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January Birthdays

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
(Below) Born Jan’y 31st

KAY FRANCIS
Born Jan’y 13th

PEGGY SHANNON
Born Jan’y 10th
A Happy New Year

WITH real, heartfelt sincerity the editorial and business staff of BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" wishes you, one and all, a most happy and prosperous New Year.

And that wish is meant for YOU,—whether this modest little greeting reaches a humble reader who buys this publication from the cart in a London backyard, or a Hollywood star whose income is always rated in six figures. It is a long gap to bridge, but we know we are reaching every layer of the social strata by which the motion picture industry lives.

News from every quarter of the globe brings tidings of increased business activity,—particularly in the amusement world. New theatres are being built by the scores and motion picture houses, formerly closed because of sub-normal business conditions, are re-opening by the thousands.

Every trade journal is replete with stories of new ventures in the world of the photographic drama,—of expeditions being outfitted for far-off scenes,—of new palaces of entertainment, such as the RKO Roxy in New York City opening,—and of lavish sums of money again being invested in productions.

Possibly not all of the investments are wise; at no time will all of them be wisely made, but it is our feeling that as the scroll of Time is rolled up there will be a noticeable tendency on the part of producers and exhibitors to cooperate to the end that the greatest number of people will be gainfully employed in the industry and the largest number of people served at the various theatres throughout this nation,—with the best pictures.

That is the trend right now; if you doubt it,—go to the picture theatre right in your own neighborhood, tonight! You will find the sound recording better, the quality of the picture and story improved, and the photography considerably above the average of what the cinema offered a few years back.

With your cooperation and support 1933 will be the greatest year the American motion picture industry has ever witnessed.

And by YOU, I refer to everyone working, directly or indirectly, for the "movies" and to those who pay admission to see them.

A. R. Roberts, Editor
A NOther meteor has flashed across the Hollywood skies. A bright star in her own right, she thrilled all who saw her screen debut in "Bill of Divorcement." Nothing quite like this exotic youngster has ever happened to Hollywood, and they still seem unable to account for the phenomenon.

It is next to impossible to adequately describe Katherine Hepburn. Modern to the nth degree, yet possessed of a rare charm and simplicity, she stands alone as the favorite of to-morrow's film public.

Her face reminds one of some of Benda's masks; in fact might be a mask, but her eyes, bright grey and large, instantly fascinate you. A natural brunette, she wears her hair in a rather long bob, with the ends curled.

Tall and slim bodied, she has the lithe grace of a jungle queen. A fine wide brow, betokens the keen intelligence beneath. Her nose reminds one of Nazimova, and her mouth is a combination of Garbo and Crawford, with a dash of Dietrich. Pure magic, would probably convey what I am attempting to describe.

Her amazing acting in her first screen appearance baffled even the cynics who saw her do the hitherto impossible trick of stealing scenes from John Barrymore. Her finest scenes in the film were so magnificent that a sensation overnight in a city notoriously slow with recognition.

Where did this glamorous creature come from, you ask? Well, to go back a few years, Hartford, Conn. is the town called home. After four years at Bryn Mawr, Katherine decided to crash her way into professional histrionics.

Four days after leaving her Alma Mater, her vibrant personality won for her a place in a Baltimore, Md. stock company. At the close of this engagement, came a long, wearisome round of the agencies and booking offices to find a job in New York.

After trying every place she knew, she managed finally to get a part in "The Big Pond." This venture closed at the end of a week, so she was again free to travel from office to office. Some time later, when Hope Williams opened in "Holiday," Katherine was able to secure a small bit and act as Miss Williams' understudy. Unfortunately for Katherine's chances, however, Miss Williams, remain unflaggingly industrious and robust, leaving the Hepburn girl with no scope but her own small part.

Then Katherine took a minor role in the road show of "Death Takes a Holiday." Miss Hepburn was running to Holiday plays—in fact was adding lavishly to her string of holidays, for just before the play came to Broadway, Katherine was taken from the cast. But the resourceful Miss Hepburn was indeed "improving each shining hour" in spite of the discouraging layoffs. She studied dancing under Mordkin, and it was her astounding feats of jumping in "The Warrior's Husband" that had the customers on the edge of their seats. Not all of her time was devoted to the study of terpsichore, for she was also interested in voice culture and developed her diction to a really high quality. In between, she studied the violin.

Following this she was cast for an ingenu role in the successful "Art and Mrs. Bottle," and in the course of months was cast for the leading role in "Warrior's Husband," which was one of those chance events that crystallize careers. Broadway sat up and rubbed its eyes at this youngster in fifteen foot leaps across the stage in amazon tin habiliments in sometimes hostile, sometimes amorous onslaughts against Greek warriors. Her dynamic feminism lead to just about as good a break as a girl could ask for—she won herself a screen test and was awarded a contract with RKO Radio Pictures.

She was selected to play the role of Sydney, which Katherine Cornell had created in Clemence Dane's play "Bill of Divorcement." John Barrymore and Billie Burke, widow of the late Flo Ziegfeld, and David Manners had the other leading parts.

It was her marvelously sympathetic interpretation of the unbalanced Hilary in "Bill of Divorcement" that won her the five year contract with RKO, calling for two pictures a year, and permitting Miss Hepburn to either produce or appear in legitimate stage productions.
Miss Hepburn, who was en route from Germany at the time of her successful screen debut, arrived to find New York aroused to a high point of curiosity concerning the potential of the star, and the rush of interviewers, photographers and fans eager to have her attention occupied her entire time for the brief week's stay in Gotham.

The young actress had gone abroad upon the completion of her initial film venture to visit, Berlin, London and Paris. Much printers' ink was used in spreading the story that Kathryn brought back eleven,—think of it, eleven trunks of Paris cloths. "Who said depression?" was our thought, but Miss Hepburn assures us it was as Mark Twain said of his reported demise, "greatly exaggerated." Hollywood is still gasping at her unique dress, consisting of a Russian smock and overalls, which she wears on the lot, when working.

After a week in New York filled to overflowing with engagements enough to wear out a less energetic person, Miss Hepburn left for Hollywood to resume her film career. The first picture RKO put in production with the new star, is "There Came Unarmed." Joel McCrea will be co-starred, according to the latest advice from David O. Selznick. It is being directed by Gregory LaCava.

It is quite probable that this will be followed by the role of Jo in "Little Women," that immortal girlhood story of Louisa Alcott. This is the role that Constance Bennett went to such great lengths to have for herself. Personally, I believe Miss Hepburn would give a more realistically vivid characterization.

As this brief biography comes from the typewriter, the Fox Film company is casting for "The Warrior's Husband," and we can see no legitimate reason why they should not borrow Kathryn Hepburn from her present employer to handle the leading role in the cinema production.

Certainly she could "hop" from one lot to another by airplane, as she loves that mode of travel; it suits her dynamic disposition to a "T".

Watch this little lady climb; she has everything, personality, poise, a serene air of nobility, and a genuineness that will charm you in spite of yourself. In short, she is fascinating, positively bewitching at times, and her face,—with none of the accepted Hollywood prettiness, is like a breath of clean spring air. Success and happiness be yours. gracious lady! And Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" makes this wish a practical one; for, it is now a source of pride with the R. K. O. officials that Miss Hepburn's first movie magazine cover will appear with the new year, 1933, on this publication.

Before closing this brief biography I want to add this one thought, in the nature of a postscript. It is a tribute to Kathryn's tact and diplomacy,—a tact, however, which is not the fawning, yielding or saccharine-sweet kind,—but a frank, truthful sort of understanding which enabled her to get along so well on the lot with such tempestamental and experienced stars as Jack Barrymore, Billie Burke, Paul Cavanagh, David Manners and others.

Tact is a rare gift, and the scions of wealthy American families and the blue-bloods of New York and Connecticut have been her instructors and instructresses. She is a thoroughbred from the start, and he who takes her high-strung disposition for just plain "temperament," does so at his own peril. The day is not far distant when the screen world will be greatly in her debt,—for her new interpretations if nothing else.

And her life will be her own; in no sense can she be called an "American Garbo," for Kathryn never over-acts,—nor does she go in for the queer sort of solitude some actresses do. Animals respect a person of breeding. Miss Hepburn recently brought her Gibson monkey on the R. K. O. lot, and also her Scottish terriers; Continued on page 57.
Roar, LION, Roar!

Sound Effects in the "Movies". Part 2.

By JEROME K. WHITELEY

THE FOOTBALL season has passed and gone. Stil-
led are the roars of the Nittany Lions of Pennsyl-
vania State College and the Morningside Heights Lions of
Columbia University; and all of the other colleges represent-
ed by the king of beasts.

But even if the tiger, the lion, the leopard or the jackal
should be wiped out by the slaughter of men, their roars will
remain perpetuated forever in the motion pictures. The sound
"mikes" have caught the noise of their breathing, their snarls,
hisses and deep-throated challenges,—for all time.

The "sound mixer" of the M-G-M or the Fox studios,—
or any other movie organiza-
tion, is a profession to be reck-
oned with if authenticity in
pictures is to be preserved and
maintained. He is being back-
ked up by every device of modern inventive science in an
effort to increase the realism one has a right to expect
in the picture play.

In Life magazine some years ago was a pathetic sketch
of a hungry lion, sitting by himself in a Roman arena.
The title was:

"One poor lion had no Christian!"

...And it was a funny, satirical
sketch.

But have my readers ever noticed the
discontent which immediately pos-
sesses an audience when something
goes wrong, in their favorite picture
theatre, with the sound equipment.
Imagine a lion charging towards the
camera, with its mouth opened wide,
and obviously in the act of emitting
terriying roars. And yet all is silent.
There is a picture far more tragic
than the hungry lion minus his noon-
day meal in the Roman Circus. Con-
sequently every care possible had
been taken to synchronize and au-
thenticate sounds with action, and
as the months and years go by we
shall see and hear naught but en-
couraging improvement in motion
pictures along these lines.

Recently Hollywood's "bravest"
motion picture camera and sound
"mikes" successfully completed work
in a scene with thirty lions. Alone
and without the guiding hand of a
cameraman, its tripod bolted to the
floor and its electric cable sheathed in

steel, the machine stood its
ground against the onslaught
of the largest collection of
lions ever assembled within
the walls of a Hollywood
film studio during production
of Cecil B. DeMille's "The
Sign of the Cross."

Through its use DeMille
was able to obtain vivid,
natural close-ups as the beasts
charged down upon a host
of Christian martyrs. With
it, of course, were recorded
the ferocious and terrifying
roars of the lions and tigers.

But to go from wild ani-
imals to human beings ... .

"Ee-ee ee-ee-yow -ow -ow-
ooooh!"

Did you ever hear Con-
stance Bennett scream like
that in a picture? Or Ruth
Chatterton? Or Kay Fran-
cis? Or any other favorite
star of yours?

Connie Bennett never has screamed
in a picture. Nor has Ruth Chatterton. Nor
Kay Francis. Nor a lot of these
other high-strung ladies. Sound may
be an important thing, but don't expect
the stars to make the abnormal or un-
usual ones.

Yes, here we are, breaking another
illusion like an old meanie. Connie
Bennett cannot scream, nor can the
other ladies just mentioned. Not a
good scream in any of 'em.

Consequently, pretty little Alice Doll
has a job.

When Constance Bennett comes face
to face with the murderer in her pic-
ture, "Two Against the World," she
goes through all the frenzied, hyster-
icos of screaming. Believe it
or not, she didn't utter a sound. Not
a peep.

"When I scream," she explains, "all
that comes out is something like an
"ee-ee-ek!". To prove it, she gave a
demonstration. Then: "You see? And
if I really do scream as loudly as possi-
ble I can't talk again for hours."

"Don't scream," advised Director
Archie Mayo. "It would be much too
expensive. We'll (Continued on page 58)
KING V IDOR directing Ronald Colman and Phyllis Barrie in "Cynara." Upper left, in circle: cameramen at work on Universals "Laughter in Hell."
What Do We APPLAUD in PICTURES?

What Is the Public's Right in Productions? PART 2

By I. W. Ullman

We do big things in Hollywood,—we do big things because we think big things. We run riot in spots yet no industry boasts more system. We achieve more that borders on the spectacular with less ado than can be claimed for any other people.

We dare more than any other business would tolerate, and we accomplish more than most do. We are at once the most efficient and the most wasteful of people. Since we are dedicated to illusion, we cultivate illusion and yet remain normal at times, though mostly otherwise. We have done so many things, so often and so well, we have managed to fool the world and incidentally ourselves, all of which somewhat explains Hollywood and its people.

This kaleidoscopic pattern foundry of mortal dreams has quickened life in every clime; the worshipers in its halls and at its shrines outnumber that of any other cult, for its symphony is achievement. It is well nigh the most far-reaching influence in civilization today, as it functions to articulate the slumbering aspirations of the millions. We are made drunk with all it portends, and were it not for the comedies of the indus-

Director Russell Mack (in oval at right), supervises a scene from "Once in a Lifetime." Below, at left: Red Rock Canyon "pinch hits" for the Valley of Kings in "Mummy." Lower right: "The Heart of New York" re-created on the Hollywood lots.

try which jar us to reality, we should miss the satire of it all in the amorphic spell of its imagery.

So deep is the need for something to divert us humans, and so vast the audience, that we literally have poured millions into productions which have dazzled a world with their brilliancy, and blinded the producer to the cardinal principle of business. In our thirst to garner the profit that carries with the cry for entertainment, we toss a king's ransom into the lap of an experimenter, who, though surrounded by a veritable army of literary experts and scientific technicians, and by whom every element of the drama is shaped and planned, still must need shoot 300,000 to 400,000 feet of film to yield a net 8,000 feet of picture.

The speculative grandeur of the venture perverting responsibility to principal, in an effort to stand revealed as supreme interpreter.

Good!—Bad!—Who shall judge? Who shall answer for the magnetic stream of gold which, seeking the cohesion of mass attraction, has become a glittering fluid of poison, polluting brains and conscience of directors in the mad purpose of screen sensation? Delighting a world and yet undermining an industry.

Strange that such kindred instruments, radio and screen, should predicate their claim to recognition upon so divergent a base. But (Cont'd on page 57)
Waffles for BREAKFAST

By Ann Dvorak

MOST MEN will agree, I think, that there is nothing quite so satisfying to eye and palate as hot waffles. Whether you serve them for breakfast with honey or heavy maple syrup, or as a luncheon or simple supper accompaniment for sausages, creamed food or as a dessert, you will always find the men enthusiastic about them.

Perhaps the most common,—at least the way most people know and enjoy waffles, is the time honored plain waffle with syrup. As a native New Yorker, I can still recall the wonderful flavor of the Vermont maple syrup which was sent to us each year.

Of course, many people consider that the Pennsylvania product is superior, but personally, I think it is just a matter of opinion. “A rose by any name would smell as sweet” when there's a nip in the air these cool winter mornings.

Out here on the coast, there is variety of flavorful honeys to be had, and many like to add fruit to the basic recipe to afford a change. I shall give my favorite recipes to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “Movies” readers, and feel sure that by following the directions closely you will have the same success I get in serving them.

Probably where most people go wrong on waffles is in getting their iron properly heated after it is tempered, and in cooking the waffle the correct time and no longer. You will find that some ruin their waffles by lifting the lid before the cooking is completed, causing the waffle to split.

As electric waffle irons are almost universally used, we shall confine our remarks to this type. Remember, aluminum grids should never be greased.

The iron should be heated for about five minutes before using. The baking takes about one and one half minutes.

A word about mixing the batter. Sift the dry ingredients together until blended. Then combine the well beaten egg, milk or cream, and melted fat if used. These should be added slowly to the dry ingredients, slowly, stirring to prevent lumps. When all the liquid has been added, beat vigorously with a mechanical or Dover beater. If you are adding fruit, cheese or other flavoring, add last and cook at once.

Waffles were quite the rage out here on the coast, and their popularity led me to experiment in new ways to serve them. One soon tires of serving them with bacon, frizzled ham or plain syrup. I found that men were very partial to waffles served with creamed dried beef or creamed chicken or fish.

A corn waffle is particularly good with chicken for instance. Berry, date, or cheese added to the batter, makes an agreeable change! By adding sugar, cocoa, or orange juice in place of some of the liquid, you have the base for a new dessert. Try ice cream on a chocolate or cocoa flavored waffle.

Now for the recipes, remembering what I said about mixing the batter. Be especially careful in your measurements, don’t “fuss” too much, and use, of course, the best food ingredients you can. (Continued on page 54)
RICH MAN, poor man, beggar man, thief! It matters not the role if Charles Laughton is playing it.

England has given us, in the person of a robust, jolly, slightly nervous but highly energetic young man, a character actor par excellence. Charles Laughton is to the "talkies" what Emil Jannings was to the silent screen, and in these splendid examples of the actor's art,—from Great Britain and Germany, we find much in common.

Comparisons being usually odious I shall refrain from making them in any definite way, especially as it is my purpose to be more of a biographer than a critic in this article.

Incidently, as this issue appears upon the newsstands it will doubtless find Mr. Laughton abroad, for, upon the completion of his role in "Island of Lost Souls," being produced by Paramount from the H. G. Wells' novel "The Island of Dr. Moreau," Charles Laughton departs for his native England. The young character actor plans to appear in a legitimate stage production in London and has been reading three plays submitted for his consideration.

He will return to Hollywood this coming summer to continue his screen career. Mr. Laughton's wife, Elsa Manchester, English stage actress, is now in England, and it is within the realm of possibility that the couple may appear in a play together. But that is getting ahead of my story!

Charles Laughton, the young English stage actor, who made his debut in motion pictures with Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper in their starring film, attained his success on the London stage largely through portrayals of leading character roles and ascribes his intimate knowledge of characters to his observations while working in a hotel.

Laughton made his first American appearance in Gilbert Miller's Broadway production of "Payment Deferred," appeared in Jed Harris' Broadway production of "Fatal Alibi" and then returned to London for a vacation which was halted by the offer from Paramount to join its group of Hollywood players for a leading part in the forthcoming Bankhead-Cooper production.

When Laughton arrived in New York March 31, 1932 from England en route to Hollywood he explained that if he followed the wishes of his family he today probably would be in the British Navy but before he was old enough to enter upon schooling for a career on the seas he developed a love for the stage and this devotion increased as he grew older.

Laughton was born in Scarborough, England, July 1, 1899 and did little beyond acquiring an education up to the time of the outbreak of the World War. About the time of the beginning of hostilities he started work in Claridge's Hotel with the idea of learning the hotel business but in his position as clerk he found that he had a splendid opportunity to study people and he found this pastime far more interesting than clerking. In this his lot was not dissimilar to that of Vici Baum's who wrote "Grand Hotel" after having been a servant.

He won promotion to the office of the hotel cashier but resigned to enter war service. After the end of the war he engaged in various activities, chief among which was his study of the theatre which became so interesting that he enrolled at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. But it was not until April, 1926 that he got his first stage role, the part of Osip in "The Government Inspector" at one of London's art theatres. It is a matter of record that his performance was well received in the British capital.

Though slow in getting started Laughton lost no time in working his way into the first ranks of London stage players. Some of his roles have been Rummell in "The Pillars of Society," Ephikho in "The Cherry Orchard,"
BROADWAY AND

Vassily Solony in "The Three Sisters," Fissur in "Li-liom," General Markeloff in "The Greater Love," Canta-ville in "Naked," Sir James Hartley in "Angela," Creon in "Medea," Frank Pratt in "The Happy Husband," Count Phalen in "Paul I," another name for "The Patriot" Mr. Prohack in the play of that name, Mr. Crispin in "The Man With Red Hair," Ben Jonson in "The Making of an Immortal," and Hercule Poirot in "Alibi." His most recent success prior to "Payment Deferred" was in the role of Tcny Perelli in "On the Spot." Laughton has made a constant struggle against being pigeon-holed as a type and limited to one or two kinds of roles. He likes to play comedy, is genuinely modest, somewhat nervous and has won success in parts ranging from effete foppery to fiendish sadism. In Universal's "The Old Dark House" he demonstrated that he had the ability to play a "light" character.

While playing the role of Mr. Prohack, Laughton met and married Elsa Lancaster, who was acting the role of his secretary. Miss Lancaster started her dramatic career in 1920, directing a children's theatre in London. Her first appearance on the professional stage was in 1922 in "Thirty Minutes in a Street." She has had a wide variety of roles since then and appeared in a part with her husband in his Broadway appearance in "Payment Deferred," playing the part of the murderer's daughter, Winnie Marble,—a role which Maureen O'Sullivan handled so well in the M-G-M version of the stage success.

Mr. Laughton's greatest success to date, I feel, has been in his painstaking portrayal of the role of the dissolute, cruel, sensuous and conceited Roman Emperor Nero, in Cecil DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross," just released. After a preview of the film I feel sure that he has excelled his work in "Devil and the Deep," his first cinematic venture and an occasion when he literally "stole" the picture from Miss Bankhead, Mr. Cooper and Cary Grant, the latter being a fellow countryman of Mr. Laughton's.

It is of interest to note that William Boehnel, N. Y. World-Telegram dramatic critic, says of his efforts in theMetro-Goldwyn-Mayer film "Payment Deferred": "Charles Laughton, who played the murderer in the original stage production, is splendid in the same role on the screen." And Irene Thirer, motion picture staff writer for America's largest daily paper, the N. Y. Daily News, writes:

"Laughton gives a brilliant account of the harassed Marble. . . . He's in constant terror, and you're constantly feeling a chill creep up and down your spine. If you go in for this sort of thing, don't miss the picture."

Unless I miss my guess, however, the greatest praise of all will be heaped upon him for his work in "The Sign of the Cross," which I have previously mentioned. Making use of his professional skill in character make-up, Charles Laughton appears in this film with a distinctly Roman nose.

The fat, pudgy face, the sensuous leer and the loose mouth of the Emperor Nero is all in evidence. He is a master at this sort of thing and Cecil B. DeMille has much cause for rejoicing in being able to secure so able and talented an actor.

Supporting him in this picture we find Elissa Landi, as the Christian virgin,—who, while not of English birth, won her spurs on the English and Canadian stages. First recognition as an American screen star was given, both pictorially and editorially, by BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies."

She is Venetian by birth, but of royal Austrian descent, and proves, in this picture, to be a worthy member of the cast so ably built around Frederic March, Claudette Colbert and Charles Laughton.

Vivian Tobin also appears to advantage in this film, which, because of its all-star cast and its supreme photographic magnificence, is awarded the title, for January, of THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH, by this magazine. All the lavishness of "The Ten Commandments," all the splendor of the mighty "King of Kings," has been eclipsed in this story of the clash of Romans and Christians, the historic fall of ancient Rome.

With a cast of 21 featured players, and more than 7,500 extra actors, the production is destined to stand for generations the outstanding screen achievement of its time. It was already reviewed and listed as "excellent" in last November's issue as a result of the work done on the picture up to that date, a view of the "rushes," and a knowledge of the story from having seen the play. For this starring vehicle of Mr. Laughton's, Mr. DeMille was obliged to turn back the pages of history almost 2,000 years for a mass of authentic information for this film.
he didn't see Shirley come out of the office and he didn't hear her tell the girls on the dock how she had rescued him. He had faked his "drowning."

Bumpy tried to warn Sandy, but did not quite succeed. Sandy's voice rose up to them. Shirley's face was like a dark storm as she listened.

"Sure, I ought to be a fish in the water," Sandy was laughing. "I was champion of the old battle- wagon last year. Just landed here. Came over with a goofy old millionaire's daughter. She ran down my rowboat and I ribbed her into jumping overboard. She sure looked 'some punkins,' though, when she came out of the water; oh, boy, what a figure! Classy legs like you never see at any of the ports. Poor kid thought I couldn't swim." He laughed hilariously. "She's out gettin' her rich poppa to give me a swell job."

With a look of outraged indignation Shirley stepped to the edge of the dock and glared down at him.

"Is that so?" she said furiously.

* * *

A FEW MINUTES later the boys stood on a long pier at which were docked speedboats. They walked over and started to examine the boats.

Two women came onto the pier. One opened her pocketbook and took out a dollar. She approached Sandy.

"Two, please," she said, handing him the dollar.

Sandy hesitated, turned and looked down at the idle and deserted boats. "When do we start?" the second woman asked eagerly.

Sandy's face reflected a sudden idea.

"Immediately, lady," To Bumpy he said: "Prosperity has turned the corner! Just step aboard," he added to the women.

Bumpy's eyes were wide with surprise.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"I'mnay acking-cray! Get those boats started. If we work fast maybe we can grab off enough coin to get off this island."

"We'll go to jail if they catch us with those boats."

"We're going to jail anyway. What's the difference?"

Sandy pushed Dumpy down the stairs, hitched up his trousers and launched his daring scheme with a peppy ballyhoo.

"Step right up, folks! Ride in a real racing boat in a real race. If you're in the boat that wins, folks, you get a ride free. Right this way! Fifty cents! Four bits! The half of a dollar! The greatest thrill on earth. Ride in a real racing boat in a real race."

Several girls stopped, attracted by his appearance and his grin. They were joined by other people. They started to hand their money to Sandy.

"Pick your boat, folks. If you're in the boat that wins you get a ride free. Absolutely free!"

He motioned the customers down the stairs.

More people began to collect about Sandy. With a look of dumb amazement, Bumpy was helping the customers into the boats.

"In which direction is this boat going?" a lady asked.

"Probably in all direction, lady," was the reply.

"Remember, if you're in the boat that wins, you get a ride free," Sandy yelled out.

Just then John D. Jameson walked onto the pier and gazed in astonishment, trying to figure what was going on. The crowd about Sandy was growing larger. More people were paying and passing down the stairs.

"The fastest boats in the world, folks!" Sandy said.

Jameson listened with growing interest to Sandy's brisk, businesslike ballyhoo.

"Ride in a real racing boat in a real race. If you're in the boat that wins you get a ride free."

Intrigued by Sandy's breezy manner, Jameson moved closer.

"The thrill of your life, pop! Fifty cents! Four bits! The half of a dollar!"

Jameson handed him the money.

"New idea, isn't it?"

"The latest thing on earth!" Sandy grinned. "The fastest thing on water... Pick your boat. The race is starting."

The boats were nearly filled with passengers. Jameson got into one, followed by Sandy. The old man looked at the crowd, surprised by Sandy's success. He handed Sandy half a dollar.

"Step right in, pop," Sandy said.

He helped Jameson to a seat beside the pilot's place. Bumpy edged up to Sandy, his eyes wide with consternation.

"We—we ain't goin' fast, are we?" Bumpy asked in a stage whisper.

"Wide open. Make it look real."

Gulping hard, Bumpy took his place behind the wheel of one boat. Sandy climbed in the boat beside Jameson. Sandy waved his hand.

"Let's go!" Sandy called. (Continued on page 51.)
EVELYN KELLY
*America's Most Beautiful High School Girl*

GREOGORY LA CAVA, Director
Judge

RICARDO CORTEZ, Star
Judge
Scene from "SHANGHAI EXPRESS" which won the award for photography and sound recording. In circle, WALLACE BERRY, who won honors for his work in "Grand Hotel" and "The Champ."
RUTH HALL
from Jacksonville
FLORIDA'S FAIREST

By Helen Harrison

Jacksonville proudly boasts of having sent one of Florida's most beautiful daughters to Hollywood.

Ruth Hall, who has the feminine lead in the Monarch production "Gambling Sex," holding popularity on the current screens, has been called the most beautiful girl in the world by no less an authority than that eminent artist, John Held, Jr. And John ought to "know his stuff."

Ruth's real name is Ruth Hall Ibanez, the great-niece of the late Blasco Ibanez, eminent author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and other outstanding works of fiction. She dropped the Ibanez when she entered picture work as she did not wish to trade on a famous name, being a most ambitious young person.

To begin from the beginning, Ruth was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1912. She is the only "Junior Leaguer" on the screen and was a budding society girl just entering the Florida State College for women at Tallahassee, Florida, when bitten by the screen bug.

She was very much impressed when Frances Dee was selected for a Chevalier picture—and believing she could do likewise, she went to Tampa where Henry King was making "Hell Harbor." He was immediately impressed by her glowing beauty and enthusiasm and signed her for a small part. Opportunity, since that time, hasn't stopped knocking. In fact her only regret is that it interrupted her college career.

Her ambition has always been to become an actress and during her school days watched and centered all her interest in dramatics. Outside of acting, her artistic instincts lean toward painting—although she does not care for modern art. She loves Paris fashions—feels they are so much "fresher."

Her dislikes are equally numerous. She pouts at yodelers, quartets and castor oil. She loathes rubbers and umbrellas—and prefers to take her soaking. Bells, whistles and traffic signals annoy her—and chewing gum she detests. She likes movie fan magazines, and stories of adventure.

"The world's prettiest girl," says John Held, Jr., noted artist.

"The fairest of all Florida's daughters is Ruth Hall, who is as pretty as her name indicates. Her tastes and preferences include tennis, horseback riding and swimming. Being a romantic young woman, she would rather swim in a pool at midnight when the moon is high. Her favorite vocal exercise is a good football game. She usually comes away without her voice. She loves to putter in a garden, though she doesn't like insects. She dotes on sunsets and her idea of Paradise is a grass beach. Cooking, she admits, is her forte. And for movie queen and king she nominates Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, while her favorite author is H. G. Wells. For a pet she enjoys the company of her cat.
MIRIAM JORDAN
as Baroness Valerie von Sturmt in Fox's "Six Hours to Live"
SIX HOURS TO LIVE

A Drama of Love and International Political Intrigue. - - Part 2.

Paul Onslow, in this story copyrighted 1932 by the Fox Film Corporation, head of the Sylvarian delegation to the Geneva Peace Conference, votes against disarmament and rouses widespread hatred. Baroness Valerie von Sturm, Sylvarian beauty at whose father's dwelling Onslow is staying goes against the advice of her parent and Karl Krans, her sweetheart, to bring the Captain home. As Paul leaves the building he is accosted by a "street walker." On his way back with the Baroness, their car is fired on. That evening the famous scientist, Professor Bauer, visits the Baron. Valerie tells Krans that she loves Paul. Then she informs Onslow that he must choose between her and his dangerous career. Now go on with the story, and find out what happens to Capt. Onslow.

As he dressed for dinner Paul's mind was still confused with the tumult of his mixed emotions. There was no doubt but that Baroness Valerie von Sturm loved Captain Onslow devotedly, but this necessity to choose between the two dearest things in his life coming after a day so full of world-import-events left him shocked and stunned. And before him was the midnight session at the Peace Conference where his country's fate would be definitely decided.

Mechanically he took his tie from his valet, Ivan. Automatically his fingers adjusted it. The door opened and Kellner, Paul's private secretary entered.

"The Police Commissioner is here," he announced.

"What for?" Paul was surprised.

"To protect you sir. He's going back to the palace with you tonight. So they won't shoot at you again."
"I suppose you sent for him?" he said questioningly.

"No, no, I didn't," faltered Kellner. This was true. Both Baron Sturm and Valerie had called the official.

"But, you'll listen to him, Captain, won't you? Oh, please—I pray you."

"Ivan does all the praying for us."

"I wish that one prayer might come from you," interposed the faithful valet humbly. "It might help you sir, tonight of all nights. Won't you carry this?"

He extended his hand. Paul saw that it contained a little gold cross.

"Thanks," he replied, "but I've a more persuasive weapon." He nodded toward the revolver on his dresser. Ivan placed the cross by the gun.

Paul smiling turned to Kellner whose face was twitching with nervous spasms.

"You talk so strangely. Do you want to die?" he croaked, his voice scarcely audible; nervous.

"Want to die? Certainly not," scoffed his employer. "Life just began for me today. It gave me everything to live for—ever love."

"Then—then I'll include you in my prayers," Ivan promised.

"All right, all right," Paul laughed.

"That's all." As Ivan departed he made the final adjustments of his jacket. Behind him he heard Kellner moving about nervously, muttering to himself. It made him impatient with the man. He turned:

"You're just a coward, Kellner."

"I know it," was the half hysterical answer. "That shooting in the car this afternoon unnerved me. I am afraid. I don't want to die. I don't want to die."

Paul caught hold of him and shook him.

"Stop it!"

But Kellner couldn't stop. "Once I saw my little brother, cold—stiff—he babbled. And flowers covered the him. I've smelled them ever since. I can smell them now—here—in this very room."

Paul's scowl disappeared. His eyes filled with pity.

"Come on Kellner," he urged. "You've been working too hard. Get some fresh air. He forced the man's hat and stick on him and walked to the door. "You'll come back feeling a new man."

In spite of Kellner's nervous protests, Paul gently thrust him out. Then he walked back to his desk and seated himself before it. His face was very grave. After a long pause he drew a sheet of notepaper to him. His pen moved rapidly:

Minister of Foreign Affairs,

Sylvia.

Honorable Sir;

With my final vote tonight I shall have served my beloved country for the last time. Will you kindly accept my resignation?

Without pausing, he signed his name.

Downstairs, unaware of the historic document being composed above them, Doctor von Sturm, Professor Bauer and the Police Commissioner were playing billiards. The officer had irritated Bauer by doubting his claims for his new discovery.

"You policemen are all alike," retorted the scientist.

"You don't believe science."

"Go on Otto," urged von Sturm. "It's still your shot."

But the professor talked away. "Listen to me Commissioner. In the sphere of modern science nothing is impossible. Everything exists. Fantastic things are there just below the surface, ready to be fished out. That's how I found my new ray. Tomorrow you'll see for yourself. I can't fail, for already I've experimented with success on a guinea pig."

"That's all right," said the Commissioner unimpressed.

"but there's a far cry between pigs and people."

"I'm not so sure," grunted Bauer as he bent to make his shot.

Back from his unwilling walk Kellner went softly by the billiard room and up the stairs. The stroll had not quieted his nerves. They were keyed up like violin strings.

He approached Paul's door and tapped softly. No answer. He repeated the knock. Silence. With hesitant hand he turned the knob. The door was unlocked.

Cautiously he opened it. The room was in total darkness. No sound came from it. His fears increasing, he moved into the room, gropped toward the familiar location of the lamp and turned it on.

At first the glare dazzled him so that he did not see the overturned inkwell. Then following the ink stains on the carpet he saw that which stiffened him with horror.

By a toppled chair lay Paul Onslow. There was no mistaking his stillness for a faint. With a hysterical scream Kellner rushed for the stairs.

Soon the Commissioner, von Sturm and Professor Bauer were standing beside the body. Reverently Ivan draped a silk dressing gown across the quiet form. Over his wrist the Commissioner slipped a thin rawhide noose and pulled it tight.

"An ingenious weapon," he mused "silent—quick—certain."

"It killed more than a man," said Ivan bitterly. "It killed a country."

(Continued on page 60)
"Was it a good picture?"
"I should say it was; he kissed her in every reel."

"Well, sho long, Honey, I'll be seein' ya!"
Movie Star: "What is my latest husband's name, Marie?"

"How's that for 'S.A.', Reverend?"
"Er—ra, I beg y'pardon, Winnie":

"But Mrs. Lovelots is waiting for me to come up and wash her windows, too!"

"G'wan, stick your head in his mouth, we gotta break him in!"
BROADWAY AND


STRANGE JUSTICE.—With Marla, Marsh, Reginald Denny, Richard Bennett, Norman Foster, Irving Pichel, Nydia Westman and Thomas Jackson. A dual theme always difficult is however handled with a degree of skill by the director. The picture has its moments—one can not fail to sense the cupidity of faithless bankers and the workings of remorse. Rather poor and not up to standard.


BETWEEN FIGHTING MEN.—World Wide Pictures, with Ken Maynard, Ruth Hall, Josephine Dunn, Wallace MacDonald, Albert J. Smith, Walter Law, James Bradbury, Jr., and John Pratt. This story with its thrill of battle in a cattlemen-sheep herder feud in the days of the early west, is presented with some high poetic touches in its photographic composition—and its smashing drama.

HONEYMOON BEACH.—Christie Educational. We look forward to anything bearing the Christie stamp—the past confirms this attitude. Of all problems which bring confusion to the producer—Comedy is uppermost, but Al Christie understands the game, he jumps her into high in this with Billy Bevan, Glenn Tryon, Ruth Hiatt, Audrey Ferris, Fern Emmett, Bobby Dunn and George Gray.


COME ON TARZAN.—World Wide Pictures with Ken Maynard, Myrna Kennedy, Kate Campbell, Roy Stewart, Bob Kortman, Niles Welch, Ben Corbett, Jack Rockwell, Nelson McDowell and Jack Mower. We welcome with delight an adequate vehicle for Ken Maynard as Tarzan and here we have it. A ranch romance rich in all that it implies. Thrills a plenty.

THE GIDDY AGE.—Educational, with Andy Clyde, Dorothy Grainger, Franklin Pangborn, Albert Conti and Bud Jamison. Give Andy Clyde a thought and he creates a library of action and business for you, and believe me, if he fails to lift a picture into the entertainment class, the story is so anemic, no transfusion could save it;—this will satisfy you. On the whole you'll enjoy this one.

HYPNOTIZED.—Mack Sennett production featuring Moran and Mack with Ernest Torrence, Charlie Murray, Wallace Ford, Maria Alba, Marjorie Beebe, Herman Bing, Alexander Carr, Luis Albernow, Harry Schultz, Matt McHugh and Mitchell Harris. In this screaming farce comedy we have the season's best laugh; product of the world's best laugh shop, the Sennett Arcade.
FLESH—A powerful drama, directed by John Ford, for M-G-M—the scene being laid in Berlin. Wallace Beery, who has the leading male role, is cast as the wrestling champion of Germany, and the fair and talented Karen Morley as his wife. The “Fishmouth,” of “Scarface” fame, appears in this production, in his usual, humorous way. A very good story and picture.

TORCHY’S BUSY DAY.—Educational, with Ray Cooke, Marion Shockley, Edmund Breese, Franklyn Pangborn, Cornelius Keefe, Henry Golden and Charlie French. Torchy has the happy faculty for creating action and embarrassment out of which humor is often sprung. Always the prize blunderer, he is at the same time the happy fixer—even to mending your disposition. Worth an evening anytime.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS.—If the fan-mail Kathleen Burke receives as the Panther Woman is any indication of an approval of the Paramount-Publix picture, then this one, from H. G. Wells’ novel “The Island of Dr. Moreau” is bound to be a real success. Previews indicate this, and Charles Laughton scores again. Richard Arlen and Lella Hyams also appear. Excellent.

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Jackie Cooper, Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson, Jean Parker, Maurice Murphy, Lawrence Grant, Richard Wallace, David Newell, Oscar Rudolph and Louise Beavers. There is a pathetically beautiful note throughout this production which makes for the deep emotional conflict upon which the drama feeds. Rather good.

THE DEVIL IS DRIVING.—A smashing, fast-moving melodramatic hit is this Charles R. Rogers production for Paramount-Publix. Edmund Lowe as “Gabby” and Wynne Gibson as “Silver” are superb in their roles. They are supported by James Gleason, Lois Wilson, Dickie Moore, and other capable actors. You’ll enjoy this one if you like your drama red-blooded. Very good!

SUNKISSED SWEETIES.—Made by Educational in sun-kissed California, and starring that inimitable comedian, Andy Clyde, as a beach censor. Figure it out for yourself what Andy does with the figures, and just how much “censoring” goes on. The shapely blonde Fay Pierre appears to good advantage in this short subject; ably supported by Thelma Hill and Vernon Dent.

Left: A bath in asses' milk for the Empress Poppaea. Right: "Hail, Caesar: We who are about to die salute you:"

Left: in circle: Nero's dancers. 
Right: Branded as a "harlot" by the Prefect, Poppaea, Nero's wife, plans a terrible revenge on him and on Mercia.

Above: The Prefect of Rome pleads for the life of his Christian sweetheart.

Frederic Joyelle and Elissa
Mercia bids her Christian brother farewell.

The Sign of the Cross

Slaves keep clean the streets of Rome.

"The Picture of the Month."
Nero sings and plays the lyre while imperial Rome burns to the ground. (Charles Laughton)
THE SAVAGE GIRL.—Rochelle Hudson, borrowed from R. K. O., stars in this Monarch Production released by Froehle Film Associates. Walter Byron, leading man, gives a very creditable performance in the tropical setting.—surrounded by the usual bevy of African natives. Adolph Milian appears as the "villain" of the piece who wants to carnally attack the "savage girl." A fairly good picture.

PARACHUTE JUMPER.—Alice Jans, dancer, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., score distinct hits in this latest Warner Bros. release which features Frank McHugh, Bette Davis, Leo Carrillo, Lyle Talbot, Sheila Terry, Harold Huber, Claire Dodd and George Pat Collins. Directed by Al Green from the startling, original story by Rian James, Brooklyn columnist. An ideal film for aviation enthusiasts.

SMILIN' THROUGH.—M-G-M, with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Ralph Forbes, O. P. Heggie and Cora Sue Collins. Picture lovers have hoped that this winsome, wistful tragic story of love and life would be done as a talkie and now we have it draped with the highest of art and artist the industry holds. Lasciviously beautiful and reflecting great credit on the director.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.—Paramount-Publix, with George Raft, Constance Cummings, Wymne Gibson, Alison Skipworth, Roscoe Karns, Louis Calhern and Bradley Page. Chocked full of clever dialogue, comedy, romance and suspense. Has a punch to it which should appeal to any audience. The story concerns a "pug" owner of a speakeasy in a swing district and it's humor indeed. Excellent comedy.

OFF HIS BASE.—Educational. The title is intriguing enough, but the picture goes it one better in both cast, color, composition and laughs. A promising series with some proven talent such as Eugene Palette, Lucie Webster, Gleason, Russell Gleason, Eddie Dunn, Peggy Montgomery, Bank Winter, Mike Donkin, James Thorp and Emil Irish Menael. Notable figures you must admit and a picture.

THE BIG FLASH.—Marks Harry Landon's return to the silver screen; a role in which he appears as the janitor, and Vernon Dent as the handy-man on the "Daily News." Lita Chevret's presence is made known by her lusciously hot kisses and shapely legs, with Ruth Hiatt as "Betty", the stenographer. Matthew Betz, King Baggot and Jack Grey also appear. Fairly good.

THIRTEEN WOMEN.—Unfortunately a rather poorly directed picture. Myrna Loy struggles through an artificial role, aided by Irene Dunne, C. Henry Gordon, and others. The picture is not improved by a "namby-pamby" appearance of Ricardo Cortez,—a part which in no way reflects credit on his sterling qualities and ability. Much of the blame for any mediocre picture is the director's.
FOURTH HORSEMAN.—Universal Pictures, with Tom Mix, Margaret Lindsay, Raymond Hatton, Fred Kohler, Edward Cobb, Buddy Roosevelt, Richard Cramer, Harry Allen, Herman Nolan, Paul Shawhan, Rosita Marstini and Tony. This picture holds a colorful role for Mix and Tony—full of dash and pep its the border country of the early west with its debatable morals and the hero. Good.

ALWAYS KICKIN'.—This Educational-Gleason sports featurette should be advertised in the columns of this magazine because folks ought to know how good it is. It's a Norman L. Sper production with Jim Thorpe, Lucille W. Gleason, Eddie Dunn, Russell Gleason, Eugene Pallette, Ralph Lewis, Wm. Spealburg, "Dutch" Hendrian and Florence Rogan. Directed by James Gleason. Good.

A BILL OF DIVORCement.—R. K. O. Radio Pictures with John Barrymore, Billie Burke, Katherine Hepburn, David Manners, Bramwell Fletcher, Henry Stephenson, Elizabeth Patterson and Gayle Evers. Splendid supporting cast and magnificent picture. A more impressive transcription from stage to screen difficult to find. The work of Barrymore and Hepburn as important as anything in pictures.

THE FIGHTING GENTLEMAN.—Freuler Film Associates, with William Collier, Jr., Josephine Dunn, Natalie Moorhead, Crauford Kent, Lee Moran, Pat O'Malley, James J. Jeffries, Hughle Owens, Mildred Rogers, Peggy Graves, Betty O'Flynn and Duke Lee. Stories of the prize ring must possess something strikingly human to merit interest, in this we find it exemplified in the climax.


KATHRYN CARVER

Love Me, Love My Pekinese

MADGE EVANS

EVALYN KNAPP
DOROTHEA WEICK, the rumor goes, may be asked to come to America to play German roles in American-made films. She has been acclaimed for her work in "Maedchen in Uniform" and as a "double" for Norma Shearer.

"Hell To Pay," the Fox picture, featuring Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Lupe Velez in the further adventures of Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, is in production, with John Blystone directing. Two more players have signed for parts in this film; Tom Dugan, who will also serve in the capacities of writer and gag man, and Gloria Roy. El Brendel, who was prominently cast in previous Lowe-McLaglen pictures, has an important role in "Hell To Pay," which will be filmed from an original story by Dudley Nichols and Henry Johnson.

Nunnally Johnson and Francis Martin prepared the screen play for Paramount's "International House."

Casting directors are beginning to pay real attention to some of the offerings made by Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" since both M-G-M and Warner Brothers have now featured players after they had been recommended for movie work in the columns of this monthly publication. The department called "The Casting Office" is not, however, an employment agency; it makes no charge for the service it renders to readers of this publication.

But it does ask girls to send in two photos, one of them being in a bathing suit or an abbreviated musical comedy costume or gymnasium suit.

S. R. Kent, president of the Fox Film Corporation, recently announced the appointment of Charles E. McCarthy as director of publicity and advertising, effective immediately.

Mr. McCarthy recently resigned as publicity and advertising manager of the Paramount Publicx Corporation after a service of fifteen years.

Mr. Kent said that Glenn Griswold, vice-president, who has charge of the Fox publicity and advertising department, will take up new duties in connection with the financial affairs of the company... Our sincere congratulations to both Mr. Griswold and to Mr. McCarthy!

Four additional players have been signed by the Fox Film Corporation for parts in "Face In The Sky," which is now in production; Sam Hardy, Sarah Padden, Frank McGlynn, Jr., and Russell Simpson.

Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon have

Dorothea Wieck

the principal roles in "Face In The Sky," which also features Stuart Erwin. Harry Lachman directs this picture from Myles Connolly's story.

We recently found out that there are two famous motion picture stars receiving a world of inspiration and encouragement by the monthly reading of "Psychology" magazine, an inspirational publication published in New York City.

Acquaintances of Mrs. John Parker Rind, an exceptionally pretty young widow found shot to death in Paris, France, last August, recently revealed that she was a sister of Betty Compson, stage and screen actress. Mr. Parker expressed the belief that his daughter, beautiful enough to be a screen actress in her own right, had not killed herself. R. S. Parker, father, also said that Betty Compson was born Edith Parker on the little hill farm near Little Rock, Ark., where he now lives.

Representatives of the American Automobile Association have been asking the cooperation of the film organizations in reducing the number of huge billboards along the roadsides which not only mar the beauty of the scenery but distract the motorist, hide or screen approaches to railroad crossings, sharp turns or narrow bridges. It is felt that there are enough legitimate film magazines to well care for the needs of the motion picture producing companies' publicity.

Sidney Lanfield is directing "Broadway Bad," the Fox picture in which Joan Blondell plays the principal role. Ginger Rogers and Ralph Morgan also have featured positions in the cast of this photoplay which has been prepared for the screen from a story by William Purcell and A. W. Peate.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has purchased from John McGowan all talking picture rights to the play "Excess Baggage." One of the outstanding attractions of the New York stage during the season 1927-28, "Excess Baggage" was produced as a silent film directly following its stage presentation, with William Haines in the lead.

A reel star in a real drama, Marian Nixon, on the witness stand in Los Angeles court, was asked to identify Buster Bevill, accused of robbing her of $7,500 in jewels two years ago. She wasn't sure.

Gertrude Pureell, playwright and motion picture scenarist, who has been recently added to Columbia writing staff, will have as her second assignment the adaptation of "Dance of Millions."

Production is nearing completion on George O'Brien's latest Fox picture, "Canyon Walls," the screen version of a popular novel by Zane Grey. Two new players have been appointed roles by director David Howard. They are Morgan Wallace and Clarence Hummel Wilson.

Nell O'Day, whose first Fox role was in "Rackety Rax," plays opposite O'Brien in this film. The outdoor star's most recent completed Fox photoplay, "Robbers' Roost," is now being edited at Mocovite City.

With the signing of Mona Maris, Edward Van Sloan, Vince Barnett, Alan Roscoe, Barbara Bedord, Harold Waldrige and others, for the cast of World Wide's "The Death Kiss," the picture is now being produced by Director Edward Marin.

Adrienne Ames, David Manners, John Wray, Bela Lugosi and Alexander Carr will appear in the principle roles.

The Paramount Pirates, studio baseball team has been organized under the sponsorship of Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie and Richard Arlen for the Winter League in Southern California.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announces signing of a new contract with Virginia Bruce, who recently became Mrs. John Gilbert and who plays opposite Gilbert in the latter's new picture, "Downstairs."... Lynn Browning, shapely player with First National, has a million dollar smile; will be a star some day, we're betting.

Lina Basquette, when she introduces Teddy Hayes, says: "Meet my husband"... Clara Bow threw a party for the members of "Call Her Savage" that was something... Johnny Weissmuller is living in a one-man shack on the water-front away from the Hollywood mob.

Orry-Kelly, First National studio stylist, picked Ann Dvorak, recent screen sensation, to introduce a new style to feminine America through the medium of the screen. The fashion fad, originated by Kelly, is a
new type of belt, from three to five inches wide, raised to a pointed V in front, in keeping with the demand for the elevated waistline, and fashioned entirely of twinkling brilliants, rhinestones and mirrors.

Miss Dvorak wore it first in a recent First National picture, "Three On A Match," using a flag blue negligée of metallic cloth woven with matching cut beads, on which to set it off. This is in accordance with the one rule for wearing the belt, according to Orry-Kelly, who says that the garment with which it is worn must be simple in type, and of a plain, rather dark color, for contrast.

Joan Blondell and Bette Davis, with other important roles in "Three On A Match," also appear in many of Orry-Kelly's creations, while Warren William, Lyle Talbot, Sheila Terry, Hale Hamilton and Grant Mitchell complete the cast, Mervyn LeRoy directed.

Cassie Hanley and Dorothy MacDonald both of the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue, Broadway, Noo Yuck, may eventually land jobs in the movies. Dolores Ray lovely form, once nearly nude, graced N. T. G.'s show there not so long ago; now the blonde Dolores receives a pay check from Columbia Pictures. And Miss Ray was but one of several who have graduated from the Hollywood Revue to cinemaland.

Murder charges against Libby Holman Reynolds were recently withdrawn by the State of North Carolina. The state may re-indict later, but at present the lucious-lipped torch singer and dancer is free.

Irene Browne, one of the English actresses imported by Fox for "Cavalcade," is wearing a wide red ribbon about her right arm when she goes driving. In England they drive on the left side of the street and turn to the right and the ribbon on her arm is to remind her constantly to stay on the right and turn to the left here.

Charles Brabin will direct "The Lady," with Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in leading roles, according to announcement by M.G.M. This new film is based on Martin Brown's new play, "The Lady" which was made as a silent picture some seasons back with Norma Talmadge in the principle role. Miss Dunne will leave New York within a week and production on "The Lady" is scheduled to start as soon as she arrives at the studio.

Metro-Golwyn-Mayer announces new contracts with William Hains and Walter Huston, also new contracts with several scenario writers. The writers are Robert E. Hopkins, Thorne Smith, and Samuel and Bella Spewack, co-authors of "Clear All Wires."

Genevieve Tobin, who recently signed a long term contract with the Fox Film Corporation, will play the leading role in "The Infernal Machine" which is to be made from a screen adaptation of the novel by Carl Sloboda. Marcel Varnel has been assigned to direct the picture. "Pleasure Cruise," in which Miss Tobin was originally scheduled to make her film debut for Fox, enters production January 9th, 1933. Roland Young will then assume the lead opposite the shapely Miss Tobin under Sidney Lanfield's direction.

**CASSIE HANLEY, in the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue**

*Murray Korman photo.*
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

The topepo, a new horticultural marvel, has been given to the world by Edmund Lowe, the plant wizard of Cupertino, California. Ladies, this may help you prepare salads which will keep hubby at home.

Topepo is a new vegetable made by crossing a tomato and a green pepper and, according to Lowe, is excellent for salads. It is shaped like a large tomato but has the consistency and strength of a pepper. It is shot through with vivid streaks of green, orange, red and yellow.

Lowe developed the topepo while spending vacations on his ranch. He distributed a case of them on the set at the Paramount studios recently.

"Fast Life" is the title for the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film featuring William Haines, Madge Evans and Cliff Edwards. The picture is based on the E. J. Rath novel, "Let's Go." Directed by Harry Pollard, the cast includes also Conrad Nagel, Arthur Byron, Kenneth Thomson and Albert Gran. It's a hot one!  

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new Metro Theatre in Johannesburg, South Africa, was opened Friday, November 4, the feature picture for the occasion being "The Passionate Plumber." The new sound theatre has 3100 seats, divided between a main floor and balcony.

William Haines is finishing a story with a motor-boat background, "Fast Life," while Walter Huston's last role was in "Kongo." Huston is working at present in "Pigboats," in which he appears with Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante.

Clyde E. Elliott, director of Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive," made a personal appearance when the RKO Van Beuren animal thriller recently played Elliott's home town, Richmond Hill, Long Island. Clyde prefers facing jungle dangers to audiences. . . . Cardinal Pictures is also figuring on producing an animal film.

Frank B. Adams, novelist and short story writer, has been added to the roster of scenario writers at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Dickie Moore, popular child player at present a featured member of "Our Gang," has been signed by RKO Radio for a prominent supporting role with Mitzi Green in "Little Orphan Annie." . . . Jill Dennett is one of First National's recently added beauties; looks something like Lillian Bond.

Complaints against American actors playing the part of Englishmen, and vice versa, will have place in "Perfect Understanding," the United Artists picture, which Gloria Swanson is making in Europe. For the star has taken great care that every role in her picture be played by an actor of the same nationality as the character demands.

Thus Miss Swanson, who was born in Chicago, plays the role of an American girl. She marries an Englishman, played by Laurence Olivier, who is London born. Genevieve Tobin also is an American girl in the picture, and Sir Nigel Playfair, the London actor-manager, is featured as an English nobleman. Charles Callum, who toured America in the English play, "Journey's End," is an ex-Guards officer. And so it goes right down the line.

DOROTHY MacDONALD, Dancing in the Hollywood Revue
THE MODERN KISS.—Clark Gable and Dorothy Mackaill, in this scene from "No Man of Her Own", show us how the act of osculation is consummated in the conservatory, not conservative, fashion. The kiss is ardently and manfully given, and passionately and enthusiastically shared and adequately represents modern love.
THE CAVE-MAN EMBRACE. In Paramount's "King of the Jungle" one catches a glimpse of the strong, virile hug of the cave-man, with the kiss imprinted upon the breast by Buster Crabbe. Frances Dee, in the person of the recipient, awaits with pardonable pleasure, and a smiling face, her lover's warm embrace.
Likes Bill Powell

CHICAGO, ILL.—Boy! what a knock-out your November issue was. You have more interesting pictures and features than any movie magazine I’ve ever read. Here’s wishing you lots of luck.

I have a little request to make of you. Please give us a few stories and pictures about William Powell, Jean Arthur and James Cagney. They are my favorite stars.

—S. D. Larking

Dick and Greta

DETROIT, MICH.—In a screen magazine just after “The Great Garbo” returned to her mother country, I read, “Since Garbo’s gone to her country let her stay, we want our own American actors and actresses.” Why do all fans want Garbo pictures? I believe that the foreigners are better actors and actresses than a typical American.

I never miss a Richard Cromwell picture. For his age I think he is a very, very good actor. Here’s wishing Garbo returns and wishing to see more pictures starring Richard Cromwell. I’m just cur-razy over him.

How about a picture of him? I think there is no other actor like Richard, and the screen will never know another star like Garbo.

—Lonesome Eleanor

From the Granite State

PETERBORO, N. H.—I hope you try to make your Broadway and Hollywood Movies a real fan magazine for those who like snappy pictures and text, especially movie magazine with a lot of blath stuff. There are too many of those already that are not a bit exciting.

Here is comment on your recent issue. That picture of Anita Page is cute, she is worth looking at, only I’d like to see more of her. Those life-size heads of Dorothy Burgess and George Bancroft—terrible! What sex appeal to over-size mugs like that? But that Dvorak girl in a bathing suit is plenty exciting.

Landis is attractive; Tobin is better than nothing. More power to your contest, by the way, and don’t be stingy with the photos you get if the gals are cute—we’d like to see all the photos you see, and is there any law against publishing addresses of the so-called fair contestants?

“Balloony” is a grand idea, kidding the other joke mugs, better than them, I think. You’re right about that double page of Joan Blondell and Olive Hatch—they’re both cute in that pose.

—Roger Ballock

End of Depression

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—When one has trouble finding a seat, after a long wait, in the New York movie houses, then I believe Old Man Prosperity is here,—or at least on his way back. Pictures getting better and the theatres are once more getting crowded; and once again I am watching your review criticisms closely.

There is no other film magazine,—and I buy nearly all of them, which publishes as many illustrated reviews of pictures as you do. Keep up the good work.

—Sylvia Schlein

This Letter Wins $10

EVANSTON, ILL.—Regarding the controversy running rampant concerning the return to America of a well known Swedish actress, the presonal opinion of one who is teaching in a mid-western university might be worthy of note.

I fear very much that the so-called “glamorous blonde” has a phobia which borders closely on dementia. No man liveth unto himself alone, and the power of example is still potent enough for me to offer the prayer that she rest upon her laurels and remain in the Scandinavian countries. Regardless of how sincere the actress may be there are too many young girls in this country who are “movie bitten” and who would be prone to interpret her actions as abnormal or the result of an exaggerated ego.

She has had a profitable and honorable screen career here and has amassed a fortune. I can wish her no greater honor than the words of Napoleon when he came upon one of his generals lying upon the captured battle flags.

“Rest upon them, La Salle—you have well deserved them.”

—Just a Teacher.

Ramon Needs Boosting?

OTTAWA, CANADA.—I hope you will see fit to publish this little letter of mine very soon in your magazine.

It is a most sincere appeal to all Ramon Novarro’s fans to write to his Studio—the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co., Culver City, California—and ask them to give him better parts and finer pictures to play in; and also to let him sing and dance. Just lately, in an interview, he has asked us to do this for him. And surely it is not very much for us to do in return for all the pleasure we have had in watching and listening to him on the screen. He has just signed a new contract with his company, and this is probably the most critical period of his whole career.

He is a splendid and versatile actor, a beautiful singer and a very fine man, and the movies need his personality and his great talents for many years to come. If we do not support him enough just now, he may slip out of acting in a year or two and become entirely a director. And we don’t want that to happen, do we? Fan mail carries great weight at the studios, as we all know, so let us one and all show our loyalty to Ramon Novarro by writing in to his studio at once on his behalf.

—Helen Dale

From A Garbo Fan

NEWARK, N. J.—Reading in the editorial of your newest issue that Greta Garbo’s face has been on the cover of two issues of your BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “Movies” a wonderful magazine, I would like to get copies of those two editions.

I would appreciate it a great deal if you will sell me those two copies. I have been buying your magazine for some time now. I think it is the ideal “fan” magazine.

—A. S. Torcasio

Tasmanian Thanks

HOBART CITY, TASMANIA.—Your movie magazine is a good one and something quite different from the usual type one sees on the news stands here, but if it is not asking for too much, would prefer to see a better quality of paper used; at any rate for the full page photos. The price of your magazine out here for single copies is 40 cents, equal to our 1s. 8d. and is well worth it for the articles alone.

The best photo in your June issue was the full page one of Arline Judge who is a fine type of young woman and has a 100 per cent appeal. A double page photo of this player would no doubt make your magazine a best seller.

In the July issue I liked the photos of Lilian Bond and Anita Page best. I wish your Journal every success.

—Reader
CREIGHTON CHANEY is the most-kissed man in Hollywood. And the most unfaithful. Not only does he kiss and tell. He invites an audience every time he has a new romance. And asks photographers in . . . And he wants more 'n' more girls, inexperienced maidens!

Quickly this should be added in Chaney's defense. He has to do it. It's part of his work. He must press young, luscious lips.

Because he's young, handsome, disarming and charming Chaney generally is called upon at the RKO Radio studios to play leading man when tests are made of promising young actresses. Traditionally a stirring love scene is included in these tests. Ambitious girls whose Qualifications Cards check up okay are often given these screen tests.

Does he like his work?—Does he like his work!!!

Which brings us to the point of this departmental article. We don't always have to wait for a star to die to get a chance in the "movies"; sometimes they go away on long vacations or other trips; and are not able to get back in time to be starred or featured in a picture upon which production has been suddenly decided. We don't wish Mr. Gleeson any bad luck, but he'd away on a trip,—just by way of proving our point.

Jimmy Gleeson had the wanderlust the other day.

He wanted to leave Hollywood behind, kiss it goodbye and join the wars—anywhere. Just "disappear" for a while and let someone else "carry on."

It all came about when Jimmy, between scenes of "The Penguin Pool Murder," then in production in the RKO Radio Studio, got a cable from son Russell.

"I'm in Vienna," said the message, "and will be in Berlin next week stop. Having a swell time stop Wish you were here."

"Apple sauce!" said Jimmy, but he smiled that typical Gleason smile. . . . But he was secretly hoping that that boy of his never loses out on a good chance to star in feature film because of his absence. For there are scores of talented young men who are awaiting an opportunity to be thrown into a role and given a chance to demonstrate what they can do in the cinema.

Here's how to "enroll," and, in doing so bear in mind that this is NOT an employment agency of any kind. We make no rash promises of "success over night," nor do we promise to make stars out of talent which is, after examination, not real talent.

Fill out the blank in this issue or copy one like it, and mail it to the Casting Department of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES," 20th floor; 1450 Broadway, New York City. Incorrectly addressed photos and Qualifications Blanks will be ignored and not filed.

For the purpose of aiding the directors, producers, stage managers, vaudeville booking offices, cinema company executives, and a few, well known painters, illustrators and photographers, we are willing to recommend certain models, types, screen players, actresses and actors, and others in search of employment in the world of the stage or screen.

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE IMPORTANT, however, and no Qualifications Card, no matter how neatly filled out, will be accepted unless accompanied by a good, clear photograph. We prefer two photos,—one of your head and one a figure study,—in drapery, in a bathing suit, in gymnasium suit or a musical comedy costume.

These photographs will be published, at some time or other, in this magazine, without charge to you. Further details appeared in the previous issue of this publication.

We cannot accept, file or use tiny, hand-colored "ping pong" photographs; we can't lower the dignity of this magazine by submitting that class of material to those in charge of casting at Hollywood or the eastern-coast studios. Nor do we want huge pictures in large mats or frames; we have no way to file frames, and, as they cost money, do not send them in here. Do not send photos rolled; they will not be accepted for publication.

Each photo must be marked clearly, in ink, on the back, with the name of the sender, address, and the words "Released

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Make out a 3 x 5 card similar to the above, fill out and mail in WITH a photograph.
BROADWAY AND

BROADWAY

He'd Publication." Every entrant’s ability to capture the drama at Hollywood movies, but it is impractical to get both the comment and the photograph published in the same issues.

There is no age limit as to age. For example—all of the famous screen personalities will be seen, as a result of good casting, in miniature in the next Educational Baby Burlesk, entitled "Kid’in Hollywood," which Charles Lamont will direct.

Three-year-old "doubles" of Greta Garbo, Ben Turpin, Charles Chaplin, and other stars have been collected for this baby satire on the Cinema City. So, fond mothers, send in the baby’s photo. Who knows—some day we may be able to help him or her to stardom or work as a featured player.

Mary Evelyn Costello, of Winfield, I. L., bears a resemblance to Nancy Carroll and Greta Garbo. Dances, sings, and weighs 113 pounds.

Olga Prokachuk, of Endicott, N. Y., born in Austria, is a real beauty. She weighs 98 pounds and is five feet 2 inches tall; is a ballet toe dancer and sings in a church choir.

Madelyn Jones is one of the southland’s fairest and youngest queens. Five feet 3 inches tall—an ideal height for film work; she slightly resembles Nancy Carroll and Gloria Swanson (when the first Mrs. Beery was much younger). She is a semi-blondie” and photographs like a million dollars. Had considerable amateur stage experience and radio work, and photographs like a million dollars. Miss Jones weighs just 97 pounds, has gray-blue eyes, sings, dances superbly, and plays the piano. She hails from Salley, S. C., and would be a real “find” for a motion picture concern in search of that rare combination of youth, talent and beauty.

Charles Farrell who, it is reported, is soon to leave the Fox lot.

Lawrence Alland, of Brooklyn, would almost pass for Ramon Novarro. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. Has had experience in school plays and is 21 years of age. From Honolulu we received a photo of a very good looking lad, one Joseph M. Dolinar. He’s an inch shy of being a six-footer, is 19 years of age, and has a most attractive smile. Brown eyes; of the white race, and an excellent swimmer. A real find, Mr. Film Magnate.

James Cortez, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is five and a half feet tall and weighs 120 pounds; slightly resembles James Hall; is 21 years of age. John R. Nothnagel of St. Cloud, Minn., dances well, rides horseback, and is a fairly good tennis player. Is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 190 pounds. Looks like a cross between Lew Ayres and Clark Gable.

From Ansonville, Ont., Canada, comes a bright lad with some stage experience. Is now 18 years of age; rides, boxes, fences and plays baseball. His name is Almerio Marzaccini, and he weighs 145 pounds. Roderick Manson, from Niagara Falls, N. Y., says he doesn’t resemble any particular screen star; but he does photograph well. Age 24; color of eyes, green.

Bernard Richards, from Jersey City, N. J., is about 23 years of age and is exactly six feet tall; weighing 172 pounds. Mr. Casting Director, you’re missing a real “find” if you pass up V. Lionel Brashares, from Carey, Ohio, and we aren’t kidding, either. His address—it’s at 1937 W. Fillmore Street. He’s tremendously good looking as well as being the real he-man type, and resembles a combination of John Boles, Johnny Mack Brown and Richard Arlen. He’s 25 years of age but looks 21, and has had wide experience in acting and directing; a good voice, too. Good hands and fine teeth!
IRENE DUNNE, soft-voiced prima donna and one of Hollywood's best "lookers" wants the world to know she is not going to divorce her husband. Says she's absolutely mad about the gentleman, Dr. Francis Griffin, a dentist, who is now recuperating from a recent illness at St. Vincent's Hospital, N.Y. Yaw.

At the Hotel Ambassador, not many days ago, the lyrical soprano's blue-gray eyes flashed as she said; "I dashed across the country to see my husband. I was preparing to make a picture on the coast, but postponed it to be near him. He was ill and needed me. Does that sound as though I am getting a divorce? I wouldn't have come to New York for that, anyway, would I?"

David O. Selznick, executive vice-president in charge of RKO Radio Pictures production, is being congratulated on the birth of a son, Jeffrey Mayer Selznick, at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Los Angeles. Mrs. Selznick is the former Irene Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer. They have a daughter, born in 1931.

Bound for Honolulu on a honeymoon tour which is to carry them 10,000 miles, Samuel W. Gumpertz, millionaire circus magnate, and his bride, the former Edith I. Green were last reported on the high seas.

Mr. Gumpertz was a former commander of the theatrical post of the American Legion in New York City; and he is vice-president of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus and president of the Coney Island Board of Trade; was married by Deputy Clerk Thomas F. Mahler at the Municipal Building.

His bride was his secretary for 22 years. The couple plan to make their winter home at Gumpertz's estate at Sarasota, Fla. Gumpertz's town residence is at 230 Central Park West, New York City.

Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer,—both stars of the stage and screen, have set, it is reported, the formal seal of separation agreement upon their recent domestic rift. Theirs will be an amicable parting, with no divorce planned.

Separation of Adolphe Menjou, screen star, and his wife, known in motion pictures as Kathryn Carver, was announced recently in Hollywood. Mrs. Menjou is recuperating from a nervous breakdown in a hospital, and 'tis reported she'll file suit for divorce shortly.

"Mr. Menjou is interested in his work and she in hers," her attorney said. "The separation is an amicable one. "They had been married in Paris, "till death us do part" in May, 1928. They recently spent several months in Europe together.

The Broadway romance of Dorothy Hall, blonde star of "Child of Manhattan" and other hits, and the cosmetic manufacturer husband came to a friendly ending recently. His name is Neal Andrews.

Miss Hall, who will go decree-shopping in either Reno or Mexico shortly, made public the following document which the pair had signed:

"We have decided to separate by mutual agreement. We agree to leave each other alone, permitting each to live his or her life as he or she chooses. We make this agreement in the best of faith and with nothing but good will toward each other."

The star added that she and her husband still greatly admired each other and proclaimed that "there is no other man or woman in the case."

The separation is effective immediately. Andrews will retain their apartment at the Barbizon-Plaza and Miss Hall will seek other quarters. They have been married for some time.

Because she is capable of earning her own living on the stage, Supreme Court Justice-Alfred Frankenthaler refused recently, in New York, and justly so, to grant Marian Eddy $500 weekly alimony in her separation suit against Eddie Conrad, her husband and former vaudeville partner.

In his alimony ruling, Justice Frankenthaler intimated he will not grant Miss Eddy's appeal for freedom.

Instead of $2,500 counsel fees, he decided that $250 was ample for Simon Fein, Miss Eddy's lawyer. The higher alimony and counsel fees were opposed by Conrad's attorney, Julius Kendler. Conrad has entered a counter-claim to his wife's suit.

charging her with overfriendliness with Sid New Gold, a dancer.

Blonde Jean Coventry, the poetess show-girl of the Hollywood Club, whose love sonnets have been published by newspaper columnists, became Mrs. Jack Stanley Morris, wife of a Wall Street broker, only forty-eight hours after she met the broker at the Hollywood.

Miss Vera Milton, another well-known choric of Broadway, was maid of honor. The newly-weds are residing in New York.

Another one of those perfect marriages of Hollywood went the way of most of them recently, at Reno, Nevada, when Alice Joyce, veteran screen star filed suit for divorce from James B. Regan, New York hotel man and her husband for the past twelve years.

"Miss" Joyce charges cruelty and failure to provide. She also asks custody of her daughter, Margaret, 11, but makes no mention of another child, Alice Moore. The actress's first husband, whom she divorced thirteen years ago, was Tom Moore, also of the screen.

For almost twenty years Miss Joyce has been famous as one of the best proportioned and most tastefully dressed women in Hollywood.

"I will not except service in this case," James B. Regan, husband of Alice Joyce, said at his home, 22 W. 49th St., New York. He refused to comment on the Reno report that the actress will obtain an order for service by publication.

Raquel Torres is engaged. That saucy little Mexican spitfire of the screen, Raquel Torres, in Hollywood recently announced her engagement to Charles Feldman, a film writer. She did not reveal whether wedding date had been set.

Jackie Fields, of the boxing ring, and the luminous Lupe Velez, are "going places and doing things" lately. Mlle. Lupe, not
RAQUEL TORRES
Screen Star, to be married soon

WINNIE LIGHTNER
Divorced.
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
Splits and Splices
(Continued from page 47)

yet married, used every argument in the Spanish and American languages and Jackie added his also in an effort to induce a news photographer to give up a picture he had snapped of them together at the Club New York recently. (P.S. The camera man didn’t yield the plate.)

Ralph Morgan, actor, announced at Hollywood recently that Claudia Morgan, his actress daughter, would sue Talbott Cummings, New York social registrant, for divorce.

Adultery is the only grounds for divorce in the Empire State. A recommendation that rough-and-rowdy Winnie Lightner, auburn-haired gamine of the stage and silver screen, be granted an interlocutory decree of divorce, in New York, from George Holtrey, wealthy broker, was recently filed in Supreme Court by Justice Victor Dowling, acting as referee.

The recommendation was obtained in the easiest way, instead of the hardest, because, in return for Holtrey’s promise to drop his alienation of affections charges against Roy Del Ruth, film director, Miss Lightner agreed to make everything friendly and amicable.

They have decided they are going to remain friends, sharing the affection of Richard (a son, 4) between them, and Mr. Holtrey has discontinued all charges against Roy Del Ruth,” declared Raymond J. Kneppel, counsel for Winnie.

When she sued for divorce Winnie who first vowed the town in “Gold Diggers of Broadway,” charged eight instances of misconduct against Holtrey.

As soon as this action was filed, Holtrey replied with a suit for $250,000 against Del Ruth, who directed several of Winnie’s picture hits. Holtrey charged that the director stole the star’s love.

Winnie, a favorite troupier in vaudeville before her Broadway stage success, was married to Holtrey in Chicago, Feb. 8, 1924. Their son, Dickie, toddles about with the monicker Richard Barthelness Georgine Holtrey.

Karen Morley, a logical successor to Greta Garbo, is apparently satisfied with the direction of Charles Vidor, film director, for she’s going to marry him. At least that’s what she recently announced in Hollywood circles.

Elsa and Neil Hamilton celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary last November 26th. ... It’ll be a blessed event at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen soon. The expectant mother is Jobyna Ralston, screen actress, and daughter of the judge who presided in the famous Scopes “monkey case.” She was formerly a leading lady for Harold Lloyd and Wally Wales. Dick says his wife will spend the next couple of months at Palm Springs, Cal.

Is it a love match? Red-haired Erwin Gelsey was recently seen dining at the Brown Derby, in Hollywood, with Glenda Farrell, screen vamp. ... Rumor has it that Lili Damita’s battling Whitney Bourne, one of the season’s most beautiful débutantes, for the affections of Raymond Guest, —Winston’s brother. ... Johnny Fairrow, R.K.O. director, has been seen going places with Beth Leary.

Marie Kryl, pianist daughter of Bohumir Kryl, Chicago band and concert master, has joined her sister in spurning $100,000 reward her father offered.

Almost sixteen years ago Kryl, desirous of musical careers for his daughters, posted $200,000 on promises that neither would wed until 30. Josephone, a violinist of note, forfeited her $100,000 by marrying Paul Taylor White. Recently it was learned that the beauteous Marie was married recently to Michael Gusikoff, violinist. They were reluctant to discuss the “hundred grand.”

“That was a long time ago,” said Gusi- koff. “I don’t think she’ll lose it.”

Nancy Carroll’s ex-hubby, Jack Kirkland, and Dorothy Hall are going places and doing things. ... What prominent theatrical producer is being branded as “queer” by his wife in the main stem chatter these days? ... Jack Dempsey’s supposed to be stuck on June Gale. ... Anita Pam, whose pulchritudinous form was photographed often by the Whiteley Studios, is going to take a leap into matrimony.

Larry Kane is reported to be the “heavy date” for Kathryn Ray who used to do nudes in the Earl Carroll “Vanities.” ... A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe recently. Carewe is a motion picture director and producer. The Carewes have two other children.

Henry Sussman and Sonny Kest may be married by the time this issue reaches you. ... Ruth Avon, attractive dancing girl, is reported as engaged to Cliff Montgomery, ace and Captain of the Columbia University eleven. ... Maurice Chevalier’s been inquiring about Genevieve Tobin lately. ... Rumor has it that Rex Bell, Clara Bow’s hubby, wasn’t wildly crazy over the shot in “Call Her Savage” in which the

(Continued on page 54)
TALA BIRELL. Who can ever forget her in "The Doomed Battalion?" Nor will you ever fail to remember her work opposite Melvyn Douglas in Universal's latest film release, "Nagana."
FRANK McHUGH. One of the funniest men in the movies, this Warner Bros.-First National star has provided laughs for literally millions of fans. Here’s to another good year in 1933, Frank!
THE PERFECT MARRIAGE.—Arthur Goodrich's newest play,—a play in which the actors don't quite seem to "click." The author of "Caponacchi" and "So This Is London" ought to be able to write good material. "The Perfect Marriage," at the Bijou Theatre, Noy Yawk, includes George Gaul, Edith Barrett, George Baxter, Fay Bainter, Harold Gould and Jackie Kelk.

"Not so hot" seems to be the verdict, unfortunately! The author waxes exceeding wistful. He writes one of those moon-pale romances which always seem to get themselves set somewhere on the hilltops of la belle France, and which, beginning in the present day, spend their middle sections back in the mutton-sleeve and antimacassar era of forty-five years back. The idea back of the play does, however, suggest possibilities.

For forty-five years the Bernard Catalans have boasted of their perfect union. Celebrating their golden wedding he, a playwright, invites George Fleury, a famous actor to embrace reminiscence with him and Madame Catalan. Reading an announcement of the anniversary, the Louise Morel who had been Bernard's secretary forty-five years before thrusts herself into the group and, smarting under fancied wrongs, proceeds to expose the situation as it had really existed.

Fleury was in love with Mme. Catalan and she with him, and she, Morel, had stolen Catalan away from his wife for an intimate adventure in town.

The comedy's second act reveals the story as Morel relates it. It snaps back to the 70-year-old quartet for its conclusion and leaves the Catalans convinced that domestically sex isn't everything.

RENDEZVOUS.—Probably "flapped" as we come off the press: a presentation by Arthur Hopkins at the Broadhurst Theatre, N. Y. C. The cast is too long to list, and apparently the press representative's list was too long to list us. Just one of those things we're betting will not last; written by Barton MacLane.

PARAMOUNT GRILL.—The hotel of that name offers a gorgeous show at their grill on West 46th Street, New York City; including no less a person than Eddie Jackson, supported by Ozzie Nelson, Julia Jener, the Chaz Girls, and forty "de luxe" beauties. Usual supper show with no cover charge for the "eats" after the regular dinner charge is made; one need not dress for this.

THE GIRL OUTSIDE.—Written by John King Hodges and Samuel Merwin is presented by A. E. Aarons at the Little Theatre. Priestley Morrison is credited with the staging of the piece and P. Dodd Ackerman designed the sets.

It is a light little comedy, much too simple for the Broadway taste, we think. It is the story of a young starving actress who faine on the doorstep of an equally hungry young composer. He takes her in like a good samaritan and in a few days has her nursed back to normal.

Then his mid-victorian mother bursts in on him, and you just know what's in her mind. To shield the boy, the actress tells the mother that they are married and promises to help effect a reconciliation between the young man and his uncle. It all works out in the end just as the fairy stories of old.

Charles Richman, Helen Strickland, Horace Braham, Sydney Riggs and Lee Patrick comprise the cast. Miss Patrick and Mr. Braham do everything in their power to make the piece realistic for their New York audience.

CLEAR ALL WIRES.—This one, according to Press Representative Haight, will turn its toes up to the daisies before this issue reaches you and will not go on the road! Thomas Mitchell is supposed to be "starred" in it. Oh, well, it takes a good play to get a long run in New York, doesn't it, Mr. Shumlin!

JAMBOREE.—An interesting melodrama produced by Elizabeth Miele at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York,—and written by Bessie Beatty and Jack Black. Lee Ellsworth as "Jack" and Dodson Mitchell as "Jonathan Schorr" do exceptionally well in their roles. Not too good, but worth seeing.

BIDDING HIGH.—King Calder, Maud Edna Hall, Carleton Macy, Nedda Harrigan, Ivan Miller and Shelah Trent comprise the cast of this rather poor little depression drama at the Vanderbilt Theatre. Of all the Hoover-depression plays on Broadway to which this present season seems prone, it is possible that "Bidding High" is by no means the drossiest, but at all events the encore arrived too late and deserves no harsher punishment than to be sent early to bed.

A Mr. Joe DeMilt presents this "comedy drama"—there's a bit of an old-time flavor about designating it a comedy drama—and the author is Lois Howell, whom you may happen to remember better as an actress than a playwright.

Miss Harrigan plays the elder sister of an Englewood, N. J., homestead. Said elder sister loves the rich Wall St. broker, but her younger sister marries him—for love of money, all too plainly. The little hussy has a lover of her own who swears to grow rich over night by the bootleg route and buy her back. So it goes to its end.
Splits and Spices
(Continued from page 49)

rothairied actress, attired in tight-fitting breeches and waist, wrestles with a huge, male mastiff.

Clyde Bently, world's greatest animal trainer who makes his screen debut in "The Big Cage," has worked 40 mixed lions and tigers in the same ring, and broken the will of the dreaded black panther, but admits he is afraid to get married!

Waffles for Breakfast
(Continued from page 14.)

PLAIN WAFFLES
2 cups flour
3 tablespoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
2 tablespoonsful butter

SOUR MILK WAFFLES
2 cups of flour
3/4 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sour milk
1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
2 or 3 eggs
2 to 3 tablespoonsful butter, depending on the richness of sour milk

RICH CREAM WAFFLES
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 or 1 cup milk
1 cup cream
3 or 4 eggs

For berry or fruit waffles add 1 to 2 cups of washed and floured fruit to any of the above recipes. On half to 1 cup of either fresh green corn or drained canned corn makes a pleasing change also. When adding cheese (about 1/2 cup grated) be sure to leave out the butter, and use one of the milk recipes, not the cream one.

When you do not have enough meat to cream, try this, which calls for only 3/4 to 1 cup of minced ham or other meat.

CORN-MEAL MEAT WAFFLES
1/2 cup corn meal
1 1/4 cups flour
3/4 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons salt
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups sour milk
1 tablespoon melted ham or meat fat
3/4 to 1 cup ham or meat, minced

Fast Life
(Continued from page 19)

His boat shot away with a roar. Bumpy's boat followed.

The two speed boats were racing toward a steamer, Sandy's boat ahead. Bumpy was gripping his wheel, his face a frozen mask of utter panic. His passengers were urging him to greater speed.

The passengers were wildly excited and getting a big kick out of the ride. Jameson, too, was enthusiastic. He was watching Sandy closely, noticing his expert handling of the boat.

"Pretty good boat, eh?" Jameson said loudly above the roar of the engine. "Now! Old-fashioned tugboat. I could build a boat to go three times this fast."

"Yes. How?" Jameson bristled.

"Oh, a landlubber wouldn't understand it."

Jameson straightened up indignantly, then relaxed and grinned. He was plainly quite impressed with Sandy's handling of the boat and the satisfied shouts of the crowd.

"Well, that was pretty good speed," he said.

"Now! Say, I've got an idea under cover that'll make this old tug look like a garbage scow. Jameson, huh?" he indicated the nameplate on the deck. "Thinks he can build racing boats? Why, I'll show him a boat that'll make him think he's been making washing machines."

Jameson's face started to tighten, then he remembered his unknown role.

"What kind of a boat?" he asked.

"Better than a hundred miles an hour. New type. All the big companies been trying to grab it."

Jameson showed interest.

"It must be big."

"Big? It's stupendous! Colossal! Mammoth! And it'll get bigger."

FROM THE yacht club dock Shirley and Burton were leaving in a fast looking speed boat.

As Sandy's boat overhauled and ran alongside Burton's boat he looked back, saw Shirley and gave her the world's most cocky grin. Jameson looked surprised and glanced from Sandy to Shirley.

Shirley stared at Sandy in complete astonishment.

"Knock her" Jameson asked, indicating Shirley.

"Yeah! An old millionaire's spoiled kid. Ran over our rowboat, then got peved 'cause I kidded her into jumping overboard to rescue me. No sense of humor."

"Think so, eh?" Jameson was greatly amused.

"Yeah. And did she steam up when she found out I could swim." He laughed boisterously.

"I can imagine she did." Jameson chuckled deeply.

The boat drew alongside the pier. Sandy jumped out. Jameson got up.

Sandy helped Jameson ashore.

"Better stay for your free ride, pop."

"Sorry, young man," Jameson said, smiling a smug smile. "I'll take the free ride some other time." He handed Sandy a card.

"Come and see me. I'd like a long talk with you."

Sandy looked at the card and gasped.

"Jameson! Well, I'll be—"

The roar of Bumpy's boat smothered the rest.

* * *

"JAMESON QUITS CUP RACE..."

"FAMOUS SPEEDBOAT BUILDER REGRETS..."

Unknown hope of retaining the famous International Cup went overboard today when John D. Jameson announced his retirement..." the newspapers said.

It was early morning, a week after Sandy's arrival. Jameson was sitting back of his desk, pulling thoughtfully on his cigar as he read the newspaper article. With a look of suppressed enthusiasm he brushed aside the paper and picked up a sheaf of drawings. These were the blueprints of Sandy's and Bumpy's turbine engine.

As he studied the blueprints he heard Shirley coming and quickly covered them with the paper. Shirley entered. She was wearing a pair of chic beach pajamas over a swimming suit.

"Morning, Skipper!" she said gayly.

"Missed you at breakfast." She gave him an affectionate kiss, then sat on the edge of the desk.

"Swimming?" Jameson smiled jovially.

"Training. Going to win the regatta swimming race this year—or drown. It's up to me to defend the family speed honors now," she said, indicating the newspapers. Jameson was grinning wisely.

"Yeah? Well, maybe the old man's got a punch left that nobody suspects."

Shirley leaned back and studied him suspiciously.

"Look here, sir. Has Sandy Norton been talking to you about that silly engine?"

"What engine?" Jameson asked with assumed innocence.

"Oh, one of his crazy ideas. He told me all about it the day I cre—rescued him."

"Sandy's all right. Doing a fine business with my boats at the pier. Guess I owe you a commission—for saving his life."

"Darn you!" Shirley said reproachfully. "You're as bad as the others. Can't a girl ever live down her mistakes?" she asked walking toward the door.

Jameson chuckled gleefully, swept aside the newspaper and leaned eagerly over the

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HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

Blueprints.

Shirley walked out on the pier of her father's private boat landing. Sandy was wearing salmon-colored trousers and a sweater and looked more prosperous than ever. She ignored Sandy.

"As he was mooring the boat Sandy looked up and grinned hopefully.

"Nice morning for a swim," he suggested.

"It was!" Sandy said over her shoulder.

"Temperature lower, with plenty of air," Sandy shivered.

She ignored him and took off the rest of her pajamas, revealing a chic bathing suit. Sandy lingered, watching her. She dove in, swam out a few strokes, then stopped and floated.

"You'll never win a race with that stroke," Sandy said.

"Everybody can't be perfect, Mr. Champion," Shirley was unconcerned.

"All right—if that's how you feel," Sandy said, starting toward shore.

She smothered a triumphant smile.

"Just what is wrong with my stroke?" she asked.

"She swam to the float. Sandy turned back.

"Everything! Head's too high—and your timing is terrible," she said shortly.

Shirley swung up and sat on the edge of the float, her feet splashing in the water.

"Anything else?"

"Yes! Your sense of humor is punk.

"Can anything be done about it?"

"I can fix the swimming. Trained a lot aboard ship. The admiral was my last pupil."

"Really? Did he learn easily?" Shirley was impressed.

"He was swimming before he knew it. But you'll have to follow strict training rules. To late hours, Abed every night at ten."

"Yes, Professor."

"And a long workout—every day."

"Aye, aye, Captain," Shirley answered with a salute.

There was the sound of a motorboat. Sandy and Shirley turned quickly.

A fast expensive looking yacht tender swung in alongside the landing. Clarence Burton was aboard. A uniformed sailor was at the wheel.

"Lo, Clarence," Shirley waved gaily.

"Good morning, dear," Burton answered.

"A relative?" asked Sandy.

"Uh-uh!" she replied with feigned embarrassment.

"Oh—I get it!" Sandy elevated his eyebrows.

"But you'll have to follow strict training rules. To late hours, bed every night at ten."

"Yes, Professor."

"And a long workout—every day."

"Aye, aye, Captain," Shirley answered with a salute.

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"Good morning, dear," Burton answered.

"A relative?" asked Sandy.

"Uh-uh!" she replied with feigned embarrassment.

"Oh—I get it!" Sandy elevated his eyebrows.

Burton, obviously nettled to find Shirley with Sandy, had disembarked and walked over to them.

"Er—I hope I'm not intruding."

"Oh, no! We're quite fond of older people," Sandy said softly.

Burton coughed and glared at Sandy. Shirley stifled a little giggle and then tried to cover things with an introduction.

"This is Sandy Norton—Mr. Burton—Sandy."

Sandy shook hands grudgingly.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Burton. Going to be on the island long?"

"I live here," Burton answered stiffly.

"Oh, fine. You didn't tell me about Mr. Burton. You see, I'm living here, too. I wasn't that dandy?" he said to Burton.

"Sandy is going to help me train for the regatta swim," Shirley said, grinning impishly, enjoying Burton's chagrin. "He teaches admirals to swim.

"I'm very interested, indeed," Burton said coolly.

"But I like this other work better."

Burton frowned, then turned to Shirley.

"I'm having a few friends for luncheon on the yacht. You'll come of course?" he said with an air of proprietorship.

"Tsh! Tsh! Tsh! Now isn't that too bad!" Sandy broke in. He shook his head ruefully.

"What's too bad?"

"Miss Jameson's going into training this morning."

"That's right, Clarence. Can't break training rules."

"Well spoken, Miss Jameson. Ah, me lack a deck! The sacrifices one makes in the interest of sports!" He turned to Burton.

"But if you'll wait until I report to the Skipper, you may bid us bon voyage."

With an airy wave, Sandy went toward the house. Burton was boiling with suppressed rage.

IN HIS library the old man was studying the drawings with an expression of boyish exultation. Sandy was sitting on a corner of the desk.

"I'll tell you, I'm how much I've retired! Why, my boy, with this idea of yours and what I know about building speedboats we'll show this world a new kind of speed."

Jameson waved the sheaf of drawings.

"Better than a hundred miles an hour."

The door at the back of the two men opened and Shirley and Burton entered, passing in surprise. Neither Sandy nor Jameson saw them.

"Nonsense! A hundred and twenty—at least," Jameson said.

They looked at each other in astonishment, listening to Jameson's plans to build a new speedboat. Shirley was wearing her beach pajamas.

"Maybe a hundred and twenty-five," Sandy said.

"A hundred and thirty—or I'm cock-eyed!"

Shirley and Burton started toward the desk.

"And before you told me about this gas turbine I thought I knew something 'bout speed."

He saw Burton and Shirley and grew embarrassed. "Huh! Hello, Clarence! Where'd you drop from?"

"I think it's time we had a straight talk—if I may interrupt."

"Oh, of course. See you at the office, he said to Sandy."

"Okay."

He gave Burton a hard look, then started toward the door, passing Shirley.

"Ready for your lesson?" he asked her.

"No, thanks," she answered coolly.

"I've just had one."

She turned her back and walked away. Sandy looked after her, shrugged and left.

"I know I promised I'd quit, but this gas turbine is a million dollar commercial proposition," Jameson said.

"Gas turbine? Preposterous!" Burton exclaimed.

"Not this design. It's the greatest thing since the invention of the steam engine. It'll bring orders pouring in, and——"

"And bankrupt you when it fails," Burton said disgustedly. "You'll be ruined—your business gone."

Shirley put her arm pleadingly around Jameson.

"Listen to Clarence's advice—please," she said.

"If you, or Burton, or anybody else thinks I'm going to sit in my rocking chair and see America lose that cup without a fight, you're dead wrong! I'm telling the cockeyed world the old man's going to lick 'em again!"

With a hopeless exclamation Shirley slipped from his arms, then ran out. Jameson looked after her, surprised and sobered. "You haven't the money to build this crazy engine."

"I'll get it! There's a dozen friends of mine at the yacht club who'll jump at the chance to come in."

Later Shirley and Sandy were sitting on the edge of the deck. There was a very sober, half-defiant look on Sandy's face as he listened to Shirley's plea to stop her father from risking everything by building the engine.

"Can't you see, Sandy—that can't afford to start a mistake. He's too old to start all over again. You won't let him, will you? He'll listen to you. He thinks a lot of you."

"Oh, I like him, too. He's grand—the best I've ever known except my own dad."

"Then you will talk him out of that engine?"

"I—I'll try," Sandy nodded slowly.

"I knew you'd do it," Shirley was relieved.

"If you understood. You're a good egg, Sandy."

"Aw, don't be silly. I'll do anything for you, Sandy."

"Oh! I'll drown you for that crack!

"With a quick push she shoved him overboard, then laughed triumphantly.

Sandy was splashing about, pretending again he couldn't swim.

"Help! Save me—Miss Life Saver!" he yelled.

"I'll fix you this time," Shirley called gleefully.

Without stopping to remove her pajamas, she dove in, grabbed him by the hair and shook him under. Laughing gleefully, she waited for him to come up. Suddenly she screamed, then went under, as Sandy grabbed her beneath the water. Sandy laughed tauntingly. She started for him and he swam away.

Burton walked to the shore end of the pier and stood watching Sandy and Shirley, frowning impatiently and burning with jealousy.

Sandy was trying to overtake Sandy. He dodged her and swam to the opposite side of the rowboat. Looking over the edge of the boat, he grinned at her.

"Told you your stroke was puny."

"Thought you were going to teach me."

She climbed into the boat. "Let's go! I feel like doing a mile before lunch."

"Follow the old master!"

She rowed. Shirley was swimming closely alongside as he coached her stroke.

"Take me aboard . . . I'm getting tired," Shirley gasped.

"Nope!" "Nother quarter of a mile."

"Bet you think I can't do it?"

The swim ended. Sandy was helping Shirley aboard. With a sly grin, he seated her behind the oars.

"Now, by the time you row us home, you'll have a good workout."

"Of all the nerve! I won't row any man round anybody's ocean."

Sandy grinned triumphantly as he slipped into the seat beside her.

"Okay. We'll both row."

Shirley laughed as they began pulling.
together on the oars.
Shirley stopped and sighed.
"Let me give you a lift?"
He reached around her, took her arm and continued to row with his arm around her.
Shirley smiled up at him.
"Bit familiar, aren't you?"
"Freedom of the seas," he said. "There's a grand dance in the village tonight." He watched her hopefully.
"I'm having dinner—with Mr. Burton." Sandy was disappointed.
"But dancing is great practice for swimming...develops your wind."
"Then I'll dance a lot tonight," Shirley answered teasingly, "with Mr. Burton."
Sandy scowled—too husky pull on the oars, and as the blades slipped out of the water he went over backwards, carrying Shirley with him.

**That Evening**, Shirley and Burton were strolling along the walk. He was trying to make love to her.
"Don't be so persistent, Clarence. You never give me time to decide if I love you."
They paused, leaning against the railing.
Isn't that a long enough? Seems like we never get a chance to be alone for you to give me an answer."
Sandy walked in behind them and stopped for a moment.
"Oh, now, you know that's not so—" Shirley said pettily. She glanced around and saw Sandy. "Lo, Sandy."
Burton burned up.
"Past ten o'clock." Sandy was playfully stern. "Teacher spank!"
"Oh, to the devil with that training nonsense." Burton said angrily.

"Sandy's right. Clarence. Mustn't break training. I'll run right home."
"Well spoken," Sandy agreed. "Marvelous pupil. Wish I had a dozen like her."
Shirley looked at him quickly.
"Beginning tomorrow," Sandy said to Shirley. "I don't think I'll allow you out nights at all. I told her to dance with you tonight—just for exercise," he told the other man.
"Thank you. Will it be against the training rules for me to walk home with you?"
"Not if she walks straight home," Sandy said airy.
"You're very lenient!" Burton said, taking Shirley's arm and started away.
"It's my one great failing."
"You think you can trust us?" Shirley smiled back over her shoulder.
"Nope! Guess I had better tag along." Sandy fell into step and grinned at Burton. "Just forget that I'm here," he said, and then to Shirley: "Now take a deep breath every third step. One, two, three—breath! One, two, three—breath!"
Burton was boiling with suppressed indignation.

**The First Boat** Sandy and Bumpy built up in trial, seriously injuring Mr. Jameson. The two boys were in disgrace, and finally had to resort to "piracy" among the millionaires' yachts, giving I.O.U.'s for the money they took, payable the day of the big race.
Sandy and Bumpy continued their efforts to get money, and finally got their boat in shape, after borrowing it from the yard, where it was tied up under bankruptcy proceedings. Burton tried to rush Shirley into marriage, with the promise that he would save her father's company.

Sandy showed up at the wedding masquerade party and kidnapped Shirley in the speedboat that was now ready for the race. Police boats scoured the harbor looking for the "pirates" and kept Sandy and Bumpy on the go to avoid arrest. They kept Shirley with them, and the next morning sneaked through the harbor to the starting line, where they slipped through and beat all contenders, to win the International Trophy, with prize money to pay off their I.O.U.'s. Jameson and all the yachtsmen who were robbed were overjoyed to see America retain the title, and wished Sandy luck as he and Shirley embraced on the judge's boat.

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Write name and address plainly.
the three animals apparently don't agree, for there was a terrible set-to for a while and no end to it. Miss Hepburn dared which<br>break them up...the monkey scowled...<br>and then saw who it was...and was so<br>repaient that he went over and patted<br>the dogs in an effort to get back in Kathryn's<br>good graces.

America's Prettiest<br>(Continued from page 21.)

that's another story, as Kipling says.

She has already posed for magazine</p>

covers, and for illustrations for advertise-
ments by some of America's most famous
artists, including no less personages than
MacClelland Barclay, Normal Rockwell,
Howard Chandler Christy, James Mont-
gomery Flagg, and others.

Evelyn is an expert dancer, sings well,
rides horseback, fences, plays tennis,
swims like a fish, and is no mean athlete<br>when it comes to the broad jump. Tho-
roughly American, wholesome and talented,
— but not smooth—she comes into prominence<br>at this time with all, the charm of a Spring<br>breeze on a sunny morning.

She wins the award offered by the Wilfrid
Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture, of
New York, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Brooklyn,
N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., and Newark, N. J.,
—as well as the prize of the finest portable<br>typewriter made in America,—the Smith-
Corona. She also wins a life subscription to<br>this magazine and a twenty-dollar gold<br>piece which goes with the title of:
"America's Most Beautiful High School Girl."

Winners of the other prizes, and the<br>Honorable Mentions will be enumerated in<br>the February issue, together with a possible<br>advance announcement to be made regard-
ing the contest during the year of 1933.

What We Applaud<br>(Continued from page 13.)

stranger still that we, who have demon-
strated such creative capacity, are incapable
of sensing the business need of shedding<br>the implication of extortion.

Give us an audience and we will create
an art; upon this posture we have extended
the heights; only blind incompetency can<br>assail us. Our executives, who have served
to promote the art to a world audience, must
now become servitors to that public. The
millions extended to cover promotional
flame must be returned now in the efficiency
of our art. The art is an orphan which has<br>followed the world war is a challenge to<br>waste.

Achievement no longer consists in creating
million dollar pictures, but rather in creating
pictures which have appeal for the millions,—pictures modeled to meet the economic
change which has come upon the millions.
No artist is greater than his art, and no art
is greater than its public.

Greatness is a verdict only the public
can render.

Achievement in the movie art embraces
every factor in the process, which in the
final analysis sums up as conception and<br>execution,—or mind and money. The
relation is structural; mind the plan and<br>money the material; results of the product of
the two. Thus, it would appear, good pic-
tures, where using accepted standards can be
reduced to the mathematical formula of<br>cost—Plan + Money—or the higher the<br>value of plan, the lower can be that of money<br>in fixing the resultant cost.

Picture productions which hinge upon<br>crystalizing plan through trial and applica-
tion of material or money, tend with cer-
tainty to a cost which means ultimate<br>strangulation of our public, and inevitable<br>bankruptcy of the producer. The great call<br>is for directors who accept as their responsi-
Bility the development of outstanding trans-
scriptions of the literary concept of author,<n>through wise use of money. Thus only can<br>we meet the needs of both the public and the<br>producer.

That thing which starts as a simple recital<br>of life, gaining momentum in the telling,<n>rising irresistibly to a smashing climax<br>(called, the picture) is the impress of time,<n>and sums up our cultural capacity for ex-
pressing human thought in a given set of<br>circumstances, which we call theme.

It is the transcription of literature into<br>life, but unlike the written word it moves,<n>it speaks. It does not make its appeal to<br>thought, it is the culmination of thought, ex-
pressed in vivid and grand sound, and it is<br>your's to challenge. To you,—and you,<n>and you,—and you! Surprise, delight, sus-
pense, laughter, tears—such is the range.

Great industries are not built on the<br>unsteady. The motion picture industry has
achieved its commanding position among<br>the Arts, because, in the main, the results,<n>as brought to the screen, represent exhaus-
tive research in all that pertains to the
mechanism of presentation and tireless<br>preparation to insure dramatic efficiency.<n>
The art of Mutoscope and Movies is not so much<br>such as we. If the mountain come not to<br>us, we create it. Our work may not follow<br>the processes of nature, yet we cause you to<br>see it as the natural. In this we are masters.<n>

Though it may be said our judgment of<br>need for miracles is often unsound, much<br>that we do is miraculous. We create the out-
ward aspect of the historic past and distant<br>scenes which otherwise might be impractical<br>of presentation, and straightway fall into<br>the error of creating elaborate sets which<br>might be turned out. These are disastrously<br>terminate in this,—so toxic is this spell of<br>achievement, we forget that cost has rela-
tion to results, a defect that has filtered<br>through to every department in the indus-
try, blinding us to our public upon whose<br>tolerance the industry rests.

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HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
Hepburn's "Hop"
(Continued from page 10.)

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Roar, Lion, Roar

(Continued from page 11) send for Alice Doll. She'll scream for you—and how!

Months ago, during the filming of John Barrymore's "The Mad Genius," Director Michael Curtiz shot a theatre panic sequence. A feature of course, was screams, shouts, yells and wails. That was when Alice Doll's amazing talent was discovered. Up to then she had been hiding her shrieks under a bushel. After the young player had been put "out the baffle" and had screamed long and loud in varied degrees of agony she was put down on the studio casting office records as an "A-1 Official Screamer For Squeezing Sequences.

Simply because a star's voice is too valuable a thing to risk in the middle of an expensive production. The human throat is a delicate contraption and in some people can be easily damaged by straining. So it came about that Alice Doll, whose throat seems to stand up well under the strain of repeated and unholyscreams, has scraped for the Best People of Hollywood. She varies her cries to fit the personalities and the voices of the lovely ladies she screams for.

Ruth Chatterton is not often confronted with the necessity of screaming in her roles. In "The Rich Are Always With Us" not a peep was called for, but in her latest, "Common Ground," Alice Doll was summoned to raise her voice to the skies for La Chatterton.

Barbara Stanwyck is the champion screamer among the ladies of the screen and therefore never used Miss Doll's vocal pipes. In "Ladies They Talk About" you will hear Barbara scream long, loud and repeatedly. It's dandy. Before the sequence was photographed Director Howard Bretherton murmured words to the effect that he didn't think she ought to risk her voice. Maybe Miss Doll should be sent for.

"I'll do my own screaming," Miss Stanwyck said. And that was that. Loretta Young screams her own screams in pictures, too, a high, immature scream which promises in time to reach really admirable proportions. Joan Blondell owns a scream which will positively terrify you. Did you hear it in "Miss Pinkerton?" You're going to hear it in "Central Park" some more. And there are wild animals in that film. It makes the hair rise on the heads of the studio electrician, and Joan loves to frighten electricians.

Kay Francis plays more stately parts and her emotions are seldom expressed by screaming. She can do it with the best of them, but it ruins her voice for days, which makes her shrieks too costly for use.

And so you see how a little girl made good in Hollywood by means of a great big scream. Perhaps you, too, can scream. Try it out at the dinner table some night and see what happens. If your family collapsethe table, dragging table cloth and dishes with them, if the neighbors rush in, if the police arrive—then you have a future. Hollywood is waiting for you.

(Continued next month)

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Six Hours To Live
(Continued from page 28.)

Von Sturm fell back into a chair. "How can I tell Valerie," he mumbled. Then, "Go downstairs," he ordered Sturges. "M'sieur Kranz arrives!"

"When did he leave here," snapped the Commissioner.

"An hour ago." Von Sturm was startled. "Surely you don't suspect Karl. Why he and Paul were friends.

"And rivals." Then to Sturges: "Bring him up here. He won't come.

"I knew they'd get him," Kellner gibbered. "He laughed at death and now it's laughing at him.

"You've a grim sense of humor, my friend," said the Commissioner seizing him. "Why are you trembling so? Where did you go for a walk?"

"I don't know—I don't remember."

"You never left this room," the official snarled. "You were right here when he wrote his resignation. You crept behind him with the knife.

He shook the noose in Kellner's distorted face. The secretary tore away.

"No, no, I didn't," he shrieked. "Look!"

From the desk he snatched a packet of letters. "Proof! Shows I didn't do it. Shows who did it,"

The officer took the letters, scanned them. "Death threats," he growled to Von Sturm. "There's enough evidence to hang a dozen men."

In the silence a light rap was heard on the door. A woman's voice: "Paul, Paul dear."

It was Valerie.

For an instant none of the living men breathed any more than the dead man on the carpet. Then Ivan left the room closing the door behind him. He managed to smile at Valerie.

"I'm sorry, Baroness," he whispered, "Captain Onslow is sleeping."

"Then I'll leave this with you," she handed Ivan a flower. "I brought it for him to wear this evening."

"Thank you," was all Ivan could say, hoping for the steadiness of his voice.

The others showed that they had overheard the conversation. When Ivan returned and laid the flower by the cross on the dresser, He saw the Commissioner put the letters to Onslow in his pocket and growl in bafflement:

"Is one of these notes allibus the other..."

"If we only knew what he knows," agonized von Sturm.

The Commissioner shrugged.

"Dead men tell no tales," said the former detective.

"Maybe this one could." They all turned and stared at Professor Bauer who had spoken. "Maybe I could bring him back with my ray," he proposed eagerly.

"You're crazy," snapped the Commissioner.

But there is no stopping the excitement Bauer now. "Why?" he queried excitedly. "He was not shot. His body is whole. I've given life back to animals."

The Commissioner snorted his disgust and disbelieved.

Professor Bauer thrust an agitated forefinger in the incredulous crowd. "Fifteen years ago did you believe in the radio? No! Fifty years ago, did you believe in the automobile, No! One hundred years ago. "You've gone back far enough," droll broke in the police head.

The interruption infuriated the scientist. "If you'd lived in the time of Columbus you'd have thought the world was as flat as a pancake."

"I still think it's flat."

"You still don't believe me? I'll show you. Here, before your eyes I'll give you proof. A dead rabbit will live, breathe, run. I was going to do it tomorrow but I do it now—here."

Without waiting for an answer he left the room with Blucher and von Sturm.

The others followed the agitated scientist into the laboratory. Without a word he began to prepare his apparatus for action. It was a strange machine, a number of insulated frames, semi-circular in shape and adjustable to various positions. The arched contrivances hung from a central conduit. In the center there was a major socket to hold the Professors' ray tubes.

Bauer supplied his guests with dark goggles while von Sturm examined the rabbit with his stethoscope.

"Just as you say, Otto," he reported. 

"Totally lifeless."

The professors screwed his ray tube into the socket and smiled proudly.

"My precious ray. More potent than all the radium in existence! Do a good job! Don't fail me now," Then to the group.

"Come close gentlemen! We're ready to proceed."

They all gathered about the table very intent—all but the Commissioner who feigned indifference. Blucher switched off the light plunging the room in darkness. The transformer began to hum and the
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

ray tube emitted a weird light. The eyes were fastened on the rabbit under the ray. Suddenly they saw a slight ripple over its body. Soon it was striving to be free. With a cry of triumph the professor released it, and the little creature scurried out of the room. They stared at each other in wonder.

"You are a superman," exclaimed von Sturm.

"Yah!" grunted Bauer. He grabbed the rabbit playing on the terrace.
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BROADWAY AND Florida's Fairest
(Continued from page 25)

She is fearless and delights in doing the new and novel. Up in a Goodyear blimp, recently, she watched what made the "darn thing" work—and then succeeded in receiving permission to pilot the ship from Angeles plain to Inman. She has dark brown hair and eyes that match better than you can believe—and weighing 108 pounds she stands exactly 5'3" inches.

And when she is all through protesting—she will tell you how much she has never been in love.

Ruth's beauty is not alone the preoccupation of feature with which she is graced, nor yet the symmetry of line which makes her figure both lithe and graceful. Nor in the unbelievable beauty and shapeliness of her legs. It is also the intelligent with which she is obviously invested—and perhaps the long line of Ilanez, good upstanding artists and citizens, which gives her the wide brow and expression which lifts her immeasurably above the conventional prettiness of the screen.

Her family in Jacksonville are well up in the social and cultural circles of that city of the South and Ruth has deeply regretted on more than one occasion that her so-rapid success in the movies has cut short her school career. It is perhaps because of this realization that she has missed something which circumstances have made it improbable she will ever regain that makes her such a vociferous reader and such a persistent student in things cultural.

But do not for a moment think that Ruth is not a perfectly normal girl of the lovely and enjoyment-loving member of the younger Hollywood set. Because she is quite frankly she loves dancing and teas and nights at the Ambassador grill, where she is seen in company with many interesting looking people.


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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card.
Reward Will Be Paid
Everyone Who Submits
Most Suitable Name

Making good in her first Movie in Eddie Cantor's new picture, "The Kid from Spain," seems to be only a part of this winsome little blonde's worries, for she must now seek a new name, one that sounds more like a movie star, than her present name, Edith Roark. A name, of course, does not mean everything, but it is important enough to Miss Roark and her publicity director, George Blake, to have them deposit $800 cash and agree to give this sum to anyone who sends in the most suitable name. Miss Roark says she hopes everyone who reads this announcement will send her a name for any name may be chosen and win. Every reader who sends the name selected for Miss Roark will be the lucky owner of this $800 cash prize. The rules to follow are very simple. Only one name must be submitted by each person. You may submit your own name, the name of a friend, or a name you make up, but all names should be mailed at once because $200 of this prize money will be given all winners whose name is mailed within five days after this announcement is read, otherwise you can win only $600. All suggested names must be mailed to George Blake, Publicity Director, Studio 303, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, California.

Miss Roark says "No reader should hesitate to send in a name for the very name you send may be the one selected, and win the $800 prize if sent on time." Miss Roark's dream came true because she tried for the movies, yours may also come true if you try for this prize.
LILIAN BOND sends February 14th Greetings

Will you be my Valentine?
Beer and Burns

Two of the really important front page stories which have caught our eyes during the past two months concern the attempts of the U. S. Congress to redeem their campaign pledges to the people and legalize the manufacture, transportation and sale of beer; and the refusal of the sovereign State of New Jersey to surrender, to a southern state, Robert Elliot Burns, a fugitive from a chain gang.

It is unnecessary in the editorial columns of this monthly magazine for us to take sides on the question of beer and light wines; the mandate of the American people last November was sufficiently drastic in its revolutionary political changes to place adequate emphasis on what the public wants.

Nor do we feel free to demand that Georgia's governor be pilloried because he requested the return of a criminal. It is not within the scope of our activities to commend Jersey justice, either.

The deeper significance, as it affects those who are interested in motion pictures, is that the cinema has played so prominent a part in moulding public opinion, presenting both sides of the arguments, and offering propaganda,—(unintentional or otherwise) which better enables judges, legislators, governors and senators to make their decisions and to discover exactly how the public feels on important questions.

The interviews with prominent people and government officials, as well as with the men and women in ordinary walks of life, on the prohibition question have been shown in the news reels of every motion picture theatre in the country. In addition to this public opinion has been formed as a result of feature pictures, the motive of which has been rum-running, bootlegging, prohibition intolerance, or alcoholism in the habits of youth.

No one will question the fact that the film "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" played a large part in influencing the minds of theatre-goers against the injustices of a harsh prison system which should be relegated to the middle ages. The picture is no reflection on the State of Georgia unless Georgia decides to make it so.

My point is this: the motion picture is already so powerful an instrument of propaganda and educational enlightenment that we can ill afford to ignore its direct and indirect influences. We must not ham-string it with intolerant regulations and unfair censorship.

In the long run, the inherent goodness of character to be found in every American is the dominating influence in what pictures should or should not be.

If, in the passing of time during 1933, as public characters and events shuffle across the stage of our state and national life, we find opportunities in which the cinema may render worth-while service,—by all means encourage it, and grant the industry the freedom to do its best,—unhampered by destructive criticism and the shackles of censorship.

In the ultimate solution of our present economic and political problems we may uncover a veritable scorpion's nest of graft, dishonesty and corruption in high places. Should such be the case we shall want to look to the motion picture to do its part towards bringing such conditions to a speedy termination and in the swift punishment of those responsible.

In 1933 the motion picture industry must be a leader,—not a follower.

A. R. Roberts, Editor
GARY COOPER
in "A Farewell to Arms"
A NEW ANGLE ON KISSING.
TALA BIRELL and MELVYN DOUGLAS being photographed in Universal's "Nagana"
NEW ANGLES ON KISSING

By Anita Delglyn

NEW ANGLES on kissing; new viewpoints! According to the cameraman, kissing in the movies is all a matter of angles. Given adequate players the camera can, according to its boosters, make love blow hot or cold. The enthusiasm of a motion picture kiss, the cameramen would have you believe, is more or less a photographic trick.

As far as that goes, all life's little intricacies which appear upon the screen are just "angles" to the cameraman. He worries more about too much neck showing in a clinch than he does about the psychological problem the director is trying to solve. And if the director will just tell the cameraman which one of the seven—or is it seventy—kinds of screen kisses he wants, the problem is already more than half solved.

The full profile kiss, for instance, in which the two principals involved share equally on the screen, with lips meeting directly, will never win the approval of a cameraman, unless it is for a comedy kiss such as Joe E. Brown gives Ginger Rogers in "You Said a Mouthful," or for one of Eric Linden's naive, inexperienced, unsophis-

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in "No Man of Her Own."

ticated kisses. Or such as Jack Oakie would give Shirley Grey in "Uptown New York,"—warm, but not "decorative."

This straight-on profile kiss is wrong for many reasons, according to Robert Kurrle, ace lens and shutter expert for Warner Brothers—and a man who has angled his cameras at many famous kissing sequences, including those very beautiful love scenes in "One Way Passage" between William Powell and Kay Francis.

It is wrong, first, he explains, because people don't kiss straight-on that way. Their noses get in the way. Also, their mouths show more distortion from such an angle. It is both bad taste and bad camera.

But, says Kurrle, if you get your camera a little above and to one side, so that it looks obliquely at the lady who is to be kissed and allows the man's head to come into the picture—there is a kiss. The emphasis belongs to Kurrle.

The position of the camera is such that though the man may press only lightly upon the lady's lips, he appears, through the fore-shortening of the distance between them, to be crushing her to him. It's effective, says Kurrle,
and it goes to show what a help the camera can be in a love scene. Psychologically, it portrays the dominance of the virile male over the young female; which is the way life works out.

Naturally, Kurrle explains, the aggressive party in a kissing sequence must be higher on the screen under ordinary circumstances than the more passive one. If the man isn’t tall enough to tower impressively over the woman and he is to be the insistent one in the business of kissing, he is put up on a box, so that he has command of the situation and of the kiss, from the camera’s viewpoint. Only close-up scenes of kisses interest Kurrle particularly. A “long shot” of a kiss is just a long shot and angles can do little with its effectiveness. It does little to warm the cockles of the hearts of those who may be seated in the theatre.

There are other camera tricks in this kissing business, too, according to this authority. There is the simple one used in extremely large close-ups of having the corners of the mouths touch first, then the heads turn until the full lips are involved. This also prevents distortion and gives audiences a real thrill.

But there are other, more tricky tricks. As, for instance, when the camera is to register the effect of a kiss on the actress in question through the startled, thrilled, passive or indignant expression in her eye. Then it may be necessary for the benefit of the camera which is just back of the man’s shoulder, for the lover to kiss the lady on her chin in order to leave the tell-tale eye fully exposed. This, explains Kurrle, requires the services of a real actress.

(Continued on page 56)
SERIOUSLY, if you're sincerely interested in swimming, don't read this article! But if you're too serious-minded, don't go to see the picture of mine called "You Said a Mouthful!" It may be too "heavy" for you. Now here are the hints:
1. Don't go swimming.
2. If you must swim, imitate the poor fish. Be yourself in the water.
3. It is not so important that you keep out of the water as it is that you keep the water out of you. Better be wooden-headed than water logged.
4. Find a nice pond. The Pacific Ocean is really bigger than anyone, except our very best swimmers, needs. The Atlantic will do if you prefer something not quite as large.
5. Don't kick your feet as though you had an ear caught in a wringer. Remember Grace—but don't let your wife know you remember her!
6. There is a rule in the Brown family that whoever splashes least, drowns first. Joe Brown's body may some day lie a-moulderin' in the grave but it won't do any moulderin' in Davy Jones' locker.
7. Suit yourself—borrowed suits are most often moth-eaten.
8. Hands are important. You should reach for the water—not punch at it. Which explains why people who live in boarding houses make the best swimmers.
9. Breathe regularly, but not under water.
10. Keep your head, by avoiding shark-infested waters, ships' propellers, mermaids and cases of Scotch thrown overboard by escaping rum-runners.
11. Beginners should remember their directions, especially the way up.
12. Swallow often but not much. This prevents water-logging and sinking in unfrequented spots about the ocean.
13. Kick vigorously; the management may refund your money. (Try and get it!)
14. Diving is different. Some people go into dives naturally. Some have to be encouraged. The official U. S. Navy diver's suit, however, is not conducive to speed swimming.
15. Position is important. If you have a good, permanent, well-paid position, don't go into dives. Not if you expect to keep your head above water financially.
16. Avoid profanity. More swimmers have drowned at the Hellespont than at Catalina. If you've decided to drown, make it the Golden Gate and not Hell Gate; it'll save time. Remember, you're not an angel just because you wear water wings.
17. It's safer for the beginner to stroke a back than to try to backstroke.
18. You shouldn't swim right after eating, but you can eat right after swimming—and how!
19. If you must flirt, do so near shore. You'll get in deep water quickly enough that way, anyhow. Her eyes may be limpid pools but don't take the dive too quickly.
20. Plunge in. Don't dilly-dally. (Continued on page 64)
PAUL, THE PRISONER

Muni's Screen Success Helps to Free Chain Gang Victim

By Marie Forgeron

There are Hollywood gangsters who, in the progress of the celluloid flicker, never see the inside of a penitentiary, or, in the telling of the story, they pass "off stage" never to reappear. Just as there are gangsters in real life who never see the inside of a penitentiary, I am sorry to say.

But Paul Muni's lot seems to be composed of a series of events comprising getting caught or getting released from prison; that is, when he is not actually behind the bars.

There is naught, however, of the prison pallor about his youthful, ambitious face,—nor is there any shuffle or cadence to his step which might lead to the suspicion that he had a number rather than a name. All of his prison experiences have been on the stage and screen.

In fact, the stage role which secured for him an attractive contract for the movies was "Four Walls," a story of a young man recently released from prison who gets into bad company and is again sought by the police. "Four Walls" was produced by Sam Harris who also produced "We Americans," both of which found Paul in the leading male role.

It was while viewing "Four Walls" that Winfield Sheehan, vice-president of Fox Films, made up his mind to secure the young Jewish actor. His first film assignment was the lead in "The Valiant," which was followed by "Seven Faces,"—then "Four Walls;" the latter from the stage play.

His greatest recent stage success was undoubtedly "Counsellor at Law," a play which had to do with the machinery of justice and law.

Following his film success under the Fox banner, Howard Hughes, producer of the four million dollar picture "Hell's Angels," engaged the young man, after a nation-wide search for the right character, to play the leading role in "Scarface: The Shame of a Nation."

What Paul Muni did to that role is, to use the vernacular of the street, nobody's business! The picture was a financial and artistic success. From the time he first poked his nose into the "parlor, bedroom and bath" of the king gangster, played by Osgood Perkins, and made eyes at "Poppy" (Karen Morley), his fame was assured.

The by-play between the scantily clad, beautifully formed creature who sat dressing at the vanity while "Scarface" tried to attract her attention was one of the gem "spots" in the history of films. His ultimate triumph, still illiterate and getting tougher by the minute, is too well known to most of our readers to call for a description.
Suffice it to say that, in closing, the gangster finds himself in the clutches of the law, in prison, and on the scaffold. On this occasion he passes out of prison via the hangman’s noose.

More recent, of course, is his portrayal of the role of "James Allen" in "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,"—the harrowing story of the horrors of life in a Georgia prison camp. I say "Georgia," because that State has gone out of its way to bring its chain gang system into the limelight, following the unholy revelations of what was happening in Florida, just south of the Georgia boundary.

The unfortunate arrest, under circumstances which make me believe that the author, Robert E. Burns, a shell-shocked war veteran, was the victim of a huge publicity stunt which didn’t quite "click," again brought Mr. Muni’s picture into the limelight, and it is being shown in literally hundreds of theatres through-out the United States and Canada at the present moment.

In this production Paul Muni is more of a prisoner than he has ever been in any of his plays and pictures; literally a caged convict engaged in the road work which Georgia exacts of its law violators. The young actor gives everything he has to this film,—it exacts a contribution from him which is nothing less than an offering of sheer genius.

To him, and to Lervyn Le Roy, must go the lion’s share of the credit and glory which follows in the wake of so successful a film venture.

Paul Muni is surrounded by a score or more of talented and capable actors and actresses, principal among whom is, of course, Helen Vinson. In this connection it is worthy of note that Helen, a fascinating blonde, was, in the very early months of 1931, playing the leading feminine role in "Berlin" at the George M. Cohan Theatre, Broadway, New York.

In reviewing the play, attention was called by BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" to the fact that her ability in this production warranted her debut in the movies, and the assertion was ventured that it would not be long before one of the big producers availed themselves of her services.

Within a few weeks after that printed announcement appeared in the columns of this magazine, Miss Vinson was signed for film work with First National and Warner Brothers pictures. Curiously enough, the first act of "Berlin" takes place beside a prison fortress, includes the escape of a prisoner of importance, and the entire action of the play concerns war time police activities.

It was altogether logical, then, that Miss Vinson should be immediately cast opposite Paul Muni,—Paul the prisoner,—in the production of "I am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" then getting under way. She has handled her first role superbly, and BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" feels particularly fortunate in the small part it has had in getting her started on her film career.

Needless to say, Mr. Muni himself was pleased with her work. On the stage he was previously known by his birth name,—Muni Weisenfriend.

Being a veteran of the legitimate stage at the age of eighteen is, to say the least, unusual. But the fact is, that, at the age of eleven, the boy, Muni Weisenfriend, was called upon by his parents to don a white beard and enact the role of a man of sixty,—all because the script called for one more character than the company, then woefully understaffed, was able to furnish.

Reports have it that the young man turned in a surprisingly good performance, and from then on he did "bits."

Born in Vienna, he had travelled with his parents as they toured the tiny vaudeville theatres of Austria, Hungary, Germany, Poland, Netherlands and Belgium. He was a "shaver" of but four years when the family crossed the Atlantic to continue their touring in America.

At eighteen a veteran,—his father dead, and about to part from his mother who was called to New York City to assume a role in a play there, young Muni decided to stay in Chicago and play in the cheaper vaudeville theatres. Between times he earned a living from the gas works.

But the hard grind had its effect upon him; he learned to love work, and the years of travelling with a vaudeville troupe had given him a

(Continued on page 55)
EDMUND LOWE. One so often hears scraps of conversation where people are likening themselves to some famous moving picture stars.

"People tell me I look just like Edmund Lowe," many soldiers of fortune might truthfully say. That's just why discriminating directors have so often cast him for the gentleman who lives by his wits.

Note this clean cut mobile face. Doesn't it look keen, straight-browed and able to find its way amid the byways of the Orient or Occident? Remember him and McLaglen as the swashbuckling soldiers of fortune in "The Cock-eyed World."

Remember how Edmund Lowe's fine technique generally made him the victor in affairs of the heart?

Well, he has forehead, nose and eyes that suggest a great deal of gentlemanly craftiness.

Edmund Lowe has been cast in a great variety of parts, but the great majority have been to depict a shrewd, capable man of the world with a great love for meeting unusual obstacles and overcoming them in a most unexpected and adroit manner.

So if you look like our sharp-featured friend, you probably share his sharpness of wits. The repressed upper lip with its thin lip line in contrast with the deeply indented chin and full lower lip is most unusual.

These silent lips in strong contrast tell most eloquently of their owner's strange alternately talkative, then taciturn nature. Some will know him as a friendly, even if somewhat sarcastic talker, others will find it difficult if not impossible to penetrate his wall of reserve.

If his upper lip were as full as the lower, they would silently tell the story of a more bombastic, emotional and outspoken nature. That would not be the Edmund Lowe we know, nor could he fill the particular niche he fills so well.

Perfectly poised and artful, but not cold-bloodedness is the story these unmuted lips reveal, so if you, too, have this facial peculiarity in as the same small proportion of head behind the ears, you will be hard for talkative warm-blooded romantic people to understand.

Edmund Lowe, with the physical and mental make-up we have just mentioned, is pre-eminently fitted to play the gentlemanly adventurer with enough pride and intestinal fortitude to win in haphazard games without smirching his name. He was well qualified for the male lead in "The Devil Is Driving" and in Fox's "Hot Pepper," with his side-kick "Vic" again.—

William E. Benton.

JOAN MARSH is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's coming favorites, and a decided blonde. She has also appeared in Universal and Fox films to excellent advantage, and her entire visage proves her ability. She inherits the ambitious nature which sways her father, Charles Rosher, veteran cameraman; and made her movie debut with no less a personage than Greta Garbo in "Inspiration."

The full-curved lips and brilliant eyes denote profoundly good health and a young woman who is highly sexed. (I say this in a complimentary nature, for, alas, some Hollywood stars are woefully under-sexed.)

She is a good mixer, athletic, and naturally artistic; an extravert rather than an introvert. While not highly educated, she has a keen mind for mech-

(Continued on page 64)
ROCHELLE HUDSON
"The Savage Girl"
WHEN I was cast for "The Savage Girl," I was worried that the abbreviated leopard skin, which is my entire wardrobe in the picture, would leave my skin red, blistered and painful. So I set about a routine which, I find, has saved me hours of agony and has really "baked" my skin an even tan that is most becoming to both brunette and blonde. I know I am trying to hold on to it—and am succeeding—but I'll tell you that, too....

A few days before shooting started on the picture I went to the beach each day and in a strapless suit, or my regular suit,—in which case I let down the straps to expose my body, studied my part right on the sand with the sun beating down and the wind blowing merrily. The first day I started I only sat on the beach for half an hour and each succeeding day I increased the "dosage" by an hour. At the end of the fifth day, when the shooting began I had five hours and a half of scorching sunlight.

The first day I put on a very thin coat of olive oil, which was so sparingly applied that it did not give me a greasy look at all. You see, I had to have my skin darkened and a heavy coat of oil or fat would have protected it so that it would have remained white. The thin layer of oil merely prevented blistering, while allowing the upper epidermis to tan—but gradually.

When I was ready for the cameras my skin was a dark cream color that had hardened the tender skin enough to permit of a whole day's exposure and which deepened evenly and painlessly as the picture progressed. The first day we were out in the sun no less than ten hours and so many of the cast,—men exclusively,—were complaining bitterly of the pains they were enduring because of sunburn.

Sunburn, as you perhaps know, is not only uncomfortable—but actually serious when it attains the "first degree" burn stage. It hastens blood poisoning and, I am told by doctors who experience this sort of poisoning much more frequently than I would imagine, that it not seldom results in amputation of legs and arms,—and, in many cases actually proves fatal. Doctors say, however, that this is more rare than common, and that, like most things, it is overdoing a good thing. Certainly those who wish to succeed at screen work will exercise the necessary precautions.

Everyone is agreed that there is nothing more healthful to child and adult of all ages than the beneficent rays of the sun, which are both curative and preventative.

Now that I have acquired this even burn with so little discomfort—and with so great an improvement in my appearance,—I am loath to relinquish it, and therefore each day I sit before a sun-ray machine which I have bought, for at least one hour, turning around slowly so that every square inch of tan is burned into my skin and evenly retained.

I find there is no appreciable diminishment of the tan and it seems to me that one might keep one's "coat" for months by resorting to this simple expedient.

Last year when dead whites were fashion's favorites the sun-tan effect was startling and smart, but I find that the pastel shades of this season's gowns—especially "morning mist," that new hue that is neither blue nor yet lavender, with a cerise bow of velvet or satin, the latest thing for those formal and semi-formal affairs that call for backless gowns and a full sun-tanned back—lend themselves even more stunningly to the suntan "over-all." I am sure that you will find this enhances your attractiveness and is at the same time a highly desirable prophylaxis.

Editor's Note.—This charming star wears but one costume throughout her role in "The Savage Girl"—and that an abbreviated leopard skin—and we'll vote for her right next to Gloria Swanson, Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis, and all the other Hollywood stars who...
LAST MONTH we announced that, for 1932, Miss Evelyn Kelly, a New York City girl, had won the title of “America's Most Beautiful High School Girl,” and the prizes which went with it.

Space prohibited publishing the pictures, at that time, of the other winners selected by Gregory LaCava, film director; Alma R. Roberts, editor of Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" magazine; Ricardo Cortez, cinema star; I. W. Ullman, president and treasurer of the Edgewood Publishing Co., Inc.; and Helen Twelvetrees, film star, judges of the nation-wide contest.

Marjorie Swinson, seventeen year old beauty of Tarboro, N.C.—a student at the Tarboro High School, won Second Prize as one of America's prettiest high school girls. Her picture, together with that of one of the judges, appears on the opposite page. Miss Swinson lives at 305 East Granville St., Tarboro, N. C., and movie producers would do well to cast their eyes toward the Carolinas if they're anxious to secure bright and budding screen material.

Third Prize went to Beverly Downey, also 17 years of age during 1932—of the Whittier Union High School, Whittier, California. Miss Downey, whose portrait appears on page 18 of this issue, has a charming personality and lives at 705 Pasadena Street, Whittier,—in the state which houses the film capital.

Fourth prize was unanimously awarded to Opal Babst, age 18,—R. F. D. No. 5, N. Topeka, Kansas. Opal was, during 1932, a student at the Seaman High School in Topeka. She has all that is necessary towards the making of a successful film actress and (Continued on page 52)

Left: Opal Babst, Fourth Prize.
Below in oval: Beverly Downey, Third Prize.
At Right: Katherine Watkins, Honorable mention.
MARJORIE SWINSON, Second Prize

Gregory La Cava discusses the high school beauty contest with Lupe Velez, between scenes of "Half Naked Truth," an R.K.O. picture which he directed.
MISSOURI maidens headed the list of the Wampas Baby Stars, chosen during December, 1932, for this year’s "starring". In this much envied group of youthful beauties, but two are foreign born,—an English and a Japanese girl; although Ruth Hall, a niece of Blasco Ibanez, is of Spanish parentage, though born in Florida.

Lona Andre, one of Paramount's "Panther Girl" finalists, who now has a contract, is from Nashville, Tenn. Her hair is chestnut brown, and she has blue eyes. Her body is lithe and shapely. Her only completed film thus far is "The Mysterious Rider."

Lilian Bond, born and educated in London, England, has natural deep red hair and hazel eyes. She is an artist, and danced in musical comedies in Great Britain and New York, including "Luana" (a musical version of the "Bird of Paradise") before entering film work to play "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," "Union Depot", "The Old Dark House", "Stepping Out", "Manhattan Parade", "It's Tough to Be Famous", and several others.

Mary Carlisle, blonde Bostonian, is another one of the lucky fifteen girls,—several of whom have been recommended by this month's magazine for promotion. Mary came to Hollywood as a child and played in one of Jackie Coogan's old films and in University's "College" series. She is under contract to M.G.M., and played minor but important parts in "Grand Hotel", "Hotel Continental" and "The Great Lover.

June Clyde was the baby Tetraxzini in vaudeville before coming to talking films. She's blonde with dark eyes and is one of Missouri's four contributions. She appeared in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," "The All American," "Back Street" and "Tess of the Storm Country", R.K.O.'s "Hit the Deck", and others. She has written articles for BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies", as have several of the others who secured the much coveted Wampas honors.

Patricia Ellis is a seventeen-year old New York blonde who was in the Broadway presentation of "The Royal Family. Patricia is a juvenile lead in George Arliss' latest "Kings' Vacation." She's under contract to Warners. Her father is Alexander Leftwich, New York director.

Ruth Hall is one of the five brunettes on this year's baby star list. She worked in the Marx Brothers' "Monkey Business," in Tom Mix's "Flaming Guns" and in Eddie Cantor's "Kid From Spain," where her work commended her for a new contract with Samuel Goldwyn. A detailed story of Ruth's activities in the cinema world was published in the January issue of this magazine. Ruth also has the feminine lead in Monarch's "The Gambling Sex."

Elenor Holm, Olympic swimming champion of her sex, has been in films since the games closed in Los Angeles last August, but has yet to appear in anything except screen tests. She was born in New York.

Ziegfeld thought her beautiful enough to give her a contract for the 1931 "Follies."

Evalyn Knapp seemed to be a daughter of misfortune. Her name came up for inclusion among the 1931 baby stars after this brown-haired blonde had made an auspicious previous start in the movies, but she fell over a cliff and broke her back. Spending many months in a
BOOTS MALLORY
Fox Baby Wampas star; formerly of Will Oak-
land’s Terrace Club
Volpe Photo

Below, in circle:
MARY CARLISLE,
M-G-M Baby Star
NEIL HAMILTON and MYRNA LOY, in "The Animal Kingdom"

GUY KIBBEE and EDNA MAY OLIVER in "The Conquerors"
Ann Harding's so-called "triumphant return" was not in any sense a "return." Ann always has been an actress, and, unlike Greta Garbo, had a worthy and lengthy stage career which has made her far more competent than the Swedish star now retired from the films.

Two successful pictures must now be charged up to Miss Harding's credit; one of them,—"The Conquerors," is now playing the smaller theatres and has ended, a month ago, its various runs in the theatres of Greater New York City. The other is, as we go to press, drawing crowds to the new R.K.O. Roxy Theatre, one of the world's largest and newest places of amusement. It stars Ann Harding and Leslie Howard, and it is "The Animal Kingdom."

Mr. Howard, versatile and gifted English actor, has the role of "Tom Collier," who, as owner of "The Bantam Press" in a pretty Connecticut town, and advocate of fine books finely printed, a ne'er-do-well in the eyes of his New York banker-father, Rufus Collier, does the unexpected by falling in love with a conventional society girl, Cecilia Henry. To continue our brief synopsis, Myrna Loy most capably handles the part of "Cecilia."

This pleases his father, who thinks it means that Tom will at last marry. However, Tom is faced with the awkward and painful task of breaking with Daisy Sage, the lovely young illustrator he had lived with for some three years, upon Daisy's imminent return from a brief trip to Europe. This is the leading feminine part, and Ann Harding is superb in it.

At this time Tom is too blinded by the intense beauty and sensuous allure of Cecilia to be aware of any defects she may have. On Daisy's return he tells her of his love for Cecilia, but not until Daisy, in the first flare of exuberance at seeing him, tells him of a new yearning—that of having a baby, and suggests that they marry, "just for a while, anyhow," to give the ultimate baby a name. She suggests a trip to Mexico for the necessary time for love and the procreation of the child.

Daisy's cup is bitter when she hears that Tom has fallen in love with someone else during her absence. But, according to her gallant code, a man is only to be held by the bond invisible—the bond of actual and complete love—so she lets him go. She tells him, however, that she wonders...
Toby's Wings

By Jonathan K. Howell

All God's "chillun" may have wings, but not every producer has 'em. And I'm making no reference whatever to the old aviation picture which starred that little spitfire Clara Bow.

This short story has reference, however, to another "Clara Bow,"—a natural blonde one who is every bit as much charged with dynamite and T. N. T. as any of the "vamps" of her type,—Lydia Roberti, Mary Carlyle, Clara Bow, Joan Marsh, Anita Page, Marjorie White, Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow, Sari Maritizia, Mae West, Ginger Rogers, and a host of others.

But,—and here's where the shoe may or may not pinch! Toby Wing,—for that's her name, needs the spark to fire that charge of powder,—that high explosive quality of her sex appeal. She knows how to sing, she dances well (much better, in fact, than several of those I have mentioned in the previous paragraph), and her voice records well.

And, if you've seen Sam Goldwyn's "The Kid from Spain," you don't need to be told that she photographs like a million dollars. It is small wonder that Toby was voted the most popular girl in Mr. Goldwyn's special ensemble of fourteen gorgeous beauties recruited from all over the world for this musical extravaganza.

And the delectably beautiful Miss Wing is off to a fine start when she can appear, as she did, in a feature picture with Eddie Cantor,—one of America's greatest comedians, and certainly the greatest comic character of the stage, screen and radio. If S. G. and the United Artists "coin a barrel of money" on "The Kid From Spain," it will be, first of all, Eddie Cantor's work that did it.

Inasmuch as Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" has ever been searching for "new blood,"—endeavoring to discover the stars of tomorrow, we feel especially safe in predicting that Toby already has the wings of personality which will carry her to the top.

Born in Richmond, Virginia, the old-time capital of the Confederacy, Toby Wing gets her name from an old Virginia saying "toby-struck," meaning a homely young colt. Now Miss Wing is anything but homely, as her photographs will declare, but her father, Captain Paul R. Wing, retired U. S. Field Artillery officer, picked that name for her, and if we know anything about the light artillery, Captain Wing should know a lot about young colts, mares and stallions.

The Samuel Goldwyn "bit" player is a natural, platinum blonde with shining, bright eyes somewhat on the slant;

Toby Wing, voted the most popular girl in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Kid from Spain," produced by United Artists
WARNER BAXTER
as Capt. Paul Onslow, in
Fox's "Six Hours to Live"
When Valerie von Sturm demands that Paul Onslow, head of the Sylvanian delegation at the Geneva Peace Conference, choose between her passionate love and his career, he writes his resignation. That he cares for her and respects her is evident in the fact that, when he meets a very attractive "street walker" (played by Irene Ware), he refuses to go with her. Later he is found strangled. Professor Bauer, a noted scientist, who has called to attend Valerie's dinner-reception that night, restores him to six hours of life with a machine of his invention. Paul shows an uncanny knowledge of events happening since his demise, tears up his resignation. He says he knows his assailant. Karl Kranz, Valerie's former fiancé, suspected by the police chief of attacking Paul, enters. He is nervous and seems very worried.

"GOOD evening, gentlemen," said Karl. Then, apologising, "I hope I haven't delayed dinner. My cab was held up in traffic."

"Oh, International Boulevard, wasn't it, Karl?" asked Onslow.

His friend stared at him dumbfounded as he agreed. Satisfied that there had been no murderous anger between these two, the Commissioner puffed at his cigar resignedly.

When the others had gone down to join Valerie's guests, Karl remained behind with his friend, still puzzled that he should know of the traffic delay. His uneasiness increased as Paul presented him with valuable papers in case of his death and showed little interest in Valerie's dinner party. When Karl had gone down, Paul took the flower from his dresser and put it in his lapel. He lifted Ivan's cross and hung it about his neck.

Valerie was waiting for him at the foot of the staircase, her bosom heaving, her eyes shining, devouring him. She reproached him tenderly for his tardiness. Then slipping her arm in his, she presented him to her guests.

When dinner was announced and the company divided into partners and passed into the dining room, Valerie looked for Paul to take her in. She was astonished to see him leaving the room with the Marquessa Francisco on his arm. Puzzled and hurt she went in with Karl.

At the table, her composure recovered, she set about placing her guests. One could not have guessed what was in her mind. "Monsieur le Commissionaire, will you sit here, next to me," indicating the chair on her left. "And you Professor, on Papa's left, and Karl, on Papa's right, and Paul—here—beside me."

Paul passed the chair designated.

"If you don't mind, Valerie, I'll sit here beside the Marquessa. She is so interested in politics."

Valerie's smile faded, her eyes filled with pain at the rebuff. This was the second affront. Then collecting herself, she turned to her guests.

"Shall we be seated?" Soon the courses began to arrive and the guests forgot the incident.

When the cigarettes had been lighted, Paul slipped away. He had ordered his car to be ready to take him to the conference, and sent Ivan to ask Valerie to meet him in the garden.

He came upon her under the poplars.

"Valerie," he murmured, "I had to speak to you before I left."

"Judging from your manners," her reply came coldly, "I know what you're going to say."

He moistened his dry lips.

"I don't want to hurt you, dear, but what you ask is impossible."
Think what you want me to give up—a great political career—a brilliant diplomatic life—everything I've striven to achieve.

"I see," her hands writhed agonizedly, "They mean so much more than I or my love."

"My dear—"

"That's it—isn't it?" His arms moved out to embrace her and she shrank away.

"Don't touch me. I suppose, after your victory tonight, you'll go home—and they'll unveil a statue in your honor," sneering.

"THE GREAT PAUL ONSLOW—PATRIOT. That's so much finer than any tribute I could give"—her voice broke—"even though mine would have called you 'Father'"

Blind with anger, she could not see that she was crucifying him. Only half hearing his tortured, "Valerie, don't"—for Paul really loved her with an overpowering, virile, masculine passion. She continued: "Oh, I wish that bullet this afternoon had taken both of us. I would have died thinking that you cared—"

"Don't—Valerie—don't," he cried, his arms going about the woman he loved. Then as quickly he realized the futility of that desire. He could only hurt her. He released her. As he did, she checked her tirade.

"Oh, Paul," she turned to him. Starlight, she saw Ivan's cross gleaming on his shirt front. "I thought you didn't believe in God or crosses."

"Sometimes we learn."

The strange remoteness of his tone awed her.

"Paul, don't be so strange," she begged. Then; "Darling, you can have Sylvyria and your career—but you must have me too. I won't give you up."

Somehow he managed to steel himself to answer.

"I should never have come between you and Karl. Your happiness lies with him."

"My happiness is my own affair. You don't love me—that's all."

She looked at him a moment, then whirled away from him. He watched her go. Then he gazed at his wrist watch.

Six hours to live! Six hours of breath and the stars! Reckless bravado and despair rushed like a fire through him. He sprang into his car and loosed the whole power of the engine. The mad pace exhilarated him as he tore along the roads, entered the city and flashed through the streets. A tire burst—the car swerved crazily. Paul laughed. Then a lurch—a sickening crash—

When Paul emerged from the wrecked car bystanders muttered:

"Only the devil could live through that."

The daredevil smile was still on his face. Then the clock struck. An hour of his time had flown. The thought sobered him. He entered a church and walked down the silent shadowy aisle, softly, so quietly that an old woman kneeling at the altar rail did not hear him. She was praying aloud that she might see her son again, who was dead.

Onslow stood behind her, pity writ large on his face. She buried her head in her hands, wailing. Paul came close to her, and spoke gently to her. She raised her head, not quite sure she had heard a voice. Then she saw him.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was brought here with a message for you. Your son hasn't left you, mother. He's with you every day, loving you . . . watching over you. Some day you will be with him again. You and he will go on together . . ."

She watched him go, awe and wonder mingled in her look.

"Going my way?" he heard a woman's voice beside him as he walked toward the palace. He saw the pretty woman of the town who had accosted him earlier in the day. A prostitute, yes, but a mighty attractive young woman. He looked at her questioningly, yet kindly.

"I was arrested because of you," she said. "It cost me a five."

"I'm sorry I caused you trouble," he answered sympathetically. "What can I do to make it up to you?"

The girl had expected a different answer. She stared at him. Then she caught his arm. (Cont. on page 54)
"Say, Kid, Wanna step out tonight? There's a swell movie 'round the corner."

"That's the figure that caused the accountant to commit suicide."
"Er—ah—What part of Iowa did you say you came from?"

"Hell! You WOULD bring home somethin' like that, just when I went on a diet!"

"Sorry, Baby,—but I gotta take you in for misconduct."
"How can you say I was intoxicated last night, when my footprints up to the door are perfectly straight?"

"Those are the footprints of the man who carried you in."

"Boy! Ain't I glad I went out for track at college!"

Movie Director: "Leggo my leg an' I'll give you Rin-Tin-Tin's Job!"
THE WAX MUSEUM.—Warner Bros.-Vitaphone with Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Allen Vincent, Holmes Herbert, Monica Banister, Edwin Maxwell, Gavin Gordon, Arthur Edmund Carewe and DeWitt Jennings. In this, the most artful means work to uncover a gruesome mystery. The presentation is elaborate, the story gripping. It has a novel treatment.

MY PAL THE KING.—Universal Pictures, with Tom Mix, Mickey Rooney, Noel Barton, Finis Barton, James Kirkwood, Paul Hurst, Jim Thorpe, Christian Frank, Clarissa Selwynne and Wallis Clark. Richard Schayer has written a splendid and clever story for Mix which, though suggestive of an idea we have seen before, yet makes an excellent opportunity for Mix's talent and Universal cameras.


LAWYER MAN.—Warner Bros.-Vitaphone with William Powell, Joan Blondell, Helen Vinson, Claire Dodd, Sheila Terry, Harold Huber, Alan Dinehart, Allen Jenkins, Kenneth Thomson and others. Powell always delightful, gives color and conviction to a story not new but full of the values an audience delights in—fight for success against great obstacles. Splendid entertainment. Excellent.


TOM'S IN TOWN.—Universal Pictures, with Tom Mix, Judith Barrie, Raymond Hatton, Eddie Gribbon, Donald Kirke and Tony. Jack Natteford and James Mulhauser have evolved a new and clever story for Mix in this, without injury to those things which are responsible for his appeal to his public. It has plenty of live action and is well presented. A good picture in "western" adventure.
GOLDIE GETS ALONG.—If you don’t believe Lili Damita can act you ought to see her latest starring vehicle just released by R.K.O. organization. With her may be found Chas. Morton, Dorothy Revier, Sam Hardy and others. The dramatic comedy was most ably directed by V. Schertzinger, and it is one of those things which, while not ponderous, attracts attention.

CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED.—Tom Tyler, who slightly resembles Ricardo Cortez, and blonde Jacqueline Wells, have the leading roles in the latest Universal film epic which is based on the famous poem by that Canadian writer, Robert W. Service. The picture is a serial, chock full of interest, and presents plausible adventures of the Dominion’s red-coated police. Good.

ALL AMERICAN.—Universal Picture. By Richard Schayer and Dale Van Every. An outstanding picture with football celebrities and this wonderful cast: Richard Arlen, Andy Devine, Gloria Stuart, James Gleason, John Darrow, Preston Foster, Merna Kennedy, Harold Waldrige, Harry Clarke, June Clyde, Huntley Gordon, Carl McCarthy, Ethel Clayton, Margaret Lindsay, George Irving, Florence Roberts.

ROCKABYE.—R. K. O.—Radio with Constance Bennett, Paul Lukas, Joel McCrea, Jobyna Howland, Charles Middleton, Howard Walter Pidgeon, June Alpine, Virginia Hammond, Walter Catlett and Clara Blandick. From a play by Lucia Bronder, the adaptation by Jane Murfin and Kubec Glasmon is skillful. Director, George Cukor has marshalled his material with surprising value. A good picture.

WILD HORSE MESA.—Zane Grey’s wonderful western story, as produced by Paramount, with Henty Hathaway directing, is a sure-fire winner. Jim Thorpe, Indian football star, appears in the movie with Randolph Grapewin, and nearly 300 Indians. It is a shame we can’t have more pictures like this Zane Grey classic of American Indian and cowboy life “out west.”

MEN OF AMERICA.—R.K.O. Pictures with Chic Sales, Bill Boyd, Dorothy Wilson and Henry Armetta. Here you have all the “hokum” of the west utilized to build a splendid story of love and adventure. It is full of thrills and romance and the hero gets the girl after suffering and daring enough to delight any audience. Rather good stuff as far as general productions go.

NO OTHER WOMAN.—R.K.O.—Radio Pictures, with Charles Bickford, Irene Dunne, Eric Linden and Gwili Andre with an unusual cast and an unusual story carrying a subtle bit of psychology, the need to grow with our men, despite the differing principle which motivates the lives of man and wife. The theme is not new, but the angle of view is excellent and the photography exceptionally good.

TORCHY ROLLS HIS OWN.—A good short story subject by Educational, starring Ray Cooke, supported by Franklin Pangborn, Marionockett, Cornelius Keene, John Vosburgh and Frank Leigh, and directed by C. C. Burr. Should be advertised in the columns of this magazine, and probably will be when Educational gets over its pinch-penny policy and will want to broaden its field. Good picture.
JUDITH BARRIE
Two studies of the Universal Star
ROBBERS' ROOST.—Fox Films with George O'Brien, Maureen O'Sullivan, Reginald Owen, William Pawley, Maude Eburne, Robert Greig, Doris Lloyd and Frank Rice. From story by Zane Grey. It vibrates with life and action and draws upon a natural setting of scenic beauty for atmosphere which heightens the dramatic worth of the story. Grey knows the west and he tells it with force.


A FOOL ABOUT WOMEN.—Educational with Andy Clyde, Faye Pierre, Vernon Deul, Fern Emmett, Tom Dempsey and Melbourne McDowell. The title has appeal, but the material which makes the picture exceed expectation, Clyde worms into a rare situation quite unexpectedly and adds his blundering humorous bit to the bungle of a foolish husband. Jolly thought and a jolly picture.

TOO BUSY TO WORK.—Fox Film with Will Rogers, Marion Nixon, Dick Powell, Frederick Burton, Constantine Romanoff, Douglas Cosgrove, Jack O'Hara, Charles Middleton, Louise Beavers and Bert Hanlon. From story of Ben Ames Williams directed by John Blystone. This is a charming picture of life as lived by the simple, sincere and simless folks of this world. A natural for Will Rogers.


THE MAN DECIDES.—Powars Pictures with Adrienne Allen, Owen Nares, C. M. Hallard, David Hawthorne, Netta Westcott, Margaret Yarde and Winifred Oughton directed by Miles Mander. Adaptation of the stage play "Conflict" by Miles Malleson. A well constructed modern social drama with strong highlights and very deep shadows—a psychological analysis of the emotions of a woman.


WHITE EAGLE—Columbia Pictures with Buck Jones, Barbara Weeks, Ward Bond, Robert Ellis, Jason Robards, Jim Thorpe, Frank Campeau, Bob Kortman, Robert Elliott, Clarence Geldert and Jimmie House. Story and dialogue, Fred Myton. Here we have a good sample of good western material—well staged, well directed, full of action and a proper predicate for the acting. Enjoyable.
CALL HER SAVAGE.—Fox Film, with Clara Bow, Gilbert Roland, Thelma Todd, Monroe Owsley, Estelle Taylor, Willard Robertson, Anthony Jowitt, Hale Hamilton and Weldon Heyburn. You will want to see it because of Clara Bow. We do not class the story as ideal for her, yet the work lacks nothing of the old spark and she sustains the picture; what there is of it. Just fair.

GAMBLING SEX.—Monarch Production. Story by F. McGrew Willis, Director Fred Newmeyer with Ruth Hall, Grant Withers, Maston Williams, John St. Polis, Jean Porter, Jimmy Eagles and Murdoch McQuarrie. Here is a story which we gladly tell you is sound in its analysis and hence refreshing. It does not borrow from imagination, but is inherently dramatic. It deserves a tribute.

AFRAID TO TALK.—Universal Pictures with Eric Linden, Sidney Fox and a splendid cast. This picture merits and will receive general approval for its expose of the taint which infects most of our communities. It is a terrible arrangement of the unscrupulous politician, and is a bitter tragedy. Something of a warning that one should create better safeguards for the innocent. Excellently done.


BREAK OF PROMISE.—World Wide Picture with Chester Morris, Mae Clarke, Mary Doran, Theodore Von Eltz, Elizabeth Patterson, Charles Middleton and Lucille LaVerne. From story by Rupert Hughes. Theme, love and conscience. Vehicle—a girl who looks upon luxury through the eyes of a girl friend who once lived humbly—and by her is launched into a career.

HANDLE WITH CARE.—Fox Film with James Dunn, Boots Mallory, El Brendel, Victor Jory, Edward Phelps, George Ernes Frank O'Connor, Pat Hartigan and Arthur Vinton. Story by David Butler. We have in this a charming romance, heightened by the coloring found in picturing life which, by circumstances, is so engrossed with the struggle, it is necessarily sincere. You will enjoy it.

CASSIE HANLEY in the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue
Murray Korman Photos

H. B. WARNER

FREDERIC MARCH

BORIS KARLOFF
STORIES for Karloff, the "Frankenstein" monster who last completed "The Mummy," his first starring vehicle for Carl Laemmle, Jr., continue to pile up at Universal City. The make-up artist's next will be "The Invisible Man," adapted from an H. G. Wells story by Gouvernor Morris, with James Whale slated to direct. "Blue Bead," purporting last week from Gower Morris, and "The Wizard," by Ted Fehian and John Huston, son of Walter, will follow.

Joan Crawford's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring vehicle is an original story by William Faulkner, author of "Sanctuary" and "Light in August." Faulkner is now in Hollywood, where he recently completed work on this script, and Miss Crawford returned to the Culver City studios not long ago. The director of the new picture is Howard Hawks, whose films include "Scarface" and "The Criminal Code."

Frederic March has the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in Noel Coward's play, "The Queen Was in the Parlor." Alison Skipworth has an important supporting role. Stuart Walker is directing it.

Earl Wingart recently joined the Fox Film Corporation as publicity manager under Charles E. McCarthy, director of advertising and publicity. Hereafter the work of the publicity department will be separated from that of the advertising department, with Gabe Yorke continuing in charge of the latter department. Congratulations, Earl.

Phillips Holmes has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, according to our Western correspondent, according to an announcement from the Culver City studios. Holmes has been seen recently in such films as "Night Court," "70,000 Witnesses," "An American Tragedy" and "The Broken Lullaby."

Gustave Von Seyffertitz, veteran character actor who is prominently cast in Universal's "Afraid to Talk," is a graduate of the University of Vienna and has the longest name of any actor in motion pictures.

F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, British explorer and writer, has been placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and has already begun work at the West coast studios on an original screen story.

Rev. Bernard Hubbard, explorer, photographer, priest and lecturer, is giving the folks a real treat via his radio talks. He's called the "Pedro of the Glitter." Like Cameron King's talks, they're on adventures, true stories, and darned good!

Herr Dumas, New York barber and hairdresser to the "elite," recently crashed the news columns of the papers by announcing that there were "only two girls in the entire galaxy of Hollywood stars who are really beautiful in real life," in his opinion. He named one as being Jean Harlow and the other as Barbara Kent, and that the world's most beautiful women were Polish "femmes."

He is also credited with stating that "woman . . . has been lost as an inspirational force."

Well, we all grow old sometimes, Herr Dumas: Here's health to your advancing years.

Ralph Morgan has an important role in "Son-Daughter," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production co-starring Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes. Clarence Brown is directing "Son-Daughter," adapted from the David Belasco stage play, with a supporting cast including Warner Oland, Louise Closer Hale, H. B. Warner and others. Brown last directed "Letty Lynton."

Universal's "They Just Had To Get Married" marks Zasu Pitts thirty-eighth picture this year—an average of more than three a month!

Frances Marion has been signed to a new long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss Marion is the author of such screen stories as "The Big House," "Min and Bill," "The Champ," "Emma" and "The Secret Six." She is now finishing a new story for Marie Dressler, following which she will do one for Norma Shearer. After that she will write an original story for Marion Davies.

Josef von Sternberg can be called "Doctor" since he has a Ph. D. degree from the University of Vienna.

Jans and Whalen, well-known vaudeville team, filmed a short subject at M-G-M under direction of Ray McCarey, entitled "Wild People."

Bette Roberts, head of the RKO Radio scenario department, came to New York on the Santa Fe Chief to spend her vacation in the Eastern metropolis.

While here she called on David O. Selznick, executive vice-president in charge of all RKO Radio production, and spent much of her spare time "doing" the New York shows on "She is no relation to Mary A. Roberts, also a scenario writer, and publicity representative, of 2975 Leeward Ave., Los Angeles, Cal."

Robert Young has been signed to a new long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Young made his talking picture debut in Helen Hayes' "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in which he played a young doctor. Next he was given a part in "The Wet Parade," under direction of Victor Fleming. The new contract is the result of his work in this picture.

Paul Hurst is prepared for a few or any other rude awakening.

The player, who has an important supporting role in Paramount's "Island of Lost Souls," practiced leaping out of bed and putting on his trousers for half an hour recently. He was finally able to begin from a "sleeping start," hop out of bed and into his trousers in just three seconds.

This magazine is anxious to secure good wash drawing comics and cartoons such as are published in Life, Bullyhoo, Judge, The New Yorker, and similar publications. Work accepted at publisher's figures—payment on publication.


Cassie Hanley, whose face and figure appear on the opposite page, may land a nice berth for herself in the "movies" some day soon. She would not be the first from the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue to get to the cinema capital from that Broadway emporium of "eats" and entertainment, according to Murray Korman, New York Photographer.

The combination of fifty Japanese waltzing mice and ninety-five girls proved to be a large sized panic at the Metropolitan Studios, where Al Christie was supervising a Vanity Comedy titled "Keyholer Katie," for Educational Pictures. Mr. Christie, who goes in for realism in a "big way," turned thumbs down on "prop" mice and purchased the fifty little rodents for a scene in this new comedy.

The accidental dropping of the lid off the mice's cage almost ended the careers of ninety-five beautiful girls—girls brave enough to face the perils of a Hollywood career, but "skoered" to death of a tiny mouse. Needless
to say there was a display of shapely legs which would have turned Flo Ziegfeld green with envy had he been alive and there.

Spencer Tracy has the leading role opposite Marian Nixon in "Face In The Sky," a recent Fox picture finishing production at Movietone City, under the direction of Harry Lachman. Stuart Erwin has a featured part in this photoplay, which was adapted for the screen by Humphrey Pearson from an original story by Myles Connolly. William Collier, Sr., veteran of the stage and screen, acts as dialogue director on "Face In The Sky."

Warner Bros. announce the production of "Junior Republic," a dramatic story dealing with life and character in a reformatory for boys. "Junior Republic" was written by Islin Auster, and Edward Chodorow, playwright, is now at work on the screen version. An all-star cast is promised.

We're wondering why some of the movie house managers and cinema companies haven't awakened to the fact that the federal government doesn't expect a tax from critics,—for admissions granted under those circumstances are "working papers," not amusement gratuities. Some are even charging more tax than the law requires, which is one of the cheapest forms of graft one can expect at a box office,—penny pinching!

Frank Morgan, Leni Stengel and Verree Teasdale appear in the cast of "Luxury Liner" which B. P. Schulberg is producing for Paramount. Others having important roles are George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborne and Alice White. Lothar Mendes is directing it.

Four Paramount contract players share as many important roles in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," now in production. They are Clive Brook, Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Richard Arlen.

"What Makes a Man a Good Lover?" was the title of a most interesting article which recently appeared in Psychology,—the January issue. It was illustrated with photographs of Rudolph Valentino, Maurice Chevalier, and others, and will prove of value to those interested in getting into the films.

Once again your favorite movies magazine scored a hit. The very day that the January issue was off the press and on sale Paramount signed Dorothea Weick, German film star, to work in Hollywood. In the January issue that pending action was announced by us, together with a photograph of the Teutonic actress. If you want your publication "first with the latest," you must buy Broadway and Hollywood "Movies." Not another film magazine in the world had the "inside" track on that story!

Richard Bennett has a supporting role in "The White Sister," in which Helen Hayes will be starred by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Bennett's latest screen role is in "If I Had a Million."

William Mahlon, aged nine days, can tell the world in years to come that he set a new record in earning his first dollar. He was signed to enact a prominent role in
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
“Lottery Liner” with George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborne and Alice White.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has acquired motion picture rights to “True Love” and “Our Moral Standards,” two original screen stories. “True Love” is by Frances Marion, author of “The Champ,” “The Big House” and “Emma.” Mildred Cram and Maurice Reiners wrote “Our Moral Standards.”

Rumor has it that in “Hot Pepper” Lupe Velez has been raising merry hell on the Fox lots. Ask her to show you the handkerchief trick, or sing you that song “My Ding Dong Don’t Work Any More.” She is reported to have held up production and an entire staff of extras about 23 hours while she indulged in a fit of temperament entirely unbecoming to her . . . Ask her how she likes Charles “Buddy” Rogers and Johnny Weismuller if you want a real treat!

Kiki Roberts is making the rounds of the studios looking for a job, but none of the moguls seem willing to give her a chance. Her namesake, Stephen, who made use of his former career as an army and air circus stunt flier in directing “Sky Bride,” will again turn to this experience for the direction of Paramount’s “The Eagle and the Hawk,” an aviation film in which Gary Cooper, George Raft and Jack Oakie will have leading roles. Work on this production will follow Roberts’ direction of “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.”

Victory Jory, who plays an important role with Sally Eilers in “Second Hand Wife,” joined that actress in “State Fair,” the Fox picturization of Phil Stong’s novel which has finished production. Heading the cast are Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers. Lew Ayres, Norman Foster, Frank Craven and Louise Dresser, in addition to Sally and “Vic,” have featured parts in this film which is being directed by Henry King. Jory is finishing up in “Handle With Care,” with James Dunn and Boots Mallory in the leads. “Second Hand Wife,” in which Ralph Bellamy plays opposite Miss Eilers, is now being released from Movietone City.

George Arliss is now preparing his next Warner Bros. starring picture, “The King’s Vacation,” based upon a story written by Ernest Pascal, author of “Marriage Bed.”

George Brent dislikes milk and people who ask questions . . . Walt Munson is one of America’s premier comic artists; his work is syndicated in hundreds of newspapers. Has done many clever theatrical cartoons . . . Loretta Young doesn’t care about swimming.

R.K.O. Radio Pictures set builders have completed a large section of the Atlantic City famous boardwalk and the Hotel Lady as background for Richard Dix’s current production, “The Great Jasper.” They officials discovered that the one-darky-power push chairs are confined exclusively to New Jersey.

Jack Pickford is dead, having “passed on” with a jest on his lips while very ill in Paris, France. None of his three wives were at his bedside; the late Olive Thomas, of course, being asleep in death; Marilyn Miller, his second, being absent, and Mary Louise Mulhern, who used to do nudes for Ziegfeld, having divorced him last year. He died January 3rd, 1933.

CLAUDIA DELL, appearing in Universal Pictures.
Rosalie’s sheer beauty won for her a much-coveted place in Universal’s cast for “Clancy of the Mounted,” recently released.

Rosalie Roy
John Barrymore

John's astounding success in "Rasputin and the Empress" will make him a stellar drawing card in "Sweepings."
When Paulette Goddard went to Hollywood several months ago, armed with a fresh North Carolina divorce, she was one of the most glittering platinum blondes in Hollywood. Now she’s one of the most dazzling brunettes; evidently Charlie Chaplin doesn’t prefer blondes. Our bet, however, is that there may be friendship of a kind, but no marriage. It’s either publicity or something else, eh?

Lillian Roth, former Broadway singer, and Municipal Justice Benjamin Shalleck made an important announcement recently in New York City. 'Twas made at Miss Roth’s suite in the Hotel Salisbury on West 57th Street.

They said they were going to be married some time in January, 1933, and they want all their friends to know it.

'We’re very happy!’ Miss Roth declared, 'And we just can’t keep our little secret a moment longer!'

At the same time Miss Roth announced her retirement from the stage. She has been in motion pictures, musical comedy and vaudeville, but has not worked recently. Miss Roth got a Mexican divorce last spring from William C. Scott, youthful Pittsburgh aviator. She had seen him on a street in San Antonio and told a companion, 'He’s too cute to let go by!' Ten minutes later they were having an ice cream soda together. The fifth time they met—in Atlanta, Ga., on April 11, 1931—they were married.

Three months before she became Scott’s bride, Miss Roth broke down and wept on the stage of the Palace Theatre when word reached her that her fiancé, Herbert Oslinsky, had died.

Despite her tears, she sang 'He was my man—I loved him so!' to a deeply impressed audience that knew the cause of her grief.

Libby Holman Reynolds, widow of the late Smith Reynolds, has taken a house on the fashionable Owl’s Nest Road, eight miles west of Wilmington, Del., to await the coming of the stork. The young Jewish actress has taken steps to assure her unborn child of a large share of its father’s $15,000,000 inheritance.

One marriage that hasn’t yet gone on the rocks, despite rumors in other film publications, is that of Joan Crawford and the junior Mr. Fairbanks. They’re still happy. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has entered strict training for the role of a fighter in his next picture, 'The Sucker.' Cigarettes, desserts and late hours are out. He’s really going to fight. And his ‘better hal’ sees to it that he keeps healthy!

Despite denials, the rumor persists that Marilyn Miller, charming blonde dancer and star of the stage and screen, is married to Don Alvarado, a Mexican.

Mollie O’Day, film player, and Fred Kaplan, are in the romance stage. What Warner-First National star is all set for a divorce trial very soon? Celeste Levine, brother of Joe and Gene, was married December 18th. The Madge Evans-Thomas Gallery ‘love affair’ has dried up; no marriage forthcoming. Chandler’s reported to be secretly wed to Jean Frontai, whom Murray Korman photographed in 'The Gay Divorce.'

Jeanette Lofts blonde beauty is being taken places these days by Norma Talmadge’s former flame, Gilbert Roland.

The alleged ‘perfect marriage’ has ended after three years; and during the last part of that period the old ship of matrimony was certainly pounding on heavy seas! In other words, Janet Gaynor has gone “native,” and, like the rest of the family, is thinking most seriously of a divorce.

They’ve already separated formally, and Fox officials are worried for fear that this “darling” of the films might not be such a sweet little thing any more—for box office purposes.

Janet charges the separation to “temperamental differences,” and retained Lloyd Wright, Los Angeles attorney, to handle her interests in the event that the separation eventually leads to a divorce.

Miss Gaynor, then 22, and Peck, a young attorney of a prominent Oakland family, were married Sept. 11, 1929, much to the surprise of the Hollywood film colony, which until the day of the little star’s wedding had taken it for granted she and Charlie Farrell would carry out an engagement to be married.

Farrell was disconsolate when Miss Gaynor became Peck’s bride. A few months after their marriage, Miss Gaynor sailed for Honolulu without her husband. Miss Gaynor’s friends were further startled when Farrell turned up on the same boat.

His name was not on the passenger list when the ship sailed and even Miss Gaynor she later declared, did not know he was aboard until the ship was under way.

A year ago Farrell married Virginia Valli, a former film star. They are regarded as one of Hollywood’s happiest couples.

After the honeymoon in Honolulu, Peck relinquished his law and business interests in San Francisco, and came to Hollywood where his wife and her friends recommended a film career for the 30-year-old attorney.

Peck was given a chance to learn the film business, and then was promoted to a supervisor’s job at the Fox studio, where Miss Gaynor has been under contract as a star. Peck received subsequent promotions and, at the time of the couple’s formal separation, he was working as associate producer on the set of “Scandal Street,” at one of three Fox studios, while Miss Gaynor was working in “State Fair” at another of the Fox plants.

It was stated at the Studio that the couple had separated amicably and that their rupture was traceable only to friction of temperaments.

Attorney Wright issued this statement: “It is simply another case in which a husband and wife have looked at a situation frankly and honestly, and have determined for themselves that if they cannot live happily together they should be separated.

‘Both Miss Gaynor and Mr. Peck still entertain for each other feelings of admiration and respect and their separation is a matter of very sincere regret to each of them. There has been no discussion by them regarding a divorce.’

Adjudged, at Los Angeles, Cal., in contempt of court for failure to continue his

(Continued on page 53)
From a "Novarro-ite"

TOLESON, MD. — Seeing that the cover of your December issue of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" is a picture of Clark Gable, I suggest that,—since you began with an unattractive man like Gable, someone like Ramon Novarro or Ricardo Cortez would satisfy many readers.

A Novarro painting on the cover of your magazine would not only make it attractive, but popular. The best of screen artists, Mr. Novarro, is too little mentioned in your magazine, and a beginning like—a cover design of him, would arouse the interest of the Novarro-ites (in your magazine).

There are many admirers, both male and female, of our Mexican Wonder. He is idealized more by his fans than any other actor ever was, and perhaps—will be.

Mr. Novarro is not only handsome, but tender and fiery; not too sentimental, and his talent, which has been surpassed by Valentino, himself, alone, reaches into the dramatic, musical, and other logical fields. He is, altogether, too man of the age. He has all other stars tied in knots! —Teddy George.

Razzing "Rackety Rex" 

LEONIA, N. J. — One of the poorest pictures I have ever seen in many a day is the atrocity released by Fox entitled "Rackety Rex." Greta Nisen should retire from the films after that one! And Victor McLaglen was hopelessly miscast. I am a football player on the high school team here, and I feel the film represents a gross insult to a clean, American sport.
—High School Student

Reliable Ruth

PORT CHESTER, N. Y. — I read with indignation the untruthful statement of Ruth Alyce Townsend in a recent issue of your magazine concerning the age of Greta Garbo. Why does not your lothy writer get the proper information herself before she attempts to inform others? Greta Garbo never made a secret of her age as does Marlene Dietrich who also tires hard to imitate the lovely and incomparable Greta.

As one of many that knows let me say: Marlene is at least three years older than Greta Garbo. —Miss Anna M. Lourin

We're Modest, Violet

SANGER, CALIF. — I want to congratulate you on your very popular magazine, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies."

Your magazine is the only one on the market which gives the fans a chance to speak for themselves, besides, giving them the feeling of being a part of it. We can almost say it is "Our" magazine, which is one of the reasons for its popularity.

The sage, intelligent editors that publish your magazine have found the secret of selling the fans their own magazine, which is what they like, as the readers of "Movies" will agree with me.

Plentiful with good pictures, newy within safe limits, flavored with romances, edited by men and women who know the psychology of human nature, are a few of the reasons for the success of your BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies."

Might I request one more picture of "Garbo" who is the genius of them all? —Violet J. Carter.

Thanks from Michigan

PORT HURON, MICH. — One night while visiting at a friend's home I picked up BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies." That was over two years ago, from then on I have been buying BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies." I congratulate you on having such a fine magazine. It is better and different than most of the ordinary run of movie and stage magazines.

Keep up the good work in your beautifully illustrated magazine, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies." I'm for you! —Charles H. Jarvis.

The Legitimate Stage

TOPEKA, KANSAS. — I like your department "Broadway's Best Bets" and the cartoons by Mr. Morgan and the photographs you run of night club stars; we never get a chance to see such material in print here. I congratulate you on the wisdom of your selection for America's Prettiest High School Girl and hope you will run another such contest in 1933. Miss Kelly has my best wishes for a successful career on the stage and screen. —Dupont M. Capper.

Disguised! Disguised!

BOISE, IDAHO. — Why all the worry about Greta Garbo? One can hardly turn the pages of a newspaper without finding out that the Swedish actress has tried to disguise herself to get away from her public and elude the consequent publicity. Why can't we leave her alone to her girl friends and stop worrying about one whose star is already fading from the film industry. —"Wise Willie"

Page Ruth Hall!

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y. — Your January 1933 issue was about the best you've had in quite some time. The articles and pictures were unusually fine, and I believe you started the New Year in great fashion. Especially enjoyed your article, "Florida's Fairies," by Helen Harrison. It did justice to the pretty Ruth Hall of whom Miss Harrison wrote. Let's have more of those articles on this coming star, Ruth Hall.

Wishing Miss Hall and BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" magazine the best of success throughout the New Year of '33, I remain, —Paul L. Petrovich.
FRANCHOT TONE, who was seen in the New York stage production of "Green Grow the Lilacs" and "A Thousand Summers," will play opposite Joan Crawford in her next Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring picture, an untitled story by William Faulkner. Robert Young, Louise Closer Hale and Tod Alexander also have been cast for parts. Mr. Young, rumor has it, is about to be married to Gertrude Michael, Alabama blonde now with the same company . . . Another eligible bachelor going, going, gone!

Lewis Stone is the first player cast in support of Helen Hayes for her new film, "The White Sister," based on the novel by F. Marion Crawford. This picture's guaranteed to be a feminine "heartbreaker."

Glenda Farrell and Noel Francis look almost enough alike to be sisters, but they aren't even related.

Jean Hersholt has been signed to a new long-term contract, according to an announcement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Hersholt, a character actor, appeared recently in "The Mask of Fu Manchu" and "Grand Hotel." He appears in "Flesh," a film which stars Karen Morely who is proving to be a real rival to Greta Garbo. After having seen this picture, we're convinced that the Swedish star might have messed the picture up; certainly she couldn't have equalled Karen's work. She's now Mrs. Charles Vidor, girls.

There is a real chance, if you wish it, in the "Casting Office" department of this magazine. But don't forget, girls, that it is preferred that you send in two photographs, one of your head and one of your figure. All studies, the editor tells me, will be published at some time or other.

Something striking in lounging pajamas was seen recently on Lili Damita, exotic star of "Match King" and "Goldie Gets Along." Made of midnight blue crepe with a starched chiffon blouse. The sleeves have the puffed top, reminiscent of the leg o' mutton era. A white vest somewhat like a "monkey" jacket is worn with it. A black watch fob dangles from the watch pocket and adds enormously to its chic.

Seems as if the ladies are never too old to worry about their locks. Now we have Allison Skipworth, veteran of stage and screen changing the color of her hair. For her role in "Tonight is Ours" she had to use blondine.

Constance Cummings is another screen star interested in antiques. She owns two swords carried by her grandfather in the Civil War, which she prizes very highly.

Adrienne Ames, of Manhattan, is another movie recruit who prefers a career to a whirl of social life in the world metropolis.

Upon completion of "No Man of Her Own" Carole Lombard and Clark Gable exchanged gag gifts. Hers to him was a huge ham with his picture on it. Clark presented her with a mammoth pair of shoes to remind her of the time she tripped in one of the scenes.

Tis said that Lona Andre's weakness are fried chicken and corn bread. Is that all?

Patricia Farley the little red head who recently reduced fifteen pounds in thirty days, has been assigned a role with Kate Smith in "Hello, Everybody" as a reward.

Believe it or not, blueberries and close-ups do not mix, as the cast of "The Mysterious Rider" recently found out. Between scenes, they indulged in a particularly good blueberry pie baked in the motorized kitchen on the lot. When they returned they found that the next scene was a smiling close-up. Tooth paste and brushes were ordered and in a few moments all was well.

Did you know that Dorothy Mackauil was once a chorine in a Parisian musical show starring Maurice Chevalier.

Claudette Colbert's first stage hit was under the direction of Arthur Byron who starred in the play. He is now cast in her support with Frederic March in "Tonight is Ours."

Joan Crawford appeared recently in a beret woven of bird feathers. Swanky.

Melvin Bleifer, Ari Kutzai and Eugene Sigaloff, all of whom were members of the New York stage cast of "Clear All Wires," have been signed to re-enact their original parts in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen version of the play. The only other actor so far selected to appear in the forthcoming film is James Gleason. George Hill is directing it, and he may buck into the censors when he runs into the part of the story where the reporter is "keeping a Folies girl.

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SINGAPORE.—An excellent dramatic production staged by Lee Elmore and offered to the New York City public, at the 48th Street Theatre, by John Henry Mears. It offers a marvelous starring vehicle for the great French actress, Suzanne Caubaye, a protege of Sarah Bernhardt's. She is ably supported by H. L. Donau, Frank De Silva, Richard Wang, J. W. Austin, Lional Ince, Donald Woods, Louise Frussing, Brandon Peters, Elizabeth Mears, Ann Caruth, John De Silva, Miriam Louis, and J. Marshall De Silva. The dancing of the "native" girls, the Misses Caruth and Louis, is superb and offers a Hindu flavor to the piece which is worth while. The Dance of Death, in particular, was exceptionally good, and the semi-nudity of the actresses did not appear to shock the audience in the least.

The dances were staged under the direction of Ruth St. Dennis; the settings designed by Edward Eddy. The story itself concerns a sordid affair between the Sultan and a high-bred English girl who is married off to a chaperon who really loves her. In return for the Sultan's gifts the shapely blonde bride prostitutes herself to the Hindu whenever she is demanded. The climax is highly dramatic and involves a scene with a live black cobra.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE.—Edgar Wallace's mystery under the direction of Guthrie McClintic, still mystifies the customers at the Forty-eighth St. theatre. Florence Reed of "Shanghai Gesture" fame has the role of Lady Lebanon, whose son is the last of ten generations of Lebansons. Her chief interest in life is heraldry and insuring the continuance of the male succession. A series of stratagems by oriental methods causes the entrance of Scotland Yard in the case. The identity of the sayer is nicely cloaked until the last act.

The heart interest contributed by Lady Lebanon's niece, played by Katherine Wilson and a young sergeant from the Yard (Geoffry Wardwell) brightens the action somewhat. A "Cat and Canary" atmosphere adds to the spookiness.

The cast is excellent and includes Walter Kingsford in the role of Sergeant Totty, who is responsible for most of the humor in the piece; Edward Potter, William Harrigan, Henry Pierce, Perry Norman, Emlyn Williams, the young English actor who has the role of young Lord Lebanon, David Glassford, Robert Middlemass, Scott Moore and St. Clair Bayfield.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II have collaborated on a new musical show "Music in the Air,"—opening at the Alvin Theatre, New York City. Peggy Fears is the producer, and an advance "look" at the casting just before opening night makes us feel that this one will pretty nearly "click" . . . Will be reviewed in detail at a later date.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE.—at Broadway and 48th Avenue, N. Y. C. Always a coking, good vaudeville show and splendid pictures. Generous programs are always in order, including, quite often, a short play or abbreviated musical comedy.

HIPPODROME SHOWS.—The old "new" Hippodrome has re-opened, with a full orchestra, a master of ceremonies, and a cracker-jack vaudeville show; at the old stand,—43rd and Sixth Avenue, N. Y. C. A feature picture and short subjects always follow the variety bill. Prices are actually below the pre-war level.

SAINT WENCH.—A play in three acts by John Colton, based on the Crotian play "Cat Incarnate," by Miliam Bergovic, opened recently at the Lyceum Theatre in New York City. It was produced by Helen Menken and staged by Charles Hopkins; settings by Robert Redington Sharpe.

With Miss Menken as the leading lady, and with the author of "Shanghai Gesture" and one of the co-authors of "Rain," the production seems assured of success. Certainly it is a most interesting, fast-moving and entertaining drama of the Renaissance. It concerns a scatter-brained young hell-cat who is betrothed to a saint but who surrenders with gusto to a bandit. Even on her wedding day the bandit invades her nuptial chamber, where he is discovered by the bridgroom. To punish his wife for her "carelessness" the saintly husband condemns her to a life of unloved wischfind. She is bitter about this. There is a sting in all her conversation.

However, over a long period of time it results in her becoming a saint, with the power of healing. At the same instant, for these things are passing strange, the husband loses his power of healing and becomes an ordinary man. Incidentally, after the woman becomes a saint the bandit is no longer lured by her former sex appeal. Edward Leiter is the bandit, while the role of the "poppy eater" is taken by Paula MacLean, Jean Fullerton, Russell Hardie and Mabel Kroman do well in their parts.

HONEYMOON.—Now at the Little Theatre, New York City. Katherine Alexander has the leading feminine role. The authors are urban,—the characters most eloquent, the actors magnetic and the play witty. Well worth your seeing.
**Music in the Air**

Delightful Operetta at Alvin Theatre

**Al Shean**

**Take a Chance**

Fast Moving Musical Comedy at Apollo Theatre

WILLIE AND EUGENE HOWARD

PEP COMICS in NEW SKETCHES. GEO. WHITES MUSIC HALL VARIETIES CASINO THEATRE
WHEN IT comes to rendering an opinion which will be valuable to those who aspire to fame and fortune in the movies, this magazine is able to offer an expert one by a great producer and director.

"Ninety-five per cent of the girls who come to Hollywood seeking fame on the screen have beauty which is only skin-deep. They haven’t one chance in ten million to achieve film success.

"The remaining five per cent have brains and personality in addition to beauty. They are the ones who make a success of the difficult careers Hollywood offers.

This was the manner in which Cecil B. De Mille, pioneer film producer and director, replied to our question, "Should pretty girls come to Hollywood?" as he stepped aboard the Santa Fe Chief for New York not long ago.

"Of course they should come to Hollywood, providing they have the other requisites for screen success," De Mille declaimed. "We need far more talented people than we are getting. There is no place that offers more opportunity for beauty plus brains than Hollywood. There is no place more discouraging to a girl with—just beauty.

"During production of my most recent picture, 'The Sign of the Cross,' I found it extremely difficult to find many of the various types called for in the script. We were months in finding experienced actresses to play the roles of Mercia and Poppaea, the principle feminine characters in the story. We spent many weeks locating suitable types for other feminine roles.

There were thousands of merely pretty girls for these parts, but not more than a few score who combined brains, personality and acting ability with their beauty.

De Mille spent several weeks in New York, where he attended the premiere of "The Sign of the Cross," said to be his most pretentious spectacle since the coming of sound to the screen. Mr. De Mille is always on the lookout for "new blood"—younger stars who have ability, but likes to secure it, if possible, from the legitimate sources.

To those who wish to try to earn a living as an extra, a "bit player," a featured player, or a star, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES," through this Casting Office, Room 2010, 1450 Broadway, New York City, offers a valuable and a unique service. It is NOT in any sense an employment agency, nor are any fees charged for the valuable services we have been able to render several during the past few months.

You need not be a subscriber; this is in NO sense an advertising feature.

The requirements are simple, yet so many go wrong and have their coupons, which they have filled out, junked. You MUST write clearly and distinctly on the back of each photo you submit, your name, address in full, and the words "Released for Publication." You need not write that release if you do not desire us to publish your picture; but the coupon and the photographs must come in together.

One good head and one figure photo, preferred. The figure photo can be of you in a bathing suit, tights, gymnasium suit, or partially draped. A Qualifications Blank, or card must accompany these photographs but do not write long letters to us. All photographs submitted will receive consideration for publication in the magazine, whether we are able to get you work or not.

Eleanor H. Smith of Allenhurst, N. J., resembles Kay Francis and Colleen Moore. . . . Joy Casey writes from Jefferson, Mass., that her pals say she favors Dorothy Lee and Mary Astor. . . . Another Mass. girl from Bass River is Rita D. Hirth, who claims to be Clara Bow’s twin in more ways than one.

May Parkhouse of Rochester, N. Y., resembles Peggy Shannon in her more sedate moments. . . . Mildred Novello of Boston, Mass., admits she looks like Evelyn Brent. . . . Estelle Petkus, another Chicago Miss shouldn’t be hard to place.

When an applicant for atmosphere work applies to a motion picture studio for a job, he never gets it the first time; even though his (or her) photographs appear to be okay.

(Continued on page 52)
KATHERINE ANNE McDICKEY, of Seattle, and, in circle, ANN LEONARD, of Brooklyn.
The Casting Office
(Continued from page 50)

Usually at least four trips are necessary before he has a chance to be placed on the extra players’ list along with 17,000 others, only thirty of whom averaged three days a week work last year at prices ranging from five to ten dollars a day. Of course, bit players and featured players get much more.

According to Fred Datig, casting director at Paramount’s Hollywood studio, the selection of extras to be used in a picture usually is left to the Central Casting Bureau, which is the combined atmosphere casting office of all the motion picture studios. This “bureau” receives applicants and help from all over the country. This magazine’s files are at its disposal as well.

However, in the case of “Ladies of the Big House” and “Devil and the Deep,” in which Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond are featured, the atmosphere players were all hand-picked after repeated interviews with the types wanted.

The extras in this picture appeared mostly as female prisoners in a big penitentiary. A varied selection of types was necessary from small girls to large women. To people this setting with a cross-section of a feminine prison ward, Marion Caring, the director, obtained a rarely-given permit to visit such a ward in the California state prison and then based his selection of players on the types he saw there. The movie executives are careful to insure a film’s success.

Seventeen of the best types selected from the extra players were given three-week contracts by Paramount to work on the prison sequences. In addition to these seventeen, several hundred others were used from time to time.

The reason prospective extras are asked to return for repeat interviews, Datig said, is to give the casting director a line on their wardrobe and the way they wear clothes. (Bit players always have good photos to submit.)

“Many newcomers assert they are talented at everything and have pretentious wardrobe," Datig explained. "We have become just a bit suspicious of these elaborate claims, so I always tell them to call again soon.

“Some never call again, which is usually just as well. And if a player gets a call to wear a costume he says he possesses, and shows up in something else, that budding screen career is hurt almost irreparably.

“Just to have to be harh in matters like this, for the competition for the few available jobs is terrific. Only one out of twenty available atmosphere players works on any given day. The competition is incredibly hard; harder still when one has no agent or magazine to back one up in their efforts.

Mystery surrounded the arrival in New York, not long ago, of Ruffus LeMaire, formerly a tubby extra who is casting director of Warner Brothers.

Here’s why he came: He interviewed more than 200 actors, taking tests of many of them in the Brooklyn plant. He signed no contracts, hired nobody. But he has armed himself with a weapon against future James Cagney.

Any time an actor thinks he’s indispensible to Warners and fusses about a new contract, LeMaire will haul out his little list and they’ll hire a low-priced sub-stitute from Broadway. Mr. LeMaire, the files of our Casting Office are, as you know, at your disposal at all times!

Margie Ferguson, the blonde and beautiful daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Ferguson, who has distinguished herself both on and off the screen, is always looking for new talent; for two years and for remaining heart-free despite much adverse persuasion, is taking a much deserved vacation, and recently set sail for Bermuda where she is remaining about five weeks. Would make good, we believe, on our next session as a Western’s Miss, K. Rom. of the Williamsburg section, New York City,—of German descent, is a beautiful, shapely and talented type. We believe she has gypsy blood in her; is pretty and packs a real “kick” in that friendly smile of hers.

“London, where she is now, is a good swimmer. Photographs on a cross between Bette Davis and Winnie Lightner, and is five feet five inches tall... A “sweet sixteen” is Joan C. Klein of New York City. Weighs 125 pounds and resembles Beatrice Claire and Jeannette MacDonald slightly. Swims like a fish; pleasant disposition. Shapely legs and a worth-while smile. Also dances.

There are opportunities galore if one is ready and willing to take them. This office may be able to help you; without any charge; and you need not be a subscriber to secure the benefit of our active assistance.

America’s Prettiest
(Continued from page 18)

We wish her every success possible.

First Honorable Mention went to Miss Katherine Watkins, a student, last year, at the Emporia, Va., High School. This beautiful Virginia lass represented her own school in debates at the University of Virginia and she has a most pleasing voice which would be highly acceptable for talking picture work.

Katherine likes sports such as swimming, horseback riding, golf and tennis, and has already taken active part, on several occasions, in local dramatics. She is excellently qualified for motion picture work, and resembles, slightly, Norma Shearer. As we go to press she has probably entered William and Mary College.

All of these girls are entitled to the prizes of the Women’s Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture of New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Boston and Philadelphia; and, life subscriptions to this magazine.

Second, Third and Fourth Honorable Mentions,—all beautiful and talented high school girls, were chosen respectively as follows: Elaine Walters, of 1002 W. Michelcrena, Santa Barbara, Cal., a student at Santa Barbara High School; Paula Post, 345 Fifth Ave., Venice, Cal., a student last year at the Academy of Holy Names, Santa Monica, Cal.; and Mary Freeman, of Newark, Delaware,—a student last year at the Newark, Del., High School.

As this is a regular editorial feature and is in no sense an advertising scheme,—announcement will be made in the January ‘Talking Picture’ as to who has received these honors for 1933. Further details will be published in a future issue as space does not permit it this month. Suffice it is to say now that there is no charge for entering this race, and that it is open to every young woman who is enrolled in a public or parochial high school in the United States or Canada,—or in an academy which has a rating of educational requirements similar to the average high school.

ARTISTS’ MODELS

Six beautiful photos of Franco-American models; pretty girls; sent postpaid for one dollar; rate last year, as to who has received these honors for 1933. Further details will be published in a future issue as space does not permit it this month. Suffice it is to say now that there is no charge for entering this race, and that it is open to every young woman who is enrolled in a public or parochial high school in the United States or Canada,—or in an academy which has a rating of educational requirements similar to the average high school.

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TILLIE and MAC

Mapple and Jiggs, Dumb Dora, The French Blonde, A Barbara, In Green, Adam and Eve, Kip and Allen, Peaches and the Baby, and others are close friends of our PICTURES OF ACTRESS AND ACTOR magazine. In the case of one or two of a young couple before and after marriage. See what new PICTURES OF ACTRESS AND ACTOR does and how to get them.

What TAMMY SAWS UNDER THE PEARL SONGBOOK. This is your chance to read the real love and sex poem 15 different versions of love. Put of the “Pictorial Songbook” series, to cause various dreams. GAY LIFE IN PARIS, etc., etc.

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$100 monthly alimony payments to his former wife, Charles Morton, film actor, was recently sentenced to two days in jail by Judge Charles Valentine. Morton was brought into court on complaint of Lya Lys, film actress, who claimed she needed the money to support their 10-month-old daughter, Joyce.

"I believe I could manage $40, monthly," Judge Morton said. "I've been trying.

"But not hard enough," broke in Judge Valentine. "Two days in jail for contempt of court." Morton, whose true name is Carl Mudge, was questioned recently in connection with the suicide attempt of Dora Rose Wheelock, who stabbed herself while Morton was in her apartment.

Tex McLeod, American cowboy comedian, was married recently in London, to his stage partner, Marjorie Tiller, a niece of the founder of the Tillers dancing units.

Marian Nixon, Fox film star, announced recently that she and her husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., who has adopted a ten weeks old baby boy. No name has been decided upon. Miss Nixon has finished working in "Face in the Sky" with Spencer Tracy, Stuart Erwin and Mary Roberts. The Hillmans are happily married.

Cary Grant and Virginia Herrill are engaged... Plans of Louis Brock, motion picture producer, and Helen Collins, socially prominent niece of Austin Parker, the writer, to be married six months hence are announced by Brock. She has appeared in several pictures produced by Brock.

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“Let’s go in here.”

They entered the glittering cafe before which they stood. Soon they were dancing. Suddenly Paul felt a hand in his coat pocket. He grasped it quickly. It was the girl’s.

“Why did you do that?” he demanded.

“Because I need money,” she answered defiantly. “What’s money to you? Nothing. To me it means a chance to get away from all this.”

They had reached their table. He read truth in her eyes. He gave her some bills from his wallet.

“Here, take these!”

He bowed at her wonderstruck gratitude and left her. Outside, he adjusted his hat. He felt a hand on his sleeve. It was the girl.

“Wait, when will I see you again?”

He smiled sardonically.

“Day after tomorrow in the Rue Murgue.”

As Onslow approached the Peace Palace the traffic thickened. The scene was as animated as if in the middle of the busy day. Automobile sirens sounded as the delegates arrived for the late council. Paul was in high spirits as he swung along. He smiled as he stepped over a trampled banner bearing the legend “Death To Onslow” over a skull and crossbones.

“Almost a speaking likeness,” he re- smiled.

“Flower, pretty flower, sir?” piped a childish voice. He recognized the little girl whose flowers he had given Valerie.

“Aren’t you the little girl?” he asked.

“Yes. I knew you’d come back,” she answered.

“You can never tell about that, here.” He laughed, and handed her a bill of large denomination.

“Six Galaxy speaking.”

“So much?” Her eyes rounded. “For me?” He nodded. She hugged his knees, being too small to reach his waist.

“My Mama prayed for this money. She needed it. She said an angel would bring it to us. You are an angel?”

“Well—I hope for you,” he whispered dramatically. “At quarter past six this evening, I was murdered—and that’s more in a few minutes—I’m going to see the gentleman who took my life.”

He left them glancing knowingly at one another, a few perturbations.

In the great conference hall the national representatives had assembled. The meeting had been called to order, and the vote was about to be taken which would decide Europe’s course for the next decade.

“Even though one of our colleagues is absent,” said the chairman, “this conference must end without further delay. Monsieur Ferault will cast the vote for Sylvaria.”

There were sardonic smiles on some faces as he spoke. “We will proceed to take the ballot.”

Each envoy arose in alphabetical order and cast his vote. Nearer and nearer to Sylvaria came the roll call. “Rumanial Serbalia Spain.”

Then—“Sylvaria!”

“Just a moment, gentlemen!”

They wheeled at that sharp familiar tone. Onslow stood there. “Aren’t you a little hurried? I admit I’m a trifle late—but—I almost didn’t come at all. However—I’m here in time. That’s all that counts.”

In his hand stretching over the ballot box was the black ballot which doomed the mask of universal peace behind which Sylvaria’s enemies hoped to operate against her.

Little by little the vast chamber emptied. Soon only two men remained. One man was Paul. The other almost sobbing, leaned his head on his crossed arms.

“Don’t talk to me of mercy. You who were murdering not one but thousands. Paul’s voice was like steel. “Morally, you’re guilty of wholesale slaughter. For if I hadn’t been here tonight, the blood of a whole country would have been on your hands.” He paused. “Then. You beg for life—why? The defeat of that treaty was your ruin. Your country is closed to you—it’s people are your enemies. Life can mean nothing to you now.”

The man addressed rose to his feet shak ing. It was the envoy of the Soviets.

“Onslow,” he croaked “what are you going to do with this bill? His voice rose to a scream as Paul approached him.

Outside no echo of that scream was heard. Muttering crowds roamed the streets. At the von Sturm mansion the reception was still in progress. Music came faintly to the group in Paul’s bedroom.

“We were insane to let him go,” fidgeted the Commissioner.

“You should be glad,” said Doctor Baron von Sturm. “Maybe he’ll find his murderer and you’ll get the credit.”

“If he’s alive, do you realise what I’ve done for science?” demanded Bauer. “All murder mysteries can be solved. Why the possibilities are unlimited.”

“You’re right, Otto,” von Sturm interrupted. “I’ll get the capital to back you. Take it to America.”

But the rest insisted it be kept in Europe. Greedily they demanded shares.

Suddenly, from the laboratory below came a dull explosion. With one accord they rushed for the stair. They burst into the laboratory. There stood Paul, the machine at his feet—wrecked.

“My precious invention,” raved Bauer. “A lifetime of labor—and I can’t reproduce it.”

“It should never have been made,” said Paul. “Man can’t control death. That belongs to God. It’s cruel to drag a man back when he’s already beyond pain.”

“Who was the man?” cried the police chief. “Tell me at once.”

“You’ll never know.”

“You killed him. Is it so?”

“Yes, I killed. But not as you mean. Why should I give him anything as beautiful as death? His will be a living death—constant fear.”

Paul turned to the window. Below in the garden he saw Valerie. He went down. She turned at his approach.

“Oh, it’s you. I’m glad you got back safely. Are you coming inside now?”

“No. I’m not much of a star guest, am I? But I am tired.”

“I understand.” She touched his arm.

“You belong to the world. You can’t belong to me. Not even to yourself. I realize that now.”

“I am glad; dear,” he murmured.

The little rabbit of Professor Bauer loped to her feet. With an exclamation of pleasure she picked it up and cuddled it in her arm. It responded but languidly to her caresses. She looked at Paul.

“Why, it’s sick! Paul, look—it’s dying! Oh! Why, it’s dead. Poor little thing.” She said it down. “It was so happy a moment ago.”

“How do you know it’s not happy now?” asked Paul, forcing a light tone. “Maybe in a much bigger garden—without walls.”

His words surprised Valerie.

“I’d better run along. Karl will be looking for me. Won’t you come too? Please—”

“I’m tired—awfully tired. I’m going to sleep.”

“Then—good night.”

“Good night.”

She turned to go, but returned, troubled.

“I don’t want to go. I feel as if I should stay with you. That you need me.”

“Just a foolish child, my love,” he smiled.

“Listen,” she said. The strains of the waltz came to them from the ballroom.


“Auf Wiedersehen,” came her soft reply. He felt her lips touch his. Then she was gone. He watched her enter the house. In a few moments he too had too again passed into the shadows.
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

Paul the Prisoner
(Continued from page 13)

background to be envied by many. He had seen failure, this boy, from time to time, and it was no shock when "The Valiant" proved an artistic success but a box office failure.

His second film role, chosen by Fox, was Richard Connell's great story, "A Friend of Napoleon." In adapting it to the screen, the decision was reached to make of it an immense feat. They called it "Seven Faces" and assigned Muni the task of portraying all seven. He played Papa Chibou, keeper of a wax works, and six of the historic figures in the museum. But, by some chance or other, the story was lost in the shuffle.

The cinema colony began referring to Muni as a second Lon Chaney. The fact he was an actor first and a makeup artist second was ignored. A mad scramble resulted in the attempt to find stories to feature a "grotesque character man." Such stories are very difficult to obtain, so after a year Muni was released from his Fox contract for the absurd reason, as announced, that he was "hard to cast." And Muni one of the most versatile actors of this age!

He returned to the New York stage where he was immediately starred in a Biblical play, "This Man Saul." Curiously enough, in the New Testament, Saul's name is changed to Paul (the Apostle) when the net and sail maker is converted to Christianity. Then he was co-starred with Helen Muenck in "Rockne Julie."

One cannot think of Paul Muni without thinking of his life with the theatre; it is his life's blood. From it he has learned the "business" of acting,—dramatics, direction, poise, make-up,—in short, the whole gamut of acting.

Personally Paul Muni is a very likeable chap; married, of medium stature, and erect of body. His hair is dark and wavy, and his brown eyes are highly expressive. The date of his birth has been "authentically" released as of October 14, 1895 and September 22, 1897. Take your choice! Lemberg, as well as Vienna, claim to be the home of his birth.

Paul is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has been married since May 8, 1921, to Bella Finkle. Their love match was arranged for them by a mutual friend. They met, liked each other, and in a short time became man and wife.

Paul speaks and writes Yiddish, and reads German. He graduated from public school but never made a go of high school, having educated himself by reading. To his dying day, he says, he will continue to read,—the best books and a variety of subjects.

It was while playing the lead in "Counsellor at Law," in New York City that I first met a smallish man with glasses who came back stage to meet him. It was a fugitive from a Georgia chain gang, and no less a person than Robert E. Burns whose story Muni has so graphically portrayed in the movies. The story is so closely akin to that acted out on the picture screen that it is worth mentioning again. Burns had not yet served out his term of years for the theft of a few dollars. He is a native of Brooklyn, and he talks the Brooklyn lingo. But he is not one of the great self-educated men, much of whose education in the ways of life was received when he was in the front line "over there"; and he wrote his book himself, he says, in five days, within two weeks after his last escape from the chain gang in 1920. In this self-education by reading, his career is not unlike Muni's. He is nervous and exciting, and no wonder. Over his head hangs constantly the sword of the law. At least it did at the time of the interview. Then one night, stealing into New York under cover of darkness, he sat in the Plymouth Theatre and met for the first time Paul Muni, who has re-enacted Burns's own history in "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang." Previously Burns was out on the West Coast when the picture was in preparation at the Warner Bros. studio, but he did not meet Muni. He had to leave in a hurry before the actor arrived.

The story is of interest because it concerns a clandestine interview before his case was heard before the Governor's "Court of Jersey Justice."

"They had it in the papers in Albuquerque before I'd even reached Hollywood that I was going there," said Burns. "There it was in the headline, 'Fugitive On Way to Movie Capital.' Well, there I was for a few days, and then I got the tip that it wouldn't be healthy for me much longer. So I 'took it on the lam' and came back East."

Burns hopes that "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" will be a great picture and will help not only to arouse the public to the abuses of the chain gang system, but also will help him in his fight for freedom. "It ain't any fun to live in hiding," he said. Later he was to learn how very much it had helped, and how much Paul Muni's personal efforts went towards freeing him.

Burns talked of war days, when he served with the Fourteenth Engineers as early as July 1917 in France, brigaded with the British forces. He talked of his experiences on coming home to Brooklyn, when he found his pre-war job gone. Then came days of tramping, of hunger and desperation, and the tragic affair into which he was inveigled and which resulted in his chain gang sentence. His escape from the chain gang; seven years of honorable citizenship in Chicago; marriage through blacklist, and then betrayal by his wife: a second servitude and a second escape, and then the years of hiding—of all these things Robert E. Burns talked.

He has since seen the picture and liked it, and he enjoyed meeting the great actor, Paul Muni. And Paul, who loves dogs and other animals,—also loves human beings,—including the under dog.

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Angles on Kissing
(Continued from page 10)

Real "crushing" kisses are not often as vehement as they appear on the screen, thanks to the ability of the camera to exaggerate them by using certain angles. If this were true it would be necessary for both principals to put on entirely new make-up between each rehearsal and "take." Accompanying this article I have presented a picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Alice Terry as "The Chessboard Jumper." Note how warm and erotic the effect is by having the young man kiss the girl's full-rounded throat. At the same time the cameraman can catch a glimpse of the happy, satisfied look on the girl's face as she leans back to accept his salutation of love.

To kiss, according to Funk and Wagner's "New Standard Dictionary," is "to give a caress or salutation with the lips; press or touch in reverence or love with the lips; as, to kiss a friend . . . to touch gently as with a finger." Kissing is by no means a national "habit," although it is unknown among some of the primitive tribes, and was, until recently, banned from the screen in the Land of Flowers, Nippon. Japan's barrier, however, against the kissing in their films has been broken down, and for the first time kissing scenes are now permitted on the screens of their theaters, according to Michio Ito, technical director of Paramount's modern filming of "Madame Butterfly" with Sylvia Sidney, Cary Grant, and Charlie Ruggles.

"Kissing is not a custom of my country," Ito declared. "The older generation never has experienced the sensation of a kiss." Kissing scenes were eliminated from motion pictures until censors became more lenient. As the result, the younger generation has adopted this method of expressing affection.

"World Wide Pictures has built an entire murder mystery around the "kissing idea," with the beautiful Adrienne Ames as the "kiss of death" girl; David Manners being the type of a justice of the peace.

The scorching-hot kisses exchanged between the platinum siren Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Red Dust" are still the talk of the fans; and the M-G-M cameramen must be given a world of credit for the new "approach" to this expression of tropical affection. Recently Clark Gable and Carole Lombard shared honors for the screen's longest kiss,—a mile and a quarter long. (It is shown on page 9.)

Not in film footage was this embrace recorded, but in the speedometer attached to the roving camera that Director Wesley Ruggles used to film the scene from every angle for Paramount's "No Man of Her Own." The actual footage of the scene is much less than the figure recorded. The speedometer clocked the movement of the camera during all the light tests and the rehearsals that preceded the actual shooting. Another task for the already "overworked" man behind the movie camera.

Some of the other rules and practices among cameramen, regarding osculations, are:

It is unpardonable, from the cameraman's viewpoint, to photograph a kiss from a position in which the noses bide any part of the lower face. It is perfectly proper to shoot the scene with the camera pointing into the man's face, if he is the one on whom the effect is to be registered. Hands, arms are also considered important adjuncts to a kissing sequence—being often more expressive of resistance or compliance than faces. A lovely bosom, such as is photographed when Joan Blondell wears a low-cut evening gown, "Central Park" should not be covered in the clinches.

If the woman is to be the aggressor in a kiss sequence, it is best, says Kurlle, to have the man seated or reclining, so that the shorter woman will have the more commanding position. It is considered good camera to have the lady "reach" for a kiss—as does Lili Damita to Warren William in "The Match King." This straightens out the throat into a lovely line, tightens the muscles of the face so that there is little distortion of the lips and in every way is pleasing to an audience.

It is much easier, Kurlle adds, to make effective kiss sequences between players who are friendly and like each other. If they are quarrelling or don't get along he is apt to urge the lighting or to make use of the "eye" and "hand" method of getting over the effect. Totally unwilling lips lack the spontaneity that is essential to the successful screen kiss.

It is reported that Clive Brook objects to kissing rehearsals, and he can hardly be blamed, if the story rampant in Hollywood is true, that he stopped a kissing scene suddenly on one occasion, strode over to the director and asked that his leading lady be asked to close her mouth when making a kiss. The "open mouth" kiss is too familiar to the sophisticates in love making for me to make any other comment here other than that it rarely gets by the censors.

There are still other camera tricks to kisses, according to the same authority, whose recent work has involved such famous actresses as Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis, Lili Damita, Dolores Del Rio, Joan Blondell and Bebe Daniels. The use of light and shadow is responsible for no small part of the success of many screen caresses. No amount of enthusiasm and no multiplicity of angles can make a kiss sequence in brilliant daylight,—in the wide open,—qualify as an effective love scene. The "hard" light prevents any "tender" effects.

All of these rules, Kurlle points out, were observed more or less rigidly in the making of the picture "One Way Passage," which he photographed under the direction of Tay Garnett. Preview audiences went into ecstasies over the love scenes between William Powell and Kay Francis. They observe all the camera proprieties as to angles, lighting and players. They have the gentle, realistic, tender, sentimental quality that could, Kurlle believes, only be achieved by a combination of players, director and cameraman who understood the value of the camera in photographing kisses.

The kissing scenes between Melvyn Douglas and Tala Burrell are literally masterpieces of fine photography. The Georgia gentlemen and the Viennese beauty were asked ag 1st and again by Universal cameramen to pose so that the most expressive kisses might be recorded for "Nagana."

Those scenes took days and days to make. So did the more brief kiss sequences in "The Match King," another of Kurlle's recent jobs. But they were worth it. They were worth all the money and the time they involved. They are the "big moments" in those particular pictures.

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BROADWAY AND...
We unquestionably award this, and "The Conquerors" the honor of being the two "Pictures of the Month," and congratulate Ann Harding and Radio Pictures for so sterling a production. It is unfortunate, however, that they allowed the final lines to be eliminated by the censors before it opened at the Roxy.

"The Animal Kingdom" was directed by Edward H. Griffith from the play by Philip Barry; screen adaptation by Horace Jackson. David O. Selznick was the executive producer with Max Steiner as the musical director. Lucien Andriot served as chief cameraman and Van Nest Polglase as art director. Tommy Atkins assisted Mr. Griffith, while Daniel Mandel served in the capacity of film editor.

The role of "Grace,"—Cecilia's friend, was played by Ilka Chase; while "Fran,"—Daisy's closest woman friend, was essayed by Leni Stengel. Henry Stephenson as "Rufus Collier," Wm. Garjanc as "Regan," and Donald Dillaway as "Joe" completed the cast, which, as we have mentioned before, was headed by Miss Harding.

If ever there was a time when such a film as "The Conquerors" was needed, it is right now. With the same leading lady as we find in the picture just named, as the same executive producer, B.K.O. has gone ahead and distributed a most excellent film which is a page from American history,—or several pages.

Miss Harding's leading man, Richard Dix, enacts the finest role of his career, and demonstrates that he is a master of make-up. Part of this credit, though, as well as the very excellent settings for the film, must go to the art directors,—Messrs. Carroll Clark and Sydney M. Ullman,—and to cameraman Edward Cronjager.

In the cast with Ann Harding and Mr. Dix we find: Edna May Oliver, Guy Kibbee, Julie Haydon, Donald Cook, Harry Holman, Skeets Gallagher, Walter Walker, Wally Allbright and Marilyn Knowlden. Mr. Steiner also served as musical director for this film, which Max Steiner directed in so distinguished a way.

"The Conquerors" is from a story by Howard Estabrook, and from the play by Robert Lord. Wm. Hamilton was the film editor. John Tribby the sound recordist, and D. M. Zimmer and James Anderson assistant directors.

The story starts in New York City in 1873 when that metropolis had attained the amazing population of a million and a half. It deals with the hero and heroine down to the present time, with their grandchildren, and lays particular emphasis on the banking industry and the rises it experiences as well as the disastrous panic through which the United States not only passes but emerges successfully,—stronger than ever.

The wind-up is essentially dramatic and powerful,—making it a fitting companion-piece to "The Animal Kingdom" as the two "Pictures of the Month."

Toby's Wings

(Continued from page 25)

girl's height; her fingers are well manicured and finely tapering; and her legs,—from her hips to her ankles,—as shapely as anything any Hollywood cameraman has been privileged to "shoot." She's as sure-footed as a mountain goat, as wild as a March hare, and never had to take a correspondence course in anything to be "the life of the party" wherever she goes.

Her ears are a bit large,—musically inclined, they say; and her voice still retains many fine modulations or exaggerations we are pleased to call "that Southern accent." Toby, has an affectionate disposition, is courageous, and yet develops a temper all of her own at times without being tempestuous.

In closing this little sketch let me venture this belief: I feel sure that before many moons have passed Toby Willing will be a featured player,—if not with one of the big companies, then certainly with one of the more amitious independents. I shall be interested in seeing how quickly her wings carry her to the culmination of that prediction.

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O D R I S  K E N T.
Wampas Baby Stars

(Continued from page 20)

hospital in a cast, she has made a comeback within the last seven months. Her featured successes to date have been in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "The Millionaire," "Smart Money" and "Mothers Cry." She's another Missouri girl.

Dorothy Layton, a blue-eyed blonde from Cincinnati, played small roles with Irving Pichel, director, star and film coach at Santa Barbara Playhouse, and later at Beverly Hills Playhouse, where movie scouts noticed her acting ability. She crashed the film via Hal Roach comedies.

Boots Mallory, daughter of a steamboat skipper, was born in New Orleans and reared in Mobile. She was brought to Hollywood from a job as a New York night club enter-
tainer, where the stuff of this magazine saw her in Will Oakland's Terrace Club. She was made a central character in Fox's "Walking Down Broadway" and in "Handle With Care," the first of which is not yet released.

Lillian Miles of Columbia Studio is a platinum blonde from Oskaloosa, la., who came here after stock company stage work. She came here as a singer, but a fortune teller told her there was luck awaiting her in films and she heeded him. She's with Jack Holt in that strikingly good picture "Man Against Woman," and while Miss Miles bored us a little with her torch singing, the picture will earn money. Miss Miles, how-

ever, was not recommended by this magazine for quick advancement and stardom, and unfortunately the blues-singing platinum blonde, Columbia's representative, did not

find favor with those who balloted. Colum-
bria discovered they did not have a contract with Lillian Miles. The result of this was unusual and embarrassing, for the Columbia Studio made an urgent request that the Wampas replace Miss Miles in its list of baby stars.

Wampas finally agreed, and now the first non-Caucasian girl ever to receive a place among the baby stars in eleven years of the annual selections has been announced as Miss Miles' successor.

The new baby star is Toshia Mori, 19-year old girl of Los Angeles, Little Tokyo, daughter of a Japanese physician, Dr. Toshia Ichoka. Miss Mori was born in Kyoto, Japan, came to this country at the age of 10 and returned to Japan five years ago. She attended dramatic schools and was also educated by tutors.

She broke into films during the last year in "Roar of the Dragon" and, thanks to Sydney Ulman, associate art director for R.K.O., had a chance to appear to excep-
tional advantage among and against authen-
tic Chinese backgrounds. This doubtless led to her being accepted for Columbia's "Bitter Ten of General Yen." She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds even, and is quite attrac-
tive.

Ginger Rogers is another Missouri girl. She was reared in Fort Worth, Tex., where she won a dancing contest at the age of 14 and developed ambitions which led to New York where she became a dancer with one of Paul Whiteman's stage acts. She's been in "Young Man of Manhattan," "Suicide Fleet," "Hat Check Girl," "You Said a Mouthful," and others.

Marion Shockey is also from Missouri.

She has been playing featured leads in Edu-
cational comedies. She just finished "Tor-
chy's Kitty Coup."

Gloria Stuart, from Santa Monica, Cal., is the only home talent in the baby star bunch. She attended University of Califor-

nia at Berkeley and was in college drama-

Dorothy Wilson, the ex-stenographer from Minneapolis who was picked from behind a typewriter for a screen test at B. K. O. several months ago, is one of the best bets on the 1932 list. She starred in "The Age of Consent."

\[image of Wampas Baby Stars Issue 2020\]
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(Continued from page 12)

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In "The Great Jasper"...From the novel by Fulton Oursler...Dix in the fascinating role of a modern Don Juan who worked at love and loved his work!
Reward Will Be Paid Everyone Who Submits Most Suitable Name

Making good in her first movie in Eddie Cantor's new picture, "The Kid from Spain," seems to be only a part of this winsome little blonde's worries, for she must now seek a new name, one that sounds more like a movie star, than her present name, Edith Roark. A name, of course, does not mean everything, but it is important enough to Miss Roark and her publicity director, George Blake, to have them deposit $800 cash and agree to give this sum to anyone who sends in the most suitable name. Miss Roark says she hopes everyone who reads this announcement will send her a name for any name may be chosen and win. Every reader who sends the name selected for Miss Roark will be the lucky owner of this $800 cash prize. The rules to follow are very simple. Only one name must be submitted by each person. You may submit your own name, the name of a friend, or a name you make up, but all names should be mailed at once because $200 of this prize money will be given all winners whose name is mailed within five days after this announcement is read, otherwise you can win only $600. All suggested names must be mailed to George Blake, Publicity Director, Studio 303, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, California.

Miss Roark says "No reader should hesitate to send in a name for the very name you send may be the one selected, and win the $800 prize if sent on time." Miss Roark's dream came true because she tried for the movies, yours may also come true if you try for this prize.
March 17th

VERA STEADMAN, above, and SARI MARITZA, below, celebrate Saint Patrick's Day.
The Saint, the Snakes, and the Screen!

THE SEVENTEENTH of March we celebrate the birth of Saint Patrick who, according to the beloved legend, was responsible for the conversion of Ireland and other parts of the British Isles from paganism to God-fearing, civilized people.

To cap the climax of an energetic and colorful career the Saint, so the legend goes, chased the snakes out of Ireland, leaving the Emerald Isle free of scorpions, vipers and reptiles.

From reptiles to racketeers is no long jump: the two terms are practically synonymous. I have a great deal more respect for a rattlesnake than I have for a racketeer, and you don't need to draw any moral from the rattle to feel the same way.

At the ninth annual conference of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, held in New York City, Leroy E. Bowman, of the Child Study Association, speaking of racketeers and gangster films said this: "There is a tendency to get to the red meat of reality and away from the milk toast of propriety. . . . It is ridiculous for us to try to keep away the idea of the gangster from the youngsters. Gangsters are! That's real! It is much more wholesome to meet these questions and help youngsters to come to some judgment and thus to help get rid of these things. We don't get rid of a festering sore by covering it up.

"Gang films are wholesome!" They are a real effort to get away from the defensive actions of ignorance. It is unwholesome when adults assume a superiority of intelligent criticism which does not exist.

"You are assuming too much when you say a gangster film is telling a youngster things he doesn't know and might copy. I believe their judgment is superior to ours."

In spite of what "smut hounds" and vice snoppers say—and they’re in New York as well as Hollywood—we have always maintained in the three years of our existence as a leading film publication, that gangster films do not harm. It is a compliment to the stand which this magazine, alone of all others, has so consistently taken, to have our judgment borne out in this most important conference.

If we'd devote, during the remainder of 1933, some of the energies which we, as cities, states and nation have been devoting to hampering, taxing and censoring the film industry—to constructive efforts to rid this country of the political graft, social parasites and rum-running racketeers, we would all be a lot better off. And frankness in the films we create will help a lot towards the "deportation" of these snakes, or, as Mr. Bowman so aptly puts it—"help get rid of these things."

A. R. Roberts, Editor.
Above:
CECIL B. DE MILLE. At right:
JOYZELLE, who appears in
"The Sign of the Cross."
HOW STARS ARE "MADE"

By Cecil B. DeMille

Motion Picture stars are "made" by the public today, just as they were twenty years ago. Screen personality and "real life" personality are poles apart.

More unknown players have been started on the road to stardom through a "bit" on the screen than as a result of personally meeting producers and directors.

In casting "The Sign of the Cross" I followed a custom of years by "meeting" my leading players on the screen before they were personally introduced to me. For ten weeks before the start of the production, I screened hundreds of tests and scores of feature pictures. In this way I made a final choice of Frederic March for the leading male part of Marcus Superbus; Elissa Landi as Mercia, the Christian girl; Claudette Colbert as the Empress Poppaea; Charles Laughton as Nero and dozens of supporting players. Laughton's performance in "The Devil and the Deep" and in an English screen test won him his...
role. The only exception to the “Screen introduction” rule was in the case of Ian Keith, whom I selected for the important part of Tigellinus as a result of his performance on the stage of “Elizabeth the Queen.”

I usually follow this practice in meeting new players, because I have found that when you meet them face to face you sometimes are inclined to pass up a good bet for the screen. Screen personality is something totally different from personality in life. I might like Jennie Jones, personally, tremendously, and I might say, “There is a woman who has tremendous personality,” but put that same woman on the screen and you would say that the effect was as flat as a window-pane.

Take, for instance, the first time I ever met Gloria Swanson. It was on the screen, in a Mack Sennett comedy. I got from her the sense of a personality that was something “different” and I said to someone who was looking at the picture with me, “There is a woman who will land, and land well some day; she has that ‘something’ that gets over.”

A day or two later I met Gloria personally, and I felt none of that tremendous force of a “different” personality that I had felt when seeing her on the screen. I thought her a very charming young woman, but an entirely different one. This is what I mean when I say that I always prefer to meet new players on the screen.

Most of the fifty or sixty stars who have worked with me during the last two decades were “introduced” to me via the screen. The list includes many of the screen’s outstanding artists, both of a decade ago and today, embracing such names as Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wallace Reid, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Estelle Taylor, Leatrice Joy, Ricardo Cortez, Joyzelle, Theodore Roberts, Jack Holt, Dustin Farnum, Raymond Hatton, House Peters, William Boyd, Dorothy Dalton, Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres, Hobart Bosworth, Julia Faye, Jetta Goudal, Florence Vidor, Geraldine Farrar, Monte Blue, Jacqueline Logan, Elliott Dexter, Rod La Rocque, Charles Bickford, Lila Lee, Nita Naldi, Wanda Hawley, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lena Basquette, Vera Reynolds, Kay Johnson, Kathryn MacDonald, Pauline Garon, Phyllis Haver and Robert Edeson.

Pauline Garon was another whom I first “met” on the screen. She was in the East when I ran her picture in a studio projection room, so I had no opportunity to meet her personally for some time afterwards. Nevertheless, upon the completion of the picture, I immediately engaged her for a tremendous role in “Adam’s Rib.” The day I personally met her, a totally different woman from the Pauline Garon I had seen on the screen walked into my office. But when I put her on the screen, she had that same distinct personality.

I knew Thomas Meighan before I ever saw him on the screen, for I had watched him work in “The Return of Peter Grimm.” When Tom came out to California, the first picture I put him in was “Kindling,” however, he showed the same makings of the success that he later became. I later put him in (Continued on page 38)

Cecil B. DeMille directing Charles Laughton and Claudette Colbert in a scene for Paramount’s “The Sign of the Cross”, below. Above: Gloria Swanson, one of Mr. De Mille’s “discoveries.”
GOLDIE WASN’T the first pretty young woman who longed to get into the movies; she wasn’t even the first girl in Crestview, New Jersey, who cherished that ambition. But Goldie was a determined young lady, with all the rugged physical health of the average American maid and the exquisite beauty of face and form so typical of the jeune femmes de Paris.

Brought from the French capital just a few years before by her aunt and uncle who had settled in a small town in northern New Jersey, Goldie was unhappy. Secretly she longed for the glory that is Hollywood’s, and hoped some day to write her name in immortal fame on the cinema’s roll of honor.

The climax came in Goldie’s young life when, having stayed out late one evening, in company with a group of friends, to watch the moon, she had been most severely criticised.

“You’re letting your beauty go to your head,” admonished her aunt. “No sane person would fix up such a lame excuse as ‘moon watching’ for an evening away from home at goodness knows what!”

That settled it. Goldie resolved she would leave home. No matter what the future held for her the first consideration was leaving.

Wandering aimlessly down the street she literally bumped into Bill Tobin,—good old Bill,—Bill, who loved her and for whom she felt she really cared.

“Bill,” she began, “I’ve something to tell you,—something I must—”

“Must nothing!” snapped Bill, his cheery voice silencing her attempt to break the bad news. “Let me show you something first; something you’ve simply got to see; and it can’t wait any longer, Goldie.”

Mildly protesting that she had much to do, Bill drove her to a pretty little street in the residential section and pointed with a great deal of pride to a cozy little house which, as he explained, was to be his wedding present to her.

“It’s brand new, darling, and I’m getting it furnished next month. . . Don’t you love it, Goldie?” Goldie thought a moment, as she sat on one of the saw-horses.

“It’s too late, Bill. This blow-up between aunt and uncle has changed everything. I couldn’t live in Crestview after that,” she said, “no where near Crestview. Now I want to see something of life,—I want to live,—I want to play with fire. I’ve got to see something of the world beyond New Jersey. . . Or don’t you understand, Bill? Let’s run away together,—travel for a few years together,—just you and me,—have a good time. Then we can settle down, Bill; settle down and do anything we like. But we’ll have lived, Bill; we’ll have seen life, excitement, love,—together.”

To say that Mr. Tobin was infuriated would be to put it mildly. He told her that the only traveling she was interested in was as far as Hollywood.

“Why I’m the one who should want to go to Hollywood,” said Bill. “I know a big director who has promised to give me a job in pictures. But what’s the use. Hollywood has
too many people now who think they can act. Most of them wind up 'slinging hash' in some cheap restaurant. I suppose you think just because you're pretty that the directors are waiting for you."

All of Bill's arguments proved futile. The more he argued against Hollywood and pictures, the more determined Goldie became. Finally, after a heated argument, she left him saying that she would get to Hollywood if she had to walk. Bill shrugged his shoulders; his masculine pride would not permit him to listen to her unreasoning arguments any more.

Making good her threat, Goldie was picked up on the highway by a young man who tried to get "fresh" with her, so she stole his car and drove on alone. After a few miles, she was overtaken by a motorcycle officer who arrested her and accused her of having stolen the Mayor of Springfield's car from in front of the City Hall. It was a serious charge to face in a strange community,— far, far away from friends and relatives.

"It's no use, blondie," said the motorcycle policeman, "tell it to the judge. Car stealin' is serious business out here; but you can try your 'goo-goo' eyes on the Court all you want to. Get going, and follow me!"

Meantime, Bill, who had followed Goldie, came upon the scene and tried to convince the officer that he would take the girl home to her parents. But it's no use. Instead of home, Goldie found herself in jail. Not for long, though, because Goldie had a way with men—and even a Mayor was not immune. Her smile quickly won her release and the Mayor's forgiveness as well.

Leaving the Mayor's office, Goldie met a man who called himself Muldoon, who talked her into joining him in a beauty contest racket with lures of money and a chance to travel to Hollywood in grand style. Like many beauty contest racketeers, Air. Muldoon was able to pick a real winner when he saw one.

After working the racket in several small towns, Goldie always won the contest, but never collected her share of the profits. At last she could stand Muldoon's dishonesty no longer, and as he had tried to get "fresh" with her at Twin Falls, she double crossed him, taking her share of the profits and exposing his racket. The "beauty contest" harpie was in the hands of the law and Goldie was on her way westward.

It's brand new, and I'm getting it furnished next month."

(Posed by Charles Morton and Lili Damita)

ROADWAY AND

Upon arriving in Hollywood, Goldie made her way to the Brown Derby, one of the film capital's most popular restaurants. In spite of the large number of pretty girls who dined there, the French-American beauty scored! Her striking beauty attracted the attention of two motion picture producers seated across the room. They both agreed that Goldie must be a new star.

"She'd photograph like a million dollars, and she's got legs like Mlle. Mistinguette," said one of them. "I suppose she has an armful of photographs."

When Bill's director friend entered, Goldie introduced herself and pleaded with him to give her a chance in pictures, adding that his good friend, Bill Tobin, was very anxious for him to meet her. The director paid her little attention. He had heard the story countless numbers of times. He became amused, however, when the two producers passed the table and congratulated him on his new find. Jokingly, they gave Goldie their phone number, telling her to be sure and give them a ring sometime; still convinced that she was a potential star.

As Goldie continued talking to the director, Bill Tobin, now a popular leading man in pictures, came suddenly up to the table, escorting Marie Gardner, an attractive and talented brunette. Goldie blushed internally.

Still undaunted, however, Goldie spent weeks making the rounds of the various casting offices, and filled out several Qualification Cards. But it was of no use. She couldn't even get extra work,—at least, not at the moment when she most desired it.

The little girl from Crestview was about ready to call it quits. Meanwhile, the two producers were frantically trying to get in touch with her. They called Bill's director friend dozens of times, but he only insisted that he did not know what became of the girl. This, of course, made them all the more anxious to get her. They thought the director was purposely keeping her in hiding so that they would not be able to make her an offer. Finally, it got to the point where they vowed to get Goldie away from him at any cost. Such things do happen in Hollywood.

One day they spied her walking down the street. Almost forcing her into their car, they rushed her to the office to talk business. Goldie acted nonchalant and tried to bluff them for more money until, in (Continued on page 61)
Goldie has the beauty contest racketeer arrested.

LILI DAMITA in the title role of "Goldie Gets Along."
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

By Alma Portegal

She flew from Hollywood to New York, by air mail, because she wanted to ride through Central Park in a hansom cab! And that, my dears, is one side of Gloria Stuart, Universal's newest candidate for stardom. There is another side, a Gloria who is—but more of that later.

If you read the movie news, and who doesn't, you know of the famous battle for possession of this new find, which took place between Universal and Paramount. The tale tells of a test taken by Gloria at the Paramount studios. Being cautious, and inclined to believe that should they appear slightly hesitant, they would stand a better chance of getting their discovery at a low bid, they bidded their time in informing her of their decision.

But a Universal scout saw her, and Gloria convinced that Paramount remained indifferent to her ability, signed with them. And then there was an uproar. It took the combined efforts of all the arbitrating boards of Hollywood's peace-keeping organizations, to prevent a serious quarrel.

There must be something in a gal to cause such upheavals upon her first appearance.

She was born on the Fourth of July, which fact, perhaps, may have its influence on her life. There is a series of fire-cracker events which high-light the brief twenty-two years of her existence, to bear that possibility out.

They began in her student days when she was expelled from grammar school for calling a teacher a liar. "I still believe she was," she insists.

During her high school days she had a flare-up with the authorities in regard to a little matter of dress. School regulations called for a uniform of middle blouse and skirt. Gloria thought it hideous and refused to wear it.

Enrolled at the University of California, with only another term between her and graduation, she threw studies definitely overboard for an acting career.

Her wealthy, socially correct parents must have felt as though they had given birth to a changeling. For at six she had begun her tempestuous career by grandly tossing a younger brother out of the family car.

"He still bears the scar," she told me, "and the sight of it is enough to curb my temper. Now when I grow angry, I take it out on inert things."

This, then, is the Gloria which is being shown to the public. There is the other Gloria, the Gloria I was fortunate enough to see beneath the "Typical-Movie-Star-with-a-bouquet," person to whom I was presented.

It may be that she was tired, or off guard, or even perhaps that the movie star veneer can't cover the real person Gloria. I'd like to believe that, for she's very human, and being human, very
Two Studies of GLORIA STUART.
Baby Wampas Star.
lovable. And that's no exaggeration.

I think we've most of us grown tired of the Garbo pose. I know I have. Give me instead a person who frankly admits to having sat in $50 seats at the theatre, who talks frankly (with no publicity weather eye) of her liking for the art of cookery.

The other Gloria is a direct antithesis to the publicity picture. She appears, sans the glamour of screen make-up, an ordinary unspectacular person. For one thing she is younger looking, more vital, mentally more alert. If this seems to detract from her siren appeal, I for one say, to——with siren appeal.

I don't mean to say that Gloria's personality appears colorless; far otherwise.

To seem to place her in such a category would be unfair and quite untrue.

Seen as I saw her, at the tag end of a long tiring day, with little make-up on, (actually I believe I was the more made up of the two) she still is startlingly lovely. Her hair is of the rich dullness of old gold, a restful shade after the hard glittering color of so many of our screen blondes.

Her skin too has that mellow, sun-toasted golden brown look. I don't recall the color of her eyes, but I do remember that they had a clear sparkle to them, a young, joy-in-the-glory-of-living look.

A young look, for Gloria is only twenty-two. Of those twenty-two years, the last eight have been spent in the theatre. Although she makes no grandiloquent remarks about her art, she has a deep love for it. You had to have that to do what Gloria did. Faced with the problem of standing on her own, she worked on a newspaper for the money it brought her, and held her acting job for the love of it.

I asked her what seemed to her most remarkable about screen work and she countered quickly, "Being paid for doing the work you like best."

The stage and screen, her acting, though it means much,

hyperbolic speeches so characteristic of Hollywood.

She and her sculptor husband live high up in the Hollywood hills. They are in Hollywood, but not part of it's hectic, feverish state. Her body is as beautiful as her face, and to her husband she is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

She admits, although a trifle hesitantly in fear of appearing snobbish, that she had until recently seen few motion pictures. She saw Garbo several times in the few pictures he made, and perhaps one or two others.

She has perhaps participated in more films than she has seen, for the studios are rushing her from one picture to another. There was first, "The All American," then "The Old Dark House," and "Air-Mail," followed by "Laugh-ter in Hell," "Street of Women," and "Private Jones," and, last but not least, "Sweepings." In "The Old Dark House" she appeared with Charles Laughton; in "Sweepings" with Lionel Barrymore.

R.K.O. borrowed her for this latter picture from Universal—to play the part of Lionel Barrymore's daughter who is born to the great wealth amassed by her father, a Chicago merchant king, and

(to her, will not hold her forever. She doesn't like things to go stale on her. Sticking to one profession might do that, she fears. That is why she gives herself five years of screen life, then on to other things.

"There is so much to do, so many things to try. I couldn't belong to just one field of endeavor."

She means it too, for there is in this slim, vibrant personality, a common sense attitude to the values which go to make life. That she is sanely balanced cannot be doubted. She talks normally, using none of the

Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart, and Donald Cook on the lot during the filming of Universal's latest war picture, "Private Jones."

Gloria Stuart, George Meeker and Eric Linden in R.K.O.'s "Sweepings."

(Continued on page 64)
TRACING TRACY'S TRACKS

By A. R. Roberts

FIVE years is a mighty short space of time in which to carve out your name and fame along Broadway. Shorter still in which to capture attention in Hollywood as well. And that is exactly what this dynamo of nervous energy, Lee Tracy, has done.

To go back to the beginning where all good stories should start—we will attend the opening of a play called "Broadway." The scene opened with the usual chorus of cuties going through their steps in a night club. With them was a ham hoofer who for some unknown reason thought he had a future. His acting was so good that the reviewers and critics of that first night audience acclaimed his work. Yes, his name was Lee Tracy. He played that part for two and one-half years, never missing a performance although his understudy was longing to get a break. And the understudy was none other than the fiery tempered darling of the up-and-at-em school, James Cagney. Such is fate.

Tracy, although born in the South, was educated in the North. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on April 14, 1898. He attended Western Military Academy at Alton, Ill., and then entered Union College in Schenectady, N. Y. He wanted to become a surgeon, but upon learning that he needed three years of German in order to enroll, he switched to engineering. Vacations he spent working as an electrician on odd jobs for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, with which his father was connected.

At the outbreak of war he obtained a commission as a second lieutenant, because of his military training, and was assigned to the 79th Infantry at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia. He went overseas with the "Rainbow Division," but insists that the heaviest fighting he saw was in the "Battle of Paris." When "Broadway" closed he went back and fought the battle all over again.

It wasn't until after the war that Tracy ever gave the stage a thought. His mother had been an instruc-

Lee Tracy
and
Evalyn Knapp
in
"Night Mayor"
About this time he seems to have caught the attention of the producers and before long he was offered the lead in "The Cat and Canary." He admits he was scared to death, for he couldn't handle it, but made good. He had the juvenile role in "The Show Off," "The Book of Charm," "The Wisdom-Tooth" and "Glory Hallelujah."

These were followed by the phenomenal run of "Broadway" after which he made his screen debut in "The Front Page." This was followed by the leading role in Norman Krasna's screamingly funny play "Louder Please."

Shortly after this he arrived in Hollywood as a result of some frantic wiring due to a certain gentleman calling a strike because of salary differences. The certain gentleman was none other than our old pal Jimmy Cagney, and Lee was called in to take the role of the ruthless column in "Blessed Event."

With the movie-going world at his feet, Tracy and his studio disagreed over certain clauses in his contract and the new star walked out. Soon offers and contracts came in from practically all the larger studios. Lee looked them all over and decided to free lance,—accepting only such roles as suited him. Many of the wise- acres shook their heads when his decision became known, and prophesied that he'd weaken. They were wrong, however, because his next was the role of the big city executive in "Night Mayor" which he did under the Columbia banner. Evalyn Knapp was cast as the chorus girl who saves His Honor from disgrace.

The film was not shown in New York, so the story goes, until some time after its night mayor, Jimmy Walker, had left these shores to write his memoirs.

In the meantime Mr. Tracy was anything but idle. He appeared as the reporter whose clever radio stunt uncovered the suspect in "Loves of Molly Louvain" and too late discovered his love for the distracted mother. He had another reporter role in "Doctor X," with Fay Wray and Lionel Atwell.

In the "Washington Merry Go Round" which R. K. O., released he was cast in the role of young Congressman Gwinnett, direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Button Gwinnett. He arrives in Washington with lofty ideas and ideals, and soon finds out that Washington is too busy making deals to bother with anything else. The scenes depicting the B. E. F. camp were especially good and Mr. Tracy had another success chalked up to his credit.

In "Half Naked Truth" he returns to his well-known role of publicity agent and his stunts for putting over his "Princess".
Blondes Braver Than Brunettes?

"YES" Says Ann Harding
"NO" Says Ernest Schoedsack

SOMETHING was started in Hollywood by Ernest B. Schoedsack, adventurer and motion picture director, when he declared without qualifications that blondes are less adventurous and courageous than brunettes.

A brave man himself, accustomed to facing danger in war and in the jungle, Mr. Schoedsack has discovered that species is also dangerous when aroused. His controversial statement was based upon years of travel in wild countries and upon personal observation of blondes and brunettes in situations demanding great physical courage. As a member of the 55th Service Co., U.S. Signal Corps, A.E.F., he had a chance to observe feminine bravery on and behind the battlefields.

"Blondes," said Mr. Schoedsack, "are decorative and belong in civilized society. Their love of pleasure and fine surroundings rob them of the primitive love of excitement.

"Brunettes, on the other hand, are pioneers. They are the women who span continents in fragile planes, accompany their men on treks to Africa and challenge man's supremacy in athletics."

Result: the Hollywood blondes—even some very recent ones—are up in the air over Schoedsack's revolutionary dictum.

Ann Harding, for instance, points to her own experience as an argument against the director's theory, and she points to Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam as an ex-
ample of the “pioneering blonde” whose courage in matters aeronautical no one questions.

The blonde R. K. O.-Radio Pictures star is well-known as an aviation enthusiast, and has piloted her own cabin ship for several years, making trips to sundry resorts about Hollywood. She’s been in storms. She’s cracked up in forced landings, and she still believes in air travel for women.

“…To say that brunettes are more courageous than blondes is absurd,” said Miss Harding. “They have certain characteristic differences, of course. But courage is not one of them. I know any number of fair-haired women who would go into the African jungle if the opportunity came their way.

“Personally, I’d enjoy just such a vacation from starring in Hollywood. I like an occasional thrill, even if I am a blonde. But I wonder if some of my air escapes haven’t provided more excitement than meeting an African lion face to face fully protected with a high-powered rifle.

“It’s my opinion that the greatest danger any woman can experience is right at her door, so to speak. There are few more adventurous or thrilling opportunities open to a woman than flying alone—and to say that a brunette would stand up under this better than a blonde is ridiculous.”

Miss Harding, recalling her days at Fort Sam Houston where her father was commanding officer, said that she experienced the greatest danger of her life there when riding refractory army mules.

Fay Wray, a decided brunette who dons a blonde wig on occasion for picture purposes, modestly refrained from making comparisons. At least she’s had the courage to keep her marriage to John Monk Saunders, author of “Wings,” going smoothly and she is constantly called upon to take a role in such adventure and horror films as “Kong,” “The Unholy Garden,” “Doctor X,” “The Vampire Bat,” “The Most Dangerous Game,” “Four Feathers,” “Dirigible,” “The Sea God,” “Thunderbolt,” “The Texan,” and many others. She, of all stars, is the best proof of Mr. Schoedsack’s theory. Another is Lupe Velez of “Hot Pepper” and “Half Naked Truth” fame. Mlle. Velez is never found wanting in courage.

Schoedsack mentioned Fay Wray, however, a brunette, because she exemplified to his mind the utmost in feminine courage. That this view is held also by Mr. Cooper, who has been associated with Schoedsack in five major productions of this type, is evidenced by the fact that Miss Wray has appeared in their last two joint adventure pictures—“The Most Dangerous Game” and “King Kong.” Meriam Cooper also served in the Signal Corps of the A. E. F.

The battle is on, with players taking sides, though most of the talking is done, naturally, by the blondes—the natural blondes. Betty Lawford feels she’s not lacking in courage, but feels that brunettes are equally courageous with blondes.

"I think it took some courage to make a flight from the studio to New York by air mail, my first time up," Miss Stuart stated. "I agree with Miss Harding, that flying is as much a test of nerve for a woman as exploring the jungle is for a man. Because it's enjoyable, it's no less dangerous."

Katharine Hepburn, brunette newcomer to the studio, silently agreed with Mr. Schoedsack on the question of brunettes in athletics. The new star, who attracted attention in "A Bill of Divorcement," is something of an athlete herself, and is proud of it. "And the greatest woman athletic star of today, Babe Didrickson, is a brunette," she pointed out. Katharine is an adventurous type, loves flying, but won't venture to admit whether she is married or not. She's affirmed and denied the marriage rumor,—but if she isn't single, we feel that her "hubby" isn't worried about his wife ever turning "yellow" on him.

Betty Lawford had a role in "The Monkey's Paw" which called for courage,—for, even though one is acting,—the strain of the mystery and horror is always felt, more or less, by those who must enact and interpret those roles.

Wera Engels, German film player, making her first appearance in American pictures in support of Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper," is puzzled by the discussion. A definitely dark type, she was requested by the R. K. O.-Radio studio to don a blonde wig for her role in this picture.

"I never heard that a brunette was more brave than a blonde," said Miss Engels, "but if that is so, I shall have to change my personality to become blonde for America."

Gertrude L. Michael, who has appeared in featured parts for M-G-M, Paramount, and in R. K. O.'s "Sailor Be Good" in which she stars, is a decided blonde,—a southern beauty from Talladega, Alabama, who is as brave and daring a creature as one expects to find among the younger set. She loves aviation, and, while she is often called upon, as Mr. Schoedsack put it, to be a "drawing room beauty," nevertheless she is an expert swimmer and once saved an actor from drowning while swimming in the waters off the south shore of Long Island. Her next picture venture will be opposite Maurice Chevalier.

One more blonde who possesses that quiet, steady sort of courage is little Helen Twelvetrees. Mrs. Woody isn't the type of fool who'll "try anything once"; she has the courage to say "Yes" and do a thing when it is needed, and to say "No" when her peace of mind and bodily happiness will benefit by not doing something foolhardy.

Mr. Schoedsack, meanwhile, has left Hollywood for parts unknown, to make another and greater adventure picture near the spot in Arabia where he and Mr. Cooper made their first native film sensation, (Contd. on page 62)
Johnny Weissmuller

Johnny Weissmuller, the screen’s sleek swimming sheik, recently divorced from Bobbe Arnst, musical comedy star, is reported growing affectionate towards Lupe Velez, the Mexican movie star. His next picture is "Tarzan and His Mate," in which he is co-starred with the fair Maureen O'Sullivan, of M-G-M.
Mae West

Paramount-Publix’s “mammy,” imported from the diamond mines of Noo Yawk, is proving to be a sensation in “She Done Him Wrong,” in which Mae does another “Diamond Lil!” under a name which would get by the censors. Owen Moore plays opposite her in this rollickingly funny screen version of the stage play.
BEAUTY may be only skin deep, if we are to believe the old adage, but bear in mind that we have quite a few square feet of it, and our skin comes in two distinct layers.

I may startle you by saying that beauty of face, form and complexion is even more important to the girl who is playing comedy "shorts," or who is starting up the ladder as a "bit" player than it is to many stars whose pay envelope every month bears at least five figures.

And for this reason: the girl who does comedies,—whether it be in those funny Educational-Andy Clyde humorous sketches, or with any of the reputable Hollywood producers who are turning out comedy shorts,—usually finds herself in a position where she must display more of her body, and in a much shorter space of time, than does the average star in the average full length feature picture,—even though that "six-reeler" may be a comedy.

She is constantly asked to appear in bathing suits, in opera gowns, in "decollete," in pajamas, in night gowns, gymnasium suits, abbreviated togs of all sorts, and not infrequently in her "unmentionables." Throughout the plot of the picture there is no attempt to introduce vulgarity, indecency or anything which would call down the wrath of the censors. This more or less "undressing" of a comedy "short" star is done for two reasons:

First, to offer the element of surprise. The comic "heavy" suddenly bursting into a bathroom where our leading lady may be in the tub,—or breaking into a stateroom just as milady is going to bed. These are not subjects of carnal attack; they constitute a branch of humor in which the element of embarrassment,—the feeling of suddenly being "lost" or "out of place" forms a situation which is laughable at the moment.

No harm is ever intended, but these short, quick, "punchy" shots often do call for a liberal display of the star's or featured player's arms, calves, thighs and shoulders.

The second reason is the element of beauty; a beauty which is enhanced by comparison.

The homely face of Andy Clyde, in his well known make-up of glasses and a huge moustache; the sad, bleary-eyed face of Buster Keaton; and a score of others, are but improved and "set-off," so to speak, by close comparison with a pretty girl with a bright, youthful face and clear complexion.

As a "stooge," in a sense, she forms a contrasting combination which lends grotesqueness, humor or satire to any situations in which the two characters are jointly involved.

Only skin deep,—yet this beauty proves a valuable asset to the film short. Show me a comedy which hasn't made money and I'll show you one which didn't "click" simply because it lacked that form of contrast; it lacked pretty girls.

Particular attention should be paid to your make-up; if you lack the time, take some of the time away from cigarettes and devote it to the vanity in your bedroom or the make-up mirror in your stage dressing room. Young women who are best made up are those who sit down to prepare their faces.

The assumption is that when you sit down to the task you give a few more minutes to it. You have to use better mirror light to work by and you have more of the necessary "tools" to work with before you on the dressing table.

There is no disputing that you go about the face beautifying work more leisurely and more thoroughly when you are seated for the job. The idea of performing the duty standing insinuates a brisk, business-like performance, and rather hurried one. This necessarily is the only method open to women during their business day; since our employers have not seen fit as yet to supply our wash rooms with finely appointed toilet tables.

Take the problem, for example, of pimples and blackheads; these will sound the death knell to any girl's success on the silver screen if she permits them. A combination of good health habits and the outward care of the complexion will generally do much to free one from these facial blemishes. One must keep the entire body clean and must pay especial attention to keeping the face free from dirt. One should wash the face well every night, using cold cream to cleanse the skin before washing it. One's diet plays an important part in the complexion.

Green vegetables and fruits should be included in the daily diet to give one a properly balanced diet. Sunshine, exercise, sleep and rest are all contributing factors to maintaining a good complexion, which, as I said before, should be studied in front of the mirror while you are seated. The best application of an argument is to try out both sides and see for yourself which works best. See if in the morning, let's say, before you leave home your face wouldn't be better made up if you sat down to the job than to slap on the makeup just before you grab your hat and street car money. When seated you'll be (Continued on page 56)
NINA VELSIR, in Educational - Andy Clyde Comedies.
In Russia with Rasputin and "Cavalcade" with Clive

If ever a picture deserved the honor, which this magazine exclusively bestows, of "The Picture of the Month" it is "Cavalcade." Your editor considers this one of the finest pictures ever made in the English language, if not one of the best pictures of all times. And Fox Films, which, unfortunately, produced a number of mediocre and "just fair" pictures in the past, have covered themselves with glory in the making of this, their most recent success.

To Diana Wynyard, well known English actress, must go a large share of the glory and honor with which this film is being laden. To her, too, must go honors for that highly interesting and exciting picture which, last month, made such a distinct hit throughout the nation and which is even now being shown at many of the country's leading theatres,—"Rasputin."

So the two dramas in which Miss Diana appears, we tender the honors of "The (Two) Pictures of the Month." The original play, by Noel Coward, "Cavalcade," ran eleven solid months at the Drury Lane theatre in London and took six months to prepare for the screen. More than 25,000 extras were employed during the course of the production and the script called for 40 principal speaking parts. The picture was directed by Frank Lloyd and includes in the cast Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Ursula Jeans, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Merle Tottenham, Irene Browne, Beryl Mercer, Frank Lawton, Margaret Lindsay, John Warburton, David Torrence, Claude King, Winter Hall, Lawrence Grant, Bonita Granville, Sheila MacGill, Douglas Scott, Lionel Belmore, Dick Henderson, Jr., Mary Forbes, Montague Shaw, Stuart Hill, Will Stanton, Adele Crane, Ann Shaw, Desmond Roberts, Billy Bevan, Temple Pigott and Frank Atkinson.

"Cavalcade" opens with introduction of the Marryots; the mother, Jane (Diana Wynyard), the father, Robert (Clive Brook) and their sons, Edward (Dick Henderson, Jr.) 12, and Joe (Douglas Scott) 8. We also meet their servants, the maid, Ellen (Una O'Connor), her husband, the butler, Bridges (Herbert Mundin). It is New Year's Eve, 1899.

The Marryots are drinking their traditional toast. (Continued on page 62)
Princess Natacha (Diana Wynyard) and her despoiler, Rasputin, (Lionel Barrymore) in the M-G-M film.

CLIVE BROOK and DIANA WYNYARD in "Cavalcade."
ANYONE who was born with the name of "Gretchen," as I was, ought to be able to cook; and I think I can. Your editor has asked me to write an article of a seasonable nature. Because of their high protein content, noodles are especially suited to filling the gaps in Lenten meals. They form the basis of many palatable dishes ranging from soups to desserts.

The commercial variety has, of recent years, largely supplanted the use of the lighter, more delicate home product. They may be had in various forms, alphabets, especially intriguing to youngsters, shells, rings, and the commoner string and wide variety. Noodles, except for their form are not unlike macaroni, and are much used as a hearty filling food. The egg noodles have the added ingredient to make them nourishing and palatable in salads, goulashes, rings, soups or desserts.

Plain Noodle Ring.

1 cup broad noodles 2 tablespoons butter 1 cup rich milk 2 tablespoons flour ½ teaspoon salt ¾ teaspoon paprika few grains cayenne

Put the noodles without breaking into 2 quarts of boiling salted water. Be sure they boil quickly to prevent them from sticking and burning. After ten minutes, drain and blanch in cold water. Melt the butter and remove from the fire. Stir in the flour to make a smooth paste. Add the milk, stirring to keep the mixture smooth. Stir and cook over the flame until thickened. Then place over hot water and cook at least ten minutes. Add the seasonings, and the cooked noodles. Fold in the well beaten egg yolks and then the stiffly beaten whites.

Pour the mixture into a well oiled ring mold and bake in a pan of hot water, in a moderate oven (325°) until firm, but not browned, about 45 minutes.

Turn out on a hot platter, and fill the center with hot creamed meat or fish.

A more colorful product may be obtained by adding pimento, green pepper, minced ham, sliced frankfurters, crab meat or shrimp. Fold in the chosen item before baking the creamed noodle mixture.

Noodle Soup.

Noodles will supply added food value to almost any soup. They are particularly good in bouillons, broths, as well as chicken soup. Add about one ounce of noodles to one quart of soup stock when it is boiling hot. Simmer about ten minutes before serving.

Buttered Noodles.

1 cup noodles ½ teaspoon of pepper 2 cups boiling water ½ teaspoon paprika 1 teaspoon salt few grains of cayenne 3 tablespoons butter

Add the salt to the measured boiling water and then drop in the noodles. Cover tightly and simmer for twenty minutes. If at the end of that time the water has not all evaporated, remove the cover and cook it out. Add the butter and seasonings, mixing well. Serve with fried fish.

The above recipe may be varied by adding ½ to 1 cup of grated American or Italian cheese into the buttered noodles. Tomato Noodles.

2 cups noodles 1½ quarts water ½ teaspoon salt 1 cup canned tomatoes ½ teaspoon paprika 1 cup chopped green pepper ¼ teaspoonful salt ½ cup grated or finely cut cheese (American or Parme-
“Good Gad! The congestion in here is terrible.”

He: “There will be a lot of broken hearts when I get married.”
She: “Well, listen, big boy, why marry more than once?”

—College Life.
“Say, lady, it’s time for your baby’s eleven o’clock bottle.”

“Look, first, and see if there’s a columnist at the keyhole.”

“That’s great, boys! Now let’s rehearse it a couple more times!”
"Gosh, dat reminds me—the missus asked me to wring out de babies' diapers."

"Ah, Bishop, 'tis destiny that shapes our ends."

"I WANT A DRESS!"
BROADWAY SISTER SUGGESTED GOOD.

**HER RADIO ROMEO**.—Powers Pictures with Gene Gerrard, Jessie Matthews, Kay Hammond, Kenneth Kove, David Miller, Fred Groves, Averi Hayley, Gordon Begg, Binnie Barnes and Hal Gordon, directed by Gene Gerrard. It's modern, novel and neat. It's a British picture with an American flair. If to shed formality and to picture impulse may be so styled. It's musical and delightful.


**LADY'S ESCAPADE**.—One of the Kendall-De Vally operalogues released by Educational Film Exchanges, is this short concerning the opera "Martha." Beautifully sung and well acted by Wynne Davis, William Wray, Ivan Edwardes, Jack Howell, C. van der Bolen, John Linee, and others. Capably directed by Howard Higin and supervised by Antoine De Vally. Willow Wray is a sister of Fay.

**WALPURGIS NIGHT**.—Kendall De Vally operathrop with Ettore Campana, Jack Howell, Madalyn King, Estelle Reed, Jean Cunningham, Esther Coombs, John Linee, Fay Dodger and Alice Reawold. The picture is suggested by Goethe's Faust, and has been staged with great lavishment. The music is interesting and should make deep appeal to lovers of the art. A beautiful production.

**Lucky Girl**.—Powers Pictures with Gene Gerrard, Molly Lamond, Gus McNaughton, Spencer Trevor, Tonie Bruce, Ian Fleming, Frank Stanmore and Lesley Waring. Adapted from the British musical stage success—"Mrs. Abdulla" by Reginal Berkeley. A splendid mixture of farce comedy and music—well directed and adequately staged—and an artistic competency comparable with any cast.

**THE LIMPING MAN**.—Powers Pictures with Franklin Dyall, Margot Graham, Lester Matthews, Arthur Hardy, Henrietta Watson, Gerald Rawlinson, David Hawthorne, Jeanne Stuart and Percy Parsons. Here we have a well told tale of mystery in which our British cousins disclose a technique which should once for all fix the issue that art knows no country.

**WALKING DOWN BROADWAY**.—Fox Film with James Dunn, Boots Mallory, Zasu Pitts, Minna Gombell and Terry Ray from play by Dawn Powell, adapted and directed by Erich Von Stroheim. Here is a story analyzed by a master psychologist and student of the theme. Von Stroheim has no equal in handling such material.—see it you must, and enjoy it you will. A very recent release.

**GRAND SLAM**.—Warner Bros. with Paul Lukas, Loretta Young, Frank McHugh, Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson, Walter Byron, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joe Cawthorn, Paul PORCOAT and Mary Doran. Novelty is the basis of the picture industry,—in "Grand Slam" we find a new dramatic plot motive,—love at the card table is a pretty turn in the trick of life. Splendidly done.

**THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED**.—Universal Picture with Slim Summerville, Zasu Pitts, Fifi D'Orsay, Roland Young, Guy Kibbee, Verree Teasdale, C. Aubrey Smith, David Landau, Robert Greig, Elizabeth Patterson, Wallis Clark, Vivien Oakland, Cora Sue Collins, David Lee TLLOTH, William Burress, Louise Mackintosh, Bertram Marburgh, Virginia Howell and Henry Armetta. It's a farce.
THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN.—Columbia Film with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, Lucien Littlefield, Tohru Mori, Richard Loo, Clara Blandick, Walter Connolly and Mau Ming. A New England school girl goes to China to wed a missionary, is captured by a powerful war lord. His love, respect and oriental wooing make up a poignant story of charm and beauty.

THE MAN WHO WON.—By Dion Titheradge, directed by Norman Walker. Powers Picture with Henry Kendall, Heather Angel, Nora Swinburne, Sam Livesey, Louie Tinsley, and Moore Marriott. It's British, but of its type it is a good “bit” for any audience;—it stands on all fours and needs no apology. Well staged, well acted and as entertaining as any program picture.

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum.—United Artists with Al Jolson, Madge Evans, Roland Young, Harry Langdon, Chester Conklin, Edgar Connor and Dorothy Wood, from story by Ben Hecht, adapted by S. N. Behrman. The story is extremely pretty, but is far too close to the fairy variety to grip you. We call it “sweet twaddle” and recommend it to lovers of romance. Fair.

JUNGLE MYSTERY.—Universal Pictures with Tom Tyler, Noah Beery, Jr., Cecilia Parker, William Desmond, Philo McCullough, adapted by Ella O’Neill from novel, “The Ivory Trail,” by Talbot Mundy. Sensational serial of thrills with a fortune in ivory as the basis for a struggle for its possession. A rip-snorting story of a fight between two bands makes up this highly dramatic tale.

THE SAVAGE GIRL.—Rochelle Hudson, borrowed from R. K. O., stars in this Monarch Production released by Freuler Film Associates. Walter Byron, leading man, gives a most creditable performance in the tropical setting—surrounded by the usual bevy of African natives. Adolph Milan appears as the “villain” of the piece who wants to carnally attack the “savage girl.” A fairly good adventure film.


DECEPTION.—Columbia Film with Leo Carrillo, Dickie Moore, Nat Pendleton, Thelma Todd, Barbara Weeks, Frank Sheridan, Henry Armetta and Hans Steinke. Story by Nat Pendleton, adaptation by Harold Tarshis, director Lew Seiler. Nat Pendleton has been able to add a new twist to an old theme and given the producer excellent material with which to turn out a good picture. Very enjoyable.

VIRGINS OF BALL.—If this sort of stuff keeps up we'll have to headline it: “Ball's Belles Bare Beautiful Breasts.” This one, produced by Deane H. Dickinson for Principal Pictures, and presented by Wm. M. Pizor, is really a very excellent travelogue story—nothing more—nothing less. It is calculated to make one wish to take the first steamer to Ball. Meritorious and pretty fair photography.

HER STRANGE DESIRE.—Powers Pictures, from the sensational stage success, “Petiphar's Wife” by Edgar Middleton with Laurence Olivier, Nora Swinburne, Norman McKinnell, Guy Newall, Ronald Frankau, Elsa Lanchester, Henry Wynn. The theme is daring, yet it is in no sense offensive. Produced with splendid realization of the possibilities of the story. An excellent British “sex” picture.
Bound for Broadway!
Pullman scene from the Fox picture
"BROADWAY BAD."

GINGER ROGERS
plays in
"Broadway Bad."
EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE.—First National, with Warren William, Loretta Young, Wallace Ford, Alice White, Albert Gran, Allen Jenkins, Marjorie Gateson, Hale Hamilton, Ruth Donnelly and Zita Moulton. A grim, tragic recital of the pitfalls of careers which are subject to the demand of “all we possess” in the struggle for existence—designed to show human behavior under this call. Powerful.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—M.G.M. with Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, Johnny Hines and others in a “suspenseful” blood curdling bad man underworld drama in which good triumphs. Things like this rarely happen but this one did. Director and cast labor with intelligence to give you a pleasant evening. The plot is heavy, but the action will interest you. Good. Reviewed at the Capital Theatre, Broadway.

CENTRAL AIRPORT.—First National Pictures, Inc. and The Vitaphone Corp., with Richard Barthelmess, Sally Eilers, Tom Brown, Glenda Farrell, Harold Huber, James Murray, Claire McDowell, Grant Mitchell, Irving Bacon, Charles Sellon, Robert Craig and Lucile Ward. Might well be termed an epic of the air. Every element in the picture has a sound basis and it teems with dramatic action.

TERROR TRAIL.—Universal Pictures, with Tom Mix, Naomi Judge, Arthur Rankin, Raymond Hatton, Francis McDonald, Robert Kortman, John St. Polis, Frank Browulee and Harry Tenbrook. Recommend for action and the undeniable Tom Mix flair, and horse, Tony, Jr. Western men dare all for love and duty of which there is plenty in this. “He-man” work from start to finish.

THE KING’S VACATION.—Warner Bros., with George Arliss, Florence Arliss, Marjorie Gateson, Dudley Digges, Dick Powell, Patricia Ellis, O. P. Heggie, Douglas Gerrard and others. A splendid story carrying the theme “heart hunger” is woven around a throne which beckons to a prince, all its elements may be found in life. It is drama without descending to dross, and excellent.

THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL.—Vitaphone Pictures with John Wayne, Marceline Day, Frank McHugh, Otis Harlan, Albert J. Smith, Yakima Canutt, Clarence Gelert and Duke, the wonder horse. We have here a splendid western adventure picture, formulated with enough magnetism to lift it into the interesting class. Well acted and staged with sufficient color to tempt those who enjoy action.

FRISCO JENNY.—First National. Director, William A. Wellman; with Ruth Chatterton, James Murray, Robert O’Connor, Pat O’Malley, Louis Calhern, Noel Francis, Don Cook, and Hallam Cooley. We feel that the theme which this picture paints will always be dear to the hearts of the public. Ruth Chatterton with Director Wellman creates a wonderfully entertaining evening in this.

BLUE MOON MURDER CASE.—Warner Bros. with Ben Lyon, Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Peggy Shannon, Lyle Talbot, Guy Kibbee, Harold Huber, Edward Ellie Louise Beavers, Helen Ware, Mike Morita and Fred Kelsey. Another one of those mystery stories which runs the whole gamut of shocking situations for the purpose of plot, made acceptable by good direction and cast.

HOT PEPPER.—Fox Film with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Lupe Velez, El Brendel, Lilian Bond, Gloria Roy, Bothe Howard and Russ Clark. This well named picture sizzles down the line like a natural and with such a cast it can hardly fail to impress itself as an hour of delight. It’s a portrayal of Broadway after dark, but is decidedly Rabelaisian in some of its dialog. Not recommended for children.
CARMEN.—Powder Pictures from Bizet's opera with Marguerite Namara, Tom Burke, Lance Fairfax, Lester Matthews, D. Hay Petrie and Dennis Wyndham. Lavishly staged—this tragic story of love and song is wondrously preserved in this splendid British adaptation of the opera Carmen. Classic in its melodic beauty and gripping in its emotional fire. The cast is ideal.

STATE FAIR.—Fox Production with Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster, Louise Dresser, Frank Craven, Victor Jory and Frank Melton. Many pretty things might be said for this picture without overestimating its charm. It grips you and all of its characters live in the splendid work of the cast. A vivid life painting greets you. Excellent.

SAILOR BE GOOD.—Gertrude Michael, beautiful Alabama blonde is the star of this production by the Jefferson Pictures Corp., distributed by R. K. O. Opposite her we find Jack Oakie, and in support Vivienne Tobin, George E. Stone, Lincoln Stedman, Max Hoffman, Jr., Huntley Gordon and Gertrude Sutton. Miss Michael has the part of "Kay Whitney," society beauty. Very good picture.

AIR HOSTESS.—A Columbia production in which Evelyn Knapp gets spanked, ever so nicely, by her picture "husby." James Murray, Arthur Pierson, Jane Darwell, J. M. Kerrigan, Thelma Todd, Mike Donlin and Dutch Hendrick aid her in making a good picture of the air travel industry. The story and screen play were by Keene Thompson and Grace Perkins; directed by Al Rogell.

OH BOY, OH BOY—Another one of those screamingly funny Andy Clyde comedies—an Educational Pictures short. The scene in the courtroom and the skating rink are especially "side-splitting," and, as usual, Mr. Clyde has an attractive and shapely young blonde playing in the film with him. Andy is good for many years yet in the pictures if he continues this quality of comic performance.

THE BIG DRIVE—A war film, pieced together from official pictures made by photographers of the U. S. Signal Corps and of the Allied and Central Powers has been going the rounds of R. K. O. and other theatres. It is released by First Division Exchanges, and is very badly put together; not in proper sequence as to action or shooting. Just passable; will interest World War veterans.

HARD TO HANDLE.—Warner Bros., directed by Mervyn LeRoy with James Cagney, Mary Brian, Claire Dodd, Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn and Gavin Gordon. Here is a good story maltreated by high pressure dramatics and lack of understanding which however gets by on cast performance and direction. It is staged with a splendid sense of values—a director's picture.


HELL'S HIGHWAY.—A Radio Picture, starring Richard Dix who is most ably supported by the pretty and youthful Rochelle Hudson and Tom Brown. A story of sacrifice in a hell-hole of a southern prison camp; prisoners doing the work on the state roads under conditions approximating slavery. Very well done; excellently acted, and good drama in every sense of the word.
BARBARA JASON, petite beauty at the Paradise Cabaret-Restaurant is being "looked over" as a possible future screen player. Some of the scouts hitting the Broadway white light district have commented favorably upon her smile, her singing voice, her dancing ability, and what N. T. G. calls "perfect understandings." Big news is going to break soon if those crooks and gangsters don't clear out of Hollywood's cinema colony. What these racketeering gunmen need is a rope swung from a lamppost in every large city, and we'll award an orchid to the film company which ventures that suggestion visually in a production!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has acquired motion picture rights to "Beauty," the novel by Faith Baldwin, published earlier this year by Farrar and Rinehart. We'd like to review it when it comes to the Capitol, on Broadway, and mention the show, telling you folks how we like it, but Miss B. Mack seems to have gone Scotch with press courtesies.

Barbara Jason, dancer with the Paradise Restaurant-Cabaret.

Murray Korman photo.

Jean Harlow's next starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will be "Bombshell," based on an unproduced play written by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane. Miss Harlow has been seen recently in "Red Dust," "Red Headed Woman" and "The Beast of the City."

Mr. Rothafel (Roxy to you), didn't like the nude statues which were made, and paid for, so he kicked 'em out. "Personally, I thought," said Donald Deskey, in charge of the interior decorations of the N. Y. C. theatre leased by R. K. O. from the Rockefeller interests, "the three (nude) statues were damned good pieces of art, but if Mr. Rothafel doesn't want them in his theatre, he has a right to his opinion."

Because the solid silver ceiling in the main foyer of the new Roxy was too dull, Roxy covered it with $6,000 worth of 28-carat gold leaf. We're wondering if his press representatives will be as liberal with the newspapers and magazines: How about it, Martha?

Paramount hasn't yet picked up Nancy Carroll's contract and renewed it... What prominent director is scheduled to be fired, from the Hollywood lots by the time this issue comes off the press?

Alma Wanderwell was so grieved and upset over her husband's mysterious death that she grabbed a vaudeville contract in Los Angeles to cash in on the grim publicity. One of her bits of stage business was to come forward, face the audience, tell of some tragic incidents in her life, and invite women in the audience to weep with her. It was noticed that a great many of the women did weep.

Sir Guy Standing, Broadway and London stage star who was brought to Hollywood by Paramount for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," makes his screen debut with Miriam Hopkins and George Raft in "The Story of Temple Drake" and will then appear in "The Eagle and the Hawk" air drama.

The West Coast advises that Lillian Roth has one of the most important roles in the cast, replacing Dorothy Sebastian. The leading male part opposite Miss Stanyewicz is being played by Preston Foster referring, of course, to "Women In Prison."

Recently a strikingly pretty woman, in Philadelphia, Pa., and two hundred and fifty-two men were arrested in a midnight raid by police on a mid-city hall where an objectionable motion picture was being shown. The young woman and five men, promoters of the performance, were held.

You'll enjoy Eddie Cantor's new game, "Tell It To The Judge." Yes, like all good games for children and adults, it's manufactured by Parker Bros., of Salem, Mass. Designed solely by Mr. Cantor, probably after he was pinched for speeding in Hollywood.

Sam Kaplan, recently deprived of his revolver in court, was finally relieved of his job as president of Local 306, Moving Picture Operators' Union; and there's great rejoicing throughout New York State. The American Federation of Labor can now operate more successfully against the racketeers who are trying to force an outlaw
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

union on the movie houses—a so-called "union" which is in no way affiliated with the A. F. of L. All we can say to our readers in this brief is: "Patronize the theatres where recognized safety crews of the American Federation of Labor are performing their duties," and you'll never have to worry about stink bombs, mutilated signs in front of theatres, or the like.

The "last word" in cinema colony parties was one recently thrown by the Gordon Westcotts. All the guests had to come in the clothes they wore in their very first role. Dorothy Knapp and Faith Bacon would have made a hit at that party.

Reports are current that Edmund Goulding, director of Grand Hotel, is barred from returning to the U. S. A. This is funny, because Ed couldn't get out of the country when he wanted to leave... He owed Uncle Sam a tax bill of eighteen grand... So he borrowed the eighteen grand from a prominent movie executive and sailed... Now that he's out it seems that he's got to stay out, unless the new Democratic Administration goes lenient... One chap who is persona non grata, however, is Duncan Renaldo, movie actor recently found guilty of being in this country without a permit. The government claims he first came in 1921, as a coal stoker on a French steamer, representing himself to French authorities as a Greek. The prosecutor claims that in March, 1929, Renaldo made application for life insurance, giving his birthplace as Rumania. But during the filming and showing of "Trader Horn" the dope was given out that he was Portuguese. He was convicted. It'll be remembered that Edwina Booth was sued by Mrs. D. Renaldo on the grounds that she had "vamped" her husband, and that Duncan's "affections" had been given too liberally to the fair Edwina during their tropical and shipboard sojourns.

Sedel Waldman, Rumanian beauty who specializes in the Spanish and South American types of stage and club dancing, has been receiving much favorable comment along the main stem (Broadway, to you) of late. She appeared as one of the stars in a recent N. Y. American benefit and won a generous encore applause.

Richard Boleslavsky, who directed "Rasputin and the Empress," has been signed to a new long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Boleslavsky is the author of "Way of the Lancer" and "Lances Down," and was formerly connected with the Moscow Art Theatre.

Renee Borden,—don't know whether she's related to the former Prime Minister of Canada or not,—is a striking beauty Educational has grabbed off for work in the Ideal comedies. Her picture appears on this page, and if you don't think this lady will make good, you'd better visit your oculist. Like Mlle. Waldman, she also does Spanish dance numbers, although Renee's in Hollywood.

Tod Browning will direct John Gilbert's next starring picture, temporarily titled "Rivets" and based on an unproduced play by John W. McDermott. Mae Clark and Muriel Kirkland have the leading feminine roles in the forthcoming production, and the cast includes also Robert Armstrong, Vince Barnett, Warner Richmond and Sterling Holloway. Browning last directed "Freaks" for M-G-M.

Peggy Joyce, who had somewhat of a disastrous venture into the picture game, and who is convalescing, as we go to press, from an attack of the influenza, is a bit peeved because she couldn't bring her famous jewels to Hollywood with her. Peggy's getting along in years, so we can't blame the insurance companies for being cautious.

Eduardo Ciannelli, co-author of "Fools-Cap," in which he played Luigi Pirandello, has been given a role in the motion picture version of "Reunion in Vienna," now finishing production at the Culver City studios under direction of Sidney Franklin. John Barrymore and Diane Wynyard have the leading roles, and Otto Kruger made his talking picture début in "Reunion in Vienna." Ciannelli was seen on the stage in "Broadway" and "Uncle Vanya," among other plays.

The authorities are clamming down on the money-grabbing foreign stars who are upsetting the financial apple carts Hollywoodward, and one reason for the wariness attitude regarding Greta Garbo's return to the cinema capital is locally reported as uncertainty when she will receive her passport for America.

With the immigration authorities engaged in a drive to tighten up the Hollywood passport situation, all studios with foreign stars are taking extra pains to see that their important players are in the clear.

Hollywood once produced a picture that cost the staggering sum of $1,700,000. It was even more than that. They discovered, after it had been completed, that the picture didn't have a hero. So they picked from the cast the likeliest-looking possible hero, and hurriedly wrote in extra scenes for him.

The picture, "Old Ironsides," was a costly flop, but it was a great break for the emergency hero. He became known overnight. You know him today as Charlie Farrell.

Lyle Talbot hates people who talk too much. Hotel Ludy, on South Carolina Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., gets a lot of the stage and screen trade when folks want to be quiet and not advertise their presence and when they are looking for good food. Speaking of food, did you know that Mrs. Fay,—Barbara Stanwyck, won't eat foods generally considered "good for you," never wears rubber or galoshes and can't bear to see a picture hanging crooked?

Ever hear that Edward G. Robinson dislikes writing letters and attending so-called
**BROADWAY AND**

"pink teas" and answering early phone calls? His latest picture, "Silver Dollar," has a shot showing the U. S. capitol in the early eighties—with a line of fine, modern autos parked in front of it. And they spell "Pittsburgh" with an "h" on the end of it, which was wrong—at that time ... Ned Sparks has an aversion to American jazz.

Richard Barthelmess dislikes coloratura sopranos and being interviewed. And it seems Constance Bennett doesn't like to be interviewed about the way she's been acting while attending the legitimate theatres. She talks louder than the actors, on occasions, and has been publicly rebuked for it. As an actress she's not in it with her sister. Joan Blondell can't stand sand in her fingernails, beets, bridge, gentlemanly mashers, rity people, and parties.

What's happened to Jania Smalinska and Connie La Mont—both dancers and "bit" players? Haven't seen them in recent pictures, yet their faces, figures and ability would warrant their being used in production work.

Much greeting, purring, roaring Lion Man meets Panther Woman. Meaning Buster Crabbe, Katharine Burke. Lois Wilson collects old ivory. Carole Lombard superstitious about umbrellas. Cary Grant says you can't make love to leading women you don't like. Edmund Lowe is actor, rancher, dog-fancier. Gail Patrick collects rare beads, rarely wears them. J. Farrell MacDonald recently found himself in five pictures at once.

Lionel Barrymore, stage and screen star, recently had two etchings accepted for hanging by the National Arts Club's New York City exhibition. Mervyn Le Roy is going to hire the Chicago Cubs to play in his baseball flicker "Elmer the Great." Betty Blythe, who was once the "Queen of Sheba" played an extra bit in George Arliss' newest. Mary Nolan has been arrested for forging a fake check for $308.18.

Movie magnates are reported to be poking around among the discarded statesmen in Washington looking for a successor to Will Hays as cpr. They do not want a great moral leader this time, they say, but a businessman who can put the industry back on its feet. A money-raiser, not a tone-raiser.

Following her work in "Handle With Care," which Fox Film executives reviewed enthusiastically; Boot Mallory, Wampas Baby Star for 1932, will become a regular featured player on the Fox contract list. Miss Mallory was brought to Hollywood from New York after she appeared in "Hot Cha" and before that in the "Ziegfeld Follies."

The Clark Gable-Carole Lombard romantic team in Paramount's "No Man of Her Own," is the thirty-third such combination Leo Tovar, the cameraman, has filmed in his long career.

Donald Dillaway is in the cast of "Men Must Fight," which went into production recently at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios under direction of Edgar Selwyn. Others in the cast are Phillips Holmes, Diana Wynyard, Lewis Stone, May Robson.

**JANIA SMALINSKA, Screen player and classic dancer.**
Reports from two "recently arrived" stars in Hollywood discloses the fact that many of them got their inspiration and an incentive for their courage from reading that "two bits" magazine, "Psychology." One sees folks carrying that monthly publication under their arms all over California.

Many actors have trade-marks—little habits such as the squint of Will Rogers or the mustache stroking of Lewis Stone. But it is doubtful if any is more strongly registered than the coin flipping of the sleek-haired and debonair young George Raft. He introduced it in "Scarface," the picture which shot him into prominence, and in his first scene in "If I Had A Million" was once more seen doing this trick.

"Cockeyed-drunk and hysterical" seems to be the verdict of the police and hospital authorities recently rendered against Miss Cortess Palmer, estranged wife of Eugene V. Brexster. An alcoholic case in a San Francisco emergency hospital, the southern belle simply "couldn't take it," according to the newspapers of the nations. Her hubby was recently named correspondent in a Los Angeles divorce action against Albert J. Cohen, film writer. . . .

There's another star (feminine) who is due to leave the picture game soon,—permanently, for she can't give up booze and Bacardi.

Lionel Barrymore has the leading role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Service," the play by C. L. Anthony which Clarence Brown is directing for the screen. Important roles, Benita Hume, Lewis Stone and Elizabeth Allen. "Service" is now in its seventh month on the London stage. Brown last directed "The Son-Daughter."

Charges by a Scandinavian former motion picture actress that she was beaten by two women who came to collect the rent were aired recently in the Fifth Avenue Court, Brooklyn. L. J. Mrs. Dora Johanson, 32, a strikingly beautiful blonde, said that the defendants, Mrs. Mary Falanga and her daughter, Virginia, visited her apartment at 872 55th St., Brooklyn, and demanded the rent. She asked them to wait a few hours until her husband came home, she said. A dispute arose and Mrs. Johanson charges, both women attacked her.

Hank Mann, well-known character comedian, was cast in Fox's, "Sailor's Luck," which Frank Tuttle directed. Sally Eilers and James Dunn are teamed again in this one. The cast includes Victor Jory, Lucien Littlefield, Frank Atkinson, Esther Muir and Sammy Cohen.

Hollywood players who liked working in New York will be pleased to learn that the Astoria, Long Island studios have been re-opened by William Rowland-Monte Brice Productions. The first feature to be made is a Walter Winchell two-reeler, the cast of which is to include Abe Lyman and his orchestra, N. T. C., Sue Carol, Nick Stuart and a company of 135 girls who will be atmosphere in a beauty contest scenario. The last two films made by Paramount at their eastern studio had, in the cast, a young woman who was recommended for movie work by Broad... (Continued on page 48)

CONNIE LA MONT, Film player and stage dancer
Richard Dix, a father.

RICHARD DIX, who played opposite Ann Harding in "The Conquerors," is now the proud father of a seven-pound baby girl. Dix, it will be remembered, was married to Winifred Coe, last year, and the couple are overjoyed at the arrival of the little stranger.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, whose honeymoon was spent in northwestern Canada, far from the maddening crowd in September 1931, have told it to the judge. Among other things, Lola told the judge, that Lew, the handsome brute, had called her a "dumb cluck" and "a millstone around his neck." So Lola got her divorce, and an announcement is expected from Lew very soon, as he is that way about somebody else, you'd never guess.

Verree Teasdale, stage and motion picture actress who bails from Brooklyn, New York, was granted a divorce in Chicago recently after a three-minute hearing before Circuit Judge Herbert S. Anderson. The usual "clash of temperaments" was given by the former Mrs. William O'Neal, as reason for the desertion.

Miss Beta C. Rothafel, daughter of Samuel Rothafel (Roxy) was married recently to George Bigur, an advertising man. The marriage was performed by Supreme Court Justice Harry E. Lewis at the bride's home on account of the illness of her father.

Naughty, naughty! Pretty Peggy Lawton Rich, shapely golden-haired Broadway dancer and actress, was recently found guilty of "misconduct" with handsome Jack de Ruyter, socially prominent broker, by a New York jury. Action had been brought against her by Freddie Rich, rotund orchestra leader and radio impresario.

Peggy's blue eyes brimmed with tears, but she smiled as she expressed the fear that the verdict might result in her being deported on grounds of "moral turpitude." She's a British subject, having come from her native South Africa, to New York, in 1926. "I want to remain in this country," Miss Lawton said. "But I suppose somebody will try to have me deported for moral turpitude. I've got a contract to dance in a new show, and I'm anxious to carry through my part of the bargain."

While Supreme Court Justice Samuel I. Rosenman was discharging the jurors, the orchestra pilot and his family were staging a sentimental celebration before Peggy's very eyes. Rich's brothers, Jack and Al, kissed him resoundingly on the cheek and his sister, Mrs. Rose Cohen, embraced him ardently.

"I haven't the slightest interest in having Miss Lawton deported," Rich said. "I don't see why she should be. But do I think that it was unfair of her to intimate from the witness stand that I was ever under the influence of narcotics. I never took drugs in my life. Unfortunately the law did not permit me to refute this testimony, so that I couldn't deny in court the sinister suggestion of being a dope addict."

Young de Ruyter was divorced only last summer in Nevada by the former Lois Q. Clarke, now Mrs. Adolph Spreckles.

Edward G. Robinson (Emanuel Goldenberg) expects a blessed event in his family the latter part of February... William Gargan, of B. K. O. fame, is getting ready for a very great role,—that of a daddy in real life,—and to him, it is the supreme role. He admitted recently that his wife is "expecting" within the next few months. They already have one child, a little girl.

"Boots" Mallory, christened Patricia, isn't fooling Broadway with that "incompatibility" gag in her suit for divorce from Charles Bennett, erstwhile saxophone player. "Boots" came to Hollywood from the "Scandals," and other Musical shows including Will Oakland's Terrace Club where she was one of the near-nudies in his floor show. The real reason is that she has found a new interest in one of the movie "big shots" on the coast. You can fool some of the peepul, etc.

Mary Duncan was in New York during the Auto Show, and did she get attention from a certain famous auto magnate? Merna Kennedy and Clyde Beatty are being seen around together quite a lot. She is Jimmy Hall's ex-gal friend and Chaplin's ex-leading lady, remember?

Lola Lane, divorced.

Eddie Sutherland is back in L. A. with another wife, his fourth. He flew to Yuma, Ariz., to marry Audrey Henderson, who is not an actress, like his other wives. They were accompanied by Harry Akst, song writer, and Lonnie D'Orsay. Sutherland is a nephew of Thomas Meighan. His former wives were Marjorie Daw, Louise Brooks, and Ethel Kenyon. MISS Kenyon, incidentally, was married to Charles Butterworth, actor, in New York, a few weeks ago.

Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are Europe-bound in the Spring. Bill has just signed a new contract at Warners and is anxious to get Carole abroad for the first real trip they have had since they were married. It's an open secret that Bill wishes Carole would be willing to retire and be the little woman, with babies 'n everything, but so far her career seems to be more tempting to Carole. Well, maybe she'll change her mind.

Collette Francis, Paradise Club blonde beauty, was in a fair way to become President of one of our leading automobile concerns, when the Auto show was on in New York recently.

Jeanne Greene, the actress, was secretly wed to Jerome Hilton, son of the well known clothier, on the coast recently.

Loretta Young and Lyle Talbot have been seen doing the hot spots of Hollywood together... Ralph (Death Valley) Furnum has been rushing Helvyn Eby. Rock since she landed in Hollywood.

Not only are Lili Damita and Sidney Smith beyond the twelve-mile limit, but news dispatches from Bermuda, lead one to suspect that she is "cleaning up" that tight little isle.

Peggy Joyce has been going places with (Continued on page 48)
MAURICE CHEVALIER (left) divorced.

Left: "HARPO" MARX, who appears to be in love with SUSAN FLEMING, below.
JACQUELINE WELLS. "The smile that won't come off" seems a part and parcel of this charming, talented beauty who appears in Universal's latest release, "Clancy of the Mounted"
BUCK JONES. There are cowboys and cowboys, and, when all is said and done, who is there who doesn’t enjoy a good "Western"? Buck Jones is at his best in this "prairie" line
BROADWAY'S BEST BETS

WE, THE PEOPLE.—This play, in twenty scenes staged by the author, with settings by Aline Bernstein, is proving a monumental success and reflects great credit on Elmer Rice. Showing at the Empire Theatre, in New York City, it is our opinion that the play is due for a long and successful run of many months.

Appearing in it we find Egisto Visser, Charles La Torre, Eleanor Phillips, Grace Mills, Herbert Rudley, Ralph Theadore, Randolph Hale, Blaine Cordiner, Pierre Watkin, Mildred Quigley, George Pembroke, Forrest Taylor, Burr Caruth, Alice John, Frieda Altman, and several others. The play concerns, in a way, the "study" of civil government and political economy; it has touches of rare humor and pathos which we have a right to expect of Mr. Rice's work, and, without spoiling the story for our readers, we unhesitatingly recommend it for your patience or evening's consideration.

CAPITOL THEATRE.—In spite of the fact that the Loew house has a press courtesy policy which is "poisonously unkind" to newspapers and magazines, they still offer a very attractive line of stage presentations, feature pictures, and orchestra music which is nothing short, at times, of a music festival. Major Bowes deserves a world of credit for the efforts he has made in keeping the third largest theatre in the world up to the high standards it always had, and Broadway is proud of him.

GEORGE WHITE'S VARIETIES.—Harry Richman, of movie fame, Bert Lahr, and Willie and Eugene Howard head the cast of the show at the former Earl Carroll Theatre on 7th Ave., New York. The Loonis Sisters, quite beautiful, sing well,—but we'll have to review the show in detail after we've had a chance to review it. How about it, Mr. White,—have those press representatives of yours gone Scotch?

CONTINENTAL REVIEW.—N. T. Granlund, restaurant and cabaret impresario, is at it again. This time with one of the best jobs he's ever done; a night club show par excellence! "Goona Goona" has invaded the ranks of the night clubs. A Goona Goona number, inspired by the motion picture, "Goona Goona," sensational native romance drama, is one of the most outstanding and spectacular features of the floor show in N. T. G.'s "Continental Froikas" at the Paradise Club, one of Broadway's newest and most popular night spots. Many of these girls' pictures have appeared in previous issues of this magazine; they're all pretty. A song number, also called "Goona Goona," furnishes the orchestral background, played by Abe Lyman, to the Goona Goona dance feature as done by the N. T. G. girls.

The floor show is really the equal of many high class musical comedy productions, in slightly abbreviated form. Nancy Lyons, Edith Roark (whose pictures appeared on page 3 of our February edition), Barbara Jason, and Evelyn Joslyn were especially interesting and talented singers and dancers. Last, but not least, mention must be made of Roye and Maye, sensational dancers, and of Grace Bradley, charmingauburn-haired beauty whose figure is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

ONE WIFE OR ANOTHER.—A dramatic comedy, just because it attempts to be sophisticated, is not necessarily successfully artistic. This play, by T. Wigoney Percyval and Percy Shaw, begins like a sex play and ends like "The Taming of the Shrew." It opened at the Provincetown Playhouse, MacDougal St., New York, and won't last any too long.

Betty Reel, in the Hollywood (Restaurant) Review. Murray Korman photo.

The rise of the curtain found the various husbands and wives were attending one of those house parties which always serve as a convenient exhaust for messy marital affairs. It seemed in this instance, that the athletic husbands were enamored of their athletic wives and the loving and loyal heroine, Marcia Stockton (Ernisa Lascelles), was being forsaken by her perfect beast of a husband, simply because he had become unundly enamored of a rather interesting young lady, Jessica Frenna (Ruth Edell).

The authors practise with the old idea that the easiest way to cure lovers of their illicit infatuation is to throw them together. Being generous fellows, anxious to do things properly on a large scale, they do not stop with one couple; they take three, and are, perhaps, restrained from taking a dozen or so only by the lack of space on the stage. "One Wife or Another" is another of those wife's tales about the erring husband, the super-spoiled and the warm little gold-digger. The Stocktons are society suburbanites, ten years wedded, and therefore—according to the authors—gruesomely old. Their house is overrun with married couples in need of refreshment, with wives who only recite poetry and husbands who only play squash...and they themselves are totering (as all ten-year-married couples must in nearly all such plays) on the brink of a divorce in Paris. Others in the cast beside the Misses Lascelles and Edell already mentioned are Fred Leslie, Arthur Bower, Kathleen Chase, Gerald Hamer, Betty Young, Ray Clifford and Herbert Ranson.

LUCRECE.—As this magazine hits the newstands this play may be off the boards,—but after a successful run. An artistic and "frank-in-every-respect" play which was originally written by Andre Obey and later adapted by Thornton Wilder. The star of the production,—Katherine Cornell, handles the role of Lucrece superbly and delicately. The act of adultery actually takes place on stage, with bedroom attendants commenting upon the action. Played at the Belasco Theatre, New York City.

REVIEWING THE SHOWS.—Managers and producers wishing pictures of their leading men or women published in the only movie magazine carrying a dramatic department will do well to arrange for us to review the play the first or second night the show opens in Brooklyn, New York or Los Angeles. Even if there is but ONE reader for every sold copy, there are over 250,000 copies sold nationally.
"GOODBYE AGAIN" A COMEDY DELIGHT BY ALLAN SCOTT AND GEORGE HAIGHT

MASQUE THEATRE

SIMON: "I AM MARRIED TO YOUR HUSBAND'S WIFE - THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T HAVE CHILD!!"

SIMON'S WIFE: "WELL, MY DEAR WIFE, I'VE DECIDED NOT TO TAKE MY FORMER SWEETHEART OUT TO THE OLD FARMHOUSE IN THE SUBURBS TONIGHT. THAT'S OUT!!"

SIMON'S WIFE: "HOW FAR OUT?"

SIMON: "HERE'S MY RADIO TALK: 'AND PLEASE DONT ACCUSE ME OF PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY IN CALLING SINCLAIR LEWIS AND THEODORE DRIESLER A COUPLE OF HACK YUPPERS!!'"

"BITS FROM THE HITS!" BY FRED MORTON

THE MIRACLE MARIONETTE SHOW! A BLUE STREAM OF SMART FUN, FLAVOURED WITH SPIRITED CONTINENTAL MUSIC AND COLORFUL SONGS!

PICCOLI

LYRIC THEATRE

IF KING KONG WERE LOOSE IN NEW YORK!

AN IMPRESSION OF PSO'S GIGANTIC APE, KING KONG OR THEIR FORTHCOMING SUPER THRILL PICTURE OF THAT NAME, AS HE MIGHT APPEAR IF HE WERE LOOSE IN OUR FAIR CITY.

THE STORY DEPICTS THE ADVENTURES OF KING KONG, AN APE 60 FT. TALL, WHO HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A SCREEN STAR (FAY Wray) DURING THE FILMING OF A TARZAN TYPE OF PICTURE. HE FOLLOWS HER TO N.Y., WRECKING HAVOC TO MANHATTAN, AND FINALLY CAPTURES HER!!
Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 42)

Grant Withers, not knowing that he is persona non-grata with the right people, because of this and that.

Howard Hughes is now squiring Marian Marsh places these nights. . . William G. Gable, father of Clark, married his brother's widow, Mrs. Edna Gable in Yuma, Ariz., recently. The Gables formerly lived in Meadville, Pa.

James Hall, the movie actor, who was twice extradited across the continent was found guilty recently of non-support. He was placed under a $5,000 bond to insure his paying his wife $100 per week for one year. The judge informed him that failure to meet the payments would result in his spending six months in jail.

Hall and his wife protested the latest appearance, saying that they had been reconciled, but her lawyer refused to let them drop the case. Hall's attorney told the court that he had paid his wife $16,000 during the last six years, so could hardly be accused of non-support.

Lupe may deny that she is more than a pal of Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan), but appearances are certainly against her. They were plenty bashful about posing when the news photographers waited for them to leave the Club Richman in New York recently.

Jesse Lasky, Jr., certainly has what it takes. . . witness the action of his fiancée, Miss Patricia Harpet, who went to Europe to study—couldn't stand Paris, and after four days, sailed back to home and the boy friend.

It's almost impossible to keep up with Jack Oakie's list of girl friends. The latest, which also looks quite serious is Adrienne Ames, the society girl actress. But you never can tell about Jackie. Hold everything—latest news flash says Dorothy Burgess is IT.

Claire Windsor, the beauteous blonde, was sued recently in Los Angeles by Mrs. Alfred C. Read, Jr., for alienation of affection. Claire claims it was strictly business, and offered canceled checks to prove her point.

Now the judges are handing out prescriptions. The latest was one handed to Dr. Russell G. MacRobert to fill in the White Plains Court recently. Behind $262.50 in his wife's alimony, he was ordered to pay up or spend 10 days in jail.

There are rumors not honored by him with any comment that Charlie Chaplin intends to initiate some legal steps soon to obtain custody of his children for part of each year. The little fellows are past that age where they need to be solely under one regime for their physical welfare, and Charlie's friends say he wants to take a more active interest in their bringing up and education.

Josephine's taking on her third husband. Since the majority of her friends already know her joyous secret, Josephine Dunn, former movie actress, now appearing in a Broadway music show, announced yesterday that:

On Jan. 6 she was married by a Justice of the Peace in Great Neck, L. I., to Eugene John Lewis, a Philadelphia attorney.

Miss Dunn, who made her screen debut with Al Jolson several years ago, divorced Clyde E. Greathouse, son of an Oklahoma oil millionaire, in Los Angeles in October, 1931.

During their four months of married life, she said, Greathouse beat her and gave her no spending money. Later she had him jailed for alimony arrears. At one time Miss Dunn was mentioned as Charlie Chaplin's fiancée, but both denied this. Miss Dunn is playing in "Take a Chance!"

Nita Rosoff, engaged to Joseph Osborne, is suing him for breach of promise and alienation of affections, total $100,000. She claims that he devoted all his time and attention to her pupil, the boy prodigy violinist, Paul Musilovsky, and forgot all about her.

Another reason for divorce was given in a Chicago court recently. Mrs. Mae Eller testified that her husband kept her off the stage for six months by trodding on her toes every night. Mrs. Eller was a ballet dancer. That explains it, so the judge cut the knot.

Dorothy Knapp, the Miss America of 1922, after threatening for years to enter a convent, set our minds at ease recently by going to Montreal and marrying Jack Edmond, Canadian radio announcer. She adorned many of Earl Carroll's Vanities, and posed for Howard Chandler Christy.

Hollywood is stork-conscious. The arrival of a six pound seven ounce boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Huggles on Saturday (February 4th) confirms this.

Arline Judge, wife of the famous director of "Cimarron" and herself an R. K. O. Radio luminary, is the third R. K. O. studio beauty to announce her "first" in a little over two months.

Eleanor Holm, shapely swimmer, is wearing a diamond ring on the correct finger of her left hand; insisting that it wasn't given to her by Junior Laemmle, and she'd have you believe she bought it herself. . . Barbara Kent, former star of the films, and Harry Eddington, Hollywood movie agent, are in the tenth week of their matrimonial
bliss. Mr. Eddington represents Greta Garbo, Ann Harding, and other screen players.

The romance of pert Ann Seymour, singing comedienne, and Denis Du For, former dancer, that grew out of their long vaudeville partnership, is now a separation and will be terminated in the courts, the singer admitted recently. Ann, hit of Ted Healy’s “A Night in Venice,” has been separated from Du For, for six weeks, and she intends to file a divorce action in Cleveland, charging incompatibility. Du For, once of the vaudeville Du Fours, is now a Broadway theatrical agent. The couple married in Cleveland, O., in May, 1930.

Du For met Miss Seymour after coming to this country from London, as a boy, to fill engagements with his brother, Harry. A romance blossomed and then Du For returned to Europe. In the meantime, Ann was divorced by Harry Santrey, band leader.

Helene Costello, screen actress, and sister-in-law of John Barrymore, is honeymooning with Arturo del Barrio, member of a prominent Cuban family. Helene’s third husband is trying to make her happy. Her first husband was John Regan, son of an Army colonel, who married her in 1928 after they had lived together six months. Previously she had been reported engaged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In 1929, she married Lowell Sherman, who sued for divorce in 1931, charging her with constant intoxication, with possession of dirty pictures and books, and with insulting him in the presence of Mae Murray and others. By mutual consent, the court eventually awarded the decree to Miss Costello.

Maurice Chevalier divorced his pretty French wife, Yvonne Vallée—or rather, she divorced him—claiming he threw her out of his house in Hollywood and refused to talk to her. His name’s been linked, on occasions, with Mae West and Dietrich’s, and rumor has it they’re to do a picture together. The divorce hurts his standing.

Is there something “phony” about this one? Marian Nixon, Fox Film star, announced recently that she and her husband had “adopted” a ten weeks old baby. At that time no name had been decided upon for the baby, but hubby’s name is Edward Hillman, Jr. Now she’s suing Edward for absolute divorce, and all Hollywood seems to have their tongues in their cheeks—or don’t they? Marian’s a swell girl, too!

Lina Basquete denies the stork is en route, but rumors run the other way. . . .

Evelyn V. Adams, 22-year-old beauty and heiress to part of the Adams chewing gum fortune, recently eloped with an unemployed chorus man in Greenwich Village, N. Y. C. Evelyn’s pretty enough to get a job in the movies, and it’s evident her husband, Howard C. Wilson, same age as she is, is really in love with her.

The weathering comedian of the films, Bobo Ates, and his wife, the former Clara Adrian of vaudeville, have separated. “It is true—we are separated,” said Mrs. Ates, mother of the 18-year-old Dorothy Adrian, who recently was legally adopted by Ates. “I cannot say more than that right now.” Ates claims his wife “moved me out!”

“First it was money and next it was jealousy,” the comedian stated. “I have all the respect in the world for her and her daughter. This whole thing started over nine years ago, and had appeared in vaudeville together previous to their marriage.

Bela Lugosi (Dracula) eloped to Las Vegas, Nev., recently and was wed to Lillian Arch, a former bookkeeper. They met at the Magyar Athletic Club, where Miss Arch’s father is President. Both are of Hungarian families. Bela is the son of Baron Lugosi, whose ancestral home is at Lugos. Lugosi’s former wife was Mrs. Beatrice Weeks, who lived with him only four days

Mary O. Clark, red-haired Broadway showgirl, filed a breach of promise suit for $250,000 in New York against Sewell T. Tyng, son of Mrs. William Adams Kissam. Mary, who comes from Anniston, Ala., claims the son and Miss Clark were married over two years ago after the alleged betrayal, said to have taken place after a champagne party in Paris. Then she says she discovered he was already the husband of the former Ruth Haggard, daughter of Norman Haggard, the publicist.

In spite of the fact that they no longer share the roof, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor are often seen together at Hollywood gay spots.

Claudette Colbert and Randolph Scott are constant companions when they happen to be in the same city. . . . Connie Bennett is reported to have an iron-clad contract with husband Hank. In case of a divorce, he relinquishes all community rights in her property and money. Some business head on Connie, not even love can make her lose track of the long green.

On good authority, we hear that Lydell Peck is lifting the glass rather more than usual, since he and Janet Gaynor came to the parting of the ways.

Lillian Bond seems to have relighted the flame of romance with Bennett Levy, the playright. . . . George Jessel recently deceased his Palm Beach home to Norma Talmadge Schenck.

Jack Stanley Morris, the playboy broker, is suing to annul his marriage to blonde Jean Coventry of the Hollywood Night Club. Jack’s reason for wanting to be rid of his wife is because “her unbridled body was constantly exposed to the gaze of the public.” And believe it or not, he plans to marry a blonde who faced a Grand Jury for that very thing. The gal is none other than Faith Bacon, hailed off the stage of Earl Carroll’s very bare Vanities two years ago, for wearing nothing but ostrich feathers in her dance. Ho-hum.

Posing in the nude—whether for an artist’s brush or for a camera—constitutes cruelty if a wife (and she’s pretty enough to get a movie star!) objects to it, Judge Frank P. McEvory ruled in Bridgeport, Conn. recently in awarding a divorce to young Mrs. Gertrude Chase Shinn, wife of the well-known Westport artist Edward Shinn.

In charging her husband with cruelty, the wife said she did not object to posing innocent of clothes for her husband’s painting, but did object to striking postures in the nude for his camera studies.

In addition to divorce, Mrs. Shinn also was granted the use of her maiden name. Charles Shinn, who has paintings in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, has made an alimony settlement. He has drawn and painted motion picture stars as well.

Clifford Parlman, wealthy real estate dealer, is willing to admit he was a naughty boy for running around with the pulchritudinous Dorothy Besslin, Miss Universe of 1927, when he had another beauty as his wife, but he doesn’t want to be punished by the court with alimony payments.

His attorney told Justice McCook this in Supreme Court in New York recently, when the divorce action of the former Gladys Walton, of Earl Carroll fame, commenced.

Mrs. Parlman told the court about the Clifford and Dorothy friendships in an affidavit.

Last July Parlman filed a $100,000 suit against Gladys’ parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Walton, of Chicago, blaming them for the failure of his marriage.

And while he declares himself willing to admit his wife’s charge that he and Dorothy were friendly, he insists that the friendship was merely a friendship. Dorothy has announced she will sue Gladys for defamation of character.

Royal Alpert, twenty-one, former star pitcher of the Jamaica Central High School team and candidate for a job with the Giants, and Frances Kreuger, nineteen, showgirl of “Music in the Air,” were married recently. The ceremony took place in The Bronx.

Alpert is beneficiary of a $100,000 trust fund left by his late father, Max Alpert. His pretty wife will quit the stage.

Mildred Harris Chaplin, first wife of the film comedian, is betrothed, “it is said, to James A. Bausch, Olympic decathlon champion.”

“I wish you would ask Jim about it,” Miss Harris said, after admitting her fondness for the athlete.

Bausch met her Christmas Day at a radio studio where she was broadcasting. The decathlon champion recently laid aside his spiked shoes to become a singer.

Date.

BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

New York, N. Y.

I enclose $3.00 (check, cash, express or postal money order) for which send me your magazine for 2 years ($4.00), Canada and foreign, 2 years, $3.00.

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And Hollywood "Movies," in order to be of assistance to those sincerely interested in obtaining stage or screen work—or work as professional models, is willing to make your photograph at our expense!

In this issue we publish a list (which will be increased later) of photographic studios at which readers may obtain a free portrait. Simply go into the store or studio and say: "I want my photograph made for Broadway and Hollywood "Movies." Charge to their account." And a picture will be made free for you and forwarded directly to us at 1450 Broadway, New York City.

We select photographs each month for publication in the magazine, and keep all of them on file for the sole use of casting directors, cover designers in search of models, stage directors, booking offices, film producers, screen art directors, commercial photographers seeking models, etc. If we have your permission, your picture will be published too!

If you have your own photographs, please send them directly to the New York City offices of this magazine and NO WHERE ELSE! Any pictures mailed to any of the store or photo studios on this list, or mailed to our Western representative will be destroyed.

No photographs, under any circumstances will ever be returned; so if you have something which is very dear to you—almost priceless, and which cannot be placed—DON'T MAIL IT IN HERE!

All photos sent rolled will be rejected for filing, as will all tiny, bent photographs which are hand tinted. Don't ask us to show very tiny snapshots which are colored to any cinema directors. We're willing to help you get work in the movies, but we won't present poor material and Qualifications Cards, or slips, improperly or illegibly filled out.

On the back of every picture submitted—and don't send frames—write your name, address, and the words "Released for Publication." We will also print a comment on your photograph at some time or other, but it will not be printed in the same edition as the photo is. So get busy, boys and girls, pick out the photo studio nearest to your home and tell them to make a good portrait for you and send it to Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" and charge it to that same screen publication.

The Royal Atelier, of New York City, is co-operating with us in this method of assisting talented young men and young women, and to that vast organization, as well as to the film producers, we extend our appreciation.

For those who live in the Flower State and positively cannot afford to have their photos made, they may report to M. Sarli, Photographer, at 214 East Flagler St., Miami, Florida, and have one made at our expense. Mr. M. Sarli isn't going to give

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Make out 3x5 card similar to above, fill out neatly and mail in WITH photographs.
Where to get free prints:

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Hollywood.—Evanescence, 14th, Cole Place. 
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Brooklyn.—F. L. Mander, 158 Broome St. (2 studios)
Buffalo.—Hens and Kelly.
Hempstead.—Franklin Shops, 250 Fulton Ave.
Jamaica, L. I.—J. B. Gertz, Inc. Jamaica Ave. & 185th St.
Newburgh.—Schoonmaker & Sons.
New Rochelle.—R. W. Warn Co.
New York.—Grace Salon of Art, 1680 Broadway.
New York.—Jas. McCreery & Co., 34th St. & 5th Ave.
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HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
you any free prints; he will forward the one we require directly to this Casting Office, with your personal qualifications blank, without any charge to you whatever; the expenses are to be borne by the Edgewood Publishing Co., Inc., of 1450 Broadway, New York City. Don't mail your own photos to him!

You need not be a "double" for a screen star if you have your photo taken; there is no limit as to age, sex or religious choice; but we are emphatic about the qualifications cards being filled out clearly and neatly.

As we have said before, sometimes a "double" makes more money, for a particular role, than the same or bit player; especially if the scene is difficult or dangerous.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for example, had a double.—Carter Gibson, for some of the work in "Scarlet Dawn," a Russian story which, unfortunately, didn't turn out so successful from a box-office angle. Sometimes an actress needs a good swimmer to double for her. In this connection Jane Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Parsons, is no slouch when it comes to being a good swimmer. And she's as good looking enough to be a star in her own right; dances divinely, and visits Miami Beach frequently.

Norma Moran, of 1045 64th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is a fair charmer if there ever was one; swims like a duck, but with far more grace; youthful and pretty. — Alice Kudler, shapely as they make 'em, who bails from 100 E. 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is a good swimmer and a graceful diver. — Ross-lind Ginsberg, of 797 Eastern Parkway, also of Brooklyn, also photographs well and swims like a fish. — So does Maxine Mitchell, who swims well; she's from Los Angeles, Cal., and is 22 years of age. Five ft. 3 inches tall and weighs exactly 112 pounds. Very pretty.

Laura Beatrice Brian has had amateur theatrical experience, weighs 105 pounds and is exactly five feet tall. — Johanne Fred, of 7th St., New York, is a Greta Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead type; a professional dancer; blonde; — with blue eyes.

Not all types desired are adults. Producer Jack Hays' (no relation to the censor, Will) call for a four-year-old Greta Garbo was answered by nearly every mother in Hollywood who observed a faraway look in her blessed darling's eye, or noticed her "precious" persistently cry, "I wanna go home."

The specifications for the miniature Garbo, desired for one of the new Educational-Baby Burlesq Comedies, was that the little chunk of glamour be not more than thirty-six inches tall, not over four years of age; she must enunciate clearly in speaking lines, and of course, she must resemble Garbo.

Florence Sheffer, beautiful "strawberry blonde," and a cashier in a New York restaurant, ought to get into pictures. She's got looks, figure, and a personality like Florence Lake of R. K. O. fame.

Pauline K. Rom, "gypsy," — black-haired Brooklyn beauty, has youth and a fortune in her figure if given a chance. Dorothy Mander, another dark haired and dark eyed Brooklyn beauty, is a real "find." Has an excellent voice and lots of poise.

Another former New York show girl is making the grade in talkies.

June Brewster, once known as one of the most beautiful girls on Broadway, and graduate of Earl Carroll "Vanities," has been given her third important role in a R. K. O. Radio Pictures production. She supports Harry Sweet and Harry Gibbon in "Havana Hot Shot," a comedy slated for production as we go to press. She photographed well, and her Qualifications Card showed she had ability and the casting directors thought well of her chances.

She recently appeared with Phil Harris, noted Radio crooner in "So This Is Harris," a comedy-operetta and in "Sport Parade."

. . . We'd like to see Evelyn Kelly, pretty blonde, given a "try-out" with the R. K. O. films too.

An odd angle to the whole situation is that there are several "old timers" who'd like to get back into the films, and it is really, surprising to find so many of them in line daily to get "bits" or jobs as extras. Success is a hard road to travel; many save their money and invest it wisely while they're at the top. Others must stay in the line to get work.

Another of those strange incidents which happen daily in Hollywood occurred during the filming of "The Devil is Driving," a recent Charles R. Rogers Paramount production.

Director Ben Stolof was making a scene in which an actress engaged for a tiny part just couldn't get her lines straight. Stolof did not want to hold up production so, planning over the extras who might possibly do for the role, he spied one whose face was faintly familiar.

"Have you ever had acting experience," he inquired, and when she replied in the affirmative asked her if she thought she could do the part.

"I'll try," she smiled quietly.

After only one rehearsal the scene was made perfectly.

"By the way, what is your name?" Stolof inquired as he started to "line up" for the next shot. "Mary Maclaren," she replied. It was not until then that the director realized that the extra whom he had elevated to momentary prominence had been one of the brightest stars of the screen only ten years ago.

The few lines which she speaks in "The Devil is Driving" are the first she has ever uttered into a microphone, but they will not be her last, for Stolof has promised to see that she has an important part in his next production. Director Stolof is just as anxious as we are to see some of the "old timers" get work, — and he's just as anxious as we are to discover new blood for the screen successes of tomorrow.

At the present moment a large number of aspirants for screen honors can't afford to have a photograph made, so BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES has made arrangements for those who so wish, to have a photograph made free on either Broadway or in Hollywood.

No obligations; simply report to Mr. Achille Volpe at the Grace Salon of Art, 1680 Broadway, New York City; tell him you wish your portrait (or figure study) made for this magazine, and tell him to, "Charge it to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES." It will be done without cost.

THE PARADISE
BAY W A Y of 499 N Y C designed by JOSEPH URBAN
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ABE LYMAN
of CALIFORNIA
N.T.G.50 girls
in a dazzling show
DINNER 159 served nightly 9-2
French 
Special Saturday Melrose Lunches 159.50
T.N.T.
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ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I think it would be very interesting to let you know that I am a very true reader of movie magazines. I happened to buy one of your magazines by mistake, but I do not regret it. It happened this way. I sent one of the bellhops where I work to buy me a certain magazine but they did not have what I wanted, so he brought me BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies," and asked if this would do. I said "Alright" with a frown on my face.

But, as I said before, I did not regret it, because this magazine is one of the very best ten cent magazines I have ever seen, and in my estimation is worth more than another priced magazine above ten cents.

My reasons are:
Because it is easy to understand—
1. It gives the real inside stories of Hollywood and what the stars are doing.
2. It gives a very good description, in picture form. Not putting in stories which are useless just to fill a magazine.
3. The greatest of all is the Casting Office section which no other magazine has.

At least this magazine BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" shows that it is not only thinking of the large profits they are to make but remember their fans by reserving a place for them in their magazine.

I never saw this magazine before December and to speak truthfully I am going to add this magazine to my collection every month.

I am sending you my picture for publication. I am not saying who I look like, but I will leave it to your magazine fans. My friends call me John Gilbert when I let my moustache grow. But, oh, what a mistake.

Hoping this magazine and members of the staff have the best of luck during the coming New Year, and hoping there are other fans who agree with me.

—Joe Incardona.

First Name's Gertrude

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—Who was the very beautiful and talented girl who played a short part in "Wayward," opposite Mr. Arlen in that recent Paramount film? I think she had the role of "Mary Morton" although unfortunately it was not listed on the cast as shown on the film itself. I regret to say.

—Frank M. Wayne.

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CORUNNA, Spain.—I am a customary reader of your magazine and I like very much the stars' photos you publish. You have published good poses of the Spanish film actresses Rosita Moreno and Conchita Montenegro, but I have never seen a portrait of the charming Maria Alba, who just filmed "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

I beg you to publish several photos of Maria Alba, especially in bathing costume and shirt, as she appears in the Spanish Fox film entitled "Camino del Inferno," and in other films.

I have remarked that the price of your magazine is now ten cents, but the subscription prices are still remaining $3 for Spain. Could they not be reduced to $2.00 or $2.50?

—A Spanish Reader.

Dietrich Likes Garbo

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Your February issue of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" was very interesting indeed. Month after month, I never fail to get a copy of your famed magazine. I enjoy reading it more than any other movie book concerning the "Screen World."

One can always depend on finding out wonderful news about various stars, and excellent photography comes with it. About "Garbo," don't you think that it would really pay to include another photo of her as you have already published some time ago? I doubt that the screen will ever know of another actress like Greta. Her rare type and surpassing beauty has always blossomed in the hearts of the American and foreign public. Here's wishing the future success of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies," also the return of Greta Garbo.

—Miss Valerie Dietrich.

"Hot Pepper" Hot!

CAMDEN, N. J.—Fox Films ought to take a lesson from your magazine. It is possible to be funny, to be peppy and lively, and to be frank and "above-board" without being dirty. I consider "Hot Pepper" to be far below the standard set by the previous Flagg and Quirt pictures, and wonder why Anderson and Stallings permit the misuse of their characters in this manner.

Card and dice cheating, bootlegging, gambling, promiscuity of the sexes, raw night club shows and dirty wise cracks are practically glorified; and "Hot Pepper" is not the kind of a show I'd care to permit a high school boy or girl to see. The skilled dirt contained in some of the dialogue cannot be called "subtle," I fear, and Lupe Velez dances around on her skinny legs singing a suggestive "ding dong" song. In this number she conclusively jerks her lower abdomen in much the same manner the painted blondes would be expected to do in the cheap carnival shows which "grace" our dock fronts and county fairs.

Four ex-marines are shown in the picture, and I resent the insinuation that they'd all turn out to be hirke-takers, chisellers, grifters, bootleggers and inseparable officers. I hope Fox will put out another one for Mr. Lowe and Mr. McLaglen soon,—to take the taste of this one out of our mouths.

—A Former "Devil Dog".
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Bill Good
First American regardless of body weight to exceed bodyweight total on the 3 Olympic lifts. 321 lbs. with two band "clean and jerk"!

I wish you could see these four boys working out. It would give you a great thrill to see them take a 250 lb. Bar Bell and "jerk" it overhead with apparent ease! Maybe you think they can't TAKE IT!

It makes me mighty proud to know that I have trained these 4 famous champions and there is no reason in the world why you can't "jack up" with the best of them. I am prouder still to think that there are more than 10,000 men who have taken my course in Physical Training in the last four years. If you could only read the enthusiastic letters they write me every day about the wonderful improvement they are making in their physical development—you wouldn't wait another minute to enroll!

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Skins Deep

(Continued from page 24)

more apt to use a hand mirror.

This, in itself, is a great advantage. But you need to see your own "angles"—your own profile. You'll get a side view on your job. I believe the world would be spared that oft seen circular blush on cheekbones were the hand mirror brought into play during the makeup application. For a front view only one need get the full effect of the rouge application, nor of the powder. But turn a hand mirror on underneath a good, clear light and makeup flaws show up clearly in the side view glance.

When you sit down to the job you're more apt to clean up thoroughly before you put on the makeup. You will be more inclined to put on a bit of foundation cream and this is imperative in a good performance, especially if the face is no longer very young. If the skin is dry you want this base which serves also as a protective item in both Summer and Winter weather. And while we're on the subject of Winter, let me suggest the use of camphor ice for chapped lips before going out. Leave a fine film of cold cream over the corners of your mouth overnight.

In concluding my essay on "Skin Deep," let me offer a word of advice on diet. If you can't find out about what is good for you and what things disagree with you, consult your own family physician. I say this whether you are ever interested in getting in the film business or not; health is important.

Orange juice,—either Floridians or Californias, is good for both the health and the complexion. Grapefruit can take the place of orange juice. A small glass of orange juice and a half grapefruit, grapefruit for breakfast is excellent. Make 1933 a year of health, happiness and honor.

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HELEN'S MOVIES
The News Reel
(Continued from page 56)

"Oliver Twist," the immortal novel by Charles Dickens, is a First Division release. The film boasts of a distinguished cast, including Dickie Moore in the title role, Irving Pichel, Jackie Searle, William Boyd, Barbara Kent, Doris Lloyd, Alec Francis, Clyde Cook, Sonny Ray, George Nash, Lionel Belmore, Harry Holman and others.

Elizabeth Meshean authored the scenario and dialogue and William Canean directed.

The photos of the "nudies" in front of the Paradise Restaurant and Cabaret—by artist Murray Keiser—who also has some excellent colored "pastel paintings" in the lobby, are turning out to be one of the side-shows of the main stem... Charles Laughton will star himself in Lionel Hale's play, "A Naked Lady," in both London and New York before returning to picture the skin. Police are still searching, as we go to press, for Jack Morse, son of Lee Morse, radio and vaudeville blues singer, who has been missing for a month. Jack, a freshman in a Montclair school, left Savannah, Ga., on January 8 to begin the new semester. He was last seen when he reached Pennsylvania Station.

Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Blossom, from Philadelphia, opened a stock company which presented its first production at the Bayonne, N. J., Opera House... City College is presenting, as part of the Spring 

term evening sessions, a course in the Art of the Motion Picture, with a view to improving the standard of taste in the movies. Congratulations, Doctor Robinson!... A. M. Sullivan's poetry talks on WOR every Sunday A. M. at 11 o'clock are attracting attention all over the East.

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success that he later became. I later put him in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," but his big success did not come until he played the male lead in "Male and Female," which followed "The Miracle Man." The fact that these two pictures came out about the same time was an excellent thing for Tom and won him a host of admirers. Because "Male and Female" had the good fortune to come after "The Miracle Man," it is credited with having been responsible for Tom's rise to stardom.

In that same picture, "Male and Female," I gave Bebe Daniels her first start with us. She had been playing in Harold Lloyd comedies, but in this instance I happened to meet my future star in person before seeing her on the screen. It happened that one night I was watching the dancers at a party when I noticed a young woman dance by who had that "something" that spells success. I called for the steward and asked him who she was. He, but only knew that she was some little actress whom he had seen there several times before. I then found a studio man who told me that she was Bebe Daniels. Later I ran one of her pictures, but her work did not impress me very much.

Still, I felt that she might have the spark that lives on the screen.

Her mother brought her to see me. In walked a stoop-shouldered girl, with a funny walk, but she was beautiful and I felt sure she could act. I found that the hard job was not to make her act but to make her stand up straight.

I gave Bebe a part in "Male and Female," and decided to make her first appearance with me a big, spectacular thing. Accordingly, I chose for her the heaviest kind of a dramatic role, for to me, Bebe suggested tragedy, costumes, beautiful things. Cleopatra with her marvelous dark beauty. So I cast her in the Babylonian episode in "Male and Female," and she made a tremendous hit. She was on the screen for just 150 feet of film, but she made a success that few have equaled in that brief footage.

In "Why Change Your Wife," I gave her an even better part. It gave Bebe a chance to show her acting ability and she became a star almost immediately thereafter.

Wallace Reid, one of the outstanding stars of his time, was first brought to my attention in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation."

He played the part of a blacksmith in the picture, and I was very impressed with the marvelous fight he put up. He was probably on the screen not more than seventy-five feet, but his magnificent physical strength and appearance were striking.

However, Wally wasn't very much of an actor in those days. He was stiff and rather wooden, and it was difficult to make him unbend. I sent for him and we had a chat. He was very much of a kid, but I put him under contract for a small amount, something like sixty or seventy-five dollars a week. I gave him important leads to do and later public opinion made a star out of him.

The first thing he did for me was with Geraldine Farrar in "Maria Rossi," then with Farrar in "Carmen," and later with the same star in "Joan the Woman." Then I decided to allow him to carry a picture, without starring in it, and I called the picture "The Golden Chance." Cleo Rudge played opposite him in it; and it proved

Indeed to be Wally's golden chance. It was a big success and Wally was a very big success in it.

A twenty-five-foot shot of Sessue Hayakawa on the screen brought the future Japanese star to my attention.

I have forgotten the name of the picture I first saw him in, but I could not forget him. I sent for him and paid him twenty-five dollars a week for the part of a butler in one of the Farrar pictures, "Temptation." It was not a large part, but it showed up so vividly that Jesse Lasky, who sat beside me in my little projection room, asked: "Who is that man? He is remarkable."

Hayakawa had an unmistakable personality on the screen. After his first part with me, I used him in one or two small roles and then came "The Cheat." That picture made Hayakawa one of the biggest stars in the country in years.

Agnes Ayres came to me when I was making "Forbidden Fruit." I had started the picture with a good actress, but she was miscast. Realizing my mistake, I searched for another woman, and I was in a hurry to find her so as to delay the picture as little as possible.

A studio that was going out of business mentioned Agnes to me and asked me to see her. I told them to send me some film she had been in. I ran the picture and she looked beautiful in it. I had a talk with her. She had personality, great beauty, but a lot of terrible mannerisms. I nearly killed her in that first picture, but after the second one, the public liked her and she became a star.

Of course, coming into my picture on the heels of a woman who had been a complete failure was pretty hard for any player, and Agnes Ayres realized just what she had to combat. Knowing it made her terribly nervous. Her hard battle was to overcome fear, but when the picture was finished the public rose to her charm and beauty.

Leatrice Joy was recommended to me by a friend, who asked me to give her an interview. I sent for a picture she had done instead. After seeing her on the screen I sent for her and again I found that the personality I had recognized on the screen was not the one I saw when I met the young lady. On the screen I had gotten a moment from her acting similar to that first film I had seen of Gloria Swanson.

I thought from the first blush I received of Leatrice that she showed ability and great possibilities. I engaged her to play the part of a young patrician in "Saturday Night." She was much of a patrician herself, but she was so scared with the realization that her chance had come and that she was on the border of either stardom or oblivion, that it was difficult to get any response at all from her. She was shut right up inside of a shell and she could not let herself go. We had a terrible time, and I finally decided that the only way to handle Leatrice was with a club.

I knew I had to smash that reserve, that shell, that tightness with which she was holding herself; otherwise, she would never get anywhere on the screen.

So I started out on my campaign with her. It almost killed both of us. I scolded and stormed and did my best to break down the shell of reserve, but she seemed to shrivel up all the more. We went through two weeks of the most terrible agony for her.
and for myself. I realized that something
deadic had to be done, so one night, after
we had worked very late, I brought Leatrice
and her brother into my office. Leatrice
was all upset, thinking I was going to
discharge her. I realized that she thought
this, so I decided to tell her I was going to
fire her. I told her she had not made good,
and that although we were two years on
the picture, I could not go on with her.

She went all to pieces, and wept all over
the chair, all over her brother and all over
me. I let her go on. She thought she was
through and she wept her heart out, saying
that I had ruined her life by taking this
from her, and that her heart was broken.
Right at the height of this, when she was
in the middle of the floor, broken and
clumped up, I stopped her and asked her
to look at herself, at her position, to note
how her hands were clutching, and the posi-
tion in which her knees were, and the
condition she had gotten into through letting
herself go and breaking through that terrible
shell in which she had been living. I told her
not to move but to think, and soon she
realized that the fear was gone and she
suddenly said, "I know what you mean."

From then on, Leatrice went rapidly
along the road to stardom. She was a grand
success in "Manslaughter" and "The Ten
Commandments," and after being co-starred
with Rod La Rocque in "Triumph," was
made an independent star.

I was personally introduced to Jack Holt,
before I ever saw him on the screen. We
met while Holt was playing the part of a
cowboy in a picture and he impressed me
strongly as a splendid type of romantic
leading man.

However, in casting Holt in his first
picture with me, I employed the same
tactics I used in bringing out new qualities
of earlier players and which I did in "The
Sign of the Cross." I selected Holt to play
a character that was exactly the opposite
of my first impression of him. This was
opposite Mary Pickford in the first of the
World War pictures, "The Little American."
The picture made a star of Holt.

The late Theodore Roberts, who for many
years never appeared in any but my pic-
tures, was a well known New York actor,
who I knew for more than twenty years.
I brought him from the East, and he
was one of the first to grasp the oppor-
tunity to enter film work. He threw his
lot in with me when we believed that the
screen was destined to have a great future,
and he was one of my little army who put
up a good fight in the beginning.

Theodore Roberts was the quickest man
we have ever had to grasp the technique
of the screen, as distinguished from that
of the stage. I do not believe that an
individual or a small group can arbitrarily
decide who shall be a star. It is really the
public that determines whether or not a
player will become a star. I never try to
force anyone into stardom. I watch the
response that comes from exhibitors and the
public and when there is a strong demand
that a certain artist be starred, then I
know that the time is ripe for that player
to be starred, and not before.

Just as saying, "Sadie Smith, you are
wonderful, you are a star," does not make
her one. The public will not accept her
and you will lose money with Sadie Smith.
But if you wait until your associates
and exhibitors and public say, "The girl is a
comer," that rumor gathers momentum like
a snowball rolling down hill and before you
know it, she has been accepted as a star.

In "The Sign of the Cross" I attempted
the unusual in casting players in roles
totally different from their customary
characterizations.

I reversed the direction of Frederick
March's usual roles by making him the swash-
buckling, pleasure-loving Roman nobleman
instead of the polished, gallant, sophis-
ticated youth he has formerly portrayed.

Elissa Landi, who plays the Christian
girl, Mercia, has heretofore appeared as a
worldly, sophisticated woman in all of
her pictures.

Probably the most outstanding "Turn-
about-face" comes in the case of Claudette
Colbert. I selected her for the role of
Poppaea, described by historians as one of
the world's most wicked women. Previously,
Miss Colbert's forte on the screen has been
that of a nice girl who might make a few
mistakes from time to time but who is not
inherently bad. She portrays Poppaea as
a ruthlessly cruel, murderous, sensuous,
de£iful beauty who will permit nothing to
stand in the way of her desires.

**Noodles for Lent**

(Continued from page 28)

**san**

1 3/4 cups meat stock or milk.

1/2 cup bread crumbs, buttered with 2 tablespoons butter.

Add the salt to the water and bring to a boil. Then add the noodles, cover and boil until tender, about fifteen minutes. Drain and place in heated baking dish, sprinkling each layer with tomato, chopped pepper, cheese and seasonings. Pour the meat stock or milk over the whole. Cover with the buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes or until brown.

**Italian Noodles** may be made by changing the above recipe. Use olive oil instead of butter, Italian tomato paste in place of the tomatoes, and using Parmesan cheese.

**Noodle Salad**

2 cups cold cooked noodles (ring or shells)

1 chopped pepper, green or red

1/2 cup grated or cream cheese

Sliced or minced pickle to garnish

**Lettuce cups**

Arrange the cooked chilled noodles in the lettuce cups. If you use the shell noodles, stuff or sprinkle them with cheese.

Scatter the other ingredients attractively over the whole and serve with French dressing.

**Noodle Pudding.**

1 cup broad noodles

1 pint boiling water

1/2 teaspoon salt

1 egg

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup peeled chopped almonds

1/4 cup milk

1 pound apples, peeled, cored and sliced

1/4 cup raisins or currants

1 teaspoon cinnamon

1/2 cup melted butter

Cook the noodles in the boiling salted water for ten minutes. Drain and run cold water over them. Stir the milk and melted butter into the well beaten egg. Mix the nuts, fruits, sugar, spices, butter and baking dish and arrange the ingredients in layers—a layer of noodles, then a layer of the fruit mixture.

The last should be noodles. Then pour in the egg-milk and butter mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve with a hot sauce. . . . And I bet you'll love it. I know I enjoyed it, for it's a real
treat, after a hard day at the studio working
on such productions as "Employees' En-
trance," "Grand Slam" or "She Had to Say
Yes," to sit down and plan some "creative
cookery" all your own.

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Murray Korman photo
ALICE ADAIR
in "A Farewell to Arms."
Paramount photo
Blondes The Bravest?

(Continued from page 21)

"Grass."

Perhaps he hopes, on his return, to find the whole argument forgotten, and plans, in future, to keep his observations on the fair sex a secret. Possibly, too, he may have changed his opinions in which the color of a woman's hair figures in the barometric chart of her courage.

Dianas's Dramas

(Continued from page 26)

This time there's a more serious note as Robert is an officer of the City Imperial Volunteers, leaving London for South Africa soon to relieve Mafeking, besieged for months by the Boers, which has become the war's focal point. Ellen, too, is unhappy as Bridges also is going as a private, leaving her with their baby daughter, Fanny.

Later on Margaret insists that they go to a theatre, and Jane finally consents. During the finale of "Mirabelle," the stage manager rushes downstage exclaiming "Mafeking is relieved!!" The crowd goes insane at news the British have broken the Boer rebellion. Joyous reunion marks the return of Robert and Bridges. The latter has bought a saloon.

Joy of homecoming is tempered by sorrow over Queen Victoria's death. Robert, decorated with his Victoria Cross, leads his men in the procession. Later we see Robert and Jane at a ball, coincident with his elevation to knighthood.

The future Bridges has become a querulous sot. Lady Jane with Edward (John Warburton), now 18, visits Ellen. There they meet Annie, now Mrs. Granger, her husband, George (Billy Bevan), Ellen and little Fanny (Bonita Granville), a dancing prodigy. Later Fanny is dancing in the street when Bridges staggered along drunk. He fights with two costers and falls in front of a fire engine and is crushed to death.

Three years later the Marryots, with Edward and Joe (Frank Lawton), Margaret Harris and Edith (Margaret Lindsay), meet Ellen, Fanny, Annie and George at the beach. Fanny wins a dancing prize. Edward and Edith slip away for a bit of love making. Joe points at an airplane; it is Bleriot, flying the Channel.

Another three years pass; crowds dance on an ocean liner. Edward and Edith, honeymooners, are at the rail. Deliriously happy, they wonder why marriage falls with so many people. Edith doesn't care what the future brings—but it brings death as the ship is the ill-fated Titanic.

We come to August 1914. The Marryots, Jane, Robert and Joe and Margaret Harris are in the drawing room. All talk is of war. Joe, 21, is eager—Robert, resigned—Jane, bitter against the war.

A few months later, Joe Marryot, a lieutenant, meets a fascinating dancer in a night club. It is Fanny Bridges (Ursula Jeans). They renew acquaintance and a romantic interlude begins that survives the war.

It is late October, 1918. Joe and Fanny are in her dressing room. It's time for good-bye. Marriage is discussed, but Fanny puts Joe off. They kiss and Joe leaves. Later Joe greets his father, a staff officer, in France and both are happy that the end is near.

Armistice morning. Ellen Bridges calls on Lady Jane, who rejoices at Fanny's stage success. Ellen says she's discovered an illicit affair between Fanny and Joe and demands that he marry her daughter. Jane suggests that they leave that to the young people.

Guns boom, whistles shrink the tidings that the Armistice is signed. A maid brings Jane a telegram. She tells Ellen she needn't worry about Fanny and Joe. Joe is dead. Bravely, that night, she mingles her cheers with Armistice night celebrants in Trafalgar Square.

We get a kaleidoscopic impression of chaos following the war—a disarmament conference, war experts discussing new ways to murder by wholesale, a soap box Cicero, an atheist declaring God is dead, a jazz-band in a club where bored aesthetes drag themselves wearily about the dance floor, a large church with almost empty pews, gangsters roaming through the streets with machine guns sparring death.

It is December 31st, 1932. Miss Fanny Bridges sings in the "Sixth Century Blues" in a luxurious night club.

We turn back to the Marryot home. Jane and Robert, grayed and slightly stooped by the wintering years, raise their glasses for their annual toast.

Jane says: "Let's couple our nation's future with its past. The glories and victo ries and triumphs that are over, and the sorrows that are over, too. Let's drink to our sons who made part of the pattern and to our hearts that died with them. Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange heaven out of an unbelievable hell, and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again."

"Dignity, greatness and peace," Robert murmurs.

In the other picture Rasputin and the Empress we find that the young Tsarevitch (Ted Alexander) has fallen and cut himself; he bleeds. Is it the dread weakness, haemophilia, passed onto him by his mother, the Tsarina (ETHEL BARRYMORE)? The imperial physician fears this and only Doctor Wolffs may save the heir to the Russian throne. A Tsar (Ralph Morgan) and a Tsarina are now not merely absolute rulers, they are a mother and father in anguish over their only son's life. Who can save the great Austrian Paul, of course, Prince Paul (John Barrymore), who is in love with Natasha (Diana Wynyard), the Tsar's cousin.

The Tsarina sits by her child's bed, feeding the pain she feels, praying to the Virgin to save what is left of the great doctor. A strange uncouth figure enters the sick room, led by Natasha.

"A man of God, Your Majesty, who can cure Aloysha," the girl explains. What will the Tsarina do? The magical world has failed its trust in this man will help. So send him in, alone. Rasputin (Lionel Barrymore) hypnotizes the sick boy, stopping the blood flow. When the great doctor arrives he orders the monk away from the bed.

Hasn't he cured the Tsarevitch by "prayer"? Rasputin demands. Paul and the doctor aghast, turn to the Tsarina who decides, mother-like, with the man who apparently made her son well.

Rasputin is the talk of the capital. Women are already whispering around him. His curing of the Tsarevitch has made him an idol; not even his coarse manners, his sensuality and his brutish speech can take this away from him. He is rumored to have access to the private apartments of every member of the imperial family.

Paul knows he is a fake, tries to buy him off. But the rascal laughs at him. "Russia will be mine one day!" he boasts drunkenly. He plays on the ingrown arrogance of the Homanoff dynasty; hence, when a wise councillor advises taking the Russian armies away from a troublesome border, the Tsar thinks it is treason. A few days later a grand duke is killed in Serbia, and Russia, with her armies mobilized at the scene of the trouble, is forced to march.

But the Tsarevitch has always been great pals; he sees what the villain is doing to him, keeping him in a trance! Paul would like to kill the man and tries to. The Tsarina catches him at it, and he is dismissed from the family circle and Rasputin given his freedom. The Tsar orders him to the front; in the Imperial Palace the Tsarina rules, or so she thinks. The real ruler is Rasputin. He has tasted all the delicacies which feminine court society has to offer, including the Tsar's beautiful cousin (Diana Wynyard), and now he wants the Imperial Daughters themselves.

Natalia, whom he has doped and "soiled" in the name of religion, is cast aside. Rasputin must have Marie (Joan Parker), Grand Duchess, and daughter of the Tsar of all the Russians! Natasha stands guard at the younger girl's door, refusing to let the lustful friar enter. He overpowers her, hypnotizes her, reaches the door. The Empress enters; Natalia comes out of her trance, denounces Rasputin to Her Majesty. The Tsarina orders him from the palace but he laughs. "Try it, if you dare. I, Majesty, am in command here!" he says. The Tsarina takes the shuddering girl in her arms, saying, There is no one to help us now but Paul." . . . Here the Barrymore brothers stage a duel to the death in the film, in which the "sensuous saint," Rasputin, is beaten into insensibility and then drowned.

The Tsar, home on leave, must go through the form of exiling Paul for the murder of Rasputin, pressing his hands in gratitude when giving him the order. Paul is troubled. "The man said, 'When I die so does Russia.' What did he mean?" he asks. The Tsar replies: "We know. But we, my dear wife and I, stay with the ship." Paul leaves Russia, with Natasha, safely. It is but a few weeks until there is a new ruler in Russia—a mob. The officers of the mob march Russia's Royal Family, a family still dignified, sweet, and united, before a firing squad of "Reds."

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When she finally realized that Bill was serious she became panicky. The thought of him walking out of her life forever terrified her. He started for the door. In another moment she would have been gone. Suddenly Goldie ran after him, her voice breaking, and begged him to take her with him.

“Id’j full sure, Bill, without you,” she half sobbed. “You’ve fought so to make me see the light,—to help me and watch over me, Bill, dearest, and I just couldn’t get along without you. I’d rather have kids on the parlor floor at Crestview than cinema shots on the cutting room floors,” she added.

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Miss Hume.

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READ PAGE 23 FOR COMPLETE CONTEST DETAILS
Taurus Birthdays
April 20th to May 20th

LESLIE HOWARD
Born Apr. 24th

BING CROSBY
Born May 2nd

CECELIA PARKER
Universal Star,
Born April 26th

GARY COOPER
Born May 7th
The Fourth Year

WITH this May edition BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” enters the fourth year of its service to the cinema loving public and to the industry whose activities center around Hollywood.

Founded at the very start of the business and financial depression by I. W. Ullman, one of America's pioneer importers, creators and distributors of motion pictures, and W. W. Hubbard, veteran of the A. E. F. motion picture activities in France and a publisher of stage and screen magazines, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” has rapidly moved forward to a position of consideration and prominence in the circle of what are known as the “fan” magazines.

From the net sale of the first issue, May 1930, of slightly above 25,000 copies to the present sale of 250,000, the recognition accorded the magazine by the American public has been unparalleled in the history of motion picture journalism, especially when one considers the far-from-satisfactory and subnormal business conditions just ended.

During its three years of active growth, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” has led the field, with no exceptions, in giving first recognition to new stars and featured players upon the covers of its editions, a policy which is exemplified again this month when Wera Engels, newest German star, receives her first publicity contact on the colored cover of any magazine in the whole world.

Other German stars will bear out this contention.—Lil Dagover, Marlene Dietrich, and the Australian actress, Elissa Landi, all having made their first “bow” to their public here by way of this magazine.

For three years we waged a war, editorially, to do our bit to end the depression and to bring back beer to American homes; activities which, apparently, no other stage or screen magazine dared to attempt. We have waged a war against hypocrisy and intolerance, and shall continue to do so.

A lonely hand has been played in our endeavors to assist deserving young men and young women into positions where they can earn a living on the stage or in some work connected with the film industry, and we have lived to see it bear some fruit.

We have consistently published, every month, more illustrated reviews and previews of motion pictures than has any other fan magazine; we shall continue this policy.

To the men, women and young folks who have brought and are still buying this magazine on the newstands every month, we extend our heartfelt thanks for their confidence, and we assure you, one and all, that we will not be remiss, in our fiscal year of 1933-1934, in continuing the steady improvement you have noticed in the past.

To the leaders in the film industry,—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, RKO-Radio Pictures, United Artists, and others, whose advertisements have appeared in our pages, we again extend our appreciation for their cooperation. Cooperation is meant literally, because this is the only film magazine which can exist and will if necessary, without advertising.

The third bridge has been burned behind us, and our fourth year will find us holding high the torch of truth and tolerance.

A. R. Roberts, Editor.
KATHARINE HEPBURN
RKO Star
TO DESCRIBE Wera Engels as a "German Clara Bow" would indeed be a mistake, for though they both possess chubby, somewhat rounded faces, surrounded by a wealth of flaming auburn hair, the resemblance stops there. Even the fact that Fraulein Engels played a "vamp" role as her American film debut offers no medium of comparison, because the German star's portrayal of the role of Mrs. Norma McGowd in "The Great Jasper" was that of a sophisticated, yet refined type—the youthful and attractive wife of a wealthy traction magnate who is starved for lack of physical and spiritual companionship which is the inherent right of those wedded. On the other hand, Clara Bow's earlier pictures made her out a sort of "Tom Boy," an irresponsible flapper "vamp" who was forever getting into sin or trouble because of the buoyancy of youth.

Wera Engels, who speaks almost perfect English and whose voice reminds one of the finer qualities of Marlene Dietrich's voice, arrived in New York harbor, logically, of course, on the S.S. Bremen. Her bright blue eyes sparkled with delight when she was met, on her arrival, by city officials and by Rutgers Neilson, official "greeter" for the producing organization headed by Merian C. Cooper.

For a week Herr Neilson had the actress in tow—mornings, afternoons and evenings, and a hectic week it was—for in that brief span of time she was asked by R. K. O. Radio Pictures not only to make herself pleasantly agreeable to the press of the East—newspapers and movie magazines—but to absorb the atmosphere and drama of Manhattan's giddy life that she might, later on, be able to translate it, in terms of celluloid, to the theatre-going public.

She was originally signed by David O. Selznick, following an exchange of cablegrams between Mr. Selznick and Mrs. William Bolitho, wife of the late newspaper columnist and writer, London representative of RKO Radio, who had been following the career of this attractive German beauty.

Her film fame was actually brought about by a chance stroke of fortune. Miss Engels was born in Kiel, Germany, the daughter of Capt. Edward Engels, of the famed German S.S. Emden, who died prior to the start of the World War. As a child she lived in China and Japan; her father being Governor of the German colony, Tsingtau.

Upon the death of her father in Bremenhaven she was taken to live in Wiesbaden where she attended school. At a Berlin dance festival, surrounded by prominent German society she was chosen by a news photographer for a picture of the most beautiful and best dressed "Fraulein." When the picture was published she was besieged by countless film and stage offers, but instead, journeyed alone to a film studio near Berlin and was cast for a role in Edgar Wallace's "The Ringer," then in production. Mr. Wallace, with Captain Cooper, was a co-author of "King Kong."

Wera's charming personality endeared her to the hearts of the actors and actresses in the German studio, and her acting ability brought her immediate success. Shortly afterwards she signed with a film unit travelling to many of the principal cities of Europe and Asia, including Budapest, Athens, Constantinople, Moscow and Rome for exterior location scenes. Paris was her next stop, and there she appeared in two French films. Success seemed to follow her.

A British film scout signed her and brought her to England to play in "The Streets of London." There she met Edgar Wallace, who offered her a role in the London stage presentation of his novel, "The Red Ace." Due to previous plans, she turned this down. Upon her return to Paris she was featured in two more French films, "English as it is Spoken" and "The Perfume of the Lady in Black."

When she was approached by Mrs. William Bolitho with an offer for picture work in America (Continued on page 64)
WARREN WILLIAM
Minnesota's Mighty Man of the Movies
By A. R. Roberts

Having been successful in high-school plays, he began to be interested in the theatre; he had the yearning to act and to direct plays.

He says he decided to become an actor when he came to New York on a visit and saw the plays and the Great White Way. Later he returned to New York and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Art. That was the beginning of a great career.

His first play was "Mrs. Jimmie Thompson" in which, as I've said, he played the role of a pickle salesman. Shortly after he scored in "Expressing Willie" and soon became one of Broadway's most popular leading men. About this time he made his celluloid debut in a serial, playing the hero to Pearl White. His favorite stage role was in "Twelve Miles Out." His particular style of love-making appealed to the matinee fans, and it must be admitted that his screen kisses are in no way apathetic.

During his early days in New York he was often mistaken for Carpentier, the French heavyweight prize-fighter. Now his appearance is often compared to John Barrymore's. While William disagrees, this comparison does not bother him, but he never apes the Barrymore mannerisms at any time.

After being signed by Warner Bros. he had few idle hours, for his pictures were instant box

FROM a role as a pickle salesman in "Mrs. Jimmie Thompson" to stardom in more pictures than the average player even appears in, is the shortest way of describing the remarkable record of Warren William. For overcoming difficulties he has proven to be a veritable William the Conqueror.

He was born in Atkin, Minn., on December 2d, 1896. His family name is Krech; but you'll not hear him say much about the "Krech" name any more.

His father sprang from German parentage and his mother from English. His grandfather left Germany because he was unsympathetic with the German military regime. He settled in St. Paul, Minn., where he opened a school of foreign languages. Warren inherited this ability to speak well.

Warren William's earliest ambition was to be a sea captain. He still has this ambition and loves the sea and ships. He owns a small schooner and hopes to sail it to the South Seas. During his school days he wanted to be an architect, an engineer, or a builder of bridges. As it turned out his loathing for all forms of mathematics is probably what saved him for a different sort of career. At school he specialized in football and basketball.

Warren is one of five children, who, despite all the efforts of their parents, refused to study their piano lessons. Warren was mischievous as a boy in school, but used to work after hours to earn the money to get tools for his workshop. He is still fond of tinkering with mechanical gadgets, and likes aviation.

Warren and Loretta Young demonstrate the "Climbing Kiss"; starting at lower right with the throat, then chin,—then the lips.
WARREN WILLIAM in "The Mind Reader"
office hits, and always in demand. At a time when the movie-going public were being treated to a run of criminal-lawyer films, and each studio sought to outdo the others, Warren's role in the "Mouthpiece" was generally considered the best. So much so that relatives of William Fallon attempted to have the picture stopped during its run in New York State.

His work in "The Dark Horse" added lustre to his name, "The Mind Reader," and "Skyscraper" in which Aline McMahon again played his secretary, stamped him as one who made good. His interpretation of "The Match King," Ivar Kreuger,—crooked financier who set such a sorry example for some of our American bankers, received world-wide plaudits. In the March issue of Psychology Magazine, there appeared an article on the subject of the so-called Match King, a story, by the way, which is amazingly interesting.

His own favorite screen play is "The Honor of the Family." Other roles he has had comprise "Employee's Entrance," "Woman from Monte Carlo," "Under Eighteen," "Expensive Women" and "The Captain's Wife." His latest picture is "Gold Diggers of 1933," in which Joan Blondell, Aline McMahon and Dick Powell are also cast. "Woman from Monte Carlo" was changed; becoming "The Captain's Wife."

He believes he prefers the stage to the screen but Mr. William qualifies his statement, declaring that he has not been in pictures quite long enough to be sure. He is enchanted with California, likes the outdoor life, dislikes earthquakes, the sea and mountains. He believes that all pictures should be rehearsed for at least two weeks before the shooting starts. (His views coincide with those of George Arliss and the studio executives, for this method is now in force.) If you ask him what he would do if he left stage or screen he will declare, "I don't know." And he doesn't care, because he has confidence in himself and could soon "land" were he to quit Hollywood's lights.

Aside from his love of the sea, and a constant desire to be sailing somewhere, tennis is his favorite game. He has built a platform on his hillside home site, where he indulges in fencing. He has rigged up a robot sort of device to practice with, and is at it for hours at a time on occasions, being, right now, a real master of the foils.

Strange as it sounds, he has not taken up golf, whether because he's too young or not, I can't say. Another and perhaps stranger fact, is that he has never even seen a baseball game. He loathes card games of any sort, but enjoys a good fight or a football game, preferably a college game. And he loves horseback riding; what man doesn't?

Warren has been married for a number of years, and believe it or not she answers his fan mail. He met his wife while in the service. His sister introduced them when he was stationed at Camp Dix, New Jersey. Her husband says she is very sensible and has never been jealous of his cinema loves. No wonder they're happy. He (Continued on page 64)
The Secret of MADAME BLANCHE

M-G-M's Version of "The Lady"

St. John looked at her a bit quizzically.
"Can I be of any service to you?" he asked helpfully.
"I'm looking for the stage door of the Gaiety Theatre. I've got to be there in ten minutes."
"Ten minutes?" A plan was forming rapidly in Leonard's mind. "You've got ten minutes?"
"Yes."
"And you're looking for the Gaiety. Well, how did you ever get here?" Leonard asked, stimulating deep surprise.

There was a worried look on Sally's face as she asked:
"Am I far from it?"
"Don't you worry," Leonard assured her. "I'll get you there."

It was several seconds before the cab driver caught onto St. John's signals. Ten minutes later exactly, they returned to the same spot. And ten minutes later, Leonard had arranged for dinner with her after the show.

As he helped her out of the cab, the missing glove caught her eye and through the clearing fog, she saw the line, "Gaiety Theater — Stage Entrance," very prominent over the door. Sally's sense of humor overcame her anger and towards midnight the two were seated at a small table in the Kit-Kat Club.

Leonard took up the menu.
"I'll tell you what we'll do — we'll have a nice supper . . . lobster . . . champagne . . ."

"Sounds grand," Sally whispered, her eyes devouring him now.

"And then we'll go to my room and we'll have some — coffee —"

"I'll have a ham sandwich," she said suddenly, realizing that he meant a clandestine "love affair."

"Ham sandwich?" Leonard was surprised.

"And go home alone," she added.

With that, Sally suddenly
stood up and walked swiftly from the room. Amazed, but repenting a little for his actions, Leonard rushed after her. His cab caught hers just as they drew up to her lodging house.

"I've behaved abominably," he told her earnestly. "Forgive me."

She looked into his eyes and forgave him. And when "The Belle of New York" company sailed from Southampton Sally and Leonard, married that very morning, stood on the dock and waved to her departing friends and went home to their little flat.

They were up at noon, and Leonard dressed while she sat at the piano and in a sweet, thrilling voice, sang songs from "The Belle of New York."

"What do you want to do today?" he asked. "Want to go to the races again?" Then suddenly remembering, "Oh, my soul, I forgot. We can't go anywhere. I'm broke."

"Leonard, you had loads of money yesterday."

"But I didn't have any luck. But don't be afraid, we can still get something to eat. I can still sign cheques."

"I hate being dependent on your father," Sally said soberly.

"What's a father for?"

There was a knock at the door. They both stood startled.

"Just a minute," Leonard called. He suggested to Sally by a gesture that she hide in the bedroom. "Do you mind, darling?"

Sally started to go into the bedroom, as a matter of habit, and then suddenly stopped. She turned, smiling.

"But, Leonard, I don't have to hide any more. Your father knows."

Leonard didn't answer. He was evidently embarrassed. Sally looked puzzled and came toward him.

"Didn't you tell your father last night that we were married?"

"Oh, yes," Leonard answered, evidently lying. "Yes, of course."

"He took it all right, didn't he?"

"Of course. I just forgot." He felt guilty at lying to her.

There was another knock at the door. Leonard went toward it. Sally, puzzled and uneasy, watched him. She sensed something wrong.

Leonard opened the door just a little, very evidently not wanting the person outside to see Sally.

"The post, sir," a voice said.

"Oh, thanks." Leonard was relieved. "It's just the mail," he said to Sally.

C. HENRY GORDON, IRENE DUNNE and DOUGLAS WALTON in the murder trial scene

She looked at him, still hurt by the thought that he was keeping something from her.

"I think I'll get dressed."

Sally turned and went into the bedroom. Leonard looked after her, realizing that she suspected something, and not knowing what to do about it. He went to look over the mail in his hand.

Suddenly Leonard's voice, excited and happy, came from the other room.

"Sally! Sally!"

She turned to the door. Leonard came in, waving a check in one hand and holding a letter in the other.

"What is it?"

"Get on your best bib and tucker! I've heard from the Governor!"

"What did he say?"

"Fifty pounds." Leonard showed the check.

"Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough!"

"I mean the letter."

"Letter? Oh, I forgot the letter." He pulled out the letter. Sally waited expectantly.

"My dear son. Here is fifty pounds!"

Then he suddenly stopped and read to himself. Sally stood watching him intently.

Leonard's face paled a little as he read:

"My dear son. Here is fifty..." (Continued on page 53)
Below: UNA MERKEL as a chorus girl, and PHILLIPS HOLMES

The cabaret girl’s (IRENE DUNNE) son is taken from her by Aubrey St. John, (LIONEL ATWILL)
LILLIAN ROTH and DOROTHY BURGESS who appear in "Ladies They Talk About," with PRESTON S. FOSTER, (below, in circle)
What Sort of Woman Does a Man Admire?

By PRESTON S. FOSTER

TO BE interesting over a period of years, rather than just for the moment, a woman must have intelligence and a spirit of comradeship.

That, I think, is most important. Physical attraction may come first in point of time, but it has only a secondary place in the long run. The ability to adapt herself, love of fair play, and a feeling of “fifty-fifty,” are more conducive than anything else to a happy marriage. The willingness to share and share alike in social, home and physical life is vital.

With a life partner who has a sense of humor, I think it should be possible to laugh your way out of any difficulty arising.

Since most men like active sports better than parlor games, I think also that it follows that they like women who are more interested in outdoor things than in teas. I love speed-boating, hunting and swimming, for instance, and so I am more attracted to a woman who also likes those particular things and will share them with me. But I would not want my life-mate to be a muscle-bound girl whose highest ambitions are to triumph in some athletic sport, or to be forever “on the go” out of doors.

Again, every man takes pride in being seen with an attractive woman. She need not be actually beautiful, but a man feels that he has accomplished something if he has won a companion who is desirable to, and has sex appeal for others. If other men try to date her up, it is a high compliment to his judgment.

Friendliness, and a good disposition, seem to me to be necessary qualities in a woman. I can’t stand haggling, arguing or nagging, and I couldn’t get along with anyone who likes to do it. In common with nearly every other male, I want serenity.

On the other hand, however, if there is a fight, I’d want her to fight back, get it over with, and then forget it. Call it “kiss and make up,” if you want to.

Finally, this “perfect woman” must be interested in literature, music, art, people, and the world about her. In short, she must be mentally alert. If you can plumb the depths of her mentality in five minutes, you’re going to forget all about her in the next five minutes!

* * *

EDITOR’S NOTE:
Since Preston Foster has himself been happily married for the last seven years, we flatter ourselves that we can read between the lines of his article and recognize Mrs. Foster in his description. He has given, as well as a list of womanly qualities men most admire, a formula for a successful marriage. His last film is “Ladies They Talk About”; by Warner.
LIONEL ATWILL, (above) and FAY WRAY and GLENGA FARRELL in "The Mystery of the Wax Museum"
FAY WRAY'S Chamber of Horrors

Two Pictures of the Month

FAY WRAY, Canadian-born star and wife of John Monk Saunders, seems to have a penchant for "horror" pictures, as was pointed out in the March issue of this magazine. And beyond a doubt she is the most capable actress we know of for the exacting role of a young woman reacting to fear and the menace of horror.

Last month Warner Brothers Pictures released "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" to the theatres in the smaller cities and towns in the United States and Canada, and it created an instant sensation. The production is entirely in color, and, in the opinion of the editorial staff of this magazine, is one of the finest jobs of color photography ever put together in the cutting room.

"The Mystery of the Wax Museum" ranks, with "King Kong," also a Fay Wray vehicle, as the two best pictures of the month. The former was directed by Michael Curtiz and the latter by Messrs. Merian C. Cooper and E. B. Schoedsack.

The cast for the Warner picture, in addition to Miss Wray, includes Lionel Atwill who so capably portrays the role of Ivan Igor, creator of waxwork art; Glenda Farrell, the platinum blonde reporter; "Florence"; Frank McHugh, the editor; Allen Vincent; Holmes Herbert; Thomas Jackson; Pat O'Malley; DeWitt Jennings; Arthur Edmund Carewe; Gavin Gordon; Edwin Maxwell; and Monica Bannister, whose nude figure is made into a statue of Joan of Arc.

Those of our readers familiar with waxworks shows will recall the usual "Chamber of Horrors," and believe us,—this is one of them; but so capably acted and told that it does not offend. Igor and Worth, the story goes, have a wax museum in London.

Ivan Igor, a fine artist and sculptor, has made figures of the great characters of history. The museum does not pay, and the Worth wants to burn it down for insurance. Igor and he have a battle and the building is set afire and destroyed. Worth escapes, but Igor is badly burned trying to save his figures.

Years later, in New York, bodies and live persons begin to disappear. Florence, a newspaper woman, is running down a story of a supposed suicide, when the beautiful nude body of the girl, Joan Gale, disappears. There is no trace left, but some time later Florence goes to a wax museum with a friend, Charlotte, who is in love with Ralph, one of the artists. She sees the Gale woman there in wax, posed as the figure of Joan of Arc.

Florence notes that a (Continued on page 58)
THE PART played by a director in the successful completion of a feature picture is so vital and important a one that a study of the men who "make or break" stars and motion picture organizations seems to be in order. It was with that in mind that I awaited, in a little bungalow around the corner from the Fox Hills Police Station, Mr. Blystone's coming.

John G. Blystone is a very busy man, these days, hurrying from here to there, seeing to all the details attendant upon the launching of a new star on the American lots, Lilian Harvey.

Like a whirlwind, he was in the room, gracious, cavalier-like, smiling, and sorry to have been late. He dislikes exceedingly keeping people waiting or being kept waiting himself; the publicity department lists that as one of his outstanding traits.

John G. Blystone, though but forty years of age last December 2nd, is listed as one of Hollywood's pioneers. He has been in Hollywood nearly a score of years, having practically grown up with the film business,—at least, after it reached a point where it was a real commercial consideration in the world.

He lolled back in his chair, lit a Camel and smiled across.

"How did I become a director? Well, that's not so hard!"

"You know, in the old days, things were much simpler than they are now. I got a sort of odd job doing this and that around the studio. Anybody working on the lot had to do all manner of things. If something had to be built, moved, fixed, or designed, everyone pitched in and helped. We were all workers and we worked."

Apparently there was little attention paid to unions, the time clock, and the iron clad rules that bind one set of workers to do or not to do certain things.

"So," he continued, "we just grew up. Then it happened that I was assisting Laddie Bornstein on a picture. We were only at it two days when something happened. It's so long ago, I just can't remember how or what it was, but I got orders to finish the picture. I did my best. Since then I've been a director.

"The old days were good. Directors acted and actors directed. We gave and took advice freely and without stint. But, after all," he grinned and shrugged, "you know, the public doesn't care about a director; they want to know about the stars. Now, Miss Harvey, you must see her." And he launched into a spirited recital of the ability and charm of the English-born German film star, whom he is directing in "My Lips Betray."

"But the public is interested in directors, and in you, Mr. Blystone. We know that of the fifty-six pictures you directed for Fox, there has been not one that didn't make the grade in the box-office. The director's name should stamp the picture as being good or bad, depending on the known work of that man."

"Maybe," he said, "but out of that fifty-six you spoke of, there wasn't one that was a tremendous hit. What do you call that, no hits or misses?" I didn't agree with him that there had been no big successes; certainly Will Rogers' "Too Busy to Work" was an artistic success if there ever was one.

We think it's a record. What does the public think? I believe they agree with me. Director Blystone's modesty is a cloak under which he does genuine, hard work and accomplishes a lot in an economical and effective way.

"The type of picture I like best to direct? Oh, the sort of 'mother knows best,' the sweet, unsophisticated ones. The public likes romance;—I do, you do, so why not have it? And of all the pictures I have directed I enjoyed doing 'Mother Knows Best,' best of all. Romantic themes will always be a box office success."

"And how," I ventured timidly, "does it feel to ride around on that derrick-like contraption as you shoot the scenes?" He rubbed his hands together, threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"I like it, think it's great. It is great,—it's a barrel of fun! Tell you what, would you like to come out and ride around in it? O. K. then, you just let me know when you're ready and we'll let you try it." I haven't as yet, but when I do, I'll let you know how it feels.

Meeting John Blystone, you'd really suspect him of being an actor. He's over six foot tall, heavy set. Very much the German as fans desire him. His hair is brown, and there's quite a lot of it, despite the fact that there is a little bald patch on top. But you and I couldn't see that until he bends down. His eyes? They're grey-green with little flecks of gold. There's an (Continued on page 56)
For the seaside our Fashion Editor suggests this charming, new Annette Kellerman Plaid Laitex Swim Suit, — An Asbury Mills creation.

Evenings may find milady wearing this gown of organdie to enhance her youthful beauty. The Peter Pan neckline and multitudinous pleated ruffles add piqunacy to the gown,—a fashion creation by George Jacobson.

This wispy, silk-en sheath is exceptionally flattering to a plastic figure. Singlette by Van Raalte. N. Y. C.

Evening may find milady wearing this gown of organdie to enhance her youthful beauty. The Peter Pan neckline and multitudinous pleated ruffles add piqunacy to the gown,—a fashion creation by George Jacobson.

An appealingly modern Summer suit in the new Coffee Brown linen; double-breasted, with the Garbo wide reverses for the lapels, and the Gibson Girl type of puff sleeve. Designed by S. and I. Lefkowitz.
American Fashions for American Girls

Win a Beautiful Summer Wardrobe FREE!

FREE! Your summer wardrobe, for the beach, for the evening, or for daytime wear, absolutely free, without any cost or obligation to you! Does it interest you? It has already interested "Miss Hollywood," Harriet Myrne, Broadway star of the Hollywood Revue, who has selected this outfit for her appearances at the Atlantic City, N. J., Charm and Beauty Pageant this coming summer.

Does it interest you now? A minimum of one hundred and eleven of these charming and attractive summer wardrobes will be given free of all cost to readers of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" magazine, just for the answering of ONE simple question. One of the three listed on this page.

In launching a regular fashion feature every month in this magazine we have secured the active co-operation of 135 of America's foremost department stores, in practically every state in the union. They will award, through us, complete summer outfits to at least 111, (possibly more) fortunate young women whose answers are deemed, by the judges, to be the best to any one of three questions.

The boys and young men are out of this, girls! They haven't a chance; they can support the "Buy American" program in some other way. Our purpose is to place an attractive emphasis on the "Buy American" fashions for American girls! And, as this May issue starts our fourth year as one of the leading film publications in the United States, it is altogether fitting and proper that we should take the first steps ever taken by any cinema publication for the free distribution of fashionable American clothes.

Featured on page 22, girls, you will find the new Annette Kellerman Plaid Lastex Swim Suit, manufactured by the famous Asbury Mills of New York City. This swimming suit, as you will be able to see, is finished in an enticing variety of colors, and is practically backless as can be seen from the picture on page 23.

Serenely feminine and as simple as the pale Victorian ladies of half a century ago is "Miss Hollywood," in a gown of organdie with a Peter Pan neckline and hundreds of pleated ruffles. Such a dress, in such charmingly youthful lines, is American made, - right in New York City, by George Jacobson.

Ever hear of the internationally famous Van Raalte Company, of 295 Fifth Ave., New York? Of course you have! Van Raalte's contribution to our American fashion page is a Singlette. Such a wispy silken sheath is flattering to the plastic figure so much cultivated by the fashionable younger set.

And last, but not the least of the four items, - a color which has never before been made into linen suits, - the new Coffee Brown shade. So

FREE!
Read how to win this stylish Annette Kellerman Swim Suit.
Photocolor Studies,
N. Y. C.

Answer only one of these three questions

1. Why do you think this Summer Wardrobe is suitable for "Miss Hollywood"?
2. What screen star would look well in these styles?
3. Why do you think this Summer Wardrobe would look well on you?

Cont'd on Page 64
ZOO IN BUDAPEST. — "Sweethearts Forever" could well be applied to the roles taken by blonde Gene Raymond and blonde Loretta Young in the recent Fox Films production "Zoo in Budapest". The story teems with action, interludes of pathos and exquisitely beautiful romance, — being staged in the capital of old Hungary, Budapest.
TODAY WE LIVE.—The heart-rending story of a girl in the British ambulance service during the World War, and of her deep love for her American sweetheart whom she literally drives into a Royal Flying Corps enlistment, and, hearing reports of his death, throws herself into an orgy of forgetful, sexual dissipation.
The BOOTY of BEAUTY

By Lorena Layson

First National Player in “Central Park” and “Forty-second Street”

BOOTY has been generally classified as the plunder captured by the pirates of the Spanish Main in days long since passed. Actually “booty” was prize money or prizes in goods; sometimes earned legitimately; mostly illegitimately, however.

Warring nations often engaged pirates to capture, plunder and burn ships of their enemies, or ships flying the flags of nations which were friendly to their enemies and which were bearing contraband goods of gunpowder, food, uniforms, muskets, or supplies to the country with which they were at war.

Today we capture beauty; part of it is our own birthright, which we maintain by daily exercise, sun-bathing, fresh air, and correct eating. Another phase of our beauty is “booty”; we get it from the beauty parlors, the drug stores or the cosmetic shops, and, if it is legitimately and carefully compounded, it will serve to enhance, retain and beautify our complexions and our attractiveness.

For those arriving at the “fair, fat and forty” stage, let me remind you that there is nothing illegitimate or frivolously vain in trying to hold on to youth, or in trying to be beautiful. Beauty-loving, beauty-seeking people have an important place in the world. Young women no longer use thick layers of cream and powder to achieve the effect of beauty. It is beauty itself we are after—the natural perfection of the complexion that we are seeking and finding. Whipping up the circulation is looked upon now as one of the best means of achieving this end, and it is often done through the use of beauty masks.

These beauty masks are as old as pulchritude itself. Fair Egyptians concocted and designed masks of clay and herbs as one of their private and secret beauty treatments. And, in the present day, the making of the mask is one of the beauticians’ best secrets.

In the dressing rooms of the successful stars of the theater it is used before going on the stage to bring out all the natural beauty of the face, just as in the theater long ago the mask was used to depict a character on the stage. So actresses still wear masks, but only in their dressing rooms, where the public does not see them. What we see when the actress comes on the stage is a beautiful woman, fresh, young and charmingly lovely. It’s also true of the screen star.

Several leading lights of the stage and screen have decided, individually, to give to women in general, her secret—the mask she has used for many years in her dressing room before making up for her stage appearance. This mask may be bought in a colorful, ornamental jar for the dressing table at many of the better stores. As I write this article, I do not know if it has been or will be advertised in the columns of Broadway and Hollywood “Movies”, but I am informed that no cheap or inferior cosmetics

(Continued on page 58)
A "Forty-Second Street" Beauty
LORENA LAYSON
Warner-First National
LOVE is the one thing in all the world which cannot be defined. It means different things to different people. It has no standards, no limitations, no rules, no regulations. Just as no two human beings are exactly alike, so no two lovers are similar.

Throughout the ages, men of wisdom and philosophers have tried to imprison the spirit of love within the scope of mere words. But their definitions, one and all, have proven utterly inadequate.

Love is what each person makes it. Love is built upon that which each person gives to it. Therefore there are greater and smaller loves as there are varying degrees in the ability and capability to give.

There are as many types of love as there are types of human beings. That great and rare emotion, which is really worthy of the name of love, is composed of all these types of lesser loves. Few and blessed are the persons who have been granted the capability to understand and appreciate this real love. The majority of the world lives its life, content with lesser emotions, unaware of what it is missing.

Love is the only human emotion which is able to surmount the barrier between the idealistic and the practical. Love is born in idealism and matures through practicality. If the emotion, which is founded on yesterday's dreams, is killed by today's facts, then it is not real love. True love mollows and deepens through contact with the realities of life. It reaches its full maturity when fed with the bread of living, not with the cake of dreaming.

Love, to be real and to reach its fullness, must be treated with seriousness and purpose. It must be cared for and nurtured, not taken for granted and neglected, or "starved."

Real love is as vital and as necessary a factor in the speed and rush of this age as it was in the more leisurely and gracious existence of other centuries. Without love no man nor woman can reach a complete fullness of life. Each person knows and understands the meaning of love in his own way, but to each person that love is necessary.

Someone has said that love is life to a man and that life is love to a woman. That is not so true today as it was yesterday. With each generation women are finding a wider field of existence and activity, new interests, increased possibilities for the exercise of their potential energies and intelligence.

This newly enlarged scope of life does not lessen the importance of love to them. By increasing the importance of other factors and interests it enhances their abilities to appreciate and understand the real importance of love. I believe that love will always be the most absorbing and powerful influence in the lives of women. For love they will sacrifice everything and glory in the sacrifice.

A man can, no doubt, love as deeply and profoundly as a woman, perhaps even more deeply and profoundly. But his love is not so many-sided, so all-encompassing. A woman would lose the world to gain her love. A man would win the world to gain his love.

But a real love is a mutual emotion. It is based on an equal giving. A one-sided love cannot survive and reach any strength of maturity.

An unequal love is the breeding ground for fear. And fear kills love. A real and lasting love can be built only on the knowledge of its existence, the surety of its strength. The moment in which the fear of losing love enters (Continued on page 59)
Character Actor: "Don't be frightened, Miss La Starr;—I just want you to sign my autograph book."

Radio Announcer's Wife: "What time is it, dear?"
R. A.: "When the gong strikes, it will be exactly ten seconds past ten o'clock."

"I won't stand for any man looking in my window."

"You may be a Prince and my husband in the script. But no marriage privileges, y'understand!"
"Hello, Maternity Hospital? This is Mr. Jones, of Jones, Jones and Jones. Did we have our baby yet?"

"How do you like my new hat, darling?"
"Oom, a four-leaf clover!"

"An' me studyin' elocution nights, preparin' for a SPEAKIN' part!"

"Would a kiss be out of place?"
"All depends on your aim." — College Life

"I want you girls to meet the angels of this show."
SECRETS.—Directed by Frank Borzage for United Artists; and adapted from the famous stage play of the same name. Mary Pickford, Leslie Howard, C. Aubrey Smith, Blanche Frederici, Doris Lloyd, Herbert Evans, Ned Sparks, Allan Sears, Mona Maris, Theodore Von Eltz, Huntley Gordon, Ethel Clayton, Bessie Barriscale, Randolph Connolly, Lyman Williams, Virginia Grey and Ellen Johnson appear. Excellent.

THE LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN.—Warner Bros. with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young, Fifi Dorsay, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot, Harold Huber, Dawn O’Day, David Durand, Shirley Gray, Mickey Rooney and others. A splendid picture with several important dramatic situations which disturb the normal for a promising prize fighter. Splashed with real action! A credit to Vitaphone sound reproduction.


CHILD OF MANHATTAN.—Columbia Pictures with Nancy Carroll, John Boles, Warburton Gamble, Clara Blandick, Jane Darwell, Gary Owen, Betty Grable, Luis Alberni, Jessie Rolph, Charles Jones, Tyler Brooke and Betty Kendall. Well handled, entertaining romance. It starts on Broadway and trails into Mexico. The dance hall maid and millionaires pattern, and happiness, done in the way most people enjoy.

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.—A screamingly funny burlesque on Grand Hotel produced as one of the “Broadway Brevities” series. Geraldine Dvorak, “stand-in double” for the glamorous Greta Garbo takes the role of the dancer, while Jack Bohn has Jack Barrymore’s part as the Baron in this Warner Brothers two-reeler. The scenery is excellently done in this recent parody production.


TOPAZE.—Very well done; better than the stage play. An R. K. O. picture directed by Harry D’Arrast from the play by Marcel Pagnol. As a French schoolmaster, John Barrymore surpasses himself, and Myrna Loy is at her best. Others in the cast are Frank Reicher, Albert Conti, Luis Alberni, Reginald Mason, Hobna Howland and Jackie Searle. An excellent film, and classed as one of the year’s best.
HUMANITY.—Fox Film, directed by John Francis Dillon from the screen play by Bradley King. A good human-interest drama starring and featuring Ralph Morgan, Boots Mallory, Alexander Kirkland, Nella Walker, Irene Ware, Noel N. Madison, Wade Boteler, Christian Rub, Betty Jane Graham, Ferike Boros, Geo. Irving and Crawford Kent. From the story "The Road to Heaven." Very well done!

BABY FACE.—Warner Brothers produced this one starring Barbara Stanwyck, the Flatbush, L. I., beauty, formerly of night club fame. Arthur Kohl and Robert Barrat appear in support in this dynamic, breathtaking story that packs a real "punch." It is our opinion that this is one of the best things Mrs. Frank Fay has ever done along this line. Excellent and very well directed. Sound effects by Vitaphone.

A LADY'S PROFESSION.—Paramount, with Alison Skipworth, Roland Young, Kent Taylor, Sari Maritza, George Bar- bier, Warren Hymer, Roscoe Karns, Billy Bletcher, Dewey Robinson, DeWitt Kennings and Edgar Norton. Something of a hodge-podge—but a fair piece of comedy. Were it not so involved a story, think director McLeod could have made an excellent picture. The cast is satisfactory.

ZO0 IN BUDAPEST.—Fox Film with Loretta Young, Gene Raymond, O. P. Heggie, Wally Albright, Paul Fix, Murray Kinnell, Frances Rich, Niles Welch, Lucille Ward and Russ Powell. Here is a most thrilling story dealing with human and animal life. It is a skillful piece of direction by Rowland V. Lee and the work of the cast is outstanding. A difficult, gripping picture throughout, and an interesting one.

PRIVATE JONES.—A Universal Picture with Lee Tracy, Donald Cook, Gloria Stuart, Shirley Grey, Russell Gleason, Emma Dunn, Walter Catlett, Al Hill, Berton Churchill and others in a powerful dramatic story by Richard Schayer picturing the moulding of character in a test which comes once to men in the bell of battle. Private Jones will linger long in memory. Excellent film, with a surprise ending.


DRUM TAPS.—World Wide Pictures with Ken Maynard, Dorothy Dix, Junior Coghill, Charles Stevens, Al Bridges, Harry Semels, Jim Mason, Slim Whitaker and Los Angeles Boy Scout Troop No. 107. An excellent western is here presented. The action and cast will please the audience because of the pleasing angles injected into the story. Director McGowan has done well with his material.

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR.—A startlingly good Universal picture directed by Jan. Whale from the play by Ladislau Fodor; featuring and starring Nancy Carroll, Charles Grapewin, Frank Morgan, Paul Lukas, Gloria Stuart, Jean Dix- on and Walter Pidgeon. Highly dramatic and intensely interest- ing. Edited by Ted Kent; con- tinuity by Frank Partos; Chas. D. Hall, art director. Congratulations to Mr. Laemmle!
ROCHELLE HUDSON
R.K.O. Featured Player; appearing in Radio and Monarch productions.
THE KEYHOLE.—A sterling production from the lots of Warner Brothers-First National, starring George Brent and that delightful brunette Kay Francis. A society drama, with a few good laughs, plenty of good looking clothes; and a splendid scene aboard ship. Miss Francis is at her best in this sort of vehicle, and her latest picture is well worth seeing. Very good; and ably directed. The girls will like Kay’s new dresses.

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES.—R. K. O. from The Goose Woman by Rex Beach with Helen MacKellar, Eric Linden, Jean Arthur, “Skeets” Gallagher and others. Here is a well constructed picture of life formulated with understanding, aglow with high lights and shadows which logically springs from the environment tied to the people who make up the drama of its telling. Excellent; a credit to Radio Pictures.

GREAT DESIRE.—Formerly called “Christopher Strong”; starring Colin Clive and Katharine Hepburn, who received her first publicity recognition by this magazine. An R. K. O. picture directed by Dorothy Arzner from the screenplay by Zoe Akins; film editing done by Arthur Roberts. Helen Chandler as “Monica;” and Desmond Roberts as “Bryce Mercer” offer outstanding performances in acting. Excellent.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN.—Universal Picture. Screenplay by Tom Buckligham, with Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale, Russell Hopton, Tom Brown, Betty Compson, Noel Madison, Stanley Fields, Rollo Lloyd and Willard Robinson. The story holds big opportunity; the idea is ever suggestive of the tragic, and in this we have a shipload aboard a derelict. A bit gruesome, but entertaining.

SAILOR BE GOOD.—Gertrude Michael, beautiful Alabama blonde, is the star of this production by the Jefferson Pictures Corp., distributed by R. K. O. Opposite her we find Jack Oakie, and in support Vi- vienne Tobin, George E Scot, Lincoln Steedman, Max Hoffman, Jr., Huntley Gordon and Ger- trude Sutton. Miss Michael has the part of “Kay Whitney,” society beauty. An excellent film, filled with real humor.

TOM’S IN TOWN.—Universal Pictures, with Tom Mix, Judith Harris, Raymond Hatton, Eddie Gribbon and Tony. The virility of the west in pictures will always win an audience if we can serve it with sufficient variation to avoid monotony. We have in this our hero in role of cowboy, prize fighter and detective, and he fits into the parts smoothly and capably. Good picture, and a credit to the Universal Pictures Corp.

LUCKY DEVILS.—R. K. O. Radio, with Bill Boyd, Dorothy Wilson, William Gargan, Roscoe Ates, William Bakewell, Bruce Cabot, Creighton Chaney and Bob Rose. Any story built around giant men pictures is valuable on account of novelty. We have in this a defy to the superstition inevitable to such a group which makes up an interesting picture. Action, plot and cast excellent and the photography well handled.

WEST OF SINGAPORE.—A Monogram Pictures melodrama supervised by Trem Carr and produced by M. H. Hoffman; directed by Al Ray from the story by Houston Branch. Betty Compson, Weldon Heyburn, Margaret Lindsay, Noel Madison, Clyde Cook, Tom Douglas, Harvey Clark and Ernest Adams appear in this “plot” which was adapted to the screen by Adele Buffington. Fairly good picture.

SCARLET RIVER.—R.K.O.-Radio Pictures. Story by Harold Shumate, with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Rosco Ates, Creighton Chaney, Ed Kennedy, Billy Butts, Hooper Atchley and Jimmy Mason. Much novelty is injected into a splendid western situation proving you can tell a drug store cowboy by the cut of coat and that fighting blood is not the sole property of bad men. Miss Wilson surpasses herself.

SWEETHEARTS.—Fox Film. With William Boyd, Mary Brian, Marion Byron, and John Miljan. Directed by Henry King. The story is a humbug and the picture a failure.

SWEETHEARTS.—A Universal Pictures production based on the story of the real-life St. Valentine’s Day Massacre. The picture is a poor imitation of the real event.

SWEETHEARTS.—Produced by Howard Hughes. Directed by John Ford. The story is a poor imitation of the real event.

SWEETHEARTS.—Produced by Samuel Goldwyn. Directed by Victor Fleming. The story is a poor imitation of the real event.

SWEETHEARTS.—Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by John Ford. The story is a poor imitation of the real event.

SWEETHEARTS.—Produced by Samuel Goldwyn. Directed by John Ford. The story is a poor imitation of the real event.

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"Men Must Fight" and not "What Women Give," will be the title of the film version of the Reginald Lawrence-S. K. Lauren Broadway stage play, "Men Must Fight." The cast of this production, directed by Edgar Selwyn for M-G-M, includes Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone, Robert Young and Ruth Selwyn.

News of another church movie scandal broke recently when Bergen County, N. J., authorities requested the Chicago police to arrest Rev. L. Eugene Wettling, former pastor of the Episcopal church in Oradell, N. J., on a charge of embezzling $5,000 from Mrs. Mary A. Lee, a widow. Two other men were also indicted. They claimed to be financing a movie project in Palestine.

Paul Martin, famous here and abroad for his expert direction of many UFA productions, who last guided the Fox star Lilian Harvey, through "Fair Dream," arrived on the Bremen at New York recently to fulfill his contract with Fox to direct films in Hollywood. He will direct Miss Harvey in at least one picture.

Making every effort to develop as many potential stars as possible during 1933, Carl Laemmle, Jr., recently signed Lois Weber, one of the industry's first directors and THE first woman director, to interview and test prospective screen talent for Universal. In joining the Laemmle staff, Miss Weber returns to the organization with which she started her screen work in Hollywood in 1912. She was responsible for many silent successes, but retired from screen work in 1926, when she was married.

William Bakewell and Jean Parker have roles in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," now being shown at the nation's theaters. It was made at the Culver City studios under direction of Charles Brabin. Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes have the leading roles in this filmization of the Martin Brown play, and others in the supporting cast are Lionel Atwill, Una Merkel and Eileen Percy. Miss Parker previously finished a part in "Rasputin and the Empress."

Francot Tone, formerly of the Theatre Guild and now under contract to M-G-M, is in the cast of "Gabriel Over the White House," which is finishing production under Gregory LaCava's direction. Walter Huston and Karen Morley have the leading roles.

Nydia Westman, prominent on the Broadway and Los Angeles stage, has been engaged by Fox to appear in "House of Refuge" with Dorothy Jordan, Alexander Kirkland and Merle Tottenham.

Comedies may be a source of laughter to you but to Gretchen Wilson, great-granddaughter of General "Stonewall" Jackson, of Confederate Army history, they will be a motion picture kindergarten.

Miss Wilson is undergoing her screen training in a series of short comedies at the RKO Radio studios, being produced under the supervision of Louis Brock, it was announced by David O. Selznick, executive vice-president in charge of all RKO Radio production. The girl, a beautiful brunet, is believed to have great screen potentials.

Federal authorities in Boston were asked to aid in suppressing interstate transportation of dancing girls in New England. The police said that names of 116 girls "on call" for stag parties and other affairs from August, Me., to Providence and Pawtucket, R. I., had been turned over to the United States Attorney for investigation.

The police claim that a ring is operating fifteen booking offices in Boston and twenty others throughout New England.

A man described as Sidney Blackmer, was held in Hollywood recently on suspicion in connection with an assault on a seventeen year old girl. Blackmer denied the charge, made by Bernice (Pat) Bach, and claimed it was all a frame-up. The police claim that Blackmer at first tried to evade identification. Later he said he did so to avoid publicity.

The girl who was held pending further investigation, says she met Blackmer at a cafe and went to visit him at his apartment about six weeks ago, when the alleged assault took place. He denies it all, claiming he met her at a home where he was a guest.

When interviewed, his wife, Lenore Ulric, disclaimed all knowledge of his doings, saying that they had been separated for some time.

Did you know that Sari Maritza can speak "pigeon" English by the yard? Born in the Orient she learned that trade talk as a child.

Gary Cooper's trained chimpanzees put on white gloves and give a perfect imitation of Al Jolson's Mammy pose.

Paramount has purchased "Apartment 9," a story by Alice D. G. Miller. Miss Miller also has been assigned to write the screen play. The story treats of a sensational crime involving a beautiful mannequin whose father is a police captain.

John Cromwell is directing Irene Dunne in the talkie version of Sidney Howard's stage play, "Silver Cord," in which the actress has the role of a young wife who fights against a mother-in-law's bitter resentment of her son's marriage. Jane Murfin did the screen adaptation.

Savings of approximately $100,000 annually will result from the Paramount scenic department's adoption of muslin set covering in place of beaverboard. Marlene Dietrich appears as a young girl for the first time in Paramount's "The Song of Songs," based on Hermann Sudermann's novel.

William Lawrence, young stage player, has been signed for roles in Fox pictures, in Hollywood. Mr. Lawrence was engaged after Fox representatives saw his work in the Pasadena Repertory Company where he has played parts for the past three years.

Warren William is the latest convert to polo, but to date he has gone no further than to swing clubs at balls from the back of a wooden horse. Dr. Walter Whiteley Hubbard's editorial "Patriocracy," in the February issue of Psychology, a monthly magazine published in New York City, has aroused a lot of favorable comment in the film colony. One California bank is distributing copies of it. Ruth Chatterton has an English butler whose accent is even more Mayfair than that of the famed first lady of the screen.

Bobby Jones has been dieting for six weeks to trim his figure to what he believes are better screen proportions. He weighs fifteen pounds less now than he did when he made his first series of screen shorts for Warner Bros. Claudette Colbert, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, develops and prints her own negatives. The beach house where Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and little Barbara Bebe live the year round is protected from burglars by the most intricate system of alarms it is possible to buy.
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

Loretta Young and Jean Harlow are soon to be neighbors. Miss Harlow's new house, of colonial brick, is within shouting distance of the home recently completed for Loretta, a colonial frame house with green shutters . . . , Richard Arlen has appeared in over fifty pictures. It's such a handy man that he recently re-upholstered his living room furniture, according to his wife Jobyna.

"Cassie Hanley, shapely brunette of the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue, recently photographed by Murray Korman, may soon be on her way to Hollywood, Calif., if she "makes the grade." She did nudes on Broadway . . . Speaking of nudes, the Dancing Girl, a bit of fine sculpture which the underscored and blue-nosed reformers tried to have banned from Radio City, has been ordered back on exhibition . . . Harry De Muth, veteran tap and ballroom dancer and instructor, and ballet impresario, appears to be doing well at his New York studios, 612-614, at 1658 Broadway; near 51st Street.

Phil Strong is doing the screen adaptation of "Strangers Return," his own novel, unpublished, which will be filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No announcement has yet been made as to cast or director for the new property. Strong is the author of "State Fair." . . . Gloria Swanson, whose last film venture "Perfect Understanding" doesn't seem to be standing up as it should, has just had a $37,500 judgment rendered against her, in Los Angeles, by Superior Judge Chas. D. Ballard. Maurice Cleary, theatrical booking agent, sued to collect $4,500 he claims due as commissions. Mr. Cleary, husband of May McAvoy, testified that Mrs. Farmer (Gloria), now in England, agreed to pay him $7,500 for each of six pictures in which she was starred and from which she received more than $200,000 profit.

Lucille St. John, French actress, was recently added to those netted in Hollywood by the Immigration Inspectors' survey of aliens illegally in the U. S. A. Murray W. Garson says the "French flame" has overstayed her leave seven months.

Charles Butterworth has been signed by M-G-M, according to an announcement from the Culver City studios. The comedian, who played recently in "Flying Colors," has appeared in such films as "Life of the Party," "Fame" and "The Sidewalk." His stage plays include "Sweet Adeline" and "Good Boy." . . . Walter Hiers, film comedian, recently died of bronchial pneumonia. He was born in Cordova, Georgia, in 1893.

Merian C. Cooper, Executive vice-president in charge of all RKO Radio production, announced that RKO Radio Pictures will make "News Reel," the inside story of the adventure of a pair of hard-boiled news reel cameramen. It's named after a department in this magazine.

Cassie Hanley in the Hollywood (Restaurant) Revue.

Long and Company of 360 West 31st Street, Manhattan, and 573 E. Fordham Rd., Bronx, are now handling the highest grade of automobile tires, lap robes, spotlights, lubricating oil, spark plugs and all sorts of motoring supplies at rates worth talking about.

Their own makes of tires have been pointed out, by Hollywood and Broadway stars, as being exceptionally good values and A-1 quality.

Jean Harlow celebrated her 25th birthday on the 30th of last March, in spite of what Mr. Winchell broadcasts. Walter's wrong about her being younger! . . . Nirenberg and Salzman, 26th St., Noo Yawk, are manufacturing splendid novelty shirts under the trade names of George Raft and James Cagney. They look like real "bays."

Our hats are off to the movie companies who helped, with cash, labor and electrical equipment in reliving the suffering and anguish during the recent earthquake in southern California. And a low bow to the 12,000 employees who agreed to take a cut or go without work temporarily that the industry might live and that the public might be entertained during the financial crisis. It's a shame the union laborers, mechanics, projectionists, etc. (who are very well paid) couldn't have developed the same spark of humanity and unselfishness. (They may live to regret being pigheaded.)

A lemon to the script writers and assistant directors at Paramount who were responsible for the un-called-for butchery of the story so ably presented by ten famous authors in Liberty Weekly. We actually heard people groaning in the audience when "The Woman Accused" was shown, and we knew they still read in America.

How some half-baked "film editors" could set their intelligence so far above ten of America's greatest writers and degrade so good a story is beyond our power to fathom, and we hope that Paramount officials (and the bankers who back the film company) will descend in all their wrath and prevent such butchery in the future. Just one instance among the dozens in this "murder mystery" story, for example, will suffice: In the Liberty story the heroine doesn't kill the villain; in the Paramount film she does. And that just starts the cascad of errors!

N. Y. state legislators are beginning to show signs of sanity and many are backing proposals to do away with the censorship laws of the Empire State. Congratulations, boys—go to it; we're with you! . . . BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" magazine will now accept postage stamps (U.S.A.) in payment for subscriptions and sample copies . . . Recognition of the U.S.S. Russia would facilitate American trade, and in this the California cinema community is especially interested. By all means let's recognize the Russian bear. We may need that some day, and even a strong military and naval alliance wouldn't be out of place!

With the buying of liquor as evidence prohibited, dry agents recently used motion picture cameras to gather evidence in raids of two night clubs in Kansas City. H. L. Duncan, "snoper" and chief special agent of the Prohibition Bureau there said:— "We saw persons enter sober and come out not so, and to prove it we took motion pictures of them."

The patrons may appear on the screen in Federal Court later.

Pretty Helen Broska, who'll be 17 on her next birthday, is reported missing from her home on Calyer St, Brooklyn. She's 4 ft. 7 inches tall, and rumor had it she was headed for Hollywood. Mother wants you back, Helen; come back! . . . Blind and partially blind persons are appearing in a series of one and two act plays at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—for relief work. They deserve your support.

Stephen Roberts, who is now directing "The Story of Temple Drake" for Paramount, was an airman during the World War, and broke into pictures as a stunt flyer. . . . Clark Gable and Jean Harlow will be co-starred in "Nora." Sam Wood has the direction of the forthcoming picture, which was written for the screen by Anita Loos and John Emerson.

Sterling Holloway, comedian of many
“Garrick Gaieties,” and more recently of several cinematic productions, appears in the cast of “Adorable,” in which Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat are starred. Wilhelm Dietterle directed it.

Because of the nation-wide bank holiday and mechanical conditions beyond the control of the Edgewood Publishing Company, Inc., there was no issue for April of the BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” magazine. All subscriptions will be automatically extended for one month, however. The southern California earthquake, though, hasn’t stopped our western representative, Miss Mary A. Roberts, from the continuance of her duties, although she went through some highly thrilling and dramatic experiences in the film colony.

Three girls charged with taking part in an immoral show in Richmond Hill, Queens, were given suspended sentences in Special Sessions, Queens, N. Y.

The girls identified themselves as Patsy Stewart, Evelyn West and Rose Cartes, all residents of Manhattan hotels.

More than 500 extras have been employed regularly by Fox Film Corporation for use in “Pilgrimage” and “The Warrior’s Husband,” relieving, to a great extent, the unemployment of his players in Hollywood. There’s always room if one really wants to find it, according to the Casting Director of this magazine.

Several hundred unemployed men and women were also given a number of days work as movie extras by Samuel Bischoff, who produced “The Constant Woman” for World Wide Pictures. The picture revolves around a tent show troupe, and several large circus scenes were required. Taking his company to Baldwin Park, California, the winter quarters of the Al B. Barnes Circus, Mr. Bischoff gave carte blanche orders to the Baldwin Park Chamber of Commerce to round up several hundred of the city’s unemployed for the “mob” scenes.

A life-size nude statue of Marlene Dietrich, which figures importantly in her new Paramount picture, “The Song of Songs,” was sculptured by S. Caltano Scarpitta, Jr., famous sculptor. In Rome, he executed an heroic figure of Mussolini on horseback. He was responsible for the sculptuary of the Los Angeles General County Hospital, the Stock Exchange building, and St. John’s church.

Maria Alba, who had the feminine lead in Moran and Mack’s “Hypnotized,” appears in “Kiss of Arabia” opposite Walter Byron. Others in the cast include Theodore Von Eltz, Claire Windsor, Claude King, Frank Leigh and others. Phil Rosen directed it.

“The Barbarian” is the title of Ramon Novarro’s new starring picture, formerly “The Man on the Nile”; an original story by Edgar Selwyn, the New York producer who is now a director at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. In support are Myrna Loy, Reginald Denny, Louise Closser Hale and C. Aubrey Smith. “The Barbarian” was directed by Sam Wood.

’Tis a shame that motion pictures couldn’t have been made of the “frying” of the Italian who attempted to slay President Roosevelt;
and the pictures shown in all of the large gangdom centers of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, and—yes, Los Angeles. It might act as a crime deterrent, in a land where slick-haired and oily tongued gangsters are stealing jewels, racketeering in food, killing government officials, kidnapping and running the gambling and white slave businesses in this nation.

"You Made a Bargain," an original story with a Monte Carlo background by Ethel Hill, has been purchased by M-G-M.

Greta Garbo, attired in pants, and under a man's name, arrives here as we go to press.

Frank Atkinson, British actor who recently played in the movie version of "Cavalcade," was taken into custody in Hollywood by agents of the Immigration Service recently, and held for instructions from Washington. Two charges were brought against the actor, one of illegal entry and the other of overstaying the period of his alien visitor's permit. He was held under $2,000 bond.

A Russian singer and actor, Nicholas Tochinsky, known in movies as Nick Mall, also was arrested for overstaying his residence permit. He was held in $1,000 ball.

Merwyn LeRoy was borrowed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from Warner Brothers to direct "The Harbor," an unproduced play by Theodore Reeves, formerly known as "Metropolitan Hospital."

Bankers and stockholders who have much to say about the financial operations of some of our biggest cinema organizations are finding out (and we hope, for their sake, that it's not too late) that newspapers and screen fan magazines have been treated rather shabbily in the past from the angle of pictures and material furnished, advertising, and press courtesies. Watch for a "housecleaning."

Maureen O'Sullivan has a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her next appearance will be opposite Johnny Weissmuller in a second Tarzan vehicle, "Tarzan and His Mate."

"India Speaks" is the title of Richard Halliburton's starring vehicle for United Artists which was made under the tentative name of "Jade," it was announced by Al Lichtman, Vice President and General Manager. The picture was made in India, China and Thibet by Halliburton, world-famed explorer and author, and is based upon exploits encountered by him in those far-off lands. Walter Futter, producer of "Africa Speaks," assembled and titled the picture.

Henry Garat, talented French star who's working with the Fox Films, Inc. (see page 7), pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Garr-rah." . . . The death of Paul Bern, noted movie director for M-G-M and late husband of Jean Harlow, screen vamp, officially called a "suicide," was suddenly reopened recently by the Los Angeles Grand Jury. New evidence, our western correspondent informs us, may indicate that Bern didn't take his own life.

(Continued on page 50)
LILA LEE
Married again!

ANN DVORAK (Mrs. Leslie Fenton) is expecting the stork.
An unusual circumstance arose on the Fox lot while Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy were making "Beyond Hand and Wife." An extra player approached the two, after a wedding scene in which he had been the minister marrying the two, and soberly confirmed that he was an ordained minister and that the marriage, with witnesses, ring, et al was legal: that they were now "mates."

Bellamy stuttered in confusion and Miss Eilers thought of husky husband Root Gibson. But the "clergyman" insisted that he was telling the truth and offered to prove his claim that Ralph and Sally were married.

Then Miss Eilers spied Hamilton MacFadden, the director, and some of the members of the cast peeping from behind a "flat." Then they knew they were victims of one of the director's practical jokes, if you can call that kind of stuff a joke.

The Leslie Fentons (Ann Dvorak, who received her first film cover publicity from this "mag") expect the stork very soon... Gertrude Nielsen's been seen 'round the main stem with Freddy Rich lately.

Are they just pals, or are they pals? Mary Brian and Charles "Buddy" Rogers are rumored as engaged. Jimmy Hall, who's had wife trouble for heaven-knows-how-long, has been seen going places and doing things with the beauteous Dorothy Dill, ex-Ziegfeld star who was once "Miss America" and "Miss Universe." Shapely lass yet, though! Will they marry?... Norma Taylor, youthful blonde beauty who was formerly with Texas Guinan's night club troupe, is accused of being "naughty-naughty" with the husband, John, of Mrs. Muriel Young Hutchins; and a divorce is in the offing. Jack, tall and bearded, says he's a dramatic coach.

Hannah Williams, ex-frau of Roger Wolfe Kahn, and her sister, Dorothy, arrived in Reno recently to seek twin divorces... As one showman to another; Rev. Charles J. Wilson, six feet tall, and Nacy Malinda Beal, forty-two inch midget, recently filed notice in Hollywood to wed one fine Sunday. No wise cracks, please!

Marriages, divorces, births, engagements; personal items about the stars are to be found in this column each month.

Claire Luce

Ralph Graves

Lila Lee, film actress, formerly of Chicago, is going to the altar (or has gone as we went to press) with George Hill. George is a director; the beautiful Lila's first husband was James Kirkwood, now a "has-been" actor... Young Mr. LeRoy, director, went for Doris Warner in a big way, and Ginger Rogers is spending her evenings in Hollywood with Howard Hughes,—that is,—when Mr. Hughes isn't dated up with Jean Harlow. Returning to Ginger,—she was once reported engaged to Mervyn LeRoy,—but that was after she met Tom King at the Hotel New Yorker, wasn't it?

Helen Kane, stage and screen actress, and Max Hoffman, Jr., recently middle-sistered it together. Max is the son of the late Gertrude Hoffman, worldfamed dancer; he has just finished a picture in Hollywood and is now honeymooning with the "Boo-Boo-Adooping" Helen... John P. Hearne, known to stage, screen and radio followers as "Moran," of Moran and Mack, was married in Mexico, reports said, to Miss Mamie Harrison, nineteen-year-old beauty from Dallas, Texas. Mrs. Charles Mack attended the wedding with her hubby, Hearne's partner; Charlie serving as best man.

What film official recently "mixed it up" in an overly-friendly way with the private blonde of one of the big bankers who had interests in his cinema outfit; and did it cause untold trouble? And how!... Leon Leoudoff, her ex-husband, preferred the society of Peaches Browning, former vaudeville star, to her own, according to blonde Fannie Todd Mitchell. Such was the testimony revealed recently in the alienation suit of Fannie's new husband, Seymour Woolner. Leon boasted of trysts with young "Peaches" behind the steel doors of her private apartment, the Broadway playwright testified.

Mrs. Harriet Fink Berend, another ex-Follies girl,—still young and shapely,—re-
THREE-CORNERED MOON, a recently opened New York offering, shows promise of real success, which is a relief in these days of darkened houses. It is the "buttered and salted popcorn" of comedy, and a good fistful at that. Ruth Gordon, one of Broadway's cleverest comedienneis, is at her best in this piece now running at the Cort Theatre. She is ably supported by Cecelia Loftus, and it's full value for your money if you decide to take this one in.

FAR AWAY HORSES, a comedy by Michael Birnigham and Gilbert Emery (of "movies" fame),—produced by James R. Ullman and Sydney Harmon at the Martin Beck Theatre didn't "click" as well as it should have. Mr. Ullman gave it his best by way of production details, but the cast wasn't "up to snuff."

It's a story of the O'Hara family living in a milltown up the Hudson. The father drinks. The mother loves her best by her six children. The oldest boy is a pool room waster, the oldest girl a protesting but faithful slave of the mill.

The second daughter runs away to marry a simpleton and escape the family, and the two younger kids stay home and screech. In fact everybody, even the neighbors, seem to yell, gossip and screech! Mother returns from Ireland, having failed to grab a legacy.

Father returns from a long trek to take back his old job and bring joy to mother's heart, only to go immediately back to spending his wages for liquor preliminary to another escape.

One sister saves money to take the family to New York, only to have another sister return home suddenly with a husband out of work and a baby expected.

Mother sells the house for another trial at a new start and Pat nabs the money and buys an auto. One distressful scene follows another. Leona Hogarth, Josephine Williams, Horace Mc rhythm, Harry Macmullin, J. M. Clayton, Edna Hagan, Clarence Rock, Eleanor Daniels, Thomas Chalmers, Bernie Neary, Jessie Graham, Lillian Savin, Cole McLaughlin, Bruce Macfarlane, Katherine Walsh and Marion Barne appear in the cast; Miss Hogarth's work being exceptionally good.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—An uproarious comedy hit which is lifting Manhattan Island out of the "dumps" and blues. Broadhurst Theatre, in case you don't know; and in it you'll find Eugenie Leontovich (of "Grand Hotel" fame), Edward Frawley (as a press agent), Dennis Moore and Moffatt Johnson. Sophisticated without being in the least smutty—but above all,—funny!

STRIKE ME PINK! You'd be surprised at the number of shows along Broadway

Patty Price; starring in N.T.G.'s Continental Revue at the Paradise Cabaret.

Photo by M. Korman

BROADWAY'S BEST BETS

which are being "saved" or aided by movie stars. The one at the Majestic is no exception when one considers that the three outstanding stars of this rip-snorter comedy are or have been cinema luminaries; Lupe Velez, Jimmy "Snoozle" Durante and Hope Williams. A real musical hit which will be written up here when we get a chance to catch it out from.

THE PARTY'S OVER.—Opened March 21th at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York; an American comedy of real merit, with Katherine Alexander (of "Stepdaughters of War" fame), Harvey Stephans, Effie Shannon, Peggy Conklin, Ross Alexander, Claire Trevor, George Graham and Geoffrey Bryant. Rather good!

GEORGE WHITE'S MELODY.—One of the finest musical shows which has hit New York in months; and still "going strong" as we go to press. Evelyn Herbert in the leading role is in delightfully beautiful voice. She is ably supported by Everett Marshall, Jeanne Aubert, Hal Skelly of stage and screen fame, George Houston, Walter Woolf, and others.

The song "On to Africa" is a high-spot comedy number and a real knockout! Musical score by Sigmund Romberg; — what more need you ask for the Casino Theatre, Noo Yawk?

ANN ADAMS, SPINSTER.—A comedy-drama presented at the Sutton Show Shop in New York City; from the pen of Robert Ober, and presented by Arthur Elenback. It's a gentle, easy-running story, smoothly written, but of really great "unimportance." Mr. Ober has contrived an uncomplicated and slow-moving little play, which, while happily devoid of most of the errors of the shows that appear in the tributary theaters, manages to achieve dullness in its steady progress through three acts. The whole performance was characterized by an admirable restraint and quiet good taste which deserved a better vehicle for its expression.

Something startling was offered, in the nature of a prophecy in the second scene of the last act which confounds the warnings and hopes of the technocratic and communistic brethren. The date of the scene is 1958, and as it unfolds it is apparent that neither customs, manners nor political systems have changed at all. It was the only departure from the expected in the plot which is built about Ann Adams, a spinster who waited twenty-five years to marry the man she wanted. In the meantime there was an illegitimate son; also another boy who hung around just "hoping."
BITS FROM THE HITS!

By Fred Morgan

GEORGE WHITE'S
"MELODY"

MUSICAL ROMANCE AT THE CASINO
(CENTER) - HALE SKELLY AND EVELYN HERBERT
(L. AND R.) JEANNE AUBERT IN CHARACTERIZATIONS

THREE-CORNERED MOON

DELECTABLE COMEDY AT
CORT THEATRE
STARRING - RUTH GORDON

CAST - L. TO R. BUONCE STODDARD, ELISHA COOK, JR.,
BRIAN DONLEVY, CECILIA LOFTUS, BEN LACKLAND,
RUTH GORDON, JOHN ELDREDGE, RICHARD WHORF.
Annie's Aniiosity
PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—As an ardent admirer of Greta Garbo I resent very much the spiteful and utterly unfair remarks about her by Ruth Alyce Towsend in the last (February) issue of your magazine. This stupid and malicious writer compares Karen Morley with Greta Garbo; it is to laugh. You better change this nitwit writer for someone that knows something or you will lose a good many readers including myself.

—Annie Nolan.

Bill-Posting Evil
NEW YORK, N. Y.—The nuisance caused by brazen employees of movie companies and bill-posting companies in placarding side walls of houses without consent or knowledge of the owners throughout the upper far east side, has grown to a most annoying stage in the last six weeks.

The widespread pasting of political posters on walls of buildings apparently has encouraged the putting up of gaudy theatrical bills on fences surrounding lots on which buildings have been demolished, and even in some cases those engaged in putting up the posters have put them directly over “Post No Bills.”

The First Avenue Ass’n, Inc., is combattting this billboard and showbill invasion and desires to give the widest publicity to the fact that property owners can cause arrests without having to catch somebody in the act of putting up posters.

—J. J. Hackett.

 Liked by Louise
ELMIRA, N. Y.—I have been reading and enjoying your magazine BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” for ages. It is the greatest magazine of its kind and price I have ever read.

—M. Louise Byam.

Smith’s Selections
HOLLYWOOD, CA.—Please accept my thanks for the many interesting articles and photos in your publication. I find also it has one invaluable feature, that is, the brief unbiased synopsis of any current picture of importance. Lots of people go to a movie and are disappointed because it, in their opinion, was “rotten” or not what they expected. They could save both time and money by glancing at your columns first.

Incidentally, there is quite a difference in taste among your readers. For example, in glancing over your November issue, I notice one fan has selected Garbo, Hayes, Crawford, Shearer, Dietrich, L. Barrymore, Beery, Robinson, and Huston for the ten greatest actors and actresses in an order mentioned.

Frankly, I cannot agree with a single selection. I consider Garbo inordinately overestimated. I attend the movies twice weekly and cannot recall ever having seen Helen Hayes. I consider the next five just ordinary actors and actresses. As for Beery, Robinson and Huston, they are worse.

For the first place I would choose Richard Dix for his versatility. He can and has played well and the following parts: ardent lover; business man; westerner, gangster, soldier, college football hero, Indian (full blooded or half breed), aviator, boat captain, and even an octogenarian. If any one can equal that record I should like to hear about it.

Second. The “One and Only” Will Rogers for his ability to please everybody—young, old, middle aged, children and all.


Fourth. George Arliss. For the most finished actor in the American Screen.

Fifth. Janet Gaynor. For the most pleasing voice and the acme of feminine pulchritude.

Sixth. Clara Bow. For the biggest box office attraction the world has ever known.

Seventh. Marion Nixon. For her charming personality and good work in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

Eighth. James Dunn. For his natural aptitude and ability.

Ninth. Harold Lloyd. For the many laughs he has given us.

Tenth. Sylvia Sidney. For no particular reason except that she’s exceptionally good and you can always count on an evening of first class entertainment when her pictures come to town.

—Harry L. Smith.

Thanks, Helen!
LOS ANGELES, CA.—Let me thank you for the favorable comments about me in your article “Paul, the Prisoner”—February issue of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES.” I sincerely appreciate the friendly “boost” and hope to be able to justify your confidence.

—Helen Vinson.

Glamorous Greta
BRONX, N. Y. C.—Why object to the Swedish actress? Just who told you that Greta Garbo’s popularity is waning? It isn’t. Don’t try to tell me that you have been in contact with eight or ten million movie fans. If Garbo can hold millions of fans for seven years, she can do it for another seven—and she will.

—Garbo Fan.

Movies for Children
BRONX, N. Y. C.—In a recent issue of a film trade paper I noted an interesting account of the activities of a Better Films Council in Macon, Ga. Of particular interest to me was the work being done with reference to children’s Saturday morning matinées. This happens to be “right up my alley.”

Here in New York City I am in charge of a group, representing several organizations, which has successfully instituted a pioneer movement of this kind in the Bronx. In describing this activity in the press a short time ago I stated that we were interested primarily in utilizing the idle time of the theatre to meet the entertainment needs of the children, selecting from the best of the available material in building what was hoped might prove to be also commercially practicable programs.

This hope has been fully realized, financially and otherwise. So whole-hearted has been the reception accorded the idea that it is expected to spread throughout the Bronx in the near future.

But to have allowed a far away city in the South to get ‘way ahead of New York years ago! What a blow to our pride—we New Yorkers who think we are the last word in up-and-coming progressiveness! We must wake up and get on the band wagon of ideas which vitally concern the leisure time requirements of the children of our city.

—Mrs. Frances A. Lesser.

Depressed Musicians
BRONX, N. Y. C.—The musicians are probably the hardest hit victims of the times. The radio has submerged finer music in jazz, which many fine artists feel compelled to refuse to play. The demand that will put idle musicians to work must come from the public, and to get the public started, it must be sold a new musical taste.

—Alfred Alcare,
OPORTUNITIES exist, and they come every week in the year, for talented young men and young women, who are seriously interested in obtaining employment on the stage or screen. While this is in NO SENSE an employment agency, it does, as a cinema publication, make a sincere effort to assist the serious minded young folks.

The worst woman in the world, for example, if she's pretty enough and photographs like a million dollars, has this chance to have her sins forgotten. How do YOU photograph, young lady? And have you any good pho- tos of your face and your figure? If not, this magazine will make them for you FREE!

Jesse L. Lasky, producing "The Worst Woman in Paris?" for Fox Films, has been weeks searching for a good actress who can convince him that she can be cinematically bad. Her qualifications card should prove that she's good as an actress, but able to play "naughty" roles.

He'd prefer a screen actress, he said recently, but there being a sad lack of professional temptresses who answer the description of the lady he seeks, Mr. Lasky is willing to consider applications—through his casting office, or Director Monta Bell. This magazine stands ready to help Missa, Bell and Lasky at any time we can do so.

"There is an absolute lack of beautiful menaces now that Myrna Loy has regenerated herself, professionally," Mr. Lasky said. "I think there is an opportunity on the screen for such a woman. Certainly I would welcome one at this time."

"This woman I have in mind should be the feminine counterpart of Adolphe Menjou. She should be admirable in her wickedness, noble in her shame and have the poise of a crouching tigress."

But alas, there are no such women in Hollywood. Won't some young lady come to the producer's aid? . . . This, and other oppor- tunities, very frequently arise. Often the ap- plicant has no good photograph on file, and so that is where this magazine comes in to help you.

We never return photographs submitted, but if you don't have one, simply call at any one of the studios or stores listed on page 47 of this issue and say: "I want a photograph made; charge it to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES, and deliver it to them soon!" We'll pay the bill.

All photographs are accurately filed, for the sole use of official of motion picture and theatrical producing companies, stage direc- tors, vaudeville and screen booking offices, casting directors, playwrights, and com- mercial photographers and professional illus- trators and cover designers in search of mod-

els. That is why it's necessary to fill out the blank on this page,—or make one up similar to it. It must be filled out neatly so we can easily read it.

Recently Miss Anna Shane, talented and youthful actress of the stage, filled out a blank. Her picture appears on page 49 of this issue, and it is hoped that some producer will soon avail himself of her val- uable services.

Others on page 49 are young men who have talents for the stage, screen, or as artists' or photographers' models. They are as follows: 1. L. A. Giannini, 2. Peter Van Dors, 3. Malte Hansen, 4. Charles Unites, 5. Walter R. An- derson, 6. John F. Pochioli, 7. Howland Mor-


The Fox Film Studios recently gave work to thousands of extras, bit players and fea- tured players in "Cavalcade"; recently they used 1,200 children in "Handle With Care" and 500 grownups for "Pleasure Cruise." Yolanda Patti, once a waitress, was given a chance, not long ago, to work in "Bondage." She made good, and, just between us, we wanted her to succeed!

Over 4,000 extras and bit players were used when Merian C. Cooper directed the making of "King Kong," starring Fay Wray . . . We hope RKO or Fox will give a "break" to Jeanette Conklin, of Bayside, Queens, N. Y. soon. Shapely, and swims well . . . Also Miss Frances Roberts, of Wendell, N. C.—most beautiful girl of the Greater University of North Carolina.

Clothes are an important item, and every director will tell the young woman quickly enough, if she doesn't know it already, that she ought to get better clothes. It is one rea- son why this magazine has introduced a fashion and style service into the magazine as a regular feature, and in doing so we are co-operating with 155 of America's leading department stores. We are sincerely hoping that some of the "doubles" listed in our Casting Office files will avail themselves of the opportunity to enter the fashion contest.

Stella Eltman, of Grayslake, Ill., now 18 years of age, feels that she resembles Greta
Garbo, who, by the way, is now back in the U. S. A. Like Greta, she plays tennis. . . Another Stella, from Steubenville, O., is Mrs. Walters, who, though she sent in no photo, is 22 years of age; sings and plays the piano.

Ruth Klencert, nearing 20, looks like Joan Crawford and hails from Brooklyn, N. Y. She weighs 112 pounds and has gray-blue eyes . . . Wonder why the movies didn’t attempt to sign up the Honorable Moya Beresford, daughter of Lord Decies, of London, and granddaughter of the late George J. Gould, when she was here. She swims like a fish,—has a marvelously beautiful body, and her face photographs like a million pounds sterling.

At the University of Wichita, Kansas, they found a beautiful blonde by the name of Helen Kerr,—a member of the Alpha Tau Sigma Sorority. She’s petite, dainty and shapely,—an art student, and has real histrionic ability . . . All photos received from young women will be commented upon in these pages from time to time; and all pictures received (not rolled) will be published.

Gretchen Wilson, New York debutante, who recently was signed for RKO Radio Pictures by David O. Selznick, got a “grand break” for her first cinematic chance. Miss Wilson, whose photos were sent to Hollywood, was assigned to portray the part of Sylvia in “The Great Jasper,” starring Richard Dix, with Vera Engels, the German film importation and Florence Eldridge. J. Walter Ruben directed the production; in which several young men and boys got their first jobs as “extras.”

Mona Ray, Club New York entertaine, crashed into the films recently with a small part in an Ed Kennedy comedy at RKO Radio Pictures . . . Many of the famous stars of today started in film comedies. We’d like to see Ruth A. White (no relation to Pearl or Alice)—a beautiful blonde from Boston, crash into the movies soon, even if she had to take a bathing beauty part in a comedy. She is shapely as they make ’em, 22 years of age but photographs like a miss of seventeen, and is a first class dancer. Weighs 120 pounds.

Helen Judge, society beauty and a friend of Samuel Barrymore Colt, son of Ethel, is a real beauty—pretty teeth and all that! She photographs in a most distinguished manner and has an engaging smile and entrancingly pretty eyes. Cinema moguls are missing a bet if they pass up Helen Judge for stardom . . . “Tim-mie” Downy, a platinum blonde from Pittsburgh, Pa. (and it’s hard to stay blonde there!) is a torch singer who resembles Miriam Hopkins. She ought to be given a chance. Is a New York girl at present.

Phyllis Carroll, blonde, formerly with “The Show Boat,” is a real bet for screen work. Possesses a pair of the prettiest legs along Broadway; was also in “Ballyhoo,” according to Murray Korman . . . Alice Kohler, of 100 East 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has wonderful looking teeth and a “million dollar” smile. Shapely; swims very well and dances, too. She has dimples like Lillian Walker . . . Mrs. John Steel looks like a cross between Lilian Taskman and Glenda Farrell; and wears a bathing suit most becomingly; dances well.

Another Cinderella caught her breath in Hollywood recently as she fingered a brand new featured player’s contract to see if it were real. She is Patricia Farley, who won the notice of Paramount studio officials because of the way she exchanged repartee with Mae West.

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**The Casting Office**

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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
The News Reel

(Continued from page 41)

The case was brought to the attention of the authorities by Paul's brother Henry, who engaged a detective agency to track down new clues. The sensational case was printed, in all its grim details, in the last November's issue of this magazine.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed contracts with Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart; they will do a complete book with score and lyrics for a movie. Rodgers and Hart are the authors of "Peggy Ann," "Dearest Enemy," "America’s Sweetheart," "A Connecticut Yankee" and "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum."

Walt Disney's illustrated jokes on the stage and screen are making a hit in both newspapers and magazines; a few of them may be found in this monthly from time to time.

Rather than make any more movies for Samuel Goldwyn, Ronald Colman is going to stay off the screen for the next two years, according to a report from the west coast. If Ronald persists, it'll be one of the most expensive gambles, although he is the actor for the screen will be losing in salary the better part of half a million dollars. Goldwyn, of course, will lose too; for all Colman's films have been money makers. The actor's grievance originated in a bit of publicity copy that came out of the Goldwyn offices, indicating that Colman needed himself by drinking to play love scenes.

Colman said it wasn't so, because he didn't get stowed to make love, and he sued the Goldwyn Corporation for $2,000,000. The litigation is still pending.

Under Colman's business arrangement with Goldwyn, he may stay off the screen for extended periods, if he so wishes, but he may not appear in films for anybody else until his contract with Goldwyn, which still has more than two years to run, is fulfilled.

Colman might go on the stage in New York or London.

It's good psychology in trying to land a job in the movies to have at least two or three good photos; one profile, one full-face, and one figure. Healthy bodies and minds are mighty good equipment for your efforts to land a job in the Hollywood cinema colony.

And speaking of "Psychology," a Californian, Dr. J. Douglas Thompson, (well known to radio-listeners-in) is writing a series of diet and health articles for Psychology magazine.

"Husbands Cost Money," formerly known as "Department Store," directed by David Butler and starring James Dunn and Sally Eilers, went into production soon after that starring team completed "Color's Luck." Preston Foster has the second male lead.

Iris Lancaster (is she English?) is now appearing in the Educational-Moran and Mack Comedies. She's as young and shapely as they make 'em.

Eleanor Hunt, who is one of the prettiest girls at the Educational Studios, will hide her fair beauty under a coat of cork in her next comedy—a Moran and Mack two-reeler. Charlie Mack, who should be, and is, an expert in this field, is introducing Eleanor in the art of blackface, and terms it in real case of painting the lily.

Ann Harding goes over to the M-G-M lot to play the feminine lead in the forthcoming production of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." This filming of Rachel Crother's Broadway stage success will be directed by Harry Beaumont, who last directed Tallulah Bankhead in "Faultless." Ann Harding's last vehicle for RKO was "The Animal Kingdom."

William Goetz, youthful film executive, has moved from the Fox Hills Studios to the Radio Pictures Studios to work as an associate producer under Merian C. Cooper, executive producer of all RKO Radio Pictures. He's been engaged in motion picture making for the past seven years, having started as an assistant director and worked up, through the position of unit manager, finally to associate producer. At one time, he was associated with Walter Morosco at the First National Studios. Goetz is holding conferences with Merian C. Cooper and B. B. Kahane, president of RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., discussing the future programs to be made.

Cooper's first important act in his official capacity was the appointment of Pandro Berman as his "second-in-command." Berman, 27-year-old associate producer, whose rise from film cutter to high official in a few years has astounded the entire industry, will be known as Cooper's assistant executive producer.

"I am very happy to have Mr. Berman associated with me in this capacity," said Mr. Cooper. "I consider him the ablest of all Hollywood producers, regardless of age." Berman was associate producer in charge of work, "What Price Hollywood?"; "A Millionaire's Wife"; "Sweepings"; "Symphony of Six Million"; "Christopher Strong"; "Half-Naked Truth" and others.

Gloria Stuart, blonde feminine lead opposite Lea Tracy in Universal's "Private Jones," once edited a newspaper...Adts. of Edith Roarke, another blonde, from the movies, are being run in newspapers and magazines...Seems the Paradise Restaurant and Cabaret beauty wants to change her name. She appeared in "The Kid From Spain."

Nancy Carroll's favorite color is green, and there is always something of that color on her person. She's Irish, and her hair is the reddest in Hollywood. Nancy is appearing prominently in "The Kiss Before the Mirror."

The "Nipple" Trust, and the Castor Oil Menace are thrown into theearing searchlight of publicity, in the next Educational-Baby Burtles, "Polly Tex In Washington."

The Baby Stars, headed by Shirley Temple, enact the roles of Senators, politicians and other limelight figures in national government in this satire on current political stories.

After three months of the keenest adventure in the Palestine-Syria country, Ernest B. Schoedsack, famed director, has returned to the United States with the same secrecy which attended his departure. He arrived, camera, bag and assistants, on the White Star Liner, S.S. Georgica, coming from France and flew immediately to California.

Schoedsack brought with him a great quantity of film used in photographing the beauty of the famous Ammon country of Asia. It is planned to create a new production to rank with the famed "Grass" and "Change," the pictures which lifted the team of Cooper and Schoedsack to front place in this field.

Both men were war-time "buddies" of one of the owners of this monthly magazine. A noted English writer, Philip MacDonald, already is at work "authorizing" a story for the film.

Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 43)

ently filed suit for divorce against her hus-
band Frank, in Chancery Court in Essex County, N. J., stating that he beat her up and cut her with a razor. Mr. Berend is a publicity man.

Phil Baker, vaudeville and musical comedy man, recently married Peggy Cartwright, pret-
ty Canadian dancer. The show is for a long run, she said, as they headed for Florida.

... The lovely Sybil Bursk, former "Show-
boat" and "Vanities" eyeful, known as the "modern American Venus," has gone to court to sever marital ties that irk. She filed suit for divorce in Supreme Court against Max-
well E. Tobin, wealthy real estate operator. She asks no alimony, but wants to regain the use of her maiden name. They were married five years ago, and separated two years ago.

Sybil is now living with her mother, but says she doesn't know whether her husband is. He may be in Florida, or Europe, she thinks.

Col. Zack T. Miller, circus man and show-
man, long associated with 101 Ranch, recently received a final decree of divorce and the custody, at New Orleans, La., of his two chil-
dren, Zach Jr., 11, and Tassie, 8. The State Supreme Court affirmed a decision of the Dis-

triet Court of Catahoula parish. Colonel and Mrs. Miller in counter divorce actions charged
Is there any truth to the possibility of a matrimonial alliance between Jack Kirkland and Miriam Hopkins? Or is it something else? ... Norman Bel Geddes, famous stage and screen scene and settings designer, recently married Frances Waite, his assistant for the past five years. Her dad's general counsel for the B. & O. R. R.

Lothar Mendes, a film director, is joined, in Gt. Britain, as co-defendant with Lady Inverclyde in a divorce suit Lord Inverclyde is bringing in the Edinburgh courts.

No claim for damages is entered against Mr. Mendes, who told The London Daily Mail over the radio telephone from Hollywood recently, "I must see why I have been brought into it!"

Lord Inverclyde divorced his first wife in 1928. June Inverclyde, actress, already has a Reno divorce which England doesn't recognize. She'll probably wed Lothar Mendes.

Charging undue jealousy and bad temper, Janet Gaynor, "darling" of the films, filed suit against Lydell Peck, hubby, and bond broker, for divorce. The suit was entered on March 7th last; the couple having been married in September, 1929. ... Lupe Velez going to marry Johnny Weissmuller now that he's still free?

Betty Compton, who has been ex-mayor, Jimmy Walker's "traveling companion-stenographer-secretary" or whatever it is, will marry, 'twas rumored, the Tammany politician as soon as James' wife divorces him. Betty's a former Broadway show girl, and the ex-mayor, 'twas once rumored, was slated for Will Hays' job. ... Chorus girls are still lucky. The bride, a petite brunette, a shapey girl from the chorus of "Take a Chance," has for husband no less a person than Gilbert W. Kahn, financier, and son of Otto H. Kahn of operative fame. The bridegroom's first wife, the former Ann Whelan, divorced him in Reno; they have a three-year-old daughter.

Is Eve Nudsen, shapely blonde actress and well known stage star, permanently separated from her husband, Mr. Rhudd? ... Vernon (El Lefty) Gomez, pitcher of the N. Y. Yankees, recently married June O'Dea (Helen Schwartz), show girl. ... Bigamy? No, perish the thought! Although his divorce from Natalie Talmadge will not be final in California until August 12, Buster Keaton, film comedian, said he married Miss May Scribner at Escondida, Lower California, January 8.

"I guess I'm not legally married in the United States, for I'm not legally divorced yet," said Kenton, "but the marriage is okay in Mexico;" Miss Scribner is not in pictures.

Ethel Clayton, movie actress, who divorced Ian Keith, screen star and matinee idol, in Los Angeles last Summer, filed a $925 back-alimony claim against him in 5th District Municipal Court in New York recently. Over a month ago Keith, who married Baroness Feru Andra after Miss Clayton obtained her freedom, declared himself bankrupt to the tune of $7,900 in Federal Court. Among his debts the actor listed $1,150 he owed Miss Clayton's lawyers.

Keith said he owned no real estate, securities or jewelry and that he had neither a bank account nor an automobile.

Miss Clayton, who made her alimony claim under the name of Ethel Clayton Ross—Keith's real name is Ian Keith Ross—did not divulge details of her ex-husband's alleged indebtedness to her.

Kathleen Burke, known in the movies as the Panther Girl, recently married Glenn R. Rardin, a Hollywood photographer from Chicago. Miss Burke recently came to Hollywood to start a film career, after winning a role in a picture in which thousands of girls were considered. Hardin is a former athlete at the University of Indiana.

Sally Elters, who has film fortunes have been more or less on the upgrade since her star role in "Bad Girl," announced that she's divorcing Hoot Gibson, cowboy actor, whose popularity among movie fans is reported on the wane. Their "careers" conflict, she says.

... Ralph Forbes' fame is certainly on the upgrade since he shook off Ruth Chatterton; but are Miss Chatterton—and pardon us, we mean, Miss George Brent?

Harold E. Wittemann, who's serving a term in Alimony Jail for defaulting in payment of $5,907 to his first wife, was recently indicted for perjury and bankruptcy fraud. The government checked up on lavish furniture in the home occupied by his second wife, Mrs. Lilian Wilcox Wittemann, ex-show girl.

Another Lilian is receiving attention, Miss Harvey is reputed to be the recipient of favors and "dates" from Gary Cooper, and Fox Films have just remodelled her dressing room at a cost of five grand. ... How is it with Lyle Talbot and Sonya Mitchell? ... And is Adrienne Ames "just a friend" when she goes out with Maurice Chevalier, or is it something more serious?

Divorces are so rare among stage and screen folks that news of another one might create an epidemic. Oh, yeah! ... Charges that Chester C. Conklin, film comedian, was cold and indifferent, were made in a divorce complaint filed in Hollywood recently by Mrs. Minnie V. Conklin. She said the comedian had often remained out all night; property settlement was made out of court.

Lorette McCarver, daughter of Willburn C. McCarver and the late Mrs. Stella McCarver, was recently married to Wm. Randolph Hearst, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. Pretty enough for a stellar role in the movies; she studied at the Kidd-Key College in Sherman, Texas. In Dallas, she was interested in amateur theatricals and subsequently appeared in important productions on Broadway.

Mr. Hearst is associated with his father in the publishing business and is president of the New York American. He was educated at the University of California.

In spite of the fact that she's suing him for divorce, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor are sometimes seen together.

Beth Milton film actress and former "フォリー" girl, is celebrating the ending of her six months as a bride; having married Charles Helden, screen writer. ... Producer Ben Schulberg is reported as still being on exceptionally friendly terms with Sylvia Sydney, who's to do Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt" for him.

From George White, Lili Damita has now turned to Eddie Reeves, and they're "romancing" very happily. "Constancy," they name isn't Woman! ... A robust, embryo screen gangster arrived on the scene March 19th at 2:09 P.M. in the person of an eight-pound, ten-ounce baby boy born to Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, wife of the "Little Caesars" of movie cameramen.

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fame. Curiously, "Little Caesar's" heir was introduced into the world by a Caesarian operation.

The child was born to the former Gladys Lloyd, actress, at Doctors' Hospital. Mother and child were said to be doing well.

Despite the fact that Walter Winchell continuously hammered on the fact that the Crawford-Fairbanks romantic marriage wasn't of the "busting" kind, Walter proved to be wrong again! A "vamp" type who was erroneously and falsely called a "star" by some papers, suddenly married or suddenly divorced in the home of the stars in the home of the stars seems to be "associated" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Young "Doug" was made the defendant in two suits filed in Superior Court, Hollywood, recently, by Jorgen Dietz, who charges alienation of affections and false imprisonment in the other; seeking $60,000 damages in all. (Which this magazine predicts right now, he will NOT get!)

In the alienation suit, Dietz accuses the young actor, husband of Joan Crawford, of stealing the "love and affection" of his wife, Mrs. Solveig Diviz. It is stated that while Dietz and his wife were living together, the film star maliciously gained the affections of Mrs. Dietz and caused separation of husband and wife.

In a second cause of action, Dietz charges that on Feb. 15, 1931, and on other days to Feb. 15, 1932, Fairbanks maliciously declared the said Solveig Diviz, thereby destroyed her affection for her husband and disgraced and dishonoring him. For this Dietz asks another $25,000.

In a second suit Dietz states that young Fairbanks, Michael Levee, and others caused him to be falsely imprisoned on Dec. 17, 1932, after compelling him to go to the District Attorney's office, where he was restrained from his liberty for two weeks and later similarly held at the Biltmore Hotel for four hours. Fairbanks said Dietz attempted to obtain money from him last December.

"It takes courage for men in my profession to fight certain types of cases," he said. "I am now sorry I was moved by tears not to prosecute this case during the Christmas holidays, as was recommended then by the au-

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pounds. As I told you last night, I don't mind your having a mistress, but don't get serious. Your Father.

"What does he say?" Sally asked.

"My dear son. Here is fifty pounds. Congratulations on your marriage. My love to your bride. Your loving father."

"Darling, isn't that lovely," Sally beamed. "Why," Leonard pretended to share her enthusiasm.

"You had me worried a moment ago. You acted so funny. She held out her hand for the letter. "Let me see."

"I'll show you later. I've got to get this cashed. Get your things on. We're going down to Newmarket."

He suddenly remembered he had not kissed her. He came back and took her passionately in his arms.

"Good-by, darling. Take care of yourself. I'll be back in a minute."

He rushed out. Sally stood looking after him, happily. She turned and started to dress.

Sally turned from the window, her face full of love. She began to dress, humming and singing. There was a knock at the front door that Sally did not hear. There was another knock. Then the door opened. Mr. St. John, Sr., stood in the door. Sally had momentarily stopped singing, preoccupied with slipping on her dress and putting stockings on her shapely legs. St. John was a dower-looking man, very correctly dressed in a morning coat, striped trousers and hat. He looked around the room curiously.

As he came in he saw the end of Sally's stocking, half hidden under the pillow on the couch.

At that moment Sally's voice came again from the bedroom, this time swelling out happily. St. John looked up. He walked toward the bedroom door and looked in.

Sally, still singing, looked up and suddenly saw St. John. Her song stopped abruptly. She looked at him embarrassed and startled.

"I knocked, but I fancy you didn't hear me," he said pleasantly. "I'm Leonard's father."

"How are you?" Sally was pleased. She came toward him. "Won't you sit down? Leonard ought to be back in a minute."

"Thank you," he was evidently favorably impressed.

"My son told me about you."

"Oh, yes," Sally said, eager to please him.

"I thought I'd come and have a look at you."

"I hope you approve of me," Sally answered shyly.

"I do. I think Leonard has very good taste."

"Thank you."

"I wanted a few words with you. I was telling Leonard last night. This is all right. I approve of this—and more so since I've seen you. You look like a nice sensible girl. You'll be good for him."

Just then Leonard appeared in the doorway. He was excited and happy. When he saw his father and Sally he suddenly stopped. He was appalled by the situation.

"He'll stop flitting from flower to flower," St. John was saying.

"He was afraid to tell you. He thought you'd object."

"Nonsense! I was young once myself." Leonard stepped into the room.

"Good morning, Governor."

"His father turned to greet him.

"Good morning, son."

"What are you doing here?" Leonard asked.

Sally saw her husband's expression and went quickly to him.

"Leonard! Don't look so frightened. It's all right. He said he liked me."

"I do. She's a very sweet girl."

"There!" Sally said.

"I have just one word of warning. Don't let this thing get serious. Have your fun. But when it's over, young lady, I don't want any trouble. Some day, you know, he'll have to marry. He's my only son. I have great plans for him. So when the time comes—"

Sally, realizing what had happened, cut in on him. She turned to Leonard. She was hurt to the quick.

"Leonard, what did you tell him?" she demanded.

"I wanted to tell him the truth, but I didn't dare."

St. John stepped quickly forward and grasped Leonard by the arm.

"What is the truth?" he asked.

"We're married."
anything I would, St. John said fiercely. 'You're wrong! You've had your last penny from me. I'm through with you. You can take your common little tramp and—'

'Now look here—you leave her out of this!' Leonard yelled savagely.

'Leonard! Don't! Don't!' Sally grabbed Leonard's arm.

'Get out of here. Get out!' Leonard yelled at his father. 'I'll take care of her. I don't need you or your filthy money.'

'We'll see. When you come whining home, with your tail between your legs. I'll remember that!' He went out, slamming the door.

Leonard stood looking after him, furious.

'You shouldn't have spoken so to your father,' Sally said.

'Served him right, the old goat!' he said, with relief.

'We shouldn't have done it without telling him—'

'Well, he knows it now. Do you hate me for it?'

'I couldn't hate you.'

He took her in his arms.

' Aren't you going to try to make it up with him?' she asked.

'Oh, he'll come around. Don't you worry—he's got to. I'm his only son. He hasn't anybody in the world but me.'

'He thinks I'm just a common little—'

'When he knows you, he'll adore you.'

'We've started off well,' Sally said, ruefully.

' I'll show him I can make money—I'll make lots of it!' He pulled out of his pockets the handful of notes and half crowns. 'See that? Watch it!' he exclaimed.

* * *

Part of the fifty pounds went for tickets to Monte Carlo, and the rest went to the croupier at the roulette table. Leonard's fortunes fluctuated. One moment there was a pile of chips in front of him, the next moment it had shrunk to almost nothing. Desperately, Leonard staked the remainder of his pile on a number; the eternal foolish gambler never realized that he couldn't win.

The ball whirled and spun for a tantalizingly long time. It stopped, and the croupier's rake swept his few remaining chips from in front of Leonard's haggard face. He slumped over for a moment, then stood up and walked slowly from the place.

In the meantime, Sally had gone to a doctor and explained that she was not feeling well. The doctor could not speak English and Sally could not speak French, but finally, by pantomime, he was able to tell her that she was healthy, that she must be careful, that she was pregnant and was going to have a baby.

Sally beamed as she walked to the little cafe where she was to meet her husband for lunch. She ordered for two, but when Leonard came in, she sensed that something had gone wrong. Bluntly, he told her that he had lost all his money. Sally decided that for a while she would keep her secret to herself.

It was decided that Leonard should go to his father and ask for money. Every day for a week Sally inquired vainly for mail.

In England, Leonard argued for a week that Sally could not be deprived of happiness by his father. St. John was adamant, however. He insisted he would send her money only if Leonard promised to give Sally up. Desperately, Leonard agreed. He wrote a letter of explanation and sent it by one of the servants to his father. As St. John stood reading it, there was the sound of a shot. The entire household was already gathered in front of the boy's room, but it was too late. Leonard had committed suicide.

The next day, Sally going out for a walk, inquired as usual for mail. The clerk, who was reading of the tragedy in London, was self-conscious. He stuttered and stammered and covered the newspaper. Then, as Sally walked toward the door, her eye caught the headline. In the same name, "Leonard," the same story—letting slip his thinning headline. She insisted hysterically that it be translated for her, and a reluctant clerk finally did so. Sally dropped in a dead faint.

With her child coming, Sally took the first way out. She managed to scrape up enough money to get to London, and there she appealed to St. John, Senior. Mercilessly he turned her from his house. She walked slowly down the lane, a crushed, tragic figure.

* * *

Twenty years. An infant has become a man. The world is engaged in a terrible struggle. And in the trenches with his company is the young St. John, proud, arrogant, handsome. His grandfather has long ago taken him from Sally and brought him up. And Sally has disappeared. Dead, thinks Leonard, because his grandfather has so informed him.

Now, although the rest of the company was in quarantine, Leonard was seated at a table in a small cafe in Paris. Opposite him was a beautiful little French girl, not more than sixteen years old. Leonard had been repulsed by her parents in Germany, twenty-five miles from Paris, when he had asked them to let him take Eloise for a ride. It was too late, they said. Eloise should be in bed.

So Eloise went to bed. But not before Leonard had made her promise to sneak out and meet him. Leonard had ideas, and meant to put them to use. He stood up from the table.

"I'm going to find out whether the next train leaves, dear," he told the girl. "So don't worry." He went to the desk in the cheap lobby and approached the clerk.

"Whom will I speak to here—about—" he began.

Immediately the clerk, aware of what Leonard wanted, said in French:

"One moment, I shall call Madame." "Waiting," Leonard turned to watch Eloise. He smiled to himself.
Leonard looked up toward the stairway, eagerly waiting for the "Madame." Walking slowly down the stairs, one hand on the banister, the other holding a cigarette, was a hard-looking, sunken woman in her forties. Her manner suggested a weariness of life, a bitterness against life. Her face still retained a vestige of what must once have been a great beauty. Her hair was streaked with gray. But not many people would have recognized Madame Blanche as the same woman after twenty years. And those who might have known her wouldn't have called her Madame Blanche. To them she would be Sally Sanders, once of "The Belle of New York" troupe—Sally, who was dead to her son and to the boy's grandfather.

Madame Blanche looked at the youth before her. Leonard, trying to appear casual, said: "I'd like to get a room here."
"Alone?"
"No. My wife's with me."

Madame Blanche looked steadily at the boy. She had heard that explanation so often.
"I'm sorry," she said. "We have no available rooms."

A little doubtful as to Madame Blanche's veracity, Leonard said:
"I'm sitting right here until there is something."

Back at the table, he assured Eloise there was plenty of time. It was midnight when Leonard, several drinks inside of him, began to insist loudly that he be given a room. Eloise heard this with fear. She had not harbored for this. She loved Leonard, and he had said he loved her. She began to cry as a waiter took Leonard by the arms and pushed him into the lobby.

"You promised me a room," Leonard blurted out to Madame Blanche.
"I did nothing of the kind," was the retort.
"You rotten little rummy! Open your face to me again and I'll have you thrown out on your ear!"

Leonard sneered.
"Well, I'm not going, tramp. What do you think I'm going to do?"

Madame Blanche turned and said quietly to the waiter:
"Throw him out, Amiel."

Suddenly Leonard picked up a bottle from the table and lifted it threateningly. Quickly Amiel warded off the bottle and struck Leonard flush on the jaw. The boy reeled and fell flat on the floor.

Madame Blanche indicated a little room which was her office.
"Take him in there."

Eloise still stood crying.
"Oh, madame," she said between sobs, as the woman followed the waiter into her office and began cleaning the bruise on Leonard's face with a towel.

"Shut up," Madame Blanche said, without turning, "he's not dead." She continued to clean the wound. "Fine company you're out with," she added.
"I thought he was all right," the girl wailed. "He promised to take me back home.
Now I have no money."

"Here take this."

Eloise accepted the money gratefully.

"Oh, boy," Madame Blanche asked casually, "what's this boy's company, do you know?"

"He's with an infantry battalion, in Company D. His name is Leonard St. John."

Sally Sanders started. Her face went ashen, as if a knife had been dug through her heart. With difficulty she fought to control herself. She whispered:
"Did he tell you where he is from?"

"He lives near London, Madame. He told me he lived with his grandfather."

Eloise hurried from the room. Sally continued to stare at the boy who lay on the floor. Her eyes were fixed with tragic wonderment.

She sank slowly onto the floor beside him.

"My baby," she whispered, choked with emotion. "What—have—they—done—to—you."

Her voice trailed off. She could speak no more. She let her body drop down beside her son's.

It was three o'clock when Leonard woke, his head throbbing with pain. Sally sat on the edge of the bed, stirring a cup of coffee.

The boy was first amazed at her warmth toward him and protested against her attempts to care for him. Slowly he realized that there was something very kind and gentle about Madame Blanche.

There was anxiety in her voice as she asked him to return some time to the place to visit her. He agreed laughingly that if he ever managed to get back from the front he would do so.

Then came a loud banging on the door downstairs. Sally realized that it could be only the girl's father at this time of night. She hurried down. Monsieur Duval it was, indeed, raging violently against the soldier she was sure she was hiding.

Sally denied it, but just then Leonard appeared at the head of the stairs. With a loud cry of recognition, Duval, the enraged father rushed up.

Leonard cringed as Duval sprang at him; the huge man cursing him violently for being, as he alleged, the violator of his daughter's virtue. They reeled together into the woman's room. Sally stood still, listening fearfully to the conflict. At length he knocked out and Madame Sally, horrified, rushed into the room. Young Leonard stood trembling with a smoking revolver in his hand.

Quickly Sally snatched the gun from him. She explained that she would protect him, and the boy left in a daze.

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(Concluded on page 57)
openness about him, a frankness, a joy in the living that emanates from him. It takes no amount of imagination to picture him taking his part in the infant-days of the industry, then a cowboy, next a carpenter, an electrician, today, a director, respected and loved by those with whom he works and whom he works.

To adapt himself to hard work in the early days, especially carpentry, was not going too far afield, for his father was a lumber merchant. And when it came to doing electrical work, John had gone to Chicago, from his home in Rice Lake, Wisconsin, to take the students' course at Western Electric Company, quitting only because he loved creative and detested routine work.] His ambition then had been to be an electrical engineer.

Director Blystone is educated in the public schools of Eau Claire, and at the University of Wisconsin. His trip west was inspired by the idea of wearing cowboy clothes and riding horses; he wanted to live life.

"Arriving at Los Angeles a long time ago," he said, "I secured a job at the old Nestor Studios; these were afterwards absorbed by Universal. I was a general utility man, then a production man; in 1918 I was signed on by the big Fox Films organization."

John G. Blystone is the pioneer director of that company; but to the hearts of small boys he will be principally remembered by the fact that he directed seven Tom Mix pictures and several other westerns.

Though he never brag about it, he has guided to assured success such well known players as Clara Bow, Ann Pennington, Madge Bellamy, Virginia Valli (wife of Charles Farrell of Fox fame), Margaret Livingston and Joyce Compton. He firmly believes that there is always room at both the top and the bottom of the ladder, and has been one of the outstanding characters in Hollywood cinema life who have actually encouraged, aided and helped those of the coming generation.

He prefers to produce pictures of the "So This Is London", "Amateur Daddy" and "Scotch Valley" type, and if you think for an instant that "So This Is London"—the Will Rogers starring vehicle based on the stage play of the same name, wasn't an outstanding hit, then you're all wrong. Folks are still laughing over the antics of that famous Oklahoma stage and screen star so ably directed by Mr. Blystone.

"Jack," as his friends call him, is a quiet, unassuming and consistent home lover; married, and has two children. A typical man's man in that he's fond of music but can't sing or play; in fact, he "couldn't carry a tune if it had a handle on it," as he says.

He smokes a pipe and cigars, and no amount of money would bribe him to take a blindfold test for cigarettes, though he occasionally puffs one. And, man-like, two dogs are his particular pets. He reads plays, biographies, classics, and occasionally a good novel.

He makes a point of seeing all the best pictures produced; feels it is his duty and the same time says that aspirants for work in motion pictures should be constant patrons of the movie houses; "to succeed in pictures one must see pictures," he added.

Director Blystone entertains no superstitions; he used to imagine that it was unlucky to start a production on a Friday or on the 13th of the month, but soon gave up the notion as ridiculous. He admires punctuality, as I have said, but is never unkind or scolds actors and assistants when they fail to report promptly. Patience is one of his dominant virtues, and it has won him a host of friends who knew him to be fair play.

He lives in a modest home in Beverly Hills, and, with the exception of one picture, "Tol'able David", has never been off the Fox Films studio lot since he joined them.


As I write this, Mr. Blystone is "up to his neck" in assuring the successful American debut of Miss Harvey, former star of "Congress Dance", in a picture which was first known as "His Majesty's Car", by Attila von Orbok.

In addition to Lilian, John Boles, El Brendel, Una O'Connor and Henrietta Crosman will be featured roles. And with John G. Blystone wielding the directorial megaphone, I'm sure that "My Lips Betray" will be another success.
Hollywood Movies

Madame Blanche's Secret
(Concluded from page 55)

Next morning the Prefect of Police summoned Leonard to his office. Eloise and her mother sat and watched as the Prefect questioned the boy.

Leonard insisted that he had left the place two hours before the death of Duval. He answered carefully, and the Prefect had to silence the accusations of the two women.

The Prefect, receiving a message, read it and then looked up.

"Madame Blanche has confessed to the murder!" he announced.

There was a look of surprise on Leonard's face which turned to puzzlement and then to relief. But why should the woman do this for him? What was her game? he wondered.

They held the boy as a material witness, however, closely guarded in a cell. His grandfather arrived. St. John accused the boy of spreading their name all over the newspapers. The boy's actions and answers convinced the old man of the guilt of Leonard.

St. John sent a lawyer, upon Leonard's insistence, to see Madame Blanche. She refused counsel, saying she could tell her story as well as the counsel could.

The courtroom was crowded the day of the trial. The State's Attorney, with no suspicion of Leonard, pointed all the evidence toward Madame Blanche. Then the woman took the chair.

A look of astonishment came over the elder St. John's face as he looked at Madame Blanche. The woman stared at him, hatred in her eyes. St. John leaned forward nervously, watching the progress of the trial.

Sally told her story simply. She insisted she killed Duval in self-defense. Then the attorney began to question her concerning fingerprints on the coffee cup. But by bit he built up evidence against Leonard.

Suddenly he burst out:
"You've been shielding Leonard St. John because you're his mother!"

The court went into an uproar. Relieved and astonished, Leonard rushed to his side. He confessed to the court and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. His mother visited him in prison. They spoke through the netted wire, gazing tenderly at each other.

"Is it terrible here?" she asked.

"I had it coming to me," Leonard answered without self-pity.

"It's only two years, and then—"

"I'm studying," Leonard said proudly. "You'll be proud of me some day."

"Yes, I'm sure I will. And when you get out, we'll make a fresh start—in America."

"America?" Leonard repeated.

"I planned that trip when you were a baby. You shall have it, Leonard. I've waited twenty years for you, I guess I can wait two more."

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Chamber of Horrors
(Continued from page 19)

man connected with the museum is watching her. And the fellow, this man, a "dope" called Sparrow, to a lonely house which is occupied by Igor. In the basement she discovers the body of the Galatea woman, and others. She tells the police to raid the place. But in the meantime, the bodies have been removed.

Florence returns to search for her friend, Charlotte, reported missing. Finally, they hear the girl scream. A trap door is opened into a basement and there they find Charlotte in the grip of a horrible monster, with hands like claws and face burned away. Discovered, she lets out a terrible yell and falls into a vat of boiling wax. It was the disfigured Ivan Igor, who has been remodeling his statues from live figures or bodies. The Galatea woman was stolen because she resembled Joan of Arc and Charlotte was wanted because she looked like Marie Antoinette. Raphael and Charlotte are united, and Florence, returning to her paper, is taken into the arms of her editor.

Regarding the other "Picture of the Month," -- RKO's "King Kong," it is interesting to note, had the world's largest premier in New York recently; over 10,000 people comprising the combined capacity audiences of both the Radio City Music Hall and the RKO Roxy Theatre.

Fay Wray is the heroine of this production as well, and acquires herself admirably. The villain of the piece is a giant, prehistoric ape, nearly fifty feet in height, who is discovered in the jungle, surrounded by other relics of the dinosaur era, captured by the beauty of a human girl, and brought back to civilization.

The actions of this monster in New York City, his defiance of man's creations, and his spectacular last stand atop the Empire State building, fighting off attacking airplanes, provides one of the most sensational pictures ever made, according to advance reports. Miss Wray and Mr. Cabot play the romantic leads, and Robert Armstrong is seen as a film director. Carroll Clark and Al Herman served as RKO's art directors.

A conception of Merian C. Cooper with Ernest B. Schoedsack, producers of the nature-adjunct "Grauman" and "Chan," "King Kong" commanded the entire resources of the studio, for several months, in preparation for release. Max Steiner, musical director, provided a special score and Murray Spivak, RKO sound effects expert, collaborator of the magazine. While for ten reasons the effects were fantastic, and sufficient for the prehistoric animal sequences, in creating sounds never heard by human ear, for the film. Mr. Cooper is executive vice-president in charge of all RKO Radio production.

The Booty of Beauty
(Continued from page 26)

preparations are ever permitted to use the advertising columns of this monthly magazine.

The real magic, however, in one of these jars, is a cure delicate, cream of jelly-like consistence that is spread over the face and left on for twenty minutes. The masker must relax completely while the mask lifts and vibrates tired muscles as the best and most expert massage does. It is marvelous for sluggish circulation and lazy pores. Sallowness from causes by poor circulation, may be corrected through the regular use of stimulating preparations, such as the mask I've just spoken about. But, speaking of sluggish circulation reminds me that often the face is reacting to the treatment accorded the whole body. Do you exercise enough; is your heart youthful and jumpy?

Is it willing to pump blood to your face as well as other parts of your body without "flagellation" or over-stimulation locally? Have you tried these handy rowing machines for home use now being featured in drug and department stores? When in imagination you are pulling the stroke oar in Columbia's (for Washington) you are rowing the boat over the finish line at Poughkeepsie, as in reality you prossically push yourself back and forth on the family rowing machine in a New York or Hollywood apartment, your efforts will be twice as effective if you wear a sweat shirt.

A bathing suit or rehearsal rompers are practical indoor rowing attire, as they offer no lose ends of material to get caught in the sliding machine. Your pushing and pulling, however, will take off many more pounds if you also draw over your head a woolen, long-sleeved athlete's shirt, which will live up to its name and give you your morning and nightly row the added benefit of being worn in a Turkish bath. And I warrant it will bring blood to your neck and face.

With a background of exercise suggested, let us return to the mask again. Another good one, just on the market, also is very interesting. Basically it is just a home facial toning treatment, and consists of an almond cleansing cream, in liquid form, and several envelopes of mask powder to be mixed with a special lotion to pastelike consistency. This is spread lightly over the throat and the face.

The mask, when thoroughly dry, is removed with the almond cream, and the circulation lotion applied to contract the pores and aid in stimulating the skin. This is very expensive but it is not. The creams, lotions and envelopes of mask powder are put up together in a box at reasonably low prices. I'm not going to recommend any particular form of mask; your own beauty parlor will advise you, or your doctor may suggest some ways to keep your complexion clear and youthful.

Certain it is that beauty and clarity of your facial skin is a vital asset to success in motion pictures. With this in mind, may your ship be ever coming in, loaded to the hatch covers with happiness and bearing the booty of beauty.

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into its structure is the moment in which love begins to die.

Neither time, place nor age is of importance to love. Real love is timeless and ageless. There can be as beautiful an emotion, as rich a love, in maturity as in youth. The perfect love, of course, is the love which combines youth and maturity, which begins with the glow and thrill of youthful romance and develops through the years into the understanding and companionship of maturity.

I sincerely believe that there can be more than one love in the life of a man or woman. They would necessarily be different kinds of love just as the man or woman would be a different person in age, experience and knowledge.

The love of twenty would not be the love of forty, but each would be real and satisfying as the other. The degree of difference would depend entirely upon the man or woman and upon their abilities of appreciation and understanding.

Every normal person is always in love. He may not realize the fact, but he is. He may be in love with an ideal or with a flesh-and-blood person. But to be really alive he must love something or someone. Not to love is not to live.

Love is absolutely necessary to success and achievement. It is the incentive, the inspiration which human beings need to carry them onward and upward. Striving for selfish glory is not so stimulating as striving for the satisfying and admiration of the one whom you love.

True love encourages and strengthens and inspires for further and greater efforts. Love thrives and develops through struggle. It dies in the morass of mental and physical inactivity.

Love is the one human emotion which recognizes no barriers of race, creed or caste. Man has no power over its birth. But upon him depends its development. The most beautiful potential love may be killed by man's stupidity just as it may be nurtured and matured by man's intelligence and appreciation.

Love walks no middle ground, permits no compromises. It must be all or nothing. Trepid, half-formed, indeterminate guesses are not love. They masquerade under the name of love, they explain their existence because of their veneer of similarity to love. Then they unmask themselves by their efforts to appear to be that which they are not. Real love neither makes nor needs explanation.

Try for a moment to imagine a world without love. What a drab, dreary, dismal place it would be. Love brings the color, the sparkle, the verve to life. Success is worthless without love. Wealth, fame, glory mean nothing unless the desire sought and won for the sake of love. Accomplishment is without reward unless love is its inspiration and its benefactor.

Cynics may scoff at love. Erratic philosophers may mock its existence. But their cynicism and their mockery are about as light as the ears and consciousness of a world which has watched the hand-in-hand march through the centuries of love and progress.

Real love is happiness. It is only the make-shifts and compromises of love which bring heartache and sorrow.

To live is to love and to live is to love.
JIMMY "SCHNOZZLE" DURANTE, M-G-M star in "Strike Me Pink."

At left: RUTH EDDINGS in Warner's "42nd Street" and N.T.G.'s "Continental Revue" at the Paradise.
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Wera Engels

Continued from page 8

ica, she very jubilantly accepted, for in her own words during an interview aboard the Bremen today, “a screen career was a fixed idea with me ever since I was a child.”

She was highly pleased with Hollywood, but made it a point to avoid the woolier and “questionable” gatherings which sometimes, I regret to say, attract some of the featured players and even stars.

“I intend to give the best I have to pictures,” she said, “and I gladly welcome the opportunity to try and work hard, for later on I may be able to be of some assistance to others, by way of compensating for those who have been so exceptionally kind to me.”

After the way the American girls in the film colony at Hollywood have been raving over foreign actors, and boosting the art of hand kissing, it is refreshing to report that Wera Engels says: “American men, ach! They kiss first and ask questions afterward. They understand that most girls like the kiss after they get it, whether they wanted it or not.”

Paramount, now in bankruptcy, has its Marlene Dietrich; Warner-Frist National had their Lil Dagover, and now R.K.O. also has a talented German star. Film editor Arthur Roberts prepared her part in “The Great Gatsby” for L. Walter Ruben directing, following that “Maiden Cruise” is to go into production.

In the former picture Miss Engels wore, most becomingly, a blonde wig. In her next film, it is understood, she will appear in her own natural auburn hair. Like Dietrich and Dagover, her German contemporaries, Frau Engels received her first American front cover publicity from BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” monthly magazine, and I join the publication in wishing for her every possible degree of success.

Free Summer Wardrobe

Continued from page 23

much up to the minute and the last word in style that great pressure has had to be exerted in the metropolitan style salons to be able to present this garment in nearly 135 department stores by the time this issue comes off the press and appears on the newsstands.

This suit is a new tailored vogue; one that will be tremendously popular this coming Summer. The Gibson girl type of puff in the sleeve, in the style of Hollywood and particular attention is stressed on the cady-stripe linen hose. This suit is double breasted and has the Garbo wide revers for the lapses.

The entire wardrobe, which we have just mentioned, will be presented, absolutely free to at least 111 young women in various communities throughout the United States, by the department stores; and here are the conditions:

1. Write a simple, letter to the Fashion Editor of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES” in which you state, in not more than 175 words and not less than 75 words,—your answer to just ONE of the following questions:

2. Why do you think these four outfits, comprising the Summer Wardrobe, are especially suitable to “Miss Hollywood”?

3. What famous motion picture star do you think would look especially well in these new designs?

4. Why do you feel that this Summer Wardrobe would be especially suitable for you?

5. Write in ink, or typewriter, on one side of the paper only; and answer but ONE of the questions.

6. Your full name and address must appear, distinctly, on your reply.

7. You need not be a subscriber to, nor a regular purchaser of this magazine; you are not obligated to go to the department store in your community and look at the Summer Wardrobe, although it might help you in preparing your order, which, if made by July 20, may be examined at our office, 1450 Broadway, New York City, or at the Public Libraries.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate outfits will be awarded.

9. Names of the Board of Judges will be announced in the next issue. One of them will be Betty Furness, pretty, R.K.O. star. Their decision is to be as final as to the best written letters. Neatness will score big.

10. The contest closes at midnight on the first day of Summer, June 21st, 1933; and no answers mailed after June 21st will be considered in the awarding of these Summer Wardrobe prizes.

Surprise is all there is to it, girls! It means that literally thousands of dollars worth of attractive summer outfits—practically complete wardrobes, are to be given out according to June 21st, by 135 of America’s leading department stores, through the “American-Made” Fashion Department of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES”. Get your letter off today; you may be one of the lucky ones. Remember this means a contest; but don’t write less than 75 nor more than 175 words in answering any one of the three questions.

Here are the five stores from which the awards will be made:

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"MOVIES"

June

10¢

"What Price Decency?"
in this issue

Mae West
Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933-model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show... If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown!

Ruth Chatterton
in
"Lilly Turner"

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Frank McHugh
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Charming Creations of Master Fashion Designers; — Styles which will be popular this Summer on Broadway and in Hollywood. You may win one; nothing to sell! You need not be a subscriber.

Lower left: Semi-formal evening gown of organdie, with the attractive Peter Pan neckline, and hundreds of soft, pleated ruffles. Designed by George Jacobson, metropolitan creator of advance styles for the better department stores. . . . Upper right: Betty Furness, leading lady in Radio Pictures "Emergency Call," who is, with Miss Roberts and Miss Mallory, to judge the contest which closes finally on the 21st of June. . . . Don’t wait; act today! . . . . . .

This Summer wardrobe is displayed, featured and awarded by 135 of America’s foremost department stores and fashion centers. Judges: Betty Furness, RKO star; Mary A. Roberts, Hollywood Representative of Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" magazine; and Boots Mallory, Fox Films star.

READ PAGE 25 FOR COMPLETE CONTEST DETAILS
Flag Day

IRENE DUNNE, RKO star, as "Betsy Ross," June 14th.
Our Flag Is Still There

NOT MANY months ago the world’s largest theatre opened. The curtain rose on its great stage, and there, before the eyes of nearly 6,000 people, was depicted a patriotic pageant almost unparalleled in importance in American history.

Practically the entire stage was devoted to the great deck of a huge British frigate, its cabins, gun platforms, powder hatches and quarter deck. It is instantly apparent that a battle is taking place.

Half-naked, powder blackened gunners are sweating behind the huge iron and brass cannon, while powder monkeys scurry hither and thither bearing their dangerously precious buckets of explosives. British sailors cling to the stays watching the bombardment, or climb the rigging to make repairs.

It is the moment of darkness before the dawn. Crystal white stars are glistening afar off in the deeper azure tints of the sky. In the flares of bursting bombs, fire, and gun flashes could be detected the sombre gray-brown structure of a fort in the Chesapeake Bay, the frigate having drawn as close to it as possible for effective gun fire. It was the War of 1812.

A shadowy, nondescript something floats from the masthead above the forecastle, visible only momentarily in the bursting flares. British naval officers hoarsely shout orders to increase the firing, and a company of red-coated marines is mustered, bayonets fixed, for a possible landing.

Hadn’t the capital of the United States already been burned and the city sacked, and wasn’t the President himself a fugitive? The representative might of the British empire was concentrated in that all night attack upon Fort McHenry which guarded, like a last line of defense, the approaches to Baltimore, situated so strategically between Washington and Philadelphia.

As the first red and white streaks of a welcome dawn swept across the distant skies it could be seen that there was a civilian on the deck,—a prisoner. He clung to the rail, nervously, hopefully, watching and waiting,—then returned to the rail, heedless of the cannon fire from the fort crashing against the ship’s sides.

Suddenly the rose and white ribbons of dawn met the flag pole above the little fort and disclosed a banner of red and white stripes and stars set upon a field of blue, flinging itself proudly to the breeze.

“Our flag was still there.”

The audience and the theatre’s symphony orchestra rose as one, and the “Star-Spangled Banner” was played as I never heard it before or since; a veritable outposting of patriotic fervor.

Through the long, dark night of hell,—of concentrated bombardment, those weary and exhausted coast artillerymen had held their own against the combined attack of all of the British ships in the bay, carving for themselves an immortal niche in the Hall of Fame.

It is not for us, the living, to quibble and cry when the hours are dark and the future something to despair of; it is not our destiny to be carried to the skies on flowered beds of ease. Pure gold is never injured in a crucible heated to destroy dross.

In the coming months and years mighty changes may be wrought in the social, political and economic life of this nation.

Flag Day, which we celebrate on June 14th, should serve as a reminder that it is not our lot to groan and grumble in the face of adversity, but to carry on,—working out a satisfactory solution that the greatest good may accrue to the greatest number.

In the words of the late President Woodrow Wilson:

“God helping us, we can do no other!”

—A. R. ROBERTS, Editor.
A SON OF PARIS

From Poverty to Prosperity; as Told by Henry Garat to Mary A. Roberts. Part I

It would take the pen of a Victor Hugo to do justice to this tale, as no Horatio Alger tale of rags to riches can approach the true life story of Henry Garat, international stage and screen star, idol of the continent, and Fox Films' new star. Yet there is no magic in his rise from hunger, and the bleakest poverty, as a child, to the heights of the theatrical world. Genius, coupled with determination to succeed, plus the hardest kind of work, enabled him to surmount heart-breaking difficulties.

Garat was born in Paris, April 3, 1902, the son of Jean and Paola Garat, struggling stage folk. The father was a comedian, the mother a singer and both were the children of other none-too-successful theatrical families. Both Papa and Mama Garat swore that little Henry would be kept away from the stage and taught a trade that would enable him to live in comfort. Both poverty—and the World War—changed their plans and little Henry made his stage debut at the age of eight.

"In the winter of 1910," said Garat, "father was without a sou to his name, and we were hungry. I went to school hungry, for several days, but that was not a new experience. Father was terribly worried, but never the less optimistic. One day he heard that a little company wanted a boy of my age to play a role in 'The Two Kids,' and went to see the manager. He got the part for me, and a part for himself as the thief who stole one of the boys.

"I was taken out of school to play the part. About all the stage business I had was to kick and scream as my father—the kidnapper—carried me out of a window. But the money obtained from the two parts enabled us to pay the back rent on our little room and to get caught up on our eating.

"I was kept in school most of the time, after that, until the outbreak of the World War in 1914. This broke up our little family. I saw my father, who was growing old, march away to the front, to be gone almost three years. I saw my mother enter a hospital to nurse the wounded, after she had apprenticed me to a druggist, with whom I was to live. "The druggist was unkind to me and soon began beating me with a broom handle." Be it Fate or otherwise, thus it was that Henry Garat, at the age of 12 years, found himself apprenticed to a brutal druggist in Paris, after his father had marched away to the front and his mother had entered a hospital to help care for the wounded.

"I thought I was to learn to be a druggist, or at least a clerk, or errand boy, but the man put me to work washing bottles that had contained oils, drugs, acids and medicines," said Garat. "The bottles had to be washed in very hot water, and the man beat me with a broom..."
HERBERT MUNDIN and ESTHER MUIR in a comedy section of HENRY GARAT’s starring vehicle, “Adorable,” for Fox.
handle when I complained the water was too hot for my hands.

"Day after day I washed bottles. My hands were blistered from the boiling water, and the acids. There was but little to eat, and I slept in a corner of the store on a pile of old rugs. Their musty odor and the vermin in them made slumber anything but enticing; and the rats and mice kept me awake most of the night. My body was bruised from the daily beatings and I was a most miserable little boy. I tried to find my mother, but could not, for there were too many hospitals, and too much confusion in Paris.

"I decided to run away.

"That night—it was the winter of 1914-15—I waited until the druggist locked his store and went to bed. I pretended to be asleep in my corner and after he began snoring, I slipped out a window and disappeared quickly into the night.

"It was a very cold night, and I had only clothing for summer, pants, shirts, shoes, stockings and cap; no coat. I spent my first night alone in a box in the back of a department store. I wandered about Paris all the next day, cold and hungry. I went from hospital to hospital, seeking my mother, without success. I slept under a wooden bench in a park the second night.

"On the third day I got a job as an errand boy in an ammunition factory. I felt I was doing my 'bit' for France. I was given plenty of food, a place to sleep, and a bicycle which I rode all over Paris, delivering messages. One day I got off the bicycle in front of the office of the director of the factory. It was raining and I was cold and wet. I was chilled to the bone; shivering.

"The director saw me, and called to me... I turned.

"'Have you no coat?' he asked.

"'No, sir, no coat,' I replied.

"The director took me into his office and gave me money with which to buy clothing and I was very happy for a time. But I was restless. Always I dreamed of being an actor, or an electrician, and so I quit my job in the factory and ran away again, this time to find a job learning the electricians' trade.

"Bitter days were ahead."

A cold, penetrating wind was whistling through the trees of the Boul' Mich in Paris; it was 4 a.m. and a pale winter moon cast ghostly shadows across the park; in the west was the boom of distant guns, for it was 1915. A kindly gendarme, making his rounds, found a boy of thirteen years, shivering in futile sleep upon a bench, and aroused him.

The boy was Henry Garat—the same Garat who was destined to become an international star of stage and screen, and who recently, in Hollywood, made his first American picture,
WHAT PRICE DECENTY?

By H. A. KELLER and ARTHUR GREGOR

Courtesy, Equitable Pictures. Part I.

ONLY AN imaginary line divides the life of many women of sheltered seclusion, and "women of the streets," representing the world's oldest profession. At least there was a division; Norma Norris had found it so. Her descent was swift.

From a jubilant circus and show girl who had set sail from America with a job and a salary, and a contract engaging her services with a company that would appear in England—to a night that found her alone, broke, dispossessed from a cheap rooming-house, at the water-edge of a dock in Limehouse—was a quick toboggan.

Being stranded when the show failed was bad enough. Norma's countless attempts to find work—on the stage, cashiering, even doing the menial work of a charwoman, all without success—was worse. And being put out of her room was the last straw. There was nothing left but the streets.

Oh, she well knew what she faced. She hadn't lived among stage people and learned the ways of the world for. nothing. Her heart quailed. But not for long. She had courage. And she had one supreme ambition to sustain her: Maybe she could "earn" enough money from men to accumulate her passage money back to America. Then, if Providence was kind, she might one day meet a good man who would fall in love with her and want to marry her. He wouldn't know.

She confided something of her thoughts to an old crone whom she met that foggy night at the end of East India Dock Road. She had hoped for encouragement from the crone, for evidently this chance acquaintance had been "carrying men's baggage" for years.

The crone sniffed her contempt for such notions. "Mighty sensitive now—ain't ya?—just startin' an' all! Think the world's your own particular oyster. Well let me tell you something: It wasn't many years ago I stood in your shoes—and she eyed Norma's well-proportioned figure from her unlined face to her torn stockings—"only I was prettier. Had more flesh on me bones, too." The crone picked up a piece of driftwood, flung it into the black water below, watched it drift out of the glare of the street lamp near-by. "You'll go the same way," she finished, pointing.

Norma shuddered, in spite of herself. "Don't I know it?" she asked, and under her breath she added: "Unless I take care of myself—or I'm lucky."

But she couldn't listen to more. The crone would shatter what was left of Norma's courage if she said more, and Norma knew it. She bent down and with one finger at the sole of her shoe she adjusted the piece of cardboard that was meant to keep her bare foot from the cold cobblestones, where the shoe had worn through. She let her handbag slip to the crook of her arm then, and walked away. She was glad when the fog of the night separated her from the older prostitute. Somehow she didn't yearn for the company of women.

Norma—never knew where she walked; she knew she had to seek men. Instinctively she kept close to the water-front, for she knew that sailors were among the few in London who hadn't suffered bitterly under the depression. Maybe they had. But at least they came ashore with months of wages paid in one lump sum. Nor did Norma care where she wandered.

The first human beings she came upon in that section of fog and water and ships, was brought to her consciousness by the sound of voices. Ahead of her from out of the fog she heard two men talking. One was very mad.
“Blasted cheek they got trying to sting me for all night ’cause I wanted the room for just one hour. I ask you, mate—is that fair?”

Norma’s heart leaped as she caught the import of his words. She took several quick steps ahead so that she could be seen in the rays of another streetlamp when the men came closer.

“I wouldn’t have taken passage on your tub, or thought of going back to my jungle island, if I hadn’t been blasted close to my last copper. And then that hag has to ask for the price of the room for one night! I never in my life—”

“Well, y’ didn’t pay it, did ya?” the Mate cut in, his cockney as thick as the surrounding fog.

The other one cursed. “Same time,” he said, “forty days before we touch port and another female—that’s a long time. One short hour would have—”

The two came out of the fog, into the glow of the lamp-post. Norma saw that the taller of them was spare of frame, for all the long slicker that enveloped him. The shorter wore the uniform of a Mate, conventional among British merchantmen.

Both stopped short momentarily when they caught sight of Norma. And she took advantage of that moment to raise one shapely leg until her foot rested upon the edge of the dock; careful, too, that both men caught a provocative glimpse of her rounded knee and a generous peep at the thigh above her stocking-top.

The taller of the pair apparently lost his anger at once. By the lamplight Norma saw a broad smile overspread his face. He moved closer, evidently intending to come over and talk.

The Mate moved to go on. “Aw, come along—” he began, edging away. “I’ll—I think I’ll stick around a bit,” the other told him, not for an instant taking his eyes off Norma.

The Mate left them. “You ain’t got much time,” he called over his shoulder. “Don’t be laite, or you’ll be left ashore.”

“Don’t worry — with all my stuff aboard that blasted tub!” He turned and was gone.

“I did, until I was locked out. Now I’m only a floating roomer.” Norma, listening to the sound of her voice, was surprised at its steadiness.

“Come on—let’s have a drink.”

“Where? Places are closed this time of night.”

“Aboard my ship. I’ll pour some brandy.”

Norma came up to him, placed her arm in his. “Splendid, Admiral,” she said, with forced good cheer. “I’ll take the same. Lead on!”

The die was cast. Norma’s first venture into her new life,—the temporary sale of her beautiful young body, had begun.

NORMA gave all her attention to her companion. And presently she found herself climbing a narrow gangplank, going aboard a ship with boxes and crates,—down a wooden stairway scarcely wide enough for a stout man,—into a cabin.

At the door Norma gave a brief glance around. The cabin of the ship that had brought her across the Atlantic was the only experience she had of such things. This was like nothing she had ever heard of. All bare wood it was, unpainted, and streaked with uncleaned dirt. Two bunks she saw, one above the other; a wash-stand . (Continued on page 60)
Above: “Let's have a drink aboard my ship. I'll pour some brandy.”
(Dorothy Burgess and Alan Hale.)

At right: Norma (Dorothy Burgess) slips out of her clothes in Klaus Van Leyden's (Alan Hale) cabin; in the Equitable Picture “What Price Decency?”
ERIC LINDEN and HELEN MACK in RKO's "Sweepings."
Two Pictures of the Month

Two films, dealing with department stores, stand out so prominently in the run of cinema productions the past two months that we have not hesitated to award them the coveted honors as *The Two Pictures of the Month*. And significant it is that Lionel Barrymore has the leading role in each of the productions—two more feathers to a cap already crowned with plumes of honor.

In "Looking Forward," which will be appearing at the larger theatres throughout the United States and Canada as we go to press, we find the story of an English department store "family," based on the play by C. L. Anthony, entitled "Service." The role of Service, Sr., is most capably handled by Lewis Stone.

Gabriel Service is the head of a great bustling London department store, founded by his great-grandfather. It is the "class" store of London, reliable as the Bank of England, and founded on the traditions of honest merchandising. Gabriel Service's whole life is wrapped up in it.

Gabriel's son Michael (Phillips Holmes) works in the accounting department learning the business, but chafes at the restraint, feeling that he wants to do something creative. Gabriel has married a second wife, Isobel, much younger than he, who has married him for his money and is secretly having an affair with another man. His daughter Caroline knows this and dislikes her stepmother.

Depression sets in. Felton, one of his partners, suggests drastic cuts in personnel. With a heavy heart Service is forced to agree, letting out many employees, among them Benton, (Lionel Barrymore) faithful accountant who has been with the firm forty years and whose soul, like that of Service, is wrapped up in the institution.

Business goes from bad to worse. Service is in danger of losing his store and everything he owns. Learning this, Isobel (Benita Hume) promptly leaves him for her lover. Caroline, his daughter, remains loyal. (The role of Caroline is handled by Elizabeth Allan.)

Then Stoner, owner of a chain of cheap stores, offers to buy the Service store. It would mean lowering the quality of the store.

Service is at first horrified by the idea. Then he realizes that it may be the only hope. Isobel (Continued on page 64)
GERTRUDE MICHAEL
Talladega, Ala., beauty who is appearing in RKO Paramount, Jefferson, and M-G-M Films.
WHEN Tallulah Bankhead announced her retirement from the cinema, Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer began casting about for a possible successor; both of these major film companies having employed the dramatic artist from Dixie.

It was hardly mere coincidence, then, when both of these organizations found, as a successor to Tallulah, a girl from Talladega,—in Miss Bankhead's home state of Alabama. And strangely enough, she has been selected to play, principally, the roles of a sophisticated, cultured and well educated young woman of comparative wealth or social position. Most of Tallulah Bankhead's characterizations have been of the same nature.

While Gertrude Michael's histrionic ability is not, as yet, comparable to that of her contemporary from Alabama who has earned for herself such an enviable position on the stage in England and America, their paths of progress have, in many instances, been prophetically parallel.

Gertrude isn't the only one from the state which bears the Indian name meaning "Here We Rest," to attain fame women whose Qualifications Blanks are filed with the Casting Director's Office of this magazine,—there will be many others from Alabama to go to Hollywood.

Gertrude Michael, who was born June 1st, 1911,—just forty-seven years to the month after the Confederate privateer Alabama was sunk by the U. S. Kearsarge, is five feet seven inches in height, being, with Kay Francis, one of the tallest stars on the Hollywood lots.

Her mother, also Gertrude, and her father, Carl Michael, a construction engineer and contractor, insisted that the child be given every possible opportunity for an adequate education, and, at the age of five she commenced her lessons on the piano. At the tender years of eight she was a child prodigy, playing in public concerts on special occasions, and the organ in the local Methodist Church on Sundays.

The age of fifteen found her graduating from Talladega High School, from which she went to a normal school and college to take up law as a profession. She switched, after a year, to go to Converse College, in Spartanburg, South Carolina, to study music which appealed to her so much.

(Cont'd on page 54)
LOVELY LEGS

By Edna Callahan

Warner-First National Film Player

IF YOU knew the almost meticulous care with which the casting directors and producers selected the girls for the "42nd Street" and "The Gold Diggers of 1933" you would understand why, it is rumored in the trade, Warner Brothers expect to gross two and a half million dollars on the former picture, and hope that the second one also will be a real money maker.

One of the answers to those successes is a four-letter word "L-E-G-S" meaning the nether extremities, particularly of pulchritudinous picture players. And I am not trying to be facetious or satirical.

In all seriousness, one of the most valuable assets the late Florenz Ziegfeld ever had in his shows,—(and the same holds true of the Messrs. Shubert, Lieutenant Earl Carroll, N. T. Grantlund and others) is a human factor never listed on the books and never taken note of by the accounting departments. That asset is the pretty legs which twinkle across the footlights so blithely,— or pose in colorful painting-like pageants.

The time is fast waning when stars, featured players and even bit players may obtain "doubles" for the close-ups of their legs. Trick photography is alright in its way; and the cameraman on the First National and Warner Brothers lots are just as adept, if not more so, as those of other studios.

But it is just as easy to get good looking lower limbs as it is to get poor ones,— easier, I think. Nowadays girls and women are taking much greater care of their bodies. In a recent article in "Wilfred Waves" (which is the official publication of The American Society of Beauty Culturists), there is a statement under the heading of "The Psychology of Beauty" reading as follows:

"I feel just as adamant about beauty; it is worth more, by a thousand times, than the time we take off for rest and relaxation periods, bathing, leg movements, exercises, and the like,—and the money we spend on the occasion of our visit to the beauty salon."

I find it is not necessary to clutter up one's home or apartment with a lot of useless junk, steel boats or hanging trapezes in order to get proper exercise for the body, particularly the legs. Healthy, well balanced legs will generally be found with a beautifully proportioned body otherwise, and a "flat" stomach.

Walking is one of the best exercises there is for reducing as well as for keeping the shape and poise of the thighs and calves. To reduce the stomach and keep the legs in trim, practise the following exercises regularly for a while:

Lie flat on your back on the floor,—with your feet firmly fixed under a cross bar or 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 that 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, endeavoring to touch the knees with the head. This is an excellent exer-
exercise for waist reducing. Try all sorts of bending exercises which give the abdominal muscles a vigorous workout.

To reduce the thighs and calves practice the one leg squat; that is, holding one leg out straight in front of you, squat down by bending sharply at the knee of the other leg (flat foot) and resting the weight of your body on that leg. At first you will have to place your hand lightly on the seat of a chair for support. Repeat the exercise as many times as you comfortably can. You may also practice the deep knee bend as explained above.

Attention must be paid to the stomach, because exercises which are beneficial to the proper functioning of the internal organs there will exercise an indirect (as well as a direct) reaction on the rest of the body, including your legs. There will be less danger of toxic poisoning, constipation, poor circulation or soft tissue which breaks down easily when bruised or "bumped." The skin of the thighs and calves will be clearer and pinker, and your whole body will be suffused with the joy of living.

Take pride in your legs; don't strain them with long hours of the same exercise, as you do not wish to become muscle-bound while striving to attain the perfection of form and beauty in your lower limbs.

Your feet should have something to "say" about all this, too. To a dancer the care of the feet is a vital essential of her daily tasks. Toe dancers or acrobatic dancers depend greatly upon their toes for support or "gripping." You may have heard of the crippled man of the circus who used his great toe for writing, brushing his hair, helping to dress, and picking up various objects. The toe is naturally prehensile, as are the fingers. However, the toes of most of us, after being cramped into the shoes and accustomed for years to little or no movement, are so stiffened and rigid that we find it hard to use them at all.

Some races develop their ability to use their toes almost as readily as their hands. We, of the stage and screen, haven't found that art a "crying need" as yet, but great emphasis should be laid upon the proper care of the legs, from the supple dexterity of the toes to the hips.

You have read about the Chinese oarsmen who use their toes to work the oars, and of native Australians who grasp trees while climbing with the great toe, and of the Hindoo tailors who ply their needles with the help of the toe. So accustomed are we to shoes, however, that when we, at the beach, see some individual who saves himself the trouble of stooping over, by picking up papers, socks, pencils, matches or clothing with his toes, we stop and wonder in admiration and awe.

Comfortable feet mean relaxed and non-nervous legs. When buying your shoes, you should be most particular to find the type of shoe which will allow the toes, all of them, enough room to move properly. Both the shoes and stockings should fit correctly, if real foot comfort is to be yours. When stockings are too long, they will cause blisters, while those too short will pull the toes painfully backward. The height should be changed daily, and it is well to alternate with one pair of shoes one day and another the next. By placing the shoes in the closet with shoe-trees inside they will last longer, and this gives the odor of perspiration a chance to dry out.

"Camille" wasn't the only character on the stage and screen whose foot required a "close-up." Attention is often directed, pictorially, to a well turned ankle and a stylishly show foot.

For comfort, however, in buying shoes, be sure they're broad enough to do away with the deplorable tendency of the big toe to push the others over and buckle them over in such a position that the underneath toenail saws away on the upper toe, and the joints are so stretched that bunions result. By allowing the big toe room to stretch out and push against the ground in walking, the arch is (Continued on page 37)
GEORGE ARLISS, as France’s sly satirist, contributes another great characterization to the movies in the title role of "Voltaire," his current Warner Brothers starring vehicle.
LUPE VELEZ.—Stage and screen star who has appeared recently in R.K.O., Fox and Universal motion pictures, and whose latest success is in “Strike Me Pink,” a musical comedy.
STEPHEN ROBERTS directing JACK LA RUE and MIRIAM HOPKINS in a scene from Paramount's "The Story of Temple Drake."
How to Become a MOVIE DIRECTOR

By Stephen R. Roberts

If an ugly looking customer suddenly leaped out of the bushes one night, stuck a gun against my ribs in a business-like manner and briskly demanded, "Quick now,—how can I become a movie director? Spill it in a few words! Your answer or your life!"—"I must confess frankly that I wouldn't know what to tell him.

True, I became a movie director myself, and I know the successive steps which led up to my present job. And I know personally a large number of other Hollywood directors, and how they became directors.

But to tell any person—not identified at present with the picture business—how he can become a director, seems to me to shape up as a nearly impossible task.

For the truth is that a director is a hybrid sort of animal. You will discover all types of men in the directorial ranks. Some of them are cultured, brilliantly educated men, who can discourse learnedly upon technique, rhythm, mood, tempo and all the other theoretical phases of picture making. Others have very little formal education—in fact they may never have gone through grammar school, and to meet them at a social gathering, a stranger might be surprised to learn that they were film directors at all—much less men who had been responsible for some exceedingly artistic and delicately handled films.

The fact is that the composite director is a curious combination of the artistic genius, the business executive, the psychologist, and the literary mind. But an astonishing fact about this director job is that a good many men who would guffaw and wisecrack if anybody were to refer to them as artistic geniuses, business executives, psychologists, or literary minds, actually combine all of those qualities, and that very combination has made them extremely able directors.

But perhaps I can best illustrate my point about the diverse backgrounds, whence came some of our noted directors, by citing some actual cases.

Cecil B. De Mille, who made "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings" and recently "The Sign of the Cross," was an actor and stage manager. He entered films in their early days and always has exhibited a daring, pioneering quality in his pictures.

Frank Borzage, who directed "A Farewell to Arms," "Seventh Heaven" and other fine productions, was also an actor.

Norman Taurog, who directed "Skippy" and "The Phantom President," began his career as a child actor at the age of nine years, playing juvenile leads when he grew old enough. Then he directed two-reel comedies, was a gag man, and finally showed such ability that he was given a chance to direct feature productions, and has made good, needless to say.

Josef von Sternberg, a graduate of the University of Vienna, worked successively as a film patcher, a property man, a cutter, a cameraman, as a writer, and finally as an assistant director, before he startled Hollywood by producing for the modest sum of $5000 a film called "The Salvation Hunters." That achievement earned him his chance to direct, but it will be noted that he had prepared himself previously by training, study and travel abroad.

Stuart Walker, who recently directed "Tonight is Ours," was a stage manager and director for many years. He is a newcomer to Hollywood, his presence being attributable to talking pictures. He is a college graduate, who studied acting in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and later was an actor, play reader and stage manager.

To become personal, I studied engineering at Ohio State University, was a flyer in the World War, barnstormed the country with my own air circus after the Armistice, and entered films as a stunt flyer. For a while I acted in Western pictures, and then, because I once had lived on an Indian reservation in Oklahoma and knew Indian customs, I became an assistant director on a picture starring William S. Hart.
was an assistant director for some years, then directed short comedies. Later I wrote screen stories, and finally I became a full fledged director, after spending ten years in the business.

Max Marcin, who has co-directed several pictures, was a newspaper reporter, an author, a playwright and a film scenarist, before he entered the directorial ranks as co-director of his own play, "Silence."

Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and is now directing Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs," became a devotee of the theater while he was a student at the University of Moscow. He acted in, and staged plays in Moscow with such skill that London and then New York beckoned. After he had staged "Porgy," "Wings Over Europe" and other plays for the Theater Guild, the movies pre-empted his talents.

Norman McLeod, who directed "Horse Feathers" with the Four Marx Brothers, was a flyer in the Royal Flying Corps, following his graduation from the University of Washington. In the war he met a comedy director, who thought so highly of his mental attainments that he invited him to become his assistant in peace time. He was for years an assistant director, then a director of short comedies, and a comedy constructionist, for gag man, as they are known technically in the business.)

Ernst Lubitsch studied with Max Reinhardt, the German stage genius, and was an actor, both on the stage and in German films, before he became a director.

Erle Kenton, who directed "Guilty as Hell" and "The Island of Lost Souls," is a product of carnivals, dog and pony shows, vaudeville and the original Keystone Komedy Kops. He became director of short comedies and eventually director of features. Other directors who began their careers as Keystoneers are Eddie Cline, D. Ross Lederman and Mal St. Clair.

"Lucky" Humberstone, who recently co-directed "The King of the Jungle," for Paramount, is only twenty-nine. He was an assistant cameraman, a script clerk, an actor in Western pictures, and served as an assistant to Sam Taylor, King Vidor, George Fitzmaurice and Edmund Goulding, who made "Grand Hotel."

Marion Gering, who made "Madame Butterfly," studied stagecraft in his native Russia, became an actor, then directed plays in Chicago and New York with such unusual effects, that he, too, was sought by Hollywood.

George Abbott first won eminence as a Broadway stage director. John Adolfi was an actor. Del Andrews was a film cutter. So was Edward L. Cahn and Dorothy Arzner, the woman director. A large number of directors began their careers as actors—George Archainbaud, Lloyd Bacon, James Cruze, David Wark Griffith, Clarence Badger, Herbert Brenon, and Edward Sutherland, and many others.

Monta Bell was a newspaperman, who was one of Chaplin's assistants during the making of "A Woman of Paris," and later made good as a director. George Fitzmaurice was an art director.

Victor Fleming, Al Rogell and numerous other directors, started as cameramen.

But the foregoing only serves to give the reader a general idea of the various avenues which have led certain men to a director's chair. It does not tell how you can get there.

The five imperative qualifications of a 1933 movie director, as I understand them, are:

1. Story telling ability, expressed visually upon the screen.
2. A knowledge of characterization.
3. The human job of working harmoniously, constructively and sympathetically, with actors, cameramen, property men, and all the other highly important technical workers on the set.
4. A broad understanding—not necessarily a technical one—of photography, lighting, sound reproduction, cutting and editing. The more we know of these vital subjects, the better equipped we are.
5. A certain executive ability, and a practical appreciation of the business end of making films.

The director's job, fundamentally expressed, is to relate a story visually upon the screen. The manner in which he succeeds in narrating this story on the screen is the direct measure of his skill and success as a director.

In order that he may tell his story in an entertaining, interesting, dramatically convincing and pictorial way, it is imperative that a director know how to utilize to their fullest all the resources placed at his beck and call by the large studios. We must possess, too, a sense of values, an instinctive good taste, an appreciation of dramatic and comedic effects. And I have noted, too, that the truly great directors all have been endowed with that editorial judgment of what the masses want to see, that stamps the successful magazine or newspaper editor.

The basis of a motion picture is the story. Therefore, a director who lacks the ability to build a story is seriously handicapped, in my opinion.

The reason I say a director must have story building knowledge is that, regardless of the ability and craftsmanship of the writers or dramatists who create the script finally turned over to the director to convert into a picture, he alone must bear the brunt of bringing their conception into screen images.

In brief, they write words, and he makes pictures. There is a vast difference. Just try it yourself, some time. Read a story in a book, or a magazine. Then close your eyes, let your imagination wander, try to visualize how the writer's characters would look, if you could rub a lamp, Aladdin like, and summon them before you. Try to invest them with those mannerisms and odd traits which give reality to a screen character. Better yet, take some novel which is about to be made into a movie, and try to visualize how the characters and story will look in celluloid. Then go to see the story when it reaches the screen, and check your own impressions with those of the director. After that, you will perceive what I mean by stressing the importance of a director's gift of story building.

To me, a flair for characterization is equally important. My pictures have emphasized this phase. Critics have been kind enough to write that the humanness of some of the minor characters in my productions have animated the pace of the story.

I believe that the most important phase of picture making is during the preparatory stages. I study the script thoroughly, visualizing the characters again and again in my mind's eye, until I feel that they are people I have known, and lived with, for years. And then I collect the finest cast of actors obtainable. In this connection, I wish to express my opinion that the work of minor characters in a picture is extremely important. In fact, these "bit" players can make or break a picture in many instances. They are the people who lend conviction to a plot, or help to break down the illusion of realism a director has been striving deliberately to produce.

The settings, too, are important, as well as the clothes and costumes, but fortunately, the major studios have experts responsible for these duties, so that a director has very little cause to worry about them.

Speaking of acting, I want honest mood and feeling from my actors, rather than a technical imitation of a character. On the stage that is good acting. In pictures, it is not, the reason being that the camera is so observant that it actually photographs your feelings.

The placement of cameras and achievement of lighting effects, I entrust entirely to my cameraman. Virtually all of the Hollywood cameramen today are artists, with a knowledge of lighting effects, and the (Continued on page 66)
Broadway and Hollywood Fashions

Win a Beautiful Summer Wardrobe FREE!

Does the Summer wardrobe below intrigue you? “If wishes were horses,” they say, “beggars would ride.” . . . But you need not be a mere “wisher”—nor need you be a beggar.

One hundred and eleven (111) of these exceptionally beautiful outfits will be presented, after June 1st, to 111 lucky young women who answer any one of the three questions printed on this page and address their letter to the attention of the Fashion Editor of this magazine. Charming underwear and outer garments, — absolutely without cost. You don’t have to sell anything nor take subscriptions. Nothing to do but be the correct one in your community in answering, neatly and intelligently, just one question!

On pages 44 and 45 of this issue you will find other splendid examples of American-made fashions; posed especially for this magazine to inaugurate our Fashion Section devoted to Broadway and Hollywood styles. In opening this new feature of our publication we secured the co-operation of 135 of America’s best and finest department stores,—such as John Wanamaker of Philadelphia; Steinbach of Asbury Park, the Parisian of Birmingham, Stewart’s of Baltimore, and the May Co. of Cleveland; and 130 others.

Featured on this page you will find, reading from right to left, the new Annette Kellerman Plaid (Lastex) Swim Suit, created by the famous Asbury Mills of New York City. This bathing suit, as you can see, is finished in an enticing variety of colors, and is practically backless. (Front views of the suit were published in the April edition of this monthly.)

Second from the right, at the bottom of page 25, we find a chic summer suit,—in a color which has never before been made in linen suits,—the new Coffee Brown shade. So well “up to the minute” is this in style that great pressure has had to be exerted in the metropolitan style salons to be able to present this garment in nearly 135 department stores by the time this issue comes off the press.

This suit is a new tailored vogue; one that will be tremendously popular this coming Summer. The Gibson girl type of puff in the sleeve is the order of the day, and particular attention is stressed on the candy-stripe linen blouse. This suit is double breasted and has the Garbo wide revers for the lapels.

(Continued on page 55)
OLOGERS of college sports who have listened to the stirring song "Roar, Lion, Roar!" which I spoke of in the January edition, will recall the very important part played by the roar of the lion, as well as other wild beasts, in the creation of motion picture sound recording.

That the American universities go in strong for animalistic symbolism is something which I need not try to explain psychologically; a brief mention of a few of these campus "beasts" will suffice to remind us that kinship to the wild life is, consciously or unconsciously, a part of our mental, spiritual and physical natures.

Who hasn't heard of the Brown University Bears, the Columbia Lion, the Yale Bulldog, the Pittsburgh Panthers, Northwestern's Wildcats, the Princeton Tigers, the Fordham Rams, the S. M. U. Mustangs, the Army Mule, the Washington Huskies, the Navy Goat, the U. of So. Cal. Trojan Horses, the Michigan Wolverines, the Wisconsin Badgers, the Florida Alligators, and a host of others?

It is interesting to note, too, that all of these "animals" have been recorded on the news reels, at some time or other in their athletic career,—most certainly the football season, which, by the way, is due in a few months time.

But when it comes to real wild creatures, the controversy as to which wild animal is the most intelligent is raging again in Hollywood, with four veteran trainers respectively upholding the virtues of the chimpanzee, the elephant, the leopard and the lion.

Mabel Stark, big game hunter and for twenty-five years chief trainer with Ringling Brothers and other circuses, declares the argument to be a toss-up between the elephant and the chimpanzee.

Olga Celeste, who has been training animals for the same length of time, mostly for motion pictures, declares in favor of the leopard.

Chubby Guilfoyle, a veteran trainer and the man who taught Clyde Beatty how to handle wild beasts, refuses definitely to name any particular animal as the most intelligent but inclines slightly toward the elephant.

"Members of each species vary in intelligence the same as human beings," he declares. "No species is more intelligent than another although perhaps elephants have a greater proportion of intelligent individuals."

Olga and Guilfoyle are handling the wild animals on the set of Paramount's "Murders in the Zoo" while Miss Stark did the same work for "King of the Jungle."

"I've worked in hundreds of pictures with animals since I was eleven years old," asserts Olga, "and the leopard is unquestionably the smartest. It learns more quickly and once shown a trick never forgets it.

"At the same time the leopard is the most dangerous. He is the only cat that kills for pleasure. The others do so only in defense or for food.

"The leopard is also the most agile animal. He springs from trees or from a lying position. The trainer must watch him every second." . . . But a somewhat different viewpoint is maintained by a man, who says that lions are the gangsters of the animal kingdom. And he is a noted trainer.

"Tigers are afraid of lions!"

Academic opinion, which always has held just the reverse was true, was blasted into a million pieces recently when Clyde Beatty, the world's greatest tamer of wild animals, chose to hand down to a Chicago newspaperman some first hand information on the subject.

Beatty, who arrived from Universal City, Calif., where Carl Laemmle, Jr. had starred him in a picture entitled "The Big Cage," has been foremost in his profession for more than a decade, and hence speaks with authority. He had never, however, had his "big cat's" voices recorded.

"An individual tiger," said the...
JOHN ADOLFI directs a sound picture for First National, with Nebo, the Central Park lion. Above, in circle, the king of beasts records his roars for Universal's "Nagana" and "The Big Cage."
BROADWAY AND

a lion in a shop let out such a terrific roar that the vibrations shattered a display of wine glasses.

But Leo, or Nebo, or whatever Mr. Lion is called, isn't the worst of the mountain and jungle tribe when it comes to noise. The roar of a Russian bear is the loudest made by any animal, according to the sound experts who worked on the picture I have just mentioned.

The opinion as to the intelligence of wild animals seems to vary with the big game hunters, who claim that monkeys, elephants and bears are the most intelligent. Major George Witten, veteran of many an African adventure, pays a high tribute to the sagacity and shrewd bravery of the gorilla, for example.

As for taking them in as pets, Rochelle Hudson hasn't yet parted with the "wild babies" she adopted while filming "The Savage Girl" for Monarch productions. One of Cecil B. DeMille's pet actors was a ten-year-old leopard. The animal was used by the director in "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," and "The (Continued on page 56)"
"Honestly, Jim, that case of wine was about four years old, and it must have been stale, so I threw it out."

"I said I was saving for a rainy day; and it's raining, isn't it?"

Lion Tamer's Wife: "Last night, another woman, eh! Come out of there, you coward!"
MOVIE ACTRESS—"I can never marry you, but if you'll come to the studio I'll introduce you to my double."
An attractive lamp shade.

"Aw, pop, lend us the coat; our gang needs a tent."

Have a lollypop — Henri!
AUCTION IN SOULS.—World Wide Pictures from play by Eugene O'Neill with Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams, Claire Windsor, Tommy Conlon, Stanley Fields, Robert Ellis, Lionel Belmore, Fred Kohler, and Katherine Clare Ward. The screen adaptation holds all the values of the play which is a tender portrayal of family life problems in a big way. Leila and Claire, blonde leads, perform to advantage here.

THE MIND READER.—First National-Vitaphone with Warren William, Constance Cummings, Allen Jenkins, Robert Greig, Clarence Muse, Donald Dillaway and Clara Blandick. Dealing with mind reading, not as a science, but as a racket for a livelihood. The vehicle is adequate as is the cast; likewise direction and staging, but the industry demands theme to insure a lasting public. Will thrill and entertain, however.

TODAY WE LIVE.—M-G-M with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns, Louise Closer Hale, Rollo Lloyd and Hilda Vaughn. Here is a story and a picture; it is a triangle of the war period. Romance, bitter and beautiful, teeming with drama and vivid with action. Author, William Faulkner; adaptation by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor. Excellent.

TONIGHT IS OURS.—Paramount with Claudette Colbert, Frederic March, Alison Skipworth, Paul Cavanagh, Arthur Byron and Ethel Griffies. Sound dramatic material is the basis of every excellent picture. Noel Conrad has fathered this, hence its excellency, drawn as it is from his play "The Queen Was in the Parlour." The cast is beyond reproach and the production outstanding. Don't miss it. Claudette is superb!

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.—Paramount with Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, Adrienne Ames, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Verna Hillie, James C. Eagles, Shirley Grey and Bradley Page. We have in this clever adaptation of the elements of suspense — romance, drama and comedy abounding in thrills as the patrons of the betting ring file in and play their horse. Excellent, and credit to Mrs. "Bill" Powell.

TRAILING THE KILLER.—World Wide Pictures with Caesar, The Wolf Dog, Francis McDonald, Heinie Conklin, Joe De La Cruz, Peter Rigas and Tom London. A beautiful study of animal life is here offered, depicting the elements of instinct and environment as it affects heritage. The story deals with the behavior of a trapper's dog and is an epic of the wilds. Excellent stuff if you enjoy wild animal pictures.

MALAY NIGHTS.—Maysfair Pictures, with Johnnie Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess, Ralph Ince, Raymond Hatton, Carmelita Geraghty, Geo. Smith, Lionel Belmore, Mary Jane. A drama of the South Seas, with excellent material, and extremely wholesome in tone. Good staging, good direction and a pleasing picture in every sense of the word. Story by Glenn Ellis, directed by William Nolte. Well worth seeing.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED.—Paramount, with Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant, Louis Calhern, Norma Mitchell and John Halliday. This story is suggested by a similar story carried in recent issues of Liberty magazine and though we do not care for the many changes, yet it holds sufficient of the original to make a strong dramatic picture. Is well handled and interesting in its way, but should not have been "edited."

KING KONG.—B.K.O. based upon story by Edgar Wallace, produced and directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, Bruce Cabot, Frank Reicher, Sam Hardy, Noble Johnson, James Flavin, Steve Clements and Victor Wong. A photographic epic, probably the year's sensation. Has powerful dramatic story and is a technical achievement. Excellent entertainment for young or old.
FAT WORKERS.—The story of a prostitute who marries a man she doesn't love for the security his name affords, and what happens when her lover and husband find out. An M-G-M picture of real merit, starring and featuring John Gilbert, Mae Clark, Robt. Armstrong, Muriel Kirkland, Vince Barnett, Virginia Herrill, Muriel Evans, Sterling Holloway, Robert Burns Warner Richmond and Guy Ush-ef. Good.

HELLO, EVERYBODY.—Paramount by Fanny Hurst with Kate Smith, Randolph Scott, Sally Blane, Charley Grapwin, George Barbier and Fern Emmett. Kate's friends will take delight in her screen efforts. Fanny Hurst has done her best to provide suitable vehicle. You will enjoy the humor of Kate's stepping out to do her stuff, at that there's something infectious about the “gal.” The film is poor “box office” value.

EX-LADY.—Warner Bros., with Bette Davis, Gene Raymond, Claire Dodd, Frank McHugh, Kay Struzi, Monroe Owsley, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Bodil Rosing, Alphone Ethier. Here is a story dealing with values of the conventional in marriage—a study of the modern girl who finds in the end there is plenty to be said for the conventional. Good photography and excellent art direction. Bette Davis is “fine” in this one.

PLEASURE CRUISE.—A sort of “The Guardian”—a strikingly good movie issued by Fox and starring and featuring Genevieve Tobin (who was never better than she is in this one), Roland Young, Mary Blackwood, Ralph Forbes, Arthur Hoyt, Herbert Mundin, Frank Atkinson, Minna Gombell and Theo. Von Eltz. Particularly recommended for wives or husbands who do not trust their “other halves.” Excellently done.

MURDERS IN THE ZOO. — Paramount picture in which a Birmingham, Ala., girl gets a good break. It's a harrowing murder story that's really different. With Gall Patrick we find Lionel Atwill, Charlie Buggles, Harry Beresford, Randolph Scott, Kathleen Burke and John Lodge, son of the late Senator Lodge. A vindictive fiend murders his wife's lovers as fast as he uncovers them. Most capably directed.

SWEETHEARTS.—A movie of department story life in Chicago, after the fire of '71, and starring Gloria Stuart and Lionel Barrymore; ably supported by Alan Dinehart, George Meeker, Eric Linden, Wm. Gargan, Gloria Stuart, Ivan Lebedeff, Helen Mack, Nan Sunderland, Lucien Littlefield, and Gregory Ratoff as “Ullman.” Directed by John Cromwell from the novel by Lester Cohen. Capably directed and well acted.

THE HUMAN FISH. — Helene Madison, Olympic champion swimmer, appears to great advantage, pulchritudinously speaking, in this Paramount comedy short—an ideal release for her swimming talents. Marjorie Beebe, another shapely lady, is cast with her. On the strength of this film, the Madison miss landed a berth in Fox's “The Warrior's Husband.” This comedy has a million laughs in it and is an A-1 Mickey Mouse short.

TREASON.—Columbia Pictures with Buck Jones, Shirley Grey, Robert Ellis, Ed LeSaint, Frank Lareen, T. C. Jacks, Charles Brinley, Charles Hill Mailes, Edwin Stanley, Art Mix and Frank Ellis. We like the historical note injected into this story of the early West. It is a military incident on the Kansas plains of the 'seventies. Filled with action, and excellent in direction and art photography; a credit to Columbia.
Broadway and Hollywood Beauties

THE PENAL CODE.—Freuler Film with Regis Toomey, Helen Cohan, Pat O'Malley, Robert Ellis, Virginia Boardman, Henry Hall, Leander DeCroft, John Ince, Murdoch McQuarrie, Olin Francis, Jack Cheatham and Barney Furey. To be more than entertaining, a picture must present a novel story with a sweep of the dramatic, some of which is found in this. The plot is fairly original and the photography most meritorious.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.—Fox Film, with Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Victor Jory, Elizabeth Patterson, James Bell, Edward Van Sloan, Arthur Hohl and others. The serio-comic does not present itself often enough in pictures. The plot elements are difficult to handle in conserving the flow of action, but here's one you will rise to; it's a howling success. The vivacious Genevieve is a "red hot" number in this.

JUNGLE BRIDE.—Story by Leah Baird, with Anita Page, Charles Starrett, Kenneth Thompson, Eddie Borden, Gertrude Simpson, Clarence Geldert, Jay Emmett and Aldred Cross. We like the story, the cast, and, of course, the picture. An excellent piece of drama is unfolded in the telling, abounds with splendid elements of life as it is meted out to a shipwrecked party. A credit to Monogram Pictures.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG.—Formerly, "Great Desire"; starring Colin Clive and Katharine Hepburn, who received her first publicity recognition by this magazine. An R.K.O. picture directed by Dorothy Armer from the screen play by Zoe Akins; film editing done by Arthur Roberts, Helen Chandler as "Monica" and Desmond Roberts as "Bryce Mercer" offer outstanding performances in acting. Excellently done.

GIRL MISSING.—Formerly called "Blue Moon Murder Case." This Warner film proves to be an excellent vehicle for the gifted talents of Glenda Farrell, Ben Lyon and Mary Brian. Peggy Shannon, of "Vainities" fame, is the villainess in the piece, and it's a real, honest-to-goodness murder mystery with lots of humor and a plentiful sprinkling of wisecracks. Lyle Talbot appears as "Raymond Fox," a society parasite.


THE WHITE SISTER.—One of the best things M-G-M has ever done; starring Clark Gable and Helen Hayes and ably directed by Victor Fleming. Lewis Stone, Alan Edwards, Edward Arnold, May Robson and Louise Closer Hale appear in support in Marlon Crawford's famous tale of the soldier's sweetheart who took the vows of a nun, thinking that her man would never return, What happens when he returns makes a vivid story.


THE VEST WITH A TALE.—Educational, with Tom Howard, George Shelton, Saul Martell and Don McBride. The plot is thin, but the comedy is "vast," believe you me. Slapstick; sticking of his friend who's vest is vastly louder than his own. It's a Mermaid Comedy, made in America, guaranteed funny,—or money refunded. Dialogue and characters are very good. The photography is good for a comedy short.
Rime of the Century—Paramount, with Jean Hersholt, Lynn Gibson, Stuart Erwin, Frances Dee, David Landau, Gordon Westcott, Robert Elliott, Orson Meyer, Bodil Rosing, Samuel S. Hinds and William Stine. There is a splendid idea of suspense here built around a man who has an impulse to commit a perfect crime and even proposes to be locked up to prevent it. Details make for interest.

What! No Beer?—M-G-M with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante, Roscoe Arbuckle, Phyllis Barry, John Miljan, Henry Armetta, Edward Brophy, Charles Dunbar and Charles Giblyn. Here is a story forced to say the least, staged to yield dimensions; plenty of action and fair degree of humor. Dealing with shady figures, it naturally pictures the working of shady characters who make game of two innocents. Good.

She Done Him Wrong.—One of Paramount's best box office attractions; still making its rounds of the smaller theatres. A positive "knockout" of a success for Mae West, whose first magazine cover appeared in this publication. Miss West, famous for her Broadway fights against blue-nosed and under-sexed reformers, is supported by Gary Grant and a most capable cast of screen actors and actresses. Excellently done.

After the Ball.—Gaumont-Fox, with Esther Ralston, Marie Burke, George Curzon, Basil Rathbone, Jean Adrienne and Clifford Heatherley. A highly fantastic and deeply intriguing peep behind the scenes at Geneva with the nations debating one of those international problems, which, in spite of its gravity, does not dampen the ardor of the ladies nor of the men, be it said. We stamp it good entertainment.


As, the Crows Fly.—Educational, with Charles Mack, George Moran, Bud Jameson, Iris Lancaster and Lynton Brent. The boys take a spin in the air only to discover there's more to it than the ride, that driving business looms up big in their minds and finally prompts them to try the jump in which they make less than a three point landing, and an excellent comedy. Good. Capably directed and well photographed.

Gabriel Over the White House.—A sort of M-G-M "Cavalcade," and one of the finest and most helpful pictures ever made anywhere. A real thrill and a God-send to the American public. Walter Huston, Fanchot Tone and the Garbo-like Karen Morley have the leading roles; supported by Arthur Byron, Dickie Moore, C. Henry Gordon, David Landau, Arthur Byron and William Pawley. You must see it!

Madame Butterfly.—Previously done in opera, in silent pictures, and in legitimate stage drama, this famous story appears, under the Paramount banner, with Sylvia Sidney in the leading role of a Japanese girl who bears a son for her American naval officer husband (Cary Grant), and who eventually kills herself. Now to be seen at the smaller theatres—with Charlie Ruggles in the comic-relief role. Good.

Phantom Thunderbolt.—World Wide Pictures; Ken Maynard and his highly intelligent horse Tzar work out a very interesting story in which he unwittingly is acting the role of a bad "hombre", whilst in spirit he is endeavoring to shine as a melodramatic hero. The game is far from pleasant, but extremely interesting, rough and exciting and you will like it. Well directed and capably photographed.
Love Me,
Love My Dog!

"Every dog has his day."
Above—Maureen O'Sullivan of "Tarzan and his Mate."
At the left—Phyllis Barry, featured in RKO - Radio Pictures.
Naked Breasts, no matter how beautiful or enticing in Paris pictures, will not be displayed by Pola Negri, famous Polish actress who, some few years ago, created international fame for herself in the role of a loose-loving courtesan.

In fact, to hear her say so, from her suite in the Hotel Ambassador, she paid $20,000 to keep her modesty. Mlle. Negri, news dispatches said, had refused to act in a scene in the screen adaptation of Alexander Dumas' novel, "The Queen's Necklace." When the filming of the novel arrived at the crucial scene in which Jeanne de Valois, played by the Polish star, bares her breast to the test of red-hot iron, Miss Negri balked. It was immodest, the actress contended, adding that she was not a graduate of the "Follies Bergere," where, it is a well known fact, nudity runs rampant on the stage, sometimes hand-in-glove with what Americans might call obscenity. So the nude breast of the Polish cinema star was not photographed.

"For once," said Mlle. Negri, "I showed zee temperament. I would not concede zee peecure. I didn't like any of it. I dislike especially zee undressing of dat scene. I pay half million marks to be released from see contact." And she explained the half million marks amount to $20,000.

"I deed not even start to act in zee peecure," she added. "I sink act is lewd."

In 1929, Radman, obtained a $1,000,000 contract from a group of French producers for Negri to appear in the Dumas production. When she refused to act, the producers withheld royalties due to Radman, he says. Radman claims he did not specify Negri's appearance, exposed or otherwise, but merely agreed to the film's making.

Ruth Eddings, who appeared in "Woopee," "42nd Street" and other motion picture musical comedies, is now displaying her picturesque figure at the Paradise Cabaret and Restaurant, in N. T. G.'s "Continental Review"; a Broadway night life showing. Ruth, a blonde, may go back in pictures soon . . . Sidney Skolasky, in the New York Daily News, tells the story about R. C. Sheriff, English author of "Journey's End," who got fed up writing in Hollywood . . . He went to the movie executive and told him that he was returning to Oxford. The picture company tried to tempt him to remain, but Sheriff, who was bored with the picture business, kept insisting: "I'm sorry, but I've got to get back to Oxford." Finally the producer said: "Let me see that contract you've got with Oxford, maybe I can buy them off."

Interest is getting red hot in the contest to secure 111 complete summer wardrobes, the last word in fashions, and results should be announced soon. The contest closes the first day of summer, June 21st, and particulars of it appear in the May and June editions of this magazine. It's NOT an advertising stunt or a circulation drive! . . . "Screen Life in Hollywood" is the title of a column now being syndicated "round the country, to newspapers, by Hubbad Keavy.

Possibility of Fox closing a deal for production at the Paramount Jovinville studio in the near future was voiced with the arrival from Paris of Robert T. Kane, former European manager for Paramount, in charge of the Jovinville studio, now associated with Fox.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has acquired motion picture rights to "The Late Christopher Bean," the comedy now in its sixth month at the Henry Miller Theatre. The stage cast, many of whom will be recognized as screen stars, includes Pauline Lord, Walter Connolly, Beulah Bondi, Ernest Lawford and Clarence Derwent. "The Late Christopher Bean" was adapted by Sidney Howard from the French play "Prenez Garde a la Peinture" by Rene Pauchois. The same company announces that "Bitter Waters," the German play by Heinrich Hauser, has been purchased for filming.

Bruce Warren, young Hollywood actor, was signed for the most thankless role he has ever played, when he was chosen to play the part of a man whose lips are sewn together just before being fed to the tigers in "Murders in the Zoo."

"Night Flight," the story by Antoine de St. Exuperry which has been adapted for the screen by Oliver H. P. Garrett, is ready for production; to be directed by Clarence Brown.

Marlene Dietrich, who sponsored the new mannish clothes made for women, will wear an old-fashioned corset in part of "The Song of Songs."

Jean Parker, Raymond Hatton and Vince Barnett appear in the cast of "Made on Broadway," which Harry Beaumont directed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Robert Montgomery is starred, and the supporting cast includes Madge Evans, Mae Clarke, Eugene Pallette, C. Henry Gordon, John Miljan and Ivan Lebedoff . . . George Raft wears makeup for the first time in "Pick Up" and says it's so uncomfortable he can hardly stand it.

George Barbier, veteran of thirty-seven years of stage and screen acting, credits, as his 75th role — a part in "A Lady's Profession." And Barbier has a scrapbook to prove it. All of his screen roles have been with Paramount . . . Shall we name the famous actress in Hollywood who made the mistake, not long ago, of thinking the early morning fog was thick enough to cloak her walking and rolling in the dewy grass unclothed? Or did she figure that no one else got up that early?

Three 1932 Wampas Baby stars are working in the same picture at Paramount studios. They are Lona Andre, Lillian Bond and Dorothy Layton. The trio has been signed for important roles in Vina Delmar's "Pick Up" in support of Sylvia Sydney and George Raft under Marion Gering's direction. . . . The film editor who did such a good job on "Christopher Strong" was Arthur Roberts, one of RKO's talented staff workers.

Fred Kohler, bad man of the films, was discovered sneaking down Hollywood Boulevard; but this double-dyed villain was not seeking a sub-machine gun, nor arsenic, nor daggers nor ropes. He wanted to buy several pairs of red flannel underwear to protect himself from the chill of evening at the Paramount ranch where a company went on location to film, Zane Grey's "Under the Tonio Kim."

The role of "Bryce Mercer" in Radio Pictures' "Christopher Strong" is well handled by Desmond Roberts. Florence Roberts is doing a good job in Educational Film Comedies. Are they related?

Randolph Scott and Cary Grant, Paramount players, who make their home together, have the same birthday . . . An alarm was sent out recently for two fifteen-year-old high school students who may have been bitten by the Hollywood "movies bug," having disappeared from their homes not long ago. The missing children are pretty Margaret Roake, of Peaksulf, N. Y., and Charles Burker of Yorktown, N. Y. As far as is known, police say, the boy and girl were not "friendly." If you read this, Margaret and Charles, go back home! The folks really need you.
BROADWAY AND

The white and brightly colored rubber bathing suits affected by the smarter,—and more shapely,—bathers along the southern California "cinema coast" have become a matter of sensation and keen speculation for male sportsmen.

It has become a common practice of spectators to line the swimming pools of the swankier hotels, and lay odds on the perishability of the swimming suits, since they have observed that in many cases one dive will completely wreck the suit.

And when a suit splits that's all there is—there isn't any more.

Inez La Vail, featured in Warner Brothers' "Ex-Lady" which stars Bette Davis, does a wonderful rhumba dance in this film. Like Sedel Waldman, of New York City, who is the Queen of Broadway's Rhumba Dancers,—Inez is the smartest "she" in Hollywood doing this sort of dancing. . . . Lynn Browning, shapely First National beauty, appears to advantage in "Forty-second Street."

Mae West is setting new styles in the cinema colony,—one of which is to have her fingernails, right to the tips, polished in silver. A splendid article about Mae appears in the Psychology magazine for May; it's very good.

Charley Chase, Hal Roach comedian, sailed recently for a vacation in Europe. Before leaving Culver City, he signed a new long-term contract to star in a series of comedies upon his return in June. This is the comedian's first pleasure trip abroad, and he intends to visit London, Paris and Berlin. His last picture was "Arabian Tights." Chase has been with Hal Roach for ten years, and, in wishing him luck for another 10, we wish he'd make use of, in one of his next comedies, of one of Broadway's shapeliest models,—Evelyn Lynn. A smile like a million dollars and legs that can't be beat; youth and beauty. And she can add comedy, if she wants to, to M-G-M pictures.

Again Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" scooped the entire field. The May issue appeared on the newsstands announcing the arrival of Greta Garbo in United States territory the very day she went through the Panama Canal. Rumor has it that she'll get $350,000 apiece for two flickers she'll do for M-G-M. According to our correspondent, she was an aloof figure on the bridge of the motorship Annie Johnson when it passed through the Panama Canal en route from Sweden to Los Angeles. She would not be interviewed and she would not permit her picture to be taken, Swedish sailors barring reporters and photographers.

Three former actress stars played glorified extra roles last week in Bill Boyd's Radio-RKO film "Emergency Call." They were Alberta Vaughn, Helene Chadwick and Merna Kennedy. Alberta was a switchboard girl in the police hospital and Merna a hospital file clerk. Some of the other good-looking girls who played nurse bits really are nurses from Hollywood hospitals.

Besides Boyd, Bill Gargan, Wynne Gibson and Betty Furness, who got her first publicity start in films from this magazine, are in this film, the high spot of which comes when the ambulance driver and surgeon find the police
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

hospital has been tricked into using condemned and useless supplies provided by a grafting contractor (Edwin Maxwell). One of the pals finally dies through relying on condemned ether.

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, who were co-starred in “Red Dust,” will again be paired by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in “Black Orange Blossoms,” according to announcement from this company. The new production is based on an original screen play by Anita Loos and Howard Emmett Rogers and will be directed by Sam Wood. The cast includes Stuart Erwin, Dorothy Burgess, Barbara Barondess and Leila Bennett, and production is scheduled to start immediately.

Despite the fact that she suffered a broken hip in a fall from a horse nearly two years ago, horseback riding is still one of Joan Bennett’s favorite pastimes. . . On of Betty Furness’ hobbies is making her own clothes; and yet that beautiful RKO star is a judge in the “Buy American” fashion contest announced in this issue on page 25.

Clara Bow is having a great time looking after the welfare of her twin 9-year-old cousins, Johnny and Lillian Bow, who accompanied her from New York for a six months’ vacation in California. Johnny went with Miss Bow’s husband, Rex Bell, on an inspection visit to the ranch on the California-Nevada line and Johnny became so excited about ranching that he is still there, living with the foreman and his wife.

Elissa Landi, with three novels to her credit and a fourth nearly completed, does all her writing in longhand. Her first magazine cover publicity, in full colors, was given to her by BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD “MOVIES,” and she’s proud of that cover.

Marian Nixon often goes on a diet heavily supplemented by milk in order to keep her weight at its proper figure. To relieve the monotony of straight milk, ice cream and milk shakes, she often mixes it with soda pop—honestly. . . Eugene Thackery, who deserted the newspaper game to become technical adviser to Gregory La Cava during the filming, not long ago, of “Gabriel Over the White House,” has been signed by Merlan C. Cooper, as an addition to RKO’s writing staff in the Radio Studies. . . . In addition to being a better than average good shot with a polo mallet, Will Rogers is known as one of the hardest riding players in Southern California. Occasionally he takes a bad spill but so far, with the exception of a broken hand, he has suffered no real injury. . . “Thrown Out of Joint,” RKO’s comedy starring Harry Sweet, is said to be the first screen production conceived and partially written in the clouds,—high above the Mojave Desert, in California.

George O’Brien, Fox’s Western star, is back in Hollywood, to resume work after a three-months vacation abroad. He starts now in “Life in the Rain,” to be followed by “The Lost Trail.”

Rita LaRoy, who appeared as Marlene Dietrich’s rival in “The Blonde Venus,” and Morgan Wallace, well known screen and stage character actor, are in the cast of Miss Diet-

LYNN BROWNING, in Warner’s “42nd Street”
rich's new Paramount picture, "The Song of Songs." The film, adapted from Herrmann Sudermann's novel, was directed by Rooben Mamoulian. In the cast are Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright and Helen Freeman.

Grete Meyer, German comedienne, who was Grete Garbo's maid in "Grand Hotel," has been signed for an important role in "Jennie Gerhardt." B. P. Schulberg's picturization of Theodore Dreiser's famous novel.

Some of the best of the recent broadcasts have been Father Charles Coughlin's Sunday sermons and discourses; the sea stories by Cameron King; the poetry half hour on WOR on Sunday mornings by A. M. Sullivan; and Robert Kelson's wonderful singing on the Saturday afternoon "beer" program on WOR.

The increase in attendance, in spite of the warmer weather, is an indication that the movie industry will be able to hold its own over the summer. And, speaking of summer—reminds us that many a stage and screen star has gone to Atlantic City, N. J., unobserved, to enjoy a rest of quiet and peace—stopping at the Hotel Ludy, just off the Boardwalk.

Franchon Tone's work in "Gabriel Over the White House" and "Today We Live" has resulted in a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, according to announcement from the Culver City studios. Tone made his New York stage debut in "The Age of Innocence," with Katharine Cornell. His most recent stage play was "Success Story." At present he is finishing "Strangers Return," with Miriam Hopkins, Lionel Barrymore and Stuart Erwin, under direction of King Vidor, recent ex-husband of Eleanor Boardman.

A splendid crayon drawing of Jimmy "Snoozle" Durante, in connection with an article on personalities of famous people, in the May issue of Psychology, the only worthwhile publication in the field of practical and applied psychology—published in New York City. And while we're on the subject of "personality," let's pay a tribute to youthful and shapely June Glory who is making a name and fame for herself for her "bit" in Warner's "Gold Diggers of 1933."

"Never Give a Sucker a Break" is the title for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture formerly known as "Accidents Wanted." Lee Tracy is the star, and the cast includes Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans and Frank Morgan. The new film is based on an original story by Courtenay Terret.

Sally Eilers sailed from New York on the Ile De France on April 29, for a six weeks' vacation before returning to make another Fox production. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon sailed with her.

"Doubtful Lady" will be Constance Bennet's next RKO Radio starring vehicle following completion of "Bed of Roses," now finishing production. Kenyon Nicholson wrote the screen play.

William Goetz is the associate producer for the new Bennett production for RKO.

Colleen Moore's hobby of raising roses has been rewarded by the announcement in Hollywood that she had been awarded two first-prize ribbons for her exhibits at the Bel-Air Garden Club Show in Hollywood. She was once reported, in the papers, to have been "friendly" with ex-mayor Jimmy Walker of New York City.

The actress, who is returning to the screen after an absence of three years in "The Power and the Glory," opposite Spencer Tracy, has 63 varieties of roses in her gardens and is known in horticultural circles for her dahlias.

Wheeler and Woolsey, now making a personal appearance tour around the world, are mixing business with pleasure in more ways than one.

The RKO Radio Pictures comedy stars are to make, on their return, a picture from a story based on their adventures on their globe trot, it was announced by Merian C. Cooper, executive producer.

H. N. Swanson has been assigned as associate producer and is preparing the story idea which will go into production on the return of the comedians in about three months. Their picture "So Thin Is Africa" for Columbia was a real money maker.

"Diplomaniacs," completed just prior to their departure, is now rated as rather poor junk by many critics.

Before starting work in his newest Fox production, "The Last Adam," from the novel by James Gould Cozzens, Will Rogers flew to New York from Hollywood to begin a series of seven Sunday night broadcasts over the NBC network.

At the conclusion of these radio talks he returns to the coast to make "The Last Adam," which will be followed immediately by "Green Dice," the screen version of The Saturday Evening Post story by Anne Cameron. Mr. Rogers' last film appearance was in "State Fair." Since that time he has concerned himself mostly in giving benefit performances in California for the relief of the earthquake sufferers. Our western representative, M. A. R., informs us that the lighter quakes and tremors kept up for some time—a matter of weeks, off and on, after the worst of the earthquakes which almost destroyed Long Beach, Cal.

Stephen Roberts, whose signed article appears in this edition, having finished "The Story of Temple Drake," has Miriam Hopkins, has been given a similar assignment for "One Sunday Afternoon," in which Gary Cooper is starred.

Norman McLeod, director of the Four Marx Brothers in "Horsefeathers," has taken charge of "Mama Loves Papa," in which Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland will head a comedy cast. Production on both pictures has begun.

McClelland Barclay, illustrator; Faith Baldwin, novelist, and Bryant Baker, sculptor, have been named as the international committee to set the beauty standards by which Paramount will select fifteen young men and fifteen young women from the United States and other English-speaking countries of the world, to come to Hollywood this summer and appear in a production entitled "A Search for Beauty." A flood of wires, telegrams, qualifications, blanks, cables and phone calls from screen aspirants throughout the world is being received at the rate of more than 100 daily at the Paramount studios and New York offices as the result of the announcement of the contest; the organization being aided, of course, by this monthly magazine.

Feeder Challapin, renowned Russian basso, will tilt at windmills for the benefit of United Artists, it was announced by Arthur W. Kelly, Vice President of U. A. in charge of foreign distribution. His company will release "Don Quixote," the English talking picture made in Paris with an international cast.

The picture, which brings the celebrated basso's voice to the world of motion pictures, has as its leading woman Sydney Fox, Hollywood star, and it also includes in its cast George Robey, internationally-known English comedian. It was directed by W. F. Pabst for Vandor and Nelson Films.

(Continued on page 52)
Clip Them Out, Olga!
CLEVELAND, OHIO.—I am very much interested about the movie stars that you write up about. Would it be very much trouble if you personally sent me a photo or two? I would appreciate this very much. I would like the following: Elissa Landi, Clark Gable, Lewis Ayres, John Gilbert and Charles Farrell. I'm very enthusiastic about all of these, and if possible could you send me a brief write-up story about each one? Please! Thank you very much and won't you please send the star's photos to me?
—Olga Pelowany.

Tax Plan for the Air
PATERSON, N. J.—The unfairness of the tax—the government exacts one dollar from every ten taken in by theatres and movie houses,—and this is outside of the other state, city and federal taxes, brings to my mind a suggestion for raising revenue which ought to be bringing in a tidy sum every year. If the radio broadcasting stations are able to collect thousands of dollars an hour from their advertisers, and if the advertisers are able to pay upward of $5,000 an hour to so-called comedians, alleged orchestras, theatrical singers and the like, then it would seem they could pay a proportionate tax on the usage of the air, in addition to the income and license taxes now paid. With over 500 stations operating in this country an average of eight hours a day, and most of the time paid for by advertisers, it seems probable that an average of about $50 per hour per station could be collected in taxes—each station to be taxed in proportion to the amount of its business, its prominence, its advertising facilities, etc. At $50 an hour per station, $200,000 a day would be collected, or $73,000,000 a year. If the radio advertisers kicked, there are plenty of high class magazines in which they could place their messages.
—Dr. T.

Written from Whiting
WHITING, IND.—If all the good magazines were laid out in a row, your magazine would get up and sneer at the rest of them. Yes sir! The BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" is the best money can buy.
I have been reading your magazine for nearly two years with great interest and enjoyment. And now, dear editor, I ask you for a little favor. Please publish a picture and a story about the beautiful and excellent actress, Anita Page.
While writing this letter, I must express my admiration for that lovely, grand, charming person, Anita Page. Wishing Miss Page and your magazine the best of success, I remain,
—Johnny Labus.

Greta G. Versus Karen M.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA.—Once more the beautiful Karen Morley shows she can lick Greta Garbo to a "fare-you-well." She did it in "Gabriel Over the White House," which is, in my opinion, one of the best pictures M-G-M has ever released. It is something every red-blooded man and woman should see, without fail. That is, if they give a d—n about the future of these United States.
—Mary S. Hadsett.

Style Section Satisfies Sonia
NORRISTOWN, PA.—The three pages you devoted to Broadway and Hollywood fashions in your fourth anniversary number were wonderful. With such magnificent stores as John Wanamaker, Strawbridge and Clothier, Boggs and Buhl, and others, in Pennsylvania, you certainly have some first class department stores cooperating with you in the content. Personally, I'm going to visit the Philadelphia stores soon to take a look at the dresses and bathing suits before I send in my answer to the Fashion Contest Editor.
—Sonia C. Malloy.

Likes Anita Page
WATERTOWN, N. Y.—I have purchased your magazine for the past two years, and like it the best of all movie magazines; it is full of truth and pictorial interest. Really, you deserve credit for printing the best pictures of movie actresses. But I would like to see more pictures of Anita Page; she is my favorite of all the screen stars. I admired the pictures of Joan Blondell which were "located" in recent issues of your magazine. Please print the same sort of Anita Page, M-G-M star; and less pictures of Greta Garbo. Thank you!
—Harold Seaman.

Thanks, Mrs. Ables!
DENTON, TEXAS.—You shall have the truth and nothing but the truth about the BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD "Movies" magazine.
I think it is a very clever magazine and don't mind telling you I enjoy every word in it, but I do mind the bother of trying to buy it at the stands, besides being one of the best movie magazines on the market for news about Hollywood and the stars, it is the hardest to get. Why? Photoplay, Picture Play and Motion Picture are always prompt. Is it sold out too quick?
I would like very much to know where and what happened to the April issue.
—Mrs. Earl O. Ables.

Likes Lunnon's Likenesses
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—The portraits of Gloria Stuart and Wera Engels by Lieut. James Lunnons are really superb; and you deserve a whole of credit for your colorful covers. Can't we have one on Betty Furness soon? She's in "Emergency Call."
—Mrs. David Smith Young.

Wants to Correspond
CHICAGO, ILL.—I am very happy to find a magazine that's different from the usual type one sees on sale at all magazine dealers. This is the BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies" magazine which I personally think is the finest magazine on sale for the price.
I like the way everything is set; photographs especially. I admired the photographs of Gloria Stuart and Cary Grant. I am asking you if you will help me obtain friends from everywhere, whether it be male or female. I will answer all letters personally to anybody who dispatches me a letter to 3444 West 23rd Street. I wish you all the sales in the world.
—Edward Ordinski.

Fire Foreign Films!
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why, of course, deport all foreign movie stars, and give our home talent its rightful due. France didn't let Texas Guinan in. With recent film importations, compare Shearer, Nixon, Gaynor, Young, Elppers, Crawford, Rex, the Bennett sisters, Chatterton, Harding, Daniels and dear Mary Pickford. I don't want masculinity in my female performers, and I want to be able to understand what they say. Let them all "go home now."
—Movies Fan.

EDITORIAL NOTE: Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer are both Canadian born, and "Movies Fan" should stick to home-born talent if discriminating lines are to be drawn.
These garments, which represent the last word in style, are being worn by the stars of the stage and screen, and by movie fans as well. They have just been displayed at the famous Annual Summer Fashion Show at the Waldorf Astoria, by the Fashion Originators Guild, New York City.

Below: Daytime costume of blue sheer, using a check silk knitted fabric in the blouse, trimming the hat with the same. A touch of novelty is found in the check fabric gloves. Shown by Kallman and Cohn, Inc, N. Y. C.; and might be suitable for types like Doris Kenyon, Irene Rich or Mary Brian.

Above: a formal "Dinner" with a jacket for the "Cocktail" party before. Black and white check crepe, with sleeve flanges of brilliant red. Would look well on the Joan Crawford, Bernice Claire or Betty Furness types. Shown by Myron Herbert and Charles Cooper, Inc., N. Y. C.

An afternoon dress, shown above, of brown and white oakleaf printed silk—using the oak leaf as a design for the pique ruff collar. Gloves and hat are also of white pique. A type, shown by H. Renner Gowns, Inc., N. Y. C., which would be especially suitable for Bebe Daniels or Lili Damita.

Original Broadway and Hollywood Fashions
Entre ciaz et Sept,—so styles the designer of the above, — a navy sheer with white pique. An attractive model suitable for such screen stars as Rene Adoree, Kay Francis or Patricia Ellis. Shown by Herman Florshheimer and Brother, Inc., N. Y. C., Veiled turban by Tappe, N. Y. C.

Photographs by Joel Feder Studios, Inc.
Sheila Terry

SHEILA TERRY has been announced as secretly engaged for so long by the press, that at last she's actually gone and done it. Or has she? June Brewster recently received eight telegrams in one day from her New York boy friend. Warm, eh?

Eleanor Boardman, whose "rare talents" Paramount was once so touchy about, is just about cleared of King Vidor via the divorce route. . . . Miss Betty Compton, stage and screen actress and "traveling secretary companion" of the author of "Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?" recently denied, most indignantly, that she and James J. Walker, former Mayor of New York, would marry as soon as Walker receives official notice of his wife's divorce in Florida. "It is not so easy to marry in France as in America," she said. . . . So they were married.

Ruth Gillette, musical comedy actress, must struggle along without alimony until trial of her suit to divorce Rowland Robbins, wealthy cosmetics manufacturer, Superior Judge D. S. Valentine ruled in Hollywood recently. She was allowed $40 monthly for an adopted child. Robbins and his present wife, Pearl Dannenberg Robbins, in an answer to her action assert Miss Gillette was awarded an absolute decree of divorce at Juarez, Mexico, last Dec. 7, following which they were married.

Watch for another divorce announcement soon—one of the cinema colony's popular blondes. We've promised to keep it quiet for a week or so. . . . The former Fay Lamphier who was a movie actress and "Miss America" in 1925, recently gave birth to a daughter at her Oakland, Cal., home.

Jack Haley and Flo McFadden are expecting the stork. . . . Marguerite Knight, shape-ly showgirl with the Hollywood Restaurant-Cabaret Revue, seems to be on "engagement" terms with Mike Durso. . . . The "Webb" has been spun and the Rudy Valles are to be separated, possibly divorced!

The sickliness of Fannie Todd Mitchell, beautiful blonde Broadway playwright, which has cluttered up court calendars with five different suits, in New York, recently aroused the ire of Justice Paul Bonygne, in Brooklyn.

Denying a motion to strike out certain allegations made by her third husband, Seymour A. Woolner, Peoria, Ill., millionaire, who has accused her second husband, Leon Leonidoff, Radio City impresario, of stealing her love, Justice Bonygne declared:

"To a detached onlooker this torrent of litigation appears to be both futile and vexatious. Five suits for annulment, criminal conversation, alienation of affections and divorce constitute the harvest of a fickle woman's election to quit her second husband and return to her first. Lawyers do not enhance the reputation of their profession by encouraging such folly."

The legal-love tangle had its beginning in Reno last October when the playwright divorced Leonidoff and immediately married Woolner. Returning to New York, they lived in apparent wedded and passionate bliss until February of this year, when she met the Radio City dance master again and returned to him.

The legal tangle to date is:

Mrs. Fannie Todd Mitchell Leonidoff Woolner sued for annulment and then dropped the case.

Leonidoff filed suit for annulment of her marriage to Woolner, declaring papers were not served on him in her Reno divorce action. Leonidoff also sued Woolner for $50,000 for alienation of affections. Woolner countered with a $250,000 suit charging love theft and a $500,000 suit charging criminal conversation.

And then the Peoria millionaire sued for divorce. But we've got to admit she's pretty a-plenty!

Announcement recently made along the Great White Way, of the engagement of Ruth Avon, screen possibility and Roseland dance hall hostess, to Count Paul de Montefiore, supposedly wealthy French aristocrat with extensive property in Montreal, created no end of a furor in Montreal social circles.

Montreal dispatches revealed that the Count, who is also known there as Nick Wise-man, Paul Stone and Paul de Montefiore, was reared in the humble abode of a Mrs. Rose Stone and had never shown any royal tendencies until after he'd grown up. Then he had acquired a fortune which, at his own estimate, totaled $1,250,000.

The Canadian dispatches also said that the Count had recently announced that his fortune has been badly depleted by gouging blackmailers.

But Miss Avon, who lives at 117 Post Ave., and who won a beauty prize in a Lake Hopatcong beauty contest some years ago, insists the wedding is on—but the date still undetermined.

Mena Kennedy, red-headed film actress, recently announced, in Hollywood, Cal., her engagement to Harry Busby Berkeley (William Berkeley Enos), dance director. Miss Kennedy said the marriage would take place this summer in Hawaii. She was Chaplin's leading woman in "The Circus" and played the lead in the film "Broadway." At one time she was announced as fiancee of James Hall, film actor.

Mr. Miller, Dorothy Mackaill's husband, has given up theatricals and radio work and has gone into the newspaper game. They're still happily married. . . . Gary and Dixon, the two new sensational dancers at the Paradise Restaurant-Cabaret on Broadway, appear to be madly in love with each other and don't give a damn who finds it out! . . . Al Hall, and Eileen Percy are going places and doing things together. Al's a screen actor and author. . . . Rumor has it that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are plenty warm about each other. Both work for M-G-M.

Alice Joyce, former stage and screen star, and Clarence Brown, noted movie director were secretly married the last Wednesday in March, at Virginia City, Nevada. Mrs. Brown announced she had "relinquished" her cinema career in favor of domesticity. Her two daughters by a previous marriage will live with her in Hollywood.

Miss Joyce's friendship with Brown flourishes until after he'd grown up. Then he had acquired a fortune which, at his own estimate, totaled $1,250,000.

The Canadian dispatches also said that the Count had recently announced that his fortune has been badly depleted by gouging blackmailers.
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

ished during intermissions in the filming of "Looking Forward," a picture which he directed at the M-G-M studios.

It was the third matrimonial venture for both of them. Miss Joyce's first husband was Tom Moore, himself a screen luminary. Her second was James B. Regan, Jr., son of the proprietor of the old Knickerbocker Hotel in New York.

Brown has a daughter by his first marriage residing in Philadelphia. His first wife, a former New York showgirl, divorced him four years ago, obtaining a $100,000 property settlement. Miss Joyce filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing her assets at $34,755 and liabilities, $47,794, so Brown wouldn't be responsible for her past debts.

Gloria Shea is no more the beautiful young blonde ingenue; she's been Mrs. Bernie Toplitsky for some time—a fact which isn't generally known on the Warner-First National lots.... Barbara Snyder, of the swell show put up by the Hollywood Restaurant-Cabaret on the main stem, seems to be violently in love with Eddie McClain, prize fighter.... Jerry Baker, WMCA's "singing bachelor" has been secretly married for over a year. Why the camouflage, J. B.?

A seven-pound son was born recently to Louise Fazenda, film comedienne, and her husband, Hal B. Wallis, movie executive. Mother and child are doing well in Hollywood. Miriam Hopkins, Stephen Roberts' star in "The Story of Temple Drake," is now being courted by Charles Bechan, they say.

Norman Foster moved into a beach house, recently, near Hollywood, Cal. He's the husband of Claudette Colbert, French-born star who is shown on this page being "man-handled" by Fredric March. Claudette originally planned to be married at the judge's office.

In applying for a marriage license, Miss Fox gave her age as 30. Riskin listed his at 45, and Russia as his birthplace.

Mr. and Mrs. Riskin will make their home in New York after a short vacation in Florida.

Bette Davis tells us she's still quite happily married.... If you want to find out who's had a baby or who is getting engaged; or to read about "who's who" in the divorce actions, (as far as it affects folks of the stage and screen), you'll find it regularly in the "Split and Splices" column of this magazine.

Ona Munson, shapely cinema queen, plans another trip to the altar; this time it's Stewart MacDonald. It's a race between respective storks. Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen,—the latter being married to Jobyna Ralston, both, now working on a Paramount movie founded on the Collegiate Wit (magazine) idea, expect soon to be proud papas. Bing is married to Dixie Lee.

(Continued on page 57)

Fredric March, and Claudette Colbert (separated from Norman Foster?) endeavor to work out a "Hi-Lo" puzzle. Fredric appears to have the "situation" well "in hand" even though the Marines haven't landed.
MORE than 1200 extras in Hollywood have been engaged for work in Fox's "It's Great To Be Alive," featuring Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart, Edna May Oliver, Herbert Mundin, Joan Marsh and Dorothy Burgess. In addition, the casting head of the studio is searching out 100 of the film centre's most beautiful girls for the production which has musical interludes. Screen opportunities constantly come: it is the business of our Casting Office to keep track of the needs of the stage and screen producing companies. In doing so, we'll make photos of you without any charge!

Recently, for example, Grace Bradley, one of the pretty girls at the Paradise Restaurant (and Cabaret), the "Continental Revue," to be exact, was pointed out to one of our Casting Directors, who felt she had a chance. N. T. C. had brought her east from Hollywood; she had to, like many others, really get her first opportunity from New York; now she's had a Fox screen test and will shortly be on her way to the coast again. Broadway and Hollywood "movies" is constantly alert for any chances whereby they may be able to help young men and women to screen careers; this is NOT an advertising or circulating scheme.

This service, however, is reserved solely for those who are really anxious to get positions as extras, bit players, stars or featured players in the film world,—or who wish to pose for well known artists, sculptors, designers and commercial photographers.

Our files are open to proprietors of, or qualified representatives of,—vaudeville booking offices, film casting directors, producers of stage and screen shows, portrait painters, stage directors and theatrical casting directors; and to no others. It is kept clean, up-to-date, and orderly; and for that reason we do NOT accept photographs which are tiny and hand-colored; nor do we accept any pictures which are rolled.

There is no charge for registering with our offices,—simply mail your letter or package containing your photograph,—to The Casting Director, care of BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES," 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and we will do the rest. But the coupon, which we print in this magazine almost every month, must be filled out clearly, neatly and in detail. (You may prepare a copy like it, if you wish; but the Qualifications Blank must be sent in here.)

This is NOT an employment agency; there are no fees whatever; you need not be a subscriber. Miss Doris Mayer, who somewhat resembles Ruby Keeler, the Canadian-born star, wasn't a subscriber. She sings, dances and plays the piano.

Janet Beade, whose picture appeared in this magazine some months ago, was recommend- ed and endorsed by our own casting directors for movie work; now she's to do short subjects for Warner Brothers and First National. . . . Gloria Billie Harding, very recently fea- tured in a well known musical comedy, and a stunningly beautiful model if there ever was one, would make an ideal subject for motion picture work,—as a Spanish type or Hawaiian half-caste type; has an interesting voice, a million dollar smile, and a winning personality. Pretty hands, and dances divinely. Good figure, and a Seventh Avenue, New York, beauty.

Virginia Griglier, of Chicago

Mari Colman, just 21 years of age, and a recruit from Broadway, never had seen a movie studio until recently. We're especially proud of the fact that she's just landed in Hollywood, having recently joined the Films stock company. We're always on the lookout for talent from Broadway. . . . Claire Sprick- ler, an art student at the Traphagen School on Broadway, is a model of rare beauty; delicate, patrician hands, and gorgeously expressive eyes. Dark brown hair; German extraction; hails from Douglaston, L. I., and, like Betty Furness, RKO luminary who comes from the same town, designs her own clothes.

Margaret Reynolds, photographed at the Grace Salon of Art on Broadway, N. Y. City, is an attractive young miss of over seventeen years. Has had considerable practise in dramatic work, and dances fairly well. Comes from Queens Village, L. I., . . . Evelyn Lynn, dark-haired and dark-eyed beauty from Barrow St., Jersey City, N. J., is an attractive queen. At present in fashion shows, and posing for famous artists. Has a rarely beautiful figure; swims well and is an excellent dancer. Genuine smile, good teeth, and large, dark eyes. . . . Elsie Johnson, dancing in- structress, formerly of Richmond, Va., has already appeared in brief motion picture se- quences and her figure, stately and shapely, is a real and a real blessing to the silver screen. At present on Broadway as a dance instructor at the Parisian.

Sally Burg, well known along Broadway as a "blues" singer, with a background of stock company experience, cabaret entertaining and musical comedy, would make a real "bet" for stage or screen work where a pretty and youthful blonde type was required.—a young actress with an especially fine voice. That's Sally all over; she dances well, too; and is as shapely as they make 'em.

June Brewster, beautiful New York show girl, who plays a bit in "Goldie," a Lili Damita starring vehicle, which J. G. Bach- mann produced for RKO Radio release, has been picked by director Mal St. Clair as a girl with a very promising screen future. If tests prove satisfactory St. Clair will give the
Sometimes girls get a break by way of contests; sometimes they’re personally recommended, (in confidential messages) to the studio executives. Sometimes they’re discovered by directors, and sometimes, though rarely, they crash in to Hollywood of their own initiative. Sometimes two of these combinations are clicking. Vernie Hillie, Detroit’s, finalist in the Panther Woman contest conducted not so long ago, recently signed a featured player’s contract with Paramount; this brings the number of girls benefited by the search to four. Kathleen Burke won the role in “Island of Lost Souls,” while Gail Patrick and Lora Andre recently were given acting contracts.

A real, honest-to-goodness beauty and society type is Miss Whitney Bourne. This youthful attractive maiden is the daughter of Mrs. Harvey Dow Gibbon. She is 18, a young woman of poise, charm and intelligence who says, “I want to be a tragedienne.” The product of finishing schools and a drama course at the Theatre de l’Atelier in Paris, she got her first Broadway part a few weeks ago, that of Anni, the Bavarian maid, in “Firebird,” by “bothering Gilbert Miller to death.”

Alice Torney, beautiful and young, and an employee of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company in N. Y. C., might do well in pictures if given a chance. She photographs well.

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MARYLAND
Baltimore.—Hochchild-Kohn Co.
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Minneapolis.—New Hennepin Studio, 727 Hennepin Ave.
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Dr. L. R. Holmes
1025 Fleche Building
San Francisco
“cracker” until the scientist brought his wife down from the North, and it was she who carted along several selections of the Modern Library. Jason then succumbed to Tennison—the “Idylls” and not the more prosaic “Ulysses.” Out of this Southern tribute to schoolin’, Mrs. Ball found her drama, and the result was set forth amid the temporary and crackling pine cones of the stage. Mr. Ewell had the role of Jason Williams.

The scientist is shot, and there are complications the reporting of which is not for us in this monthly. Suffice it,—the climax comes when the widow tells Jason thereof, when the widow tells Jason that his ship may come in one day. She hints that the golden fleece sought by that other Jason was perhaps self-sacrifice, service—and very likely it was, too. However, while very little about the Florida backwoods boy can be known this far up in the effete North, it does sometimes seem that he is just a shade over-noble. Even under the influence of larin’ and Tennison. And so, on the whole, “Strange Gods” did not appear destined for a long stay near Broadway.

MAN BITES DOG.—It was a wild sort of place to be employed in, this “Daily Tab” office, as staged at the Lyceum Theatre by Thoron Bamberger and Bernard Klawans. The comedy drama was written by Don Lochbiller and Arthur Barlow. Will be reviewed in detail when we’ve had a chance to “catch the show out front.” In the cast are Leo Donnelly, who’s been in the movies, Raymond Wallburn, Martin Gabel, Wm. Cowan, Victor Killian, Don Beddoo, Phil Sheridan, Horace McMahon, Millard Mitchell, John Griggs, Dan Carey, Charles Walton, Jay Adler, Owen Martin, James Kearney, Lawrence O’Brien, Leo Needham, Lillian Herlein, Gertrude Flynn, Jack Stone and Dennie Moore.

Plenty exciting; reputed to be good and worth seeing and hearing.

THE 3-PENNY OPERA.—A musical comedy of the fast moving variety with tuneful melodies and pretty girls galore. Jack Haley and Jack Whiting, both of movie fame, work it all out with Ethel Merman, sensational torch singer and “hot mome” of the radio and vaudeville stage. June Knight, of stage and screen fame, who is one of the best dressed women of Broadway and Hollywood, lends a needed and helping hand to the production offered by Schwab and D’Sylva at the Apollo Theatre, New York City. Sid Silvers and th youthful and extremely graceful and beauteous Mitzi Mayfair complete an ensemble of stars which makes the admission price a thing to forget. On the whole, it’s something you’ll enjoy, and remember and enjoy again.

STRANGE GODS.—Sad to say, this is the artificial type of melodrama which is now passe. Written by Jessica Ball and produced at the Ritzy Theatre, N. Y. City; settings by P. Dodd Ackerman. In the cast we find Mary Horne, John B. Litel, Richard Ewell, Fred Miller, Ralph Theodor, Donald Randolph, Herbert Heywood and Vera Allen.

It was the “Strange Gods” of larin’ that did for Jason Williams and toward the end almost cost him his life. Jason was a Florida
VIVIAN REID,
JUNE VLASEK
and JANET
CHANDLER in
Fox Films
Music from "Adorable," the musical romance featuring Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat, will be played in another Fox production. "My First Love to Last," is being used as a dance tune in "I Loved You Wednesday," in which Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi have the leading roles. The life story of the great Henry appears in this edition.

Paris motion picture theatres have adopted Mickey Mouse for other than screen purposes. The large majority of movie houses in the French capital are small, the result being that the "Standing Room Only" sign is often out. Only, instead of "S.R.O." the sign reads "Complex." And boys garbed as Mickey Mouse hold the signs in nearly all the theatres.

The cycling and skating club formed by Loretta Young already has forty-seven recruits from among the most popular players in Hollywood. Among those who have signed up under the First National player's invitation are Patricia Ellis, Joan Blondell, Sheila Terry, June Carlisle, Sally Ellers, Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Jack Oakie, Claire Dodd, Glenn Ford, Marcel DeSantis, and Helen Vinson. The club's first jaunt will be a spin to one of the nearby resorts with the picnic ingredients carried on "butcher boy" bicycles equipped with large basket carriers. Loretta, who was a hit in "Zoo in Budapest," is to be co-starred with Victor Jory in "The Devil's in Love,"—screen version of "The Consul Be Damned."

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**HOLLYWOOD MOVIES**

Long is the arm of coincidence—and sometimes grim!

For just before his sudden and unexpected demise in Hollywood, Edgar Wallace, noted British author, wrote what he believed to be the greatest mystery story of his career. And strangely enough, its title was "The Death Watch."

Marian C. Cooper, executive producer of RKO Radio Pictures, to which studio Wallace was under contract when he died, announced that "The Death Watch" is to go into production immediately, with Marian Dix assigned to do the screen play. Irving Pichel has been commissioned to direct it.

"Arizona to Broadway," the story originally intended for Will Rogers, got under way May 15 with James Dunn and Joan Bennett in the leading roles. James Tining is directing it for Fox.

"Life in the Raw," starring George O'Brien, a Zane Grey Western, will be directed by Louis King.

Currently five features are finishing production. These are: "The Power and the Glory," with Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore and Ralph Morgan; "My Lips Betray," with Lilian Harvey and John Boles; "Hold Me Tight," with James Dunn and Sally Eilers; "I Loved You Wednesday," with Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi, and "Berkeley Square," the Jesse L. Lasky production starring Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.


Jeannette MacDonald, now in Paris on a vacation, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her first picture will be "The Cat and the Fiddle," in which she will have the feminine lead opposite Ramon Novarro. Miss MacDonald is due back in this country early in August. The Philadelphia girl's motion pictures include "The Love Parade," "Monte Carlo," "Love Me Tonight," "The Vagabond King," and "Bride 66."

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Gertrude Michael
(Continued from page 17)

After a year of hard "grind" there she won a scholarship to the much renowned Cincinnati, O., Conservatory of Music. Packing her trunks she headed north to the Buckeye State and there took up advanced studies in violin, piano and dramatics,—her youthful ambition having been to be a great concert musician.

In all of her work her best studies were in English and in music, but she did not neglect athletics and daily exercise. She joined the Girl Scouts when a younger and attended all of the camps, winning awards for proficiency and deportment. These camps often found Gertrude the "life of the party" 'round the campfire, playing on the banjo or guitar and singing to a group of girls.

She is particularly fond of golf, tennis, horseback riding and swimming,—the latter sport being responsible, I believe, for her splendid physical development and comely form.

Her indoor recreations are dancing and attending the theatre,—one of her favorite stage and screen plays having been "Grand Hotel." She loves gardenias, and makes a hobby of collecting first editions of old books. Another "yen" Gertrude has is to write, and to compose music. Her travel in Cuba, Mexico and throughout the United States has added to her education, but her principal background for future success has been several years of experience on the legitimate stage.

Th "A, B, C's" of her education were by no means complete until she had a hard, grueling training in Cincinnati, in stock company work, and in Broadway successes. From Alabama, then Broadway and now California,—an A, B, C of "ladder climbing" which has made this featured player the envy of many of her southern sisters.

She appeared in companies of "Dracula," "Broken Dishes," and the original Broadway company of Rachael Crothers' famous national success, now being made into a movie, "Caught Wet." At the conclusion of a successful run of this dramatic comedy along the Great White Way, "The Round Up," famous western play, was being revived, and no one else would do for the role of Echo Allen, leading lady, but Gertrude Michael.

FAT GIRLS PLAY ALONE

There's no question about it, the slender girls, those with slim figures, are the popular ones. Fat girls are out of the picture.

But why be fat? There's no good reason for it now. Not when you can lose excess fat safely, surely and pleasantly.

A famous laboratory, working with specialists in weight reduction, has perfected a system which makes fat disappear in a few short weeks.

It is called the Harvin System and may be obtained at any drug store. Simply ask for a package of Mint-flavored Harvin Salts. Take half a teaspoonful of them in a glass of water every morning and follow the Harvin Plan. Then watch fat melt away.

Harvin Salts hasten slenderness by stimulating sluggish glands — the cause of 80% of overweight. They also help by ridding your intestinal tract of waste and impurities, and by preventing excessive acidity.

Harvin Salts are as pleasant to take as an after-dinner mint and the Harvin Plan allows you to have the foods you enjoy most. Even sweets are not denied. Yet your weight is under scientific control at all times. Start this pleasant way to a slender figure today. Send $0.50 in stamps or money order for a package of Mint-flavored Harvin Salts.
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

Win a Summer Wardrobe

(Continued from page 25)

Third from the right: Simple and serene as the pale Victorian ladies of half a century ago is "Miss Hollywood," in a gown of organdy, with a Peter Pan neckline and hundreds of pleats and frills. Such a dress, in such charmingly youthful lines, is American made,—right in New York City, by George Jacobson.

You've heard of the internationally famous Van Raalte Company, of 295 Fifth Ave., New York! Van Raalte's contribution to our American fashions is "Singlette." Such a wispy, silken sheath is flattering to the plastic figure so much cultivated by the fashionable younger set. (See photo at left, bottom of page 25.)

The entire wardrobe we've just mentioned will be given, absolutely free, to at least 111 young women in various communities throughout the United States,—by the department stores. Here are the conditions:

1. Write a single letter to the Fashion Editor of BROADWAY and HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" in which you state, in not more than 175 words and not less than 75 words, your answer to the following questions:
   a. Why do you think these four outfits, comprising the Summer Wardrobe, are especially suitable to "Miss Hollywood"?
   b. What famous motion picture star do you think would look especially well in these styles?
   c. Why do you feel that this Summer Wardrobe would be especially suitable for you?
   d. Write in ink, or typewriter, on one side of the paper only; neatly and legibly.
   e. Your full name and address must appear, distinctly, on your reply.
   f. You need not be a subscriber to this magazine, or obliged to go to the department store in your community and look at the Summer Wardrobe, although it will help you in preparing your answer. Copies of the magazine may be examined at our office, 1450 Broadway, New York City, and at Public Libraries.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate outfits will be awarded the contestants.

Judges are Betty Furness, pretty RKO star, Mary A. Roberts, Hollywood representative of this magazine and an authority on styles, and Boots Mallory, Fox Film star. Their decision is to be final as to the best written letters. Neatness will count.

10. The contest closes at midnight on the first day of Summer, June 21st, 1933; and no answers mailed AFTER June 21st will be considered in the giving-away of these prizes. That's all there is to it; no strings!

Promptness and neatness will count; but DO NOT write less than 75 nor more than 175 words in answering any one of the three questions... Here are the leading American department stores from which the awards will be made:

141 CHOICE RECIPES FOR MIXING DRINKS

All the good old favorites and the newer ones too. From a "Mimie Taylor" to a "Sherry Flip," "a "Babooche," "a "Hambone," "a "Cool Change," "a "Michigan Julie," "Blue Blazer," "Tom Collins"; special party drinks and many, many others. Contentions compiled with complete directions from authoritative sources. (Contains 50 recipes, each 25¢)


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For men only. Tittle & Co., Toots & Cooper, Boys & Bubbles, Frankie Hill, Only a Boy, Harold Teen & Lilac, Joie McNeil & Pearl, The Vampire, The End of Helen, What Tommy Saw Under The Door Paper. Twelve Gay Lover Letters Based Two Ways. Gay Life in Paris also 50 Bars and Dancing French tipo pictures. (Kind men only.) Also 50 Motorcycle pictures of beautiful girls in thrilling, snappy, artistic poses with their thrilling stories. Only $5.00 will fill your collection. All for $1.00. Send cash stamps or money order.

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RHINE CLARET SAUTERNE BURGUNDY
Roar, Lion, Roar!

(Continued from page 28)

Sign of the Cross.” In fact, these are the halcyon days for all animal owners in Hollywood. Especially those whose “voices” record well on the sound tracks.

Any one who owns anything from a canary to a pet puma has a feeling that his day has come and that the opportunity to cash and crash in the movies has arrived.

Producers, spurred by the success of “Con- gorilla” and “Bring ‘Em Back Alive,” have become animal conscious and have not only entered into the wild animal field back home, but sent expeditions into the field to exploit the jungles of the less-known world.

Every animal within a fifty-mile radius of Hollywood has been photographed and re-photographed until zebras are reported to have Kleig eyes and elephants want screen credit.

Fox has a unit in far-off Malaysia to make “Man Eater,” a picture in which tigers have important roles and are supplemented in their work by Marion Burns, Kane Richmond and Harry Wood. Universal has two animal pictured: one, two; Warner Bros. one; RKO, one, and M-G-M plans another “Tarzan” feature.

Now, Jesse L. Lasky, independent producer for Fox, brings a new twist to the screen and is producing “Zoo in Budapest,” a picture located in a zoo and yet one in which animals do not play an important part. In spite of this the sets for “Zoo” boasts a double menagerie, for atmosphere only, that matches the largest zoo in the United States.

More than 500 beasts and birds have been brought to Fox Movietone City for the occasion. “Animal Land,” Hollywood’s bourn to casting directors, contributed recently twenty of its most capable actors to the cast of Paramount’s “If I Had A Million.” They include two macaws, an Australian cockatoo, love birds, a magpie, green parrots, falcons and doves. They were rented from J. H. Kerr, who has developed “Animal Land” to supply picture studios with any furred, feathered or finny creature on the face of the earth. They’ll sing, crow or scream for the “Mike.”

“My plan is to have anything a studio wants,” Kerr declares, “from a bee to a cow. All my animals that can be trained are taught to do things that directors might want. I have more than 100 birds, 35 dogs, 30 cats and an assortment of 400 other animals. I have an eagle that will scream on signal, an owl that will hoot to order and four wolves that will howl when told.”

Kerr has been in the animal business ten years. The only animals he doesn’t keep are jungle beasts. These he leaves for the zoo. His miscellaneous menagerie he values at $12,000. He has seven men working for him, two in charge of the cages and five who handle the animals in pictures.

The animal man also is forced into the business of breeding because he loses many of his animals, especially insects.

“When I furnish a hundred moths to fly around lights,” he explains, “I don’t expect to get more than ten of them back. The same is true of bees, butterflies and gnats. Sometimes a wild duck will escape if worked outside a cage, but the studios always reimburse me for such losses.”

Some of Kerr’s parrots are so clever they can learn a simple line of dialogue for a picture in a day. Returning to insects, Warner Bros. attempted to record a cricket’s chirp for the microphone. One sound engineer had corralled a number of crickets and had put them in a box under the mike. But nothing happened, not a sound. The department waited two days for a cricket and then consulted a well-known entomologist at the University of Southern California.

“The cricket’s chirp is a call to its mate,” said the professor, “If you separate the crickets by sexes, they will chirp.”

“Yes, but how am I .. ?” began the distressed sound expert. “Oh, all right,” he finished, “I’ll put each cricket in a separate box.”

He did so and the cricket’s chirp is one of the proudest possessions of the department. As for reptiles, as Kipling said, “That’s another story.”

Lying dormant for twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four is the life of the denizens of the desert, according to Stacey Woodard, who just returned to Hollywood from a motion picture expedition to Death Valley. For sixty minutes, while the sun is setting, the badgers, lizards, snakes, gila monsters, owls, tarantulas and other inhabitants of this famous desert valley will have to be eaten. Strange as it may seem, the strong sun light will kill, within a space of ten minutes, any hapless creature—even the most monstrous reptile—venturing forth into its deadly rays.

Mr. Stacey’s camera adventure of Death Valley will be seen in a new release tentatively titled “Demons of the Desert,” in the Battle For Life series which Educational Pictures is distributing.

While we’re on the subject of reptiles,—a startling sound, the actual hiss of a snake,—was successfully recorded for the first time at Paramount’s studios recently. The snake, an eight-foot Mexican box constrictor, is one of the many reptiles and animals in “Murders in the Zoo.” With Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott holding the snake and Director Edward Sutherland stroking it gently under the chin, it was induced to hiss into the microphone.

Yes, the director sometimes himself takes up the cameraman, real chances with life and limb. M-G-M is taking precautions to protect the lives of their actors in “Tarzan and His Mate,” as they did in the far north in “Eskimo,” not yet released. On another lot, with the cast and staff in constant proximity from wild animals and venomous snakes, Paramount signed a doctor and a nurse to be on the settings of “Murders in the Zoo” during production.

In scenes Lionel Atwill, Charlie Ruggles, John Lodge, Kathleen Burke, Randolph Scott and Gail Patrick handle rats, venomous rattlesnakes, a Mexican cobra, a twelve-foot python and work in scenes with loose monkeys, leopards, lions and alligators.

Did you know that the lion’s yawn is louder than its roar? Elephants can be made to trumpet only when highly excited by a mob of shouting persons. Seals become excited by intense silence and think up a terrible barking. Lions respond to silence in the same way and roar their alarm.

These are just a few of the many discoveries made by Franklin Hansen, head of Paramount’s sound department, and his staff during the filming of “King of the Jungle,” and “Murders in the Zoo.” Which brings our thesis on “Roar, Lion, Roar!” to a close,—until some future date.

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Lovely Legs  
(Continued from page 19)

developed, and this assists in giving the body a good bearing.

The twenty-six bones of the remarkably sculptured foot structure, as well as the foot alignments and the foot nerves, are each one capable of hurting if they are cramped into a too tight shoe. The familiar limp and walk of the one who tries to save the feet, while the face is screwed up in pain, is the universal sight of new shoes or of shoes not yet broken.

There once was a custom in England that the Prince never wore a new shoe until it had been broken in for several days by a substitute. This would be a good plan for all of us, but unfortunately it is not practicable and, to avoid the pain, it is better to buy a shoe which will really fit the foot.

Keep the feet healthy, and from the feet up. I need not remind you of the value of fresh air,—clean, wholesome diet, good habits, plenty of play and exercise (particularly swimming, walking and dancing),—and a happy state of mind.

Each one of those factors will do its bit towards providing you with lovely legs.

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Read details on page 25 of this issue.

HOLLYWOOD PERSONALITY

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Splits and Splices (Continued from page 47)

Nancy Lyons, of "42nd Street" and the Paradise Restaurant "Continental Revue," is having a love affair, it's said, with Fred Levy, Jr. . . . Carlyle Blackwell, former screen star, recently left on his honeymoon with Avonne Taylor, ex-Follies beauty. He was divorced from Leah Barnato in Reno, Nev., and revered to Miss Taylor the same day. They will live in France . . . "All's Quiet on the Western Front" between Kathyrn Carver and Adolphe Menjou.

In her petition, filed in San Francisco, Cal, for a divorce from William Alvin Palmer, his dancer wife, Dorothy Aldridge Palmer, asserts he rose in the middle of the night to do the "Dance of the Dying Swan" before a mirror. She also alleges Palmer, who also is a dancer, belittled her dancing ability.

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816 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
What Price Decency?

(Continued from page 12)

with basin and pitcher of water, a deal table, a couple of stools, two portholes—lighting all was a single electric bulb suspended from the ceiling by a wire the bulb unfrouted and unshaded—the whole cabin hardly as large as the hall bedroom she had known in New York in her poorest days there.

Norma crowed down the feelings that surged through her; she sat upon the lower bunk. With one thumb she tilted her beret off her forehead, displaying a face that was, if not beautiful, pleasing and attractive with a certain wistful charm.

She saw him take off his slicker and felt hat, hang them on a peg, then open a door beneath the wash-stand. He came to the table with a bottle of brandy and a glass.

"Are you English?" Norma asked, by way of getting acquaintance. She felt, somehow, that if she knew him better—would it be easier.

"I am British," he told her. "Name is Klaus Van Leyden, born in South Africa of Dutch parents. On an island in the tropics—forty days' sail on this tub from here," he said, and made a wide sweep with his arm. "I came back to civilization to sell a hoard of pearls. I did—gambled, and lost. I thought I was through. As it is, I've got to go back, get more pearls, and try again."

Watching him, Norma saw his lined face. A look almost of venomous cruelty overspread it. But Norma wasn't splitting hairs over fine points of character. She put it out of her mind, excused it on the grounds of what he meant to be a frightful loss.

He filled the glass from the bottle, and drained it. Again he filled the glass. This time he held it for a brief moment while he whispered "Shoo!" then drank it all.

"Say, you're not trying to get me drunk by any chance?" Norma asked.

Klaus didn't look up from the glass for a moment. "I'm short of time. We haven't long before you must go home."

"Home?" Norma echoed. "Say, haven't you got a mansion to spare, have you?"

"In Porties I have," he drank again. "Wonderful country. No fog, no rain, no wind. Sunshine all the time, and life so easy," he seemed to be removed from the narrow cabin as he spoke. "I'm the biggest landowner there."

Norma took off her beret, placed it on the table. She went to the washstand and got a tumbler, into which she poured a drink herself. He frowned as he saw what she did.

"Why don't you buy yourself a kitchen stove and get married?" she asked him.

"Because I never found a woman I could trust. They'll all cheat with the first handsome devil that comes along if you give 'em half a chance," he set down his empty glass and turned to her swiftly, annoyed. "Say, I didn't bring you here to lecture. Take off that jacket."

Norma was stunned for a second. "And that skirt," she heard him add.

No time now to be squeamish. Norma summoned all her courage, and she smiled as she unfastened the high-necked coat of her suit.

She slipped off it, then unhooked her skirt and let it fall to the floor. She stood revealed in combination and stockings only; she hadn't the price of a blouse in weeks.

Hungrily the smallish eyes of Van Leyden surveyed her full-breasted figure, the full thighs and strong and shapely by years of dancing, and her shapely calves. He re-doubled the speed he was using to get off his shirt and undressing.

To cover her mixed emotions, Norma walked to the table where he had stuck a pearl pin he had taken from his neck-tie. She took it up and examined it with genuine admiration. "That's worth a lot of money if it's real," she said, and added wistfully: "A tenth of that . . . might pay my passage back to America."

"What do you want to go there for?"

"Make a decent living, Decent, do you hear?" Norma put into the words all the sincerity she knew. Suddenly she wanted him to face him as an idea came to her—the straw that is the last hope of a drowning man.

"Maybe a big-hearted pearl trader would help a girl in distress?" She held the pin high as she spoke. "Just a loan," she went on, with all the appeal she could muster. "I'll pay you back, Norma, in the same way you were there for me!" The hope sprang to conviction in her mind. "And once over there," she continued wistfully, "I'll work, slave, drudge to pay you back. And some day I might meet a man who'll understand, who'll let me forget all this, who'll marry me in—oh, in spite of—"I'll make him a good wife, I know I will." Klaus was fumbling with the buckle of his belt. For answer he gave her a long, devious laugh. "In fifteen minutes you're already thinking of marriage, want me to pay your fare—you've got your nerve." His tone changed. He became a man accustomed to exacting the constant abjectness of the underlings when he said harshly: "Put your things on a stool, not on the table!"

The spell broke for Norma. Hope vanished. She came back to realities with a swift plunge.

As she moved to comply with his direction, Norma had to pass a porthole, one of the two on either side of the bunk. Things were passing them outside in slow motion. For a second she couldn't believe her eyes. Then she turned, her clothes still clutched tightly in her arms: "Say, we're moving!"

Klaus sprang to the porthole, and glanced outside, then whirled to face her.

"You'd better get ashore," he said, his husky voice concealing his reaction to the truth that they had weighed anchor.

"How?" Norma shot back at him. She couldn't keep the irony she felt, out of her words: "I'm not a duck!"

Klaus considered a brief moment. "Hang on a minute! I'll see to that," and refastening his belt, he put on the slicker over his shoulders and ran out on deck.

Norma took advantage of his absence to re-dress herself. Whatever happened now, she knew she must not be caught half naked; she must be prepared to act quickly. She smiled grimly.

Forward, Klaus met the Mate. "Hey!" he called. "The Skipper'll have to put back! Stop the boat!"
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

The Mate grinned. "Fat, chance! Captain's got his paipers, we can't afford no pilot, we ain't got to stop at Quarantine. We're sailin' now for forty days!"

"But I have a—visitor. You've got to get her off."

The Mate drew in a quick breath, then winked one eye. "Ain't a blomm'in' thing to be done," he said. "Skipper'd never put back and miss the tide, once he's cast off." He chuckled as he added: "Looks like you're stuck for forty quid."

"Forty pounds? For what?"
"For her passage. And forty quid to get her back."

"I'm not paying her passage either way!" Krause stormed.

"Be cheaper in the long run. You can't shanghaill a skirt aboard a British boat and get away with it. If she sets up a holler, you'm in for it. Take my advice—pay up and look happy!"

* * *

NOT many minutes later Krause returned to the cabin, a frown on his face, the only sign that he had been doing some hard thinking. He found Norma in a mood as worried as his own.

"Well, what's the good word?" she asked.

"The Captain won't put back," he told her. "And he's sailing halfway around the world."

Norma went wild at this. "So that's the ticket hey? I've got some rights, I have. I'm an American citizen. Get that. I won't be tricked into a passage, by you and no other British — Suddenly Norma went limp. The fight seemed to be gone out of her. After all, the cabin was warm. There was a roof on it. "How long did you say it will be before we touch a port somewhere?"

"Forty days." Krause was as deep in thought as when he came in.

Norma sat down on the bunk; she made a helpless gesture with her hands. "I guess there is little to do but make the best of it. Sorry I went up in the air. All this hit me so sudden-like. Of course I could go up to the Captain and say you shanghailed me. And then I could go to the American counsel where we're going, and raise a bigger stink. But what would that get me? All I want is my passage back to America."

Krause's face lighted then. "So you can get married. That's it. Now listen: Suppose a substantial man would come along, and offer to marry you. You wouldn't care where you lived, would you? Of course not. All right then. Why not try Portesia—and me?"

Norma shot a quick glance at him, saw that he was trying to convince her that he

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meant what he said. Seeing he was serious, she felt her heart leap.

"Aw, stop kidding!" she said.

He came and bent over where she sat. "I'm not! Why should I pay your fare back and let another man get the best of me? He'd be marrying you on my money! He'd have you whenever you wanted him!"

"But why should you want to marry me—after the way you met me, and—"

Klaus waved aside what she said. "I need a wife, to take care of my house, boss the servants—take care of me—"

"You really mean it?" Norma couldn't believe it, yet she wanted to with all her heart. "Legal, and everything? Oh, I'd be decent then, wouldn't I?" Here eyes, were misty as she looked up at him. She studied his lined face for a moment, saw that he was trying to get her to consent his proposal, saw that he didn't want her. She rose, with a feeling of holy joy creeping over her. "I'm game," she said. "It's a bargain. I'll make you a good wife, so help me Heaven! When do we marry?"

"Now!" he cried. "Right now. I'll go find the Mate and—"

So began for Norma, a life that was based upon the strangest beginnings she had ever heard of. But she was happy, for one thing above all others: she could hold up her head before the world, and say she was decent.

During the voyage there was little to do. She found Van Leyden less attentive than she would have liked; in fact he left her to her own occupations most of the time. She spent long hours dreaming of her wonderful "luck" as she called it, and wondering about the life ahead of her.

Once arrived at their destination, however, Norma felt that most of her new happiness was built on a house of cards. Portesia was a dump, jungle-ridden island south and east of Australia, out of touch with main-travelled sea passages; no inhabitants were on it but natives and they were of the black African variety, not brown-skinned Polynesians.

Van Leyden's "mansion" turned out to be a nondescript shack, partly of leaves, partly of boards left over from packing cases, partly adobe. And she wasn't long in finding out that he ruled these natives with a cruelty undreamed of. An order to them was invariably supplemented with the lash of a whip—a rawhide whip which seldom left his reach.

Norma protested, charged Krause with having given her a wrong impression, and his answer would invariably be: "Don't forget where I found you!" That usually turned her thoughts from complaint. And she had for consolation the one idea that she was decently married. Wholeheartedly she tried to adjust, and to make Krause a good wife.

From time to time she heard rumors of white men coming to Portesia, but never did she see one.

And once, while walking with Van Leyden, she came upon a human skeleton on the beach. Inquiring about it later, a native told her: "Man steal master's pearl. Master feed him to ants. Ants! Man-eating ants! Yes. No. It couldn't be. Not her husband—"

—a murderer, and so cruel. She put this, too, out of her mind, not wanting to follow it through if it led to the ugly conclusion she suspected.

* * *

(Concluded next month.)

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BROADWAY AND

A Son of Paris,

(Continued from page 10)

Where is she?

“She is nursing in a war hospital, but I cannot find which one. And I am very, very hungry.”

“I will find your mother for you. But in the meantime I will find you a job—and food.”

The gendarme took Henry to a little café and found employment for him there as a dishwasher. The night manager, learning of Henry’s plight, gave him a menu and told him to order what he liked. The boy ordered nearly everything on the menu, looking up and then at the kindly, robust police officer. Little Henry was feted for two hours, and then went to the kitchen to learn the art of washing dishes and shining and polishing glasses and silver.

“It was a good job,” smiled Henry. Carat, as he sat on Stage 5 at Movietone City, watching Janet Gaynor making screen tests for the new picture, “Adorable.” “It was a particularly good job because I could have all I wanted to eat and at that time I was a growing boy with a huge appetite."

Meanwhile the gendarme located my mother for me and there was a happy reunion; she worked and lived in hospital and had devoted every minute of her idle hours in searching for me. We had no money and could not live together, so I continued working at the café.

“But, like Paris itself, I too was restless. I had great ambitions and was not satisfied with washing dishes, even if the managers were kind to me and gave me money for the picture shows and bought clothing for me. So I quit the café and found a job in a hospital. As a Boy Scout I ran errands, played cards with the wounded soldiers and sang and danced for them.

“One of the soldiers who was pleased said:

“You ought to go on the stage.”

“I intend to, I answered, solemnly. ‘I shall be an actor, or an electrician.’

“Soon after that I wandered away from the hospital, determined to fulfill my dream of becoming an electrician. Soon, too, I was hungry again. For three days I did not have a bite to eat, for I was ashamed to return to the hospital, or the café, and did not want to worry my mother. Then, for the first time in two and a half years I saw my father. He was seeking my mother.

* * *

(To Be Concluded Next Month)

Department Store Movies

(Continued from page 15)

and his family need money. His partners persuade him.

Meantime the faithful Benton and his wife (Doris Lloyd) have started a catering establishment in their home which is prospering, but often Benton goes to the old churchyard from which, across the street, he watches the great store that he so loves. He does not blame Service for discharging him—he realizes the need for conservation, and his only hope is that the store be saved.

Michael Benton leaves the store and goes mysteriously to Paris.

Gabriel goes home to break the news that they will sell the store to the chain. He learns that his wife has deserted him, gone to live openly with her “lover.” Caroline is shocked at his sacrifice in selling the business, and says that she will stay by him to the bitter end if he will hold on and try to pull it through.

Elsie, (Viva Tattersall) Benton’s daughter, learns from a store employee of the proposed sale, and tells her father.

Next morning when Service is about to consummate the deal that Benton has sold the churchyard. Benton pleads with him, calls his attention to the standard and ethics of the institution, pleads for the store owner to continue battling, and tells how he himself conquered circumstances. Service takes on the look of a resolved man who will battle it through.

Michael arrives. He has bought some of the stock of the churchyard business in the form of his modern furniture, and already has had many offers from large companies.

Gabriel and Michael prepare, with the faithful Benton and his loyal staff, to "carry on," as Caroline sees, through the window, a rainbow, symbol of hope for a brighter day.

* * *

In "Sweepings" which made such a hit last month, RKO has created an epic of department store labor with Lionel Barrymore in the role of the struggling and then the rich Daniel Pardway.

He is ably supported by Eric Linden, Helen Mack, Lucien Littlefield, Wm. Gargan, Alan Dinehart, Gregory Ratoff as "Ullman," George Meeker, Esther Muir, Ninetta Sunderland, and Gloria Stuart who was recently made a "Baby Wampas" star and received her first magazine cover publicity from BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "Movies."

It's a story of Daniel Pardway, who, arriving in Chicago after the fire, starts a little retail business that, in the years following, develops into the city's greatest mercantile establishment. Assisted by Ullman, who applies business principles to Pardway's flabby-antoon optimism, it is early hinted that Pardway is building everything for his children.

Following the death of Abigail, after four children are born, the establishment becomes prosperous, endures depressions and grows in prestige. But the family, in whom Pardway placed much hope, goes haywire. The eldest son, Gene, falls for the giggie water and the glided women. Phoebe marries, divorces and marries again, to a crooked money-hunting foreign prince. Thané would rather be a window trimmer than a general manager. Freddie, after seducing one of the pretty girl clerks, (Helen Mack) tells his father he wants to be a bum and becomes a very success- less one. Father gives the girl a check to see her through her "trouble," and a sex scandal in the family is averted.

Only Ullman clings to the old ideals. When he approaches Pardway for a share in the institution that he actually has created, he is rebuffed, but he takes advantage of the infirmities of the children and buys the stock which their father has given them when they need dough.

The finale shows the entire family rounded up and Pardway berating the whole lot of them for the way in which they have let him down. As the family starts out to die, only Freddie is beside him, and as the pair gaze out across the modern Chicago skyline and see the gigantic illuminated "Bazaar" sign, he vows he will try to carry on.
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application of camera work to the moods and characterizations which the director is seeking. In my opinion, it is not essential that a director have a technical knowledge of camera and lighting. Of course it is extremely helpful if he has that knowledge, as in the case of von Sternberg, Fitzmaurice, Cruze, Lubitsch, Mamoulian and other directors. But I think that a director can get by with only a knowledge of how to dramatize his action by placing the camera in the most advantageous spot to take in what is happening.

Similarly, I leave the problem of sound reproduction to my sound man. He is an expert and a specialist. That is his problem.

But making a picture today calls for the work of so many specialists that teamwork and harmonious cooperation are an absolute requirement of the successful director.

Enthusiasm, originality, intelligent effort by the actors, cameramen, sound engineer, property man, script clerk and others on the set, are essential to the making of good pictures.

To paraphrase the old saying about many hands making light work, many minds make good pictures.

But how you, or you, or you, can become a movie director is, as I warned you, a difficult thing to say.

Generally speaking, I would prescribe a good education, with emphasis upon the literary and dramatic fields. Then, by hook or by crook, get a job identified closely with the theater, or in a film studio and—good luck to you!

... ...

EDITIORIAL NOTE: Stephen R. Roberts, the author of this article, which he dictated to Mary R. Roberts, is one of Paramount's most brilliant directors, having made "The Night of June 13", "Lady and Gent", "The Sky Bride", and "The Story of Temple Drake," with Miriam Hopkins and George Raft. Like "Nick" Mamoulian, of Paramount's publicity staff, "Steve" was a student at Ohio State University. This is the third of a series of articles of or by the screen's greatest motion picture directors which this magazine is running exclusively.

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BROADWAY AND
How to Direct Movies
(Continued from page 24)

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"MOVIES"
ESTHER RALSTON, (left), born September 17th, 1902

KATHLEEN BURKE (above), born September 5th, 1913

GRÉTA GARBO, (below), born September 18th, 1905

FAY WRAY, (above), born September 16th, 1907
"We Do Our Part"

EMBLAZONED on stationery, pasted on automobile windshields, athwart store windows, flying from masts above tall buildings, and posted on billboards; the red, white and blue design for the National Reconstruction Administration confronts us wherever we go.

We find ourselves looking at a "short subject" in the motion picture theatres,—consisting entirely of an appeal to support Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the administration's plan to get from six to ten million men and women back to honest employment.

If ever a cause needed our earnest and unqualified support it is this one. "MOVIES" magazine is proud of the fact that it was the first motion picture or theatrical magazine in the United States to enroll under the banner of the Blue Eagle. It was entirely in keeping with practically every policy this magazine has pursued in the nearly four years it has been published,—being first.

We are all back of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in its efforts to keep vast building and construction projects going to keep men employed; we are heartily in accord with the aims of the National Depositors' Committee of Washington, D. C., to open the closed banks and release several billions of dollars to be spent and circulated; likewise we shall remain loyal in our support of the activities and aims of the N. R. A.

It is our wish that every film company, theatre, motion picture house, and every factory making equipment and supplies for the movie industry join the N. R. A. and do their part towards the return of an equitable and sensible prosperity.

Friends and film fans everywhere; we lent unstinting support to the government during the World War with its attendant horrors of killing, wounding and maiming the best young men of the nation. Let us put our shoulder to the wheel and support this war against the depression, and get the men of the nation back to their shops and offices.

It is your duty; and it is ours! Let's carry on!

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

Contents

OCTOBER, 1933
(September-October combined)

Ruby Keeler 1
Cover by Lt. James Lunn
September Birthdays 4
Our Congratulations!
"We Do Our Part" 5
The Month's Editorial
Halifax to Hollywood 9
By Dr. Abbah Wrelaw
Happy Jack La Rue 11
By Mary A. Roberts
The Job of Keeping at the Top 13
By Joan Crawford. Part I
Powell's Progress 15
Two Pictures of the Month
Gregory the Great 17
By M. Angela Roberts
Youth's Beauty 18
By June Brewster
In the March Manner 20
By Julia Gwin
Baloonacy 21
America's Best Humor
Reviews and Pre-Views 25
48 New Pictures
Art Supplement 26
"The Song of Songs"
"Dress Up America!" 30
Fashions: by C. J. Spiek
Splits and Splices 32
Engagements, Marriages, Divorces
The Month's Mail 33
Sorted by Patricia Ellis
The Casting Office 34
"Is Your Name Published?"
Broadway's Best Bets 36
Reviewing the "Legitimate"
The News Reel 37
"Inside Dope" on Hollywood
RICHARD BARTHELMESS and LORETTA YOUNG in First National's "Heroes for Sale"
JOEL McCREA and DOROTHY JORDAN in RKO-Radio pictures
RUBY KEELER,
Warner Bros.-
First National
Picture star
Lucky at cards and lucky in love! A fortune teller once prophesied that Ruby would make good on the stage and screen—the cards were right!

A little bit of a girl with a great big slice of luck—that's Ruby Keeler. She loves her husband; she loves her work; and she loves life! She says she is lucky!

Maybe it's the luck of the Irish. Anyway, here she is, married to Al Jolson, with plenty of money and all that money brings, and with no particular desire to shine on the screen; but she's shining just the same. And they are both immensely devoted to each other.

Ruby Keeler didn't seek the studios; they sought her. Since her marriage to Jolson some three years ago she had settled down very comfortably to be the wife of a famous and prosperous comedian. They went in for domesticity in a big way. No more night clubs; no more photographs of Ruby in the papers. That was all right with her. She knew that she had been one of the swellest of all tap-dancers back in the days when she was one of Texas Guinan's girls; but that belonged to the past. "Get thee behind me, show business!" said Miss Keeler (or rather Mrs. Jolson); or words to that effect.

And then Warner Bros. came to her and told her that they were about to film "42nd Street" as a big musical picture, and they wanted her very badly for one of the leading roles. The girl who was a hoofer on the Strand Roof and in Texas Guinan's night club gang was now in demand.

At first Ruby Keeler refused even to consider the idea. She wasn't interested because she was happily married; and she was not an actress, she told them. And Al didn't want her to return to the stage or the screen anyway. And she didn't care anything about it.

But the studio people insisted. As to acting—"just be yourself," they said. "That's why we've come after you. You are spontaneous; you are yourself!"

They talked money, too, and they kept on talking it until Ruby, still half-unwilling, signed on the dotted line. It was only for one picture anyway, and the little girl who was born Ethel Hilda Keeler might soon be forgotten!

So "42nd Street" was made and released and what followed is well known. The process of "just being yourself" turned out pretty well in Ruby's case; and a long-term contract was dangled before her.

Now, as a rule, a screen contract doesn't dangle long. When one considers the number of people in Hollywood and on Broadway and, for that matter, scattered all over the country who are working and hoping and praying for just such an offer, it is the irony of fate, or something, to have a case like this of Miss Keeler's. For she wasn't anxious at all. She let the contract dangle for quite a while; and probably if Al Jolson had not encouraged her to accept the offer she would simply have gone back into retirement, perfectly contented and happy.

But Mr. Jolson, who had been, if anything, opposed to his pretty young wife's going into the cast of "42nd Street", had suffered a change of mind. It was Al who definitely encouraged her to sign the new contract, whose first result is "Gold Diggers of 1933," in which Ruby appears with Warren William, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and other players.

Of course Ruby has enjoyed the success that has come to her as a motion picture actress. The Cont'd on page 45.
"HAPPY JACK" LA RUE. Below, in circle, William Gargan and Jack La Rue in the new RKO picture "Headline Shooter"
WHEN RKO-Radio Pictures was requested by Captain Merian C. Cooper to find an ideal "bad man" who would be exceptionally good for the role, they promptly borrowed Jack LaRue to do the dirty work opposite another Paramount "discovery," Frances Dee.

Otto Brower, directing William Gargan, Frances Dee, Ralph Bellamy and Jack in "Headline Shooters" found a role that was admirably suited to the ability of Mr. La Rue, former stage star. These luminaries were ably supported by Gregory Ratoff, Wallace Ford, Mary McClaren, Hobart Cavanaugh, June Brewster, (of "pretty legs" fame) Purnell Pratt, Dorothy Burgess, (of "What Price Decency" fame), Henry B. Walthall, Franklin Pangborn and Bill Hudson.

But Jack LaRue, as the villain of the piece, did so well in this story of newsreel camera men and editors that his place in the sunlight of Hollywood is positively assured. He can almost "write his own ticket" in the cinema colony now.

Happy Jack LaRue is one of Paramount's latest finds. And, by a queer fluke of circumstances, Jack found it very hard to be "found." On the New York stage, particularly among Theatre Guild enthusiasts, Jack is an old-timer. And those of you who've seen "Diamond Lil" in the big town will remember him as the more than warm Spanish devotee of the fair Mae West. He doesn't dwell long on his part in that opera, for he hadn't many lines, but then, his burning "oohs" and "ahs" over the light O'Leary made up for the shortness thereof.

Jack was doing very well with the Guild and never did his eyes or dreams turn to Cinemat Land. Oh, yes, he knew of Hollywood, but he never felt the urge to follow Horace Greeley's advice to young men. When people mentioned, as they so often will, the numerous opportunities of the Coast, Jack just grinned. He'd go to Hollywood, some day, perhaps, but that someday would be when he was under contract; he wouldn't go on "spec." To be frank, he couldn't afford to take the chance. In part, his family depended on him for his share of the household running expenses.

And then, out of the blue, came an offer to play in "Scarface," opposite Paul Muni. Jack was sure of himself; he knew he could do the job as it should be done; he'd had the experience. Of course, he couldn't have a contract until the powers that be had had a chance to see him in action. To Jack, it was in the bag. He went West.

Telling us of it now, Jack laughs; he's forgotten the heartache of the moment when he was decided against. Muni was a slight two inches shorter than Jack, but he was lots heavier, and so, Jack took on the stature of a giant by comparison. As Jack says, "Muni wouldn't have looked so good with his head tilting back in order for him to look into his protégé's eyes." No, it wouldn't, and the little piece of paper that spelled livelihood and security, faded into the distance.

For a period of nearly eighteen months thereafter, Jack trod the unfamiliar boards of Hollywood's many employment agencies. A day here, two or three days here,—an entrance, a line or so, all he could glean from the horn of plenty. Discouraged? Yes. And then, bleakly, we can see him looking at the last few dollars he owned. He parcellled it out; so much for food, so much for smokes, this, for food.

"And when that's gone, I'm leaving," he told himself and his agent. "You know, I had a smart man; it wasn't his fault that I couldn't get in. He staged dozens of interviews, but they didn't click. I didn't have a name, and that's what seemed to be wanted most of all. And I couldn't get a name, without the chance to do something."

"As it happened, it was steady plugging, and as I said; getting a day or so at odd intervals that finally won me a chance for a real part. The priest in 'Farewell to Arms' appealed to these people. At last, I had a contract."

The recent release of "The Story of Temple Drake," directed by Stephen R. Roberts has made LaRue one of the outstanding screen names of to-day. As Director Roberts says: "I had the people suggested for the various parts, came to see me, before we decided on any of them. I told them the story, gave them the script, and watched their faces all the time. I could tell the minute we got into the theme, that Jack LaRue was the man to play Trigger. And I was right. See it yourself, and then tell me who could have played it better. No one."

This role of Trigger, opposite Miriam Hopkins, was one of the heaviest the screen has known, thus far. Looking at this smiling boy, you wouldn't believe that he'd take on the work of being the world's worst meanie.

"No, no, not at all, you know, I liked that part, I really enjoyed it. I thought it was swell. The only other part I think would be as delightful would be that one of Camille's bad man." He did a much better job in this part than George Raft could possibly have done; and George had first "whack" at it.

In real life Jack's a most attractive young man. If you can imagine a composite of Colman and Valentino, then you know what we're trying to convey. How it happens that Jack is thus far, unmarried, we're not prepared to say, and the gentleman himself is sort of vague on that score.

He recently denied a rumor that he would marry. He does love the ladies; we have his word for that; so, you La Rue fans, there's still a chance. We tried to ferret out some glamorous vices, the young man seems to be singularly free of such things. He likes a friendly game of poker, and he likes to fool around the kitchen; spaghetti making preferred.

—Mary Angela Roberts.
JOAN CRAWFORD in "Grand Hotel" and "The Dancing Lady"
**The JOB of KEEPING at the TOP**

How to Succeed in Picture Work . . . Part 1

By JOAN CRAWFORD

Getting to the top in pictures is hard work, but staying there is a great deal harder. If there is plenty of room on the high places of success, as I've heard it said there is, it is because it is so easy to fall from them, where dizziness is the rule rather than the exception. After your climb, which may have taken all your strength, you've got to keep level-headed and sure-footed. It would be grand if you could have eagle wings and burro hoofs.

There is a tremendous effort usually necessary to reach stardom, the strain of serving many masters, the incessant demand for you better-than-best, the ordeal of being public property, and the costly overhead. But, after all, a screen star chooses her own life—and she loves it. For myself, I would not exchange it for any other life. The compensations are very great.

That being the case, what do I see as I look back, survey my present foothold on the film peaks, and peer ahead? My chief feeling about it is one of astonishment, tinged with unbelief, in spite of the driving ambition to make good; and speaking of ambition, I honestly believe that there is no limit to success. I do not believe that any artistic person, any truly creative person, is limited any more than true ambition is limited. I was once asked, "Now that you have realized your ambitions, Miss Crawford, what next?" I answered, "A new ambition!" For when one goal is realized, a new one is ahead. As I look back over my own career, I see a succession of these changing goals.

Harry Rapf, one of the M-G-M executives, happened to see me dancing at the Winter Garden in New York City and asked me to make a screen test. It was the first time I had ever stepped before a camera and I was genuinely surprised when it resulted in a contract. Most people think that when a girl is given a contract with an important studio her career is assured. I thought that, too; but I was to learn—and quickly—that it hasn't even begun. She has simply been given a key that fits a thousand doors, only one of which may be the right one for her to open.

Like every other girl who comes to Hollywood, I saw nothing between myself and stardom except a few years; but I soon found that I was a very little frog in a very big pond and that there was a lot of hopping to do, for there were dozens of girls on the scene who had more theatrical experience than I had, and they all had contracts just as good as mine.

I was frightened to death, but I knew that I had no friend at court and what steps I took must be without assistance of anybody. But I couldn't sit by and watch those precious six months—the time of my first option—slip by. I soon saw that nobody was going to come after me, so I used to find out what pictures were being cast and then beg the directors to give me anything, even the tiniest bit, in their films. I sometimes think they put me in their pictures to get rid of me!

When I wasn't busy asking for parts or doing extra work, I spent time on various sets, watching the real actors and actresses, learning by observation. Gradually I made some friends and, quickly, the inevitable enemies. Both taught me much about human nature. I was extremely sensitive and impulsive, and those two qualities can bring you a wide variety of joy and pain, as I found out in my early Hollywood contacts, especially.

Many people were kind to me and gave me much-needed advice, but Lon Chaney was the kindest, most inspiring and practical. I shall never forget him. Aware that I was watching him at work one day, he came over to talk to me.

He put me at ease at once, and before I knew it I was telling him how terribly ambitious I was, how anxious to get on, and how difficult it all seemed. I can see him now, smiling at my earnestness and despair. He either saw some hope for me or else his great heart couldn't bear to give me added discouragement. At any rate, he spent the entire afternoon fortifying my spirit with stories of his own hard struggle toward success.

But though Lon Chaney had given me fresh confidence and impetus, and along came my first role of any importance in Sally, Irene and Mary, which brought me a big thrill, I was not assured by any means that I would remain on the job.

Why, even when I was
assigned to a leading rôle, I was not confident of any measure of security. This might happen. That might happen. And "option time" was the constant bugaboo I had to fight. This is the lurking monster hidden in every contract. When I played opposite Charles Ray in Paris, I broke my ankle doing an apache dance, but I was so afraid that I might be taken out of the part that I said the injury was negligible, had a doctor bind up the joint right as a drum, and went on with the picture. There was certainly nothing heroic about that, and I'm not telling it to impress you with my bravery. It was folly and fear combined. I might have crippled myself for life. But I was desperate for work, and here was a fine chance to show that I could do a part to offset the approaching threat of option time.

Well, that came out all right. But there were, and are, plenty of other hazards in getting to the top, or in staying there. As a matter of fact, they naturally increase in direct ratio to your success. The higher you rise, the more is expected of you. Mistakes are less readily overlooked or forgiven, even though your work depends largely upon the coöperation of others, such as studio executives, directors, editors, writers and the rest. Aside from the story value of your vehicle and your command of the character to be portrayed, a director can make or break you more quickly than most. Everyone has seen a film in which an excellent cast, and perhaps a good story, were presented so poorly that they seemed hopeless. Either the director was unsympathetic toward his people or wasn't fit to handle that particular sort of play.

\* \* \*

PERSONALLY, I feel that when Clarence Brown is directing me there is no doubt of the best results. We are attuned in spirit. He knows exactly how I will react to any given situation. And he makes all due allowances for my idiosyncrasies. For instance, he knows that when I have worked myself up into a crying scene I can't stop blubbing for hours afterward, and so he is understanding enough to schedule subsequent scenes in which I do not appear. This may sound like a very little thing, but it is vital in those strange human relationships which mean so much to the art of the cinema. Howard Hawks has this same wise and sympathetic attitude. But a star often has to work with a director who isn't attuned to her, or him, and the result, if not utterly disastrous, is usually mediocre. Doubtless, the fault lies between them. They simply do not click. There is no mistake quite so far-reaching as this one, and all involved suffer loss of one kind or another. It is grand when a star finds the right director.

The danger of being "typed" by the producers, which, in turn, fixes you irrevocably in the public eye, is one of the haunting fears that an actor must meet and conquer—if it is to be conquered—with cool judgment and common sense. As you may recall, my initial success was in the rôle of a gay dancing girl, ultra-modern, seeking a good time and having it. I am grateful to that character, for she brought me good luck and success; but I began to feel that if I were pigeon-holed too carefully I would soon be forgotten. Something should be done about it. But what? I knew there was much to be said in favor of being typed, as well as against it. I had seen fine actors ruined in the process, their creative ability atrophied, their audiences grown tired of their monotonous repetition of type parts, for which they were really not responsible. On the other hand, I had seen actors ruined just as surely in trying to be more versatile than it was possible for them to be. It was a gamble either way, and disaster might overtake one in either course.

I was able to do something besides that gay dancing girl with whom I had become identified on the screen? I thought I was. Someone had said, once, that I looked like Pauline Frederick. And certainly she was my ideal as a great emotional actress. There was pent up inside me a great urge to do dramatic rôles. I sought advice, but believed my own heart, and finally begged to be allowed to try a real emotional rôle. It was, perhaps, the most critical moment in my career. If I failed in my attempt, I had nothing to show but my own impetuosity and I would lose what audiences I had as that gay, modern girl.

Shivering inwardly—I always do that; I die a thousand deaths a day from timidity and indecision—I began to make Paid. No one will ever know the agony I went through—agony of my own making and, therefore, not deserving of any word of sympathy. But at least I was trying. I remember that every time when I stepped away from the camera after having done a big scene, I searched the faces of the cameramen and electricians, hoping for their approval. Once, I remember I finished a very difficult scene. No one said whether I did well or not. They all started busying themselves with preparations for the next shot. I stood there a moment in despair, and then something impelled me to look up. High above me was the electrician who handles the overhead lights. He nodded to me and, with his lips, formed the words, "Good girl, Joan." And I knew I had done well.

From that time on, my style in acting underwent revolutionary changes through a step, a leap—sometimes a bad fall taught most—in such plays as Possessed, Grand Hotel and Letty Lynton. It was a thrilling progression, exhausting every resource I had and drawing upon new ones that I had never had the opportunity to use. As I look back now in critical examination, I can hardly believe that the girl who did The Taxi Dancer was the same person who played Letty Lynton. Of course I was young and malleable, for it seems to me that I have been recreated, in a sense, both physically and mentally. New and higher demands upon me as a person and an actress have compelled a transformation. Perhaps it was just natural growth, given proper opportunity and fostered under favorable circumstances. I don't know for sure. I know nothing for sure. But I do want to record my curious, indefinable sense of being molded, of something that stimulates the power to grow, to become. It may be my response to a public that I feel peculiarly close to, and which desires and demands from me certain things of which I was unconscious until they developed them through potent suggestion and encouragement. Who can tell? At all (Continued on page 48)
POWELL'S PROGRESS
Two Pictures of the Month

POWELL'S progress, since he passed out of the picture at Paramount has been pre-eminently prominent and progressive. He is doing excellent work and his films are pulling at the box offices. Which is, after all, the main attraction.

Last month saw two Powell pictures going the rounds and packing 'em in. Private Detective 62 and Double Harness; by Warner Brothers and RKO-Radio respectively. In the first he played opposite the charming and beautiful Margaret Lindsay; in the latter film for Merian C. Cooper he was cast opposite no less a person than Ann Harding, and for the first but not the last time, we hope.

"Private Detective 62" is an intriguing story of the activities of a detective working for the American Diplomatic corps, and later as a private detective in a racketeering agency. A murder story and a charming love story is woven into the whole, most ably directed by Michael Curtiz; sufficiently well done to win one of the awards as a picture of the month. Margaret Lindsay, as "Janet", is exceptionally dignified and aristocratic in this, her first real picture venture.

In "Double Harness" the sure-fire combination of Ann Harding and Mr. Powell makes their future appearance together practically a necessity. Lucille Browne, Frederic Santly, Henry Stephenson, Wallace Clark, Lil... Cont'd on page 48

Bill Powell with Ann Harding and with Margaret Lindsay
GREGORY LA CAVA, (center) directs "Bed of Roses," (above) for R. K. O., and "Gabriel Over the White House," (below) for M-G-M
AN AFFABLE smile lit up the work weary features of Gregory La Cava as his hand reached out to greet us. His latest picture, Bed of Roses, starring Connie Bennett had just been completed. It has meant a lot of work and struggle for the director. Usually, when a director takes a story, it’s all set to go. He knows just what’s what; that’s what the script is for. In this case, though, almost from the start, the script was lacking. And so, Gregory was actually writing the script as he goes, along, adding a part here and there, and cutting where necessary.

“I hope you’ll excuse me; I’m a bit tired, and I’m afraid you won’t be able to get much out of me to-day. We’ll probably finish the picture tonight, and then we’ll have a few days to make stills and other little odds and ends. The last days on a picture are usually trying, this has been particularly so. Let’s sit over here, it’s as good a spot as any, shadowy, but it’s a relief after all those lights.”

We sat on a bench in the corner of the set. It was a carnival scene they’d been working on all morning. Just a few minutes previously, it had been a riot of color. Colorfully dressed sirens had been sitting at the tables, practicing their wiles on willing and falling victims. Bright lights, confetti, streamers, a confusion of color and animation. Now all was dim and silent.

Mr. La Cava’s eyes w a n-dered over the stage, then, satisfied that all was as it should be, he settled back.

“It’s a wonderful business, this thing of being a director. I wonder how many people realize just what it all means, this making of a motion picture. There are so many parts to a picture, so many things that must be taken into consideration and worked out, to make a complete whole. Out of a heterogeneous mass must come a beautiful composite.

“I started life with the ambition to become a master painter. I had the urge to use oils, to the exclusion of all else. And I was determined to be a real painter. There was no doubt in my mind but that eventually, I would succeed.

“With that goal in view, I worked, worked at anything that would furnish me the implements with which I meant to carve a niche for myself.

“I studied at the University of Rochester, then at the Mechanical Institute of Rochester, next at the Chicago Art Institute. From there I went back to New York to the National Academy, the Art Students’ League, and finally at the Robert Henri School, there my instructor was the late George Bellows. He was a fine (Continued on page 44)
YOUTH HAS a claim on beauty in spite of carelessness and a certain amount of dissipation; a young body rejuvenates and regenerates quickly. The processes of restoration and recuperation are quite potent in young men and young women in spite of, alas, many abuses.

Maturity and middle age must rely upon the meticulous care they must give to the state of their health, the condition of their scalp, skin, hands and face—as well as the daily exercises in which they participate. Diet must be watched—not to maintain life, because Nature tries very hard to keep life in our bodies for a long, long time despite many efforts we make to shorten it—but because it aids the process of keeping us beautiful.

The girl of today or the young matron cannot rely entirely, however, upon her dressmaker nor the beauty parlor. The finest dress creations of such well known style creators as Chelan, Adrian, Plumetti, Drian, Spieker, Orry-Kelly, Schiaparelli, and others, will not avail to make milady perfectly poised and beautiful if she neglects her health.

Without a shadow of doubt, health is the basis of beauty culture. The function of the beauty parlor is to enhance the attractiveness of the features which should already exist; or to aid in the color scheme which affects the hair, face powder, rouge and lipstick.

Nervousness does much to destroy beauty—break down youthful flesh tissues and leave the path clear for wrinkles. Every exercise which can be taken to teach one to relax is a means towards prolonging life and retaining beauty. Deep breathing, for example, relaxes the nerve tension. Inhaling lots of fresh air acts as a tonic for the exhausted nerves. Stretching helps to loosen the tension.

A really great problem is that of the young woman whose features aren’t really pretty or striking, whose skin is neither good nor bad, whose general impression is simply mediocre. The worst part of the problem is that the girl herself hardly ever is aware of this. She sees other girls get the attentions, make the friends, acquire the success she longs for, and she never knows that the reason is her complete nonentity. This is to beg every girl who is not sure of herself to watch for this quality (or lack of any quality), and to do what she can to correct it. Here are some suggestions:

I’m taking them from the people who make our movie stars the glamorous creatures they are. I am thinking of a girl whose photograph adorns many hundreds of young girls’ rooms—a beautiful face, so strong in expression, so alive, one cannot forget it.

This young woman off stage with glasses on looks like a little school teacher, just on the edge of old-maidenhood, the sort one never notices twice in a room. What has been done to her?

First of all, plucked her eyebrows rather low, keeping the thin (but sufficiently thick) line as nearly above the eyes as possible. This makes small eyes seem larger. They have straightened the eyebrow line as much as possible, too, for straight lines give strength—curved eyebrows are too soft-looking. Tonic has induced the eyebrows to grow into a longer line, which an eyebrow pencil strengthens for the films.

If the face is thin, it can be aided by letting the rouge path run horizontally across the cheek bone. And the long face may be foreshortened by touching up the chin with a dash of rouge.

If there are lines under the eyes, keep the rouge far away. And if the eyes are close set, don’t let rouge come up close to the nose. Keep it back on the outer part of the cheek bone. Experiment with your own face. You can easily clean off the makeup if you don’t get it on becomingly. And the most becoming effect is awfully worth striving for.

If you’re interested in getting on the screen it is vitally important that you know many of these things; facts which every extra girl on the lot, while we were doing “Headline Shooter” for RKO-Radio Pictures, have learned to know.

Ever give a thought to eyelashes? Upturned eyelashes (false ones) for pictures, of course (Continued on page 48)
JUNE BREWSTER,
RKO-Radio Pictures
player
In the MARCH Manner

by JULIA GWIN

I MEANT to write this two years ago but waiting has given me an additional incident without which this story would have been incomplete and has in no way hurt the original one.

It started while Freddie March was making his last picture in the east at the Astoria, L. I., studio. I had been waiting for him an hour when he finally arrived in a big yellow touring car whose make I have forgotten.

"Hello, Freddie!" I called from the doorway of the stage entrance.

"Julia! Where did you drop from, and what have you been doing?" he replied, all in one breath.

"I would ask you the same question only everyone knows what you have been doing these last few years."

"Everyone? Is this a conspiracy to make me a national hero?"

"I wouldn't attempt to improve upon your own excellent record."

"Tell me about yourself. I haven't seen you since the 'Half-Caste' and that's, let's see, five years, isn't it?" he queried.

"It's five years all right but I'm not going to tell you anything about myself. I want to talk about you. It's much more interesting. Ask me to lunch, will you?"

"I certainly will. Only, it's breakfast for me. I worked last night until this morning." We laughed.

"That accounts for the two o'clock call."

"How did you know?"

"Silly, what do you think I'm over here for? Just to warm these benches, or maybe you thought I was looking for a job?"

"I haven't had time to think. You talk too much."

"Is that nice?"

"Maybe not nice but true, my sweet."

"No, Freddie, that's over! I'm writing these days and I love it. I love tearing all you movie gods and goddesses apart to see what you are made of."

"I don't think I'll buy you a lunch after all."

"Then I'll tell all about your terribly scarlet past."

"Saints preserve us! Order, and quickly."

Five years of real living on both our parts lay between my last meeting with Fredric March. Then I had been a flighty, little ingenue and Freddie a juvenile of uncertain promise. He had all the qualifications necessary to stellar honors but I don't believe either of us spelt art in capital letters in those days. We weren't much more than kids and it was all such fun. The old silents were nightmare of delusion to legitimate actors from which they turned with shuddering aversion.

I don't think Freddie had ever given movies a serious thought as a possible outlet for his own talents, and if he had been told that in less than four years his name would be blazoned in lights with the biggest of the picture stars with a box office value of enviable magnitude, he would doubtless have found the idea exceedingly amusing. But that is exactly what has happened and Fredric March seems to be less affected by it than anyone. I think he still wears the same size hat.

The last time I had seen Freddie we were co-workers in a play called "The Half-Caste" which enjoyed a more or less uneventful run at the National Theatre, New York. It concerned itself with the love affair of Freddie and a half-caste native of a south sea island who turned out to be his half sister. The play wasn't a great success, although it did not put its back in the red. The last month we ran on a week to week basis. Everyone of the cast got more fun out of the show these last few weeks than the audience did. Someone was forever trying to "break-up" the other members of the very splendid cast which included Fredric Perry, Isobel O'Maddigan, Edwin Maxwell, also doing nicely now in talkies, and Charles Lawrence who recently appeared on Broadway in "Face the Music" with Mary Boland.

I recall an incident which occurred one night which was, for once, not pre-arranged. The set was

(Continued on page 42)
Charles: "I love you better than anything I know."
Claire: "That can't be so very much."
—College Life.

"I'm sorry I can't take you any further, Miss Lulu, but this is where I live."

The young man who was never any good at figures.
"Oh! Yes, with Elmer about I feel so protected"

"I'm sorry lady, but we're looking for someone with a good voice."

"You don't mind, Miss Bates? My knees are sunburned!"
Hell! She WOULD think of somethin' like this for lunch!

"Migawd! Is this a party or a production?"

"It was back in '98. I made the only homer,—with three men on bases."

"Shall we dance this one out?"

—Courtesy of "Colliers"


WHEN LADIES MEET. Thrice excellent in this movie taken from the play of the same name by Rachel Crothers, who wrote "Caught Wet," a Broadway success directed by Henry Koster. There are Sally Eilers, Ethel Merman, Alphonso Breslow, Carl Benton Reid, and Warren Hull. A good one, and directed by Henry Koster.

SILENT MEN. For those who live "westerns," this one is a peach. Tim McCoy, Florence Britton, J. Carrol Naish, Stephen Clark, Jos. Girdler, Wheeler Oakman, Walter Brennan, Lloyd Corrigan, Wm. V. Mong and Matthew Betti appear in this Columbia Pictures production so well directed by D. Ross Lederman. Incendiary cabin burning and cattle rustling are broken up by the hero in the happy ending.

CALIFORNIA TRAIL. A Columbia picture, with Buck Jones, Helen Mack, Goo Hambart, Bob Steele, Luis Alberni, Chas. Stevens, Juan Du Val, Emilie Chartard, Alan Garcia, Evelyn Sherman, John Paul Jones, Crispin Martin, Angela Gomez, Carmen La Roux and Carlos Villar. Directed by Lambert Hillyer from his own story. Buck has the role of "Santa Fe Stewart" while Helen is "Dolores."


VOLTAIRE. The charming, exotic and sensuous beauty of Madame Pompadour is played, chin-up, against the wit of the great French satirist and philosopher. Voltaire, in this recent Warner Brothers' production. The title role is excellently handled by George Arliss, the great English actor, while the part of the king's favorite is played most ex-

MURDERS IN THE ZOO. Paramount picture in which a Birmingham, Ala., girl gets a good break. It's a bewitching murder story that's really different. With Gail Patrick we find Helmut Dantine, Charles Boggis, Harry Beresford, Randolph Scott, Kathleen Burke and John Lodge, son of the late Senator Lodge. A vindictive friend murders his wife's lovers as fast as he uncovers them. Most capably directed.

THE HITCH HIKER. Educational; story by Robert Vernon and Dean Ward with Harry Langdon, Vernon Dent, Ruth Clifford, William Irving and Chris Marie Merker. Full of bright and funny effects, it is the story of a hitchhiker's situation at anytime on the slightest provocation and has that rare faculty, the comic sense with which to prod your own humor, he is ever so latent and dormant. Good.

HEADLINE SHOOTER. The dramatic story of adventures hanging on the news reel cameraman's activities, from the moment a picture is shot to the moment it is displayed for RKO by Otto Brewer. Will Gargan, Frances Dee, Lloyd Bacon, Una O'Connor, Gregory Morgan, Fredric March and Mary McConvery. A Cavanaugh, Bill Hudson, Dorothy Burgess, Parnell Pratt, Henry B. Wallis and others.


SARANG. B. F. Zeidman and Chas. Hunt produced this, directed by Ward Wing—from the story by Lori Bera starer of Theda Bora and wife of Mr. Wingl. Another south seas drama with a beautiful, bare-breasted maiden and a lecherous Apollo called Abongo. Others in the cast are Satya, Ko-Hai, Mamounah and Ariff, Lim Ab Sin served as Mohian technical advisor. The light is fine.

THE STRANGER'S RETURN. A Lucien Hubbard production for M-G-M starring Lionel Barrymore and Merian Hopkin, in which Miss Hopkins takes the role of a sophisticated divorcée who marries a rich man to live in a small, gossipy village. She falls in love with Franchet Tone who is married. Her grandson learns her fortune after an interesting "sunny test." Excellently done.


GLAD RAGS TO RICHES. Educational, with Shirley Temple, Eugene Butler and Georgie Smith under the direction of Charles Lamont. Its fine chain upon your remembrance and then you will warm up to the rather clever work of these lades. We were impressed with the splendid results—the heroine of course is saved by the hero in the usual way. Her sweetbeart from the farm does the trick. Good.

MARY STEPHENS, M. D. A stirring, heart-rendering, high-powered drama of hospital and nursing life—starling and featuring Kay Francis, Glenda Farrell and Lyle Talbot; supported by Thelma Todd, George Cooper, Caso Wilson and Sidney Miller. A Warner-Vitaphone production directed by Lloyd Bacon and Frederick R. Feiszl. Jay Novello, the Irish-born star, also appears. It ends sensibly and happily; well directed.

TORCHY'S KITTY COUP. Educational, with Ray Cooke, Franklin Pangborn, Marian Shockey, Edward Breese, Dot Farley and Adaline Ashby. It's a stinker, the humor is genuine, situations are great. You know a cats' fondness for fish—well this is a cat and fish comedy with humans as victims. If you want a laugh, see this and have your fill. It is very good, and most capably photographed.

MARLENE DIETRICH in her latest Paramount starring vehicle, "The Song of Songs"
MISCELLANEOUS. The authentic and romantic story, with a very dramatic prologue in "talkie." of the life and work of Italy's supreme dictator, Benito Mussolini. Re-leased by Columbia Pictures as a feature, it appears to be drawing fairly crowded houses. Much of it is, as might be surmised, compiled from news reel clippings. On the whole, rather well done and interestingly put together.

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK. Madge Evans, never more beautiful than she is in this R.G.M film, stars with Lee Tracy; supported by Ted Saylor, Frank Morgan, Chas. Butterworth, John Miljan, Virginia Christine, David Landes, Greta Meyer, Herman Bing and Samuel Hinds. Jack Con-way directed the dramatic comedy. Cedric Gibbons served as art director. A story of an ambulance-chasing lawyer.

SON OF THE BORDER. Tom Keene in an RKO-Radio picture with Julie Hayden, Creighton Chaney, David Dur-ward, Beryl Markson, David Lane, John Morgan, Don Charnoff, Mary Kornman, and Edna Coleman. A real, lively "western" that's well worth seeing; made by Allied Artists and directed by David Lewis. Miss Hayden has the role of "Doris" and does an excellent job of it. Well done! Excellent cast.


KING OF JAZZ. A revival and "rejuvenation" of the Universal film starring the great orchestra director Paul Whiteman and the opera singer John Holmes. Herman House served as art director under John Murray Anderson, who directed the entire production. Russell Markert supervised the dance numbers while the photography was in charge of Ray Bessahin, Jerome Ashe and Hal Mohr. Very good.

MADE ON BROADWAY. Based on the original story "Pub-lic Relations" by Courteney Terret, Directed for M.G.M. by Ray Culler; starring and featuring Robert Mont-govery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans, Eugene Pallette, C. Henry Gordon, Jean Parker, Ivan Lebedeff, David Newell, Vince Barnett and Jos. Cawthorn. The story of what happens when a gold digger takes a suicide attempt. Excellent.

BED OF ROSES. A Marian C. Cooper production for RKO-Radio, starring Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea, and featuring John Halliday. Pert Kelton as a "bedroom play- girl" who later marries and becomes respectable, and others. The scene is laid in Louisiana, but there is a suitable absence of the southern dialect which we felt was essential to the production. Excellent story.


COCKTAIL HOUR. Columbia Pictures release, with Bebe Daniels, Randolph Scott, Geo. Nardelli, Muriel Kirkland, Jeanette Nolan, Sidney Blackmer, Dave Norton, Philip'S Shaller, Mario Carlini, Ernest Torrence, Smith, Willis Fung and Paul McVe. A rather interesting how story taking place in Europe and America—Bohemian sophistication among the upper classes. All ends well.

MORNING GLORY. A strikingly good RKO-Radio picture featuring and starring Adolph Menjou, Kate thuốc, Greaves Mitchell, Tyler Brooke, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Duncan, A. Ashby Smith, Don Avarado, Richard Carle and Frederic Santerly, Marian C. Cooper, executive producer; directed by Lowell Sherman. The story of a girl who wants to be a New York City actress. Good.

YES, MR. BROWN. Adapted from the German play by Paul Frank and Ludwig Hitchfeld, and starring and featur-ing Jack Buchanan, Margot Grahame, Una O'Connor, Harry Power, Vera Peeper, Geo. Ridgwell, Clifford Heatherley, David Bruce, and sundry others. Directed by Mr. Perritt and his band. A British and Dominions Production, ably directed by Herbert Wilcox; very good.


WHEN STRANGERS MARRY. A typical Jack Holt story for Columbia Pictures, in which he is co-starred with Lilian Bond. The locale is in Java this time—a railroad camp. Both are supported by Arthur Vinton, C. Hayden Coffin, Barbara Baxenda, Ward Bond, Rudolph Amenda, Harry Stubbe, Paul Foscoi and Gustav von Seyffertitz. Tenue in spots and exceedingly well directed by Clarence Badger. Good.

GOODBYE AGAIN. A breezy, humorous and snappy comedy released by Warner Brothers, starring and featuring Warren Willison, Janet Herbert, Helen Chandler, Geneviere Tobin, Wallace Ford and Ruth Donnelly. The action concerns a professor and a publishing author who is living a "Bohemian" existence with his secretary, Anna, without benefit of clergy. Good. Ably directed by Curtis.

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT. A gruesome murder mystery with a detective motif and an original plot which, while good, is badly hurt by the poor direction of Albert Rey. Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot and Pernell Pratt are ably supported by Harvey Clark, Arthur Hoyt, Lillian Harmer, Clarence Wilson, Louise Beavers and Maurice Black. Produced by M. H. Hoffman from the story by Kurt Kempler. Fairly good.


A HOCKEY HICK. A Gleason Sport featurette, released by Fox and Educational Films. Really a meritorious comedy short starring Russell Gleason, Jimmy's son, in a "hell-fire-and-brimstone" picture of the hockey life. Plenty of spills, thrills, chills and kills. Russell has a cute little blonde girl as his leading lady who seems destined to become a good comedy star some day. Excellently done; and good.

SHE HAD TO SAY YES. See this First National picture at your own risk! We do not recommend it very highly although there are a number of actors that are all suited to her dramatic talents. Harold Waldridge, Lyle Talbot and Pernell Pratt are co-starred by Claire Dodd, Florence Lightner, Joe Cawthorn, Cha. Levinson, Hugh Herbert, Tom Douglas and Ferdinand Gottschalk appear. Poor.


THE CHEYENNE KID. An RKO Radio production produced by Mentan C. Cooper; a strikingly good "western" with plenty of action and "pizzazz." Stars and features Tom Keenan, Mary Mason, Anderson Lawlor, Royce Ates, Al Bridge, Otto Hoffman and Alan Reasee. Adapted from the novel "No Fugitive Passer" by W. C. Tuttle. Robert Hill deserves credit for getting some real homespun into the picture.

The Annette Kellerman, form-fitting bathing suit is produced in various styles, ultra-modern design, in white and pastel shades. The one pictured here is in Nile green and is practically backless; a compliment to a youthful figure. Created by the Asbury Mills, New York City. Photo at upper left.

You're seen fashion pictures galore—now here's what goes underneath! The bandeau is of flesh colored lace; the panties, of flesh satin trimmed with edging of lace to match the bandeau. Jayne Shadduck, beautiful little Warner Bros.-First National player, models them; above.

Ann Dvorak (Mrs. Leslie Fenton) posed for this fashion study at the lower left. Her negligee is of green velvet with a matching organdie collar; designed by Orry-Kelly. The effect is soft, clinging and exotic. Photograph courtesy of the Velvet Guild and Warner Brothers-First National.

Velvet, the color of crushed raspberries, is the material in this draped and stitched hat for formal wear. Photograph below; especially suitable for Fall. From Lilly Dache; photograph by courtesy of June Hamilton Rhodes.

Above, Miss Francine Larrimore, stage and screen star, wearing a black velvet hostess gown from Bergdorf-Goodman. The bateau neckline is accented by two rhinestone clips, a smart jewelry accent. Photo courtesy of June Hamilton Rhodes.
America!

for Film Fans and Screen Stars

C. J. Spieker

For Palm Beach or Southern California waters, this attractive "Brasette," a white knitted swimming suit with blue straps, is offered by the B. V. D. Company of New York City. Photograph posed by Anita Page, well known motion picture star; upper right.

White chiffon and blue velvet in a strikingly beautiful and charming negligee, shown above, and posed by Margaret Lindsay, feminine star of "Captured," a Warner Bros. film. Photograph by courtesy of the Velvet Guild.

Fluffy, frilly and feminine, that's Helen Vinson who was, by the way, first proposed for pictures by this magazine. Photo at the lower right shows her modelling a frock of crinkly cotton crepe. Orry-Kelly, Warner Bros.-First National stylist, designed it for her. She wore it in "The Little Giant."

Above, for street wear. Joan Blondell, Warner star, poses in a smart costume featuring the new belted swagger coat, in bright red wool, posed over a navy wool frock trimmed with wide collar and tie of black satin dotted in white. Accessories include a black ribbed velvet beret, cut square across the front and fastened down with two fancy frogs.

Make a note of this when hunting all accessories—red stitched crepe hat, belt, and a swagger stick to match. Patricia Ellis, Warner Brothers player, wears, and carries them; with a navy sheer jacket. See photograph below.
getting married; it was just started around the time they played in a picture together.

Divorce in Hollywood, Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists, said in Omaha, Nebraska, recently, "has long since ceased to be a disgrace." Mr. Schenck was en route to New York by air to confer about a code of fair competition for the movie industry. "Some of the best people in the country are setting the example," he said in explaining the film colony divorce situation.

As was expected by this magazine, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford have separated permanently, and a divorce appears to be in the offing.

"Our home, 'Pickfair,' is for sale" said the actress. "A separation between Douglas and me is contemplated. If there should be a divorce, the grounds will be incompatibility. Beyond that, there is nothing further to say."

Report of a rift in the Fairbanks-Pickford household has been rife for more than a year. Douglas' fondness for travel and his attachment for a titled English woman were generally ascribed as the cause of the reported estrangement. Miss Pickford, however, up to now had refused to admit the truth of the reports.

Recently Miss Pickford spent several weeks in New York City and just before her departure for Hollywood it was said she had consulted a New York attorney, presumably about a divorce action.

Claire Carter, beautiful dancer and singer at the Paradise Restaurant and Cabaret, on Broadway, is reported to have joined Jay C. Flippen at Chicago, Ill., and may possibly marry the comic in California. What blonde in "Gay Divorce" is being watched by her husband's detectives? What assistant movie director, here in New York for a hecticly-hot time on Broadway, was unceremoniously escorted out of a night club with his partner, one of most stunning looking red beads the main stem has yet seen?

Helen Henderson and Gene McCarthy are supposed to be getting plenty "that way" about each other and it's serious. Betty Randolph, former "Follies" beauty, who inherited a fortune from her father, John T. Bailey, chain store operator, was recently married to Paul C. Sweinhart, managing editor of "Zit's Theatrical Newspaper." The ceremony was performed by Edward Markley. Justice of the Peace of Jersey City, at Mr. Markley's home at 146 Lexington Avenue, Jersey City. George Oriana, a friend of Mr. Sweinhart, was present.

Miss Randolph was discharged only recently from Fifth Avenue Hospital, N. Y. C., where she underwent an operation for a severe injury to her back suffered while playing handball on the roof of her penthouse at the Hotel San Carlos. Mr. Sweinhart gave his wife's age as thirty-three years and his own as forty-five. He is her fourth husband. She was married first to William H. Spickler in 1908, from whom she was separated by divorce in 1911.

The next year Miss Randolph was married to Thomas S. Hauck, an I. R. T. engineer and son of a Baltimore lumberman, and they were divorced in 1916. In 1925 she was married to Jerrie Brady, son of a Yonkers policeman, from whom she was divorced.

George Meeker, stage and screen actor, and the beautiful and shapely Joan Waddell, New York actress, were, 'tis reported, recently married. Mr. Meeker met Miss Waddell last year in New York when he was playing a rôle in the stage play "Strictly Dishonorable."


George O'Brien and his bride of six weeks, Marguerite Churchill, have returned from Del Monte and are living at O'Brien's home at Malibu. O'Brien is scheduled to start work on "Frontier Marshall," this month at the Fox studio.

Adrienne Ames, beautiful Paramount star, and her hubby have come to the parting of the ways. Last time our editor saw 'em they were love-birding in Park Avenue penthouses, Noo Yawk. Sorry, Adrienne; but is it true about Bruce Cabot liking you? Marion Nixon's ex-hubby is "going places" with Eleanor Holm, the aquatic star and Warner player. His name? Oh, yes,—Eddie Hillman.

Does Jimmy Dunn love Margaret Grancel, British dancer, or is it just one of those things? After being divorced for over eight months, Dorothy Hall, cinema and stage star, eloped recently to Greenwich, Conn., and was married to Neal Andrews. Before her Mexican divorce last year she had been wedded eleven years. The H. B. (RKO) Franklins have been legally separated for some time.

Cliff Smith and Claire Luce are reported as being seen together again! June Gale denies she'll marry Hoot Gibson; she's been seen with another important man lately! Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin kissed and made up not long ago. Her real name was Paulette Levy, when she went to George Washington High School in New York. Who's Vera Marsh's sweetheart from the Windy City? Jean Harlow, platinum-haired vamp, is going places with an Indian Prince and W. S. Van Dyke, movie director, lately; and once in a while she wears pants. The John Hustons; he's Walter's son, have been separated. No truth to the rumor of Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro

DOROTHY LEE, screen and stage star, will be, 'tis rumored, married to Marsh Duffield, Southern California grid star. Neva Lynn's honeymooning in Europe with Tommy Manville. Fred Astaire, stage and screen actor and musical comedy specialist, is still happily honeymooning with his pretty bride Phyllis Livingston Potter. They were married in Brooklyn.

Charlie Chaplin
Frank's Film Favorite

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I would like very much if you would write more stories, interviews and publish more pictures of charming Miss Madge Evans. And put her picture on the covers of your wonderful magazine. I am sure if the public see her picture on your magazine you will sell your magazines twice as fast as you do now.

—Frank Ferrara.

Favors Fashions

DUBUQUE, IOWA.—It's a real treat to find two up-to-the-minute fashion pages in your "Movies" monthly magazine. I enjoy "Dress Up America" very much, and you would be surprised to see how the local stores here enjoy watching what you do and following your "leads" as to dresses and hats and gowns. Keep it up.

—Evelyn Richardson.

Boosters for Bing

RAMSEUR, N. C.—We think your publication is a fine one, one of the best of its kind, in fact, but we have a suggestion to make which we feel will greatly better your excellent magazine. That is this: Why can't we have more writeups, reviews, photographs, etc., of Bing Crosby, the one and only Crooner? Listen, everyone! Mr. Crosby, by his fine acting in "The Big Broadcast" and "College Humor" will soon be proclaimed not only as "the" Crooner, but also as "the" actor of Hollywood. Now mark our words! And, believe us, Mr. Crosby, here are 150 fans who are wishing you the best of everything in life—health, wealth, happiness, and continued future success, and always remember we're standing behind you in everything you do—no matter what. Here's to you!—and Broadway and Hollywood's Movies! The Bing Crosby Club, Dolores Elisabeth Smith, Secretary.

Tired of Crawford

BELLEWICH, WASH.—I want to commend you for getting out an edition of Movies magazine without inflicting upon us half a dozen pictures of Miss Joan Crawford. We have all become tired—wearied and more—of having the photos of this woman flung before us in every form, now for more than a year. In one magazine recently I counted seven pictures of this much too much too staid beauty. They have shown us every part of her anatomy, with one or two possible exceptions, until we are nauseated—they are doing the lady a great injustice, to say the least.

There are so many other actors, so many character actors, that we would like to know more about, that it be-
SOME of our readers, carelessly perusing the pages, note that free photos may be obtained and hastily write in to one of the studios for a picture of one of the male or female stars now in the movies. The pictures we pay for are only of YOURSELF; for those who feel they can't afford a picture and who want a recent one entered in the files of our "Casting Office.

Recently 20 girls from metropolitan New York presented themselves at the Paramount office as possible candidates selected from among more than 5,000 applicants for the unfilled role of "Alice" in Paramount's forthcoming production, "Alice in Wonderland." They were interviewed with an eye towards giving them tests for the part. Meanwhile tests of applicants in other sections of the United States, as well as England, Canada and Australia, were going forward. Tests will be sent to Hollywood for final review and selection. Some of them have the approval of this monthly magazine and their photos are already on file here; these we are certain will secure jobs in Hollywood.

None of them were foolish enough to just write letters for free photos of Clark Gable or Loretta Young; we do NOT have free star photo service. Those who wish photos of film stars and featured players may consult the advertising columns of this publication.

This department is conducted solely to help those who are seriously considering the stage or screen as a career, or who wish to work as a professional model for artists and photographers. This is not an employment agency; we make no fees for entrance; you need not even be a subscriber to the magazine. It is part of our editorial service and is in no sense an advertising stunt.

If you are not frivolous about it, send in your photo with the qualifications blank neatly and clearly filled out, as soon as possible. Photos sent rolled, or tiny, hand-tinted pictures are not acceptable and will not be filed or published. All other pictures will be printed, without charge, in this magazine, at some time or other, as fast as our schedules permit us.

The photos and information will be kept available for casting directors, vaudeville booking offices, cinema corporation executives, stage directors, producers, and well-known artists and commercial photographers in search of models. A brief "write-up" will be printed regarding each person whose photo and card warrants our filing it.

Recently James Ralph Conn, of Montreal, P. Q., sent in his photo. He resembles Ruth Chatterton's former husband, Ralph Forbes; and sings quite well. A bright lad of 15 years is Leon E. Ober, of Auburndale, Mass. Has had amateur play experience and weighs 170 pounds. Ralph G. Peterson, of Casper, Wyo., resembles John Gilbert; is an all-around athlete and is six feet tall.

A chap who resembles a cross between George Raft and Rudolph Valentino is S. C. Hontovich, of Ellwood City, Pa. Dances well, swims, and rides horseback and weighs 160 pounds. "He is just a darned good fellow; I wouldn't mind having him on the streets in the morning."

As for the girls, from Boston, Mass., comes a photo of Ina Waters who resembles a cross between Nancy Carroll and Ginger Rogers, and, like both of those girls, she has light reddish brown hair. She weighs 114 pounds and plays the piano... A golden blonde from the windy city of Chicago is Josephine L. Smith, 22 years of age; resembles a "combination" of Mae Busch and Nancy Carroll; dances, sings and skates. Very attractive... Mary Margaret Durand, 1911 Broadway, Parsons, Kansas, is a beautiful little lady who is five feet three inches tall, and who looks very much like Bernie Claire or Katharine Hepburn. She plays the violin, swims, and sings well.... Miss Frabees Mac Atlay, 22, of Vallejo, Calif., slightly resembles Barbara Bedford and Norma Shearer combined. She weighs 107, and has most attractive legs.

Through the courtesy of the S. S. "Manhattan" of the United States Lines, the photograph of Miss Minerva Fejen was secured. Miss Fejen is one of New York City's most beautiful models; she would certainly make good if given a chance in picture work as she photographs very well. Has a pleasing voice and an attractive personality, and shapely legs. Dramatic ability, too.... Ann Leonard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has black hair, and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. We don't know what she weighs.

A pretty young lady who bears a striking resemblance to Jean Marsh and Jean Harlow is Evelyn Sinсел, from Bloomfield, N. J. She's eighteen years of age, swims and dives divinely, and has studied dramatics. A dancing blonde. Lydia Hartmann, of Lynne, Minn., is over 10 and looks slightly like Janet Gaynor. She dances and sings well and is really serious about wanting to get into the picture game.

Slightly resembling Bob Steele and George O'Brien, we find Tony Andrini's photo well worth a place in our files. He hails from Canton, Ohio, and has had experience in amateur theatricals. He weighs 140 pounds and is 21 years of age. Clarke William Hatcher, of Springfield, Mass., is nearly 20 years of age and once had the male lead in "H. M. S. Pinsfore." He plays the piano well, dances and swims.

Where to get photos taken:

ALABAMA

Birmingham.—Loveman, Joseph & Leash 7218 3rd Ave.

Hollywood.—Evansmith, 6353 Sunset Blvd.

CALIFORNIA

Jacksonville.—Cahill Bros. 298 29th St.

Miami.—M. Sarli Studio, 214 East Flagler St.

New York.—Mass Bros. 34th St.

ILLINOIS

Chicago.—Fred Fox Studio, 2746 Fullerton Ave.

IOWA

Davenport.—Petersen-Harned-Von Maur Des Moines.—Yangser Bros.

MARYLAND

Baltimore.—Hochschild-Kohn 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 and Co'y.

NEW JERSEY

Ashury Park.—Steinbach Company East Orange.—R. H. Muir, Inc.

Montclair.—Lopez, Harris Dept. Store

NEW YORK

Albany.—W. M. Whiteley & Co.

Brooklyn.—F. Loesser & Co. (2 studios)

Buffalo.—Hens and Kelly.

Hempstead.—Tony J. Schumacher, 205 Fulton Ave.

Jamaica, L. I.—B. Gertz, Inc., Jamaica Ave. & 162nd St.

Newburgh.—Schoenmaker & Sons.

New Rochelle.—H. F. Ware Co.

New York.—Grace Salon of Art, 1600 B'way.

New York.—Jas McCrery & Co., 314th St. & 5th Ave.

Poughkeepsie.—Lucky, Platt & Co.

Utica.—Robert Fraser & Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville.—Ben Marche Store.

Greensboro.—Meier's Dept. Store.

Monroe.—Dixie Photo Service, 504 N. Stuart St.

Raleigh.—Boylan Pierce.

OHIO

Akron.—C. H. Yeager Co. Cleveland.—Wm. Taylor Sons Co.

Cleveland.—Gondy Bros.

Columbus.—Westbrooke Photo

Armad——Strawbridge & Clothier.

Stanton Show.—Strawbridge & Clothier.

Philadelphia.—Strawbridge & Clothier, Market St. (2 studios).

Pittsburgh.—Beales and Buhl.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Greenville.—Keith's, Inc.

Memphis.—Lowenstein's Store.

WEST VIRGINIA

Wheeling.—The Hoh, Market & Chapline Sts. 
Buddy Castleberry, a boy from Ft. Smith, Ark., French type, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 173 pounds. A broadcasting artist; lifeguard and has been a master of ceremonies at prominent night clubs. Jimmy Tracy, of Portsmouth, Ohio, weighs 126 pounds; boxes, plays tennis and is a good dancer. A blonde with a very pleasant personality; speaks Spanish as well as English.

From Blairsville, Pa., we hear from John F. Pochiol, who weighs 155 pounds and is 21 years of age. He resembles Charles "Buddy" Rogers very slightly and has had a little experience in acting, he says. Swims. . . . Ira Rabinstein, who describes himself as "Jewish, with a good radio speaking voice," has green-gray eyes and is over 23 years of age. Weighs 200 pounds and is over six feet tall.

Paul Bartell, from Curwenville, Pa., is 26 years of age; a ruggedly handsome, athletic type who weighs 143 pounds and who resembles a cross between Edmund Lowe and Ramon Novarro. He dances well. . . . Omer W. Estridge, of Marengo, Ind., is 26 years of age; 5 feet 11 inches tall; blue eyes. He is an all-around athlete and has had experience in high school dramatic work.

William J. Lina has had experience on the stage in Germany and in the United States; is 28 years of age, 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He resides in Cleveland, Ohio, and we believe he'd be a good "find." . . . Thomas Abbey, of Glasgow, Scotland, slightly resembles Leslie Fenton. An all-around athlete, Irish, nearly 21 years of age, and is five feet and five inches tall.

Ft. Smith, Ark., is represented in our files in the person of John Muney, a dark, slender type who would make a good “Arab” in pictures. He sings and dances well; and photographs like a cross between George Raft and Ramon Novarro. . . . A really handsomely built "guy" who looks like a cross between Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen is William H. Spencer, of New York, N. Y., Brooklyn, to be exact! He has had vocal culture and amateur theatrical experience and is six feet one inch tall. A very good athletic juvenile if given a chance; is now 20 years of age.

The Lone Star State sends us a picture of Henry B. Webb, of Harlingen, Texas. He has had high school theatrical and musical experience; has blue eyes and weighs 125 pounds. Is 22 years of age. Fred Narcacci, from Albany, N. Y., weighs 170 pounds and photographs like a combination of Dick Powell and Johnny Mack Brown. He admits to "no accomplishments"; has brown eyes.

A Slovak, Paul Kukan, from Fords, N. J., nearly 21 years of age, sends in his photograph. He writes "I could do horseback riding and loving." Brown eyes and dark complexioned. . . . Jack Hall, of Ft. Worth, Texas, slightly resembles Charles "Buddy" Rogers, and is nearly 20 years of age. He has had minor stage experience. Blue eyes. . . . Raymond B. Johnson, of Seminole, Okla., has brown eyes and a dark complexion, and is nearly 20 years of age. He too has had experience as an actor in an amateur way. Dances and sings well.

Russell Francis Bradford, of Lowell, Mass., is nearly 20 years of age and looks like Gilbert Roland. Is a music lover and participates in many outdoor sports. Has had amateur stage experience. . . . Wallace Bolmski, of Pelly, Texas, is 22 years old; dances, rides horseback and sings. Resembles a "combination" of Bert Wheeler and Charles "Buddy" Rogers. He weighs 158 pounds and is nearly six feet tall.

Mary Herbert, stately, blonde beauty now living on Fifth Avenue, New York City, would make good in the movies if given a chance; a pleasing personality, good education, a gorgeous figure, and a "come-hither" quality to her voice. Has posed for famous artists and met many well known screen stars.

Lilly Eckman, of Rochester, Ind., frankly admits inexperience; but is five feet tall, "cute," and swims well. . . . Marie Swiman, a 23-year old blonde from West Hazleton, Pa., dances, sings and rides horseback. She's five feet four inches tall; possessing an inviting smile.

Lottie Henderson, a Lincoln Place, Clifton, N. J., beauty, is now 15 years of age and a real, honest-to-goodness attractive girl. She dances well, swims capably, sings, skates, and goes in for athletics. Weighs 102 pounds. . . . Betty Dawes, who resembles Clara Bow slightly, hails from Brooklyn, N. Y. She plays the piano, dances well, and has had two years of dramatic training.

Margaret Ann Fauver, from Hamilton, Ohio, is five feet two inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. Has had some vocal and dancing experience, and is 20 years of age. Tessie Reynolds, of Elk City, Okla., is a brunette,—also five feet two inches tall and weighing 120 pounds. She is an accomplished radio artist and singer, and boasts of some stage experience. Brown eyes.

From Rye, N. Y., comes young Rose Botticelli,—soon to be 14 years of age and who at present possesses a spiritually sweet type of beauty. She's four feet tall and weighs 88 pounds. . . . Chester, Pa., presents to us Miss Evelyn Evans, a very beautiful girl over eighteen years of age. Resembles Bernice Claire and has had some stage experience. Green eyes are intriguing, Evelyn!

A brown-haired miss from Brooklyn, N. Y., may some day get her chance if she keeps at it. Looks like a cross between Marlene Dietrich and Mary Brian,—which isn't bad for a start. Dances and swims well, and is five feet four inches in height. . . . Lillian Wiedemann, of New York City, a child, photographs well. She is taking dancing, singing and piano lessons and her 18th St. neighbors aren't objecting, so we judge she has some real talent. Weighs 80 pounds and is nearly 11 years old.

Knoxville, Tenn., sends us references on Louise L. Chandler, aged 23, who has had amateur theatrical experience and who weighs 116 pounds. Gray eyes and a 33-inch

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.

Minerva Fedyk, artists' model and possible screen star. Photograph courtesy of the United States Lines and the "Manhattan."
**THE BLUE WIDOW.**—A starring vehicle for Queenie Smith, now being shown at the Moskosco Theatre in New York City. This comedy by Marianne Brown Waters is one of the leading ones in the Manhattan early fall season. The fact that Miss Smith is playing the heroine in this one helps a good bit. She is a fascinating gamin with a roguish sense of comedy. She can do the studiedly ingenious type of ingenue as well as any of her sisters, for all the better part of her stage training has been in ballet and musical comedy.

"The Blue Widow" was one of the comedies Miss Smith tried out this Summer up Hartford way. It was called "Poor Little Thing" then. That would be a better title for it than "The Blue Widow," but it presented too easy a chance for horrid critics to pun the title as being descriptive of the play.

The lady of the title is Willie Hendricks, a fragile common law widow recently bereaved and given to weeping at the slightest recollection of her loss.

At a novelist's house party in Connecticut—one of those smart stage novelists who writes important last chapters in the living room between quips—Willie works the men with her weeping and her obvious bids for sympathy.

One of them knows her for what she is—a shrewd little cheater—but keeps mum like a gentleman until Willie all but steals her hostess' husband.

It is a plot artificially contrived by Marianne Brown Waters, lightened with streaks of bright chatter and given occasional scenes of plausibility by a cast of competent players. These include Helen Flint, playing an honest Connecticut wife; Albert Van Dekker, who would rather be a real than a farcical husband, and Roberta Beatty, who has a fairly difficult assignment trying to keep an actress brightly cynical comically.

**HOLLYWOOD REFUE.**—A sparkling, tuneful revue at the Hollywood Restaurant and Cabaret on Broadway, New York City; and if the photos by Murray Korman are to be believed, when one wanders into the lobby, it is as good as anything in Paris or Berlin. Charles Davis' superb orchestra is turning out the dance music for the patrons and it's still a "no cover charge" affair. One need not wear evening clothes.

**A PARTY.**—Mrs. Patrick Campbell's starring vehicle, and a good one, is the comedy by Ivor Novello, now playing at the Playhouse, 48th Street, New York City. Will be reviewed in detail as soon as we have had a chance to look it over. Mrs. Campbell has a following not to be sneezed at.

**THE ROXY.**—One of the best vaudeville bills in the East is at the original Roxy Theatre on Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C. Dave Schoeller, acting as orchestra leader, pianist pur excellence, and master of ceremonies for eight big acts; plus, of course, the usual feature picture and news reel stuff. Always enjoyable.

**ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.**—The same story one finds in the recent Paramount picture—and a very good one at that. Now being given, as a comedy, at the 48th Street Theatre in New York City. Will be reviewed later, but suffice it is to state that it is going over in a big way!

**CRUCIBLE.**—Just opened; will be reviewed later on. A stirring drama of New York life by D. Hubert Connelly. Can be seen at the Forrest Theatre, N. Y. C. We hear it is pretty fair.

**COME EASY.**—A new comedy which is genuinely entertaining; presented by Elizabeth Miele at the Belasco Theatre, New York City. Meritorious.

**LOEW'S STATE THEATRE.**—Always excellent vaudeville, a superb orchestra, and the last word in good picture productions. In addition, of course, to the usual short subjects and news reels. Loew's State can be depended upon for a pretty girl act fresh from Broadway's booking offices.

**LOEW'S STATE THEATRE.**—At Broadway and Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C. Always a corking, good vaudeville show and splendid pictures, worth seeing!

**SHADY LADY.**—Harry Meyer is presenting a new, peppy show at the Shubert Theatre, New York City, which will be reviewed in these columns as soon as we've had a chance to catch the show out front. Helen Kane, of stage and screen fame, Lester Allen, Chas. Purell, Helen Raymond, Max Hoffman, Jr., Louise Kirland, Harold Webster, and a chorus of youthful beauties.

**REVIEWING THE SHOWS.**—As one reader recently pointed out—the value in reviewing New York shows accrues to the out-of-towner who may visit the metropolis or who may attend the show when it reaches his own city after it has gone "on the road." We shall ever be impartial, fair, and just in these criticisms; but shall hit straight from the shoulder.
"FURY of the Jungle," portrays the life and struggles of a beautiful white woman against the dangers of the primitive wild. A terrific jungle storm is one of the highlights of this sensational feature. R. William Neill is directing it.

Lorraine Janet, as a result of the assistance of this "mag," may someday find herself in pictures. She's an Albertaina Rasche dancer of no mean reput.

Wallace Ford, well known stage and screen leading man, has an important role opposite Nancy Carroll in Columbia's "Goin' to Town." This is the picturization of Brian Marlow's story, which deals with the rise and fall of a radio crooner. Victor Schertzinger, who is directing, also composed the musical numbers to be sung in the production.

Wallace Ford, a former Broadway star appeared in such legitimate successes as "Abraham Lincoln," "Pigs," "Ahie's Irish Rose," "Gypsy Jim," "Broadway" and "Bad Girl." It was while playing in the last production that he was brought to Hollywood to appear in "Possessed." Since then he has turned in outstanding performances in such pictures as "Employee's Entrance," "Central Park," "Beast of the City," "Freaks," "Are You Listening?", "X Marks the Spot," "The Big Cage," "Skyscraper Souls" and "Hypnotized."

After taking a brief swim in Toluca Lake and swallowing what he eats half of its contents, Jack Oakie announced that he planned to start an immediate campaign to "Keep Toluca Lake Out of Jack Oakie." Residents of that exclusive suburb several weeks ago started their campaign to "Keep Jack Oakie Out of Toluca Lake."

Una Merkel has a featured role in "Bombshell," in which Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy are co-starred by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Frank Morgan and Ted Healy have supporting roles. Victor Fleming is directing the new picture, which is based on an unproduced play.


When Cecil B. DeMille takes a trip on his yacht "Seaward," he never divagates the destination to either crew or guests until they are under way. Norman Krasna has been borrowed from Columbia by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to write original screen stories. Krasna is the author of the stage play, "Louder, Please" and the motion pictures "Hollywood Speaks" and "So This is Africa."

Walter Abel, Broadway stage star who recently signed a contract with Paramount to act as one of the leading men in Dorothy Wieck's first American picture, "White Woman," left New York by automobile for a leisurely trip to Hollywood and his first screen assignment.

Lucien Hubbard's work on "Midnight Mary" for M-G-M deserves a wonderful round of applause. His leading lady, Loretta Young, never photographed better and never gave a better performance. All hail to Messrs. F. Tone and L. Hubbard. Cecil B. DeMille sent out a call the other day for 300 rats to work in his new Paramount picture "This Day and Age." The next morning the casting office was flooded with gangster types.

Before Jack Holt started on "Man of Steel," his next Columbia starring vehicle, which went into production recently he took a short vacation, at Sebuha Hot Springs. Holt's latest feature, "The Wrangler," is now being played nationally. "Man of Steel" shows him as a builder of big business, starting at the bottom as a milk hand on the big steel foundries.

Two prominent character actors, Harold Huber, and Jack Long were engaged by Columbia Pictures for its production, "Police Car 17." This is the temporary title for the first of the new series of pictures starring Tim McCoy, and deals with the radio police patrol service.

"Out of sight, out of mind," is the average motion picture fan's reaction to stars who travel abroad, according to Marion Brooks Ritchie, head of the Paramount film mail department.

"The very week that a player leaves for an overseas trip, his or her fan mail drops to a few letters from admirers who haven't read about the trip," Miss Ritchie says. "The flood begins again, however, as soon as the star returns."

James Tinling, who directed "Arizona to Broadway," with James Dunn and Joan Bennett, has been assigned to do as much for "Jimmy and Sally," the next James Dunn-Sally Eilers feature.

Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow are being co-starred in M-G-M's picturization of Louis Bromfield's new Cosmopolitan magazine story, "Living in a Big Way." Miss Dressler is now finishing "The Late Christopher Bean," with Lionel Barrymore, and Miss Harlow has completed a new role in "Bombshell." The new film is now under way.

Two of the plays selected by Burns Mantle, noted New York dramatic critic, for his book of the ten best plays of 1932-33 will be brought to the screen by Paramount. They are "One Sunday Afternoon" and "Design for Living."

John Farrow has been engaged by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to prepare a treatment of his own screen story, "The Way to Treat a Lady."... Filmdom regrets the passing of Louise Closer Hale, for years a well known star of the stage and screen. Also the passing of William C. Hubbard who was, for a long time, a director and the treasurer of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers. He served on the Board of Governors and was well known in the screen world up to the time of his death at his home in Plainfield, N. J.

Charles Brabin, who directed "Stage Mother" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has signed a new contract with that company. . . . "She Had to Say Yes" turned out to be one of the poor pictures of the year; the leading men taking turns at playing cads opposite Loretta Young. A shot of Grand Central Station, N. Y. City shows the entrances to the trains and a stenographer's voice announces trains for Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, etc.; the director having gotten mixed up with the Pennsylvania Railroad schedules.

John Gilbert, famous motion picture luminary, will work "passively" as a motion picture director for the Fox production, "Walls of Gold," in which Sally Eilers and Norman Foster are to be featured. The actor, who recently became the father of a daughter, will work with Kenneth MacKenna, who is to direct the production, in the capacity of a "looker on," without any salary and without responsibility of any kind regarding the film. He merely will be extended the courtesy of being "in" on every phase of preparation and production of the Kathurnian productions.
Muriel Gordon and Azalic Cecil, educated in high schools, have been in pictures for Warner Brothers for some little time. Both are doing well, and are immensely admired by male fans.

When Mary Kissel, 26 and pretty, actress and model, professionally known as Mary Dorne, failed to return to her home in Hollywood recently, her husband, Eugene Walter, toured the hospitals, police stations and the morgue, but failed to find her. He fears she is a victim of amnesia.

The "pot is boiling" and a new independent motion picture producing company expects to make its bow soon in the southwest. Well, here's luck, fellows; it seems to be an ideal year for the independents!

Mozaile Brittone, Art Mix, Frank LaRue, and John Wallace were cast recently in Columbia Pictures, for Buck Jones' latest outdoor feature, "The Fighting Ranger." George B. Seitz directed; from the screen adaptation by Harry O. Hoyt, of Warren Bate's magazine story. Dorothy Revier plays opposite the star. Others appearing include Ward Bond, Bradley Page, Frank Rice and Paddy O'Flynn.

Movie news reel shots taken not long ago at City College, New York, show the demonstrations by alleged college students who call themselves "reds" and free thinkers. It was just such a group which attacked Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, well known educator and head of the college. If such bawdyhouse activities keep up, we most certainly shall advocate compulsory military training again at that institution. Sharp contrasts were seen in the film news reels which showed the annual parades and graduations at Annapolis and West Point.

"Melody Cruise," a comparatively new picture, would have been a lot better had they secured an A-1 juvenile leading man and incorporated some routine dance numbers in the sequences.... Signs of the passing of Old Man Depression are in evidence with the activities in the east and west coast studios and the additions to the staff of many of the larger and smaller companies.

"Dynamic new players are especially needed by the screen just now," says William LeBaron in a dispatch from California. Absolute control by Adolph Hitler's brown-shirted Nazis of all factions and factors in and of the German motion picture industry is about to become a fact. Extremely strict censorship already is in order.... "Business is going to get better," says Will H. Hays, "and I like the thought expressed by the Atlanta Journal: 'Business is looking up for those who look it up.'"

Hollywood has 250 professional star gazers. Under their scrutiny a film favorite has no more privacy than a flea on a Mexican hairless dog.

Newspapers, syndicates, magazines, trade journals, and foreign publications of all types are represented by this group through which fans everywhere keep in intimate touch with their heroes and heroines. This magazine is represented on the coast by Miss Mary A. Roberts, formerly of Hunter College, New York City.

Evelyn Joslyn, singing and dancing in N. T. G.'s revue at the Paradise Restaurant and Cabaret.

"MOVIES"

"Music in the Air," may be given, we hope, a chance in film work..... Gloria Shea did an excellent job in "Strange People," but the vehicle wasn't as good as we'd like it to be. Here's hoping Gloria gets a better break in her next starring film.

Sylvia Sidney, who was given her first big chance in "Crime," by Sam Shipman, is reported to have "shown her gratitude" by returning, recently, unopened, a script which Mr. Shipman sent to her via air mail. And, speaking of New York shows, "Of Thee
She much. It Gold,” appears net. The W Azalie doing mad "Wild Hails for studio, cinematic the same made encourage nowularity Pictures Boys.” believe The Theatre least to executive Chain has been widespread rush for pantys and scanties. The picture would never have passed the censors if it had been shot after some of the girls had had the heavy uniforms stripped off them.

It appears that the Jean Harlow-Clark Gable co-starring picture, “Red Dust,” not only furthered the careers of its two leading players, but also that of a young Oriental aspirant to Hollywood fame, William Fung. This newcomer, who also played in “West of Broadway” and whose proper name is Wo-Fung, came to southern California several years ago with the intention of studying law at U. S. C., then became intrigued by pictures, and from extra work graduated to bigger and better bits. He has just been given a featured comedy role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “Malibu,” a part said to offer him a much better opportunity than did the one in “Red Dust.” So Fung admirers may now prepare to stand in line for the opening of “Malibu.”

Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia Pictures, has accepted the invitation of Frank R. Wilson, Chief of the Organization Division of the National Recovery Administration, to serve on the Distribution Committee of the Motion Picture General Committee, through which the whole industry has been mobilized to aid the Government at Washington, by the medium of the screen, in its campaign on behalf of national recovery.

Through the Distribution Committee, the NRA plans to utilize the industry’s resources for reaching millions of persons daily, in order to disseminate accurate publicity and information concerning the activities and accomplishments of the National Recovery Administration.

In accepting the invitation Jack Cohn also pledged the whole-hearted cooperation of his organization and its branch offices from Coast to Coast. “MOVIES” was the first of the fan magazines to join the ranks of “The Blue Eagle.”

Ricardo Cortez, featured in Paramount’s “Big Executive,” is enacting his sixtieth screen role since entering pictures. Azalie Cecil and Muriel Gordon, shapely beauties, are appearing in Warner Bros.—First National productions.

Ralph Morgan, who will be seen with Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore in “The Power and the Glory,” has been awarded an important role in “Walls of Gold,” with (Continued on page 40)
The News Reel
(Continued from page 40)

The price of a ten months' subscription to “MOVIES” magazine is now $1.00: payable in stamps, cash by registered mail; express or postal money order; or a certified check.

For those who remember their serials, the name of Francis Ford will stir familiar memories, for he has been selected for a part in Will James’ “Smoky,” now being filmed in Northern Arizona with Victor Jory and Irene Bentley in the leading parts.

Alfred A. Hesso, famous on the American stage as a character actor, arrived in Hollywood to appear in an important role of Jesse L. Lasky’s production of the Rachel Crothers play, “As Husbands Go.” . . . Genevra Mitchell and Lex Lindsay have important supporting roles in “Beautiful,” Ann Harding’s new stellar vehicle now in production at the RKO Studios.

They will participate in Palm Beach sequences of the story which will be filmed at the Hollywood Riviera Beach Club.

Robert Young, Sara Maritza and Nils Asater have the featured leads, and Al Santell is directing.

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a ship's deck. Freddie and the star were on alone—the rest of us were seated off right talking in undertones while waiting for our cues. The scene was tensely dramatic, but our roving camera was intensely interesting and the cue escaped not one but all of us. Freddie ad libbed a bit then gave it again. Now, it so happened that the star of the piece was a vaudevillian playing her initial dramatic engagement. She was utterly lost but quickly recovered by being betrayed by herself by leaving the situation in Freddie's hands. A moment later she got her footing and carried on with him. Suddenly, Charlie Lawrence heard Freddie say in an undertone:

"My God! What's the matter out there?"

He literally jumped from his chair and on stage as if he were having a fit. "Did you call, sir?" or words to that effect, upsetting the two more than the waiting had. Poor Freddie! He told us later that he gave that cue not less than four times. Strangely enough, the audience never knew, but for the rest of the evening all of us were jumpy.

Our breakfast-lunch arrived at the same time that Freddie betrayed a healthy appetite but no interest in being interviewed. He refused to take me or my muse seriously.

"Freddie," I asked, "are you temperamental?"

"You should know. How long did we work together?"

"That's to do with you being temperamental?"

"Plenty—in case you don't know it."

"But are you? At home, I mean."

"Am I? Ask Florence. If she so much as looks funny at me I drag her by the hair of her head all around the room."

"Oh, Freddie, do be serious!"

"Who wants to be serious? How's that salad? These eggs could be better."

"I had no idea you ate so much."

"And I had no idea you could be so pesky. You've developed unsuspected qualities. I think I like you better as an ingénue."

"Do you always rave like this?"

"I've heard about you. I admit if I found you I'm sleeping, and even then I have nightmares and talk in my sleep."

"Freddie, you're utterly impossible in this mood. It's a good thing I know you."

"And knowing me, why do you ask me all these fool questions?"

"It's the cloak I wear. I might have spared you all this only I wanted to see for myself if you had changed much. I wanted to see if success had gone to your head."

"And the verdict is—"

"He was now quite serious as he looked at me with those fine, direct, brown eyes."

"That you're still real. You've grown. You're sure of yourself and what you want to do. I see that in every move you make. But you aren't puffed up about it. It's part of that growth of yours. It's the secret of your absolute naturalness."

"Thanks, Julia. I hope I shall always merit such regard."

"I would have been shocked and disappointed if I had found you otherwise. I was going to ask what you thought of all this acclaim you have earned for yourself but I don't have to."

"No?"

"No. Fame hasn't spoiled you even a little bit. For heavens sake stay that way."

"I'll try."

"Just the thing I would like to know. Do you ever have a yen for an audience?"

"Yes and no. There is much in this life that compensates for the loss of applause; variety, the opportunity to lead a more normal domestic life and, lots of other things as well."

"Do you ever feel as though you would like to retire from the screen?"

"I won't have the opportunity if you don't finish that coffee so I can go to work."

He was again flippant.

"Would you like me to tell your public how rude you are?"

"You wouldn't dare! Now go ahead and write, if you must write. Give Florence and me a ring some time and come and see us. Only leave that book and that cloak at home. Maybe I'll recognize you next time. Good-bye, Julia, it's been good to see you again."

"It's been good to see you, Freddie. Keep up the good work. I'm betting on you."

"Atta-girl."

I left the studio, took the subway into Times Square where I entered a cab parked for a moment in front of the subway exit. Suddenly I was struck by something familiar about the driver and when I leaned forward I recognized him as Morris Armor, the chap who had played the native lover in this same play "The Half-Caste."

"For heavens sake!" I exploded.

"I knew you at once," he grinned.

"Then why didn't you speak to me?"

"Well, I didn't know how you'd feel about talking to a guy like me. It's a funny meeting you like this. I saw Freddie March yesterday for the first time since the play closed. Armor had been cruising along Broadway when he spied a well known figure. Pulling up to the curb he called:

"Hello, Freddie!"

The idol of millions stopped and turned toward the cab.

"I don't suppose you remember me," said Armor.

At a brief second Freddie looked at him then extended his hand cordially.

"Why, it's Paula," he said. Paula was Armor's name in "The Half-Caste."

"Of course, I remember you. But where have you been all these years and what have you been doing?"

"Anything I could. I've been driving this cab for three years."

"That's news. Why did you quit the stage?"

"Jobs were few and far between for me, Freddie. I'm a native. It's a funny thing and I couldn't let my family starve while I tried to be another Fredric March. You have certainly covered yourself with glory, old man."

They stood for many minutes discussing things that happened. Finally, by thought of for years, then Freddie extended his hand again.

"Glad to have seen you, Paula. Come over to the studio and have lunch with me some day."

And on that they parted. Shortly after my meeting with Morris Armor he called me on the telephone.

"I have a lovely little cousin visiting us from St. Paul. I have told her you know Freddie March and she wants to talk with you. She craves conversation with anyone who knows him. Will you just say a few words to her."

"Of course," I replied, "Put her on."

"Hello," the voice held an awed, frightened quality.

"Hello, Rose, I'm glad to meet you."

"Are you really?" she asked.

"But of course. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Oh, but I'm nobody and you know Frederic March."

At that I laughed. For a moment I wished Freddie could be on my extension.

"But Freddie is just like anyone else. And knowing him doesn't make me different."

"Oh, but it does. He's simply wonderful!"

There was a child-like thrill in her manner of speaking.

"He isn't a bit nicer than your cousin Morris, Rose," I assured her.

"Yes he is. And he's lots better looking."

"Hey, give me that phone," broke in Armor. "I won't let you talk if you're going to say such things about me." To me he said... "She's awfully sweet and she thinks Freddie is about the grandest thing in the world."

About a month later Armor made me a sudden, unannounced visit.

"Read this," and he handed me a letter. One paragraph ran as follows:

"Oh—I started an immense scrap book. It is growing rapidly but only one movie star is going to pass the portals of its cover. Guess who? Yep, you're right, Fredric March. I wrote him a letter a day or so ago. I'll let you know the returns—if any."

"What about it," I asked, glancing up.

"Do you think Freddie would send her a picture if I asked him?"

"Of course. But what's it all about and why are you so worried?"

"I have just had a telegram from Rose's mother. Rose is in the hospital. She's mighty sick and it occurred to me that if Freddie sent her a picture it might cheer her up and help a little. You know how crazy she is about him and, of course, she's just a child."

"Write him and tell him about it. He'll send her a picture I'm sure."

So the letter was immediately written to Freddie who personally autographed and mailed a photograph.

"To Rose Kelly with every good wish, Fredric March."

Later Armor received a letter from one of the family telling him that Rose was doing nicely.

"She received a picture from Fredric March a few days ago," the writer went on to say. "The doctors had pronounced her in a very critical condition and it came when she was at her worst. It made her very happy. She asked that it be framed and placed on the table beside her bed. She refused to let it be moved. Perhaps we're crazy, but we can't help but feel that that picture of Fredric March helped pull Rose through."

"I've known this for some time but I haven't seen Freddie to tell him about it since that day at Astoria and I wonder how he will feel when he reads that all unconsciously this act of his helped bring fifteen year old Rose Kelly of St. Paul, Minnesota, through the valley of the shadows."

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Gregory the Great
(Continued from page 17)

man, an inspiration to all his students.

"Of course, all this took money. Without my mother's help, I doubt if I'd have gone so far as I did. I'd work here and there. For a while I was ticket taker in the Gar- rick Theater, in Chicago. Later, I was sort of a supernumerary with the Louis Waller Repertoire Company, in New York. Even this slight theatrical experience was to prove a help later to me.

"But, as you may know, Art is something that demands all of you, and canvases and oils take money to buy. I was up against it, for a time, and that's how I happened to start making comic strips. Doing that, took all of my time, and then I had the idea of making animated cartoons. Do you remember the old Mutt and Jeff cartoons on the screen? Those were mine." I recalled that some comment to that effect had been published a few years ago in Cartoons Magazine.

"Working with those things, I started to write scenarios for other cartoons. In them, I treated the characters as though they were genuine actors, and applied the pictorial and dramatic values, as one would, working with people. While I was doing this, I was given the opportunity to write a series of two-real- ers for Johnny Hines. They were successful, and because of that, I was signed to direct Charlie Murray in several shorts. That started me as a director. I've been working at it ever since."

We sat a while in meditation at the changes life had made in the plans of this man, known to all fans, in this hour, as the one who directed "Gabriel Over the White House." If for nothing else, his treatment of the theme will go down in cinema history.

He also did "Half Naked Truth" for RKO- Radio Pictures, in which Lupe Velez was starred.

"No, I'm not sorry that I forsook the muse. Making a picture is like making a tapestry. You know, within you, just what you want the finished work to portray. It's like mak- ing a tapestry. You color this section a trifle; you subdue this part. You make your central figures or thoughts stand out in just the manner you wish."

"Where in portraiture, one oils and canvas to make allowances for, here, in the studio, we have lights, mechanics, the eye of the camera, and when all is done, the cutting. That is the most difficult, the cut- ting. Then it is that you piece your little blocks of color and light into the tapestry. Then it is that you blend your moods and thoughts into one entrancing whole. You see, a picture can't be good for three reels and bad for one, and be considered good. It is either good or bad, just as in art. Part of a picture never makes up for deficiencies in another part of it. You have to work at it, to really know the joy of completion. Yes, at times we tire, as I am now, but, I wouldn't change places with anyone."

"There's so much to this all that grips you. Working with people, playing on their emotions, leading them this way and that. You get to know that you're really living, really a part of the world."

"I'm a bit of a psychologist; I like to study people, watch them, check them. Take Miss Bennett in this picture. She sort of flows; she's supple, she catches the mood, the feeling. She's vibrant, living. It's great to watch an artist such as she is, and make conclusions. And I don't mention her, just be- cause she's someone you know. I'm always on the look-out for new faces, new personali- ties. I like to work with new-comers to the screen. They bring themselves and a breath of the outside world into the studio. Their reactions to suggestions are new and offer a chance for enfolding. I like that espe- cially." Mr. La Cava was one of the judges at the time America's most beautiful high school girl was selected.

"I like flowing lines, subtle lighting quick changes of moods, though-flashes that sweep across the faces of our artists. I like it; I can't tell you how much."

He looked about him, stretched a bit. "Yes," he smiled, "it is wonderful, and the more I think about it, the more wonderful it seems. I wouldn't want to give up this artistic, creative work for the world."

Little need then, is there, for one to wonder why RKO ranked Gregory La Cava as one of their most successful direc- tors. A man who can feel so thrilled with his every work, must of necessity show results. "Symphony of Six Million" and "Fraternity House" are two of his outstanding successes on the RKO lot. We'll wager what you wish, that you liked his latest, "Bed of Roses," and that you'll join the many "director-conscious" fans. With such man as Gregory La Cava in the field, and he's now with Twentieth Century Pic- tures, the time is not far distant when one and all will look for the name of the director, as well as the name of the star when they wish for an evening of pleasure at the theatre.

... EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifth of a series about, or by, well known directors of the screen. Another will appear in the next edition of "MOVIES" magazine.
bust. Sings and dances—Victoria May Small, of Buzzards Bay, Mass., resembles a cross between Beatrice Lillie and Sue Carol; sings, dances, and played "Down to the Sea in Ships." Weighs 110 pounds and possesses remarkably beautiful eyes.

Eve Nudsen (Rohoads), now living in "Noo Yawk," is an actress of rare ability and beauty,—like the Violet Heming type. A blonde, and dances well; shapely and talented having served on the legitimate stage for some time.... Emma Pearle Kelly is "type," from Preston, Ont., Canada. Is a contralto soloist; interesting personality.

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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Boccaccio—Love (1569)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Physiology of Sex Life (174)</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Rational Sex Code (1558)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Nature of Love (187)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How to Test Urine (1934)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Marriage—Facts of Life (91)</td>
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<td>Sex Questionnaire (1408)</td>
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<td>How to Love (98)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Companionship Marriage (1497)</td>
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<td>Evolution of Sex (172)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Sexual Factor in Divorce (1496)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Hindu Book of Love (175)</td>
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<td>Wine, Women, Song (1495)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Four Essays on Sex (176)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Power of Women (1491)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Plain Talks with Husbands and Wives (228)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Why Preachers Go Wrong (1840)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Women Should Know (420)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>New Immorality (1481)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Women Who Lived for Love (647)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Glance Affection (1477)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Confidential Chats with Wives (645)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Know About Your Sensations (477)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>What Boys Should Know (653)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Common Sense of Health (1353)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Wild Women of Broadway (606)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Young Men Should Know (654)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Unlovely Sin. Hech. (1164)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>What Young Women Should Know (565)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unusual Love Affairs (1283)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Nature of Instinct and Emotions (1152)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How to Get Divorce (1421)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Married Men Know (565)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Wives Leave (1420)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Conessions of a Modern Woman (1321)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Magnetism (4495)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Married Women Should Know (567)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is Civilization Over-Seized? (5182)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Physiological Self Taught (705)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Confessions of a Gold Digger (1392)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How to Get a Husband (1320)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Sexual Morality (1717)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flesh and Devil (1806)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Facts About Venerable Diseases (730)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Harding's Illegitimate Daughter (1379)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psychology of Affections (727)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sins of Good People (1771)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistress of Today (730)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law for Women (1362)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sex in Psychyo-Analyysis (800)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birth Control a Sin? (1359)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U. S. Marriage and Divorce Law (789)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Degradation of Women (1122)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trial Marriage (1347)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep and Dreams (604)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Problems (1342)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sinister Sex. Hecht. (1167)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Breakdown of Marriage (1337)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Her Burning Secret (817)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Companionship Marriage (1250)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Scandals of Paris Life (630)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Psychology Love-Hate (742)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>What Married Women Know (565)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bad Habits and How to Break Them (850)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True Love Letters (1244)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Jokes About Married Life (820)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Beginning Married Life Right (1238)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Can You Control Conduct? Dar- (843)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love from Many Angles (910)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>All About Syphilis (903)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Common Sense of Sex (1089)</td>
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<td>Happy Though Married (964)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Morals in Greece and Rome (217)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>About Kissing (889)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Art of Courtship (998)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Love from Many Angles (1113)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>All About Syphilis (903)</td>
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<td>About Kissing (889)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Love Story of Old Maid (375)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rational Sex Ethics (926)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Human Origin of Morals (1161)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleopatra and Her Loves (675)</td>
<td></td>
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KEEPING AT THE TOP
(Continued from page 14)

events, I am sensible to some force or will at work shaping and reshaping me. An incident will illustrate this illusion or reality, whichever it is.

Recently it became necessary to add a sequence to Possessed—a picture originally made only a year ago. I got out the old stills to see what I looked like then and to match myself to. It was, honestly, very difficult to do so. I had the strangest feeling that I was someone else! For I had changed the arrangement of my hair a dozen times since those photographs were taken; I had changed my manner of wearing clothes and, still more bewildering, I had subtly changed in my mode of acting and way of thinking. It was a psychological experience that I shan't forget. More definitely than anything else that has happened to me, set this impression that screen stars are merely the reflection of rapidly shifting public taste and that Hollywood moves fast to the whims of its great master.

Kaleidoscopic as Hollywood must be in most things, it is rigidly fixed in a few which are vitally important for a star to know and act upon correctly. These, I suppose, might be called the rules of the game, which, if broken, endanger the professional life of the player. As an example, a screen star must be a voluntary prisoner in Hollywood in the pursuit and maintenance of her success.

She dare not leave her confines for more than a few weeks at a time, unless she wishes to run the risk of returning to find herself forgotten. Time and again I have seen stars try to come back, only to be met with failure. Actually, I have had one real honest-to-goodness vacation in four years.

Another fixed Hollywood principle is that a star cannot afford to be more than half right in a studio quarrel. And half right is often too much! Differences must be arbitrated if the star, right or wrong, wishes to survive. If you win a battle against your studio against its will, where are you if the studio decides to keep you off the screen?

I am emphasizing this side of the human problem that affects all of us, more or less, in every activity, because it is peculiarly poignant in Hollywood, where to make a bad picture is a mistake of the first magnitude, and where, though it may be the result of other hands than your own and factors beyond your control, a star must be prepared and willing to accept the brunt of the flasco. That, too, is a pretty inflexible rule. And if you look at it impartially, there is a certain poetic justice in what appears to be a wrong.—Continued next month.

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POWELL'S PROGRESS
(Continued from page 15)

liam Bond, Hugh Huntley, George Meeker, Leigh Allen, Reginald Owen and Kay Hammond support the principals.

The story concerns Miss Colby (Ann Harding), with her younger sister Valerie, married, realizes that she had better stir herself unless she wants to be relegated to the old maid class. Setting her cap for John Fletcher, a rich man-play boy, she finds him hot for romance, but cool for matrimony. She works a ruse with Valerie that permits her father to catch his pajama-clad daughter in John's apartment. A wedding that has a shot-gun semblance is consummated.

Miss Colby is really in love, but John figures there's a nigger in the woodpile. Valerie angles a $1,000 check out of John only to have Joan tear it up. Valerie gives John the lowdown. He walks out to his old vamp flame, Monica. Things break tough for Joan, but she does not imprison her. She arranges a dinner for the postmaster general, which may result in the Fletcher Lines getting a mail-carrying contract. John refuses to come home. Joan makes all sorts of excuses, and lands the contract. Then for no explained reason, John walks in with a bouquet of Joan's favorite flowers and everything is fine at the fade-out. A really worthwhile production directed by John Cromwell from the play by Edward Poor Montgomery.

YOUTH'S BEAUTY
(Continued from page 18)

stitutes the manufacture of beer without permit. However, I don't think home-brewing amounts to much any more. People don't care for beer made in a cellar or garage when they can buy beer made by professionals under sanitary conditions. Honest content—we check up brewers to make sure the labels tell the truth. We don't care how little straight, for strength. I know of one American beauty, of German descent, who has a perfectly beautiful mouth, yet always uses a little powder of her lip during the make-up process to insure the tint being slightly lighter than the raw color of the lipstick.

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PHILATELISTS

The News Reel

(Continued from page 41)

Paramount is going strongly for child actors. Besides Baby Leroy Winebrenner and Jackie Cooper, this studio is launching Dickie Moore as Alberto with Dorothy Weck in "Cradle Song."

Jean Hersholt, whose last role was in the current Astor attraction, "Dinner at Eight," appears in the cast of "The Cat and the Fiddle," the Ramon Novarro-Jeannette Mac

Donald co-starred picture. Miss Mac will soon finish production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer studios. William K. Howard is directing this adaptation of the Kern-Harbach musical romance of the same name.

Jacqueline Wells, young actress recently placed under contract by B. P. Schulberg, has joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse, has been assigned the ingénue lead in the Paramount production of "Tillie and Gus," the W. C. Fields-Alison Skipworth feature. Miss Wells' first and only other screen appearance was in the feminine lead of "Tarzan, the Fearless."

Hal Roach, producer of Laurel-Hardy, "Our Gang" and other comedies for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release, arrived in New York recently for a short business conference on product plans for 1933-34. As is his custom, Roach flew East in his own plane, pausing a day at the Chicago Fair. He still believes that his casting offices have ample opportunities for children with ability in the movies.

A new baby star recently joined at Holly

wood screen colony. Her appearance caused John Gilbert, the actor, to exclaim:

"I am the happiest man in the world."

The new star was born to his wife, the former Virginia Bruce, film actress, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, and tipped the scale at 7 pounds, 5 ounces.

Mother and daughter, according to Dr. Norman Wells, are doing nicely.

Gilbert thus becomes a father for the second time, his first wife, Lentece Joy, having presented him with a baby girl.

Nils Asther, suave Swedish actor, has become a histrionic Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Recently, one morning he assumed the guise of a bio-chemist who devotes his life to the service of humanity for his role in "Beautiful," Ann Harding's new starring film for RKO Radio Pictures.

During the afternoon he underwent a startling transformation and became a cad

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hold We Live," then in production at the RKO Radio studios.

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Born Nov. 29th

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Born November 11, 1908

NANCY CARROLL  
Born November 19th
November Nonsense

WITH Russia and Japan acting up and threatening each other; with France, England, Italy, Austria and Germany and the Balkans at loggerheads, and with the Cubans acting like a lot of half-baked desperadoes, the American people are wondering just how strong they can go on this Thanksgiving stuff.

Well, for one thing, gentle reader, be thankful that the United States is not and will not become embroiled in another international drinking bout with the blood of millions of our finest young men in the chalice. As fare as we are concerned, the days of such suicidal idiocy are over forever!

The NRA executives are beginning to find out that possibly some of the screen stars,—men, women and children, may be getting a lot more in their pay envelopes than the normal conduct of the cinema business should warrant. This fact has been shouted from the housetops for the past four years by this magazine; let's settle it once and for all this November and have something else to be thankful for.

The news reels bear ample evidence of the fact that attendance at the big football games has increased substantially; and reports have it that the increase amounts to 41 per cent; an indication of returning normalcy if not prosperity.

Efforts are being made to open the closed banks and thus release a billion or more dollars immediately. Congressmen and Senators are being deluged with requests for some sort of inflation so that the sky-rocketing of prices might be made to keep some sort of pace with wages.

Prohibition is dying a lonely and unattended death; no pulmoters are being rushed to the side of the silk-hatted and blue-nosed reformer who has held sway in the Constitution for the past thirteen years, and no one sheds a tear. An age of sobriety and industry will be ushered in with the exit of bootlegging and hypocrisy, and the odious 18th Amendment will go into the national garbage can never to be resurrected. Our congratulations to the film producers who had the courage to do a part in exposing the evils of Prohibition!

Birthday congratulations, this November, to Jerry Tucker, Gwen Lee, Philip Merivale, Will Rogers, Dixie Lee, Don Alvarado, Vera Reynolds, Joel McCrea, Marie Prevost, John Miljan, George W. Barbiex, Marie Dressler, Raquel Torres, Roland Young, William Collier Sr., Jack Oakie, Helen Mack, Eddie Buzzell, Lewis Stone, Lawrence Tibbett, Edna Murphy, Frank Fay, Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong, Reginald Denny, Noel Francis, Margaret Livingston, Frances Dee, Kay Johnson, Genevieve Tobin, and Rod La Roque.

November nonsense! Well, that's just a sample of it. Happy Thanksgiving anyhow!

—A. R. ROBERTS, Editor.

Table of Contents

NOVEMBER, 1933

Dorothy Jordan ...................... 1
Painted by Lt. James Lannon
November Birthdays ................. 4
Congratulations, Girls!
November Nonsense ................ 5
Editorial by A. R. Roberts
Dorothy Jordan ...................... 9
By Dr. Abba Wretlaw
Charles Lamonte, Director ........ 11
By Mary A. Roberts
Midshipman Jack .................... 12
By Julia Guin
May Robson Wins .................... 17
3 Pictures of the Month
The Job of Keeping at the Top .. 18
By Joan Crawford, Part 2
An Actor Reverts to Type .......... 21
By Richard Arlen
We Take It and Like It ............. 23
By Tom Tyler
Baloonacy .......................... 24
Film Fun at Its Best
Art Supplement ..................... 26
'R. K. O. "Cuties"
Reviews and Pre-Views ............. 28
24 Recent Pictures
"Dress Up, America!" .............. 30
Fashions: by Claire J. Speiker
The Casting Office ................ 32
Your photo taken free!
Splits and Splinges ............... 35
Births, Marriages, Divorces
The Month's Mail .................. 36
Sorted by Ivy Merton
The News Reel ...................... 37
Behind Hollywood's Scenes

November, 1933

Vol. IV, No. 5

"MOVIES"

JACK LA RUE
Bad man of the stage and screen; appearing in "To the Last Man" and "Headline Shooters."
JUNE KNIGHT, stage and screen star, now appearing in "Ladies Must Love" and "Take a Chance."
DOROTHY JORDAN
Starring in RKO's
"Wild Birds"
DOROTHY JORDAN

Typical American Girl

By Dr. Abbehi Wrelaw

IF THERE ever was a typical American girl,—the sweet, lovable, unsophisticated type I feel that it is Dorothy Jordan; at least as far as the world of the Kliegs and "props" is concerned. Dorothy, now the wife of Meriam C. Cooper, executive vice-president in charge of all production of RKO-Radio pictures, is a southern girl.

She was born in Clarksville, Tenn., and graduated from the Southwestern University and came to New York to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, the institution from which Kay Johnson was graduated.

Miss Jordan had a successful tryout with the Garrick Gayeties and later appeared in "Twinkle, Twinkle," "Funny Face," and several Theatre Guild productions. She was also in the "Treasure Girl."

Feeling the lure of Hollywood, she went to the coast "on her own," managed to get an introduction at the United Artists Studio and within forty-eight hours was given the part of Mary Pickford's sister in "The Taming of the Shrew." Her performance in this talking film was so exceptional, that she was immediately signed to a contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an extended period.

Dorothy
Jordan
and
Joel McCrea

Most young picture aspirants are content to start in with small bits but Miss Jordan found her second motion picture role in one of the most important parts of the year—the feminine lead opposite Ramon Novarro in the latter's first dialogue film, "Devil May Care." Later she did "The Singer of Seville," "In Gay Madrid" and "Dark Star."

Executives were very enthusiastic about her work in this photoplay, and demonstrated their approval by giving her the chief feminine role in Novarro's next picture, "The House of Troy." This was first shown at the Capitol Theatre in New York City where, coincidentally, she had made her first professional appearance,—in the chorus. She had concluded that musical comedy was the surest road to fame.

Miss Jordan was born August 9th, 1908, and graduated from the Clarksville High School before attending college. During her entire early childhood and girlhood she confesses to a "yen" to be an actress. There is something sweetly wistful about her that seems a contradiction:—a sort of will-o'-the-wisp,—yet she is very real and tangible.

In her opinion, being sympathetic and acting in motion pictures just don't go together. Naturally a sympathetic person, Miss Jordan has too many nicely worked out routines knocked into the discard by the varying fortunes of the movies to take them seriously any more.

She set a course of study for herself. It was continually being interrupted by studio engagements, interviews, appointments with the dressmaker, publicity pictures and the thousand and one demands that the screen makes on its favorites. She planned vacations, with the same results.

When she learned to play tennis and took up swimming, those sports had to be mastered in haphazard fashion.

Just when she'd be starting on a hot set on the court, a call would come through—she was wanted for a fitting, a test, rehearsal, and so on ad infinitum.

"I just don't think it is possible to be sympathetic and act in pictures," said the girl who is being starred in "Wild Birds" with Tom Brown. "To worry very much about a set schedule would be to live in a continual turmoil. Naturally, I am inclined to be systematic. I have found that the best way to do is
She is credited, according to Claire Julianne Spieker, New York fashion creator who is designing a Dorothy Jordan dress, with having started the roller skating fad in Hollywood. Other pictures in which she appeared which have not been previously mentioned in this article include "One Man's Journey," "The Lost Squadron," "Bondage," "A Tailor Made Man," "Call of the Flesh" and "Road House Murder," the latter for RKO-Radio.

Like most Hollywood luminaries, she is careful of her diet; would doubtless have made a good Chinese girl and been able to manipulate chopsticks in an adept manner, because she prefers dishes like fish and soft meat balls which can be manipulated with two forks.

She is an excellent sailor; can handle a boat expertly and can name every sail on a four-master; which is something unusual for a girl who was born so far inland. She loves the tang of the sea and the sharp kisses of the wind in her face; loves the ocean spray and never gets seasick.

She loves odd things; is a philatelist and makes a specialty of the triangular Liberian stamps; owns a pencil on the tip of which is engraved the Lord's prayer; but you couldn't persuade her to accept a Mexican hairless dog as a gift—she loathes them. Dorothy has had a hill, Jordan Vista, named after her because she turned the first spadeful of earth in its development.

Her college education includes some time at Southwestern University, at Memphis, Tenn., in her home state; her theatrical education includes displaying her very shapely limbs in the chorus of the Chester Hale girls.

Lieut. James Lunnon, Anglo-American portrait painter, who designed the cover for the November issue of "MOVIES" says she is one of the finest types he has ever met in England or the United States, and pays high tribute to her keen sense of humor and her all-round good fellowship.

"Extraordinarily alert mentally, Miss Jordan is of that wideawake student group which may be found in the greater colleges and finishing schools. She is active in outdoor sports, being particularly fond of tennis.

"There's no trace of the temperament in her makeup; cool and level headed at all times, Miss Jordan's every action reflects consideration and charm.

"She comes from an old American family," continued director Schuessler, "the Jordans having settled in Virginia in 1670. She's a home lover, and one of her major hobbies is the study of cooking. Southern style particularly.

"Another point which I would like to stress," he added, "is that Miss Jordan represents the true American sophistication—not the bored, tired-of-it-all type which is sometimes accepted as the real thing—but the sophistry of being aware of what the world is all about and what makes it go. And it is this vital and refreshing spirit which most of all makes her 'Dorothy Jordan—All-American Girl.' "

"MOVIES"
CHARLES LAMONTE
By Mary A. Roberts

EDUCATIONAL STUDIOS claim one of Hollywood's most versatile directors: Charles Lamonte. It isn't usual, to find a man who is equally capable of getting the best out of both kiddie actors and adult ones. Charles Lamonte is the one who can do both, and do it well.

You've seen the kiddie comedies, starring Shirley Temple. Most of the children in those series are only three years, none are over four. And all are within the range of 36 inches. Taller ones cannot be used.

"I never wanted to direct kiddies; I didn't want to be known as a baby director. Now and again, I did do a kiddie picture, but if there was a way of escaping the job, I did just that," he said. Then, one day I was called in on a comedy, to be sort of trouble man. I saw the picture; it was really awful. In it, there were a few shots of a kiddie, not yet able to walk, and that baby did exude personality.

"The only suggestion I could think of making was to have more of that kiddie. I figured that because people like so to see babies, more of that child might save the picture. I explained my idea, and to me was given the task of fixing up the film. The baby was Big Boy. And from then on, I made all of Big Boy's pictures, and the public loved him as much as I did. He is a big boy now, too big to play in kiddie parts.

"We tried to keep Big Boy a boy. His parents agreed not to send him to the inevitable dancing and elocution schools. We wanted him to be just a real boy, and he was. Big Boy and I are really responsible for each other's success.

"Then I got the idea of making real kiddie pictures. We made a series of six, last summer. This summer we made another series. . . . How do I manage them? Oh, I don't know. There isn't any trick to it, though some of the other studios seem to think there is. We've found spotters on the set many times, but I don't use any 'methods.' I simply explain the parts to each one of the children. I show them what to do and how I want it done. I rehearse the lines with them until they know just how to pronounce the words. Many times, it happens that they have some very large word to say, but they get the pronunciations quicker than you'd think.

"Children have good memories, so that once they know exactly what they're expected to do, they remember to do it. Another thing, I never use make-up on them. That helps to make them act more natural. Make-up would tend to make them self-conscious, and that's something we must avoid. Incidentally, make-up sometimes makes adults overly conscious.

"Working with children is easy; (Continued on page 48)
"WHERE'S Austin?" The Duty Officer snapped the question out impatiently as his eyes traveled over the three first classmen drawn up in two ranks in the center of the rotunda of Bancroft Hall, facing Memorial Hall.

"He was told to be here, sir," replied one of the first classmen.

At that moment Midshipman Austin appeared at the head of the stairs leading down into the rotunda, coat under arm. Catching sight of the group, he hastily slipped into the coat and scampered down the stairs at breakneck speed, sliding across the marble floor into position with the other men.

"Austin, I'm reporting you. Two minutes late for formation," said the officer. He paused and turned his attention to the other men. "The new Commandant wishes to see you, gentlemen. Right face—forward march!"

The first classmen right faced and, led by the Duty Officer, marched off. With eyes straight ahead Jack Austin spoke out the corner of his mouth to the midshipman along side of him.

"What sort of egg is this new Commandant?"

"A stickler for regulations," replied the first classman, looking quizzically at Austin. Austin smiled crookedly and he shook his head in mock worry.

"That's too bad. He won't get along with me."

They continued down the corridor, through a door marked "Commandant of Midshipmen" and into the presence of Captain Rogers. The Commandant was a fine looking officer, a stern disciplinarian but thoroughly human. He surveyed the first classmen with calm interest. Frankly, he did not believe in them for experience had taught him that wherever you find a "Turn back" you find a potential failure. Explaining that they would be given another chance to graduate next year he told them that, as they would be the only upper classmen at the Academy during the summer, it would be their job and duty to instruct the new class in the rules and regulations that have made the Academy what it is. He then dismissed them.

Austin had played thru four years, breaking regulations on every occasion just for the thrill of it. Now that he was faced with a situation he didn't much like it. He had the makings of a fine officer but a perverse streak which threatened to be his undoing. His marks had been among the highest in the Academy . . . his conduct the poorest.

The annual crop of "plebes" had begun to arrive. To them Austin was some sort of a god. If they tried hard enough they might be like him some day. His attitude was quite plain to Austin and equally upsetting . . . it gave him something to live up to and the only thing he really liked to live up to was his reputation for getting into scrapes.

On this particular morning he was bored as he put the men thru their paces. It showed in the unusual courtliness of his manner.

Austin felt he was justified for he had never seen a dumber bunch of "plebes." Only two of the new class interested him and for vastly different reasons. There was Allan Williams, reared in the lap of luxury and now berthled at the Academy because someone had thought it would be the smart thing to have a naval officer in the
family. He had arrived bag and baggage in a Rolls sport roadster to be met at the gate by Austin, ordered from the car and into the ranks in a way which hadn't done his pride any good. He nursed a grudge against Austin and against the common sailor, Burns, whom Austin had quartered with him in a small prison like room.

Russell Burns, on the other hand, had seen two years active service in the Navy and won his chance at the Academy in competitive examination. His father had been a Chief Boatswain's mate and his mother's dearest wish was to see her son carry on where his father had left off. Russell liked Jack and Jack found himself drawn to the smiling, earnest little gob. It was going to be tough living up to his ideal but he had learned not to cross bridges until he was actually on them. Austin didn't dislike Allan Williams. He was a bit disgusted with the airs he assumed but having walked in on the fight which had followed assigning Allan and Russell to quarters, he had instinctively sensed that under Allan's foppish exterior was a man and he thought it might be interesting to attempt to find him.

These thoughts were in Austin's mind as he automatically gave orders. Following a terse "Squads right—march" he brought up with a start, his eyes having caught the amused smile of a girl not a dozen yards away. Jack realized she must have been watching him for some time. It was the same girl he had first seen the day the new class had arrived. She was lovely, quite the loveliest thing Austin had ever seen. He had thought so that first day even when she had angered him with her amused tolerance at his obvious attempts at pickup. He was convinced of it now. The men were forgotten as he stood looking at her. Straight toward the sea wall they marched. Panic seized them. They were led by Russell and Allan.

"Hey," said Allan in a tense whisper. "We're headed for the water!"

"You heard him," replied Russell out one side of his mouth, "You're in the Navy now. Obey orders."

The girl smiled as she watched the "plebes" march up to the sea wall, a smile which Jack thought she meant for him. Smiling back, he cast a hurried glance over his shoulder toward the men and a look of sudden alarm spread over his face.

"Squads halt!" he shouted, but the order came too late. Russell and Allan were already in the waters of Dewey Basin. The rest of the squad came to aragged halt and started hauling their dripping mates out of the water as Jack ran up.

"Fall in!" said Jack, both amused and angry.

"Again, sir?" wailed Allan, while the others tried to hide their smiles.

"Wipe those smiles off!" commanded Austin. He saw the girl walk away laughing.

"Burns!"

"Yes, sir!" replied Burns smartly, stepping to the front.

"That's enough for today. Take charge and march to the armory."

"Aye, aye, sir!" and he gave an order to the squad as Jack turned in the direction the girl had taken.

"Hello!" said Jack, catching up with her. She quickened her pace.

"Hey, I didn't say double time."

Keeping her face straight ahead the girl walked silently beside Jack. In spite of herself she liked him.

"Don't be like that—you're an old friend of mine."

"When did this begin?" she asked turning toward him.

"The day the new 'plebes' arrived." She smiled and Jack continued.

"Live around here?"

"Sometimes."

"How'd you like a Cook's tour of Uncle Sam's school..."
"Hurry, Ruth, we'll be late!" said Captain Rogers.

"You promised me I could go out, don't you?" asked Jack.

"Yes, but not now. You'll have to wait a little longer," Captain Rogers replied.

"But I want to see Ruth!" Jack protested.

"I understand how you feel, but we must wait for the right moment," Captain Rogers said kindly.

"But I can't wait any longer!" Jack insisted.

"You'll just have to be patient, Jack," Captain Rogers said, "and I promise you'll get to see Ruth very soon."

"I know you would," Jack said, "but I can't help myself. I just have to see her right now!"

"All right, Jack," Captain Rogers said with a smile, "I'll let you see Ruth in just a few minutes."

"Thanks, Dad," Jack said, "I really appreciate it."

The two men walked along the corridor, discussing various topics, including the upcoming military exercises and the future of the navy. Jack was eager to learn more about the navy and its role in protecting the nation.

"I had to see you, Ruth," said Jack. "Are you engaged to Clark?"

"Oh, no," said Ruth, "I'm not engaged to anyone. I'm just waiting for the right person to come along."

"I know," said Jack, "and when that person comes along, I'll be there, ready to take him on."

"I hope so," said Ruth, "I've been waiting for a long time."

The two continued talking, discussing the latest military news and the latest movie releases. Jack was particularly interested in the latest war films, which he felt were an important way to honor the sacrifices made by the men and women in uniform.

"Movies" ran the following advertisement:

"MOVIES"

"MIDSHIPMAN JACK"

By Julia Guin

from the picture by Frank Wedd and F. McGrew Willis

Cast of Characters:

Midshipman Jack Austin........Bruce Cabot
Midshipman Clark Simpson........John Darrow
Midshipman Allan Williams........Arthur Lake
Midshipman Russell Burns........Frank Albertson
Captain Rogers....................Purnell Pratt
Ruth Rogers.......................Betty Furness
Sally Gresham..............Florence Lake
Mrs. Burns.........................Margaret Seddon

Officers and midshipman of the Naval Academy in Annapolis and Navy girls.
"I'm not playing second fiddle any longer. You'll either give up this place or me." She tossed her cigarette from her. Jack walked up to them and Allan got quickly to his feet.

"Go to your room!" snapped Austin. As he left the girl sprang to her feet and stood facing Jack angrily.

"What are you trying to do?" he said calmly.

"What business is it of yours?" she replied, walking furiously away from him.

Jack made his way thoughtfully to Bancroft Hall and Allan's room. He found him gloomily looking thru a magazine while Russell was studying. They jumped to attention as Austin entered and he waved them back to their seats. He exchanged a few words with them, showed Russell how to do a problem in trigonometry, then said good-night. Russell looked after him knowing instinctively that something was wrong.

In his own room Jack undressed and lay staring at the ceiling. He was restless and wide awake. He could hear the strains of "Home Sweet Home" faint but clear. With sudden decision Jack dressed himself in working trousers, a sweater and sneakers. He had just finished when Russell entered. Without showing the surprise he felt Russell asked his help on a problem he was trying to do.

"In the morning," said Jack impatiently and waved him away. Russell looked at him with affectionate concern. He knew what it would mean if Jack was discovered absent from his room at this time of night. Glancing cautiously up the hall he scuttled back to his room. From this point he watched Jack make his way down the corridor, sticking close to the wall.

Jack arrived at Ruth's just as Clark was leaving and called to her softly. She turned and the look in his face told her something was wrong.

"What are you doing here?"

"I had to see you, Ruth. I had to. Are you engaged to Clark?"

"I didn't say so," she smiled. Impulsively he swept her into his arms and kissed her. Pulling herself free, Ruth slapped him and turned toward the door.

"Please, Ruth!" Jack caught at her hand. "I'm crazy about you."

At the tone of his voice Ruth looked at him. Her fingers touched his cheek lightly. She smiled and moved into his arms with understanding and love in her eyes. But only for a moment. Her concern would not permit her to let him take any more chances and she sent him from her.

When Clark arrived at his room in Bancroft Hall he was surprised to see Russell asleep in Jack's bed. After finding out from him that Jack had gone out he sent him back to his own room. Unluckily, Russell encountered the Officer of the Day who took his name and put him on the report for being out after taps.

In the meantime, Clark got into blue service and went down to the rotunda to relieve the midshipman who had taken his duty for that night. He was talking to the O.D. when the patrol rushed in to say that a midshipman had just climbed the Memorial Hall pillar, and the officer ordered Clark to find out who he was and put him on the report. Clark didn't have to do much looking. He knew already that it was Jack and they arrived at the door of their room simultaneously. A heated argument followed.

"This wouldn't be so bad if you were the only one concerned," said Clark.

"Leave Ruth out of this, Clark." Jack glared at his room mate with intense hatred.

"I'm only trying to protect her."

"From now on I'll take care of that. You lied about being engaged to her."

"Listen, Jack, I'm crazy about her."

"I'll go you one better," replied Jack coldly, "I'm in love with her." And he turned and walked into his room.

The next day Austin was called up before Captain Rogers. The Commandant was in a difficult position. He had had a long talk with Ruth after she left Jack on the porch. He made her understand that his reason for not coming out when he heard voices was because he knew who was with her and did not (Continued on page 45)
LIONEL BARRYMORE, the baby, and MAY ROBSON in "One Man's Journey." Lower right, in circle, MAY ROBSON and EDDIE NUGENT in "Beauty for Sale."
MAY ROBSON
Wins Three Pictures of the Month

THREE motion pictures of outstanding merit were shown to the cinema-going public last month; "Beauty for Sale," "One Man's Journey" and "Lady for a Day." They were created and released by M-G-M, RKO-Radio and Columbia respectively.

But in each one of them the work of May Robson was so beautifully portrayed, and so important a part did it bear on the story, that to her must go a large share of the glory of winning "Three Pictures of the Month"—the first time we have ever awarded this honor.

An old trumper of the American school, with a lengthy background of stage experience, May Robson brings to the silver screen a wealth of genuineness, of sincerity and hard application to her craft.

Particularly in "Lady for a Day," in which she starred, was her work of paramount importance and beauty. Briefly, the story, as directed by Frank Capra, concerns the "king for a day" idea in which "Apple Annie" (May Robson) is glorified in a metropolitan hotel that she may meet her daughter returning to Europe after an absence of many years.

The bedraggled apple vender is re-vamped by hair dressers, dressmakers, beauty specialists and others, and set up in a fine suite—with the necessary servants. At the dock the daughter, and the young man she is to marry (Barry Norton) are met by "Annie" and a "father," (Guy Kibbee) and Warren William.

How well it all works out is too good for us to spoil by telling you; suffice it to say that the picture is well worth seeing; although you are warned in advance that the film may jerk a few tears loose from your eyes; the climax in particular.

Others in the cast not already mentioned are Nat Pendleton, Glenda Farrell, Jean Parker, Walter Connolly, Hobart Bosworth, Halliwell Hobbes and Ned Sparks. The picture was taken from the Cosmopolitan magazine story "Madame La Gimp."

In "Beauty for Sale," which stars Madge Evans, May Robson has a minor though good role; one which calls for the dramatic talents, rugged as they are at times, which she possesses to the nth degree.

As "Mrs. Merrick," Miss Robson was superb; her portrayal of the part of the mother of the fresh young cake-eater was particularly good. With her and Miss Evans we find Alice Brady, Otto Kruger, Ena Merkel, Phillips Holmes, Eddie Nugent, Hedda Hopper, Florine McKinney, Isobel Jewell, Louise Carter, John Roche and Charles Grapewin.

The story, from the novel "Beauty," by Faith Baldwin, was excellently directed by Richard Boleslavsky; with Lucien Hubbard as associate producer. Thus another of Mr. Hubbard's productions have "clicked," giving him an almost perfect average during his film career.

Merian C. Cooper's production for RKO-Radio Pictures starring and featuring Lionel Barrymore, May Robson and Dorothy Jordan, deserves special mention among the three really great pictures of the month.

Back to the rural community in which he was raised, according to the story of "One Man's Journey," comes Dr. Eli Watt (Lionel). (Continued on page 45)

Jean Parker and May Robson in "Lady for a Day"
The JOB of KEE AT THE TOP

And if you look at it impartially, there is a certain justice in what appears to be a wrong. For if that flop had been a brilliant success, you, as the star, would have reaped all the glory. However, another rule is that if you make a bad picture you must follow it up with a good one, or try to. But good stories are not always easy to find.

Mistakes are heartbreaking to a star, because the margin of safety is so slight. Recently I made one whose aftermath of bitterness and serious self-examination I hope has taught me another lesson in what is best for me. As I have told you, I wanted and sought heavy dramatic roles, and, carried away by enthusiasm, I threw myself into the part of Sadie Thompson in Rain.

I did it badly. I know it. I would have given anything to recall it. What was the matter with me? Why had I gone so wrong? I tried to get at the fundamental fault and arrived at these conclusions when it was too late.

Firstly, I went into the role with a mental hazard, never having seen Jeanne Eagels play it on the stage, nor seen Gloria Swanson in her silent picture version. But I did know that they both were wonderful, and I sincerely felt my limitations in comparison with them. I was constantly aware of my undoubted inferiority as I moved before the camera, and two ghosts of Sadie Thompson rose up to haunt me.

Then, I think not only I but the rest on the set were in various degrees affected by this same mental hazard, and the whole lot of us were boggled down by the belief that we were doing a great classic. If I didn't know it then I know now that to create this handicap for yourself is silly and stultifying. Our approach to Rain was wrong. We should have regarded it simply as the lusty melodrama it is. Alibis, I suppose, must be their own reward, and if this is one, I am grateful to it for teaching me to beware of mental hazards and to appreciate more fully than ever before the value of emotional restraint in acting an extreme character. I am anxious to believe that the lesson of Rain will show its benefits in future pictures.

While I am in the mood of contrition, I might as well admit here that I did not want to play in Grand Hotel and suffered heartache at being cast in it. Lucky for me, wiser heads prevailed. I am convinced it would have been a great mistake for me not to play in that glorious picture, with the privilege of being associated with people like Garbo and the Barrymores.

From this, you might be led to conclude that I should leave the selection of material to the producers and directors. They select, of course, as a rule, and they are best fitted to do that end of the business. But sometimes even they can go wrong. And stars must watch out for that. I've had several narrow escapes.

Outside of actual working hours before the cameras, I find it expedient and necessary to give most of my waking time to keeping up with the job. These details are threefold. Let me give you an idea of the various side issues and obligations that must be met if an actress in "Grand Hotel"
PING
By Joan Crawford
Part 2

is to keep her place.

Though many actresses—I among them—do not pick their own stories for filming, we should never let up in the search for suitable ones. So novels must occupy a considerable percentage of leisure time. We know the importance of a good vehicle, and whenever I come upon what I think a possibility in fiction, long or short, I bring it to the attention of the studio. Even if it isn’t right for me exactly, it may prove just right for someone else, although I may not like to relinquish my find. I know, too, that it is foolish to be insistent on any such score.

Because it is necessary for a woman star to be abreast, if not a jump ahead, of the constantly changing modes, it is part of the many-sided job to scan all the fashion magazines, and if I come across the picture of a model that I like, no matter how advanced at the moment, to send for it on approval. A friend in New York helps me to get quick action on the fashion front. This, of course, is for my personal wardrobe. My picture clothes are in the capable and artistic hands of a marvelous designer.

Then there is the everlasting hair arrangement to consider and experiment with. I
watch for new coiffures and try them out. I know how important a woman's hair is, and I think an actress should have the coiffure take on fresh lines and values in each character she plays. The smallest physical adjuncts created for a rôle lend to it a zest that your audience is quick to appreciate. Men may not know the why-for of the new appeal, but the women do every time.

Physical exercise, correct diet, sufficient sleep are all to be taken into account, and they are more often than not difficult to achieve when you are on the set from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night and have to put in the hours after six in studying a scene for the next day and in having your hair done. And if you have days between pictures—which means that you are theoretically free to relax or do what you please—in all likelihood you have fittings for gowns to be worn in the next picture, interviews with newspaper and magazine people, dancing lessons for a picture in the offing, and a ton of overdue correspondence to read and answer.

The fans are a dynamic influence—and a highly valued one. These faithful followers keep me, and all the rest of us, on our toes with their praise or blame, and I consider them the truest compass we have in steering a course of action. They are frank and fearless, have nothing to gain, and their criticism is aimed only at our good. I do consider what they write to me. In fighting for or against rôles, I am invariably guided by these unseen friends. Faith in *vox populi* may waver at times, but it is always worth serious examination, and is right in most instances. One fan letter denouncing me and my work hurts more than the words of a dramatic critic. The latter is paid for his job; the former pays his postage and takes time out to do it. I know that the fans are utterly sincere.

Fans have helped me more times than I can remember. For instance, do you recall that I used a very heavy mouth make-up in a few pictures? I did it purposely, because I thought the character I was playing called for that exaggerated touch. Was I wrong? Well, you ought to read the bushels of letters razing me for going too far with my lipstick. I was astonished at the attack, but I saw that my objecting friends—although many letters agreed with me and liked the large mouth—were right, and used less color thereafter.

Whatever is said to the contrary, and no matter by whom, the stars of the screen are made by the public. Time and again, studio executives have tried to foist a star on the public by an enormous publicity campaign, but it has never worked when the exploited person failed to come across with the goods on the screen.

The public makes or breaks. And in a star's life there are two publics to please—the public which goes to see her on the screen and the public that insists on physical contact when she is off the screen and one of the crowd. These two publics are interchangeable to some degree, but the approach to them is entirely different. And they are equally important. For the first, an actress must be as good an artiste as she can be, portraying a character not her own, creating an illusion in which she hopes they believe and participate. The better she does this, the better for her as an actress.

Her shadow characters have only momentary reality and, in a large sense, she, as a living person, is forgotten, or lost sight of, in the unfolding of the drama. But if those people in the theater (Continued on page 44)
An Actor
REVERTS TO TYPE

By Richard Arlen

It has been a long time since I wrote a newspaper column. As a matter of fact, it was before I started my screen career ten years ago. I was then a newspaper reporter in St. Paul, and later in Duluth. I used to sling slang together in a sports column, but I'm sort of rusty now. But here goes for what I think was an interesting little story regarding the fun of making motion pictures.

We recently returned from a three weeks' location trip to Pendleton, Oregon, where we made the exteriors for Charles R. Rogers' "Golden Harvest." This was the most extensive location trip out of Paramount in well nigh four years—in fact, since the advent of talking pictures. No one seems to have done much with locations since we started working before the microphones.

A big gang of us went up. There were forty-five and the cast: Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Roscoe Ates, Julie Haydon, Elizabeth Patterson, Berton Churchill, Charles Sellon, Frederick Burton and myself, as well as Director Ralph Murphy and Production Manager Val Paul.

One of our principal reasons for going was to secure harvesting scenes for this farming romance. Ever been in the wheat country at harvest time? It's the hottest place in the world. The temperature reached at least 100 every day on location and we all lost a total of 500 pounds. And there's a great variety of men of all classes who assist in this work—a regular laboratory of study.

The individual actors didn't have to work every day but the troupe did. Jobyna, my wife, went along, and Chester Morris brought his wife, Sue. When not working for a couple of days we went to Walla Walla, Washington.

The most embarrassing thing that happened to me while there occurred at the Indian pow-wow. We were special guests at the final night of the war dances. I met Chief Ka-ni-ni and Wo-cai-se and was thoroughly enjoying the show. When they went into a tom-tom step-and-a-half circle dance, however, Margaret Shuship, an attractive Indian princess, came over and asked me to dance. I did! I was the only white person to participate and talk about strenuous exercise! I had a Charley Horse for three days afterward.

In the society line we went to the Happy Canyon dance to make a personal appearance and made another at the local theatre, which was the smallest show-place I've seen in years. We went to the movies almost every night.

Gags were flying back and forth at odd moments throughout the trip, but the best was framed by Roscoe Ates on Chester Morris. Chet arrived two days after the rest of us. Ates hired a group of boys to meet him at the station. Each was given a sign to carry which read: "Welcome Chester Conklin."

(Con. on page 48)
CARYL LINCOLN and TOM TYLER in Monarch’s “War of the Range.”
WE TAKE IT,—AND LIKE IT
By Tom Tyler

IT'S THE John Barrymores who get the orchids but the Carl Cowboys put the punches into pictures—and get a great kick out of it!

I have all the respect and admiration in the world for those real actors who get fat screen roles, who are masters of an art and who deserve and receive the adulation of countless thousands of fans in this country—and elsewhere—but honestly, I wouldn't change my horse—Lady—for Romeo's ladder, nor would I trade it for the swankiest chaise lounge in the frilliest boudoir that Maurice Chevalier ever sang a theme song!

"Four star hits" may mean something different to the critics, but to me, it means just that!—giving a guy everything you have in your two clenched fists—and may the blows fall where they may!

Although I'm not a native Westerner, having been born at Port Henry, New York, (and proud of it!) I've been roaming the boundless plains for lo these many years that I seem to feel more at home with a coyote than a pom—and enjoy sleeping beneath the stars on a treeless rim better than the swellest feather-bed set-up you could imagine! Honest!

Gosh, I can remember when I first appeared in a Western. Although I can't recall the incident in all particulars, I do seem to remember I was one of the "bad men!" And what a stiff fight I put up before the director cautioned me that I was prolonging the footage and I grudgingly realized that I had to "give in." Gee, I didn't want to! A good thing too that it wasn't a sound film, because the director would not have been able to call me the miscellaneous kinds of a so-and-so that he lavished on my too vigorous portrayal. ... In fact my distaste for curtailing a fight that went to my boyish heart like wine was brought to an abrupt end when the hero grabbed a stout chair and made contact with my head. That gave me my first general idea of what a four-star picture can be! Stars! Boy, I saw 'em! Of course it was my own fault, I should have realized that when you're on the wrong side of a story you've just got to give in gracefully, or take it!

And I guess the boys who appear in films can do that! Don't get any idea that the fights we put on are any pink teas! If you're not the equal of the best—just forget all about action films—they're not your meat! On the other hand, if you've never itched to do Hamlet and can watch Clark Gable without getting a yen to double for him, you'll find acting in Westerns more fun than watching them!

I've fought amateur champions and even fellows who have first-rate reputations in the professional class. And they don't know what it means to pull a punch. And I've gotten many a thrill out of it—and have enjoyed it so keenly that some of the bruises I've given—and taken—are pretty nearly hospital cases! It's all done in good spirit, though, and I have yet to meet the man who harbored a grudge when the camera stopped shooting.

But let me doff my ten gallon for a moment to the many pretty ladies whom I have appeared with in countless pictures and who have the stuff of which stardom is made! Take, for instance, Caryl Lincoln, one of the most charming and most beautiful girls who appear on the screen. Miss Lincoln has been borrowed from Paramount to appear opposite me in my latest Monarch production, "War of the Range," (which I hope you'll be seeing soon!)

Here is a little lady who rides like a veteran in spite of her youthfulness, who, during the film, is required to sit in a wagon when her horses run away, and who does so with the calm and poise of the most hardened cowliad! No, not for a moment, is the field open alone to men who fight—gals who dare are equally welcome to the fraternity of the West—where men are men—and girls are heroines!
Near-sighted Sculptor: "Oops, I'm sorry—I'm all bawled up."

Actor: "I'm ready; took two hours to get into this suit."
Director: "Sorry; we've cut that scene out."

News Photographer: "An’ me without my camera!"

Do you wish me to show you something, sir?"
"I feel so unsafe in an artist's studio!"

"Comin' through the rye"

"Now I remember;—you're the woman I met at Tony's!"
Four "cuties" from the RKO-Radio pictures "Flying Down to Rio" and "Melody Cruise"
THE WORLD CHANGES. First National and Vitaphone. Who a cast? That past master, Paul Muni, in the leading role, surrounded by stars of their own magnitude such as Aline MacMahon, that genius of expression; Mary Astor, the perfect woman; Donald Cook, a finished artist; Allen Dinehart, Patty Ellis, Guy Kibbee—and if you still aren't convinced, it was directed by Merryn LeRoy. Good.


LITTLE WOMEN. An astonishingly good box office hit from the ever popular book of the same name by Louisa May Alcott. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Jean Parker, Katharine Hepburn, and Jean Arthur are cast in prominent roles. The film has inspired new styles adapted from the movie, an evidence of Marian C. Cooper’s sagacity in selecting this Alcott story for production. Excellent.

DESIGN FOR LIVING. From the play of the same name by Noel Coward, which had such a successful run, was splendidly directed by Ernest Lubitich. Fredric March as Tom, Gary Cooper as Geo., and Miriam Hopkins as Gilda composed the leading trio, were supported by Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, Emil Chantard and Isabel Jewell. Victor Milner did the photography.

HER FIRST MATE. A Universal picture featuring Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts—that comedy team par excellence which has “clicked” so well in previous releases. Supporting characters in the comedy are: Una Merkel, Warren Hertz, Geo., Marion, Berton Churchill and Henry Aristow. Slim Summerville in the role of John Horner is probably better than in any role he has heretofore undertaken. Good.

SATURDAY’S MILLIONS. A Universal picture produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr., from the Saturday Evening Post story by Lucian Cary. Robert Young deserves credit for the way he handled the role as Jim Fowlie the football idol. A well balanced cast includes the following: Lelia Hinds, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine, Grant Mitchell, Richard Tucker, Joe Sawyer and Paul Hurst. Excellently done.

EFER IN MY HEART. A Warner Bros. and Vitaphone offering with Barbara Stanwyck in the feature role. Ably supported by Otto Kruger and Ralph Bellamy, she builds up a very touching love story based on her marriage to a German soldier before the war. Ruth Donnelly, Laura Hope Crews, Geo., Cooper and Frank Albertson carry the details. Directed by Archie Mayo. Fairly well done.

SON OF THE GOBS. A Warner-First National Comedy from the screen play by Paul G. Smith; ably directed by Lilian C. Bache and Carl Laemmle, Jr. Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Muir are supported by Frank McHugh, Thelma Todd, Geo., Blackwood, Walter Kruger, Kenneth Thompson, Samuel Hinds, Arthur Vinton, Geo. Irving, John Marston, Garry Owen and Joe Sawyer.

THE WAY TO LOVE. Again we see Maurice Chevalier making love in his devastating way. Well it seems as though Ann Dvorak is the one this time and love on Paris roof tops at that. A Paramount picture directed by Norman Taurog. Supporting the French Comedians we find: Edward Everett Horton, Arthur Pierson, Mona Combeil, Blanche Fereceti, Neda Westman and Geo. Ripps. Fine.

CAP’N JERICO. Paramount. Richard Arlen and Judith Allen, veteran trouper of their own right, put over another hit to their long line of successes. It seems that we never get tired of this “National” film. The supporting cast are ably supported by Charlie Grapewin and Sir Guy Standing. Geo. Dennett and Vera Hillis supply the sex appeal. Directed by Guiver Jones and William Stevens McNutt.

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM. Again we hear in John LeRoy Johnston through Carl Laemmle. A play of a mystery story, a worthy successor to Dr. for the wax museum. Lionel Atwill and Paul Lukas impressively improve like wife, Gloria Stuart, divine as Dr., and Edward Arnold and Osmond Stevens balance the t. Congratulations to Kurt Newman for his direction!

LADIES MUST LOVE. A Universal picture produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr., and directed by E. A. Dupont, starring Miss June Knight as Jemima the night club singer. Jane and three of her gold digger friends shave a park avenue penthouse in New York City. In the case we find: Neil Hamilton, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Carlyle and Geo. E. Stone. Well directed and capably photographed.

THE TRAIL DRIVE. From the John LeRoy Johnston Universal Studios, released by Carl Laemmle, Ken Maynard does the fancy riding and fighting in this wide awake "westerner" and Cecilia Parker is the winsome lady love. Frank Biner adds the welcome celebrity and William Gould, Bob Kortman and Fern Emmett round out the story. Packed with thrills and perfect enjoyment for film lovers.

LIE AND GUS. Again we see the adorably bably boy in a Paramount picture directed by Francis Martin Wilson. Brooke Adams and Sam Hardy. Taken from the successful book by Stephen Roberts, another "dramatic" picture of a child's emotions or becomes you with mirth. The picture is a pattern of names, such as W. C. Fields and on Skipworth. You simply must see this one!

GOLDEN HARVEST. Richard Arlen, Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin comprise a noteworthy trio. Richard, as Chester's brother, falls in love with Julie Haydon, who is already engaged to Chester. Chester leaves his farm home to go to Chicago where he falls in love with Genevieve Tobin and marries her. After a few years of speculation he loses his money and Genevieve deserts him. Excellent.

TURN BACK THE CLOCK. M-C-M., movie starring Lee Tracy, directed by Edgar Selwyn. Tracy, as Joe, is married to Mae Clarke, who takes the part of Mary in the six years of married life. Joe meets a former schoolmate of his and wants to aid him to win a fortune. An accident takes him to the hospital where he dreams what life would be been had he married a wealthy girl. Good.

BEAUTY FOR SALE. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture which, while a bit "dramedy" in spots, is never the less well worth seeing. Madge Evans and Alice Brady carry off the honors; and the support lends by Otto Kruger and Una Merkel is "not to be sneezed at." A romance of beauty shop operators; a sort of "Grand Hotel" of the cosmetics industry. Reviewed at the Capitol Theatre.


TOO MUCH HARMONY. A Paramount musical movie directed by Ed. Sutherland in which Bing Crosby is again given a chance to demonstrate the box office pulling power he has previously shown. In the cast with Bing are the women: Millicent Jordan, Alida Valli, Nancy Carroll, Betty Haynes, and Dorothy Walker.


SUNDAY AFTERNOON. A Paramount picture starring Cary Grant and featuring Fay Wray, Frances Fuller, Neil Hamilton, Brooke Adams and Sam Hardy. Taken from the success of the same name, and most capably directed by Charles Reisner, another "dramatic" type of story in which the action ends back to a period fifteen years previous then returns to a happy and surprising close.

American beauty velvet dress with the new long tunic which becomes a graceful fish-tail train lined with pale pink satin for contrast. The wide shoulder straps and the front of the bodice are richly embroidered with gold and jewels. Three handsome rhinestone bracelets smartly complement this elegant velvet gown. Dress from Davidson and Gelb, New York City; photo by June Hamilton Rhodes, upper left.

Above: this two piece knitted suit of hairy woolen is one of the "Hour Glass" models featured by Lord and Taylor, of New York, and Steinberg, of St. Louis. It incorporates some of the new French ideas: high round neck, smooth shoulder, intricate yoke, and fitted waist band which gives the "Hour Glass" figure. Designed by the Century Knitting Mills, New York. Photo by Grace Salon of Art.

"Sleek-Pantie" seamless front and back, fitted and built-in crotch; side closing with snap. Made in sizes 4 to 8 inclusive, only in white, by the Van Raalte Co., Fifth Avenue, New York. Part of the "Tenniset"; newest sports undergarments. The brassiere is a cupped model, full shaped, uplift with flat center piece and satin straps. Photo by Joel Feder. Posed by Lorraine Jane, dance star; lower left.

Davidson and Gelb, of New York City, offer the above; a herringbone design woven into this new waterproof velvet. The peplum is pleated and flared and lined with brown satin matching the belt color, and the moire caracul scarf. The sleeve interest is placed below the elbow in the newest manner. Photo by June Hamilton Rhodes.
America!

for Film Fans and Screen Stars

C. J. Spieker

Below: the gold standard has returned in new Autumn and Winter jewelry. This necklace and bracelet of a dull satin finish is smart with the current Autumn colors. The black compact, trimmed with gold, is monogrammed with the monocraft initials, and is the bracelet. From Lord and Taylor, N. Y. C.; photograph courtesy of June Hamilton Rhodes.

Ann Dvorak, above, sponsors this very smart and semi-formal evening frock; charmingly made in white pique with the unusual shoulder straps. She's appearing in "The Way to Love" and "Shanghai Orchid".

Above,—for wear in California or Florida resorts. Adrienne Ames, Paramount star, combines organdie, pique and linen into a dashing street frock. The jacket and skirt are in black linen; the hat and square collar in tucked white organdie; and the gloves and tie are bright red pique.

Lower right: Judith Allen flaunts the new Fall velvet muff with a Banton designed outfit of beige wool and brown velvet blouse, in Paramount's recent picture "Too Much Harmony". Photo by courtesy of the Velvet Guild, New York City.

Arline Judge, upper right, vivacious RKO-Radio Pictures' player, has chosen this street jacket of grey kid skin, featuring epaulets and three-quarter length sleeves. Photo by courtesy of the Modern Merchandising Bureau, N. Y. City. Miss Judge has the leading role in "Flying Devils".
Where to get photos taken:

**ALABAMA**
Huntsville—Ardmore, 11 N. High St.

**CALIFORNIA**
Los Angeles—Majestic, 623 S. Hill St. Los Angeles, Calif. (Dept. Store)
San Francisco—Flagler Bros., 320 Market St. (Dept. Store)

**COLORADO**
Denver—Strawbridge & Clothier, 34th St. & Market St. (Dept. Store)
Colorado Springs—Poughkeepsie, 113 E. Main St.

**CONNECTICUT**
New Haven—Hensch & Kohn, 659 Main St.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
Washington, D.C.—Smith Bros., 1010 16th St. N.W. (Dept. Store)

**FLORIDA**
Jacksonville—New York & Co., 34th St. & 7th Ave.
Tampa—Boston & Co., 323 N. Franklin St.

**ILLINOIS**
Davenport—Youngker Bros., 311 W. 8th St.

**MARYLAND**
Baltimore—Hirsch-Webb Co., 824 S. Eutaw St.

**MINNESOTA**
Minneapolis—New Haven, 727 Hennepin Ave.

**MISSOURI**
St. Louis—Strawbridge & Clothier, 600 Market St.
Kansas City—Jas. McCreery & Co., 34th St. & 7th Ave.

**NEBRASKA**
Lincoln—Gold & Co., 1209 8th Ave.

**NEW JERSEY**
Asbury Park—Stratton, B. G. Co., 214 Asbury Ave.
Montclair—Louis Harris Dept. Store

**NEW YORK**
B. H. Boling & Co., 522 W. Market St. (Dept. Store)

**OHIO**
Cincinnati—C. H. Yeager Co., 1627 Main St.
Akron—Strawbridge & Clothier, 525 E. Market St.

**OKLAHOMA**
Oklahoma City—Hans & Kelly, 110 N. Broadway

**PENNSYLVANIA**
Philadelphia—Loeb & Sons, 1107 Market St. (Dept. Store)

**TENNESSEE**
Midsouth—200 Market St. & 6th Ave.

**TEXAS**
Dallas—Jas. McCreery & Co., 34th St. & 7th Ave.

**VERMONT**
Montpelier—Poughkeepsie, 5th Ave.

**WASHINGTON**
Seattle—Poughkeepsie, 5th Ave.

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**
Washington, D.C.—Smith Bros., 1010 16th St. N.W. (Dept. Store)

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

**WISCONSIN**
Milwaukee—Strawbridge & Clothier, 5th St.

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**The CASTING OFFICE**

We make NO charge for this as this is NOT an employment agency or an advertising stunt. But we MUST have your fair cooperation at all times if you wish this service. The 3 by 5 blanks still come in without photographs in spite of the fact we are willing to pay for the photos being made, in certain cities (listed); and entrants still send in tiny, hand-tinted pictures which are absolutely valueless.

In other cases the information is so badly and crudely written that we cannot make good use of it. Other entrants send in huge portraits, sometimes rolled, and ask that they be returned immediately. Under no circumstances do we ever return photographs; we never have; we never shall.

If you have a picture which to you seems priceless,—DON’T SEND IT IN! We do not want it and we will not file it. We have been able to help quite a few young men and young women to a career, but we do not want to be handicapped by those who will not play the game according to the rules. If you doubt what they are, get out your copies for the last few months and read everything in “The Casting Office” department. All pictures should be marked for:
The Casting Office; MOVIES Magazine, 20th floor, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

If you don’t care to pose, just mail your photos to:

Gwendolyn Baker

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(Continued on page 40)
Three Recent Divorcees

JUDITH ALLEN

BOBBIE ARNST

ADRIANNE AMES
SPLITs and SPLICES

The Marriage Mart

The Divorce Docket

Oliver Hardy

A suit for divorce from Mrs. Myrtle Lee Hardy was filed in Superior Court, Los Angeles, Calif., recently, by Oliver Hardy, rotund member of the film comedy team of Laurel and Hardy. He charged his wife with mental cruelty. . . .

Evelyn Thaw, former wife of the Pittsburgh millionaire, who had not so long ago that her dancing husband, Virgil Montana (Jack Clifford), deserted her. She was granted a decree of divorce in a Chicago, Ill., court.

Lottie Pickford, sister of Mary Pickford, revealed recently that she is the wife of John William Locke. The couple, recently visiting friends in Pittsburgh, Pa., said they had been married about a half year, but refused to name the place and date. Mr. Locke, who formerly was in the bond business in the Smoky City, and who now has motion picture ambitions, is Miss Pickford's fourth husband.

Following the flight of Cupid's arrow, a record distance shot for the diminutive deity, Benita Hume left Hollywood by plane to rush to the arms of Jack Dunfee, her English sweetheart. She took a night plane in order to finish last scenes of "The Worst Woman in Paris?" her latest picture with Adolphe Menjou for Fox Films.

Miss Hume stopped at the Waldorf Astoria only for a few hours and then embarked for Europe, where she was married.

The eternal conflict between the Ethiopian and the Caucasian race keeps up. This time it affects a white-skinned, fair-haired beauty formerly with Flo Ziegfeld productions. The six years of romance, separations and reconciliations between Helen Lee Worthing, former New York stage actress, and her husband, Dr. Eugene Nelson, Negro physician, are to have a legal finale which the one-time Ziegfeld follies beauty hopes will enable her to "live and be happy."

Recently Miss Worthing called her former husband by telephone, told him she was back in Los Angeles after being missing for three days after he had put her on a train bound for New York, and said she had learned there was no hope for another reconciliation. She added:

"He told me I could do anything I wanted to do, go anywhere I pleased, but that he's through with me and that I won't get a penny from him. I cannot stand that sort of cruelty. I am going to force him to pay me the $300 a month he promised me."

With that declaration she went to the office of an attorney and explained the terms of an agreement which she said Dr. Nelson signed, guaranteeing her support money for four years. She said the contract was signed a year ago. Later, Miss Worthing obtained a divorce. She said:

"I am going to do what I can to remodel my life. I want to live and be happy. I may have to go to work as a waitress—that is, if anyone will give me a job."

Judith Allen and Gus Sonnenberg, who are scheduled, they say, to get divorce papers, have been going 'round together recently. . . . Rumor has it that Jacqueline Wells, of Paramount fame, is to be married. Or is Miss Wells already hitched?

The Johnny Weissmuller-Bobbe Arnst divorce became final October 11th. She's working at the Club Montmartre, in Hollywood, Calif., and is called for by her friend Dean Markham every morning. . . . Barbara Smith is now free to marry Arthur Loew,—if she so desires, having recently shaken off the Oscar Levant shackles. . . . One of the "Three Sailors," a clever vaudeville and movie "short" act, married the shapely Odessa Morgan Lyons of the Paradise Restaurant and Cabaret recently.

Mary Nolan, once branded in the newspapers as a "drug addict," and the former Imogene Wilson, halted her comeback at Lynn, Mass., recently, long enough to reveal the fact that nine months ago she was dis- vouched by Wallace McCreevy, California broker.

The former stage and screen star, making a personal appearance at a local theatre as part of her battle to regain stardom, made the announcement along with the assertion that she has signed a motion picture contract and will begin work in Hollywood in November.

"I am now free of any romance," she declared. "I have no thought of marriage. I have only one objective and that is to win back what I have lost in my profession."

The blonde ex-Follies girl said that the decree was granted McCreevy in the State of Connecticut.

They were married March 29, 1931, after the turbulent Imogene "Bubbles" Wilson retrieved a portion of the movie popularity she lost through her tragic association with Frank Tinney, comedian.

Adrienne Ames, beautiful film actress whose domestic troubles with Stephen Ames, millionaire New York broker, flared into a talk of a divorce suit recently, was reported in collapse from a nervous breakdown at her home in Hollywood.

Attorneys for both parties said they'd have important announcements to make soon, but both declined to say whether it had been arranged for Mrs. Ames or for the rich Mr. Ames to file suit. The latter is in New York.

Meanwhile, Bruce Cabot, who is reported to be talking to Adrienne frequently, and who called her up on the long distance 'phone while she was in New York, declared he had nothing to say. He is a Boston society actor, and has frequently been Adrienne's escort at parties held in the cinema colony.

Because Alan Dinehart forgot her and married Mozzelle Brittone, says Betty Kaege, she will file a $100,000 balm suit against him. She warned the stage and screen star of the prospective suit if he went ahead with marriage, but the warning was disregarded and a marriage took place.

Blanche Satchel, former Ziegfeld showgirl and one of the favorite models of Howard Chandler Christy, artist, was married recently in Greenwich, Conn., to Max Bamberger, Wall street broker.

The ceremony was performed at noon by

(Continued on page 40)
More Month's Mail

FRAZER, PA.—I have been reading the Broadway and Hollywood Movie Magazine for quite some time, but your "Mail of the Month" Department isn't half long enough. However, I do like the idea of having some star conduct it each month for we can be sure to find out what the stars think of one another and of what they call a good comment on a picture that they like or dislike.

I enjoy this department so much that I do wish that it was longer and that you would kindly print the full names and addresses of the fans whose letters are fortunate enough to be published in the various issues of your charming magazine.

I ask you to print the full names and addresses of the writers of the fan letters because I would like to be able to recognize the people who write them as my friends and acquaintances sometimes write to this department. In many cases there are a lot of people with the same name in a large town or city, and—unless the full address is printed—one is apt to get the wrong person.

I have done this already several times.

Everyone should come nearer to having perfect legs after reading Edna Callahan's "Lovely Legs." I'm starting to perfect my legs right away.

Nebo, the lion, sure looks the essence of tameness in the picture of him in this month's issue, but—just the same—I'd rather not be near him.

I'm no beauty, but I'm going to take a chance and send my photo in and see if I can land a movie contract. I could make a pretty good story or a vamp or whatever you call them—provided I had the proper clothes and make-up. I might make another Myrna Loy, who knows? Anyway it won't hurt to try.

Can we soon have a real nice picture of Ramon Novarro plus a real nice write-up? He was fine in "The Barbarian." I always like to read a good story about him. I'm sure that I am not the only one that does either as he has more than one fan. —Frances L. Darlin.

Thanks for the $2.00

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To kill the time instead of reading the newspapers about the sloppy political fight going on here, and the strikes which are wrecking the needle and garment industry and making rotten communists out of a lot of people, I read and re-read your new sections "Balcony," and got a new laugh every time I looked at them.

I used to buy one of the so-called humor magazines each month; you've saved me that $1.80 annually, so please accept my subscription for two years. Why not poke fun in the midst of some of the "pet peeves" of the stars?—Alfred J. Kelheim.

Western Women

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Why not let us have a story on some of the women who are doing so well in the western type of pictures, such as Gloria Shea, Ivy Merton and Caryl Lincoln? We'd like to see their pictures, particularly some of the ones produced by the independent operators.—Julianne Claire.

Bethlehem Sold Out!

BETHLEHEM, PA.—I have been a regular reader of your publication, Broadway and Hollywood "Movie." Lately, however, I have been unable to secure any copies locally, although I have tried numerous stores handling magazines. The last issue I was able to obtain was August.

Kindly advise me when your next issue will appear, as no one hereabouts appears to know; they sell out fast here!

To me it is the outstanding theatrical magazine, and if I cannot purchase it in this city, I will send my subscription directly to your offices.—Harvey Kneedler.

Screen Styles Satisfy

GREAT NECK, L. I., N. Y.—Congratulations on your new format and the new name "Movies"; the other name was rather cumbersome. I am glad, however, that you are keeping the news of Broadway and the show world as a part and parcel of your wonderful, worth-while publication.

My daughter likes the fashion section; she is at the age where she appreciates the styles for the stage and screen as much as my wife does. Our best wishes for your success.—Lt. Col. Harold E. Hartney.

Rhode Island Photos

I read your Broadway and Hollywood movie book and I like it very much, a fine book, I think, and I wish to enter the contest; and I really can not afford to pay for my photo to be taken. And looking at the list of different cities I did not see Rhode Island listed; will you please write and let me know where I can go to have my photo taken here in Rhode Island?

—Jeanne Fletcher-Gore.

Kind To Keeler

EL PASO, TEXAS.—Hats off to Ruby Keeler for her work in "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade"; those two pictures were certain okay. For a hard-boiled "chambermaid to a cow" such as I am to enthuse over the "movies" is unusual, but I did like those films.

I like your cover designs by James Lunnnon, and I like your editorial "guts." You say things other magazines are afraid to say, and everytime I open the magazine it's like taking a cold shower; it's that refreshing.

Let's have an article soon on Erastus Truesx; I hear he's done a picture called "Get That Venus."—Jeff Bisby.

Thank You, Hoyt

FOREST CITY, N. C.—This communication concerns the column "The Casting Office," in Movies magazine, which I read consistently; and enjoy very much.

Reference is made to the remarkable service that your department renders to ambitious, talented, and sincere aspirants that desire to avail themselves of "any chance" offered in Hollywood.

Your magazine is my favorite because it discusses a wider variety of movie and theatrical subjects and personalities. The news is fresh, hot, and absorbing. In the future, I am looking forward with even keener pleasure to new editions of Movies.—Hoyt McAfee.

Film Fan's Favorites

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—And they say the public is fickle! I would give anything to see either Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Mackall, Dorothy Sebastian, Marion Shillings, Sally O'Neil or Olive Borden in a starring role.

Speaking of players what has happened to Johnny Mack Brown? There is an example of perfect man. Tall, slim, handsome, a football hero, and a perfect husband and father, and we must not overlook his talent. This capable actor would make a perfect leading man for any cinema queen.

How about it, Joan Crawford?

In response, whose picture we readers would like to decorate this magazine, I vote Evelyn Brent, and a picture of Joan Crawford is always welcome. And speaking of pictures, how about a "portray" or maybe an interview with John Mack Brown?—P. Celestina.
JUNE BREWSTER, charming RKO-Radio Pictures star, tells this one, in view of the fact that Hollywood is so full of British actors and pseudo-Englishmen. She was seated in a Pullman train on her way back to Los Angeles.

Desiring a few puffs, she opened her bag and took therefrom a cigarette. Just as she was about to light it, the conductor came along and said, "Sorry, lady, but we don't all-smoking here."

A few minutes after that a middle-aged gentleman came into the car and sat down in the seat opposite her. He also took out a cigarette. Miss Brewster saw him do it and attracted his attention.

"Pardon me," she said pleasantly. "I don't think you better smoke here, for you see-"

"Lady," he returned, "I wish to you to understand that I am a cultured English gentleman of fine family. All my ancestors have been gentlemen before me and always did the right things at the right time. We always speak perfect English and our manners are the best. I hope you don't mind if I smoke?"

"No, I don't mind, but the conductor might," said June.

"Aw nuts! To hell with the conductor."

Frances Williams, bright and shining star of many Broadway stage hits, is the latest New York celebrity slated to appear in the Joseph M. Schenck-Darryl Francis Zanuck 20th Century Pictures production of "Broadway Thru A Keyhole," the Walter Winchell story which Lowell Sherman is directing as a musical, to be released by United Artists. Miss Williams has starred in several of George White's "Scandals," "The New Yorkers" and other musicals. She last appeared in "Everybody's Welcome." She has been in "movie shorts."

JEAN Muir, new blonde Warner Bros. player from the New York stage, watched Edward G. Robinson emote in his latest, "I Loved a Woman." She looked very demure in a pink crepe frock, ankle length and with short puffed sleeves, over which she wears a long tan wool cape.

"The Vinegar Tree," with a cast that includes Alice Brady, Lionel Barrymore, Conway Tearle, Mary Carlisle and Katherine Alexander in leading roles, is finishing production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. This is an adaptation of the Broadway stage comedy by Paul Osborn, and was directed by Harry Beaumont. This picture has several "firsts" attached to it, since it is Miss Alexander's first screen assignment, following a successful career on the Broadway stage. Miss Tearle's first film role since the stage engagement of "Dinner at Eight," and young Miss Carlisle's first featured role. It also marks the fourth screen appearance in as many months for Alice Brady, who made her talking picture debut in "When Ladies Meet," and followed this with roles in "Broadway to Hollywood" and in "Beauty for Sale."

Miss Julia Guiu, former stage and screen player and a well known writer on film topics and biographies, is now broadcasting over WRL in the Manhattan-Queens area, at 10:45 P.M., every Thursday. In addition to that the Richmond, Va., blonde occasionally has "hurry-up" calls for other broadcasts. She is the author of the fictionalization of "Midshipman Jack" which was reproduced in one of the nation's leading cinema publications and then in newspapers in the larger cities throughout the United States.

BING Crosby, radio and screen star, has entered the songwriting field. He has just written the lyrics for a song entitled, "I Would if I Could but I Can't," which will be sung in his first starring picture, Paramount's "Too Much Harmony."

Irvling Pichel, noted actor-director, donned the greatest part of the Broadway time in several months to play a character role in "Beautiful," the new Ann Harding starring film which is now finishing up before the cameras at the RKO Radio Studios.

Pichel recently completed the direction of "Before Dawn" for RKO Radio. Nils Asther, Robert Young, Sari Maritza, Alden Chase and Delmar Watson portray other supporting roles in "Beautiful," which is being directed by Alfred Santell.

Claudette Colbert's perfectly shaped body interfered with her stage career because reviewers used their space telling about her appearance and forgot to mention she was an excellent actress.

Luis Alberni, one of the screen's best portrayers of eccentric comedy roles, plays the part of an excitable organ grinder in "Behold, We Live," the Irene Dunne-Clive Brook co-starring production which is now being filmed at the RKO Studios.

Alberni appears in a supporting cast which includes Nils Asther, Henry Stephenson, Vivian Tobin, Laura Hope Crews and Tempe Pigott. Elliott Nugent directed it.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plans starting production on Robert Montgomery's new starring vehicle, "Overland Bus," October 1st. Almost the entire action of this picture takes place on a transcontinental bus bound from Los Angeles to New York.

The motion picture division in the great N.R.A. parade in New York City, recently held, won universal acclaim for the costumes and marchers. Our hats are off to the film folks who are working so hard to put over President Roosevelt's plans for the return of prosperity.

Mrs. Evelyn Ossfeld, Jack Oakie's mother, who will play the part of his screen mother in Paramount's "Too Much Harmony," once taught psychology at Columbia University.

Helene Von Dromme, selected in a contest sponsored by ten Belgian publications as "the most beautiful blonde in Belgium," arrived in New York Saturday, Sept. 16, on the S.S. Jean-Jadot of the Belgian line. The trip to this country was awarded Miss Von Dromme as first prize in the competition.

On her arrival in New York, Miss Von Dromme was given a screen test by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company which holds an option on her potential film services. She is described as 22 years old, five feet seven inches tall, and without previous stage or screen experience. During her stay in New York she stopped at the Park Central.

Miss Arline Judge is to play a featured role with Constance Cummings and Jack Oakie in "Trouble Shooter," which will star Spencer Tracy. Walter Lang will direct this original story by Leonard Praskins and J.R. Brien.
Miss Judge joins a group of young players now under contract to 20th Century which Darryl Francis Zanuck is grooming for stardom. The group includes Constance Cummings, Sally Blane, Paul Kelly and Chick Chandler.

Judith Wood, star in the original New York and Chicago “Dinner at Eight” company, has also been signed for a feature role in “Trouble Shooter.”

Betty Roberts of the RKO Radio story department came to the big city; she will spend three weeks in the Metropolis on business matters which will include her attendance at story conferences on future story material for RKO Radio Pictures. She is no relation to Mary (“Bobby”) Roberts, writer, who represents “Movies” magazine.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has acquired motion picture rights to “To the Victor,” an unpublished story by Frank Dolan. Dolan himself will prepare the story for screening. No cast nor director has yet been selected for “To the Victor.”

The Fox production, “As Husbands Go,” employed a total of 1,280 extras during its filming, a number that materially improves unemployment among motion picture players in Hollywood.

New long-term contracts with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have been signed by Charles Brabin, director; John Meehan and Leo Birinski, writers; and Ted Healy, former stage and night club entertainer whose next film appearance will be with Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante in “Meet the Baron.”

Joe Cook, eccentric and versatile comedian, has been engaged by the Fox Film Corporation, to convert his unique brand of comedy to the screen. He will be in Hollywood early next Spring to start the first of two yearly pictures, assisted by his “stooge,” Dave Chasen.

Characteristically, Mr. Cook made a statement:

“It’s the silliest thing I ever heard of: My uncle in Evansville, Indiana, would be furious if I had an uncle in Evansville. Why couldn’t they pick somebody else to go to all this trouble? I saw a movie for the first time yesterday and I can’t understand how it’s done ... why it must take years to pose for all those little pictures!”

Judith Allen and Toby Wisig, two of Paramount’s rising young featured players, are cast with Cary Grant in “Come On, Marines.” Toby, by the way, is just recovering from mumps.

Sally Eilers has given away the last of the five Scottie puppies that added themselves to her kennels during her recent stay in England. . . . Two new films are now being produced at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, “Going Hollywood,” starring Marion Davies with Bing Crosby in the leading male role got under way under the direction of Raoul Walsh, and Ed Wynns began work under the direction of Charles Riesner in a picture tentatively called “The Fire Chief.”

The supporting cast of Miss Davies’s new film includes Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay, Ned Sparks and the Three Radio Rogues, broadcasting trio. Donald Ogden Stewart and C.

AZALIE CECIL, in Warner’s “Footlight Parade”
Gardner Sullivan are the authors of "Going Hollywood." Dances are being staged by Mme. Albertina Rasch and the musical score has been composed by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed.

Dorothy Mackaill has the feminine lead opposite Wynn, who is making his first picture at a coast studio. The supporting players in "The Fire Chief" include William ("Stage") Boyd, Charles "Chic" Sale, Purnell Pratt, Effie Ellster and Mickey Rooney.

Congratulations, Colonel Roscoe Turner! Any man who can fly from coast to coast in ten hours for a world's record, as you did, deserves all the space in the news reels he can get. Colonel Turner, it will be remembered, was in charge of aeronautical operations of the German and allied air fleets in that $4,000,000 picture "Hell's Angels," and did a mighty fine job of it! . . . . Carl Laemmle, Universal's president, sailed from New York aboard the French ship Ile de France recently; for a short sojourn in Europe in re. foreign production matters. Said he'd be right back!

Chic Sale appears in the cast of the forthcoming May Robson-Polly Moran Kentucky mountain story, now going into production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. The present title is "Comin' Round the Mountain." . . . The Ina Claire who went swimming so beautifully in the nude in that Hollywood pool is not the stage and screen star Ina Claire.

Graduates of Universal's drama school, conducted at the studio this summer, already are beginning to get actual picture training. Lois January, who graduated at the head of the class, and Peggy Darling have been given small roles in Universal's "By Candlelight," with Paul Lukas, Elissa Landi, Nils Asther, and Esther Rolston.

Ed Wynn plans to leave California for the East soon. Charles Riesner directed him in "The Chief." Dorothy Mackaill has the feminine lead, and other players include William Boyd, Mickey Rooney, Chic Sale and Nat Pendleton.

June Knight, stage and screen luminary, and singing and dancing star of Paramount's "Take a Chance" and Universal's "Ladies Must Love," recently completed a successful appearance at the Palace Theatre, Chicago, Ill., following on the heels of three solid weeks at the Paramount in New York City. While in New York she took time off rehearsals and publicity stunts long enough to have a chic afternoon frock in Chinese red and chocolate brown designed and created for her by Claire Julianne Speicker, New York stylist. From Chicago the youthful blonde continued to Hollywood where Universal cameramen were awaiting her arrival for another production.

Motion picture rights to Hans Fallada's sensational best seller "Little Man, What Now?" published by Simon and Schuster, were acquired by Universal. It is the most sensational and soul searching book since "All Quiet." The picture will be placed in production just as soon as the screenplay can be whipped into shape.

(Continued on page 46)
**Splits and Splices**  
(Continued from page 35)

Justice of the Peace O'Brien at Pickwick Arms. The couple didn't bother having any witnesses.

Miss Satchel was 17 in 1925 when Florenz Ziegfeld saw her playing in London and brought her to New York to take a place in his "Follies." She played in "Simple Simon" and Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Christy described her as "the most beautiful titian blonde in the world."

Bamberger and his first wife were divorced a year ago. He is 37.

**The Casting Office**  
(Continued from page 32)

itive blonde, Lois Lee, from Hollywood, Calif., resembles Mary Nolan and Claudia Dell. She boasts of musical comedy experience . . . . . Frances Kilburn of Kansas City, Mo., would be a fine bet for the movies. She resembles a cross between Helen Vinson and Constance Bennett; is nearly eighteen years old and has had amateur theatrical experience. Height: 5 ft. 3 in.; weight 105 pounds; an intelligent and very pretty type. Lives at 1207 Stratford Rd., Kansas City, and has modelled for fashion work.

Amy Teasdale, who looks like Viola Dana, hails from McKeesport, Pa. This young lady is a dancing teacher, is five feet 2 inches tall, and is nearly 19 years of age. She has brown eyes and a fine disposition . . . . . Frances Martinez who resembles a composite of Evelyn Brent and Gracie Allen, is nearly 25 years of age and weighs 110 pounds. She is quite pretty, and lives in West New York, N. J. . . . . Catherine Norwich, who looks like a combination of Jeanette MacDonald and June McCloy, specializes in ballroom dancing; swims well; rides horseback like a veteran; and likes to sing. Fair type; hails from Port Chester, N. Y.

Emily Schaffer, of Newark, N. J., is nearly 20 years old; dances, sings, swims, rides horseback, and weighs 112 pounds. Pretty; slightly favoring Janet Gaynor. She is 5 ft. 4 inches tall, and has brown eyes. . . . Gertrude Fishbein, of good old Noo Yawk City, resembles a cross between Janet Gaynor and Joan Crawford. Weighs 107 pounds.

**The News Reel**  
(Continued from page 39)

Charles Starrett has been awarded the leading juvenile role opposite Rochelle Hudson in Will Rogers' picture, now known as "Mr. Skitch," which recently finished production at the Fox Movietone Studio. It features Zasu Pitts, Florence Desmond, Ralph Morgan and June Vlasek, was formerly called "There's Always Tomorrow" and is an adaptation of The Saturday Evening Post story by Anne Cameron.

"Horse Play" is the title for their forthcoming feature comedy co-starring Slim Summerville and Andy Devine. Formerly the picture was known as "Tin Pants;" with Edward Sedgwick directing, "Horse Play" features Leila Hyams, David Torrence, Una O'Connor, May Beatty, Cornelius Keefe, Luville Lund, and Ferdinand Gottschalk in support of the two Universal comedians.

The Bryan Fox Studio recently finished a film taken in the near-to-Hollywood California nudist colony. Ben Stroff, director, and a crew of six went into camp, and you can hardly imagine what made them blush most.

"It was the most embarrassing thing I ever felt," they say. "To be there with clothes on and have a group of those people without any clothes walk up and talk unconcernedly."

The Hollywood gang finally solved the situation by taking off its own shorts and pants.

One of the technical difficulties was getting the nudists, men, and pretty young women, timed so they would turn their backs and happen to stroll into partial cover at just the time the camera turned its eye upon them.

Richard Bennett, famous American stage and screen actor, will be seen with Anna Sten in Samuel Goldwyn's production of Emilie Zola's "Nana." It will be Bennett's biggest role since he played in Goldwyn's "Arrowsmith," starring Ronald Colman.

In the new script of the picture that will introduce Miss Sten to the screens of the world, Willard Mack, the author of the screen play, enlarged upon the character of Steiner, the banker, who is Nana's first patron. The role took on such a dominant tone and loomed so large in story that it reminded Goldwyn of "Dr. Sondelius" in "Arrowsmith," played by Bennett with such great distinction. Lionel Atwill also appears.

When Ann Harding peeps into a pound can of grease-paint on her dressing room table at the RKO studios and sees that the container is only half full, she immediately knows that the picture in which she is starring is half finished.

By experience the star has learned that she uses a pound of make-up during production of a picture not requiring transitions depicting various ages. This amount of make-up is readily understandable when it is appreciated that a fresh quantity of grease-paint is applied every day for thirty days—the usual period of production. "Beautiful" is the title of Miss Harding's new picture.

If you want a real laugh, ask June Knight, of "Take a Chance" fame, to give you her impersonation of Katharine Hepburn. It's a real wow!

Harriette Myrne, whom this magazine "promoted" in a publicity way and endorsed specifically—a star of the Hollywood Restaurant and Cabaret—and the one who wore the Lastex Bathing Suit in our first fashions contest, did just exactly what was expected of her and won first prize in the professional division of the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Pageant. Miss Myrne's swimming suits were supplied to her by the Askbury Mills, Inc., of New York City.
Midshipman Jack
(Continued from page 15)

want to put him on the report . . . and now here the boy was after all. Ruth loved Austin and his love for the daughter to whom he had been both father and mother made him want to give this boy every possible consideration and opportunity.

"Austin," he said, "Sometimes I wonder if you don't pride yourself on being different? You aren't. There have been men here ever since the Academy began who have made a game of breaking regulations. Some of these men went out with the Fleet and made good. Others failed in the service and in their personal lives. But understand this. Every one of those men who did make good first learned that they had to play the game according to the rules. You have to know how to obey orders before you can give them intelligently. The tipe may come when the safety of your country will depend upon your unquestioned obedience to order.

"I'm putting you on probation for the rest of the academic year. Any serious report against you means dismissal. That will be all."

As quickly as possible Jack hunted up Ruth. He knew she would want to know what had happened. But when he found her the news had already preceded him. She was much upset and urged him not to go on getting into trouble and tried to impress the seriousness of it upon him.

But Jack was not so sure about anything except that they loved each other and that was the thing which counted most. He begged Ruth to marry him . . . . . at once. The Navy wasn't the only career . . . surely he was the one she loved not a lot of braid and buttons. Ruth was horrified.

"You wouldn't leave here with graduation in sight?" she asked.

"I've never been so hot about this place. I haven't changed it. Ruth looked at him soberly.

"That's just it," she said. "You don't want to change. You even let a 'plebe' take some of the blame for you. You know that Russell Burns was put on the report."

"I didn't until now. I begin to understand . . . . I get into a jam and I'm not good enough for the Commandant's daughter."

"That isn't so!" she spoke with anger.

"The Navy isn't the only career in the world," pleading but with a touch of anger, too.

"You said that once before. Sometimes you almost make me think you aren't good enough for it." Ruth spoke with spirit.

"I'm the same person whether I wear this uniform or not. I am not going to beg you for something we both want. Is it 'yes' or 'no'?"

Ruth loved Jack and she knew in her heart that Jack loved the Naval Academy and the service . . . as well as herself. This thing had to be settled once and for all with a container of 'Prep-Flip.'

"Don't you see," she pleaded, close to tears, "if you don't finish here you probably won't ever finish anything you start. This time it's me, next time there'll be some other excuse."

"Please answer me!" Jack was tense with anger.

Ruth looked into his face with a brave effort to control the tears that stung her eyes.

(Continued on page 42)
Midshipman Jack

(Continued from page 41)

"You know there's only one answer. . ." she said gently, for a moment looking into Jack's eyes. "Goodbye."

Ruth walked away and Jack stared after her quivering with emotion. He was still standing there, confusedly, when Clark found him. He wanted to make amends but Jack wouldn't listen to him . . . instead, he walked away in search of Russell.

Russell was just taking a shower when Austin entered his room.

"I'm off," said Jack. "I don't want you to try and be like me. I've been here a long time. Make the best of your opportunities. You're just starting.""

"He's just getting started and I'm just getting finished," broke in Allan. "I've got important business elsewhere and I'm resigning."

He thrust a paper into Jack's hand. Austin glanced at it, tossed it on the table and his lip curled.

"That's no surprise," calmly, gesturing toward the letter. "I knew from the day you came in here you wouldn't stick. No guts."

"Oh, this place isn't so hot," Allan was sullen.

It isn't the place that's wrong. It's you." Jack nodded toward Russell. "He had to work to get in here. You had it dumped in your lap. That's why it doesn't seem hot to you. It came too easy. So, that's it." Jack picked up a full length picture of a girl from the table. "Smart girl makes sap out of midshipman. This is one consolation you won't be missed."

He walked out of the room. Allan was furious. Stepping up to the table he grabbed the resignation and tore it to bits.

"I'll show that guy," he said. Russell looked away to hide his smile.

Time passed. For Russell the days and nights were too short to accomplish the things he wanted to do. Allan, strangely docile and silent, was plugging away with a queer sort of determination. Between Jack and Clark things remained pretty much the same. Some of the bitterness had gone out of Jack but he still felt that much that had happened might have been averted if it hadn't been for Clark. The fine camaraderie they had once shared was shattered to bits but they worked shoulder to shoulder in the traditional manner for which the Navy is famous. Jack kept quiet within regulations but the heart had gone out of him.

His love for Ruth was an aching hunger which left him drained of the old desire to be a little smarter than the other fellow. He was glad when the schedule for subchaser management was posted. It offered a break in the regular routine and gave him something different to think about. On the subchaser which he commanded for the drill his crew consisted of Clark, Russell, Allan and several other midshipmen. Clark was at the wheel of the subchaser, Jack leaned through the window of the pilot house, Russell stood outside watching for signals and Allan stood near . . . all waiting. Their final instructions had been to keep a sharp lookout for sea-plants and barnacles.

Overhead the large seaplanes lifted in graceful formation and circled over the bay. The roar of their engines drowned out the beat of the sub's engines.

"Signal on the flagship, sir. Make the best of your night," said Russell, reading the semaphore.

Jack tugged at the whistle cord, and barked out orders. Clark swung the wheel over and a midshipman moved the engine telegraph. Jack's subchaser swung out free of the dock and pulled away into the clear.

"We're first away, sir," said Russell elatedly.

"Good," replied Jack, and to the midshipman near the pilot house, "Tell that engineer to give her all she's got." To Clark he said. "Rudder amidships. Steady on course one five."

"Course one five," echoed Clark. The drone of airplanes in formation passing overhead was heard. Both Russell and Austin looked up. Russell grinned.

"I'm going to put in for aviation as soon as I graduate," he said, then with a backward glance of concern at the approaching subchaser he continued,

"They're gaining on us, sir." "Has that engineer got the throttle wide open?" said Jack to the surprised midshipman.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

Swinging inside the pilot house Austin looked at the chart spread out on the table, then turning abruptly to Clark he ordered him to change the course to three five oh. Returning to the deck he temporarily handed command over to Russell while he descended to the engine room. Russell was considerably disturbed at the speed with which the other chasers were closing in on them. He determined to do something about it and quickly ordered another change of course, taking the deck and cut across the forbidden area.

When Jack returned from the engine room he was alarmed at the change of course and surprised that Russell should have attempted to cross thru the seaplane area. He realized it was too late to do anything about it and that the best thing to do was to push ahead.

High up in the air one of the planes suddenly dived out of formation with engine trouble. The smooth sound of the motor changed to a sputtering cough. In the cockpit the pilot muttered over the radio and they turned the plane and landed on a broken line on the instrument board.

Jubilantly Russell, Allan and Jack continued to pull away from the other chasers, when they were startled by a cry from Clark.
They turned and were paralyzed with fear for in direct line with them, ready to drop into the water was a seaplane. Collision was certain. Jack barked out orders:

"Full rightudder. Full speed astern!"

Clark swung the rudder wheel hard right, another midshipman in the pilot house swung it from full ahead to full astern but they realized that regardless of effort it was impossible to avert the catastrophe. Several of the midshipmen started scrambling aft. Russell grabbed a hook from the top of the pilot house and started toward the bow. Jack gripped his arms.

"You can't do that. Get aft!" he commanded.

"Let go!" shouted Russell and twisted out of Jack's grip.

With a terrific crash the seaplane and chaser came together. Water and debris flew through high into the air. Both crafts were completely wrecked. The screams of a siren rang out and a high speed crash boat put out from the dock, roaring into the bay at 50 miles an hour.

In the water near the wreckage Jack and Allan clung to a large piece of wood. Jack looked around at his other midshipmen. Russell was missing.

"Where's Russell?" he asked.

"I haven't seen him," answered Allan.

Taking a deep breath Jack dived out of sight and after a moment's hesitation Allan followed. Pinned in the wreckage under the water Jack spotted Russell and with all his strength gripped the debris away assisted by Allan who had followed close on his heels. Between them bore Russell to the surface and managed to get him on to the bit of wreckage.

What seemed years later Jack stood outside the door of the operating room in the hospital waiting for news of Russell's condition, feeling that whatever happens to Russell is his fault. It seemed such a shame. The kid was regular. He had worked hard for his chance and he should have it. He would do one decent thing anyway... they would never know that it had been Russell's order that had taken the chase thru the forbidden area. Jack was glad he could take the rap for Russell. He had cautioned Allan to say nothing that would spoil Russell's chances. He told Allan that he knew he would make good at the Academy... he had showed the right stuff during the accident.

Allan wasn't so sure about this. Russell had given the order to steer thru the seaplane area and he knew that the other midshipmen also knew it. But Jack insisted that he had given the order to Russell before going into the engine room.

"What are you worrying about this for?" said Austin.

"What I think doesn't mean a thing to you," replied Allan, "but you're the best guy I ever knew." He walked out of the room as Clark entered. Clark made one last effort to be friends with Jack but Jack nodded a cold goodbye, picked up his suitcase and started down the corridor. He collided with Allan returning breathlessly with the news that Russell was asking for Jack and the doctor had sent for him.

And so Jack found himself waiting for the doctor to admit him to Russell. He knew he mustn't upset the kid... he had gone thru a terrible ordeal, so determined not to tell him he was leaving the Academy.

Inside the room he stood with Russell's mother beside the bed and looked at the bandaged figure.

"I'm sorry it happened Russ," he said.

"It was my fault, Jack. I ordered Allan to change course while you were below. All of us wanted to beat the other boats." His hand traveled up Jack's sleeve.

"Say, you'll get on the report for being out of uniform. You know, Jack, all the 'plebes' think you're swell. I don't know what Allan and I would have done without you... you taught us the spirit of the place," Russell was weary and tired. He turned his head to one side and relaxed. Jack gazed at him steadily.

"You've taught me something too," he said in a quiet voice, "Not to be a fool."

Standing just outside the door watching this scene was Ruth, Captain Rogers and Clark. When Jack came out the Commandant laid his hand on Austin's arm and spoke kindly.

"I heard what you said just now, Austin. You should be proud the way these youngsters feel about you."

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"I am sir," replied Jack, greatly moved. "Haven't this proved to you that obeying the rules means something?" asked Captain Rogers.

"It has, sir."

"I'm glad to be able to say this to you, Austin. Your name will be taken off the report. As for Burns, he had more than enough punishment. Get back into uniform and... carry on."

Ruth had moved down the corridor and was waiting with Clark who gripped Jack's hand a moment when he came up to them before walking away. There were tears in her eyes but a proud smile on her lips. Drawing herself to attention she saluted.

"Anchors aweigh, sir!" she cried, and went into the arms that were waiting for her.

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Joan Crawford
(Continued from page 20)
chance to see her in the flesh, or make a point to do so, then their expectations are made up of what they saw her do on the screen as an imaginary character, plus their hearsay of her as a real individual.
I never try to be anything but my natural self off the screen—my acting stops when I leave the studio. But when I come in contact with the fans, I'm afraid I'll disappoint them, because I am simply myself when they perhaps think I should carry my acting with me when I am no longer before the cameras. You see, I'm an extremely self-conscious and timid person, eager to be liked, yet painfully ill at ease when I meet people for the first time, and the more of them there are, the more my terror and helplessness increase!
No director I have ever met can tell me what to do in such situations.

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"MOVIES"
Every star has experienced meetings with her fans, when she has been followed for hours and when this public has crowded about her on the streets. I am grateful to these fans, but how can I best let them know it? I am not in sympathy with those stars who cry: "Why can't I be let alone? Why can't I have a private life?" For the answer to this is: "You can if you expect it and be in pictures? Living in the public eye is part of your stardom and if you really want a private life you should not have tried to be a star. Since your salary is paid from the quarters and half dollars of those who make your private life impossible, then you have one course to follow while you are in the game. Take it and like it, and don't complain about it." Personally, I love it!
But do I hear you say that you would like to be a star in spite of all the hard work and handicaps? I scarcely know what to say to that. My first instinctive words, when I am asked what are the possibilities of a girl attaining stardom on the screen, are: "Stay out of pictures."
Yet I also know that everything in the world could compensate me for losing my place in them. The stress and strain are terrific, but the fascination and joy of work in films have no parallel in my life.
It is quite wrong to advise girls to come to Hollywood and try to find work in pictures—particularly girls with no experience —and yet I am afraid that if I were to talk to an ambitious girl who appeared to have talent, health and determination, I would tell her to have a go at it. Unless promising material turns up, where are the pictures to get their recruits? Mr. Will Hays, I am sure, would not approve of my advising my girls to undertake the soul-debilitating task of breaking in, and I must emphasize the fact that I am not advising it unless the girl in question first prepares herself to face failure, even though she may have genuine talent. This is the great and incurable weakness of ambition—not one of them is prepared to meet failure.
Sorry, but I cannot tell you what the qualities are that a picture star should have, aside from courage. Any rules made in this regard are made to be broken. Every time an expert generalizes on the subject, an actress who has none of the specifications sets down shoots to stardom. Look at Marie Dressler!
And, oh, what compensations picture work has! They are manifold, but one of the most wonderful and thrilling experiences is to wake up in the middle of the night and suddenly to think:
"Pictures are being shown in New York, in Keokuk, in Birmingham, even in Bird Center tonight—perhaps in London, Paris, and Shanghai, too—and I am a part, no matter how small, of this industry and art!"
When you come to think of it, what else counts alongside of that?

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LEESBURG, FLORIDA
May Robson (Continued from page 17)

Barrymore) with his small son Jimmy. The tragedy of his wife’s death in childbirth has hurt his career, dulled his ambitions. As in his first case, he brings Letty McGinnis into the world through a Caesarian operation but loses the mother. Letty’s father will have nothing to do with the baby. Eli keeps her until she is four years old, when the father claims her.

Eli’s household is completed when Sarah Twiddle, (May Robson) a spinster, comes to manage his home. Through the years, his practice grows slowly, and his payments are mostly in farm produce. Then a smallpox epidemic sweeps the community. Eli stamps it out in a spectacular fight and becomes the hero of the countryside. Among the patients is Letty, and his care of her wins the gratitude of McGinnis. Eli is urged to move to larger fields, but Jimmy is now in medical school. He must stay and see him through. Later, he refuses an offer to go to New York and study, surrendering his dearest ambitions because he can’t leave the ones who need him.

Eli straightens out the love affair of Letty and Bill Padfied which nearly has a tragic ending when Letty takes poison. She is to have Bill’s child, and the boy’s father refuses his consent to their marriage. Eli also aids Cupid by smoothing out difficulties between Jimmy and his fiancee, Joan Stockton.

Letty, now the mother of two fine children, is stricken and undergoes an emergency operation which Jimmy, a brilliant surgeon, performs. The operation is a success, but Letty fails to rally. The greatest doctors have given her up, when Eli pulls her through by arousing her will to live. His knowledge of the human heart has won where science failed.

At a banquet of the Medical Association, the man who has considered himself a failure, is honored by the greatest of his profession. Another reward is his. Sarah says what he finds it difficult to express. They will spend their honeymoon at Niagara Falls.

Recently the 67-year old actress (May Robson) celebrated, on the M-G-M lot, her 50th year as an actress; old time songs were played and sung. Edgar Allen Woolf, writer and humorist; Lionel Barrymore, Polly Moran, Louis B. Mayer and Zelda Sears all poured out extolling phrases and Elsie Janis. Irwin Thalberg and Lillian Harner, who has been Miss Robson’s companion for twenty years, sat at the right and left of the honored guest.

Miss Sears, now famous as a playwright but Miss Robson’s contemporary on the stage, said:

“T am glad to add one sprig of spinach to May Robson’s laurels. We are of the same period—early paleolithic. May was the daughter of the Neanderthal Man and I was the niece of the Missing Link. (Turning to May) May, do you remember those early days aboard the Ark?

“May Robson was born young, as so many of us are. She was just as young at 40 and now that she’s rounding this new mile post, she’s the youngest of us all—in her viewpoint. When called before the Great White Throne, I confidently expect May to come in with a skipping rope. May Robson, the eternal ingenuaux, I salute you!”

May beamed. Her old pal, Marie Dressler, wired:

“The first fifty years are the hardest. After that, the joke is that you believe work is the thing. There is no love between us, you old battle-ax. Marie Dressler.”

May beamed again.

Poly Moran, who is to be co-feautured with May in the two old girls’ next movie, “Comin’ Round the Mountain,” said: “I am in the cast so the studio will have something to cut from May Robson, too.”

As for Miss Robson, she said:

“When I went into pictures, I thought it would be for a rest. But I have worked harder during the last four years in pictures than I did during the first forty-six. And I feel better for it.”

She wore a black dress, a black, narrow-brimmed felt hat with black feather pompon on the front right side, lillies-of-the-valley on the left shoulder of her black jacket with cape sleeves and a high white lace collar with white lace jabot. She wore long black earrings with rubies and three diamond rings.

When the luncheon was over, and the lady radio soloist had finished “When You and I Were Young, Maggie” May said, sniffing a bit, that she never had a happier time in her life. This magazine, too, hails the only lady who ever appeared in three “Pictures of the Month.”

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