls in this new art.

It is no strange phenomena that well-shaped legs are generally found in a healthy, robust body. To attain this fine state of health, it is absolutely essential for a brisk healthy circulation of the blood. And doctors will tell you that, nine times out of ten, a poor, sluggish circulation is due to no exercising.

Walking is the best exercise for reducing as well as for developing the poise and shape of the thighs and calves. To reduce the stomach and keep the legs in trim, practice the following exercise regularly:

Lie flat on your back on the floor, with your feet firmly fixed under a cross bar or a piece of stationary furniture, arms at sides. Slowly raise the body as near upright as you can, at the same time raising the arms straight out in front of you; maintain the position for a moment, then lower the body again. As soon as you can bring the body to an upright position without much difficulty, place the hands behind the head and raise the body up and bend forward as far as you possibly can, simultaneously trying to touch the knees with the head. This is incidentally a good exercise for waist reducing. It is also advisable to try all sorts of bending exercises which give the abdominal muscles a vigorous workout.

To reduce the thighs and calves, practise the one leg squat. That is, hold one leg out straight in front of you and squat down by bending sharply at the knee of the other leg (flat

(Continued from Page 21)
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Together in their last picture. What is Bing Crosby's address?

K. M.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.—I have a million-dollar idea and I don't know who to tell it to so I am picking on you. Money doesn't mean anything to me, much. I probably could sell the idea but maybe you can. Here is the idea. Have one of the big producers make a big picture with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, who work for the same company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The picture should be based on a play that is making a big hit on Broadway, a three-act play. Let the film company take the first two acts and then let Joan Crawford and Clark Gable travel with the picture and play the last act on the stage of the local theatre. That would be much better than just a plain personal appearance and it would certainly bring in the crowds. In the towns that they don't have time to go to, they can use the film, but in the big cities it would really be a great stunt. What do you think of this idea? I give you this idea for what it may be worth. Why not get Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to do it and you would be bringing lots of pleasure to thousands of people and maybe they'll pay you for it. If you think one of the other companies would be better that's okay with me. Paramount could make one for Fredric March and Claudette Colbert and Warner Brothers could make one for James Cagney and Joan Blondell. Fox have Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor and RKO have Irene Dunne and Clive Brook. No woy know what's a h— of a good idea.

James T. Hoffman.

Another Cinderella story was uncovered in Hollywood when Miss Jo Matthews, two years out of a West Virginia coal mining town arrived there to assume the ingenue role in Columbia's "Twentieth Century." She was given her chance by Harry Cohn who saw her in the Broadway show "Let 'Em Eat Cake" during his visit to New York. A screen test and an offer of a speaking part in "Twentieth Century" followed. This is a screen adaptation by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur of the Broadway stage success. Other members of the cast include Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levinson, Frank Marlowe, George Reed, Clarence Geldert and James Burke. Howard Hawks is directing.

After graduating from the University of West Virginia two years ago Miss Matthews came to New York with several beauty contest prizes and a flair for dramatics. Her first engagement was a singing hit in a road show entitled "Flying High." Then she joined the "Bandwagon" company, also singing, but this time on Broadway. She sang and danced in "Gay Divorce" and later won a speaking part in "Let 'Em Eat Cake."
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(Continued from Page 42)

foot) and rest the weight of the body

on that leg. At first you will have to

place your hand lightly on the seat of

a chair for support. Repeat the

foregoing exercise as many times as

you possibly can, without hitting the

uncomfortable state of fatigue.

The stomach should be given care-

ful attention. Proper exercising will

do more than anything to rid the sys-


tem of toxic poisoning, constipation,

poor circulation, and taut tissue, which

breaks down easily when bruised or

bumped. Several days of exercising

and you will find the skin of the thighs

and calves clearer with a pinkish,

healthful lustre. And you will get

that certain feeling which makes you

thank the Lord for living.

Here, I must caution you against ex-

cess exercising. Too much is as detri-

mental as too little. Try and hit the

mark of moderation. That alone should

always be your target.

And, for once in your life, give your

feet a break. Too long have they been

gluttons of punishment. Especially the

toes! They have been cramped into

doors like sardines. Nature did not

fashion clothing to be cramped. Toes

were made for mobility and freedom.

And if you have all, for a moment, the

cramped man in the cir-


cus, who used his great toe for writing,

brushing his hair, dressing and pick-

up various articles about the floor.

If you’d buy your shoes for comfort,

rather than for style, you will help

your toes considerably. Allow the

big toe room to stretch out and

push against the ground in walking.

This will develop the arch and assist

in giving the body good bearing. Tight

fitting is the big cause for bunions.

And whenever you squeeze your foot,

remember that you are virtually crush-

ing twenty-six muscles, not to men-

tion the foot-sockets and the innermus

ner ramifications.

In conclusion, let me urge you, first

and foremost, to keep the body healthy,

from the toes up. Fresh air, good exer-

cise, clean, wholesome diet, good

habits, plenty of play and exercise —

with moderation — will aid consid-

erably in giving you a happy state of

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WARREN WILLIAM
(Continued from Page 13)
see him an hour before he goes on the set; there was something wrong with his makeup in some previous scenes. He is wideawake now and there is no use trying to get more sleep. He picks up the morning paper and is reminded that he is appearing in a radio broadcast. That means he can get home at a reasonable hour as the broadcast is at eight o'clock. At least he hopes for a chance to catch up on his sleep. He works until six o'clock at the studio, and is told that after the broadcast he must return to the set and work until eleven. It is after midnight before he is through. He will not have to report the next day until four o'clock in the afternoon, as he will work all night or outdoors. He will sleep all morning, he thinks.

At ten o'clock in the morning his "phone rings again. The publicity department wants to make some special pictures; can he give them a special sitting at one o'clock since he is not working until four? He can . . . and does.

This goes on every day until the picture is finished, and he figures he will have a few days off until the next production is ready. But does he? Right away he is given a new script. It necessitates special wardrobe. The publicity department has arranged for him to meet important interviewers; he is expected to attend an opening; the production department wants him to make several tests. Instead of having time off between pictures, he actually has a harder schedule than when he is shooting.

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Stan Laurel, blistering comic of the screen, married the charming Mrs. Rogers, widow, recently in Mexico. But they are not living together. No, you're wrong this time. They are not Reno-vating. The reason being that Laurel hasn't received his final separation from his wife yet. It ought to become permanent very shortly now.

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LORETTA YOUNG appearing in Columbia Picture "A Man's Castle."

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S O MANY OF MY PUPILS have gained tremendous development that I am willing to stake my reputation that you can do the same... remember... if I fail it will cost you nothing!

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Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

THREE SOLID INCHES of muscles added to your chest and at least two inches added to each of your biceps, or it won't cost you a penny. I know what I am talking about... I wouldn't dare make this startling agreement if I wasn't sure you could do it.

All I want is a chance to prove it! Those skinny fellows who are discouraged are the men I want to work with. I'll show them how to build a strong man's body... and do it quickly. And I don't mean cream-puff muscles either... I will show you how to get real, genuine invincible muscles that will make your men friends respect you and women admire you! If you are not satisfied, it won't cost you one penny!

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The Jowett System features the weight resistance method that has been tested and endorsed by many of the world's most famous strong men. It does not depend on the mere "flexing" of muscles... I use disc dumbbells that can be graduated in weight because I believe that no other method can give you as strong, supple, weight lifting muscles! By using this proven, scientific system of graduated weights, you can quickly develop your muscles and broaden your chest!

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The Fox Film Company presents a beautiful study of their little star, whose current picture is "The Only Girl." Her leading man is Charles Boyer.
Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in a scene from "Of Human Bondage." An RKO-Radio super attraction which will thrill America this summer.

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in a scene from "Of Human Bondage." An RKO-Radio super attraction which will thrill America this summer.
an amazing crime detector. So vividly, he confided his humble aspiration. Some day, he told us, he hoped to save enough money to open a beer garden in Westwood (near the city of his flicker successes). Yes, some day he hoped to see the neon lights read, "Karl Dane's Beer Garden."

Richard Dix is another Hollywood star who craves for peace and solitude. In short, the haven of the average American.

He lives on a ranch near Hollywood, the location of which only his best friends know (no, don't ask us), Dix raises thousands of chickens and turkeys each year. In addition he indulges in his two great hobbies: pipe smoking and dog raising. At his disposal he has thousands of pipes and as for dogs, at this writing he has 36, Scotties and English setters. He makes it a point to read at least five books per week.

The stars in real life are seldom what they seem to the motion picture fan who measures them by the characters they have made most famous on the screen. The twain of real life roles and screen roles never seems to meet.

Take William Powell for instance. To millions of fans, he is Philo Vance, does he portray Philo Vance on the screen that people, at least nine out of ten, think Powell spends his leisure unravelling mysteries.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Bill couldn't pass as a detective in a million years. Why, he has so little interest in crimes that he couldn't finish a detective story, no matter how intriguing it may be. Not even on a bet.

Here we go, sky-high with Pilot John Halliday. It is 1905. Young John, then a civil engineer, migrates to Nevada and calmly proceeds to dig a fortune in gold nuggets.

Now, get ready for the breathless dip. Very shortly later, John promptly loses it. Yes, all of it. How? Don't ask us who are zooming up the crest of John's recent stellar rise in Film-land.

An odd fellow, this Skeets Gallagher. Offhand, you would take him for a typical Hollywood playboy, a flippant wise-cracker addicted to late hours of wine, women and fine chat. Perhaps, in the remote past, he was one.

But not so today. When work is done, Gallagher dashes madly home to his wife and baby. His one-year-old son is the apple of his eye. His head
is full of ambitious ideas for the boy. All Skeets wants from life, he will tell you, is a comfortable home, evenings free, and reasonable working hours so he may be close to his family.

Yes, beyond the glaring tinsel, there is a lovable and human side to Skeets. "The brightest lights," he told us, quite recently, "I want to see from now on are those from the flames in the fireplace, with an easy chair, an evening paper, and a nine o'clock call at the studio the next morning."

Statistics from the Universal Stock Company for 1933-34 indicate some bad news for some of your potential movie heroes and heroines. Alas, it is getting tougher than splitting rails to make the Gilded Studios.

Thirty-six hundred young and ambitious aspirants tried to register, although they knew that there was no pay during their training period. And out of the 3600 original applicants, only 71 were selected. Ten months later, out of the seventy-one, only five graduated. And shortly after graduation, three were dropped, leaving only Lois January and Dean Benton as the sole survivors.

Thus, crashing the gates is not as easy as some of those film fables would have you believe.

Two years ago alluring Billie Dove eloped with Robert Kenaston to Yuma, Arizona. All the wise-crackers gave the marriage six months. A year to the latest. No, it won't last, they all bitterly asserted.

Are those prophetic gossipers red! Especially when they see a handsome baby boy added to the family of the Kenastons.

And Billie's the happiest woman alive. She adores her baby, her home, her husband!

Rather human, these stars!

Like that well-known advertising phrase, "They laughed at me when I sat down, but when I began to play," Miss Etting was guffawed at when she tried to sing. Her celebrated "baritone" voice, recently heard in "Hips, Hips, Hooray," couldn't carry tunes written for women.

That was in the pre-blues singer days. She gave up singing altogether until the manager of a well-known cabaret, who hired her to dance in the floor show, heard her imitating the featured artist, a lusty baritone. She made her singing debut a la Dietrich, in the garments of the baritone who was fired.

Many, many years ago, a little pretty girl, with the daintiest feet imaginable, longed to be a nun. She dreamed of the day when she could retire to the decorous domicile, which symbolizes heavenly peace and tranquility.

Well, the adorable youngster never really fulfilled her early throbbing ambition. Not at least on the Stage of Life. But in "White Sister," Helen Hayes portrayed the role of a nun. And to date, the part still remains her decided favorite.

And then there is Edward G. Robinson, who has made "Little Caesar" a national figure.

If you know Eddie at all, you'll laugh yourself sick at the mere idea of him packing a gat for each hand, and driving around with a body of thugs in an armored limousine and a brace of machine guns.

His intimate friends will tell you that Ed is a delightful and intelligent conversationalist, in any one of seven languages. He is, in case you don't know, one of Hollywood's best informed actors on music and drama. His chief pastime is collecting records of the world's leading concerts.

And as a family man, you'll never find a more devoted husband. He adores his wife and baby. As far as Eddie is concerned, rackets are things you use for playing tennis and squash.

Making a come-back on the Film Coast is like trying to capture the missing link. The ominous finger is on one and there seems to be no escape from the mysterious oups of having held fame and lost it — or having put it aside.

So says Molly O'Day and Molly should know. Fame was hers in the good old silent days. As a mere youngster, she was swept to the brink of stardom by playing the feminine lead in "The Patent Leather Kid" with Dick Barthelmess. Then Molly slipped from the limelight.

And today it's certainly great to welcome back Molly to our midst when she makes her come-back in "The Life of Vergie Winters," the RKO film, starring Ann Harding.

"Making a come-back," says Molly, "is three times as hard as starting from scratch. New players have an immeasurably better chance than those who have made something of a name in Hollywood and then slipped from sight.

"It's like being put on the spot, trying to make a new start. The finger seems to be on you. For nervous strain — the tension of being under a sentence, I imagine it is comparable to being marked as a gangster.

"It seems to be something you can't escape and there were times when I thought I was hopelessly trapped. All that, I hope, is behind now."

Movie stars, like other people, have their pet economies, for instance:

Mary Astor hates to spend money for airmail postage and won't do so unless it's absolutely necessary.

Joe E. Brown saves old razor blades and likes to resharpen them on his own strop, to see how many shaves he can get out of a blade.

(Continued to page 40)
The latest photographic study of our friend Robert Montgomery. His past season at Culver City has been a busy one but not as busy as some of his fans would like it to be. They must remember that there are only 365 days in the year even on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lots.
The season's greatest find! Miss Jean Muir adds her name to the list of stars at Warner Brothers-First National Studios. After her splendid work in "The Modern Hero" and "As The Earth Turns" she will live long in the hearts of Mr., Mrs., Miss, and Master Theatregoer.
DIETRICH, THE GREAT
A "SCARLET EMPRESS"
by KARL CARLTON

EXOTIC Marlene Dietrich, whose exquisitely beautiful legs have
titillated the eyes of millions, confesses that she is without a
philosophy—that just as Napoleon was a man of destiny, she is
a pawn of fate.

She never struggles to attain her end, because she says,
"I am convinced there is a foreordained and un-
changeable destiny. I am not what I am, where I
am, or who I am—because I planned it. I
never planned to do and be anything at all.
I am convinced that circumstances moulded me
according to the available material in me, and
I had nothing to do with the material."

In explaining her "design for living," she
added, "All my life—and there is every
assurance that the same universal scheme
will continue—I never planned a move.
Chance, luck, circumstance, pre-destination
—call it what you will—has been the gov-
erning factor in my life.

"I had nothing to do with my birth,"
Marlene continues, "And the chances
are that I will have nothing to do with
my future. My outlook, my philosophy
of life is simply one of resignation.
It is all embraced in that one big
quatrain of Omar's:
Into this Universe, and why,
not knowing,
Nor whence, like Water, willy-
nilly flowing,
And out of it, as Wind along
the Waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly
blowing.

"Recently I told my views to a very
dear friend of mine, an author, whom I
esteemed very highly. And his immediate
rejoinder was 'That's the easiest route of
life. Setting yourself adrift and letting the
Wind direct your future course.' My reply to
that was simply: Things just happen to me regard-
less of any precaution I may take to prevent them.
And on the other hand, any little plans that I may
make usually fail to materialize.

"Fate has played ironic and pleasant tricks on me ever since I
can remember. As a child I wished, more than anything else, to
become a concert violinist. My knowledge of music and ex-
pression of the instrument were commendable. Then, for no
physical reason that I recall, a ganglion developed in my wrist
and made this goal impossible.

"It means simply that circumstances were molding me ac-
cording to the available material and that I had nothing to do with
that material.

"My career, too, came about through chance. I hadn't
the germ of an idea on the day I became an actress.
If it hadn't been for the war, my father's death and
the turmoil of post-war Germany, I should have
continued in the sheltered and strict existence of
my youth. But I happened to have what it takes
to be a stage person, and, urged through neces-
sity, I remained in the theater until that lucky starred evening when Josef von Sternberg chanced to see me in a Max Reinhardt play and brought me back into pictures.

"Any 'design for living' I may have now doesn't concern me so much as my eight-year-old daughter, Maria. And even in that regard I appreciate the futility of extensive planning. I can, however, guide her around or over the suffering I knew. It is Nature's way of making people the victims of enough punishment before they grow up.

"When Maria grows up, I will not try to mold her future, realizing the insurmountable natural handicaps. I can only wish and hope and pawing the floor at my disposal.

"To me there is nothing sad or frightening in being a fatalist. On the contrary, it is much more interesting than an ordered or planned existence. I prefer the life that comes suddenly upon adventure and romance. Anticipation doesn't spoil the thrill and dull the edge of zest.

"Frankly, I must plead guilty to a philosophy of mysterious predestination. That, if anything, is my 'design for living.' In Mr. Coward's play, the characters had some choice about matters, but that, you see, is a drama, and I'm speaking about life."

Miss Dietrich implied by this that her gravitation through suffering and through a strictly disciplined childhood, implanted in her the qualities and characteristics that emerged as her unalterable present self.

Marlene says little about the war, probably because the wound inflicted by those sorrowful days is not yet healed. It brought the first great realization of sorrow into her life, when her father, a captain of Hussars, fell seriously injured on the battlefield. Marlene was never to see her father again.

Cruelly awakened by the pain of her loss, she suddenly became aware of that swirling maelstrom which was Germany during the years of reconstruction. Then came the revolution—the wild disorder which inevitably succeeded the overthrow of the old empire. Daily street riots took their toll of life. Men, women and children fighting for bread and being shot down.

These are the chapters of struggle that had set an indelible stamp on the youthful girl who previously had led a sheltered and strict existence.

A desire for emotional release and expression came from this existence. Already a fine violinist, she began a period of intensive practice, and was soon concerting on the concert stage. An injury to her hand forced a new decision. She chose the stage. It was simply like turning into a new street while out for an idle stroll.

But there was in her the elements that provide the dramatic personality. The rest, of course, is history—of how she struggled for the recognition that came slowly but finally, when Von Sternberg "discovered" her in a Berlin Reinhardt theater after a desperate attempt to find a leading lady for Emil Jannings in the German production "Blue Angel".

In "The Scarlet Empress," Miss Dietrich takes another important step in the literature of motion pictures. She portrays Catherine the Great, Russia's "noble and notorious" empress, a woman of force and glamor who ruled the empire with an iron hand, although a woman who had as many lovers as enemies.

Marlene was then asked if she thought Catherine the Great was history's greatest vamp.

She paused for a brief moment, radiant in her silent meditation. At last she replied, softly, "Well, I really can't say. For one thing I don't know what is a vamp. Does such a creature really exist? Or is she a fantastic myth devised by some high-powered press agent in the bygone era, the world of stilted imaginary pictures? Or is she, on the other hand, the real, honest-to-goodness woman, who eats, sleeps and drinks, and also goes through moments of joy and sorrow, laughs and weeps, just like you and me?"

"That is hardly for me to say. Although, personally I think that the old-fashioned vampire, who was virtually a delusion and a snare, was as untrue and unreal to life as some of the two dimensional figures that were filmed—without any regard to human endurance and ennui. Yes, they are extinct today. They have gone with the parcels of that golden age whose screening shadows were mere shadows, not men and women who laughed and talked and worked—and at times suffered."

"I'll never forget that golden era—when Theda Bara, one of the most beautiful of all ravishing sirens, instituted the word as well as gave it a national feeling with her timely exotic portrayals. She was a clever artist and might have attained even greater laurels had (Continued to page 36)
I shall never forget that eventful day—August 24, 1926. Thousands waited in the drizzling rain to pay homage to a universal idol. His untimely death was a sudden blow to every pure girl in America. His perfect Roman profile, his sharp brown eyes and his elegant 'famour' had gripped the hearts of America. Women loved him and men admired him.

Yes, Rudolph Valentino was dead! Throngs streamed to see the remains of what had been the world's exalted lover. One by one, they passed his body, peered solemnly at him, shook their heads lugubriously, and passed on. In the heart of everyone there was the thought, "The King is Dead! But he has left no heir!"

Today, after seven years of filmdom history, there still is no legitimate heir. Oh, sure enough, there were national idols that caught the fancy of the people, but they were mere passing fancies. They came and went as fast as they came. By that I don't mean, they passed into oblivion. Not at all. On the contrary, some of them developed into worthy and formidable actors.

But they were ruthlessly billed by their producers who were eager to place a would-be-king in the vacated chair. And naturally, they suffered in consequence. Diplomats will assure you that merely placing a man in the king's chair does not give him regal power. It takes more than the pretentious garb and the glittering crown to make a king. He must have the love, respect and cooperation of his fellowmen. And so it is with a Movie Crown.

Valentino
Gilbert
Novarro
Rogers
Cooper
Gable
Raft

No figure has stirred the hearts of the world as the late Rudolph Valentino. He was the maiden's dream. Who can forget his notable performance in the "Sheik," or better yet in "The Four Horsemen," or in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

There was more than his Roman profile and his suave mannerisms. He was an artist first and foremost, who could have won plaudits in other artistic branches had he chosen them. But he selected the world's oldest and most beautiful one—love. The film world will always be indebted to him for the choice.

Rudolph Valentino will always be an inspiration to lovers. Unquestionably he is the modern "Romeo," or better said in the very argot he created, the "Sheik."

Since then many actors have aspired to be another Rudolph Valentino. While some of them have won the popular acclaim of the audience, the majority tripped in the attempted leap. Valentino set too high a mark for the passing youngster to jump.

But the Film Public, which has become used to a King, grew rather restless. They beckoned for the coming of a King. But the Kings came and went... more puppets garbed in regal clothes. True enough, most of them were loved and extolled by fans. But their clothes soon became dusty and shabby. And there was nothing about the King to put a lordly touch on the rags.

And then came John Gilbert, handsome and exuberant. He immediately aroused the public's fervor. He was heralded far and wide as another Rudolph Valentino. The comparison naturally was detrimental because Gilbert had a different way of making love. He was no imitator. He was too much of an artist to make even an attempt. In "The Big Parade," one of the greatest pictures of modern times, he virtually swept the girls in the theatre off their seats when he made love to Rene Adoree, who played with zest the role of a French girl.

In the sparkling "Merry Widow," in which he danced gaily with Mae Murray of silent picture fame, he also caught the flux of the nation. And then with the passing of the silent pictures, they all said John was through. Well, he still hands the critics the "hee-haws," for today, though he is no longer typed as a "matinee idol," he is considered one of the finest character actors of modern times. His most recent performance in "Queen Christina," exhibited his outstanding capacity. Gilbert reigned...
“MOVIES”

Who’s Next?

by CATHRINE DALY

supremely for many years but he soon outgrew his charming love portrayals. He became more interested in playing character roles. Inherently he was an artist and craved for roles which were dearer to his heart and soul. And with the passing of time, he gave vent to those throbbing feelings.

Ramon Novarro fired the passion of modern women with his exotic and daring he-man tactics. His aggressiveness, his Spanish spontaneity, all enhanced his popularity. For a brief period Ramon was on the throne with his majestic enactments in “Call of the Flesh” and “Ben Hur.” Opposite Alice Terry in “Scaramouche” he was serene as a lover and an actor. He had the feminine hearts of America palpitating with excitement.

Then with the advent of the talkies, his foreign accent became ever so pleasing. It had a tingle that sort of gripped you. But he also grew tired of the royal obligations; and wandered into serious roles. So successful were his sundry enactments that the movie public demanded his resignation from the royal throne. Which he did, gracefully and artistically.

Recently, his fiery portrayal in “The Cat and the Fiddle” displayed his artistic genius. He is not only a good actor but also a fine singer and entertainer. His sophisticated role opposite Jeanette Mac Donald in “The Cat and the Fiddle” stamped him as an artist to be seriously reckoned with. There is evidently more to Ramon than a mere explosive temperament and a dashing, Roman profile. Now that he is no longer a King, he is an artist. And Hollywood has not suffered in consequence. Not by a long shot!

Buddy Rogers reflected the post-war glorification of the college man. He answered the delight of the campus. A college man himself, he was instantly acclaimed as the typical American youth. His ruggedness, his fine features, his swanky wearing apparel and his football build—all added to make him the modern Frank Merriwell. And besides, he, like a collegiate, could play nearly every instrument under the sun including ukulele and the saxophone.

In “Wings,” his glibness in winning Clara (“it”) Bow’s affections; and his bubbling sex appeal in “Young Eagles,” gave the collar ad people something to think about. Buddy fashioned a new American youth, which was reflected in the current periodicals. Hereafter Buddy was the first thought that hit the layman’s mind whenever he heard of a college man; and the boys on the campus did their best to make college the place where Buddy would live. Buddy was the co-ed’s answer to love’s sweet old melody when she went to the movies and saw Buddy tell Nancy a lot of sweet and lovely things and wash away her troubles with caresses and kisses.

Gary Cooper had plenty of them in a throbbing panic with his smart love tactics. In the “Valiant,” “Farewell to Arms” and in “Morocco,” where he poured his wholesome heart of love, unsparingly upon the vivacious Marlene Dietrich, he was almost, I dare say, a honey. But he, like the rest of them, feared to trod the Valentino path, and yielded to character parts.

Then the girls of America stopped, looked and listened to another matinee idol. He was the pinnacle of ruggedness, with his hard, strong features, his heavy mannerisms and fiery tactics. Nothing could stop him if love came his way. That’s Clark Gable, who had millions in a throe. And still has a hypnotic influence.

Ever since his rugged performances in “Free Soul” with Norma Shearer, the girl in the streets of America began “Gabl-ing” when her sweetheart approached her. She saw Clark sweep Jean Harlow, the platinum queen, off her feet and she wondered meekly why her “Jack” couldn’t do likewise.

Yes, this Clark Gable made a strong claim to the Valentino’s vacated seat. And he was given the seat—rather I should say, he didn’t wait, he took it! He peered gleefully at the throng of women who were his for the asking. But Clark soon grew tired with the softness and serenity of his position. He also wanted to do a John Barrymore. And so he travelled with the rest of them. And since then has attained lofty honors.

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FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE
HE WAS HER MAN, BUT HE DONE HER WRONG
by JULIA GWIN

AND this is how it happened, your honor . . . for years a red crayon sketch of Chester Morris as Sergeant Greisha had hung over my desk attracting the attention of everyone who came to see me. Some day, I said to myself, I'll meet this clear-eyed, lean-jawed young man and find out for myself if he's what I think he is . . . for I had followed the rise of Chester Morris since the day years ago when I had taken time out from one of my own rehearsals to see his performance in "Crime." I thought then he was just a little bit of all right and I still think so.

I met him recently at the modernized Biograph Studio in New York, which has all of a sudden taken on a dress of activity and enterprise, where he was making a picture with Helen Morgan . . . a saga of 1849 which Chester Erskin is bringing to life in the story of "Frankie and Johnnie." I spent every available moment in and around the studio, watching rehearsals, peeking at Chester from all angles when he didn't know I was within miles of the place. I found the whole proceedings tremendously interesting. The idea that real big-time films can be made in New York has such stimulating possibilities. I thrilled over the thought and here was a quiet, competent director doing it. He is so very young I wondered how he could have had the vision to work out the technical schedule and the idea of the bristol board sketches showing camera positions and all the business pertaining to each particular scene before a single actor was called for shooting.

"Oh, Mr. Erskin," I asked, "do you think we'll really be meeting Garbo and Crawford on Fifth Avenue in a few years and having Gable absorb our interest in first nights as he did a few weeks ago at the Capitol?"

Aside from my interest in the two Chesters I wanted to have a look at Helen Morgan. Now the name of Morgan stands for many things in the United States today. For years it has been spotlighted for financial soundness and dependability. To trade with Morgan and Company is to trade safely. J. P. Morgan is as real a factor in American life as is the Bank of England in British, and what the
name of J. P. Morgan is to American business, the name of Helen Morgan is to the artistic life of Broadway. I felt a little proud of myself when I thought of the serious, slender, ambitious girl who came to New York nine or ten years ago as Miss Mount Royal, a Canadian beauty contest winner whom I had, in my small way, helped to find her place in the sun. I recalled how we used to have lunch together, a chicken and vegetable salad between us and discuss everything from the progression of souls to the length of next season’s dresses.

The picture intrigued me. The famous American folk song from which it was adapted had long since been banned in polite society and that was so polite. I sneaked a script when I wasn’t being watched and crept off in a corner to see what it was all about. And after I had read it I decided that this game of hide and seek had been going on long enough. Only a few days of shooting remained . . . today was the time for my talk with Chester. But he wasn’t anywhere around and no one seemed to know or remember whether he had a call for that day or not. There was nothing to it but to stick around and see what happened.

During the morning hours we were on Stage A at the very top of the building, a climb that’s guaranteed to take two inches off your waistline in as many weeks. The set was the rear of the “Mansion House.” Roses riot over the door and the fence, making a charming background for Helen Morgan in a low cut gown of cerise tulle and cream lace with pink roses on the skirt. Here, too, attired in dark blue breeches tucked into black boots, wearing a light brown coat, a flowing tie and a large black hat adding to his picturesque costume, was Curly—Curly who knew all about Frankie, and loved her just the same.

A bad camera held up operations for a while, spoiling what would otherwise have been a perfect “take.” Another time, just as “turn ’em over—Camera” had brought Miss Morgan and William Harrigan, Curly, into action a strange moaning cut into the lines and Sound Technician Earl Wolcott’s buzzer informed the director that the noise was registering. It was the wind. Ten minutes were lost getting the traps above tightly closed to exclude the sound. Minor delays all, to which hungry actors must submit before they could have their lunch.

I went out for a breath of air and as I was returning I saw Chester Morris entering his dressing room. I knew I must have been born lucky. Fortified by a particularly hearty lunch I wandered in and introduced myself.

Chester Morris had just started to write a letter home . . . I didn’t know that at the time . . . he told me later . . . and he had been trying to write it for two days. Something always happened and when I left the studio later it was still unfinished.

He offered me a cigarette . . . I loathe the things but I’d have smoked it or died trying. If he hadn’t been so interested in getting his lighter to work I’m sure he would have noticed I was a novice at smoking. Maybe he did, but he’d never embarrass me by letting me know it. That’s Chester all over for you.

We sat and talked about the picture, about Helen Morgan and Chet admitted she was a grand person to work with; about mutual friends and how funny it was we’d never met before. We talked about the picture which he is now making for Universal, an original by William Anthony McGuire. Chester Erskine, the director, was working him until three and four o’clock in the morning to enable Morris to get back to his studio to meet a shooting schedule. I felt myself getting faintly ill from the several cigarettes I had smoked when Fate, in the guise of the assistant director, called Chet to the set which, this afternoon, was down on Stage B. He put on a purple and blue dressing robe and descended to the stage and I followed very meekly.

The set was the living room of Frankie’s home furnished with over-stuffed red plush period furniture and velvet drapes and all the other accurate touches of the time . . . but nary a piano. Obviously Helen Morgan is dropping the old publicity tie-ups and giving this part the sincere characterization that might be expected of the great actress she is.

Once on the set Chester started doing card tricks . . . part of the business for the picture. I was fascinated . . . he did it like a professional.

“I’ve seen him do that before,” said a voice at my side. I looked up. It was his negro valet, Victor Lloyd, who had placed a chair for me in front of the sound booth which looks so very like the control room of a radio station, where I could see all and hear all that I might later tell all.

“I used to be with Mr. Morris,” he continued proudly, “when he was playing in ‘Crime.’”

“In New York?” I queried.

“Yes, ma’am,” he answered, “in New York and on the road. I certainly was glad to see him when he came back this time. I think he’s about the grandest thing in the world and I’ve worked for a lot of them . . . Jack Haley, Jack Whiting, Ralph Bellamy are a few . . . but none of

(Continued to page 44)
HOW STARS ARE MADE

The ART OF POISE AND GRACE

by EILEEN SHEILA HILL

IT HAS always amazed me—the poise and grace of the youngsters on the screen. Girls in their late teens and early twenties, who sweep across the silver screen with a rhythm and complete lack of self-consciousness, which, considering the fact that most of them are comparatively speaking, new-comers, is surprising.

I remarked about this, one night after the theatre, to a group of friends. "Find out what becomes of our New York models," suggested one gentleman, a prominent advertiser, "and you'll have your answer."

Acting upon his advice I journeyed downtown to the office of Walter Thornton, in New York.

Mr. Thornton, a quiet, alert keen-faced man, who has managed and still manages some of the most beautiful models in New York, smiled when I asked my question.

"Simple," he replied, leaning back in his chair. "They are in the movies."

Of course! Now the secret was out. The poise, grace, charm and wholly nonchalant manner in which these youngsters face, or rather ignore, the inquiring eye of the camera is the result of many tedious hours posing for advertisers and illustrators.

I recalled that Norma Shearer, she whose beauty on the screen is of such a shining radiance it lights her whole face, was once a model for magazines. A different Norma to the Norma of her teen age. Not beautiful then. Pretty—yes. Pretty like hundreds of other girls in Montreal, who with flying curls, sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, skimmed over the frozen rinks on gleaming skates or coasted down the hills through a swirl of feathery snow-flakes. Lovely as an April morning is sometimes lovely, and fresh as the early violets. But not the breathless beauty of the Norma of today whose exquisite portrayal of Lady Ruxford in "Riptide" is an artistic achievement of carefully shaded moods.

When Norma Shearer returned to New York from Montreal in 1923, she returned with the understanding that she must make good. Her father was bitterly opposed to a theatrical career and when Miss Shearer received a wire to return to New York to play the lead in a Gladys Walton picture, he was not pleased. Unfortunately for Miss Shearer Gladys Walton recovered from an attack of appendicitis in time to play the lead herself. Rather than go back and admit defeat Miss Shearer resorted to modelling and posing for magazines while awaiting another opportunity. It came in the lead in "Empty Hands" and from that time on, each successive role has been a triumph for the erstwhile model.

Turning the pages of Mr. Thornton's file catalogue I glimpse many familiar faces. Judith Allen, Jean Muir, Boots Mallory, Grace Bradley, Charlotte Henry, Claudia Dell, Adrienne Ames, Linda March, Irene Ware.

When Cecil DeMille chose Judith Allen from hundreds of contestants, to play the lead in "This Day and Age" he discovered her as Marie Coleman.

Would he have discovered her as Marie Elliott? For it was
as Marie Elliott that she registered with Walter Thornton. Her fresh charm (that same fresh charm and look of wide-eyed youth that convinced DeMille she could play the high school lead in “This Day and Age”) was completely obscured by an unbecoming style of hair dress and wrongly applied make-up, for photographic purposes.

Miss Allen or Miss Elliott as she was then known had been turned down by several studios before being accepted by Mr. Thornton. With hair dressed differently, and completely new make-up, Miss Allen, being blessed with an abundance of talent and perseverance, emerged a totally changed personality. All her natural beauty was brought to the fore and the rest was easy. As soon as a woman realizes she is beautiful, she ceases to be awkward or self-conscious, and I know of no better way to discover beauty than by posing or modelling. Being constantly photographed every defect is recognized at once, and once noticed, the next most natural step is to correct or eliminate them.

As for lovely Jean Muir, or Jean Fullerton as she was called, she should have nothing to worry about, for she was an almost camera-proof face.

However, Jean is very tall (five feet eight inches) and very young. All you taller-than-average-girls will agree that this hardest thing to forget is one’s height, if one is a tall girl and young. The tendency to slouch and keep the eyes down is due to the fact there are considerable more short people in the world than there are tall. During the course of a day a tall person is more apt to converse with four short people than with one her own height.

Posing for pictures, dressing that tall slim figure in becoming clothes, learning to walk with eyes front, challenging the world, was what made Jean Muir the sure-footed graceful young woman you see on the screen today. If you don’t believe me, see Miss Muir as the almost unbelievably beautiful Jean in “As the Earth Turns.” This is a picture devoid of the glamour of ancestral homes and characters clad in silks and satins. Here are four bare walls and drab cotton gowns, yet Miss Muir’s slim young figure moves through the action of the picture with a rhythmic grace and compelling beauty that is breath-taking. Poise in satin—lovely, but poise in cotton—perfection!

Try it in front of your own mirror.

Dainty little Charlotte Henry of “Alice In Wonderland” fame smiles at me from one of the pages. She also began her career as a model. That is, she modelled when she wasn’t playing small parts on the stage. No wonder she didn’t show any concern when called upon to make a personal appearance tour with the picture, a grueling test under any circumstances. She met the publicity men of the press, the public, and was able to cope with every situation like a veteran.

As I continue to turn the pages I see a picture of Grace Bradley. It is Miss Bradley who does that hotter than hot dance in “Come On, Marine” and generally manages to upset Richard Arlen’s career as top-sergeant, in the same picture. It is likely that Miss Bradley will go far in picture work, for she has both beauty and self-confidence and plenty of talent to mix with them.

Blonde, grey-eyed Claudia Dell won the title Miss Universe, and in spite of this handicap she forged ahead in almost everything she undertook. Pos-
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY
One of the Two Best Pictures of the Month

BENN W. LEVY’S clever stage comedy of a bachelor and his loves, which enjoyed an eight-months’ run on Broadway as well as an amazingly successful London patronage, has been given an even more elaborate story—punched with additional dynamic comedy and dramatic situations. To make this improvement possible, Benn himself was brought to Hollywood. And his cross-country pilgrimage had not been in vain for he fashioned an excellent running vehicle for the splendid and resourceful talents of Otto Kruger.

The story differs from many of the modern romantic comedies in that it does not depend entirely on clever tricks of dialogue, double meanings, and a bevy of smart cracks. It is fundamentally a comedy drama with highly diverting and novel situations, which has been inculcated with crisp, clever dialogue to bear out and embellish those situations.

Jesse L. Lasky, as usual, has turned out a magnificent production, artistically portrayed, directed and costumed.

It is a story of Henry Dewlip, heir to his late father’s prosperous automobile plant, who operates his business profitably through hirelings, permitting him to dawdle his entire time on wines, women and marital songs—he merely sings them but never takes them seriously, fleeing from one vow to another.

Julia Jelliwell is the most recent lady to acquire the key to Henry’s apartment. But everything is not hunky-smooth between them, for many obstacles, too many for Henry, are encountered. Which keeps their heavenly, or at least would-be romance, just around the corner.

First, there is the stumbling interference of Julia’s husband. And secondly, the reforming influence of the straight-laced Miss Smith, Henry’s latest secretary who also harbors a selfish end—she has a throbbing crush on Henry and desires to extend her affections. When Henry’s charmingly appointed apartment, soft music and Henry’s own fascinating personality have combined practically to bring about the attainment of the mutually desired clandestine romance between Henry and Julia, Miss Smith enters the scene, as is the wont of a dutiful secretary, who has just come into his decorous employment.

Miss Smith manages to start Henry somewhat on the road to reform. She is successful in thwarting the caresses of Julia, plunders the chances of Johnny to sell Henry a carburetor contract, and to make Henry take an active part in his business, she induces him to cut the number of employees. And lastly, she drives him to such a point where he actually gives up his enchanters . . . except for longing glances, every now and then, from the squinty corner

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OPERATOR 13
One of the Two Best Pictures of the Month

OPERATOR 13 is one of the finest productions we have had the pleasure to see in the past year. In recording Robert Chambers' colorful story of the romantic Civil War South, the Cosmopolitan producers have performed more than a commendable job. Its original warmth and buoyancy, which have made the Chambers' story a thoroughly delightful experience, have not been lost in filming.

As a matter of fact, the Cosmopolitan picturization has given the original fine threads of pathos and humor, a firmer, and more vivid pattern. There is, moreover, a glowing charm about the picture which, like a magnet, holds your attention to the very end. Marion Davies utilizes her rich and varied experience to give a stellar performance. She is abetted by an imposing cast, headed by Gary Cooper. The sprightly musical renditions imbue the picture with a softness and mellowness that is highly gratifying to the senses.

Operator 13 is a romantic tale which takes place in the early stages of the Civil War, shortly after the Battle of Bull Run, when the Union forces were in retreat.

In a U. S. Military Hospital, the Pauline Cushman Players from Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., are giving a special performance for the wounded soldiers. Among them is Gail. Allen Pinkerton sees the performance, is introduced to Gail by Pauline, the noted spy, and Pinkerton urges her to serve as a spy for the Union cause. So, Gail becomes Operator 13.

Gail accompanies Pauline, masquerading as her colored maid. While washing General Stuart's clothes, she hears the General advise his officers to attend a ball given that night by Mrs. Dandridge.

Pauline is also a guest at the Dandridge mansion and Captain Gaillard suspects her of being a spy. During the ball, Pauline's room is searched and the Captain is justified in his suspicions. Pauline is arrested and held for court martial. Gail, fearing detection, attempts to flee, but is arrested as a witness against Pauline.

Gail testifies that Pauline is Pauline Cushman, the actress, and Pauline is sentenced to death. That night, Gail slits the tent where Pauline is held captive and the two women escape to the Union lines.

Pauline's usefulness as a spy has ceased. Pinkerton lays plans to send Gail back into the enemy lines. He assigns her to trap down Captain Gaillard, who has returned South after organizing Southern sympathizers in the North.

In Washington, according to Pinkerton's plan, Gail jeers a column of Union soldiers as they file past. The news reaches the Southern papers who regard her as a heroine.

As Anne Claibourne, Gail is pardoned by Lincoln and deported to Richmond. Gaillard reads of her arrival and
is assigned to look for her. He meets Gail at the home of Mrs. Shackelford and is impressed by her beauty. Later, a ball is held. At the height of the ball, the roar of a cannon is heard. A battle rages while the ball goes on. The attack had been launched by information supplied to the Union forces by Gail.

Johnny Pelham, who was to marry Eleanor Shackelford that night, is killed. Gail feels responsible for his death. Gaillard finds her weeping on the veranda. He crushes her in his arms and tells her of his love. Gail's contact man, disguised as a Confederate groom, spies upon their love scene.

Gail, by a ruse, finally separates from Gaillard. The groom informs her she is suspected as a spy and must flee for her life. Gail dons a Confederate uniform and prepares for her escape. The hunt for her is on. The Confederate secret service has learned that the real Anne Claibourne is in a Northern prison.

Gaillard refuses to believe Gail is a spy. He searches everywhere for her and finally finds her mounting horses with the groom to escape. He clutches Gail's bridle. She strikes him with a revolver and flees madly. Other officers mount horses and start in pursuit.

Gail and the groom hide in an abandoned farmhouse. Gaillard finds her there, accuses her of being a spy. Gail suddenly locks her wrists to Gaillard's with handcuffs. On her knees she pours out her love for him. They embrace passionately.

Locked together, the two lovers as well as the groom hear distant firing. They all hide in a nearby springhouse. The groom later runs out to a column of Union soldiers who are marching. He, dressed in Confederate clothes, is killed by a Union sharpshooter. Suspecting others in hiding, the Federal soldiers advance upon it. Entering the springhouse, they find no signs of occupation. When they depart, Gail and Gaillard emerge from a well, where they had hidden beneath the surface of the water.

Later, in a blacksmith shop, Gaillard files the handcuffs. Disguised in old clothes, he tenderly kisses Gail goodbye and starts back toward the Confederate lines, while Gail, tears streaking her cheeks, stands in the doorway and watches him disappear southward.

Watching Marion enact her colorful and interesting role is alone worth the price of admission. Not in vain has Marion been in Hollywood. She has a finesse, a chic manner of carrying herself, which is highly exhilarating to the watching eye. The majority of the fine actresses today in Hollywood are recent graduates of the Broadway stage. They have been schooled in the modern theatre. But Miss Davies has in addition to an early Broadway background an extensive film career. Which, no matter how you may take it, you can't just cast aside. Marion has mastered screen technique, almost to a precise "i". One gaze at the sprightly blonde figure is sufficient to perceive all this.

Despite her extensive stage experience, Marion is only thirty-four years of age, though she doesn't look a bit over twenty-two in her screen portrayals.

Just picture this colorful career: as a child, playing in religious pageants at the convent, then modeling dresses at a Fifth Avenue shop, at which place her striking pulchritude caught the attention of a stage producer and she went into the chorus of "Chu Chin Chow." She then became a featured dancer in "Oh Boy," where she strutted her way gaily up the Broadway ladder, climaxing it with a starring lead in Ziegfeld's "Follies." Before long she became the coveted idol of such noted artists as Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher, whom she posed for the "American Girl." Also, she has been the model for Christy's famous painting, "Morning.

One winter, while on vacation from the "Follies," Marion Davies was photographed by a news-reel photographer in Florida. A motion picture producer happened to view this news subject. Instantly he was impressed by the girl's individual charm and vivaciousness on the screen. He summoned her to his office and immediately filled her little heart with fabulous pounding of joy by giving her a contract to appear in "Runaway Romany." Her success was instantaneous; she was acclaimed by the critics and fans.

And since then, her career has been one raving success after another. Some of her successful ventures were "Little Old New York," "Janice Meredith," "When Knighthood Was In Flower," "Blondie of the Follies" and innumerable others.

So much for her professional career. Questions are everywhere asked what kind of a person is Marion in real life. Our retort is simply: a swell, lovable and interesting character. And a hundred per cent human being. For a long time she has had the enviable reputation of being the most popular hostess in Hollywood. Easterners call her home the "only real salon on the Pacific Coast." She is a wide and extensive traveller. And great folks from all over the world return in California her calls on them in their own countries. She has warm friends whose prominence would make a regular "League of Nations" roster.

Miss Davies has never forgotten some of her lean and hungry days. She is always on the lookout to help those who are less fortunate than she. She sponsored the Marion Davies Foundation and other charitable efforts.

Here are some bits about Marion which you may not know: She is very fond of swimming. In summer she gets plenty of freckles and doesn't mind.

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Good-evening to you, Miss Joan Blondell. How is "Smarty?" All reports are that it is more fun than has ever been packed into a theatre. We are all waiting for "He Was Her Man" in which you are starred again with Jimmy Cagney.
Francis Lederer, on whom RKO-Radio have placed several bets. Sure fire betting if you know what I mean, for he's headed for stardom.
ONLY HUMAN

FRANCIS LEDERER FALLS IN LOVE WITH EVERY GIRL HE PLAYS

by BETTY CLEWIS

SHAKESPEARE never had Francis Lederer in mind when he fashioned "Romeo."

Why, even Anthony, the world's greatest lover, took a back seat. For whereas, Anthony chased Cleopatra all over the world; Francis Lederer has dashed all over the world adoring, wooing and loving more than two hundred Cleopatras.

Eleven nations spread over three continents have contributed their loveliest, their choicest charmers—all to inspire his amorous affections.

No, don't get Francis wrong. He is not the philandering, traveling salesman type. On the contrary, he takes them seriously, too seriously if you ask his intimate friends. Into each affair he has poured his whole savour heart. And each affair has been a highly emotional romance in which he has found bowls of happiness.

Yes, Francis falls in love with every girl he wades and loves on the stage and screen. During his comparatively short career, he has enacted more than three hundred romantic roles, playing opposite more than two hundred women, women of diverse beauty and charm.

The dashing Czech star, who came to Hollywood with the reputation of being Europe's most romantic lover, sure has made his alleged reputation good.

Recently he stated quite frankly, with the utmost candor, "Certainly, I fall in love with the girls of my stage and screen romances. And I must admit it is very easy to do so. After all when you come to consider it, they are beautiful, charming women with tremendous appeal and magnetic personalities.

"When I fall in love with them, I am not acting. I am just a human being reacting to the attraction of beautiful women."

Lederer, who has recently finished wooing Irene Dunne in RKO-Radio Pictures' "Romance in Manhattan," his second American flicker, the previous one being his successful debut in "Man of Two Worlds," said that each of his theatrical romances have been different. Yes, believe it or not!

"The greater the girl's personality, the stronger her influence is upon me," he explained. "And of course each inspires a different, glorious feeling, and so I make love to her in a different manner."

"It isn't technique on my part, but just a human, natural reaction. One woman inspires gentleness and tenderness. And naturally I react accordingly. Another arouses a desire to be masterful. A third, may stimulate wit and gay repartee. And others may even inspire brutality."

There is no national demarcation, as far as his throbbing romance are concerned. In-making love to Czech, Austrian, Hungarian, German, English, French, Italian, Australian, Swedish and Chinese (he once played opposite Anna May Wong) and Americans, Lederer furthermore declared, he found that power of each girl's influence was purely a matter of individual personalities. The beauties of no one country roused deeper emotions in him than those of another. It depended upon the individuals.

Real as Lederer's stage and screen romances are to him, he never carries them out of the theatre or the studio.

"While I am working and rehearsing with an actress, her influence is very strong upon me," he said. "But it soon disappears, once I get offstage. I may continue to admire and respect her greatly, but the spell of love is broken. We are merely good friends, if you know what I mean."

"For example," he continued, "there was a certain actress with whom I played in Berlin. I was madly in love with her when I was acting scenes with her. But outside of the theatre, we came very close to hating each other. Many a time there were moments when I feared that murder was the only alternative. Yet, so strong was the allure and enchantment of her personality that the moment we were together on the stage, I couldn't escape her ravishing influence. A funny cycle it was. As soon as I was before the footlights, my dislike vanished completely and I was in love again. Oh, how I used to hate myself for loving her. But I couldn't help it. Why, even when I was in the wings, watching her perform, I couldn't do anything but admire and love her."

"That power of arousing love is really of utmost importance to an actress. If she cannot stimulate that emotion in the partner opposite whom she works, how can she create the impression of love across the footlights so the audience may sense, hear and understand?

"I am very sure that I could not fall in love with an actress who didn't have ability, even if she were the most beautiful and lovely of women. Acting is a matter of give and take. And if your partner does not radiate from within what she simulates for the audience, it is almost impossible to return with a generated spark, apropos for the occasion."

"But when two (Cont'd to page 42)
In the pictures above, you will find represented the names of movie actors and actresses, who are well known. One of the pictures contains the name of two such stars, and the others each contain one. See if you can figure out the name of the movie stars. Here, we'll give you a start. The first one represents Greta Garbo (greet A garb O). It's simple and lots of fun. After you have them all worked out turn to page 49 and see how right you were. If you enjoyed working this rebus send a postcard to the editor of this magazine and tell him you would like to have more of them. If there are any other features that you would like to see in this magazine, just let him know and he'll do his best to get them.
“MOVIES”

FLICKER-OLKS

“FRIEND OF MR. SWEENEY!

HERE WE HAVE CHARLIE (ONE-GUN) RUGGLES KEEPING UP A GOOD FRONT—ANN DVOVAK.
WARNER BROS.

“SMARTY”!

FOR ONCE, MR. E. E. HORTON (EDWARD EVERETT) HAS MADE A SMART MOVIE—THE SMART- EyED JOAN BLOWDELL IS IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND WARREN WILLIAM JUST LOOKS ’N LOOKS.
WARNER BROS.

PRESENTED BY ASHE -JR

“VIVA VILLA”!

YESSIR, HERE’S PANCHO VILLA WITH HIS BEERY FACE HANGING OUT—TSK! TSK! IT’S AN M.G.M.

NOW I’LL TELL!

IT’S IN THE CARDS THAT THIS PAIR—ALICE FAYE AND SPENCER TRACY—WILL DRAW A FULL HOUSE! A FOX PICTURE.

“THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCILD”

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
LORETTA YOUNG, ROBERT YOUNG YOUNG HORSE.
UNITED ARTISTS
Louise Stewart, featured at the Republic Follies in New York. Photographed at the Strand Studios, Strand Theatre Building, New York City.

Grace Bradley, Paramount.

Miss Iva B. Stewart featured at the Strand Studios, Strand Theatre Building, New York City.
Lily Damita, RKO-Radio.

Paradise Club on Broadway. Photo.

Greta Granstedt, First National.
Miss Adrienne Ames of Paramount chooses a Schiaparelli model in blue and white print of crinkly-crepe for her summer wardrobe. The crepe blouse in white ties about the throat and has two novel little silver buttons to each buttonhole. Miss Ames completes the outfit with a blue and white fabric straw with a flattering over the eyebrow. This outfit may be used for summer wear during the afternoon and for informal dining and may also attend sports as a spectator. Is recommended for tall or medium height girls.

HOLLYWOOD SUMMER FASHIONS

Chemicals make the charming acetate summer sport frock worn by Dorothy Lee of RKO-Radio in the new picture "Cock-eyed Cavaliers" in which she appears with Wheeler and Woolsey. Though the cut of the dress has been used before, the treatment of the stripes is new and flattering. The stripes running across tend to broaden the shoulders and running lengthwise on the body give a slender silhouette. It may be used as an active sport dress or for town and speedster wear.

It's smart to be wind-blown this summer. This spectator sports dress of Schiaparelli influence is made in wedgewood blue and brick red linen. The blue coat is hooked invisibly inside an dthe round woolen decorative buttons are painted blue. The cape line is exceedingly smart this year and is most graceful on a tig girl. The wide belt with a large metal clasp accentuates the smallest of the 1934 waistline. The dress underneath of red is sleeveless with a panel in the front with a cowl neck and two buttons on either shoulder. Large hats are worn this year even with sport wear, but must be carefully chosen.
The rustle of taffeta is heard in this summer's smartest haunts. This red and white checked evening taffeta is worn by Frankes Drake, a Paramount feature player, who recently appeared in "The Trumpet Blows" with George Raft. The pleated ruffled sleeves are treated in the new manner with the flattering square neckline. The train is convenient length, long enough to look graceful when dancing. Though this charming summer evening gown should be worn by the short youthful type, its long flowing lines allow it to be safely worn by the tall thin girl.

The bateau neck is going to be particularly smart for summer wear. In this sketch it is interpreted for spectator sports wear. A wedgewood blue scarf of linen is sewed down the back of the dress and brought tightly about the neck in the front and through a slit. The dress is of string-colored linen which is a novelty color of 1934. The flared skirt with the inserted "V" makes it a very slenderizing and graceful model recommended for medium girls.

Organdy takes on a more sophisticated air as shown by this charming actress, Nancy Lyons of Warner Brothers. Orry-Kelley eyelet organdy is worn by her in the picture "Hit Me Again." The skirt is moulded to the figure in the modern stream-line silhouette with vertical tiers of ruffles with a fan train. Gathered ruffles form the upright collar and edge the tiny puffed sleeves. While this dress is sophisticated in thought it may be worn for dinner or strictly formal summer wear.
John Barrymore’s next starring vehicle will be “A Coat, A Hat, A Clove,” based on the recent Broadway success. Kenneth McGowan will handle the supervision.

Another, RKO-Radio picture that ought to make the movie patrons stand up and huzzah is “Green Mansions,” which is based on the colorful story by W. W. Hudson and starring Dolores Del Rio. Ernest B. Schoedsack is directing with Kenneth McGowan. John Balderson has written the music.

“Arabella,” a story based on the original play by Ogden Nash will feature Billie Burke and Edna May Oliver.

The Three Ritz Bros., the madcap trio of vaudeville and musical comedy made their screen debut recently for Educational Pictures in a two-reel starring comedy, “Hotel Anchovy.”

“Embarrassing Moments,” the Universal picture which will star Chester Morris and Marian Nixon, will feature Walter Woolf, who has recorded two songs for the film. Others in the cast include Alan Mowbray, John Wray, Henry Armetta, George Stone, Gay Seabrook, Herman Bing, Jane Darwell, Charles E. Coleman, Virginia Sale, Edward Earle and Carl Miller.

“Little Man, What Now” is one of the most sumptuous films to hit the Hollywood Stem in a long time. When we last heard from Universal City, there were ninety old featured players and there was no end in sight. The latest additions were Ferdinand Gottschalk, Fritz Ridgway, Earle Fox, Jean Hart and Owen Gorine. Margaret Sullivan is being starred with Douglas Montgomery in the featured role.

Mae Clarke returned recently to Universal studios, where she was formerly under contract, to play the leading feminine role opposite Chester Morris in “Loves of a Sailor.” Miss Clarke recently completed “This Side of Heaven” and her outstanding performance in “Waterloo Bridge” is still the talk of the fans. An imposing cast including Frank Craven, John Warburton, Goodee Montgomery, Andy Devine and Lois January, promises a real treat for moviegoers.

Vicki Baum’s “I Give My Love,” co-starring Wynne Gibson and Paul Lukas, is in the final stages of production at Universal City. The supporting cast, as assembled by B. F. Zeidman, the producer, now includes Sam Hardy, Ted Alexander, Eric Linden, John Darrow, Dorothy Appleby and Louise Lorimer, young Broadway actress recently placed under a long Universal contract.

Carl Laemmle, after diligent searching, has selected “Tonight’s the Night,” a story by John Meehan, Jr., as the forthcoming vehicle for Russ Columbo. The story was written expressly for Columbo’s use and will give the actor-crooner a chance to sing again.

Universal has signed a contract with Buck Jones to star in its first serial of the 1934-35 season. The title of the serial will be “Red Rider.” Last year Buck Jones started the season with “Gordon of Ghost City” and it was an auspicious start. Hoping to duplicate this success, Universal will give the “Red Rider” every advantage which production and story can achieve.

Fred Astaire, well-known stage star whose excellent work in “Flying Down to Rio” won him a new contract with RKO-Radio Pictures, returned to New York recently from England where he had appeared in a London presentation of the Broadway play hit, “The Gay Divorce.” After stopping in New York for a brief stay, he hopped on a Cen-

tury limited for the coast. His next screen role will be in “Gay Divorcee,” the same role in which he starred in England and New York. The role is ideally suited for Astaire, for it offers him a fine opportunity to make full use of his dancing and comic ability.

Ginger Rogers, who created a hit alongside of Astaire with their interpretation of the famous South American dance craze, “The Carioca,” is to play the female lead in the new film production.

Immediately after his success in “Flying Down to Rio,” Astaire was asked by RKO studio officials to remain in Hollywood, but due to a previous engagement he was forced to leave the film capital and journey to England in order to appear in the stage presentation of “The Gay Divorce.” The play ran there for four months.

Helen Vinson, who is a featured lassie in the same picture, has been signed for another picture, the role of a siren in “Sour Grapes,” which also stars Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook.

Dorothy Sebastian, one of the ranking favorites of the silent screen who also has been featured in numerous talking pictures, will be seen in the cast of “The Life of Vergie Winters,” Ann Harding’s next starring vehicle for RKO-Radio pictures.

Miss Sebastian, who in private life is Mrs. Bill Boyd, has been away from the screen for the past six months enjoying ranch life with her film star husband at their estate in Malibu Mountains. She thus becomes one of several favorites making a “comeback” in the current picture. Molly O’Day and Wesley Barry are other notables in the same group.

John Boles, of course, is playing the lead and other featured players in the cast include Helen Vinson, Betty Furness, Creighton Chaney, Ben Alexander, Maidel Turner, Cecil Cunningham and Donald Crisp. Alfred Santell is directing.

After a brief sojourn in New York, Spencer Tracy, on vacation after com-

(Continued to page 39)
Farmingdale, N. Y.—I have been a constant reader of your magazine since its first issue. The thing that especially attracted me was the variety and fine quality of your pictures. This has been its chief drawing card ever since. Also, I must admit you have other fine features, like Splits and Splices, and I like your reviews because you give briefly the name, producer and the cast.

All in all, I must compliment your editor on a good magazine.

Clara Michaels

Carson City, Nev.—By mere chance, I bought a "Movies" magazine last month. To tell the truth I generally buy another movie magazine. Sort of habit I suppose. I am very glad that I made the so-called mistake, for the edition was a wow. It was swell—especially the article by Mlle. Guiret—you know the one I mean, "How To Develop Lovely Legs."

I have learned a great deal by it and I hope you keep printing articles of that type. And I know you won't have trouble selling them.

Ruth G. Singer

Tallahassee, Fla.—Now I have the pleasure of writing to a magazine that I really enjoy reading. Perhaps I can request a story or a photograph of a newly discovered player, Evelyn Venable. Although Garbo and Dietrich are my favorites, I do wish Evelyn gets a couple more starring roles. And before you or I will know, she'll be on top of the heap—where she belongs.

She was swell in "Death Takes A Holiday" and I am looking forward to seeing "Double Door."

Jeanette O'Brien

Philadelphia, Pa.—What do you say to a nifty article on Joan Blondell. If there's anyone in Hollywood who has got more "it" than Joan I still have to see her. And what is more, she is a great little actress.

Harvey Hunner

New York, N. Y.—The ten greatest stars of the season, in order of super-

ority, are Greta Garbo, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Edward G. Robinson and Walter Huston. And if you don't agree with me, remember that John Barrymore himself recently said that Garbo and Lionel are the screen's greatest.

Alfred T. Miller

Chicago, Ill.—Why do we insist upon discouraging real art in the movies, by registering preference at the box office and in fan magazines. Such "acting" is regularly being given us by merely a couple of good-looking, physically-appealing youngsters only portraying their own most natural inclinations, by making love to each other, and who are incapable of real acting or of stepping out of their own individuality and into that of another character.

Why not learn to recognize as the best actor the artist who is best able to portray the greatest number of most contrasting characters; and not the individual who is only best able to be just his own self, which any of us can do; and give him our encouragement and support by registering our preference for him; and by so doing, give ourselves real art and true value for our money.

Curtis A. Carlton

And the pictures are just wonderful. I also think it is the greatest movies magazine on the market for its price. I like everything about it, including its features and pictures.

Elsie Donovan

Los Angeles, Calif.—A great deal of nuisance has been caused by some people who are apparently not aware that they are doing harm, especially movie employees, in placarding and covering up sides of houses without consent or the knowledge of the building owners. It has gone so far that it has become a real annoyance and a downright nuisance.

I guess it all started during the elections when the politicians, who thought they owned the streets at the time, pasted up a lot of ballyhoo posters, which started a very bad precedent. The theatrical producers have gone one better and pasted up what used to be beautiful California streets with a lot of hokum and trash. They have painted a lot of gaudy signs on fences surrounding lots on which buildings have been demolished, and

Portland, Ore.—The last issue of "Movies" was one of the best yet. In fact I think they've been improving all along. And perhaps you'll give me a admirer a break and grant me this one request: Kindly suggest in your magazine that Leslie Howard and Irene Dunne be coupled for a picture.

I have always rooted for Leslie Howard because I like his easy English manners, his sophisticated ways, his soft speech. Needless to say, I have seen him in every one of his pictures and I cannot see too much of him. Irene Dunne, likewise, has impressed me with her charm, her savoir-faire, and everything else that go to make her the movie star that she is.

I have long kept these two in mind, and somehow or other I associate them together because they have a good deal in common. And I am indeed surprised and disappointed that they have not as yet been cast opposite one another.

So, will you then suggest this to producers over in Hollywood?

I thank you.—Marion Cheyney.


MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and William Powell. An intriguing episode that almost smoothes the lives of two people who are blissfully immersed in themselves. A gallant tale studded with real acting pearls.

OPERATOR 13—M-G-M—Marion Davies and Gary Cooper. Another super Cosmopolitan film, dealing with the chivalrous but turbulent old South in the swirling Civil War era. A tender and sprightly love drama, in which love conflicts with War ties. Marion Davies gives one of the best performances of the year.

CLEOPATRA—Paramount—Claudette Colbert, Henry Willcoxin and Warren William—An interesting picturization of the loves and tribulations of exotic Cleopatra in the bygone Roman era. Claudette Colbert is simply ravishing in this new film. And the spirit of the historical era has been caught by the adroit directors.

DOUBLE DOOR—Paramount—Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor and Mary Morris. A gripping melodrama, in which wealth and family prestige mold the destiny of young lives to deplorable extremes. A vivid old vixen will chill your spine as she did the innocent victims with whom by mere chance she came in contact. If you like that sort of a thriller, this fare is highly recommended.

HALF-WAY DECENT—Paramount—Adolphe Menjou and Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford and Shirley Temple. Damon Runyon’s absorbing high comedy which is a swell theme to get all hot and bothered about while at the comfortable movie. And then promptly forget about. It is good, light en-
PREVIEWS

entertainment, unravelled skillfully in another super-Schulberg production. Alexander Hall, the director, did an amazing job.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES — Earl Carroll's hit has been made into a movie. And here is one exception where the cinema is doubly superior to the original play, which gripped New York for months. In case you don't know the story, it is about an Earl Carroll chorine who is killed during a regular "Vanities" performance, in a typical Rufus King manner. At any rate the show goes on and so does the intrepid and squinty detective. Paramount — Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle and the Most Beautiful Girls in the World.

Sylvia Sydney in "Thirty Day Princess" A Paramount Picture.

IT AIN'T NO SIN — Mae West, Johnny Mack Brown and Royer Pryor. Here is one yarn that fits the buxom figure of Mae West, to a "t". Enchanting Mae is even more irresistible in Paramount's latest vehicle. She is daring, amusing and devilishly clever. In short, Mae West will have the country doin' the "Ain't No Sin" for months.

THE WITCHING HOUR — Paramount—Sir Guy Standing, John Halliday, Judith Allen and Tom Brown. An icy, relentless melodrama that is zero-proof to double up your system, in a tremulous shiver and quaver. In other words, when the destined hour arrives, beware. Withal, a grand evening of shivering entertainment.

SCARLET EMPRESS — Paramount—Truly one of the great pictures of the year. The amorous, riff-raff affairs of Catherine the Great are portrayed vividly by Marlene Dietrich, who has never been more lovable or convincing. Manuel Komroff has poured his genius into concocting the scenario with admirahle effect. Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge and Sam Jaffe.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING — Paramount—Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Leon Erroll, Carole Lombard, and Burns and Allen. A screaming, spicy revusical which will charm your eye, ear and split your sides with Burns and Allen's inimitable clowning and Leon Erroll's antics. The tunes are snappy and swell. In short, it's the doctor's prescription for light and frivolous diversion.

CRIME DOCTOR — RKO — Otto Kruger and Karen Morley. Fine calibre of acting, directing and production make this picture a real worthwhile theatrical fare. It is a story which could happen to you and me. A simple story, simple as life itself. And made a thousandfold more real by vivid portrayals.

THE BLACK CAT — Universal — Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and David Manners — A mystery crime thriller which instills fear, renown and has a punch that will titillate your rheumatic, numb feet. A knockout fare.

(Continued on Page 43)
UNKNOWN BEAUTY. Miss Thelma Pearis of California is now gracing the dance floor of the famous Paradise Club on Broadway where she is featured. The Great White Way is quite excited about this young lady and believes she is headed for the top. Photographed by Murray Korman, New York.
Against Broadway and Hollywood whispering galleries recently travelled word that Katharine Hepburn who Garboed her way down to Yucatan, presumably to get a divorce, has plans to take unto her another spouse as soon as the golden platform to the altar is rid of legal snags.

The name of the man who is slated to take the place of Ludlow Ogden Smith when a decree ousts him completely from the Katharine Stage, has not been revealed. But young Leland Hayward, son of Col. William Hayward, former United States Attorney, has been much in her company in New York of late.

With the information of the plans of a Hepburn and Hayward came also the discovery that the movie executive and chieftain of the large literary agency that bears his name, has been separated for quite some time from the former Inez Gibbs.

This is the second break in the Hayward relations, the first in 1924, resulted in a Paris divorce for Inez. Their remarriage in 1930 followed Inez' divorce from Frederick Clark Sayles, one of the big society surprises of the day.

But getting back to the Hepburn story, down in Yucatan, recently, dispatches stated Hepburn was still playing the Garbo-Maude Adams role. Katharine, it seems, wouldn't talk to reporters. She used side doors and back entrances to avoid the endless streams of questions.

Smith, with his kindred penchant for mystery, has also been ducking reporters.

The friendship of the star of “Little Women” and “The Lake” and Hayward began in Hollywood, while the diminutive beauty was sky-rocketing to fame. In Hollywood they were seen together in the less popular but swanky places. But a touch of mystery which she ardently adores still clings to her new romance.

Talk of friction between Katharine and Smith began months ago but when she was questioned about a reported separation—at the time she left for a quick trip to Paris—she would say nothing.

So skilfully had Hepburn Garboed her marriage to Smith that her fans did not learn until after her achievement of fame in “Little Women” that she had been Smith's wife since 1928.

Smith, it is also well-known, did not share any of the money she reaped from her success. He continued to live within his own means—$6,000 a year—in a New York flat. When Katharine was at her home there, the neighbors knew her solely as Mrs. Maud Smith. And Smith, wary as a fly for publicity, eluded reporters for weeks after the secret was discovered.

In Yucatan recently, while la Hepburn was awaiting the decree, she was finally spotted by several reporters and put, so to say, on the “spot”... and made to talk, which she did freely. The crimson-comet star talked of many things, of art, of history, of swimming and of motion pictures. But when asked about her future marital plans, she replied, emphatically:

“I am not accustomed to making statements on my private life.”

And with that, she wouldn't budge. No, not even with a “word-or-two” comment of her husband.

EXIT, MR. FARMER

Gloria Swanson, Hollywood’s golden-tinted queen, sang four times a day the majestic “Love... your magic spell is everywhere...” when she was recently in New York on a brief personal appearance.

But deep in her fathomless, tender heart, she knew that her love spell had been broken again. Yes, her fourth marriage had gone the way of all flashies. Gloria admitted that a divorce was planned between her and Michael Farmer, the Irish sportman who now, the time, in Paris.

“I’m getting a divorce in California,” the film star said.

“Do you intend to marry?” one of the newspapermen asked.

Like a spark, she suddenly jumped up. “No! Lord, no! You mean to remarry? No! Heavens!”

Farmer had just reached Paris after a fishing trip in Norway. So she harped on that the first chance she got and started narrating her glamorous experiences on the Continent. Then she added: “I hear he’s going around the world.

“How nice Mr. Farmer has so much leisure. I am glad that he is enjoying himself. For my part, I have obligations and it’s up to me to take care of them. That’s why I’m here—working.”

In case you don't know, they have a child, Michelle Bridgette who was born in 1932 and is now with a nurse in Switzerland. The couple married three years ago. Miss Swanson had been married previously to Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn, and the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, the present husband of Constance Bennett. “Michael,” Gloria concluded, “belongs in Europe. I belong in America.”

Gloria’s marital life has been baffling reporters, now for years. But her latest is the most perplexing of the lot. Her four other ones have never assumed an international maze. This one has.

(Continued to page 43)
DIETRICH, THE GREAT

(Continued from page 11)

she not been constrained to vamping roles. I'll never forget her in "A Fool There Was".

"Then came Louise Glaum, Mae Busch, who grew instantly to stellar heights in "Foolish Wives," and Nita Naldi, the voluptuous siren who shared Rudolph Valentino's never-to-be-forgotten popularity. She appeared with him in countless features. Yes, Nita was the lucky girl who made love to the "Sheik".

"Then of course, Olga Petrova, Jetta Goudal, Alma Rubens and Pola Negri—all worthy artists of the stage and screen, who added little touches, here and there, to improve the lot of America's glorified vamp.

"Nazimova is the dauntless pioneer who mustered a great deal of nerve, as well as ingenuity, to deviate from Hollywood's blazoned pathway. For one thing Nazimova was forced, from within, to enact roles with realistic fervor. She is essentially an emotional actress. And if you understand the ways of an emotional actress, you will readily see why it is almost impossible for her to do a 'vamp', especially with firing rapidity, one role after another. Nevertheless, Nazimova was the first screen actress who aroused a potent spark of sympathy for those women, who in the crimson walks of life are sometimes referred to as the 'women beyond the pale'.

"Nazimova gave the so-called bad woman a character. Before then, she was considered a vixen, a ruthless and notorious person who does mischief and harm mainly as an end itself. The means — why she was led to do those things — in short, giving her a human relation, and with it a humane feeling and character — was wholly ignored. Some were classified as bad — yes, simply wicked; and others were goody-goodies. There was no half-way mark. One was either good or bad. You know the types as well as I do.

"Well, Nazimova should be handed credit for the modern human touch, an indispensable ingredient of our better pictures.

"From then on, the fans have realized that vamps are just as human as they, themselves. The vamp doesn't necessarily have to be cold-blooded, ruthless, cruel and brutal; on the contrary, her veins may be filled with warm-blooded graciousness and goodness. She may be fascinating and delightful and intrinsically good.

"This is naturally a broader outlook on screen roles. And today, the old time vamp is as dead as the Egyptian dodo. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean the vamp is totally extinct.
far or the scamp will live and flourish as long as we have creative artists. But the interpretation must be sincere, straight from the heart, no willy-nilly sketching. It must be drawn colorfully with human feeling and warmth so that the resultant portrait should stand upright and live, sad or joyful—but live at all costs. If the figure appears incredible, if there is the slightest trace of doubt regarding his physical being, the character will crumble to pieces. In other words, the character must be artistically true. Given such and such a relationship, the character must live from an artistic and logical standpoint."

"Will power," she continued, "is an important ingredient in the making of an actor and actress. For instance, it is of exceeding importance that an actor or actress play an interesting variety of roles. It is hard, you know, to maintain your individuality once you fall into a 'typed' class. It is, I suppose, like everything else. Performing the same task, over and over again, you are bound to get stale doing it. You do it unconsciously, devoid of feeling and sentiment.

"So it is with acting. If I were to play vamp roles, let us say, I'd become stale in no time. It is all in the cards and very few actors or actresses can surmount these obstacles.

"I started off with my wrong foot forward. I was heralded by glib, high-powered publicity agents as another Garbo. That is exceedingly detrimental to any actress. Don't misunderstand me, I say this not that I don't esteem Greta Garbo highly. As a matter of fact, I think she is a great actress—one of the best we have in the world. I have the loftiest admiration for the woman and her work. She is a great artist!

"But I ask you, what actress worthy of a name wants to be a mere imitation? I, for one, have always had loftier aspirations. I'd rather fail doing something original than succeed at some imitative endeavor. I try doing something, more or less, original. I do it the best I can and then I leave it in the hands of Fate. It is Fate that will determine whether I have outstanding ability. If the cards prophesy future wreaths of glory, I know I will attain them. Nothing—I know will stop me. And if it isn't, well—there is very little that I can do to prevent it."

Miss Dietrich will undoubtedly confess "great and noble passion," while others who equally prefer the expression to be the prime exponent of the of emotional drama will take their periodic places in lighter vehicles in order to insure their popularity.
Henry is finally released by the police, he has contracted a very bad cold.

Returning to his home, he dictates to Miss Smith, with a sharp voice that bellows brazenly and haughtily. Re-sentful, she reveals that her husband is dead. And confesses with an incredible moaning, “I shot him a year ago in Paris.” He is soon convinced that she is insane, which Julia more than substantiates with subtle and helpful hints and reminders. Henry is thoroughly cured of his desires for Miss Smith by this time.

In exchange for freedom of Julia, Henry gives Johnny a new lease on business life by absorbing him and his carburetor company into the automobile company, leaving Henry and Julia free. All of which releases Johnny and Miss Smith to pursue their romance.

Otto Kruger proves himself to be a really great character actor in portraying Henry Dewlip, the carefree and fancy footloose bachelor, with precision and distinctive taste. Nancy Carroll, as Julia, is amiable and charmingly sophisticated. Heather Angel plays the Miss Smith role so vividly that she is able throughout the playlet to grasp your sympathy; and what’s more grip it tenaciously when her hypocrisy is openly displayed.

THE END

them a bit; she is, moreover, rather fond of them... adores practical jokes... very proud of her Irish blood... She has several hothouses and raises orchids and other rare flowers... She sings a lovely soprano... is very fond of bridge... doesn’t like people to be too serious. She is almost superstitious about the value of laughs to keep people normal... She dislikes formal dress except for evening wear... She is most often seen in sport outfits, pinks, blues and greens... She still keeps up her dancing which first won her fame; considers it better than a “daily dozen” for exercise... Hollywood considers her an exceptionally shrewd business woman and gives close personal attention to all matters of investment... Getting heavy is not one of her troubles and therefore she has little worry about food. Her chef, incidentally, is one of the best in Hollywood and a Davies dinner is something to tell the folks home about... She admits that as a girl in Brooklyn, she was very much of a tomboy, throwing bricks at the kids on the next block, chasing fire engines down Fourth Avenue and playing hookey to go to Coney Island... Withal, a fine character.

THE END
NEWS REEL

(Continued from page 30)

pleting his starring role in “Now I’ll Tell” by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein, has left for Hollywood. Tracy henceforth will be starred in all his films, and it has been announced he will not be loaned again to other production.

Kent Taylor, who played the juvenile lead in Will Rogers’ “David Harum,” has been added to the cast of Fox Films’ “She Learned About Sailors.” He will play the lead opposite Alice Faye. Nick Foran, Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant, who made their screen bow in “Stand Up and Cheer!” also will be featured in the picture which goes into production soon.

Paul Harvey, perennial screen villain, Murray Kinnell, who left the stage for the movies with George Arliss, and Donald Woods, borrowed from Warner Brothers, have been added to the cast of Fox Films’ “Charlie Chan’s Courage.”

Harvey has just finished a role in Will Rogers’ latest, “Merry Andrew;” Kinnell a featured role in “Murder in Trinidad;” Woods in “As The Earth Turns.”

Warner Oland and Drue Leyton head the cast of “Charlie Chan’s Courage.” The picture goes into production shortly. George Hadden is directing.

“Always Honest,” featuring James Dunn, Claire Trevor, and Shirley Temple, latest child screen find, bears the new title, “Baby Take A Bow.” The picture will be released this month.

Phillip Holmes has been signed to appear with Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Lew Ayres and Jean Parker in Erik Charell’s first American production, “Caravan.”

Lilian Harvey’s next production for Fox is to be “365 Nights in Hollywood,” a colorful saga of the movie capital taken from the stories of James Starr, famous Hollywood reporter. William Conselman is preparing the screen adaptation.

Fox sent a camera crew and art director to Panama to make background scenes for Spencer Tracy’s forthcoming film, “Marie Galante,” in which Ketti Gallian, prominent French actress, will be introduced to the American screen.

The entire action of the story, adapted from Jacques Deval’s novel by Sonya Levien and Samuel Hoffenstein, takes place in the Canal Zone. Ziegfried Rumann and Hugh Williams have important parts in the film.

HOW STARS ARE MADE

(Continued from page 17)

Linda March, whose tragic and untimely death cut short a promising career, Irene Ware, and a host of others who are now playing minor bits around the studios are among those whose faces I see before me. Whether or not they will be stars two years from now or even playing leads is a question only time will tell. They have had an excellent training in the school of modelling and the future is up to them.

There are other pictures, pictures of stars that have passed into oblivion, perhaps the most poignant memory of all is that recalled by the photograph of Olive Borden. Here was a beautiful girl who might have been an actress if she had given a chance to do anything other than to wear clothes in her pictures. This is one case where her reputation as a model acted as a boomerang, so even this route to movie fame has its pitfalls.

Periodically, one reads that Hollywood is crying for new faces, new talent—something new under the sun.

As long as Broadway has its Earl Carrolls, George Whites and Walter Thornton’s, I don’t think the demand will ever exceed the supply.

THE END
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(continued from page 7)

Merry-Go-Round

Richard Barthelmess won't buy a new hat as long as he can find an old one to wear. His wife has to resort to drastic measures occasionally to keep him in smart headgear.

George Brent, like Joe Brown, has a private passion for making the same razor blade serve as many times as possible.

James Cagney admits that, far from having any pet economies, he has a business manager whose chief job is to resist mercilessly his inclination to spend money freely.

Hobart Cavanaugh's pet economy is doing his own gardening instead of hiring a Jap to do it for him.

Ricardo Cortez could have sported a chauffeur at any time during the last ten years, but prefers to drive his own car.

Ann Dvorak saves wrapping paper—especially if it's good-looking—and uses it over again.

Glenda Farrell enjoys saving buttons, a habit she has inherited, she says, as the natural result of being the mother of a nine-year-old youngster.

Guy Kibbee dislikes spending money for vegetables and raises his own—especially sweet corn. He's very proud of his home-grown cornfield.

Jean Muir will not spend money to go to cafes or night clubs, and won't let her escorts do it, if she can prevent them. A show or a concert repays one for its cost, says Jean, but night clubs are a sheer waste of money.

Margaret Lindsay's pet economy is buying three identical pairs of stockings at the same time, and two identical pairs of gloves, so that if she ruins or loses one of a pair, she can fill out the pair from her reserve supply, without buying a new pair.

"Simple, sensible living" is Paul Muni's version of his attitude toward economy.

Edward G. Robinson dislikes spending money for a new wrist watch strap and uses the old ones as long as he can.

Donald Woods, when he's on the stage, likes to make the same collar do for two performances, if possible.

William Powell saves rubber bands and never throws away an old hat.

Leslie Howard has to be talked into buying new clothes by his wife. He much prefers to wear old, comfortable ones—"that have been broken in," as he puts it.

Verree Teasdale thinks it's folly to play bridge for high stakes when you can get the same thrill, if you're intelligent enough, out of a game for one-tenth of a cent a point.

THE END

Who's Next?

(continued from page 13)

Now, little girly's, clap hands for Hollywood's "Man About Town." Black patent leather hair, large eyes with a mystic and inscrutable glow, but graceful and romantic. That's George Raft. You'll always see him well-dressed, perfectly poised with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Seldom does he speak with that inimitable clipped tone of voice. He prefers to listen.

Men admire him and women are intrigued by him. He is nearest in type to the late Rudolph Valentino. Raft admired Rudolph but somehow does not desire to follow his immemorial footsteps. Such is the graduate of New York's Hell's Kitchen "down by the vinegar works."

In "Night After Night," the Paramount picture in which he wooed the buxom Mae West, he displayed a fine mastery of the art of love. And anyone who can win the affections of the fastidious Mae West, well—just must have what it takes to get along with the femmes. George Raft exhibited a goodly portion of that indefinable "something" in "Bolero." But there again, George showed his inclination to get away from the Valentino footsteps. He doesn't want to be a sheik! And that's that.

Which just about strikes the present. What about the future? Is America through? Or will she come back with another Rudolph Valentino? Our prophecy is yes and with a capital Y. But it takes time. In every age there is only one Valentino, one Babe Ruth, one Edison, one Einstein. And we in the movie world must have patience.

Here are some promising youngsters who are bidding earnestly for the crown:

Ray Milland, for instance, who in "We're Not Dressing," "Bolero," and recently in "Many Happy Returns," exhibited definite talent. Ray has plenty of that called "guts" to hit the top. Just imagine a kid spending his last fifty dollars to escort an actress to dinner so that he may get a break the next day as an extra.

That's just what Ray did. He took Estelle Brody, English picture star, out to lunch. Whereupon she invited him to visit the studios next day, where she introduced him to a casting director who got him the role of a "lark." Needless to add, he didn't eat the rest of the week. But he got along. And maybe some day he will blossom forth as a matinee idol. He's got plenty of looks and personality. And you can never tell. Stranger things have happened in the past.

Francis Lederer is another youn-
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people do work in complete harmony and establish that contact from within, it is the greatest possible ecstasy. One forgets everything and is carried away in that complete harmony of spirit. What a sublime joy!

“Even if I were privately in love with a woman, I doubt whether I could woo her convincingly on the stage and screen, unless she possessed the ability to lose herself in the role she was playing.”

His last remark brought up the question whether or not Lederer considered it possible to love someone privately, and still be carried away by the tender passion for another on the stage and screen.

His answer was a decided, “yes.” “Because,” he added, “of the intense concentration a stage or screen role requires. Yes, it is entirely possible for a player to be very much in love with someone in real life, and still be absolutely sincere in idolizing his partner in the drama. Before the footlights or camera, the actor loses his own individuality and becomes automatically the person he is portraying.”

“I do think, however, that it might become very distracting for one with a career to be tremendously in love in private life.”

Francis Lederer, young Czechoslovakian star, was recently seen in New York’s popular “Autumn Crocus,” where almost over night he became Broadway’s most popular matinee idol.

Francis is currently working feverishly on his second RKO-Radio Picture, “Romance in Manhattan,” a delightful romance of New York as seen through the eyes of a youthful emigrant musician.

Mr. Lederer was signed by RKO-Radio Pictures over a year ago, his tremendous popularity in Europe and on the Broadway stage convincing executives that he will undoubtedly become one of the greatest male favorites of the screen.

Only twenty-six, he already has an extraordinary reputation in Central Europe, England and New York as one of the most formidable and versatile actors of the modern drama.

Starring in the New German theatre of his native city of Prague at the phenomenal age of seventeen, he became the popular protege of many stars of the Berlin and Vienna theatres, who eventually secured his release from a provincial management in Moravia by means of a signed and widely advertised petition, permitting him to play “Romeo and Juliet” under Max Reinhardt’s direction in Vienna, opposite the foremost German actress, Elizabeth Berger, hailed as Europe’s greatest Juliet and who recently has scored triumphantly as “Catherine the Great.”

This success was followed by a transition to musical comedy in the German original production of the “Wundar Bar,” in which he became the ravishing sensation of the continent.

After completing several German films, he mastered English and made his London debut in a musical play, “Meet My Sister.” Basil Dean, English producer, then cast the young star as the Tyrolean innkeeper of “Autumn Crocus,” which ran for eleven months. Then he again surprised London critics by stepping into the male role of the successful American operetta, “The Cat and the Fiddle.”

This phenomenal success brought him offers from all over the world. After much consideration, he selected the proffered one from New York, having begun five years previously in planning an American invasion.

In “Autumn Crocus,” he was received with unusual enthusiasm by New York critics and audiences, starring in the new show until its closing day. Francis Lederer is young, handsome, virile and entirely a distinctive new type of personality. His Czech accent, which critics claim as an integral part of his charm, remains with him offstage, unlike that of some import.

Two secretaries care for his extensive mail and business affairs, including letters from Francis Lederer Clubs, composed of shop-girls in London and New York. Lederer is not in favor of the “Matinee Idol” designation which has been affixed to him. He has too much respect for his career as a serious actor to enjoy the attention. If possible he hopes to appear in some of his most famous roles on the stage between picture appearances, as he did in Germany, where he made films, three of which have been shown here in foreign language houses.

Well, so much for the past. All America is looking forward to Francis Lederer’s next bow in RKO-Radio’s super-production which promises to be a highly interesting treat, especially for some of those dainty flappers and stenographers.

THE END

Who’s Next?

(Continued from page 40)
plays the role of Marc Anthony in "Cleopatra." Cecil DeMille searched for all over Hollywood and New York for a potential Marc Anthony but finally had to cross the Atlantic to find his ideal in the person of Harry Wilcoxon. He is handsome, tall and gracefully built, with bluish green eyes and brown hair.

And Carl Brisson is the Danish Don Juan. He has gone Hollywood after years of acclaim on the musical stage in Europe. His appearance, physique and versatility as a singer and dancer brought him into demand in motion pictures.

Lanny Ross is a product of the other waves. Shortly after receiving his degree from Yale, he began appearing via the mike. He has a soft and charming voice—a voice that can make the heart throb. He has many a girl in a quandary when he confined himself mainly to the radio. But now he has gone Hollywood. And the girls can see a good-looking visage as well as hear his popular renditions. All of which has made Lanny exceedingly popular. And even finer things are expected of the budding Paramount star in the future. Maybe he will sit on the lofty throne.

Nick Forman, clever actor, who has personality and "it" galore, is another youngish chap who will be seen a great deal in the filmdom future. The Fox protégé has already exhibited talent and with timely growth he should add plenty of sparks to the old Hollywood footlight.

THE END

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Splits and Splices
(Continued from page 35)

It all started when Gloria was recently in New York, where she appeared for a brief engagement at a popular theatre. She finally admitted that there was a rift in the air between herself and Michael Farmer.

Later word from Michael Farmer, international sportsman, reiterated all this. And added that they had separated, but failed to say anything about a pending divorce.

Backstage at the Paramount, Gloria paced the floor of her dressing room, neglected to answer the incessant telephone ringing, and seemed to be separated, why doesn't Mike let me know. I hear from others that he says we are. But why doesn't he tell me?"

"I so hate to talk about it," she continued, "I so hate to talk about it. It all distresses me terribly. I had no idea we were separating for good when he went abroad. I expected to rejoin him either abroad or in New York."

When told, he plans to go on a fishing trip and then take a voyage around the world, she remarked, rather caustically, "How nice that he has so much leisure. I'm glad he's having a good time. I have obligations. That's why I am working here."

Meanwhile, a complicated setting in Edna Best Marshall and her child in England, and Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall going and seeing places—ongeth. Why the temperamental Edna Best, one of the most beautiful of English stage stars imported to Hollywood, went back with her baby is interesting Broadwayes.

Reviews and Previews
(Continued from page 33)

for those who like their entertainment with grains of adventure and excitement. A decided Universal hit.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD — Lee Tracy and Gloria Stuart—A dashing newspaper yarn in which Lee Tracy races from one end of the world to another—all for the name of a Gazette. Of course, there are always nice looking gals to make his life pleasurable.

(Continued on next page)

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Reviews and Previews

Lee Tracy is back in the fold and he has plenty to appease the tired business man. A sure-fire entertainment, if there ever was one.

SOREL AND SON — United Artists-H. B. Warner — Warwick Deeping’s pathetic tale of the struggles and tribulations of an ambitious father who desires, above everything, to rear his son to a formidable position. Working and slaving, the father realizes his life’s ambition when the boy becomes a doctor—and then a good one. H. B. Warner is grand as the father. And lusty applaudists to a swell direction job.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? — Universal — Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery. Life in a quiet European town is depicted vividly by this stellar Universal production. It is humble, touching and ever so ingratiating.

UNCERTAIN LADY — Genevieve Tobin, and Edward Everett Horton. A delightful and entertaining gem dealing with the tribulations of a young and pretty girl who, like the average girl, seeks the best in life. The picture is spotted with a delicious dish of humor which rounds out the enticing fare, rather superbly.

AS THE EARTH TURNS — Warner Bros. — Jean Muir and Donald Woods. A simple and lovely tale of a girl on a mid-western farm, who sees things differently from her clan; sees and interprets them in a new light. Consequently, she meets with a great deal of friction. A fine and tasteful production, abetted by a super-Warner production.


SMARTY — Warner Bros. — Joan Blondell and Warren William—Here is a high comedy in which Joan does her inimitable stuff. And when she does, Warren or no Warren, better beware. She is simply divine. And so is everything about the picture.

Frankie and Johnnie

(Continued from page 15)

then like Mr. Morris. He’s the kind of employer who makes you want to do your very best all the time.” Fine words from one’s valet.

As I waited, various members of the company sauntered over for a friendly word. Harry Goetz introduced H. J. Yates who made me welcome to the studio. Ask anyone in the film industry who H. J. Yates is and they will tell you that he is the power, financially, behind a lot of big business in pictures despite his lack of publicity. The Biograph Studio is his pet and for years he has nursed a secret desire to bring back some of its early glory.

Then there was — stop watch and scene reports in hand, amused me by telling me some startlingly accurate things about myself. From him I also learned that Chester Erskin is an American-born Viennese who probably accounts for his unusual sense of color and harmony—and that his cast, which is all-star and includes besides Helen Morgan and Chester Morris, Lilian Tashman, William Harrigan, Florence Reed, Walter Kingsford, Jack Hazzard, and Cora Witherspoon were keenly enthusiastic over Erskin’s methods.

Then my thoughts returned to Chester Morris. I couldn’t help but review the rather amazing career of this veteran who is still a very young man, scarcely out of his twenties. Acting is in his blood, both his father and his mother were bright lights in the theatre in their day and he has two brothers and a sister who are actively engaged in various phases of the work. Chet didn’t actually become engaged in the business of acting until he started to the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. But he didn’t need this sort of training for, as I have said, it was in the blood. He could no more have helped acting than he could have stopped breathing.

Strange, that the first paying job he had was in pictures with the old Tannhauser Picture Company in New Rochelle and, if I’m not mistaken, he didn’t again appear in pictures until the advent of talkies. Between these two events the way was far from easy but when he finally landed on Broadway at about 18 he stayed there until Ronald West took him to California.

(Continued on page 48)
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- Hindu Love Books
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In Hollywood they put him in a picture called "Alibi." . . . there was another lad in this picture, Regis Toomey, with a million-dollar smile . . . and a young director, Thornton Freeland, who hadn't yet gotten a really decent break. "Alibi"—another story of crime—started all three of them on the up grade.

While my thoughts were with Chester Morris my eyes were seeing reporters looting about, cameramen rushing to vantage points from which shots could be made. The cream of the technical crew was formerly employed with Paramount in Astoria, carpenters, electricians, cameramen, etc. . . . the very finest men in the East, moved about in apparent aimless activity. A few stood behind the camera. Occasionally Joe Ruttenberg, cameraman, and his assistant, Sam Lemitt, peered into the funny looking little finder as the camera was dollyed from position to position. Some one tinkered with the mike swing on the end of a long fishing pole and mounted on what strangely resembled a push cart. A battery of sun arcs made a pool of intensified sunlight which enveloped Chester and Helen. Take that . . . old sun-kissed California.

Suddenly, one bell sounded and the apparently aimless groups became active centers of endeavor. "Turn 'em over," said Assistant Director Frank Cavett; "Camera," called Director Erskine. A hush fell over everyone around the illuminated spot where Frankie and Johnnie were doing their stuff. Hollywood isn't the only place where a woman gets her man. Even in the good old days of '49, Frankie, the first of the torch singers, warped the original St. Louis Blues to a two-timing male. As men go, Frankie's Johnnie wasn't much to write home about, but what woman considers that when she is in love. There is something in a "take" absorbingly interesting and eternally fascinating, something which grips and holds you no matter how long you have been at the game.

One of the things which impressed me about Chester Erskine's direction was the small number of "re-takes." He seems to know what he wants and how to get results without a lot of wasted time and unnecessary shooting. This will naturally cut production costs, the Waterloo of many an otherwise excellent picture. When "Frankie and Johnnie" goes on view I believe he will have proved it possible to take good stories, properly cast and sensibly handled and turn them into boxoffice assets. It sounds like a shoe-string but it is just elimination of front office ballyhoo and a smashing of the precedent that pictures grow best only under a California sun. It seems to be the beginning of a new deal in picture-making in the East, with the hokus-pokus left out and the culture of the Main Stem—Broadway, the lane that leads to dramatic greatness—substituted in its stead.

A little later I sat in Helen's dressing room and listened to line rehearsals between Chester and Helen. Chester was called during the stage and Helen talked to me about the scene where she killed Johnnie, a few days before. When the time came for her to play it she couldn't cry. Erskine resorted to all the known studio tricks but no tears. Helen sent her maid for an onion but before she returned the spirit of the thing came over Helen and she played the scene perfectly . . . hystericly . . . Johnnie's "blood" on her face and hands . . . trembling and sobbing in anguish and . . . and for half an hour afterwards she could not stop crying. She was nervous about the photographed results and anxious to see the "rushes" which were to be shown after that day's shooting was completed.

And Chester Morris was doing as good with his part of Johnnie.
unusual thing is that even when Chet has made us believe most in these characterizations of his he has somehow managed to retain our sympathy, a pull on our heartstrings. He is so genuinely in earnest about what he does that he makes us believe, even against our better judgment, that for him at least these things are right. It all seems a difference of viewpoint, and that's what makes life.

I don't feel inclined to dramatize Chester Morris. . . . He doesn't lend himself to eulogy somehow. . . . He is too downright honest and straightforward but I'd be willing to wager my next year's income tax that when he makes friends they stay made. My private bet would be that you'd never come out a cropper if you placed odds on Chet because he'd never let you down even if doing so would be a gain for him. In an emergency he would be right there, not with a lot of cheap words but with real understanding and friendship.

The same thing is true about his work. I've never seen Chester give a bad performance. I've seen him with parts that were suited to him so little that it was funny the producer was willing to gamble on him . . . . yet he made those parts, living, breathing characters . . . . and that's something. One reason is that he doesn't impose his own personality upon the one he is playing. He lets the new personality absorb him and dominate the situation. It is the tradition of blood asserting itself again. He doesn't act—he simply is. If this were not a substantial fact he would have been ruined by the innate judgment of men who should have known better—of producers who could have made him a boxoffice asset second to none if they had handled him correctly. And while we're having new deals in everything else we shouldn't overlook this one.

So, crime does not pay, your honor! Oh yeah? Well, here's one case on which the Department of Justice slipped up . . . . badly. Chester Morris has made it pay in a big way.

**THE END**

**ANSWER TO THE "PICTURE STAR REBUS" ON PAGE 24**

1. Greta Garbo (greet a garb O)
2. John Boles (John bowls)
3. Arline Judge (R line judge)
4. Edmund Lowe (Ed Mund low)
5. Estelle Taylor
6. Buster Keaton (bust R key to N)
7. Eleanor Boardman
8. Anna Sten (Anna’s ten)
9. Kay Johnson (K.J. on sun)
10. Fay Wray (F A Y ray)
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BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD NEWS

MOVIES

August

Shirley Temple's Story

Blondes, Brunettes, or Red Heads!
The 97-lb. Weakling Who Became
"The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man"

THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"

Listen here, Mac. I’d smash your face...only you’re so skinny you might dry up and blow away.

See you later, girlie...

The big bully! I’ll get even some day.

Oh, don’t let it bother you, little boy!

It was nice to meet you, Grace. Come around some evening?

No, I’m afraid not. I’m pretty busy. Good-day!

Oh! I’m sick and tired of being a scarecrow! Charles Atlas says he can give me a real body. All right! I’ll gamble a $2 stamp and get his free book!

Boy! It didn’t take Atlas long to do this for me! Look at those muscles bulge out now!

There’s that big stiff again, showing off in front of Grace and the crowd. Well, it’s MY turn this time!

Wham! Now it’s your turn to dry up and blow away!

Oh, Mac! You are a real man after all!

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August, 1934

M. R. REESE, EDITOR

WALTER ROEBER SCHMIDT

MAURICE TURET

WALTER ROEBER SCHMIDT

VOL. V, No. 4

AUGUST, 1934

"MOVIES"

BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD NEWS
About six months ago this young lady from Texas announced to the executives at the studios in Hollywood that she was really going to get down to business and do something about this career of hers in the movies. She has really been working and working hard. Ginger Rogers is headed for stardom.
“Ladies First” is the title decided upon by Paramount for the forthcoming George Bancroft vehicle to be produced by the company. Frances Fuller will play opposite the star. Gilbert Pratt will direct. The story is by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connely, with screen adaptation by Humphrey Pearson.

Reliance Pictures will offer a film version of Alexandre Dumas’ immortal work, “The Count of Monte Cristo,” with a cast including Robert Donat, Elissa Landi, Louis Calhern, O. P. Heggie, Sidney Blackmer and Irene Hervey. The film is being produced in Hollywood on a lavish scale under the direction of Rowland V. Lee.

“Sacred and Profane Love,” co-starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, recently went into production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Otto Kruger and Stuart Erwin are in the supporting cast under direction of Clarence Brown. “Sacred and Profane Love” is an original story for the screen by Edgar Selwyn.

Immediately on completion of “Black Moon,” W. William Neill began directing his next Columbia production entitled “Blind Date” with Ann Sothern and Paul Kelly. This up-to-date comedy drama is by Vida Hurst; Ethel Hill did the screen treatment.

Gladys George’s first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer assignment will be the leading role in “Dolly,” a story of the tropics by Wilson Collison, author of “Red Dust.” Miss George recently left the cast of the Broadway stage play, “The Milky Way,” to fulfill her contract obligations with M-G-M.

Coincidental with news dispatches from abroad that ex-King Alfonso of Spain is considering a Hollywood screen offer, Mae West admits that negotiations have been under way secretly for the past six months which may result in the former ruler coming to California as her protege. The negotiations have been carried on through Prince Alexis Thurn-Taxis.

Ruby Keeler takes a spin in her nifty little cruiser between shots during the filming of “Dames.”

Mae says, “The prince came to me some time ago with the word that he believed King Alfonso would like to come to Hollywood and perhaps take part in a picture,” the blonde Paramount star declares. “The king himself has written me nothing about it—it’s all been through the prince—but of course I wouldn’t turn down a king.”

Finding two girls who looked enough alike to be sisters, both with good figures and one able to wear a bathing suit to advantage and who were both good actresses presented a real problem to William Seiter, director and Glendon Allvine, producer.

But they were found in the persons of Joan Marsh and Gloria Shea who play Carolyn and Victoria, respectively in RKO-Radio’s “We’re Rich Again.”

They are both blonde, resemble each other very definitely and both are lovely to look at and clever in the roles.

Hats off to the casting director who helped to find them!

Columbia Pictures have started production on “The Criminal Within,” a dramatic story of a man who is at the mercy of a dual personality. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge have the leading roles.

Joseph Schildkraut, who plays the

(Continued on Page 8)
Folks, This is Jimmy. The real Jimmy, the handsome, healthy Jimmy. Pardon us, if we say that Jimmy has Dunn well.
BEST PERFORMANCES THIS MONTH

ANN HARDING as Vergie Winters in “The Life of Vergie Winters”
—RKO-Radio.

JEAN HARLOW in “Born To Be Kissed”
—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON in “The Man With Two Faces”
—A First National Picture.

RONALD COLMAN in “Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back”
—A United Artist Picture.

(Continued from Page 6)

role of King Herod in Cecil B. DeMille’s “Cleopatra” at Paramount, owns one of the film colony’s largest private libraries. It contains 17,000 volumes in five languages.

William Gaxton, appearing in the current RKO-Radio picture, “Afterwards,” is adding another accomplishment to his talents as a result of his role in this picture. Gaxton plays a magician and it is necessary for him to be able to do several sleight of hand tricks and do them convincingly.

So Harold Alberto, internationally famous as a magician, was engaged to instruct Gaxton in the mysteries of the business. As a result, Gaxton goes about the set pulling flags, small rabbits, glass balls and other articles from behind the ears and from beneath the vests of the various members of the cast.

Fox Film executives have decided after viewing first “takes” of the performance of Charles Boyer, in the Erik Charell production of “Caravan,” to prepare new stories for him.

The star is scheduled to start work on “The Captive Bride,” the Jesse L. Lasky production which Dorothy Arzner will direct for Fox Film, immediately after “Caravan” has been completed. Then Boyer will go to France with his wife of a few months, “Pat” Paterson, returning toward the end of the summer for the leading male role in the Lasky production “Casanova—The Immortal Lover,” for which Ernest Pascal is preparing the screen play.

Boris Karloff, who achieved fame in “Frankenstein” and was featured in Columbia’s “Guilty Generation,” “Criminal Code” and “Behind the Mask,” was signed this week by the company. Mr. Karloff will be seen again in one of those bizarre characterizations which has brought him such success in recent productions.

Russ Columbo is busy shooting the first scenes of his musical feature for Universal, entitled “Castles in the Air.” The story is by Clarence Marks and Dore Schary, for which the screen play was provided by John Meehan, Jr., Kurt Neumann will direct. The leading lady is June Knight, and Russ Brown, Henry Armetta and Andy Devine are already cast in important roles. The picture will be released in September.

Jean Muir and Verree Teasdale will play the two principal feminine roles in “A Lady Surrenders,” the Warner Bros. picture which will soon go into production and which will be based on a story by Mary McCall, Jr. It is probable that George Brent will be leading man, according to advices from the Coast. Miss Muir and Mr. Brent have expressed a strong desire to appear together in a picture, and it is thought likely that “A Lady Surrenders” will be the one.

Clara Blandick, one of the silent
(Continued on Page 36)
All the compliments in the world to Miss Bette Davis for her work in RKO's "Of Human Bondage." Leslie Howard and Miss Davis appear together in this picture that makes film history.
FROM the shimmering Pacific Coast comes the good tiding that the Golden Trio—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell—will be starred again in Warner's forthcoming musical extravaganza, "Dames," which promises to surpass even the sumptuous "Gold Diggers of 1933."

All three of them reached the crest of their stardom in "Gold Diggers." Since then they have gone their individual ways—starred in any number of flickers. But the Golden Trio of songs, charm and gaiety, has craved to be together once more.

It is summer again and light-hearted frivolity reigns supreme. People no longer desire the tragic. It is too hot for that. They lean, more or less, towards the light fantastic. And what trio, I ask you, can compare with Joan Blondell, for sheer charm and bubbling vivaciousness; Ruby Keeler, for her demure sweetness and nimble feet which have won her the reputation of being the Bill Robinson of her sex; and Dick Powell, whose magnetic personality and inimitable manner of rendering a popular ditty have stamped him as Hollywood's favorite juvenile?
Yes, the Golden Trio simply abounds with "it."
Warner Bros. cooled our movie diet with a luscious, midsummer dessert last year, referring of course to "Gold Diggers"; and in all likelihood will do it again this summer. Inevitable, I guess. It is becoming a regular Warner custom.

In past performances we generally have seen Joan as a vivacious siren who gets what she wants, especially when it is a man. Ruby always has played the shy, sweet and rather reticent maiden. Dick Powell we have seen depicted, nine times out of ten, as a struggling young artist striving for success. So much for the screen rôles, you know them as well as I.

But what are these prime lovers like in real life? The more you are enthralled by their performances, the more eager you are to meet them behind the glaring footlights, away from the musty grease paint odors—away, yes, from everything that even resembles the stage.

Before we visited them at their palatial homes, we took a trip to the studio where they were filming "Dames."
The big sound stage was alive with people. Behind the director and camera crew were seated a group of players, awaiting the call to the big set. There were Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, Zasu Pitts, Guy Kibbee and others.

Off to one side of the stage where the new musical picture "Dames" was being filmed, sat a demure little miss. She sat alone, timid and lonesome. She seemed to be a part of the apparent turmoil and confusion that make a motion picture. You would take her more of a spectator.

And strange as it may seem, that frail, timid girl was one of the stars. She is the wife of a man said to be tremendously wealthy and famous. She had no reason under the shimmering California sun to be lonesome or frightened. But she did appear that way, for Ruby Keeler always appears that way.

When Ruby made her film debut in "42nd Street" she looked bewildered and frightened on the set. And she really was. She looked the same way during the filming of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade."

Now—after a year of stardom in Hollywood—she is one of the brightest lights in "Dames"—and looking just as timid and bewildered as she did when she first arrived on a movie set more than fifteen months ago.

Ruby is just that way. Nothing can change her. She is a sweet, rather old-fashioned girl who does her job well, but is all atwitter with nervousness when folks start to make a fuss over her.

YOU may not believe it but a meeting with a stage or screen star actually terrifies her, for Ruby has a notion that other people are important and she isn't. And all the King's horses and all the King's men will not convince her otherwise. That's just the way Ruby is!
This innate sweetness and shyness goes hand in hand in forming Ruby's char-

(Cont'd on Page 34)
LITTLE MISS

The Inside Story of the Blue-eyed, Golden-haired Little Miss Whose Dimples Have Won the Hearts and the Acclaim of the Movie-Goers of America.

IT HAS been whispered that Garbo is cultivating a baby-lisp and that Crawford is going in for hair ribbons, for Little Miss Shirley has come to town.

May I introduce you, then, ladies and gentlemen (as if you didn't know all the time), to the new wonder of Hollywood, and the new sweetheart of America, Miss Shirley Temple. Take a bow, Shirley. In fact, take three bows. One for your sweetness in "Stand Up and Cheer," one for your amazing drama in "Little Miss Marker," and one for just being your own, natural, charming self.

What is it, you must be asking, that makes it possible for one to go so far in so short a time? What is it that lifts a person out of obscurity and sends her skyrocketing brilliantly into the rarified air of the stars? For, just three short months ago if some one had said "Shirley Temple," you would have scratched your head and asked, "Who?" Today, you know yourself, what your answer would be. A three-months' journey from obscurity to fame is a big jump, and yet Shirley made this self-same Lindberghian hop.

It wasn't many months ago that Shirley's only claim to fame was as feature actor in Educational Baby Burlesque Comedies. Fate served as the first step in Shirley's ladder to fame. Here is how it happened. As you know, every film company in Hollywood has a group of men, keen in their observation and shrewd in their judgment, who do little else than comb the country (in fact the world) for something new and something different. Likewise, each company has its special bureau to keep tabs on the temper of the country and to keep the company advised as to the humor of the public. These company scouts and their bureaus were reporting that the taste of the country was flagging for murder thrillers and gangster films and clever sophistication and that the people were becoming restless. Hence, the search for new and different talent was pushed ahead with greater vigor: witness the nationwide search for an Alice to play the coveted role in "Alice in Wonderland," and other such examples. Well, to continue our story, Jay Gorney, who is music composer of Fox's big feature "Stand Up and Cheer," happened to be one night at a suburban Los Angeles theater, for no special reason at all. Along with the feature picture, for no special reason at all, there was shown a Baby Burlesque Comedy. For a very special reason, Jay was extremely excited over the performance of some little girl in it whose name he didn't even know. There at that same theater, for no special reason at all were a little girl and her mother. After the show, for no special reason at all, Jay bumped into this little girl and her mother and almost froze with astonishment and glee. You see, the name of the lady into whom he bumped was Mrs. Temple, and the name of her little girl was oddly enough, Shirley. She was the same girl who had so amazed Jay in the comedy. Jay did a very unusual thing, and much to the surprise of Mrs. Temple, and probably of Shirley, herself, he swooped Shirley into his arms and gave her a huge hug and a kiss. Explanations followed, of course, and the next day Mrs. Temple and her little daughter, Shirley, presented them-
selves at the Fox Studio. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the beginning of the story of the rise of Miss Shirley Temple or From Obscurity to Fame through the will of fate, through a series of "no special reasons at all," except the one extra special reason that the girl has what it takes. We have seen then how a happening of chance, mere luck (something which plays a great part, more or less, in the career of every one in white lights, today) gave the little girl the boost she needed to get started. After this initial push, she has traveled naively under her own power.

There is another step in Miss Shirley's ladder to fame which wasn't built by herself, alone. That is the type of picture in which she is playing, the fact that she is a child and her directors, all of these have been the vital basis of her success. It is for these reasons that other such child stars as Wesley Barry, Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Baby Peggy, and all the rest of them have had the edge on others trying to break into fame. If it is true that all the world loves a lover, then, it is all the more true that all the world loves a child, especially if that child happens to be adorable, precocious, and lovable. Every child actor must be more than ready to share her fame with her director, for it is the director who utilizes and turns in the right direction the abilities of the child. Shirley is a normal child in most respects. She is probably gifted with greater emotional nature, and, without a doubt is infinitely more sensitive than the average. However, it must be remembered that the child's world is principally one of play. The child cannot be expected to experience the same emotional feelings of the adult, and it is the art of the director, as well as the child which must be marveled at when you see a child actor cry upon the screen, for it is usually real tears. The child, in truth, is the instrument upon which the director plays. The quality of the work depends, it is very true, upon the quality of the instrument, that is the child, but likewise it is very dependent upon the skill of the director. Through this work of the director, the child transfers into the part that she is playing her world of unreality into a world of reality. It is the director, as a rule, who makes the immature child feel mature emotions. A child is not conscious of herself as a member of a cast which is producing a play, rather, that child is living his or her part. When she suffers on the screen, that child is really suffering. When she laughs that child is actually happy. When she cries, that child is sad. That is where the magic of the appeal of child-acting, if it is good, lies. It is the most natural acting in the world. The greater emotional actors and actresses of the screen, are said to experience vitally their roles. They, too, shed genuine tears. But they have to go through what is known as self-hypnosis. The child does not have to do this. Thus, the parts and the directors that Shirley has been fortunate in obtaining have formed a step in her ladder of fame.

Hold on, Shirley. Be a brave little girl and I'll read to you tonight. Adolphe Menjou and Shirley Temple.
Thus, we find two reasons for Shirley's fame, which she wasn't entirely responsible for. Now, what is there peculiar to Shirley that has aided her in her climb to overnight fame. It is known that there are literally thousands of children in Hollywood clamoring for parts, and each of these children is a "genius." Let us list those qualities which have combined to make Shirley probably the most talked of person in Hollywood today. The first, and most obvious attribute is her beauty. She has not only a beautiful face and body, but likewise has a certain elfish mischievousness in her face which has done much to endear her in the hearts of her public. Another obvious quality is her precociousness. Not only is her mind evidently nimble, but likewise she sings and dances like a dream, not like a baby of five. When you see her twinkling toes as she taps or whirls, and as you note the fine rhythm of her dance and the excellent coordination of her movements, you gasp with astonishment. Her utter lack of self-consciousness is another valuable quality. As far as she is concerned, she is playing by herself in her own back yard, so little attention does she give to her audience. Then, her own simple charm and sweetness are important factors to her success. Her special brand of smile and disarming dimples all go into the building of the other steps of her ladder, so that now she is perched high up in the clouds.

Is Shirley, then, a success? We don't speak of little girls of five years old as successes. Her life is just starting. If she is handled correctly and her luck stays with her, there is no reason why her descent that as she matures and becomes more capable, the rungs of her ladder will become more and more numerous, and more and more substantial. However, if little Shirley goes Hollywood, and if she becomes hard-boiled and sophisticated, and loses her simplicity and sweetness, there is no reason why her descent cannot be as rapid, and more surprising, than her rise.

Things seem to point differently, however. She seems to be a smart little girl with a smart mother who is determined that her daughter has a whole lifetime to live rather than just a few early years, and hence, is saving her child, is preserving her simplicity, her naturalness, her charm, and her health. With all of these things in mind, there is every reason to believe that the career of little Miss Shirley Temple is just beginning.

Child psychologists and parents may be interested to learn that the 5-year-old star, doesn't quite understand what motion pictures are all about. If, for a moment, she suspected that it wasn't a game, she would probably rush back to her Mickey Mouse doll in her playhouse and scream finis to what is now shaping up into an important career.

Discovered recently on the set of "Baby Take A Bow," in which she is to be seen with James Dunn and Claire Trevor, Shirley responded brightly to the interviewer's questions.

"Sure," says Shirley, "I like movies. It's lots of fun. Look, (Cont'd on Page 44)"
"MOVIES"

HOLLYWOOD
MERRY-GO-ROUND

EDITED
by
JIMMY BAKER
Every Month

"Next October I will retire, at least temporarily," Joan Blondell informs us, "from motion pictures to enact the greatest role of my life, and a part that I devoutly hope I will never give up as long as I am on earth. I will become a mother. Right now I am studying as hard as I can to make a success of that role.

"There is nothing startling in the fact that I am going to have a baby. Women have been having babies for quite a few years. My own mother was a success in that part. Most mothers are.

"Nevertheless, motherhood is a 'role.' The mother never stops acting, for she is cast in the most sentimentalized character (rightly sentimentalized) civilization has ever known. No matter how afraid she may be, she must always appear brave; no matter how much her heart aches, the child must see a smiling face; her own problems must be set aside so that she may comfort and console, grieve with or rejoice with, plan for or care for, the little one who demands so much, and who is far more critical than most of us can realize.

"I have been told that I was endangering my career as an actress by becoming a mother; that maternity and the types I have been playing cannot be reconciled; that the public will not find a street girl, or giddy divorcée or convention gold digger, convincing when played by a mother who has no intention of subordinating her maternal instincts.

"So what?

"I am an actress, I portray each role as it is written. If the script calls for a tough girl, that screen character is tough—not the actress. I do not believe the public expects a player to be only himself; this would not be art.

(Continued on Page 38)
SMILE WHEN YOU

In This Personal Interview with Amy Ellerman, Irene Dunne’s Singing Coach, Is Told the Secret of Irene’s Sensational Rise in Motion Pictures . . . The Ability to Smile As She Sings.

“A singer a smile is all important; it lends ease and grace to delivery, brings charm and poise to her work and stamps it with the artist’s individual personality. Our most difficult task was teaching Irene a singing smile.”

The speaker was Amy Ellerman, teacher of Irene Dunne and in her own right an artist to be reckoned with. She has a lovely contralto voice and is able to bring to her instruction some of the same quality of perception and understanding which she demonstrates in her own singing. I was seated with Miss Ellerman and her husband, Calvin Coxe, on the broad lawn of their country place just out from Brewster, N. Y. . . . surrounded by a mass of Irene Dunne clippings, many of them yellow with age. She continued:

“Irene was so lovely, in all her dramatic work her smile fairly radiated . . . it warmed you clean through . . . but when she started to sing that smile seemed to freeze up; it was set and stiff, not at all like her voice or her acting. I’ve seen this happen with a lot of young singers. Some of them learn easier than others. With Irene it was difficult.

“I have often wondered if it wasn’t because she was so genuinely ambitious and anxious to get ahead that she concentrated all her thoughts on excellence of performance and tone control.

“Irene was always grateful for everything—so sincere and naive in her expressions of appreciation it made us want to do and do for her. We felt that she was somehow our own particular problem. Another thing, our successes, both Mr. Coxe’s and mine, were as interesting and important to her as her own. No matter how busy she was she always managed to attend our concerts, and her enjoyment was real.

“When she was on tour she sent us her notices from every town in which she played . . . good and bad, although there were very few bad ones, you can see for yourself. I’ve kept them all . . . these aren’t even half . . . they’d fill several books.”

Miss Ellerman smiled thoughtfully and looked out across the lawn. A bird nearby set up a song. It seemed to stir a memory, a shadow clouded her eyes as she said softly:

“Irene had a canary an Italian friend had given her. She was very fond of the little warbler but a bit careless of him, often forgetting to cover him at nights. She said she didn’t know if that accounted for it, but many nights she would be awakened by the bird singing gallantly through the darkened rooms. When she went to Hollywood she gave us the canary. I think he grieved himself to death—he was always restless, ill at ease, chirping like a little lost, hurt soul. At any rate, we found him dead one morning! How I hated to write to Irene about it, but I finally did. Her reply was characteristic:

“ ’I’m sorry our little Italian songster is dead. He was a good friend, always gay and happy. I know you’ll miss him.’

“It was quite as though she was writing about a human being and she doubtless felt that way.

“SEEING and working with her again whenever she is in New York is always inspiring. You know, she spends every available moment taking singing lessons to keep herself in trim for pictures that may require the use of her voice. Not having done any singing since she went to Hollywood she has more or less neglected her voice, but when she is in New York she puts in hours of hard work which she doesn’t mind. Irene Dunne is a plugger . . . she always has been. She’s worked hard for everything she ever got. It’s been no bed of roses.

“I remember her first talkie test. It was for Paramount. I went with her to the Astoria Studio where she made
it. She said I gave her courage and confidence. Her manager wanted her to do light things but I said 'No, ... do the Villanelle and then something light. It will show them you have color, style, flexibility ... that you aren't a one-type singer!' I was right. They raved about her voice even though that particular test never bore fruit.

"You know, she was brought to us by a friend of ours from Chicago who had brought us other promising young singers before. But we never had anyone like Irene. She was intensely ambitious; she has a mind like a man, is a straight shooter, clear-eyed and clean-visioned, yet with all the allure of a truly feminine woman.

"Once in her car she passed a red light and a policeman stopped her. He was pretty hard boiled ... too many attractive young women had been using their sex as a means of getting out of tickets. Of course, he hadn't an idea who she was ... today he'd probably recognize her. Irene told us later that for a moment she had visions of herself before a judge telling him how it all happened. However, she just smiled, agreed with the officer that he was right and she was wrong—oh, very wrong, and that she was sorry. By being sweetly feminine she smiled her way out of a ticket.

"That was one of the reasons we worked so hard to get Irene to smile when she sang,—not merely to learn the mechanics of singing. In all the rest of her work her smile was worth a million dollars. We helped her a lot but I think Hollywood really turned the trick. A camera is a cruel taskmaster.

"WE NEVER miss an Irene Dunne picture. In 'Consolation Marriage' she had a little number to do. We saw her put her hand lightly on her diaphragm and give a quick little puff ... like this. It was a trick we had taught her. The next time she was in New York we mentioned it to her. She said she had done it purposely and wondered if we would notice it.

"Again, in 'The Secret of Madame Blanch,' which, hon-

Irene Dunne and Richard Dix in "Stingaree."
MOVIES YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

(Below) Jack Haley, Isabel Jewell and Neil Hamilton in Paramount's "Here Comes The Groom."

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in RKO'S "Of Human Bondage."

Diana Wynyard in RKO's "Let's Try Again."

Paul Lukas in Universal's "Gentlemen of Affairs."
MOVIES YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

(Above) Claire Trevor and James Dunn in Fox's "Baby Take a Bow." (Below) Jean Harlow and Lionel Barrymore in "100% Pure." 
A M-G-M Picture.


"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"
"CONDEMNED"
"RAFFLES"
"DEVIL TO PAY"
"UNHOLY GARDEN"
"ARROWSMITH"
"MASQUERADER"
and now
"BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"

Ronald Colman and Loretta Young.

Ronald Colman, After a Long and Well-Earned Vacation in Europe, Returns to Play His Favorite Role.
Bulldog Drummond
by PAT BRADDON

I HAD to go all around the world to appreciate Hollywood,” Ronald Colman told us, while resting between scenes of “Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back,” his first picture under his new starring contract with Joseph Schenck and Darryl Zanuck’s Twentieth Century Pictures.

“Yes, it is great to be back,” he beamed, radiant with joy. “When I left, I felt as though I’d never return. But during the trip, although I saw places of great interest and beauty, I longed for Hollywood—for its people, studios and thoroughfares.”

“You know,” he continued, his large brown eyes twinkling, “when it is all said and done, there is nothing in life more beautiful and serene than work. If anyone had told me this several years ago I would have laughed. Then, I had the wanderlust blues. I used to look forward to those days to the time when I could be independent—that is, in a position to roam the globe.”

He paused, long enough to light a cigarette, and resumed, “Hollywood’s in my blood. The grandest feeling on earth, I think.”

He removed the military coat—the same coat, you will recall, he wore in his previous Bulldog Drummond characterizations. Then, between long, pensive puffs on a cigarette, he talked about his travels.

Almost a year ago, after finishing “The Masquerader,” Colman left Hollywood. He spent months vacationing in Paris, St. Moritz, Monte Carlo, and motoring to the out-of-way places of Europe. Then he took a ship for the Orient, tarrying for some months at Java in the Far East before returning to start work under Twentieth Century.

“It was a wonderful vacation,” Colman said, “For the first time in many years I was able to enjoy the feeling that it made no difference whether I stayed in one place a month or six.

“Spain—I enjoyed tremendously. I’d never been there before; and after a stay in Madrid I motored along the Spanish Mediterranean. I even visited Pamplona during the fiesta. That is, by the way, the fair which Hemingway celebrated in

Ronald Colman and Loretta Young.
favorite character. Nothing like being Hugh Drummond! It was in this rôle that he scored his greatest talking screen success. The new film, directed by Roy Del Ruth, and adapted by Nunnally Johnson, boasts of an imposing cast which includes Loretta Young, Warner Oland, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, C. Aubrey Smith, Kathleen Burke and Arthur Hohl.

Despite his overwhelming popularity, Ronald Colman is the least known of all the Hollywood stars. Heaps and heaps of biographies have been written about the scintillating stars of filmland. But very little has been said or written of Ronald. For this reason, we think it wise to give a brief résumé of one of the most colorful careers on the sunny coast.

In a little town in Surrey, England, by the name of Richmond, Ronald first squinted his large brown eyes. While attending high school, his father died. There was nothing left for young Ronald to do but look for work. He finally found a job as office boy for the British Steamship Company in London, at a salary of $2.50 per week. But it didn't take Ronald very long to better himself. He became a bookkeeper and then an accountant. All in the brief period of five years.

But the accountant never forgot his school days at Hadley, where he played in amateur theatricals: "The Admirable Crichton," "Sowing the Wind" and "Fanny's First Play." While still working as a bookkeeper, Ronald joined the Bancroft Amateur Dramatic Society. At the same time, for exercise and diversion, he enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment, an organization similar to the National Guard in the United States. For four years, he belonged to the London Scottish, concluding his service in 1913. But he promptly rejoined his regiment when the war broke out.

Colman still is proud of the fact that he was one of the first hundred thousand Britishers to land in France. He saw action in the first battles of Ypres. Then, at Messines, during an advance to reinforce the first line trench, a shell struck. There was an explosion. His ankle wounded, but not wounded by a shrapnel, as has been erroneously reported time and again. He was sent back to England, attached to the Highland Brigade, given clerical work for his second year in the army, and finally discharged by the medical board after having failed to get back into action in other branches of the army.

Lena Ashwell gave Colman his first professional stage rôle, supporting her in a playlet by Tagore, "The Mahara-

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How fine is your handwriting? Try your skill! See how many times you can write the word “MOVIES” within the space marked off above. It is not necessary to buy a copy of “MOVIES” to compete in this contest. If you wish, you may write the words on a piece of paper the same size and shape as the above (three (3) inches by five (5) inches) and your entry will receive the same consideration. You may use pen or pencil or anything you choose as long as it is not some form of photographic reducing or mechanical device.

There will be seven cash prizes, as shown in the box at the left, to the seven persons who are able to write the word “MOVIES” the greatest number of times. Neatness, readability and cleverness of arrangement will count. DO NOT FORGET TO USE THE QUOTATION MARKS. In case there are any ties each tying contestant will receive the full amount. The contest is open to everyone except the employees of “MOVIES” and their families.

When you have completed your entry attach your name and address, written clearly, and tell us the number of times you have written “MOVIES” in the space. This will, of course, be checked by us. The contest closes August 20th, 1934. Entries postmarked before midnight of that date will be accepted.

The winners’ names will be published in “MOVIES” as soon as possible. The judges will be the staff of “MOVIES” and their decision will be final. Mail your entry to The Contest Editor, “MOVIES”, 1450 Broadway, New York City.
WHICH is the more passionate, blonde or brunette? Which can arouse motion picture audiences to the higher emotional pitch? Which type is the more envied? Do the blonde tresses of Marlene Dietrich or the raven locks of Dolores Del Rio cause the more exciting reactions? If she is blonde, how should she be kissed? If brunette, what love-technique is preferable?

These are the questions that have the movie magnates perplexed. They have been told that the art of love is no more. In an age of science, this cold, calculating study has invaded even the sacred domains of His Royal Highness King Cupid. The facts of love and passion, of ardor and emotion have all been reduced down to formulas and bottled up in test tubes. So the Hollywood producers have been warned—and they are worried.

In the good old days a kiss was a kiss, an embrace an embrace; a blonde was a woman as was a brunette and a red head. To the scientist of today, however, such casual differentiating between the various types of women is as inexcusable a faux pas as to say that oxygen and hydrogen are the same because they both go into the making of water. Today the scientist will not admit that the emotional reactions of motion picture audiences are the same whether watching a Garbo or a Colbert. They have made tests, they claim, which show the difference. No wonder the producers are worried!

But to the motion picture producers love is a business. It is a business on which they fail or succeed. They therefore leave no stone unturned in gaining all knowledge possible about this love business; they want to know it inside out and backwards. The Sultans of Hollywood, therefore, turned to the scientific love experts for data. They drafted for service some of the outstanding psychologists in the country.

For this study the psychologists did not run to their books nor did they experiment with rats and guinea pigs. Rather, they turned the whole nation into one vast scientific laboratory. They pressed into use schools, penitentiaries, hospitals, psychologists, big executives, movie queens, movie extras, housewives, and perhaps your next door neighbor and mine. On this representative group they conducted one of the most comprehensive surveys that has ever been instigated in the field of love.

NO MAN studying the paramesium through a microscope, no man
running rats through mazes could ever have experienced the thrill of the hunt that these men did when they conducted their great experiment with human beings as their subjects. It must be remembered that the whole thing is most scientific. The best that years of endless labor had produced were utilized. Such instruments as the sphygmometer, the pneumograph, the galvanometer, and the dynamometer were employed. These instruments are entirely free from human bias. They are as coldly impersonal as a dentist's drill.

Here is how the experiment was conducted. A group of girls, composed equally of blondes and brunettes were taken into a projection room. They were swathed in these various scientific instruments. There before them were projected some of the more torrid sequences from such pictures as Clara Bow's "Hoopla," Anna Sten's "Nana," or Lupe Velez's "Palooka." The scenes that were presented to them, incidentally, were those which the watchful eyes of Will Hayes had seen fit to cut from the film, later.

Through the aid of the various devices before mentioned, the blood pressure, the pulse beat, the rhythm and speed of breathing, and the fluctuations of the conductivity of the skin were closely watched and recorded.

One of the scenes that was shown was taken from that fiery picture of old, "Flesh and the Devil," in which the team of Gilbert and Garbo thrilled the hearts of millions. Several "censored" shots were projected before the blushing subjects. The pneumograph and the sphygmometer began to register immediately. The results were very interesting, and should prove to be of invaluable importance not only to the moguls of Hollywood, but also to many a lover who takes his love-business seriously. It should be remembered that throughout the experiment an organist was playing tender, sensuous tunes that were calculated to so transport the girls that they could imagine that it was they who were the recipients of the ardent kisses and soft caresses of the lovers of the screen.

The color of the hair is a flag which signals the emotional nature of the owner. Through some uncanny process, nature has announced to the world the innermost secret of every woman: namely, how she likes to be made love to! It can now be known that red hair is the sign of an individual of great passion, and yet of one who is possessed with a perverse disinclination to submit to the pleas-

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(Above) Janet Gaynor (Below) Nancy Carroll.

(The Top to Bottom) Jean Muir, Garbo, Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich.
A scene from “Call it Luck.” A Fox Film.

One of the girls on Broadway. A Murr

Guy Kibbee in a scene from "Dames."

the Paradise Revue on Korman Photo.

FRANCHOT TONE

A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH
BARRETT C. KIESLING

No "Accidental" Thrusting into Filmdom Was Franchot's. A Big Factory Executive Job Waiting For Him when He Finished College, He Spurned it to be an Actor. And Today It Is Being Whispered That He is Going to be The Best Bet in Hollywood.

"PUNS"—or any other obvious form of word purveying—are justly listed as the world's lowest form of wit. In fact, it is said that the venerable King Henry VIII once seriously considered advocating nothing less than death by hanging as the only suitable punishment for an incorrigible punster of the English court.

But let that pass.

Pun or no pun, we must bring forward Franchot Tone of Niagara Falls, New York, Cornell University and waypoints, who offers the Hollywood symphony a new tone of definite and lasting value.

Franchot has been in Hollywood a comparatively short time. "Today We Live," the Joan Crawford-Gary Cooper co-starring vehicle being his first venture. And yet, he is the most talked about young man in town, since the day when Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Lee Tracy and James Cagney blinked in the glare of their first cinematic spotlights.

Now, what is the real reason behind all this attention? You hear him compared to both Gable and Montgomery and yet no two young male stars are more different in their methods. There are still others who insist that he has a pathetic touch, evident in the work of James Dunn.

There are others, however, who are doubtful of his future but they are greatly in the minority. The great mass of Hollywood folk, after his work in "Sadie McKee" with Joan Crawford are enthusiastic about his chances and claim that he will be Hollywood's next star!

The way folks are talking "Tone" is most significant. Hollywood doesn't praise or pan you, unless you have something. A "dud" is left to die out in terrible silence and obscurity.

Undoubtedly the thing that has captured Hollywood's imagination is the fact that Tone is the first really prominent representative of a brand new school of actors.

No "accidental" thrusting into the profession is his, as was the case with ninety per cent of old-time stage stars. Although of wealthy parents, with a big factory executive job waiting for him, he wanted to act, and he deliberately set out to be an actor.

Furthermore, Tone is of the new school which feels that perhaps the older generation of actors have been too hide-bound in their technique.

His has been "little theatre" training, in the Theatre Guild, and later the younger Group Theatre, which he backed heavily with his own funds. . .

But let him talk about this point himself.

We sat on the sand in front of Carmel Meyers' house at Santa Monica, California, which he has rented for an indefinite period. He rolled himself out of the shade into mid-winter sunshine as we talked.

"We younger actors are deeply conscious of what we owe to those who preceded us," he told me. "However, we realize fully that mechanical advances in the world have helped acting. Fifty, sixty years ago actors were schooled to do gestures, infone scenes just as did Booth and Barrett. This was due to the fact that mechanical limitations forced practically all plays into three or four acts. The play was a very inelastic medium indeed, and had been for many centuries. Actors had grown used to this inelasticity . . . and had developed a technique which became hallowed largely because of its aid.

"The twentieth century came, however, and with it revolving stages and remarkable changes in lighting. Twenty or more scenes in a stage play became common. The stage play took on the more fluid form of the motion picture."

"AS a result 'little theatre' devotees, of the Stanislavsky and other schools, began to find out that sticking to a certain type of histrionism, just 'because Booth did it,' with all regard to the marvelous talent of that great genius, might be a serious disadvantage under modern conditions. "Also with better means of communication, timely ideas for plots began to change with bewildering rapidity. One might have schooled himself in the old line villain roles, the type of black-mustached brute, linear descendant of Simon Legree, only to find that many modern villains are so likable as to shelve the one-time always pure leading man
Franchot Tone at home

into second place!

"Therefore it has been that today your younger actor has found it wise to school himself in all the necessary fundamentals, graceful ways of sitting and standing, how to use the hands, etc., without permitting himself to become 'set' in any kind of rôle.

"In the Group Theatre our effort was to play a lead one day, and an old man of seventy the next. Only that way, we thought, can an actor's mind become sufficiently open to adjust itself to the amazing changes of the pace one finds in the modern procession of dramatic vehicles."

The rather unusually deep tones, pardon the seeming repetition of this word-play, of the personable Mr. Tone, ceased for a moment as he rolled himself over, toasted from above by the shimmering sun.

Partially muffled with sand, his voice continued.

"This sort of training seems to be particularly good for movie work.

"Before I came out to Hollywood I saw and talked to a number of New York actors who had come to Hollywood ... and failed. They told me this; they told me that ... and it all seemed somewhat discouraging.

"Then I began to analyze why they failed, and why other New York actors; Montgomery, Gable, Tracy, and others, had succeeded.

"I found that the failures were men who had trained themselves only to do one kind of thing. If suddenly thrown into a breach ... as so often happens in the quickly changing world of Hollywood ... they floundered about like fish out of water ... if the rôle given them were an inch apart from their customary type.

"Montgomery, Gable, and the rest of 'em succeeded because they had kept their technique supple, able to bend and adapt quickly to the changes required."

We talked on for hours.

There is much more that could be said about Mr. Tone.

His ideas about movies are many and various. Space, however, prevents further discussion of them now.

Without doubt more such discussion will be needed immediately after "One Hundred Per Cent" has its general showing.

For the "Hollywood Cat," who knows all the answers first, whispers that Tone is the latest real find.

And the cat generally knows!

For those who must have their biographical statistics, Tone went from Cornell to a stock company, then to the Theatre Guild, then to the Group Theatre. Some of his stage successes include "Green Grow the Lilacs," "Night Over Taos" and "Success Story."

Let us pause here for a moment and consider Franchot Tone's latest idea— an idea which cinema producers may better give more than a once-over. Yes, Franchot dons the role and garb of an erudite academician and teaches a lesson which he draws from his own reservoir of experience, rather than from the dusty book shelves.

"Studio scouts," Franchot states, "would do well to turn to college dramatic classes for motion picture talent."

"With the collapse of companies," he continues, "the films were forced—with their backs to the wall—to draw constantly on the New York theatre for talent. But, that era has passed. And as you know, the supply is practically exhausted. A new outlet is necessary. They must turn to some other channel. Why not cover college plays, staged all over the country? And, if they do, the Hollywood moguls may be rest assured that their initial investment will not be in vain."

Several years ago, the baseball magnates were faced with a similar contingency. Hitherto, the major league companies had drawn their bountiful material from the minor leagues. But

(Continued on Page 43)
WARNER BROS,’ new dazzler, Jean Muir, has the gossipers rolling thickly in what seems to be a sand quandary.

Here most intimate friends just can’t make her out. Every time they have so-and-so pointed out as her favorite suitor, then, lo and behold, they find her the very same evening out with another beau. All of which is rather tiring to those who like to concoct and taste their sauce the same day.

But one thing they all agree upon, and that is, her daytime honey. It is a tall youth, named Milton Sperling, who is secretary to Hal Wallis, vice-president of Warner’s.

Milton is just daffy about Jean. He has a terrible crush on her (can you blame him?), and so far, at least at this writing, he has managed — I should say “finagled” — a lunch date every day this month.

However, in the night time, Jean appears to do a runner-up to Mary Brian. They all come and go, first it is Barry Trivers; then Phillip Reed, Leland Hayward and Russell Hardie.

ANYA TARANDA, Earl Carroll beauty who went to Hollywood to play in Paramount’s screen production of “Murder at the Vanities,” and was wooed and won by Harold Arlen, song writer, over long distance telephone, has returned to New York to make plans for her wedding. She will return to Hollywood June 1st to resume screen work.

DESPITE the increasing rumors to the contrary, Eleanor Boardman is not planning an immediate marriage with Harry D’Arrast, prominent Holly-

wood director, or anyone for that matter, when she receives a Paris divorce from King Vidor.

At least that was the information given recently by D’Arrast, when he was asked about it.

He said, “There is nothing definite about our marriage — not yet, anyhow.”

“MARRIAGE never should interfere with individuality. We’re going to follow our separate careers. Whatever Virginia wants to do, she may.” So states Cary Grant, Paramount’s “tall, dark and handsome” screen favorite, just returned to Hollywood with his bride, Virginia Cherrill, after their wedding in England.

Cary, recently seen in “Thirty Day Princess,” is of the opinion that temperament, selfishness and interference are largely responsible for so many Hollywood divorces.

BROADWAYITES were rather surprised recently when they heard Eugenie Leonovich, famous actress, announce publicly that she and Gregory Ratoff were all through. At least as far as their marriage was concerned.

Exotic Eugenie intends to seek a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. In spite of the fact, she added that “he is the most charming man I ever met.”

REPORTS came from Philadelphia that Frances Upton, musical comedy and film actress, was married to Benneville (Bert) Bell, former University of Pennsylvania football player.

APPARENTLY the charming Elissa Landi, who in her leisure moments finds time to depict the trials and tribulations of her sudden set in novels, and from all rumors good novels at that, gets her oats and other literary fodder from real life.

Her life is not all roses, as we were long under the impression—at least not her marital life.

She recently filed a suit in aSuperior Court for a divorce from her husband, John Cecil Lawrence, prominent London barrister.

Entered under her legal name, Elizabeth Marie Lawrence, the action charges mental cruelty as a result of incompatibility of career and temperament.

Miss Landi and Lawrence were married January 28, 1929, in London.

Elissa said she had cabled Lawrence her decision and he replied:

“You are at liberty to proceed as you feel best. Take any action you may deem advisable.”

In an interview, Elissa said, “Although my husband at first did everything possible to insure the continuation of my acting and writing, he now refuses to submit to any situation that he says might entail his being called ‘Mr. Elissa Landi.’ It is apparent that

(Continued on Page 44)
BROADWAY BEST BETS

WITH THE 1934 season drawing to a grand finale, there are still a number of plays that have an irresistible hold on the summer patrons.

"As Thousands Cheer" seems to head the imposing list, with their lifting musical scores by Irving Berlin and the refreshing comedy scenes, particularly the White House and Radio City burlesques, not to mention the rotogravure number. Such talented performers as Helen Broderick, Marilyn Miller, Clifton Webb, and Ethel Waters put the musical over with untold zip and vim.

"She Loves Me Not," the satire on Princeton campus life, is the most popular of light comedies. Howard Lindsay's commendable opus, which incidentally has been bought by Paramount and will be seen shortly, has plenty of native zest, in addition to native speed, humor, irreverences and ingenuity. All of which make up a decidedly well-spent evening.

"Ziegfeld Follies" has gaiety, beautiful girls, sprightly tunes, an exhilarating dash of comedy to make the customer's time really worth while. Fanny Brice's inimitable burlesque of Sally Rand's "Fan Dance" and Willie and Eugene Howard's clowning are the chief highlights.

For sheer simple operetta loveliness, "Roberta" is our musical prescription. What with the ever touching "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and the swanky mannequin number, how can you go wrong?

"Tobacco Road" is one of the finest dramatic pieces of the current season. In portraying the so-called "poor white trash," Jack Kirkland, its author, has given Erskine Caldwell's original novel zest, poignancy and depth. Henry Hull's performance is superb and is, undoubtedly, the spotlight of the year. Withal, "Tobacco Road" is one play that ought to be included on every playgoer's list. And it is almost a sacrilege to miss Henry Hull's daring performance.

Norman Stein and Richard La Marr announce that their production of "The Dear Queen" by L. H. Kober and Louis Kronenberger will go into rehearsal the latter part of this month. Barton MacLane, who recently appeared in "Yellow Jack" will have an important role; and Joan Martel, who attracted considerable attention in "The Perfumed Lady" will also be featured in the cast. Robert Sinclair will direct.

Polly Walters, Charles D. Brown and Robert Benzen in "She Loves Me Not." At the 46th Street Theatre, New York City.

Vilma and Buddy Ebsen, featured in the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the Winter Garden Theatre in New York.

If you are one of those hard-boiled people who are fond of grim and spooky murders, then our advice is: see "Invitation to a Murder." The play is filled to the brim with an assortment of gasps and shudders—at least enough to grip you for the evening.

Milton Aborn is dead; but yet his deft and admirable Gilbert and Sullivan operettas live on. S. M. Chartock took over the baton, bequeathed to him by the late maestro, and has brought to Broadway such successes as "Trial By Jury," "Pinafore" and "Mikado"; giving each operetta a freshness and color that is ever so endearing to music lovers. In addition, he has assembled a distinguished list of musical luminaries, comprising William Danforth, Vivian Hart, Roy CROpper, Herbert Waterous and Vera Ross.

Lew Brown, erstwhile song writer and producer, has completed the musical score with Louis Alter, for his forthcoming revusical which will star Joe Penner, of "Wanna buy a duck" fame. Mary Brian, dainty screen star, will have the featured female role.

(Continued on Page 47)
Miss Lee appearing at Ben Marden's Riviera, just across the George Washington Bridge from New York.

Murray Korman in his Studio in New York making a sketch of one of the Ziegfeld girls.
FLICKER FOLKS

PRESENTED BY CATTY OL' ASHE JR.

JUST GOBS OF FUN!
JAMES CAGNEY AND FRANK M'GREGOR IN "HEY SAILOR"
WARNER BROS.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

A FRENCH INSTALLMENT OF THE WAR DEBT
"THE MERRY WIDOW"
M-G-M

TWO STOCK Ticklers caught short
IN THE MARKET PLACE. BERT WHEELER AND ROBERT WOOLLEY IN "CLOZZEYEED CHEVALIER"
R-K-O-RADIO

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PONIES HEADING FOR THE LAST
GROUND-UP, "CALL IT LUCK,"
WITH PAT PATTERSON
FOX

HELPING THE BEST MAN TO WIN
JACK HALEY AND PATRICIA ELLIS IN "HERE COMES THE GROOM"
PARAMOUNT
Joan is a funny girl. She seldom goes to parties, but loves to dance at the Ambassador; and rarely, if ever, attends gala openings, preferring to mingle with the crowd and watch the celebrities come in.

If she has any diet, it is skimmed milk and baked potatoes. Moreover, she has two favorite dishes when she wants to go on a gastronomic spree. Chop suey and hamburger steak—but the hamburger simply must have salted almonds chopped up in it.

She dislikes beets, diets, bridge, getting sand in her fingernails at the beach, gentlemen mashers and ritzy people. Also, she loathes wearing a hat and doesn't give a whoop for jewelry. And as far as answering the telephone or meeting a spider or any other bug, well——

Joan would rather have soda pop, cider or her adoring kid sister, Gloria, who is about to make her debut in pictures, or, for that matter, listen to "Amos an' Andy."

And now Dick Powell. The ex-choir singer was picked up by Warner scouts in 1932 and given a screen test. Result: smash hit in "Blessed Event."

Dick simply idolizes the screen. There isn't an actor, in all Hollywood,
who is as infatuated with his job. But if the impossible came and he left pictures Dick, in all probability, would take up flying in a big way. Some of his intimate friends probably would call you insane if you mentioned this. With a deprecating "hee-haw," they'd tell you that he would be a musician. It is true that Dick plays nearly every instrument, outside of the piano and the violin. And that includes the bagpipe, which incidentally is his favorite.

Yes, but just the same, Dick would be an aviator—so he confided.

"I have no pet aversion," he told us, "except people who don't like music."

The blue-eyed "Romeo" is fond of golf, swimming, and horseback riding, football games and bridge. And talking of bridge, he is, in case you don't know it, a whale of a bridge fiend, something of a champ in an amateur way.

He has no favorite authors but is a voracious reader of detective novels.

Yes, from the shimmering Pacific Coast comes the good tidings that the Golden Trio — Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell — will be starred again in "Dames." Movie folks everywhere are getting ready for the Happy Reunion. And nothing but happy returns are expected!
screen's foremost character actresses, has been signed for a featured role in Sylvia Sidney's starring film, "One Way Ticket," which is being directed by Alexander Hall for B. P. Schulberg at Paramount's studios. "One Way Ticket" is from the novel by Esther Turner. Fred MacMurray, screen newcomer, is the leading man.

The Reliance Pictures have commenced work on "Trans-Atlantic Showboat," which includes an imposing cast assembled from the stage, screen and radio. The cast for the serio-comic murder mystery comprises the following: Jack Benny, well known on the radio, stage and screen; Nancy Carroll, Gene Raymond, Sid Silvers and Frank Parker. Ben Stoloff, who directed the highly successful "Palooka" for Reliance, will direct.

May Robson has signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She played recently in "You Can't Buy Everything," "Dinner At Eight" and "Lady For A Day."

Now that Colin Clive has signed a long-term contract with Warner Bros. and will therefore remain in California for quite a while, Mrs. Clive is coming from England to join him. She is the former Jeanne de Casailis, a Frenchwoman by birth and a popular actress on the other side. Clive's first role for Warner Bros. is in "The Key," which has just been nationally released. The English actor is one of the three principal players in "The Key," the others being Edna Best and William Powell.

Adamae Vaughn, 1926 Wampas Baby Star, has been cast in Paramount's "The Notorious Sophie Lang," which features Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Allison Skipworth. Adamae is a sister of Alberta Vaughn.

Due to serious illness, William Cameron Menzies has relinquished to Ralph Murphy the direction of this picture.

The distinguished George Arliss, who scored so heavily in "The House of Rothschild," another 20th Century picture, will next be seen in "The Last Gentleman" with Edna May Oliver, Charlotte Henry and Ralph Morgan. Upon his return from England Mr. Arliss will make "Cardinal Richelieu." He will be supported by an all-star cast to be announced later.

Monte Blue has been added to the cast of "Student Tour," new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film which is in the last cycle of production. Jimmy Dur-
Charles Butterworth and Maxine Doyle have leading roles in this new comedy dealing with a round-the-world educational tour. Charles Riesner is directing.

DeWitt Jennings, Clarence Wilson, Edmund Cobb and Addison Richards, three well known screen personalities and one newcomer, are the latest additions to the cast for Columbia's "Special Agent," with Tim McCoy in the title role, and Shirley Grey as the feminine lead. Harold Huber, Reginald Barlow and Stanley Mack have already been assigned parts. D. Ross Lederman is directing. This is the last of the present series of eight action dramas in which the company's star appears.

Richard Arlen started with Paramount ten years ago at $50 a week, never has been off the payroll, never has asked for a raise and his salary now is in six figures annually.

William Seiter, director of the current RKO-Radio picture, "Arabella," owns the only motor sailer on the Pacific coast. The Cielito II, as she is called, is fifty-two feet overall, has a fourteen foot beam and a draft of six feet.

In the shooting of the picture Seiter will use his own yacht as the settings for the boat parties and the only renumeration he will receive will be the joy of seeing the name of his beloved yacht on the screen in one of his own pictures.

Warner Baxter, one of the screen's most popular stars, who was recently seen in "Stand Up and Cheer," was engaged today by Columbia Pictures for the leading role in "Broadway Bill," the Mark Hellinger story, which will be directed by Frank Capra. It will be Capra's next production for the company following his remarkable success, "It Happened One Night." Robert Riskin did the screen story.

Harry Revel and Mack Gordon, Paramount song writers have returned to Hollywood after a vacation in New York. They have started work on tunes for "The Big Broadcast of 1934."

The United Artists Corporation will release a minimum of 22 feature films produced in Hollywood and London, as well as 18 Walt Disney productions, on its 1934-35 program.

Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin will in all probability make a picture apiece, thus bringing the total to 24 features.

(Cont'd on Page 47)
HALLOWEY MERRY-GO-ROUND (Continued from Page 15)

"In 'He Was Her Man' I portrayed a street wanderer who wants to reform; in 'Dames,' a dancing soubrette. Certainly I am neither of these in real life. I don't believe the public wants me to be."

"If but if were true, then my career as a motion picture actress must be sacrificed. Motherhood comes first— I would infinitely rather create a fine, worthwhile man or woman, than be the greatest Camille, street or salon, that stage or screen has ever known."

"Of course I expect my baby to be 'unusual.' It's father, George Barnes, is an artist—one of the greatest masters of photography and lights the world has ever known. My baby will have a heritage of health and talent; best of all, it will be born of parents who not only love each other, but respect each other. This, to me, is the greatest gift a child can have."

"I don't even dream about its sex. I love girl babies—and boy babies. I should like to have twins, a boy and a girl, but twins are not one of my family customs. I don't even day dream about what he or she will do in adult years; I haven't started picking schools or careers. I doubt if I ever will."

"We have started saving money for it—we want to assure its start in life. But that's all. Making things too easy is no favor to a young man or woman."

"I shall be satisfied if only one dream of mine comes true—one hope—one wish that is almost a constant prayer—it is not original with me—millions of mothers have had their hopes beautifully expressed in the unspoken prayer:"

That the world may be just a little better, because my baby was born."

"If, to the end, I must forfeit my own ambitions, I shall be content."

Carl Brisson is reluctant to talk of Greta Garbo. The handsome Dane, brought to Hollywood from England for Paramount's "Muder at the Vanities," was immediately pounced upon to talk on the Swedish star, because of a known friendship in the past.

But Brisson tactfully avoided this questioning. He had no desire, he pointed out, to rise to prominence in America because he happened to know Garbo. But in the two months he has been here, Brisson has gained a measure of fame although the picture is not yet released, and now, still reluctantly, is answering questions about his friend.

How well did Brisson know Garbo? Let the Swedish star herself tell you, as she told England in an interview three years ago:

"I well remember falling violently in love with Carl Brisson," she said, "and taking him a little bunch of violets, which he accepted with kindly interest. He was my first 'crush.'"

Garbo was just fourteen years of age when they first met, Brisson recalls. The latter was running his own cabaret in Stockholm. There a cabaret is a theatre, with varied types of entertainment.

Greta was a hairdresser in an adjacent barber shop. Brisson remembers her as a tall, well-formed girl, typical of the North countries, with a clean, fresh complexion, and a frank, whimsical look. He saw her daily as he passed the shop on his way to the theatre. Then one evening she handed him a bunch of violets. Brisson recalls that he was as embarrassed as Miss Garbo seemed to be. She confessed that she came to the theatre as often as her scant earnings would permit. The actor, pleased with this evidence of hero-worship, presented her with a permanent pass.

Brisson had worked for Maurice Stillner, the great Swedish director, and one night introduced him to Miss Garbo. Stillner was preparing a short film at the time and offered the young girl a part.

In those days she was Greta Gustafsen, not changing to Garbo until she came to Hollywood with Stillner. The latter, by the way, changed Carl's name from Petersen.

Brisson left Stockholm in 1920 to go to London. A year later he received a wire from Stillner asking him to return to play the lead in "The Atonement of Gosta Berling." Greta Gustafsen was to have the feminine lead. Brisson was eager to go but could not break away from his English engagements.

In 1922, Stillner brought Garbo to Hollywood and Brisson lost track of her.

Six years later he was making a personal appearance on the opening night of one of his English pictures. In the lobby he was greeted by his old friend, Greta.

"So you know Miss Garbo," exclaimed a mutual acquaintance.

"Garbo?" said Brisson, aghast.

"Garbo? You are the great Greta Garbo? And I was just going to say how beautiful my little friend, Greta Gustafsen, looked after all these years!"

Curiously enough, Brisson might have come to America at the same time Garbo did. Stillner planned to bring them both to build them to stardom. But Brisson already was on his way to the heights in Europe and turned down the offer.

Chinese wisdom has become a habit

(Continued on Page 40)
"Stop Worrying..."

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(Continued from Page 38) with Warner Oland, who gets all the "Charlie Chan" fan mail that reaches Los Angeles Post Office these days since his recent role in "Charlie Chan's Courage."

Warner has steepled himself in the

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MOVIES

Can the roles behind the footlights influence one's real life make-up? Edith Mera, comedy actress last seen in "Three Musketeers," seems to think so.

Edith recently attempted suicide at a Parisian hotel by taking an overdose of sleeping draught and left a note which read:

"I have played too many roles as a bad woman. I am convinced they have influenced my character."

Edith is now on the wholesome road to recovery.

James Cagney has the distinction of numbering among his most loyal fans no less a personage than Admiral D. F. Sellers, commander of the Pacific Fleet of the United States Navy.

With his aides and family, Admiral Sellers recently arrived at the spot where the "Hey, Sailor" company was working.

The Admiral was informed that it might be some time before Jimmy got back. His cheerful reply was that he didn't in the least mind waiting.

It was an hour and a half before Cagney returned to the scene of action, and found his distinguished visitors waiting for him. Jimmy went six shades deeper into the red under his makeup and began to stammer embarrassed apologies.

The Admiral stopped him with a smile. "Busy men don't have to apologize for being busy," he said. "If I were in your place, I wouldn't stop my work for a dozen admirals!"

In a few minutes the two were chatting about motion pictures and the navy as if they had known each other for years. Admiral Sellers spent the rest of the afternoon as an absorbed spectator of the scenes that were being filmed.

It isn't every motion picture star who can keep an Admiral waiting for an hour and a half to see him. But there—there's only one Jimmy Cagney!

It is just as well that movie actors and actresses don't live in glass houses. Sartorially speaking, a film favorite has to put his or her best foot forward with the public always. Few of them dare appear in public in anything less impressive than what the rest of the world calls "Sunday best."

None of the comforts of old clothes, loose collars or worn smoking jackets can be enjoyed by these unfortunate
The Hindu Art of Love describes the most complex love-making system in the world. No other race has studied the physiological make-up of women in such minute detail. The latest discoveries in the technique of love, which every married man and every one contemplating marriage should know, have been understood in India for ages. This book proves it—and proves hundreds of other matters of sexual science.

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- Indica Esoterica
- Private Conduct of Wives
- Preliminaries to Possession

The amatory wisdom of the Hindus covers every thinkable phase of love and includes the Arts of Gallantry, Courtship, Dalliance, and Marriage. Unlike America, there are no platonic relations between men and women in India, where men are referred to as bull-men, horse-men, etc., according to their natures, and where women are known as deer-women, mare-women or elephant-women types.

Our learned author, Edward Windsor, has written this large fascinating work to point out the evil resulting from the Hindu's constant pursuit of erotic relations. His elaborate portrayal of over-indulgence emphasizes the advantages of physical restraint, and by frequently contrasting it with the American approach, he teaches us to understand our own bodies better.

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Canadian and Foreign Orders Not Accepted.
(Continued from Page 40) celebrities except for the strict privacy of their own homes.

And how they do enjoy them there!

Kay Francis, more or less officially known as the best-dressed woman on the screen, wears simple house dresses and low-heeled mules at home. Her personal wardrobe is almost painfully limited, but she likes to wrap herself up in a voluminous silk dressing gown, too serviceable to be called a negligee, and read.

But it would never do to let the public see her like that.

Even so fastidious a dresser as William Powell, who was one of two "run-

ers-up" for the rating of best-dressed man of the screen, recently, reserves all his elegance for the public.

At home he likes to discard the high collar, strip to his shirt sleeves and let his suspenders down from his shoulders. He likes to walk around in his stocking feet.

Barbara Stanwyck, well hidden behind the high white wall about her Brentwood home, discards her fashionable clothes in favor of dark brown slacks and a sweater. In this kind of an outfit she works in the garden, plays with her small son or romps with the dogs. Her elegance is reserved for more formal occasions—or for public appearances.

Perhaps John Barrymore has the most disreputable home clothes of them all. His collar is almost always left open and his feet are often encased in old bedroom slippers when he is within the confines of his Tower Road estate.

There is no limit to the weird costumes which Warren William, another "runner-up" in the best-dressed man race, can get together. When working about his home he likes to strip to the waist and let his shoulders tan. When on his boat he wears grimy dungarees, a black sweater or work shirt and a tight black cap. He keeps his natty sea-going duds for the few occasions when he invites company aboard.

How Lew Ayres Crashed The Movie Gates

Lew Ayres played the banjo for a living long before he became a film luminary but he picked the right town to play it in. Working in many orchestras in Hollywood and Los Angeles, he soon got to know some of the stars who danced before his rhythmic pluckings, and took inspiration from them at first hand.

He decided that it would be impossible to play all day and then hunt for work during the day. So he saved up his earnings until he had about $1000 in clear cash. Then he quit the orchestra and went after the studios.

His cash dwindled to nothing, then he pawned his banjo and many other possessions and was practically starved when he landed his first screen job.

His thirtieth picture celebration took place recently when he started work on "She Learned About Sailors," in which Alice Faye is also featured. And he has just turned 25!

IRENE DUNNE
(Continued from Page 17)
do. But she has grown! She has the right stuff in her. She'll go far, but she'll finish even with herself and life.

"Oh yes, we're very fond of Irene Dunne and very proud to have had a hand, in our little way, in her career."

When I saw "Stingaree" on the screen I couldn't help wondering what these two Dunne boosters thought of Irene and of the smile they had worked so hard to perfect. Innumerable close-ups, the real test of an actor's command of his art, prove that Irene Dunne has mastered the difficulty that once threatened her career. She sings with the ease and charm of understanding and the smile of a job well done.

Thinking along these lines I was far from surprised when Miss Ellerman called me one evening shortly after that. She had just come from a private screening of her pupil's newest picture. She wanted to know if I had seen "Stingaree," what I thought of it and what I thought of Miss Dunne's voice. I have never listened to such happy enthusiasm.

"At least," said Miss Ellerman, "Mr. Coxe and I have had visual proof of how well Irene has succeeded. Her smile was too, too divine. We are wondering now how we ever would have thought that Irene wouldn't eventually do this as well as she does and has done everything else she has attempted. She is a credit to us and a living epitaph to her own ambition." Irene Dunne is to do "Age of Innocence" for RKO next. That's fine. But we who have discovered the charm of her lovely voice can only hope that they will give her an opportunity to sing again, and that we won't have to wait as long for the next showing of her singing smile as we have for this one. It is a musical season... why not make it one for Irene?

THE END

Joan Marsh is credited with knowing more about camera lines and camera technic than any youthful player on the screen. The reason for this is that Joan is the daughter of Charles G. Rosher, ace cameraman of silent days and her father taught her the picture business from his angle as well as her own.

Miss Marsh pays high tribute to the skill of Nick Musaraca, chief cameraman on the current RKO-Radio picture "Arabella," in which she is playing a principal role.

"If there is any possible way to obviate bad points in a player and any way to emphasize good ones, Mr. Musaraca finds that way," said Miss Marsh, "I consider myself very fortunate to have had him behind the camera for my first RKO-Radio picture."
BLONDES, BRUNETTES OR REDHEADS

(Continued from Page 25)ures of love. The golden hair of the blonde announces that here is a hard taskmaster of love. She requires constant loving or else she may stray. The depth of color of the brunette’s hair bespeaks of a similar depth of emotion. Once her emotions are aroused they are intense. The brunette is more interested in the process of making you love her as she is in the culmination of love making.

However, you ask, can so dogmatic a statement be made? Here is how.

Thousands of subjects were tested, and the conclusions reached were arrived at as a result of the responses of a majority of blondes, brunettes, and redheads tested. Thousands of them saw the same scenes under similar conditions (the seductive organ music). Especially in one very warm kissing sequence of “Flesh and the Devil,” the blood pressure of the brunettes, during the amorous activity on the screen rose from 80 to 132. This increase was at least twenty per cent higher than that of the blondes.

However, in the case of the brunettes, the climax of their emotional activity was reached just before the climax in the love-making came, while in the case of the blondes, their climax occurred simultaneously with the climax on the screen. It should be pointed out here that the actress on the screen was Garbo, herself a blonde. To put the whole thing scientifically, let me quote a part of the report handed in:

“When confronted with love situations, brunettes show the greater emotional activity in every case.”

“The blonde responded more in anticipation while the blonde responded to the kiss itself.”

These, then, were the main conclusions of this experiment. How will this influence the status of such blonde thrillers as Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, and the new Jean Muir? How will this effect the torrid reds: La Hepburn, Gaynor, Carroll, and Crawford? How will those dark sirens of the screen be treated: Colbert, Do- lores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Lillian Bond, and Heather Angel?

A S was to be expected, most of the great love teams of the flicker world have been composed of opposites: That immortal Rudolph Valentine and Alice Terry combination, the Gilbert-Garbo, the Gene Raymond-Dohlores Del Rio, and even the sweet romance of Farrell and Gaynor. There is some mystic charm of extremes. Science tells us that positive and negative electricity attract each other. So, it seems that blonde attracts brunette, and brunette, blonde. Daily experience, even outside of the sanctified realm of screenland, bears this out. Yet, as to every rule, there are exceptions to this one. Such teams as the recent Phillips Holmes-Anna Sten one in “Nana” (although both were blondes) set many a heart to palpitating and many a pulse to fluttering.

Whether or not this modernization of love will have any actual influence remains to be seen. Whether or not the science of love is to replace the art of love lies in the lap of Cupid. At any rate, it should be of interest to note the pictures of the future to see if the technique of handling the love scenes by the professional heart palpitaters has changed any.

It should be observed if the love scenes involving brunettes are more drawn out, and the climax extended. Are the pictures of the future going to alter the love scenes of the blondes? Will the climax be achieved more rapidly, and there be many such climaxes during the course of a picture?

Truly, will there be any change at all? Or will the producers say to the many scientists when they render their final reports: “Go away, we knew all the time.”

THE END

FRANCHOT TONE

(Continued from Page 29)

the demand soon exceeded the supply. And they had to turn to another distinct channel. And they met the emergency by sending, far and wide, scouts to the campuses. And they have never regretted it since, for the finest players in the leagues today are college graduates.

“Baseball to the theatre may be a big jump but the analogy is still there and just as substantiating.”

The college field,” concluded Franchot, “is bound to become important to the screen. A rising tide of community interest has had a stimulating influence on college community work. I am firmly convinced that if this is carried out, an dther is no reason under the sun why it shouldn’t, it will undoubtedly prove an impetus and a boom both to the screen and to the schools.”

And who should know better than the genial alumnus of Cornell University? He got his first real break while appearing as a nongraduate in a series of dramatic productions in Ithica, New York. And though he has gone west and garnered golden plaudits, not to mention some of that shiny metal our fathers travelled in covered wagons to gaze at, Franchot has never forgotten his halcyon collegiate days when he sat on a lofty pillar and ruled supremely as President of the Cornell
**SHIRLEY TEMPLE**  
*(Continued from Page 14)*

I'm going to have a party. D'ya want to come?"

That, in the main, is what Shirley thinks of movies and of movie making. Unhappily for directors, however, they have to keep her thinking that it's fun to spend a day rehearsing, taking a scene and re-taking it. Yes, the 5-year-old girl thinks it's all a game. So long as it's a funny game, she's anxious to cooperate.

Recently, during filming of "Baby Take A Bow," there was a birthday party sequence in the script. In all innocence, Shirley thought Director Harry Lachman had arranged the party just for her.

She promptly invited all comers to the affair—a situation on which no one had figured in advance. To keep her in the party mood, Lachman told her she could have another party directly the film was finished. So Shirley's playmates from Santa Monica will spend one Sunday afternoon at Lachman's home.

"Do you like to act?" Shirley was asked.

"Oh, sure," blithely answered the blonde youngster.

"Who is your favorite star?"

No answer. Mrs. Gertrude Temple instantly explained that Shirley doesn't know one star from another. She has met Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, James Dunn and a score of other screen greats—but she can't reckon their importance in terms of box office! So she treats them all alike.

"What do you do when the director tells you to cry?" was the next question.

"Well," Shirley hesitated and then replied, "I just cry, that's all."

"Do you have to feel sad before you can cry?"

Shirley was beginning to fidget a bit—this was getting a little too complicated.

"No," she piped. "I just pretend I feel bad."

"Would you rather play at being sad or being happy?"

"I don't know—being happy, I guess."

"You seem to think there's nothing wrong with the movies, eh, Shirley?"

"Nope," she replied, "I guess not."

As an afterthought, she added, "I'm going to have a party. Want to come?"

In other words, ladies and gentlemen, the sweetheart of America, loved by both young and old, from coast to coast, is just a sweet little child with simple, puerile whims and fancies, just like little sis or Aunt Daisy's little darling.

**THE END**

**RONALD COLMAN**  
*(Continued from Page 22)*

he again acted with Lillian Gish. It was then that Samuel Goldwyn signed the young actor for a role in "Aranjuez." Which resulted in a long-term contract. Ronald Colman was established.

Since then, he had one starring role after another. Some of the highlights of his career include such outstanding productions as "The Sporting Venus," "Dark Angel," opposite Vilma Banky, "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Night of Love," that exotic love tale in which he again appeared opposite Vilma Banky, "Bull Dog Drummond," the picture that revealed Ronald Colman as a full-fledged talking picture star. "The Unholo Garden," "Arrowsmith," "Cynara," and "The Masquerader," his last appearing vehicle in which he was supported by Elissa Landi.

Ronald Colman then went to Europe for a vacation, during which time he concluded his long contract with Samuel Goldwyn and signed with Messrs. Schenck and Darryl F. Zanuck to star exclusively for Twentieth Century Pictures.

And now he is back in Hollywood, eager and full of enthusiasm. He has traveled the globe, seen many sights, visited with many types of people. But as he himself says: "It's great to be back. Great to be able to work again under the glare of the floodlights, a camera grinding before me."

Yes, Bulldog Drummond has returned—which is the same thing as saying Ronald Colman has returned. And we're glad to have him with us once more.

**THE END**

**SPLITS & SPLICES**  
*(Continued from Page 30)*

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(Continued from Page 44)

Miss Landi has just completed the first of a trilogy series. She plans to complete the series of novels by the end of the year.

WELL, Jean Harlow's hubby is filming another!

She and her cameraman-husband, Hal G. Rosson, have separated professionally as well as domestically.

While Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, recently announced her eight-months' marriage had come to an end and she was seeking a divorce, it was disclosed that her husband was engaged in filming another.

Since their meeting in a studio about two years ago, Rosson had always been a cameraman on the Harlow pictures. But in "One Hundred Per Cent Pure," her latest flicker for M-G-M, Hal Rosson was nowhere to be found on the lot. Another photographer had taken his place.

The gossips insisted this was arranged some weeks ago—when rumors of separation started—so Jean would not be embarrassed by the man soon to be made her ex-husband. At the M-G-M studio this was called a mere coincidence.

Miss Harlow admitted the break-up of her third marriage just after she had served as matron of honor at the wedding of her friend, Carmelita Geraghty, to Cary Wilson, writer.

The strains of the wedding march were dying away and the five hundred guests were starting to celebrate when Jean stated that she and Rosson no longer loved each other and were living apart.

And yet, rumors were heard several weeks prior to the wedding that all was not well in the Rosson menage. But, then, the Rossons flatly denied there was any trouble.

REX BELL's original assertion that he would tame the tempestuous little red-headed siren turned out to be not as willy-willy as some of the movie folks would have you to believe at the time they were married . . . for Clara, believe it or not, is going to settle down and be a good mother.

The baby is expected to arrive some time in December and the proud papa-to-be is the one who announced the forthcoming event. Recently, he let the world know his good news from their desert ranch near Nipton.

Clara has, on several occasions, spoken of her intense desire to raise a family, and the countless joys in doing so. Her great urge for motherhood came after she had her little twin cousins visit her last Christmas.

"The best thing in life," Clara said, who prior to her marriage wasn't much interested in the commonplaces of life, "are obtained around the family fire. I've always wanted children of my own and seeing these kiddies playing around makes the realization of this wish more dear to me."

At the time Bell and Miss Bow were married, they decided not to increase the family for a while lest they should interfere with Clara's career.

"We are going to play in pictures independently of each other," they said, "and invest our money in our Nevada ranch."

For the birth of the baby, Clara will move into her Beverly Hills home, which is now being redecorated and renovated to include a nursery.

The Bells were married two years ago.

SAY, talk about swanky affairs! You will have to go pretty far to find another one like the recent Hollywood bethrothal which took place in the palatial home of Leila Hyams. Noted screen players assembled to witness Carmelita Geraghty, actress, and Carey Wilson, scenario writer, knot the marital strings.

Jean Harlow and Sheila Geraghty, the bride's sister, were selected to attend the bride. Benjamin Glazer, producer, was the best man.

The couple's yachting honeymoon was briefly interrupted because Wilson had to appear in court in the alimony proceedings brought by his former wife, Nancy Wilson, despite his protest for a honeymoon.

Nevertheless, upon the conclusion of the court proceedings, the happy couple sailed away on their spacious but cozy honeymoon yacht.

ELIZABETH YOUNG, piquant screen actress, recently walked up the middle aisle with Joseph Mankiewicz, noted scenario writer, and repeated the "good oldie words." The wedding was at the home of the bridegroom's brother. Phillips Holmes was best man and Gail Patrick, maid of honor.

“I WOULDN'T trade Hal for anyone,”
so declared pretty Louise Fazenda when she was aboard the French line 

"Papa!"

Louise was accompanied by her husband, Hal Wallis, vice-president of Warner Bros.

Well, a sweet bon voyage and a happy landing!

MICHAEL FARMER, the estranged husband of Gloria Swanson, recently stated in Paris that he would not oppose Gloria's divorce action and furthermore insisted that he would do everything within his power to make her happy.

"If she wants custody," he said, "of our baby, I will grant it willingly."

Farmer declared he was misquoted in a report saying he would have Gloria arrested on bigamy charge if she came to Europe with another husband after divorcing him.

"I have not yet been officially notified," he added, "that she is divorcing me. If the notification is not received and Gloria divorces me in California, the decree would be illegal in England and Ireland. But I would immediately do everything to legalize her divorce.

"I'll do everything," he continued, "so long as it makes Gloria happy. I am leaving in a few days for a trip around the world. I plan to be in California in November. If Gloria still wishes a divorce then, or if one has already been granted, I will go to the Judge and accept it. If I am notified while abroad, I will cable my lawyers to accept it immediately."

ALTHOUGH romance has tagged at his heels for several years, Jack Oakie, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, has just deigned to explain why he hasn't walked afterward.

"It's a cinch I wouldn't be understood," admitted Oakie. "The only chance I'd have of finding a girl to understand the situations pictures place in, is in a studio. She would have to be an actress, too."

"But even then I'd be taking a big chance on her not getting the right slant on my work. You know, promising to get home for dinner, then at the last minute having to call up and tell her I'm stuck on the set for the night."

Since completing his Paramount picture, "Murder at the Vanities," the comedian has been seen with several film colony debutantes, but he says:

"Sure I go around with a few girls, and I'm not saying you can't get married in Hollywood and make a success of it. My friends Richard Arlen, Bing Crosby and Stuart Erwin are swell examples of how it can be done.

"And I'm not saying I won't get married—no sht! But it won't be until I've grown a long beard if I can help it."

(Continued from Page 37)

Evelyn Laye and Ramon Novarro will be co-starred by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in "Tipatoes," an original story by Vicki Baum which will be produced by Harry Rapf. Oscar Hammerstein 2nd is writing a libretto for the story, which has a background of the German Imperial Ballet. Dudley Murphy will direct "Tipatoes" when Miss Laye arrives at the coast from England and Novarro returns from his present South American concert tour.

Eddie Buzzell, has placed in production at Universal City "The Human Side" with Adolphe Menjou and Doris Kenyon in the principal roles. "The Human Side" is the play by Christine Ames which made a distinct hit in Hollywood. Its problem concerns married people and Universal has been endeavoring to cast it satisfactorily for three months. The only one of the children so far selected is Dickey Moore.

James Cagney and Pat O'Brien having just finished a picture of navy life entitled "Here Comes the Navy," Warner Bros. announce another picture teaming the pair. It will be called "Air Devils," and its background will be the thrilling world of pacetime flying. The story of "Air Devils" was written by John Monk Saunders, author of "Wings" and "The Dawn Patrol," the two classic aviation pictures. "Air Devils" will start production very soon.

BROADWAY'S BEST BETS (Continued from Page 31)

"SAILOR BEWARE" is a rowdy bit of burlesqueing among a group of fiery and outspoken sailors who persist in having their way and discuss a subject which should not be included at the dinner table, at least not in the best of families. Nevertheless, firm, pungent dialogue, racy as the devil, will writhen your sides with lusty, hearty laughs.

"DODSWORTH," the dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' novel by Sidney Howard, is another feature of the season. Walter Huston, Hollywood's own, runs away with all dramatic honors. He is one great actor. And you have to go pretty far to find another Walter Huston.

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With these and scores of similar results to display, our representatives interest business men from the very smallest to the very largest. No one can decline the proof in the photo-copies of actual letters which our men show.

NO HIGH PRESSURE—SIMPLY INSTALL—LET IT SELL ITSELF

Here is a business offering an invention so successful that we make it sell itself. Our National Sales Representatives can show proof of success in every line of business and every portion of the country. They install the specialty without a dollar down. It starts working at once producing a soon return that can be counted quarter by quarter. The customer owes us his own eyes a big, immediate profit on his investment. Usually he has the investment, and his credit before, before the representatives calls. He has no reason to distrust his money. We are not responsible for his doing it.

BUSINESS THE REPRESENTATIVE DOES
EARN $1.25 TO $2 PER HOUR! THE SMALLEST HE MAKES IS $5 ON A $75.00 SALE! AND THE SALE BURSTED WITH A $300, $300, $300 REPEAT ORDER! WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY OF HIS OWN.

With our new business the man who has never sold before can start a business of his own in his home, possibly with his own eyes a big, immediate profit on his investment. Usually he has the investment, and his credit before the representatives calls. He has no reason to distrust his money. We are not responsible for his doing it.

COMPLETE TRAINING FURNISHED

Many men with us today started at scratch, many coming out of clerking jobs, but working out of small businesses, some out of large concerns. We teach you every angle of the business. We hand you the biggest money-making business of its kind in the country. You try out this business ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY OF YOUR OWN. Can't possibly tell you all in the space available here. Mail the coupon now for full information—nothing to risk, everything to gain.

A BRILLIANT RECORD OF SUCCESS

Many of America’s foremost concerns are among our customers. As well as millions of independent installations in small concerns, electrical concerns, newspapers, etc., we number the largest companies or branches, or dealers, etc. of many well-known concerns among our customers: Cities Service Oil Co., Great Lakes Fisheries, Inc., National Majestic Radio, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Pan-American West Products, Public Utilities, Consolidated Corporation, Union Gas Corp., Yawman and Erbe Mfg. Co. (world’s foremost office equipment firm), Coca-Cola Bottling Co., National Radio, Timber Silent Automatic Co., Central States Petroleum, United Aluminum Corp., Street Railway Advertising Co., Great American Life Underwriters, National Paper Co., and many others. Our customers’ newspapers, departments, the big and small, endorse us with substantial installations and large repeat orders.

CUSTOMER GUARANTEED PROFIT

Customer gets signed certificate guaranteeing cash profit on his investment. Very few business men are so foolish as to turn down a proposition guaranteed to pay a profit, with proof of leading concerns that it does pay.

PORTFOLIO OF REFERENCES FROM AMERICA’S LEADING CONCERNS

is furnishing. A handsome, impressive portfolio that represents every leading type of business and profession. You send immediate, positive proof of success. Immediately forestalls the argument, “Doesn’t fit my business?” Shows that it does fit, and does make good. Close the deal.

RUSH THE COUPON FOR FULL INFORMATION TERRITORY FILLED IN ORDER OF APPLICATION

If you are looking for a man-size business, free from worries of other overcrowded lines of work, get in touch with us at once. You are not wasting time, for the field is just opening. We guarantee to fill your territory first come, first served. This specialty is an important business opportunity for those who are prepared, and whose ideas have not been in their early days. Don’t lose valuable time, and let this slip from your hands. Use the coupon from this page. Use the coupon from this page. Use the coupon from this page. Mail the coupon from this page and you will bring you full information and our proposition immediately.

MAIL FOR FULL INFORMATION

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres., Dept. 4087-H, Mobile, Ala.
Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

Name .............................................................
Address ..........................................................
Street or Route ..............................................
City .............................................................
State ...........................................................