And now—a **NEW** reason why

**'MINE'S A MINOR'**

There's a most attractive new 6d. flat box containing 15 cigarettes—plain, cork, or 'ivory'-tipped. In taste, quality, and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
The MENACE of MARATHON MOVIES


The long winter evenings seem likely to be longer if filmland’s present lad for inordinate footage is maintained. If talkies continue to increase in length, von Stroheim, who has been known to turn in a mere 50,000 feet or so, will come into his own and filmgoing will become an endurance test.

Already, after some previews, I find myself feeling the Phillips chin for signs of a venerable grey beard. These melancholy thoughts on marathon movies are prompted by the fact that this week I witnessed the unwinding of Imitation of Life—all 10,000 feet of it.

The Universal adaptation of the Fannie Hurst best-seller, however, does not hold the record. That goes to the Continental film, Dr. Mabuse.

Get Along Little Talkie...

A surprising number of the big, literally and metaphorically, films of recent months run well over 100 minutes. Little Women, for instance, kept us in the cinema for 113 minutes, and The Wandering Jew 111 minutes.

Viva Villa was a close runner-up with 110, followed by Jew Süss, with 107 minutes of running time.

Red Wagon and Gay Divorce share honours at 105 minutes, beating The Barretts of Wimpole Street by sixty seconds.

M-G-M, incidentally, appears to believe in quantity. Treasure Island could not be completed under 6,300 feet.

Other pictures which are over or just under the 100-minutes mark include China Chow, Queen Christina, Caravan, The Cat’s Pajamas, Great Expectations, Cleopatra, Little Man, What Now? Twentieth Century, White New York Steps, Man of Two Worlds, Only Yesterday, Blossom Time, The Merry Widow and Footlight Parade.

Waste of Footage

It is impossible to be dogmatic about film footage, and I think most filmgoers would prefer reasonable elasticity.

Nevertheless, generally a picture that takes more than eighty minutes to tell a story is a bad piece of craftsmanship.

It is not the actual length of the current epics that is the dangerous feature. It is the fact that most of them owe their length to unnecessary dialogue and wasteful stage forms of story-telling.

Specialty, however, is too frequently over-prolonged in order to show off an elaborate set or an ensemble that is the pride of the dance department.

Certainly most of the films I have mentioned would have been improved by the application of the scissors.

Two Newcomers

This week’s picture previews introduce two new film personalities who are expected to help keep the Hollywood movie moguls in the luxury to which they are accustomed.

In the previously mentioned Imitation of Life, Baby Jane, who is hailed as a likely rival to Shirley Temple, makes her bow.

Baby has a few scenes early in the film and she struck me as being just another ingratiating three-year-old with the ability to repeat lines.

College Rhythm serves as a debut vehicle for Joe Penner, described as radio’s gift to the Screen. So far as I am concerned, America’s radio public can keep him.

Penner, on the screen, looks like an effeminate Frank McHugh and his comedy style I found singularly suggestive, unpleasant—and unfunny.

What 1935 Has In Store for Stars

Dareos, the favourite fortune-teller of the film stars, has, I see, been making his predictions for 1935. Last year, among other things, he predicted that death would come to three famous players.

The past twelve months will be remembered for the tragic passing of Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman and Lew Cody.

This year he prophesies that three more well-beloved screen personalities will die.

Dareos adds that Myrna Loy will be the outstanding screen sensation of 1935, and that Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Carole Lombard and William Powell will marry before the year is out.

(Continued on page 4.)
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The appearance of the two girls was so similar that when they arrived in Hollywood and Edna spent most of the day on the set with her cousin, she was persuaded to act as stand-in.

In that capacity she frequently appeared in the picture in those off-stage shots which executives see but which never reach the theatre screen.

Universal officials observed that she had an excellent screen personality and in Binnie's second film, *One Exciting Adventure*, she was cast in one of the prominent roles.

Then the mix-ups began. When Binnie had a scene, Edna acted as stand-in for her, and when Edna was to appear before the lens, Binnie, the star of the picture, would act as stand-in for her own stand-in.

Frequently Ernst L. Frank, the director, would become confused and suggest that the two girls play a Siamese-twin part so that both of them would be on the screen all the time.

In *One Exciting Adventure* Mfr. Frank is sure that he has the right actress in the right scene, but there were days when he wondered.

Both Binnie and Edna are returning to the American film capital next month, and the latter is promised a bright future.

“Musical Chairs” for Movie Moguls

The musical boom continues to provide problems for producers.

One of the greatest is the fact that there is not enough grand opera material to go round.

Only about a dozen or so are sufficiently well known and attractive to be rendered in pictures, and Greer Garson used up about a third of these in *One Night of Love*, and Elissa Landi an almost equal number in *Ember Madame*, in which, I understand, Madame Nina Koshetz sang her songs.

The old-fashioned Donizetti and Verdi operas are not regarded as very suitable for the screen.

Puccini works are considered the best, but Miss Moore did the "Entrance Song" and "One Fine Day" from *Madame Butterfly* and will probably sing Musetta’s "Waltz from La Boheme" in her next film, while "Vissi d'arte, Vissi D'amo," from Tosca, was the outstanding selection in *Ember Madame*.

That just about cleans up the good and suitable Puccini offerings.

"Yes" Men Wane

Hollywood's "yes" men stepped aside last week to allow a "no" man to take the spotlight.

Ed. Le Saint, a character actor, was paid $25 to say "No" in Walter Wagner's production, *The President Vanishes*. He received his pay for four seconds' work and went home congratulating himself on his luck.

An hour later the studio discovered that in another sequence he was due to say another "no." So Le Saint was called back and received another $25 for his second effort.

He thus captures the title of Hollywood's only successful "no" man.

The Smallest Actress

Now they have discovered the smallest actress in pictures—baring infants and gadgets.

She is Tiny Jones, an English girl who has just been given a part in Claudette Colbert's next Paramount starring picture—*The Guided Lily*. Jones, who is a foot one inch in height, was the first comedienne to have her voice recorded by the film microphone—when she made a series of "shorts.

She started her career in Gilbert and Sullivan opera in England and recently celebrated her thirtieth year in showdom.

Anna Sten on Clothes

"The modern woman pays entirely too much attention to clothes," according to Anna Sten.

"Fussiness and excessive femininity are carried too far during a woman's working hours, whether she spends them presiding over a household, in a shop, or on the stage."

Comfort, she added, should be the keynote for a working woman's dress.

"I think the problem of dressing should be simply one of grace and neatness, and above all, comfort. A woman is better able to work when she does not wish to attract attention to herself as a woman."

"But," concluded the beauteous Anna, with
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an assurance of tone which indicated that she
puts her own ideas into practice. "When her daily
work was finished, as common may expand. Her
charm and her allure come up with the moon.
She may wear clinging, soft gowns for a feline
mood and bright, electric colours to dazzle."

Heading for Stardom

Raymond Milland, the Welsh actor, who has
been knocking at the door for some time,
may be the next leading man to achieve major
screen honors. As his fame has increased,
MGM, from England a company signed him for a series
of small parts, but the good breaks failed to
manifest and his name remained out of the
bright lights.

A second studio gave him an opportunity in a
small role and again he was forgotten.

One day Director Wesley Ruggles, who was
looking for a new leading man for Claudette
Collert, saw him in *Menace* and at once settled on
him. The public was confident that the
Welsh youth will be one of the greatest "finds"
for years.

Milland was at one time a member of the
Houshold cavalry and is a crack pistol shot. A short
time ago he attended a non-professional rodeo show
and won first prize for shooting a cigarette out of a man's
mouth.

Public to Co-operate on "Laddie"

About to film Laddie, the most popular of Gene
Stratton-Porter's famous novels, Radio
Pictorials announced that the public is being given
the opportunity of running the picture.

Radio's interest has been forced by the mass
of mail which has poured into the studio
since the forthcoming production of Laddie
was first announced.

The large amount of correspondence indicates
the tremendous hold the story, first published in
1913, still has on the reading public.

The interest shown by the writers in production
details is amazing and Radio, following the plan
adopted when they decided to film Little Women,
asks fans to help decide whether Laddie shall be
married, or be a bachelor, as a costume picture,
literally faithful to the Stratton-Porter text.

So far the correspondents are about equally
divided on the matter and the company now
asks for further expression of opinion. Gene Stratton-
Porter's sales have reached the staggering total of
40,000,000 copies, and Laddie is now her most popular
work.

Radio announces that letters on Laddie's screen
treatment will be analysed and tabulated, and urges
that they be sent to the Hollywood studios at the
earliest possible moment, in order that production may
get under way.

New Honour for "Mickey"

Mickey Mouse, who has a
long list of honours,
medals, awards, diplomas
and posthumous, has just
received a tribute from an
unexpected quarter.

The Court of New York
have at last taken "judicial
notice" of the great popu-
larity of Walt Disney's
famous brain child. For the
benefit of the laymen in
the audience, we hasten to
explain that by "judicial
notice" is meant a fact of
such common knowledge
that the Court requires no
proof to substantiate it; for
example, that Franklin D.
Roosevelt is President of the
United States or that July 4 is Independence Day.

In the case of Theofel v. Sheridan, reported in
Volume 151 of the Miscellaneous Reports, on
page 714, Supreme Court Justice Bonyngue pays
its respects to Mickey in the following mellifluous
lines:

"No chancellor has yet fashioned a decree to
soilate the humiliation of a eloquent divine whose
parishioners have forsaken him for the golf
courses, or of a once popular actor who plays to
empty stalls while the inspiring plaudits of a
happier day are showered upon Mickey Mouse at a
neighbouring silver screen."

Hats Go Crazy

On top of the revolution caused in feminine
headgear by the "Marina" vogue, disturbing
reports arrive from Hollywood that "hats have
gone slightly insane."

Travis Banton, the famous Hollywood stylist,
who has just finished models for Marlene Dietrich
in her new picture, surprised his friends
the other day with a foretaste of what is still to
come.

"Millinery—why, you can wear anything this
season," he said. "Take the inkwells, the
ashtray—almost anything—to a clever
designer of hats and you'll be sure to get a wear-
able headgear from the adaptation!"

Banton, however, supplemented this by saying
that although these hats certainly will become
popular, it will only be as a sudden—and very
short—craze.

Short Shots

Alan Hale is to play the minstrel Blondel in
Cecil B. de Mille's version of The Crusades—
Bradley Page, who has played heavies in thirty-
nine in the last two years, becomes a comedian
in Not_pars.—Merle Oberon has rented a house in
Beverly Hills—Hollywood describes Nova Pilbeam
as a younger edition of Katharine Hepburn—
More rumors this week of a Gavino-Parrel screen
reunion—Mae West recently visited an
Indian Institute in search of a young Indian
play to role in her new picture, Now I'm a Lady—
she commented: "Seems funny, me having to go
out hunting for a man"—Mickey Rooney is being
paid $20 a week at the start of his new M-G-M.
contract and winds up at $200 a week—John
Beal has been cast in the title role in Laddie—
Warner Oland has been signed by Fox for six
more "Charlie Chan" stories—Tullio Carminati is
to co-star with Lilian Harvey in Once a Gentleman
—Joan Bennett is to star opposite Bing Crosby
in Mississippi.

Kinema Couples

This week's first prize of half a guinea is
awarded to Wilfred Hardy, 2 Waterville
Place, North Shields, for—

**Borrowed Clothes**

Bring 'Em Back Alive

Prizes of half-a-crown in each case are awarded to—

Miss Dorothy Spittle, 104 Tower Road, aston
Birmingham, for—

**Death Takes a Holiday**

The Quitter

Mary E. Trimms, 88 Medina Road, Tynsley
Birmingham, for—

**Love Past Thirty**

Call It Luck

J. Strachan, 67 Eleanor Street, Callercotes,
N.4, for—

20,000 Years in Sing Sing

No More Women

N. Trench, 129 Selsey Road, Edgbaston,
Birmingham, for—

**Man's Castle**

Wonder Bar

Kinema couples should be submitted on a
postcard addressed to me, c/o PICTUERGOER,
93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes cannot be
opened.

Winners need not submit claims. Prize money
will be forwarded in due course.

Marlene's New Trick

Marlene Dietrich has conquered one of the
most difficult of all arts—she is rolling her
own cigarettes. And not only that, but the
Paramount star, when on top of her form, can
run up the staggering figure of 150 an hour!

It all comes about because Miss Dietrich takes
the part of a cigarette girl in a Seville factory
in Carnival in Spain.

Her director, Josef von Sternberg, decided that
she would have to learn to do the thing properly,
so Paramount called in an ex-army man who was
a genius in the art.

For an hour a day for four weeks Miss Dietrich
learned, and now she won't buy cigarettes in
packets—she prefers to roll her own.

"Dictator" Calendar

An extraordinarily good calendar of twelve
photographic reproductions of portraits, love
scenes and some of the most beautiful sets in The
Dictator is being issued by Messrs. Benrose & Sons,

It was prepared on the occasion of Clive Brook's
come-back to British pictures.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
CZECH'S APPEAL

Jarmila Berankova, Czecho-Slovakia's gift to movies. This fifteen-year-old actress went from the schoolroom to stardom on the Continental screen in one picture, "Young Love" (see story on opposite page). Will British fans acclaim her?
The SCREEN'S STRANGEST
Cinderella STORY

PETER WITT introduces you to Jarmila Berankova—a few months ago a student at a poor school and to-day the rage of the Continent. Jarmila's first picture will be seen in England soon.

Very few miracles happen in the film world. The story of the beautiful girl who is accidentally discovered in the street by a Lubitsch, a René Clair, or a Sam Goldwyn is a good story in its way. The publicity men rise to heights of genius in that particular branch of fiction. The attainment of film fame usually means an amount of hard work that few survive, much sacrifice and more than a little luck. But extraordinary things do occasionally happen in the film business. Sometimes that Cinderella tale comes true. Something very like a miracle occurred only a very short time ago a long way from England, but the people of this country are now going to see the result, when a film called Reka (Young Love) will be shown in London.

In Czecho-Slovakia a promising and independent young film director, Jan Reiter, has been battling against convention for a number of years. He has his own ideas about films, and those ideas do not always coincide with those of the financiers.

Some months ago he set out to make a film that would bring his beautiful homeland—the meadows and woods, and the people who lived there—to the screen.

It didn't take him long to find a suitable background—in the lovely Bohemian mountains where age-old woods and tiny hamlets whose history goes back centuries, seem yet to have been invested with the fresh charm and beauty of everlasting youth.

Reiter decided, therefore, that he must have young people, unsophisticated, natural, and pleasing for his picture. He began his search for a boy and a girl whose simple love would symbolise on the screen the love we all feel for nature.

He visited all the schools in Prague and its suburbs. He travelled all over the country, walking through the streets searching always for the two who were to take the leading parts.

He found a school, a free school, where the children of poor people were able to get an elementary education, and there, at last, he found the heroine for his picture. Her name appeared on the school register as Jarmila Berankova, and her age, fifteen.

The first glimpse Jarmila, who was of humble parentage, had of acting, was when a travelling theatrical troupe came to the village. She was, of course, not able to buy a ticket, but she obtained permission to sell programmes and so see what was, to her, the eighth wonder of the world.

From that moment the ambition to be an actress gave her no rest. Her opportunities of training for a stage career were few. She had the poems she had learnt at school—she recited them to herself, made great "lines" out of their simple sentiments. Books on the theatre were avidly read and studied.

Then the miracle of that schoolroom discovery! Scarcely less romantic is the story of the success of the film. The wiseacres of the trade had laughed at Reiter. A picture with so stars, made without much money, and with only nature for its scenery, they told him, was an impossibility.

But it was possible. Reka has been acclaimed for its beauty, simplicity, charm as one of the Continental films of the year.

The director, in the opinion of many of the critics, succeeded in getting away from the usual technique of talkies—a technique which is already indicated by the word. Dialogue has been cut down to a minimum. Only a few sentences are necessary to aid the true pictorial narrative. Great attention and care have also been devoted to the musical score, which took over six months to arrange.

As yet, only a few countries have seen the picture, but there they are hailing the fifteen-year-old Jarmila Berankova as a star. At the recent World Film Festival in Venice the picture was acclaimed as one of the two outstanding contributions to the exhibit. Mussolini requested to see it at a private showing.

The critics praised the "difference" of its technique, but above all the technique, montage, cutting, and all the detail important to the intelligentsia. They found in this Czecho-Slovakian film one factor which made them forget even their special task—a little, charming, unsophisticated girl.

Once more one of the Cinderella tales which happen so seldom in real life has come true. Without publicity, without money, and without influence, a new film star has been born—a fifteen-year-old girl who, only yesterday, studied poetry in the class-room of a "poor school."

MAKE A NOTE

Of the date, January 19, and order your copy of PICTUREGOER early as there is sure to be a big demand.

We are giving away free with that issue a sixteen-page, fully photogravure inset of Lubitsch's musical masterpiece, "The Merry Widow," which once again unites the famous team of Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

It has been acclaimed the greatest musical to date, and the director with his fine pictorial sense and happy combination of music and action has certainly caught the spirit of the stage musical comedy, which created a sensation and a vogue in its day.
DIDN'T want to go to Hollywood. It's a different matter if you're sold on the idea before you ever get there, as most people are; I wasn't. To be perfectly frank, I was scared. I'm willing to try anything once, as much as anyone else, but to try it for three years is carrying the joke too far.

My original contract just said "three years," without any mention of remission for good conduct or week-ends home. Can you imagine one hundred and fifty-six weeks stretching out ahead of you, in a place you've never seen that's been described to you as a cross between the Ritz-Carlton and a mental ward?

I did get as far as New York, but I hated it at sight, and I thought to myself, "If Hollywood's even a little like this, I shan't be able to bear it." So I got on a boat and came home.

And then—last May—I tried again; this time my contract said "three years with the option..." of coming home every now and again to see how the window-boxes were coming along and whether the pup had grown; and only two pictures a year, anyway, which does give you a chance to stretch between whiles.

And I only stayed a few minutes in New York—not long enough to get discouraged; and I flew to Hollywood; and am I glad I did? Oh, boy! (I've reached the Hollywood part now, so I'm allowed a little local colour).

To begin with, the studio people were extremely kind. Over here they're generally quite friendly, but they don't go out of their way to make you feel on top of the world; or perhaps they save that up for American stars.

Anyway, Universal City made me feel like a star as soon as I arrived, which, as you may imagine, prejudiced me in Hollywood's favour right from the word "Go."

And then, steadily, Hollywood got me. You know the sensation of being attracted to a person almost against your will?

Well, Hollywood is very nearly a person—with an erotic, erratic, exotic, exciting personality at that.

For a minute or two, or a week or two, you don't know whether to hate it or love it. In my case the scales tipped promptly and heavily in its favour.

There are so many things in the scale. The climate, the architecture, the people, the situation, the shops, the life, the irresponsibility with a sense of responsibility running through it like light in a dawn sky or the lean in streaky bacon.

Why, there you are—you couldn't use those two similes to describe any other place on earth! They wouldn't fit. In Hollywood everything fits.

My apartment was in a tall building called Sunset Towers; not a skyscraper as skyscrapers go—only eighteen stories—but that's fairly high for California, where there's more room to expand than there is in New York.

I was half-way up—and even at that height the air was so crisp and clear you could almost hear it crackling.

Each floor is divided into four apartments (seventy-two altogether, which is pretty good arithmetic for Binnie Barnes, let me tell you), so each apartment has a corner of the building, and each corner is made of glass. So is that something to wake up to in the morning?

Sunset Towers is quite near the famous Athletic Club on Sunset Boulevard, the great wide road that runs east and west, parallel with Hollywood Boulevard and Santa Monica Boulevard, between these two.

It's quieter than either of them, though, for there are few shops and no street cars, yet you're only a few minutes' walk from the heart of the shopping centre.

You've heard about the shops, of course; they're swell; but I was more attracted by the markets—great open places, roofed over, mostly run by Chinese, where you can buy every imaginable
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fruit and vegetable for absurdly little money; and some of them you can drive right into and shop without leaving the wheel.

I had a housekeeper, but I insisted on doing my own shopping because it was fascinating.

And the "cash-and-carry" stores, where you roam round picking your groceries from shelves and take them to a counter to pay for them as you go out; and the Viennese bakeries, and the Italian restaurants, and the German bier-und-preisel-gärten, and the English shop-houses, and the Turkish coffee-houses, and the Swiss clock-shops, and the Indian bazaars, and the Chinese chop-suey joints . . . each nation doing the thing it knows about, and each one fitting like an old Ford radiator on a junk-pile.

Yes, shopping in Hollywood is an adventure, if only for the people you see. There are no ordinary-looking people; of course, they’re not all beauty competition winners, but they’ve all got something striking about them, for most of them have come from the ends of the earth to make a fortune in motion pictures—and you have to be a bit different even to get as far as Hollywood.

I had three homes, actually, for besides my apartment in town I had a bungalow at Universal City, consisting of a lounging and make-up room, a kitchen, and a bathroom with hot and cold showers, and I also had a darling little beach-house at Topanga, which is between Santa Monica and Malibu—about eight miles south of the latter; and here I owned a strip of the beach all to myself. You can’t do that in England; it belongs to the Crown.

In California the only crown is the one the movie-stars wear.

Now for the sense of responsibility. Everyone puts work first. They’re there to make pictures, and they concentrate on that absolutely. There’s no stage-work to distract them; and we shouldn’t have that difficulty to contend with here, if Elstree were three thousand miles from the West End, as Hollywood is from Broadway.

Those who are in work, work like fury; those who are out of work, work at getting work. Everyone has his eyes on the prize. One lives motion-pictures, and motion-pictures aren’t any worse for that.

But then there is also a complete and delightful sense of responsibility during play-time. You don’t have to take a ‘bus-man’s holiday if you don’t want to.

It’s fashionable to watch polo matches; but if you don’t want to watch polo, no one thinks any the worse of you; in fact, unless it were just for the sake of being “seen around” (which isn’t really necessary) you would be considered a sap for doing what you don’t want to just because other people are doing it.

I didn’t bother to ask whether roller-skating was “the thing to do” or not; I wanted to go to the Rollodrome, and I went—with Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill; but also I went to the all-in wrestling every Wednesday and the fights every Friday, not because everyone else was going, but because it was fun.

In fact, you don’t have to knock about public opinion over anything.

So long as you observe certain wide bounds of decorum, and don’t tread too hard on other people’s toes, you can do more or less as you please.

You don’t even have to go to parties. I went to a few—one of them was a swell fancy-dress affair given by Junior Barstow, with practically everyone in the film colony present; but parties are a form of amusement that have a way of slopping over next morning, so are not very much liked by people who are actually working.

One of the greatest attractions about Hollywood is its power to surprise you. For instance, how could I have imagined that one of my biggest thrills would be listening to a symphony orchestra conducted by an Englishman! Yet it was—Sir Henry Wood was at the Hollywood Bowl, with two million guns trying hard to drown the music, and failing even to distract our attention.

Of course, the regular Hollywood thrill is fun, too—bumping into well-known character actors on street corners, recognising featured players whom you’ve seen acting dozens of times on the screen.

Some of the lesser-known ones just stand about on the kerb for the sake of being recognised by the occupants of the rubber-wagons—the sight-seeing buses that bring people from Los Angeles City to “see the stars for 50 cents.”

They don’t see many stars, let me tell you—but they can always be sure of seeing eight or ten girls on Hollywood Boulevard, between Highland and Western, who look more like Garbo than Garbo does; and any one of these will do when you’ve paid 50 cents for one.

And there are pretty sure to be a few gaudily dressed cowboys in high-heeled boots squatting on the kerb, to give a spot of local colour.

Colour, did I say? There’s colour everywhere. In front of the houses there are green lawns, with no fences—and then the white pavement—and then a strip of green in which the palm trees grow—and then the kerb.

But in two days, in early summer, suddenly that strip of green is covered with wild marginals, so that the streets are literally bordered with gold; why, even the dust-carts are golden—they are so full of orange peel. And imagine all that colour, and a riot of flowers of every description, all drenched with the Californian sunshine . . .

It takes your breath away even to remember it. And you can get in a car and in an hour you can be in parched tropical desert with cactus and tumbleweed, or among snow-clad mountains. And all the time you’re paid for being there . . .

Of course, Hollywood got me; the surprise would have been if it hadn’t.

THE MERRY WIDOW

COMING shortly—a sixteen page fully photogravure supplement which deals exhaustively with Ernst Lubitsch’s latest and greatest musical. It will be presented free with the January 19 issue of “Picturegoer.”
An unusual "back-stage" shot of Lowell Sherman at work as director of "The Night Life of the Gods." The girl is Florine McKimney. Below: Believe it or not, the bearded gentleman is Herbert Marshall—in character for "The Good Fairy."

Left: Two British stars meet far from home—Heather Angel and Carol Coombe. Below: Gloria Stuart takes time off for a little golf instruction from Olin Dutra, the American champion.

Through Our Lens

This week the Lens cameraman took you on a tour of Universal City and shows you the stars at work and play.

Henry Armetta slipped on a banana skin on the set—and he did not do it for fun. Hence the wheelchair.
The

MOON

GODDESS

by Clarence A. LOCAN

Greta Garbo seen through Chinese eyes—the most unique view of the Swedish star ever published.

In the austere garments of a Taoist priest, watched curiously as fantastically garbed dancers, with weird painted faces moved across the great sound stage.

He regarded the great gilded dragon through half-closed, oblique eyes. A flicker of interest crossed his impassive countenance as, in the blazing disc in the centre of the great sound stage, Stowits, the dancer, was disclosed in the gleaming garments of the sun god Yi.

Apparently it carried him back to his youth, in China, where once he saw this ceremonial done in actual life. For Lim Ben is very old.

For years he has lived in Los Angeles' Chinatown, one of the old-timers who remained in semi-seclusion and regarded with alarm the younger generation growing up in the modern manner.

It was there that he was found, and brought, with several hundred others, to appear in the great Chinese festival scene in The Painted Veil, Garbo's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film.

Lim Ben speaks little English, though a student in his own language, versed in the Five Classics, the Four Books, and the classics of Kung-Foo, Taoism. His grand-nephew, Lim Fon Kwuck, who was with the old man, and who had graduated from an American high school, interpreted for him.

It was this nephew, who has often played extra roles in pictures, who had induced the old man to come to the studio, mainly that he might see the colourful ceremonial, which, many times, he had described as he saw it performed in China.

There was the muffled sound of a gong. The dancers crossed and re-crossed to the strains of the weird Chinese orchestra. And then—about three flaps of a slipper later—Garbo, on the arm of George Brent, passed across the parapet before the eddying, whirling dancers and the great dragon, its nose spouting flame, as, borne by twenty stalwart athletes, the huge gilded monster passed across the flaming pot of fire.

Lim Ben regarded Garbo curiously. He narrowly scrutinised the star. Then he whispered to his nephew.

"What does he say?" inquired an onlooker.

"He says," answered the younger man, "that she is like the Moon Goddess of Wen Po—she whom they worship in the river lands as the goddess of tranquility and serene knowledge. There is something of the mystery of our own land in her—he cannot exactly say what it is, but looking at her, he feels it.

"Ask him further," the youngster was requested. It was during a lull in the dress rehearsal of the spectacular. The musicians were idly tuning their odd lutes, and fingerling their great reed horns. The old man spoke, rapidly, in Chinese.

"He says that what is within her heart makes possible her understanding of this thing," interpreted Lim Fon Kwuck.

"He says that these younger Chinese, reared far away from home, have never seen this ceremonial, but that their hearts respond to it because of the spirit of their ancestors.

But this woman, from a land of eternal cold, whose ancestors never knew the beliefs and the thoughts of our people or of this ceremony—she has caught the same spirit that these dancing youngsters have. This is because within her is the tranquil knowledge—the gift of seeing and understanding within herself—that is personified in the Moon Goddess.

"Perhaps," it was suggested, "she has deeply studied this matter, read many books, and thus learned all these things."

Lim Ben spread his hands in a gesture of derision.

"Why use an ox-knife to kill a fowl?" he countered. "With the soul of the Moon Goddess within her, why should she waste hours learning the things that her heart already knows? No, she did not learn these things from study, because mere books could not teach her. It is what she feels, rather than what she knows, that I saw when I looked into her eyes."

Richard Boleslawski passed among the groups of "extras," deftly placing a man here and there, and rearranging his spectacle. Passing Lim Ben, he stopped and smiled at the ancient Chinese. Lim Ben spoke again.

"He likes that man," interpreted the grand-nephew. "He says that he knows what is in the hearts of his fellow-men, and that his liver is large with benevolence. He has seen much of life—danger, suffering, and joy. He thinks that he must have been a warrior."

With uncanny instinct—or perhaps shrewd judgment born of years, Lim Ben had exactly described the director, who emerged from the conflict of the World War to write the amazing experiences of the Polish lancers in his books "Way of a Lancer" and "Lances Down."

The onlooker remarked upon this. The grand-nephew interpreted, and again Lim Ben answered, with a flicker of tolerant amusement in his eyes.

"He has known many men," interpreted Lim Fon Kwuck. "As you say, he is old. He was born on the banks of the River Po, third year of Hwang Lung, second month, tenth day.

"That would make him, I think, about ninety years old as you reckon men's ages."

Every day he reads in the classics. He meditates on the words of the Master, whose words cause one to look quite through men and their motives. I myself have gone to school here—"I am American as you are—and I suppose I never will gain the introspective insight that he has." Again he spoke in Chinese to the old man.

This woman, Garbo, he says, has this inward knowledge of people," he quoted. "It is this that enables her to portray them on the screen. She is many women in one—as many women as there are in the world, he thinks, because of this inward knowledge. Where she gained it he cannot imagine."

The spectacle was over. With a few words of leave-taking, Garbo started from the set.

As she passed the old man, their eyes met. In each glistened a brief flicker of interest—as though they understood one another.
PRE-VIEWS of the LATEST FILMS

HELEN HAYES GOES SCOTTISH

IR JAMES BARRIE'S play, *What Every Woman Knows*, has been brought up to date for screen purposes and its cast, where necessary, coached in a Scottish accent. The resulting picture is not so bad, but it strikes a rather outmoded note and cannot divorce itself successfully from an artificial atmosphere.

In spite of this, I have rarely seen Helen Hayes to better advantage than as Maggie, the plucky, rather pathetic Scottish woman whose father and brothers bribe a man to marry her. She gives the part a lot of character and brings out the homely and yet innate quick-witted qualities associated with the "mother woman."

As her husband, a railway porter who is given money to complete his studies on condition that he marries Maggie after five years, Brian Aherne is also good.

The character is one that suggests a man without any sense of humour and a large size in superiority complexes, and Aherne brings out these traits convincingly.

He also shows the gradual development of the ex-railway porter to M.P. with well-graded phases.

You will remember in the story that he finished his studies and comes to marry Maggie, who persuades him to stand for Parliament, since he has been invited, and never fear about her father.

He is successful and becomes fascinated by a society girl, Sybil, who takes an interest in him as a man whilst pretending to be more interested in his career and activities.

He believes that she is helping him, when all the while it is Maggie's unobtrusive handling of her husband which guides his course of action.

When the break actually comes, Maggie takes control of the situation and proves to him that it is she that he really relies on—wakes him up to himself, in fact.

It is chiefly a conversation piece, which, however, has not lost much of that whimsical Barrie charm which appeals so strongly to most audiences. Madge Evans is effective as Sybil, and I was particularly glad to see David Torrence given a break as Maggie's father, a rôle into which he puts a lot of convincing characterisation; his accent, of course, is impeccable.

Lucille Watson puts in a sound performance as a sophisticated French countess who helps Maggie in her plan to bring her husband back to the paths of domesticity, and Henry Stephenson is effective as a political leader.

The politics, by the way, seemed rather vague and much insistence was made of the fact that Labour refused to go off the gold standard—none of which added much to the conviction of the picture.

Maggie's two brothers are played by Dudley Digges and Donald Crisp; the latter is good, but the former's efforts at supplying comedy were negligible, probably because he never made the part anything but an intrinsically artificial one.

Technically, the picture is very well set and the direction, allowing for the necessarily conversational nature of a photographed stage play, very good.

What will be thought of the accents in Scotland? I am not Gaelic enough to hazard a guess.—L. C.

An American football match—quite incomprehensible in tactics as far as I am concerned—is the mainspring of this mechanically made comedy, with music which has the distinction of completely having smothered the humour and personality of Jack Oakie. I imagine for the first time in his long career.

He is cast as a self-confident swollen-headed college football ace, Finneghan, who falls on evil days and eventually gets a job to run a football team for a big store as a form of advertisement.

He so hypnotises the boss of the store by his self-assurance, that he is made general manager in place of the latter's son, whose efforts at providing an exclusive modernistic touch to the establishment have driven the customers away.

Incidentally, the proprietor's son had been at college with the football star and had always suffered from his room-mate's unbounded popularity.

Manhood is inspired in this somewhat spineless being by his secretary, who eventually wins his love after he had faced up to Finneghan's campaign to win his girl, whom in the end he is quite well pleased to let him have.

Lanny Ross croons his way through this rôle and Helen Mack does her best with the part of his secretary, while Mary Brian is attractive as his fiancée.

Humour of a febrile kind is supplied by Lyda Roberti and Joe Penner; the latter is quite one of the most unfunny comedians I have seen on the screen.

George Barbier is very good as the store proprietor and Franklyn Pangbourne amusing as a head shop-walker.

Football marches and spectacular dance numbers in the shop form the main footage and give

Belos, Helen Mack, Lanny Ross, Mary Brian, Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti and Joe Penner are the principals of "College Rhythm."

One of the quaint figures in the Laurel and Hardy screen pantomime, "Babes in Toyland."
the background to a very ingenious and thin plot.

Chorus dancing is quite ingeniously staged and some of the numbers are quite tuneful; but, as a whole, the picture is not a good example of screen musical comedy.—L.C.

F

Frank Capra certainly knows how to extract the utmost out of conventional material—first and perhaps the most conventional romantic drama with a race-track background that he has had to handle here.

Strictly Confidential

He avoids the obvious by clever human detail touches and makes something wholly dramatic out of the conflict for supremacy between a man's love for a horse and a woman.

In short, he has made an excellent example of a racing drama which is and has always been one of the most popular forms of entertainment.

The story runs as follows: Dan Brooks, a restless young man, tires of being one of the many puppets of J. L. Higgins, his wealthy father-in-law, and renounces industrial life to return to the racecourse. His actions are censured by his wife, Margaret, but applauded by Alice, his young unmarried sister-in-law. She follows him, and secretly finds the money to enter his horse, Broadway Bill, for a big race, when he is faced with adversity.

Many more difficulties come his way before Broadway Bill is delivered safely at the starting-gate, illness overtakes the animal, and racecourse crooks get to work, but Broadway Bill, in spite of his jockey's attempts to pull him, wins. The strain kills the horse, but the shock does not shake Dan's determination to stick to racing. Margaret divorces him, and after a discreet interval, Alice takes her place with the full sanction of J. L. Higgins, who has, meanwhile, learned to appreciate Dan's carefree, optimistic outlook on life.

Not only in story treatment, but in the handling of his artistes, Capra has ensured the entertainment value of this picture.

Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy make a good team as Dan and Alice, and handle the love interest very well.

As Higgins, Walter Connolly is effective, and Helen Vinson is an adequate Margaret.

As two racecourse crooks, Lynne Overmann and Raymond Walburn are excellent.

The dialogue is polished and the race-track sequences realistic.—L.C.

T

This painstaking adaptation of one of Fannie Hurst's most successful novels might easily have been a really great film instead of an elaborate tear-jerker with a quota of really great moments.

Imitation of Life

The difference, one might suggest, probably lies in the picture's inordinate length—very little short of 10,000 feet. The development is obviously thoughtful, but far too leisurely even for a story that sets out to deal with problems as complex as those of Imitation of Life.

There is also some multiplicity of issues, only one of which is expounded with complete clarity and effectiveness.

Having made these points, however, I have all but exhausted my criticisms of a film that contains much of interest and sincerity and at times rises to the heights.

I am not, in the ordinary way, a devout admirer of the literary product of Miss Hurst, but in this story of the lives of two mothers, one white and the other coloured, she has in the main penetrated the spectacular superficialities and reached the riches of genuine human drama.

The white woman is Bea Pullman, a young widow, struggling to keep up a home for her baby girl, Jenie. One day, Delilah, a coloured woman, comes to her house seeking work and is delighted to take over her domestic problems in return for a home for herself and her little daughter, Peola.

Delilah, it is discovered, makes the most delectable pancakes. They decide to open a restaurant to sell them and eventually own a moderately profitable business.

In the meanwhile their association has developed into a close friendship. The two children are growing up together. Peola, though of negro parentage, is white of skin, and early develops a keen sensibility about her breeding. The white woman's companion calls her "nigger" in a childish quarrel and when her black mother thoughtlessly goes to see her school and thus betrays her origin to her classmates.

One day a smart "out-of-work" comes to the restaurant, realises the commercial possibilities of Delilah's pancakes, persuades them to sell the flour in boxes and builds up a national distribution.

We see the mothers next as the wealthy partners in a huge business. Bea runs the concern, and Delilah, still humble and unchanged, is content to take charge of the household duties in the mansion to which they have moved—she occupies the basement.

Peola's sensitiveness has grown with her. Miss Pullman finds that her daughter has adjusted herself to the lot of her own race or to take her place among the whites, she finally publicly renounces her mother and runs away to lead her own life.

Meantime Bea has fallen in love with a young scientist, Stephen Archer. The affair is complicated by the fact that her daughter, now eighteen, also falls in love with him, and the film ends with the suggestion that when the girl has got over her childish infatuation Bea and her lover will be united.

The grim tragedy of Delilah and Peola (poor Peola beating impotent fists against the fate that gave her negro blood and a white skin) completely overshadows the picture and gives us some of the most moving moments yet fashioned by the talkie screen.

The film rises to its greatest heights of poignant pathos in the superb performance of Louise Beavers in the role of Delilah. Miss Beavers, whose coloured character maids must be familiar to most filmgoers, here joins the great actresses of the contemporary screen. She ranges the entire scale from comedy to supreme tragedy without one false step.

The unusual dramatic strength imparted to the film by this brilliantly human presentation of a profound problem is inclined to overbalance the rest of it, and the silly adolescent "pash" of Jessie for Stephen and its somewhat illogical effect on her mother's romance seem rather trivial afterwards, thus creating an anti-climactic ending, out of one that is already vague and unsatisfactory.

The idea was, one supposes, to stress the conventional "success story" moral by showing that in the cases of both women riches did not bring happiness.

I have not read the book, but I view in the dominating note struck in the film by the colour tragedy theme, I cannot help thinking that more effective dramatic contrast would have been provided had John M. Stahl, the director, stressed instead a happy ending for the white woman and her daughter. I should like to have seen him build up his climax from the point of one symbolic shot in the Pullman mansion which shows Bea walking up, and Delilah walking down, the stairs—towards her basement.

Claudette Colbert is excellent as Bea, a role which gives her more opportunities than some of her recent screen contributions. Warren William has little to do as Stephen, but does it gracefully. Rochelle Hudson adequately represents Jessie, while Ned Sparks characteristically supplies what comedy relief the drama needs. Fredi Washington contributes an effectively tense portrayal of Peola—M. D. P.
Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

Victor McLaglen Sued

Alleged Incident at Breakfast Club—Star Acquitted—Margaret's Elopement—A "Jinx" Picture—Bette Davies Likes the Simple Life.

Victor McLaglen made a fine gesture when he organised the California Light Horse, a cavalry unit which drills near the Breakfast Club, on Riverside Drive, near Hollywood. Many of the members secure profitable employment at the studios through association with the organisation.

There was an unfortunate sequel, however, when Sergeant Richard Charles Mann, a member of Victor's army, sued his colonel—otherwise Victor McLaglen, film star—for $15,000 damages, claiming that his commanding officer threw him out of the regimental headquarters at the Breakfast Club, and also that Victor was assisted by his brother, Cyril, who appeared for a number of years in British films. Victor and Cyril denied the sergeant's allegations, and the magistrate dismissed the case.

Katharine, Take a Bow!

Katharine Hepburn is an exceedingly popular person with those with whom she works, particularly the people in lowly positions. And there is no one who adores her more than Mary Gordon, a character actress, who spent many years as an extra.

La Hepburn heard Miss Gordon talking on the set, and was so impressed with her Scottish accent that she insisted that a test be made of Miss Gordon. The test was a great success, so the character actress has the fine role of Nannie in The Little Minister, and is due to play as equally fine roles in the future.

Producers rarely look for ability in the extra ranks, except for youthful players; but Miss Hepburn, with her rare discernment, discovered what the studio officials had passed by for several years.

The Vanishing Star

Hollywood received a scare when it was learned that Alice Brady had disappeared from her home and could not be located. Warner Brothers, for whom she is working, also worried, because Alice is appearing in a current picture. It was feared that kidnappers had captured the stage and film star.

Alice disappeared on a Sunday and returned on a Tuesday, and she declared "circumstances which I refuse to explain caused my absence from the city."

Hollywood is quite used to these actresses who depart without notice. Margaret Sullivan caused grey hair to appear upon the heads of the Universal executives, so Miss Brady's disappearance is nothing new to the film capital.

The Neighbours Protested

Ann Dvorak has a baseball team called the Ann Dvorak All-stars, of which she recently found father, Edward McKim, is manager. Mr. McKim decided to lease a field near the Hollywood Bowl, where many celebrated concerts are held. It is a neighbourhood where many wealthy people reside.

Then the fun began. The residents filed petitions to city officials, declaring that the loud cheering of baseball fans would not be conducive to peace, and asking that permission for a baseball field in that locality be prohibited.

Up to present writing, permission for the ball field has not been granted.

Another Surprise

Margaret Sullivan fooled everybody when she eloped to Yuma, Arizona, with William Wyler, who directed her in The Good Fairy at the Universal studios.

For several weeks after the picture started production, Margaret quarreled with Wyler almost constantly, walking off the set from time to time, so that everyone thought she hated the megaphone wielder. Then suddenly peace descended.

Margaret was most docile, which should have warned everyone that romance was in the air. But, so far as I can learn, no one divined that a wedding would soon take place.

Wyler is a relative of Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Company.

A Star's Daughter

Carol Ann, adopted daughter of the famous Wallace Beery, is playing in West Point of the Air, in which her father is the star. The child is only four years old.

In the picture Beery plays a flight sergeant, and Carol Ann is his daughter.

They Like Simplicity

Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon Nelson, are a young musician, prefer the simple life, so much so that they have abandoned their large home in Beverly Hills and have secured a "homey," but not at all ostentatious house in Hollywood. It is old fashioned, but Bette and Mr. Nelson regard it as more suited to their ideas of what a home should be.

The star's husband won the admiration and amazement of Hollywood when, after his marriage to the wealthy star, he continued his musical career, used an old car, and refused to be Mr. Bette Davis.

Hollywood Says That—

— Claudette Colbert is an amateur photographer and develops her own negatives.

— Jack Oakie, before he got his "break" in pictures, pounded Hollywood's pavements so extensively that he wore holes through his shoes.

— Myrna Loy was a dancing teacher.

— Kent Taylor sold awnings.

— Mae West receives between fifteen and twenty presents weekly from her admirers.

— Edward G. Robinson has one of the finest collections of paintings in Hollywood.
GEORGE BRENT

After graduating from college this good-looking freshman joined the famous Abbey Players in Dublin. His long stage experience has stood him in good stead on the screen, where he is becoming increasingly popular. He will be seen in "The Painted Veil" with Greta Garbo.
To Wallace Beery has fallen the honour of impersonating the great P. T. Barnum, and as Beery started in the show business himself as an elephant trainer, we may expect him to infuse the typical circus colour into the character of the man who invented the phrase "There's one born every minute." The other principal members of the cast include Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, Rochelle Hudson, Janet Beecher, and "a Gigantic Array of Attractions" by P. T. Barnum. These include representations of General Tom Thumb, The Cardiff Giant, The Bearded Lady, The Wild Man of Borneo, The Fiji Mermaid, Jumbo, The World's Largest Elephant and Barnum's 1001 Wonders.

Barnum introduces his partner, B. Walsh (Adolphe Menjou). In the background is pictured one of his most famous gags.

THE MIGHTY

Wallace Beery in character at Barnum, the greatest showman the world has known.

T. A. Modson on a freak pony, representing one of Barnum's most sensational stunts.
Barnum always did things in a big way, but his behaviour caused the banquet in Jenny Lind's honour to be a failure.

Virginia Bruce as Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," with whom Barnum falls in love.

Adolphe Menjou as Barnum's partner. B. Walsh also felt tenderly towards Jenny Lind.

Barnum

Rochelle Hudson as Barnum's ward. She is seen here with Adolphe Menjou and Wallace Beery.
TWO MEN
in SEARCH of a
THUNDERSTORM

MARY Benedetta takes you behind the
scenes of Science Films, a new enterprise
with the promise of a big future.

WHEN I heard about a new enterprise
called Science Films, I pictured an elaborate
tellectual laboratory, with perhaps a
camera pushed between the
shelves of test tubes.

Instead, I found a very simple little film
studio, containing nothing like chemical
apparatus. The studio was one of a row of
what I imagined to be specially
built artists’ studios, hidden in a leafy side street in the
West End of London.

In these surroundings two men, with a special
£2,000 camera, very little money, and
four years’ experience, are making discoveries for films
which are already beginning to mean something.

William Woolfe is the elder of the two. He has
grey hair and an expansive smile. His task is
looking after the business side. Before this he was
working as studio manager to British Instructional Films. He has travelled about a great deal with Anthony Asquith, when the young producer was making his early successes, "Shooting Stars" and "Underground." All along his work has been that of
a business manager, and he knows how to battle
with all the ups and downs of filming.

Yet he firmly refuses to take any of the credit
due to him and places all the laurels on the head
of his partner.

Frank Goodliffe is both technical expert and
camera man. He is dark, slightly built, and has
a very thoughtful expression. His age is barely
thirty. The two of
them seem to be very
good friends and
obviously understand
each other’s ways.

You must have seen a good deal of Mr. Good-
liffe’s work already, as he filmed two dozen of
the Fitzpatrick Travelogues. They showed how
clever he could be with a camera, but it was
mostly scenic work that he did for those. His
new task calls for a much more advanced talent
than they did. It also gives his mathematical
powers a very stern test.

Botanical films and nature films have been
adequately covered in all their possibilities by
Percy Smith. Frank Goodliffe and William
Woolfe have turned their attention to the skies.
They obtain all their most thrilling epics from the
atmosphere, and they are making new dis-
coversies every day.

This sounds a very ethereal and unpromising
sort of ground to explore. But that is where the
science comes in. Already these men have
reduced the vague incomprehensible actions of the
atmosphere to something concrete and visible,
that anyone can go and watch from a comfortable
seat in the cinema. What is more, they have
made it very simple and easy to understand. They
take you up in the clouds and show you things
actually “happening” in a way that you could never
see them with your naked eye, even from an
aeroplane. If you have a normal amount of
curiosity in your make-up you will revel in it.

For instance, they are shortly completing an
atmospheric romance on the weather. You will
be up in the clouds nearly all the time you are
watching it. And you will have a fascinating time
seeing behind the scenes in the offices of the Clerk
of the Weather.

“The only thing that is holding up part of this
picture is our need for a suitable storm,” said Mr. Woolfe. “The one we had last week was not
quite right for what we wanted. Of course, we
are in constant touch with the Air Ministry and the
Royal Meteorological Society, and will always
warn us of an approaching storm. Then we shall
pack up all our instruments and follow the storm
into the country, somewhere away from all the
chimney pots.”

Another invisible thing that Science Films will
introduce you to in reality is the mysterious
radiation. He who plays a vital part in wireless. By multiplying the speed of the cinéma
camera to equal the speed of passage of the ray so
can the ray be brought into being as a visible
object on the screen. This film was made at the
Radio Research Station at Slough. It will be
another useful step towards bringing science “into
the ken” of the general public.

You can imagine what a work of patience and
perseverance it must have been to work out
mathematically all the timing of the photography.

Most of the motors used on their cameras for this
super-animated photography had to be made by
these men themselves. It was amusing to see how
deftly they had made use of Meccano for the
framework of all of them.

In between their more advanced technical
excursions, the Science Film partners carry out
orders for more ordinary types of instructional
films. They did one the other day for the
R.S.P.C.A. which was all about cats. It began by
showing the part cats are known to have played
in history. Cardinal Wolsey was very fond of cats, and
there was a scene with Isaac Newton. The latter had a cat as a pet, but he used to get
very tired at being interrupted constantly in his
work by having to get up and open the door to
let her in. At last he cut a little hole in the door,
so that the cat could come in by herself. And when she appeared one day with a family of
kittens, he cut another much smaller aperture for
the kittens. But the kittens still preferred to
follow their mother through the larger one.

From historical anecdotes like this the film
marches into a chapter showing what happens to
stray cats and how the Society will always
look after them or try and trace a lost pet for you.

But films like this are only a diversion from the
real life work of these men, which is to discover
new mediums for making fresh branches of science
a succession of thrilling realities on the screen.

Their future plans are naturally very secret,
but they are certainly exciting.
Concluding The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

A tyrant over his family of three daughters and six sons, Edward Moulton Barrett, of 50 Wimpole Street, is discussing with his favourite and eldest daughter, Elizabeth—regarded, until the advent of Robert Browning's visits to her, as an invalid—the question of her wintering abroad

THROUGH eyes dimmed with sudden tears of alarm, Elizabeth studied her father's face as he turned from the door to answer her question.

"What's that, Ba? Dr. Ford Waterlow, if I'm mistaken, talked a great deal of nonsense."

"Didn't he tell you I should avoid spending next winter in England?"

"Well!"

"Surely he said I should be fit to travel to Italy in October if you..."

"So it's out at last! How long has this precious plot been hatching, may I ask?"

"It must be some weeks since Dr. Chambers first mentioned Italy as a possibility."

"And you spoke of it to no one; not even your brothers and sisters."

"I believe I told Mr. Kenyon."

"Yes, and the Hedleys, and that charlatan Browning—short, except your father. I suppose you thought it didn't matter that I should be shut out of my favourite daughter's confidence, treated like a cypher."

"Papa, I didn't mean that. The one reason I didn't mention the Italian project was—"

"The fact that I should nip it in the bud. Don't excuse yourself. The whole miserable business is abundantly clear. I am cut to the heart by such underhand conduct. If returning health must bring in so sad a change of character, I shall be driven to wish you were once more lying a hopeless invalid."

"Papa! You can't leave me like that. I must be allowed to speak."

"Elizabeth, no longer afraid, was furiously angry. "How many years have I been tied here? Six—seven. It's hard to remember, when every year feels like a dozen and all that time only death to look forward to. Then, as if by a miracle happened, in every day I've been able to do more—meet my friends—breathe in the open—see the sun. When the doctors talked of my going to Italy, naturally, I thought about it and discussed it, you know I've always wanted to go there."

"Self—self—self! No thought, no consideration for anyone else. Did it not occur to you, during all those dark months, you were going to enjoy yourself abroad, your father would be left utterly alone?"

"But how?"

"Understand me. Your brothers and sisters might be shadows for all the companionship they give me. Don't think I haven't noticed a change in you, my child. All these months you've been drawing away from your father. New life—new interests—new friends. Little by little I am being pushed in the background. I who used to be your whole world, I who loved you, who love you."

"But, Papa—"

"There's nothing more to be said. You want my consent to this Italian jaunt. I shall neither give it nor refuse it. You are your own mistress. You have ample means if you wish to pay expenses. But if you go, I hope you will sometimes spare a thought for your father. Think of him at night, staying in this room which once held all he loved, imploring the Good Shepherd to..."

A merciful interruption, caused by Wilson's knock, saved Elizabeth from an intense desire to scream. Yet the announcement, "If you please, Mr. Browning's called. I've shown him in the drawing-room, seeing you were engaged," hardly lessened agitation.

"Would you like to see Mr. Browning, Papa?"

"Certainly not! I never inflicted myself on my children's friends, even though some do seem to consider it their second home. Show Mr. Browning up, Wilson."

Impossible for Elizabeth not to feel a tide of life surging through her veins as, to use Cousin Bella's phrase, the handsomest poet in London came in, clasping both small hands in his impulsive way with a "Splendid—splendid! This is the fourth time you've received me standing. Have you decided yet where you are staying in Florence?"

"Not yet."

"I know of two good hotels, within a stone's throw of each other; most convenient when wet."

"You'll need more than an umbrella when you call, I'm afraid,—the seven league boots, at least."

"What do you mean?"

"Next winter I shall be at 50 Wimpole Street."

"But of the doctors?"

"Doctors may propose, but decision rests elsewhere."

"Your scheme of the plan?"

"Not exactly. All the same, it will be impossible for me to go. You see, Papa is very devoted to me. He hasn't many points of contact with my brothers and sisters. I'm afraid it doesn't sound convincing, but I've made him clearer."

From the standpoint of a three months' friendship, Elizabeth had imagined that her companion might be indignant, but no poem that she had read of his came to mind, if I may say so, for comparison of the invective he let fly when she gave him leave to speak plainly. According to him, Edward Barrett was a monstrous bully, a colorless egotist who used so-called devotion as a tool to acquire his own ends.

"Even though your life stands in his way," Browning persisted. "What does he care for you if he can risk that. Devotion! Give me good, honest hate; I'd sooner have it. Elizabeth, it is your life at stake. I fancy you to play with it. I have the right to forbid you—"

"No—don't say any more."

"I must, and you won't deny me. You're too utterly candid and true. At our first meeting you forbade me to speak of love. I obeyed you. But I knew—well, I knew that friendship was out of the question. Before our eyes met, I loved you, and I have gone on loving you. I love and shall love you to the end—and you know that. You've always known."

"Yes; but please leave me. We must never see each other. How is it all to end? What have we to look forward to?"

"I love you. I want you for my wife."

"Robert, I've told you. I can't marry."

"Perhaps not for some time."

"Never."

"What then? If you remain to the last, beyond my reach, I shall be proud to have spent a lifetime fighting to gain the richest prize a man was ever offered."

"But have you ever thought what your position would be like if you went on seeing me every day. We should have to keep our love secret, and we both hate secrecy."

"It will let me have something to cause discomfort. The immortal garland was never won without sweat."

The poet, the man, both were incorrigible. Alone with the seal of his kisses, Elizabeth, who would see no practical solution of her problem. Her father's sudden and unexpected departure for Surrey, where he spent an entire evening, could do no more than remove present obstacles to daily meetings with Robert. Avoiding herself of summer sunshine to drive in the park with Wilson, drives with the..."
incredible concomitant. After Robert's effort to some secluded nook of beauty, on foot, Elizabeth tried very successfully to forget the future.

Home, though she dared not mention it, was a different place. In the pianoforte, long disused, for Papa tolerated no music but hymns, was opened, and Elizabeth persuaded by the family to hand the thing with accompaniment of the adaptation of one of her poems, "Lay Thy Hand in Mine." She was lost in another world of highflying words, when Wilson, bringing in the afternoon's post, proved an unpleasant reminder of the present. Papa's handwriting, like that of some precise spider, commanded Elizabeth's attention. Opening his letter she studied it, unable to repress a cry.

"Ba dear! What is it? You've gone white as a ghost."

"Oh, it's nothing terrible, Henrietta! And yet it is. Papa writes from Dorking to say he's taken a furnished house at Bookham, six miles from Leatherhead and the nearest station. We're to move in in the fortknight. He talks of not a restless life here, which he is sure, if continued, will harm me physically and morally. What shall I do to deserve that? A few drives—a few visitors—and the whole household is condemned to move."

With doubled passion, Elizabeth tossed the crumpled letter in the grate. The gathering round the pianoforte grew up. Henrietta, who even more than Elizabeth, had stormed at the news, invaded her sister's room mysteriously excited.

"Ba, you simply must see Sir-Captain Cook. He's in full regiments. He's just been to St. James's to receive his commission. I've no idea what it is, from Queen Victoria herself. He's wonderful—gorgeous! May I bring him up?"

"It's nearly time for Mr. Browning's visit, dear. Can't you keep him for a little?"

"There could be nothing displeasing to Henrietta in the suggestion; meanwhile, Elizabeth longed, as never before, for the ev'ning bell. She need not to confess to something wrong. Robert had not been at her side two minutes before he was asking: "What's the matter, Ba? Your eyes give you hopelessly away."

She was dwelling on the injustice of Edward, Barrett's letter, on its implied loss of everything she valued, when he broke out. "This precious letter meant more to you than you realise. It means you'll be in Italy before the month's out. We're going to marry at once."

"No—I mean not only Papa standing between us, Robert, when it comes to marriage. It's me. I can't let you marry me yourself with a sick wife, thousand times dearer though it is of you to want to do."

Afterwards, she realised she had spoken for some time in this vein, going even to the length of holding out her hand to insist on saying goodbye.

When Robert answered, he did so unemotionally. "On the whole, I think this is best. My father leaves here on the twenty-second with the family. That leaves you a fortnight to settle everything. Didn't you say your sisters were going for a picnic on Saturday? Most convenient. We'll slip out and be married at St. Michael's Church. I'll see about a licence then we catch a five-o'clock express to Southampton."

Completely overcome, Elizabeth burst into tears. "I always thought Papa was the most overbearing man in the world," she sobbed.

"Listen, darling; one other thing. You can't travel about without a maid. Wilson must have a pretty sound idea of our relations. You say she's devoted. Will she come aboard with us?"

"She might. Don't, dearest, take me too much for granted. Have you thought of anything I might give way on the journey? Suppose I were to die on your hands?"

He laughed,turned to his sister, leaving her on the extraction of her promise to write to him in the evening. No one, certainly not Captain Cook, whom Henrietta brought into the room, disappearing almost immediately so that her sister might have a tête-à-tête, could have guessed Elizabeth's unwillingness to receive a visitor.

Her sister's admirer—tall, frank, fair, a typical soldier—succeeded like everyone to the charm of Elizabeth on the sofa, having already, under his nervous bow, bowed over her hand with the conventional greeting: "Your servant, Miss Barrett."

Under her gentle sympathy, his shyness vanished. He spoke of matters with Henrietta as a possibility which, like others as she did, Elizabeth found difficult to discourage. She was glad when Henrietta, re-appeared anxious, and the buckle on Surtees' sword as the final touch to the guardian's regalia.

"You've said, you got it wrong. Swords hang from the left hip, y'know, the captain was protesting when Flush, without warning, retreated from the sofa to his basket. Footsteps sounded, the door handle turned. With his accustomed slow gait Edward Barrett advanced into the room.

"Papa, you're home already!"

Less appalled than her sister, Henrietta added with a faint note of challenge: "Captain Cook, may I introduce my father? Papa—Captain Surtees Cook.

He was passing the house, sir, and just looked in," the captain amended.

"Henrietta and I thought we should like to see Captain Cook in regiments. He's just come from St. James's," was Elizabeth's contribution to the situation. Taking up his watch, Papa merely remarked the time was nineteen and a half minutes past five. The hint proved effectual. With a muttered exorde about being late for mess, Captain Cook departed.

Since when has it been your custom to buckle your friend's accoutrements?" Edward Barrett inquired as the door closed. "However, it is of little consequence. It is improbable you will see the young man again in uniform or mufti. I am fully confirmed in the wisdom of my decision to remove you twenty miles from town.

"Papa! Is Captain Cook to be forbidden your presence because I buckled on his sword?"

"Henrietta, come here. Look at me, Papa, and Captain Cook to you?"

"A friend,"

"Nothing more? Answer me!"

"Papa—I can't!"

"You!" "Fanny, wrap that wrist sufficiently hard. You'll like me to grip it tighter? Answer! What is this noise to you?"

"Papa—I love him."

"Let her go, please. I won't have it. Atarded at her part in the scene so ominously and swiftly

Concluding THE BARRETTs
OF WIMPOL STREET

kindled, Elizabeth could hardly believe the livid face, writhed with passion, upon her was that of her father, as he gasped: "You—you know of this filthiness."

"I've said for some time that Henrietta loved Captain Cook and that she was beloved by him. I've given them every sympathy."

"Elizabeth, I'll deal with you later. Henrietta, leave go my knees! Sunlight won't avail you anything. Where have you been meeting your lover?"

"He's not my lover. I'm not a bad girl. I'm not."

"But you've been alone with Captain Cook—out of doors—in this house."

"Yes."

"Positive uncharity under my own roof. Unless I have your solemn word that you will neither see nor communicate with this man, you will leave my house with nothing but the clothes you have on. Once outside my door, you will never be re-admitted. You will go to perdition any way you like. I never go back on my word, as you know. You have your choice. Take it."

"What can I do? I have no choice."

"Give me your Bible, Elizabeth. Henrietta shall break oath."

"Papa, I can't. Mine was Mamma's Bible. I can't have it used for such a purpose."

"Then take the one on the table. Henrietta, hold it and repeat after me: 'I give you my solemn word I will neither see nor have any communication with Captain Cook again.'"

Utterly without expression, Henrietta echoed the words. Elizabeth, shaking like a leaf, heard her father order her sister to her room on pain of leaving. Still he had given permission. The door closed. They were quite alone. "Have you anything to say to me, Elizabeth?" Edward Barrett asked coldly.

"No, Papa."

"Then must you leave you under my extreme displeasure. I shall have nothing to do with you until God has softened your heart and you repented of your wickedness." He took the Bible and went out.

For some minutes Elizabeth sat numb, then summoned Wilson. The good creature was splendidly easy to tackle. Within five minutes she had promised to join Elizabeth on the proposed Italian journey and to take her along, to express her readiness to leave in a fortnight, to Mr. Browning's rooms.

Ten days later, in the midst of packing, Elizabeth was obliged to hurry boxes out of sight when Henrietta announced appearing her intention of going out to-day. Surtees and tricking Papa on every occasion possible. With an anxious embrace and the counsel never to lose courage, Elizabeth let her go. Not only anxiety on Henrietta's account troubled Elizabeth with a heavy cloud.

Ten days had gone since that dreadful interview with Papa, and he had kept his word. To leave the house without seeing him, and under his direct hatred and censure, seemed almost more than her forgiving spirit could bear.

The clock struck three. Flush's ears pricked. It was Papa at this hour. From the moment of entry Elizabeth knew that her father was not his usual self. The agitation under which he evidently laboured had brought sweat beads to his brow. "Do you know why I'm so early?" he asked. Then in a low voice: "Because I couldn't bear it longer. It's ten days since I saw you because of your being party to your sister's shameless conduct but I can't stand it. Though I hate and despise myself for coming, the want of your face and voice had become a torment. My darling, don't slip away from me. Your love is all I have in the world."

He had come close to her. Frightened of she knew not what, she tried to move. His arms went round her. His voice, thick with entreaty, was in her ear. "My darling, soon we shall leave this house. In our new home we shall draw close to each other again. You must share your thoughts with me, your hopes, and prayers. I want all your heart and all your soul."

At a stifled cry from her, he let her go. "Forgive me, dear. I've said too much. I was carried away." A moment later and the father, whom until now Elizabeth had scarcely understood, was gone.

Trembling, she fetched cloak and hat from the wardrobe. Now, at this moment, she must leave the house at all costs.

It was Anabel who found and was discovered in hysterics by Henrietta and her brothers, after reading the letter which Elizabeth left at 50 Wimpole Street, when, accompanied by faithful Wilson, she went to marry Robert Browning.

The terrible question as to who should approach father with the missive was in eight young minds as he entered the room. Henrietta spoke. "Let me give it him—I should love to." None less, righteous triumph faded in alarm at sight of Papa when he had read. So still he stood, so frighteningly still until the full lips parted and the single word issued forth: "Elizabeth." He walked to the window and his children saw him stagger.

Suddenly he turned, possessed of demoniacal rage. "Her dog," he said hoarsely. "It must be killed. Octavius! Alfred! Find Flush immediately and take him to the vet."

"H—heaves! Why—what has the poor little brute done?" Octavius stammered.

It was left to Henrietta to see what Elizabeth had been too terror-stricken to realise, that the stricken figure of a de-throned tyrant, struggling at this eleventh hour to assert itself, was deserving of a gentler sentiment than anger.

"Forgive her, Papa," she entreated. 'Not for her sake, but for yours. I thought I had you, but I don't. I pity you. If you have pity for yourself, forgive her."

He threw her aside. "The dog, Octavius! Fetch it!"

He was not obeyed. Even at that moment, Flush waited outside the door of St. Mary-le-Bone Parish Church, wherein Elizabeth Barrett, spinster, and Robert Browning, bachelor, were taking each other for better for worse, for richer for poorer... until death do them part. Sunshine crossed the chancel and shed a light on the lovely face of the bride under her hat, with its coarsening ostrich plumes, and on the ardent, courageous face of her groom, his very soul absorbed in prayer.

Meanwhile, Flush wagged a tail stump, knowing that the door in front would soon be opened. He was a highly intelligent dog.

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Thanks... for the tip.

I prefer them too.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES-CORK-TIPPED

N.C.C. 249 A.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference
Index to films just released

***HIDE OUT
Robert Montgomery, Lucky Wilson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Pauline Lord, Edward Arnold, Macfrey, G. H. Henry Gordon, Tony Terrell, Elizabeth Patterson, Ma Miller, Whippet Kane, Pa Miller, Mickey Rooney, Willie Dunn, Robert Lowery, Edith Atwater. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

Reformed-crook stories usually lead us to expect a change of scenery and an unconvincing离 about the sincerity of the reformation. In this case, however, I found a most nifty change in the ex-crook, who is led into the straight and narrow way by his love for an unsophisticated country-school-mistress, quite natural and credible. Incidentally, Maureen O'Sullivan is quite at her best as the school-mistress question; a charming character study, played with real sentiment and understanding.

The story, well planned on conventional lines, but the treatment is exceptionally good and pictorially satisfying. The plot is introduced in a restrained manner, and all the characters are interesting and human.

The picture begins with love scenes, and then changes to the country, when the crook hides out after he has been too hotly pursued by the police. The rural surroundings are delightfully pictured and the little school-mistress' family is exceptionally well drawn.

There is Mickey Rooney, for instance, giving an excellent juvenile study of his kid brother, and his parents are finely characterised by Whitford Kane and Elizabeth Patterson.

Edward Arnold is very good as a friendly detective, who finally gives Montgomery a chance to run straight, and the star himself is excellently cast and thoroughly convincing. C. Henry Gordon, as usual, makes a most effective gang leader.

The picture is replete with gentle humour, and the dialogue is natural and excellently delivered. The sheer, unsophisticated nature of the plot and the characters make it a most refreshing change to the usual run of sex dramas, and I can thoroughly recommend it.

***THE PARTY'S OVER
Stuart Erwin, Bruce Bennett, Irene Hervey, Joel McCrea, Marjorie Weaver, Paulette Goddard, Allan Jones, Evelyn Ankers, Whittaker Cclassic, Helen Mack, Martin Kelly.

Helen Mack is good as a secretary and Gary Grant rather heavy as a doctor in "Kiss and Make Up."

Catherine Doucet, Sarah Marjorie Lytell, Betty Henry Travers, Theodore William Baxwell, Clay Esther Muir, Tilly directed by Walter Lang from the stage play by Daniel Kowitt, adapted by S. K. Lauren.

An exceedingly well-acted and well characterised domestic comedy, with Stuart Erwin on top of his form as the eldest son of a family, all of whom presume on his good nature, until his eyes are at last opened to their parasitical nature by a girl who loves him.

It is a simple enough story, and gains its effects more by detail and incisive characterisation than by any actual strength of story value. The role of the easy-going son, whose hard-earned money is squandered by his family as if it were their own right, fits Stuart Erwin admirably. As the girl who loves him, and eventually persuades him to assert his human rights, Ann Sothern acts fairly well.

Henry Travers as the father, a bibulous old gentleman, is excellent and Catherine Doucet as the mother, who resents to tears whenever her will is crossed, gives an amusing and human study.

The daughter, Phyllis, who is engaged to a conceited and impetuous would-be crooner, is played by Arline Judge, as the younger son, who brings home an undesirable wife, by William Bakewell.

Chick Chandler is excellently in character as the crooner and Marjorie Lytell effective as the younger brother's wife.

An amusing piece of acting comes from Patsy Kelly as a maid with whom the father attempts to take liberties, and Esther Muir is good as an ex-maid who attempts to blackmail him.

Situation are extremely well handled and comedy is genuinely natural without exaggerating the characters.

***FAVOURS OF A GENTLEMAN

A mystery film which will keep you guessing to the end and which is amusingly sophisticated in a completely amoral manner.

The story appeared in the December 23 issue of PICTUREGOER, so I do not intend to go into its ramifications again here. Briefly, it concerns the murder of a novelist with a penchant for the fair sex told in retrospect. Paul Lukas is very good indeed as the philandering writer whom Nemesis at last overtakes. It is a completely unsympathetic part, but Lukas makes it interesting and human.

As his valet Fletcher, Murray Kinnell is very good, and the several women who play a part in the author's life are all well drawn. Dorothy Burgess is particularly good as Man, one of his old flames, who has taken, in despair and disillusionment, to drink. This role is well told and directed, and has a sound psychological basis.

***DR. MONICA
Kay Francis, Donald MacBride, Vera Reed, Thelma Todd, Mary Garden, John Carradine, Virginia Pink, Herbert Bunyon, Irene Hervey, Louise Slade, Mrs. Hamel Elson, Burton Gillison, Virginia Hammonds, Mrs. Chandra Wight, John Hallam, Mrs. Little Richard. Directed by William Keighley.

Kay Francis, not to be left out of the vogue for medical heroines, is cast here as a gynaecologist whose irresponsible husband engages in a clandestine affair with one of her friends.

Because of the demands of her profession on his wife, he feels himself neglected, and turns to Mary, a young girl, for companionship. Unknown to him she has a child shortly after their idyll ends; his childless wife attends her and is furious, jealous when she learns about the affair.

She determines to leave her husband, but Mary, knowing that he loves his wife, takes her own life.

Husband and wife, realising the greatness of the sacrifice, are reunited.

Kay Francis gives a convincing characterisation in a not very edifying and none too convincing story. Her performance is equalled by the fine treatment Jean Muir affords the unfortunate Mary.

William Keighley is also very good; indeed, the acting as a whole helps to cloak the shortcomings of the plot.

William Keighley direction is competent, but there is a tendency to allow detail to obscure the main threads of the plot at times.

Good staging and the acting make this sound entertainment with a strong emotional appeal.

***MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD

Benita Huie is extremely beautiful in "Jew Süss."
A picture on the lines of the "Penguin Pool Mystery," which presents us again with the team it created—Edna May Oliver and James Gleason. It is a very worthy successor of that amusing picture, and its well-deserved murder mystery is enlivened by natural comedy and unforced thrills.

Once again Edna May Oliver is the school-mistress turned amateur detective, and her performance is extremely good. As her foil, the slow-witted, ponderous, but nevertheless wisecracking Inspector Piper, Russell Collins is also excellent.

Other good characterisations are given by Regis Toomey and Gertrude Michael. The plot is developed on unconventional lines, and the settings are original as well as devised.

There is a good deal of subtlety about Edna May Oliver's characterisation, which brings out the full flavour of the humorous situations.

**JEW SUSS**

Gumout Records Pool, Mme. certificate. Period drama. Runs 97 minutes.

Conrad Veidt ............... Joseph Süss Oppenheim
Hertha Hurn ............... Marie Auguste
Frank Vesper ............... Max Aitken
Karl Alexander ............ Eduard Hermes
Cecil Parker ............... Gerald du Maurier
Pamela Oster ............... Naomi<br>Joan Mauve .................. Magdalene Sibley
Paul Grainger .............. Lord Granville
Hugh MacLaren ............ Michael (of Süss)
Phyllis Parsons ............ Phyllis
James Reigan ............... Lord Suffolk
Sam Lysenko ............... Lord Sam
Dennis Hey ............... Detlev
Catherine Gulick .......... Timmy and Ted
Evie Moore ................. Juntie<br>Hany Puhl ................. Vida
Guss McClaughey .......... Pascoe<br>Dorothy Horne .......... Lina Desvaux........... directed by Dorothy Arden

This picture merits careful analysis and, consequently, more space than I have at my disposal here; but would, therefore, refer readers who require more detailed criticism to the Picturegoer of October 20, 1934, where it was very fully reviewed.

A lot of money has been spent on the tragic story of a Jew who, to become prosperous, defies the condition of his race in the Wurttemberg of the middle eighteenth century, does not scrupt in the methods he uses to attain his position.

Unfortunately, while the settings and technical work are admirable, the story lacks real "heart" and intensity of feeling; one is not wildly sympathetic nor desperately interested in these characters.

Conrad Veidt does not give to the role of the Jew, in the last phase discovers that he is really a Christian and can save himself from death if he admits it, but refuses to do so because he would injure the race to which he had so long believed he belonged, that sensitivity of feeling that one would have expected. He is good, but not brilliant.

Neither does Sir Cedric Hardwicke come up to expectations as a Rabbi, while Frank Vesper as the Duke of Wurttemberg, whom Süss uses as a cat's paw for his designs, is decidedy weak.

Pamela Oster hasn't the necessary experience to do full justice to Naomi, Süss's daughter, whose death, while escaping from the clutches of the Duke, turns the Jew's thoughts from possession of power to thoughts of vengeance; it is a very difficult role which would tax the power of the most talented artists.

The handling of the crowd scenes and the period atmosphere and costumes are all excellent, but they do not atone for the noticeable lack of real feeling.

**KISS AND MAKE UP**


Cary Grant ............... Dr. Maurice Lamont<br>rubymae allison ............ Helen Mack
Edward Everett Horton ........ Max bådehrle
Marcel Charlot ............ Max Pascal
Rosita Marquez ........... Constansu<br>Dorothy Christy .......... Greta<br>Directed by Harry Tompson

Lavishly staged story, with piquant situations dealing with a successful beauty specialist who so beautifies a married woman that she becomes a menace to her husband's happiness.

He divorces her and the doctor marries her, only to experience the same unhappiness. He finds a partner in a stage later in the arms of his secretary, to whom he turns when his wife jumps the matrimonial track.

The satirical plot, which finds its target in the beauty parlour racket, is neatly planned and its provocative situations are very well handled.

Edward Everett Horton is the mainstay of the acting department, but deserves some characterisation of the husband of the beautiful woman, a role played in a most amusing and provocative manner by Genevieve Tobin.

In contrast to her, Helen Mack is good as the homely but attractive secretary.

Cary Grant is rather heavy as the doctor, who eventually decides that scientific research is safer than beauty culture. He is allowed to sing on occasion. It is not necessary nor politic.

**CRAZY PEOPLE**


Henry Kendall .............. Hippo Raye<br>Henry H. Bell .............. Birdie<br>Kenneth Kove ............... Ken
Verna Bogdeth .............. Virginia<br>Artie Wright ............... The "Victor
Wally Ferry ................. A Plumber
Herschell Goldsby .......... A Piano<br>Dorothy Vernon .......... A Choirwoman<br>Hal Walters ................. The Three Stooges
Al Okee .................. Directed by Leslie Hiscott

Unpretentious comedy, which finds its humour in its dialogue and characterisations rather than its action, which is inclined to drag at times.

Henry Kendall is good as an ingenious happy-go-lucky young man who wins a country mansion at gambling and, in order to raise money, later tells his own aunt that he is going to turn it into a sanatorium.

When she announces her intention of coming to see it, he gets his friends to pose as lunatics and is helped out of the "impasse" by his aunt's secretary, with whom he falls in love.

Nancy O'Neil is fair as the secretary and Kenneth Kove is amusingly vacuous as the man from whom the hero wins the mansion.

The cast is an experienced one and works together well as a team to make quite fairly bright entertainment.

**LONE COWBOY**


Jackie Cooper ............... Scooter O'Neal<br>Lila Lee .......................... Eleanor Jones<br>Addison Richards .......... Dubee Jones<br>John Wray ....................... Bill O'Neal<br>Gordon Cameron ............ Barton McIan<br>J. B. Bixler ................. J. R. Bixler<br>William Le Maire .......... Buck<br>William Massey ............ Chas B. Middleton

Directed by William Haines, with music by W. Louis Kohm

Conventional melodrama, with Cooper giving a very good performance as an orphan who stops his guardian from taking revenge on his wife, who has deserted him, although he nearly loses his life in the process.

The story is set in the West with good scenic qualities, and it is told in quite a sincere, straightforward manner, which, however, does not at any time avoid the obvious. Addison Richards is good as the boy's guardian, and the supporting roles are capably handled by Lila Lee, Gavin Gordon, and John Wray.

**BLUE STEEL**


John Wayne ................. John Beaumont<br>Eleanor Hunt .................. Betty Mason<br>George Hayes ............... Sheriff<br>Ed. Phil ..................... Melgrove<br>Yarina Canett ............... Dashi<br>George Cleveland .......... Inn Keeper<br>George Nash .................. Judge<br>Schultz ..................... Directed by R. N. Bradbury

Conventional Western, with plenty of action gun play, equestrian skill, and spectacular thrills, which include a runaway wagon and a spectacular rescue.

John Wayne makes a vigorous hero.

**FATHER AND SON**


Edmund Gwenn .............. John Ivanoff<br>Michael Bolton .............. J. A. Smith<br>Edith Wallace .............. Harry<br>Daphne Courtney ............ Emily Yates
Oliver Stewart ............ Tom Yates<br>James Finlayson ............ Billed<br>Margaret Lockwood ........ Billed
Roland Culver .............. Vincent<br>Directed by Malcolm Lockwood

Edmund Gwenn struggles to remember something of the role of an ex-convict whose past blackens him in the eyes of his son, who eventually learns to respect and love him, but does not succeed in making it life-like.

Edmund Knight is weak as the snobbish son who is saved from a charge of theft by his father taking the blame, while Daphne Courteney is colourless as the heroine.

It is a very mechanical affair, too blatantly obvious to hold any real interest.

**THE GIRL IN THE CASE**


James Savy ................. Eddie Langbert<br>Dorothy Darling ............ Marjorie<br>Arthur Loft .................. M. Ivanoff
Arthur Thalasso ....... Directed by Eddie Langbert

Written and directed by Dr. Eugene Freke.

A scenario about American comedy, based on Russian treatment, from which the comedian Jimmy Savo emerges none too happily.

Since he is to be featured by Ben Hecht and MacArthur, the less said about this effort the better.
The CASE of HENRY KENDALL by E. G. COUSINS

Why Is He Neglected By Movie Moguls?—Fatuous Policies—Calthrop on the Continent—Bergner’s Closed Set.

Film production often reminds me of the story of the unskilled golfer who, having missed the ball altogether, turned to his caddy and remarked: “Funny game, golf!” to which the caddy gloomily replied: “Tain’t meant ter be.”

Film production is funniest when it “ain’t meant ter be.” Take, for example, the attitude of the studios towards stage-players.

Sometimes (in fact usually) it seems that the producers won’t look at a player unless he or she is, or has just been, in a play.

Consequently, the neglected film-players rush off to obtain parts on the stage, and then one of two things happens. Either the studios want them immediately and find that they are unavailable (for only the less wise undertake both stage and film work at once), or else forget all about them.

The Gods Call

Of course, neglect is not necessarily the reason for film actors and actresses returning to the stage. They are nearly all theatre people, and the call of the theatre is a thing that gets right in under the skin and itches intolerably.

Kipling wrote:—

“The red gods call me out and I must go;”

but there’s another kind of gods, sitting in the ninepenny gallery, whose call is just as strong.

Lately at the Imperial Film Club’s dance (a most successful and enjoyable affair, by the way) I happened to be sharing a table with three people who were just going back to the stage for a “breather.”

Aileen Marson was going into The Wind and the Rain, Rene Ray was to play in The Dominant Sex (in which she has received very favourable attention from the critics), and Clifford Mollison wasn’t going to blow the gaff about his plans to me or anybody else just yet, thank you.

Three out of three! And there were probably plenty more at the other tables with the same fell intention—especially as there is now a considerable revival in the West End theatre.

Kendall Sidetracked

I wish these clever and charming people all sorts of luck, but let them beware, and reflect upon what has happened to Henry Kendall.

“By Jove!” you are now saying. “That reminds me—where is Henry Kendall?”

Exactly. And now I’ll tell you.

Henry Kendall, as you know, is a consistently good actor who has been just as consistently ignored by producers—at any rate lately.

Not so very long ago he was in a long succession of successful films, and always in the lead—The Flying Fool, French Leave, The House Opposite, Innocents of Chicago, Mr. Bill the Conqueror, Rich and Strange, and Timbuctu.

Then he fell into one of those “air pockets” into which every actor seems to get now and again, and played in a few unimportant films, such as Watch Bevידי and The Man from Blankleys.

And, naturally, he became a trifle fed-up and decided to go back to the stage for a spell. So he took a play out on a seven weeks’ tour, which was uniformly successful.

Producers’ Logic

Since he returned he has not, as far as I know, been at work in the studios, which, considering our appalling shortage of leading men, was sufficiently remarkable to warrant my doing a bit of nosey-parkerage to discover the reason.

Accordingly, I asked three well-known producers, who were casting films, and took careful note of their replies.

The laziest said: “Kendall? He’s out on tour!”

The tallest said: “Kendall? He plays silly-ass parts.”

“The stupidest (I hope he reads this!) said “Kendall? Oh, he wouldn’t do! You see, he hasn’t been seen in any good films lately.”

What sublime logic! Because a fellow hasn’t had good parts lately, don’t give him any! Can you wonder I began this ramble by saying film-production was funnier than it’s meant to be?

Of course, what my fatuous friend meant to say was that Kendall had not been sufficiently in the public eye in the last few months to warrant his being given an important part—the absurdity of which will be apparent to anyone who knew the tumultuous receptions he had encountered on his tour.

The public hasn’t nearly as short a memory as producers.

Phlegmatic English

As to his playing silly-ass parts, this betokens the muddled thinking that characterises much of our film production.

There are two main and distinct types of Englishman represented on our screens and stage and in our literature—one kind is scatter-brained and irresponsible, and “muddles through” to reach a happy ending (Jack Hulbert is the doyen of this type); and the other is an adventurous and self-reliant kind of fellow who hides these qualities under an insouciant and irresponsible exterior.

It’s this second type that is the despair and admiration of our neighbours across the English Channel, who have coined a phrase “Tomizh...
The character of Sir Percy Blakeney in The Scarlet Pimpernel is absolutely typical of the kind of thing I mean; and when that part was being cast, I must admit I had a sneaking hope that Kendall would be chosen for it. But no, “a prophet has little honour in his own country,” and an actor still less . . . unless he has been to Hollywood.

That was the case with Robert Donat. A year ago he was seldom seen in films. His sum total in fact, was one picture called Men of To-morrow and a small part in The Private Life of Henry VIII. Then he goes to Hollywood, makes a hit in The Count of Monte Cristo . . . and now they’re falling over each other to get hold of him.

He is supposed to play the scientist in the H. G. Wells film HG Wells . . . or may or may not be calling The Shape of Things to Come—and personally I don’t see how they can expect to get away with a title like that. And he is also expected to play opposite Floradora Robson in Mary Read, as he has done in the stage version; and withal he has to go to the Warner studios at Burbank in the spring to play the title role in Captain Blood.

When Stewart Roamed

I have always regarded the silent version of Captain Blood, with Warren Kerrigan in the name-part, as one of the best films I ever saw. I hope they make as good a job of the talkie.

Perhaps Henry Kendall will have to go to Hollywood before he is really appreciated over here. After all, he has only played leads in twenty-eight British pictures. You can’t really expect our producers to remember him if he’s away for ten minutes.

Of course, Hollywood is not always the solution. I remember when Stewart Rome went there (a good name that, and now) and was never offered a part; and when he arrived back home he saw in a Hollywood paper a very favourable criticism of his performance in a British picture, with the remark: “We ought to have this actor over here.”

Wouldn’t it break your heart?

All Abroad

Another actor whom a great many people are continually asking about is Donald Calthrop. Well, it happens that I can tell you where Donald is.

He is in the cast of the English version of Casta Diva, the first of twelve films to be made in the Italian and English languages in the new studios at Terreire, near Rome.

The cast also includes Marta Eggertth, Phillips Holmes, Edmund Henley, Edward Chapman, Hugh Miller, Arthur Margeston, Felix Ayler, Peter Gavthorne, and Henry Oscar. A fine cast, undoubtedly, but a pity a part could not be found for Donald in his own country!

Say It With Clubs

While I think of it—a few paragraphs back I mentioned the Imperial Film Club, which does excellent work in popularising British films all over the world.

Now, I have to report that a new body has been formed, styled The Association of British Movie Fan Clubs, under the presidency of Miss Margaret Pairs, with a view to co-ordinating the various central convening fan clubs, and furthering in every possible way the interests of the clubs and the stars to whom they owe allegiance.

I am informed that there is no fee for registration of clubs, and that club secretaries who are interested should get in touch with the Hon. Sec., Mr. Paul F. Wills, 15 Goldsmith Avenue, N.W.9.

Certainly many of our native players owe a great deal to the influence and encouragement of fan clubs, and I willingly approve any study calculated to strengthen them.

Sprinkling

Years ago when I was an Editor and people used to bow in a double line when I entered the office, a certain German wrote to me once a week, or oftener if he remembered, offering to supply articles and short stories and snappy paragraphs at so much per thousand words, adding always the bunglous line “With jests, half a crown extra.”

It often occurred to me that he ought to have been paid by the pound, and I found it much easier to write if I am allowed a sprinkling of them here and there.

And however, we may be in a New Year (if my slight hangover from last Monday night does not deceive me) and I have taken a Pledge.

Not voluntarily, of course. I’ve been forced. And the Dover reader (whose identity shall be cloaked under the pseudonym of Dover Soul) has done the forcing.

Imagine it! He threatened to report me to the Headmaster and have me expelled if I didn’t curb what he describes as my “feebie apologies for humour.”

Personally, I can’t remember having apologised, but I do now. Oh, humbly. It would be a dreadful thing to be expelled, and perhaps have the old school tie publicly ripped off.

So I have taken a vow of perpetual seriousness—and if I don’t break it before I reach the end of this page, I don’t know anything about Good Resolutions.

Revolvers

Marriages here and there. One at Cricklewood, in The Nanny—Diana Beaumont gets herself wedded to Leslie Hatton. And the other one is at the B. & D. studios at Elstree, where Escape 3Wner, the British production, is in action. The “positively no admittance” notice is still up on this last studio, indicating, in as delicate a manner as possible, that Frankenstein doesn’t want us vulgar writer-fellows prowling about while she is serving her art. But she has forgotten something.

At the Universal Studios in Hollywood, a syndicate of scribes is writing a conclusion to the unfinished Charles Dickens story The Mystery of Edwin Drood, and to ensure that nobody should have an inkling of what the ending is to be, police with revolvers in their holsters are posted at the studio door.

Apparently, no one has told Frankenstein about this. I think she ought to know. The frenemen on duty would love to stand about with holsters on.

Oh, I know, of course, it’s all due to the star’s natural timidity and nervousness and shyness and all that. I wonder how she would feel with a thousand people staring at her across the footlights?

Anyway, I can’t help thinking they do it better in Hollywood.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

ARE FILM STARS OVER-WORKED?

Too Much Myrna Loy

FILM STARS come and go. I don’t know how they come, but I know that they go because they become monotonous.

At the moment we are getting a number of Myrna Loy pictures. The effect of this is boredom for the cinema fan.

Certainly, we cannot take all her films seriously. The first Myrna Loy picture I saw this season I thoroughly enjoyed: it was The Thin Man.

But, after seeing her play a comedy role, I could not appreciate the drama of Men in White or Manhattan Melodrama. I felt I wanted to laugh as I recalled her in incidents in The Thin Man. Had I seen these two dramatic roles I would not have enjoyed The Thin Man.

If instead of making a number of pictures in a year, they made only one, the popularity of film stars would last much longer.

But to give us a dozen films one after another and to find the same star featured in four or five kinemas in one town week after week is sickening to the kinema patron and a fit for the star.—R. D. White, 62 Hillfields Avenue, Hillfields Park, Bristol, who is awarded the first prize of £1 is.

A Brickbat for Capra

With all the critics this week attacking the heads and cutting capers on the subject of It Happened One Night, maybe the opinion of a mere Gable fan might be of interest.

In the first place, I wouldn’t give Mr. Frank Capra anything for it, except maybe the booby prize.

It is like far too many films nowadays—a splendid idea, clumsily conceived.

It is miles too long in the parts that do not matter, and the parts that do, jerk badly.

Some of Clark’s painful attempts at comedy made me wince. I frankly shut my eyes and squirmed.

His own bits of humour, done in his own way, are grand, but as a rule to Eddie Cantor he would make a good skating instructor.

In reply to Miss Jill Fish, I think his good looks have altered rather than diminished. He is attractive in a different way.—Louise Merrill, 63 Third Road, Tyler Street, Brightside, Sheffield.

Should Charlie Talk?

"Chaplin is busy on a new picture." When I read the glad news, I immediately began hunting for the date of the film’s completion.

I am grand, but as a rule to Eddie Cantor he would make a good skating instructor.

Lovable, pathetic, silent little Charlie—the true comedian. What a treat, that silent, eloquent Chaplin, after all the wisecracking of the critics!

I told my friends:

“Yes, but he’s going to talk this time,” they said doubtfully.

Then I read it: “Chaplin May Talk.” It wouldn’t be Charlie, then, after all. Not the old Charlie, but a new, modern Charlie—a stranger, spoiling all that rich fund of silent, matchless humour with useless words.

But not as the headlines, “Chaplin’s Fatal Mistake,” and I felt sorry, terribly sorry.

The pity of it! And why—why? Then I thought hopefully, there may be a chance yet. The print read “may,” not “will.”

Charlie for the sake of all that you have been and still are, to Charlie Chaplin, wise, and silent.—G. F. S. Hill, 163 Malone Street, Cardiff.

[Chaplin—at the moment—will talk.]

British Film for Britain

During 1935, it is not too much to expect, we should like to see various parts of Britain in films made by some of our British companies.

Canvey Island, off the Essex coast, was at one time inhabited by pirates, whose remains and curios are still preserved. Here’s the opportunity for a real, pirate picture, with ship scenes in home waters, and with seafaring men who don’t “okah” everything.

Not so very many years ago there was an actual pirate rush. This “rush” could be enacted again, a suitable plot being written about those former exciting—and pathetic—scenes. Gordon Harker would be fine as the amiable prospector.

Cornwall, noted for its shipwrecks, its artists’ colonies and stories of the supernatural, could easily be made to provide material for picture after picture. So how about it, you versatile film engineers? Let us have W. F. Davis, 57 De Crespigny Park, London, S.E.5, who is awarded the second prize of £10.

Too Gentlemanly Critics

Clive Brook’s broadcast, referred to in Picturegoer, must have given his many listening fans food for thought. If he has such a low opinion of the critics, it can only be because they have annoyed him in some way—obviously by criticising him.

The actor who objects to criticism is rarely a good actor. A man who understands his art welcomes criticism for its constructive value. The actor who objects to criticism is one who seems to think only of himself. Clive Brook’s broadcasting is a valuable aid to actors—critics will have to get used to it.

Unfortunately, both Mr. Brook and the critics are too gentlemanly to make these illuminating revelations.—Geo. Ball, 18 Tavistock Avenue, Bexton, Notts.

Those Western Heroes

The most insipid individuals in films to-day are the “Western” heroes. The producers who foist these drooping flowers of the wide-open spaces upon us should realise that we have some pretensions to intelligence.

It is high time these fragile, blush-at-a-glance ladies of the place where men are men and women are different to their kinematic prototypes were extinct. Let us have some semblance of realism in this detail.—Albert Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 ts. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter, published in the next week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address: “THINKER,” The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
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J. J. Neidl F. A.—Will this fan whose query was answered in our Nov. 24 issue send his address.


Film Craft (London).—Addresses given on this page weekly.


Dwan.—Write to gramophone companies for your Correct Address.


George Clark—Admirer. Write to George Raft, c/o Paramount Studios and Claire Montes—Marvel, Eumane Character. Films can be obtained from Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Trafalgar St., London.

GRACIE LUCIE LANE.—(i) Carl Brisson’s real name is Carl Pederson. (ii) Address Jan Kiepura, c/o Paramount Studios, Henry VIII, c/o ROKO-Radio, Julio Carioca, c/o 20th Century; Marion Davies, c/o Warner Bros; Tony Martin, Central; Mrs. Allan, Jan. 13, 1934; Evergreen, June 23; back West End, Adel, 20th Century; Mr. Nd. Cordic Hardwick, b. Feb. 19, 1933; Stoogur, Columbia, Wellington, comic, headliner. Gracie recently player Samuel Peppa in Neil Coster’s London, America, and should obtain an International Money Order for 10/- to cover price. Ask at your local P.O. for your other queries.

S. E. (Washington).—Address Larry Crabbe, c/o Paramount, and Jennie Weismuller, c/o G.-M.

Two Grass Widow.—Cast: Vivian Night, Elsa—Vivienne Segal; Otto—Max. Cleavenger; Joe—Jean Hersholt; Walter Pidgeon; Greel—Louise Fazenda; Jack—Billie Burke; Mary—Dorothy Farnum. Address the Head: Castlebury, 26, Flora Avenue,0.6.2. (ii) Cuba: Waldo Swope; Louise Hackett; George Lawrence, Quebec, 1932.

A Reader.—Cast: Lazy River, Sarah—Jean Parker; Bill—Robert Young; Gabby—Helen West; Parrott—Elisabeth Clare; Fella—Mary Douglas; G. Henry Gordon; Ruby—Ruth Channing; Ben—William Farnum. The Head: Raymond Harlan; Suzanne—Irene Hervey; Milton—Betula Siska; Sheriff—Vivien Allison; Armand—George Lawrence. Latest film: The Night is Young, with Evelyn Laye.

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F. L. (Salisbury).—Cast: Pagentry Deferred—William Marble—Charles Laughlin; Winnie Marble—Maureen O'Sullivan; Annie Marble—Dorothy Petersen; Mims Collins—Vera Treadale; James Madison—Ray Milland; Hammond—Billy Bevan; A Prospective—Tenants—Holliday Holmes; Doctor—William Stack. The Silent Voice; Royale—George Arliss, Grace—Bette Davis; Mildred—Violet Hammer; Battle—Ivan Simpson; Captain—Louis Calhoun. The King and—Andre Lugueut; Harold—Donald Cook; The Doctor—Charles Evans; The Lip Ripper—Oscar Apfel; Concert Manager—Paul Porcella; First Boy—William Janney. First Girl—Grace Dunne; Eddie—Mr. Milland; Jennie Eddie's Sweetheart—Dorothy Lee; Mrs. Gaylord—Hedda Hopper. 2) Ray Milland's recent films; Many Happy Returns, Charlie Chan in London, The Gilded Lady. Address Nova Pilbeam, c/o Gaumont-British Studios.

D. G. (Sunderland).—Jimmy Hanley played Len in Little Friend, he was born 1919, lives Sutton, Surrey, hobbies Riding and Aviation, address c/o Gaumont British Studios. See him in For Ever England.

M. D. (Rotherham).—Ya Pendleton took the part of Shanappe in Lady for a Day and pugnacious chief in Sing and Like It. He was born Aug. 9, 1899, Davenport, U.S.A. 5 ft. 11 in. brown hair, harelip. Latest films are Tray is the Way and Death on the Diamond. Address c/o M.-G.-M.

SCHOOLBOY FAN (Stasley).—Cast: Stage Mother—Kitty Lorraine—Alice Brady; Shirley Lorraine—Maureen O'Sullivan; Warren—Frederick Town; Lord Ashley—Phillips Holmes; Ralph Martin—Ted Hesly; Fred Lorraine—Russell Hardie; Ricco—Henry Gordon; Daster—Alan Edwards; Francis Nolan—Ben Alexander. 2) The Prodigal, born May 17, 1911, Boyle, Ireland, 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes. Hobbies tennis and riding, engaged to Johanne Farrow. Latest film Bachelor.


BLUE DANUBE (London).—Cast: The Forbidden Territory—Alex Leighton; Gregory Rivas—Ronald Squire; Valeria Paterna—Valerie Barnes; Marissa Turnell—Mila Parrott; Michael Farringdon—Barry Mackay; Rex Fans—Llewellyn; Anthony Bushell—Jack Senior; Anton Dolin; Fanny—Marissa Allan; Ruino—Barry Mackay; Address Barry Mackay and Anthony Bushell, c/o Gaumont-British, Southend-on-Sea. Anthony Bushell, born May 19,1904, Wetherham, Kent, 6 ft. blue eyes, light brown hair. Address Edna O'Neill. Barry Mackay, age twenty, Scottish, 6 ft., hobby, golf.

NORMA (London).—Address Janet Gaynor, c/o Fox Studios.

JOHN BIBLE FAN. (London).—Preview of The Water Potters, Dec. 15, 1934. (2) Songs in Music in the Air: I Told Every Little Star, I'm So Easy, Tear the Two-Step Dance. There's a Hill Beyond a Hill. (3) Try Garamond, October 1934 for record queries. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

CROFTY FAN (Tottenham).—The rumour you have heard is incorrect.

J. W. J. (New York).—George Burns and Gracie Allen were married. Write to them c/o Paramount Studios. Latest film, Many Happy Returns.

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PITCUREGOER Weekly

January 5, 1935

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p.548-29
Leave it to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared on this page.

YOUR health and your beauty depend to a large extent on what you eat. This doesn't mean you should become a diet crank, and consult a table of calories and vitamins before you order your daily lunch.

But it does mean that it is foolish to consider lunches well lost, if they are given up in the cause of more and smarter clothes. Further, it means that food should be chosen with some relation to the kind of life you lead, and with a view to balance.

Start the Day Well

Lots of girls go without breakfast. This is all very well if you are living at home. But, generally speaking the girl who goes to office, factory, or shop, needs a good meal on which to start the day. Lunch can then be a light one—but not coffee and cakes—and no harm will ensue. Then should follow a good dinner or supper after the day’s work is done. If it can be, the mid-day dinner should be avoided. It means the office worker sleepy and sluggish, and gives her a muddy complexion.

The average woman needs meat no more than four times a week. If internal arrangements do not work as well as they might, three times a week is sufficient. When meat is omitted from the menu, cheese dishes, eggs or fish should take its place.

If there is a tendency to put on weight, or the skin is open pored and greasy, puddings and pastry should be taboo—and, of course, fried foods.

It is the simple foods that make for bodily health and physical beauty. Plain vegetable soups and broths, meat simply cooked in its own juice (grilled, meat, by the way, is best if you are trying to slim). Steamed or casseroled vegetables, fruit cooked in the oven or eaten raw, salads, milk, and last and most important, an adequate supply of drinking water—these will give you bright eyes and a clear complexion. Make it a golden rule to sip a glass of water about an hour before every meal, and another glass of water about an hour after meals. Then a glass of hot water first thing on rising and last thing at night, will counteract any tendency to acid indigestion.

Rough red patches on the skin are often caused by this last trouble. The blemish can be best avoided by cutting down the sugary and starchy foods, and avoiding altogether acid fruits and condiments.

Proper Balance

Here is a specimen meal of correct balance. It consists of meat, potatoes, green vegetable, green salad, wholemeal bread, or crisp-bread, butter, and fresh or dried fruits.

It is in the second course that it differs from the average meal, and it has the addition of a salad as well as a green vegetable. The moral is that a suet pudding or a rich tart should not follow roast beef—not if you want to keep your figure and your complexion.

If you plan the day’s food correctly, the three meals should contain between them one protein dish, one starchy dish, one dish of raw vegetables, one of raw fruit, one pint of milk, cream, bread and butter. Bread must be wholemeal, or better still, crispbread.

Proteins are as follows: meat, fish, cheese, eggs.

Starches: Potatoes, bread, cereals, macaroni, spaghetti, etc.

Raw Vegetables: all the salads.

The rest of the diet needs no explanation. If the daily meals are planned thus, there need be no worry about vitamins and the other essentials of daily diet. We need not bother about carbohydrates and fats. They are all there.

Too Slim

All the many hundreds of women who write to tell me they are too fat, will be incredulous that I have correspondents who complain they are too slim. Can any one be too slim, they will query.

It certainly is a drawback to be underweight; it is easy to reach the point where slimness degenerates into scragginess, and, unfortunately, the woman who is underweight is invariably nerdy and highly strung.

Diet for increasing the weight should be balanced as suggested above, but should be rather more lavish in the richer things. Though, it is a frightful mistake to launch out on a diet of extreme richness all at once.

Strange though it may seem, a day’s fast with nothing but orange or grapefruit juice, is a good prelude to feeding up for increasing weight. Milk and cream are the main additions to the diet. Milk is not so difficult of digestion as many folks think, provided it is sipped and not gulped, and also taken between main meals. If it is more convenient or palatable to take the milk with meals, then have it in the form of puddings, soups, and milk sauces.

Extra fat may be taken if vegetables are cooked in butter. They may be done this way in the casserole, and once a taste for these dishes is acquired, the dieter will not willingly go back to the old tasteless methods of boiling.

Then, of course, all modern diets for putting on weight contain glucose. This is taken with fruit juice, otherwise it is too sickly. White of egg, 2 teaspoons of glucose, and the juice of an orange should be taken each morning about half an hour before breakfast.

Please write to me, with an accompanying stamped addressed envelope. I am sure I can solve your little problem.
A recent and striking portrait of the star whose popularity never seems to wane. He is appearing with Evelyn Laye in a new musical, "The Night is Young."
A Dose in Time

"Three days coming... three days here... three days going." That's the traditional duration of a cold. But not if you take Galloway's Cough Syrup. Then, a dose in time saves nine days' misery! The first spoonful of this famous old London remedy puts a stop to the progress of any winter ailment, and a few more doses cure it completely.

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A New You

FOR THE NEW YEAR

New Year! A happy New Year! A time when the bells are busy ringing out the Old, ringing in the New. True, New Year for the average woman can be a heart-breaking time. She realises too well that time is passing, that Youth and Beauty are fading, that Romance (which seems to lurk just round the corner) may pass her by. Yet Beauty may be hers for the asking. She may be old, she may be grey, she may have acquired a middle-aged spread—but if she possesses a perfect skin she has the secret of eternal youth.

Begin right away to cultivate this essential of beauty—it does not matter whether you are sixteen or sixty. You can shed your unlovely complexion and give yourself a new youthful skin—pink and white, lovely. A New YOU for the New Year.

All you need is an ounce or two of Mercerized Wax, obtainable from any chemist. Apply this wax nightly instead of your usual face creams. While you sleep, it will work its magic, gently and imperceptibly absorbing the faded outer skin with all its blemishes. A brief ten-day trial will suffice to put you on the right road to beauty.

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Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Rouge will put back into your skin the warm, natural colour tints that awaken romance and win admiration. No flat, painty artificial "look" when you use Outdoor Girl. The bloom in your cheeks seems your own.

This unique skin-nourishing Olive Oil base is the secret of all the Outdoor Girl Beauty Products—try the Powder and Lipstick, too. Amazingly inexpensive. A few years ago only the wealthy could afford them, but now the identical quality is obtainable in handbag sizes as low as 6d., other sizes up to 3/6. Buy a small size when next you are out shopping and be convinced. Unless you agree it is the best you have ever used, send it back and we will refund its cost plus postage.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly

January 12, 1935
A BLOW for Film Freedom


WALTER WANGER, who is the latest of the important film executives to join the ranks of the independent producers, has struck an important blow for the freedom of the films.

Mr. Wanger is one of the few movie moguls who are politically-minded. He produced, among other talkies, Gabriel Over the White House and Washington Merry-go-round.

A week or two ago he completed The President Vanishes, described as “dynamite in celluloid form. It deals with the impossibility of America being faced with another war and attacks the munitions manufacturers.

Joe Breen, the Hays Hollywood representative, gave it his blessing. Mr. Will Hays, himself, however, overruled his lieutenant and would have none of it.

Wanger retorted that the objections were prompted by the fact that Mr. Hays is a member of the Republican Party.

When the smoke of battle cleared the ban had been withdrawn and Mr. Wanger stood triumphant on the field.

First Shot

The incident is not without significance. Wanger, at any rate, regards the issue as the first shot in a determined fight for screen liberty. “The motion picture business,” he says, “is in the hands of reactionaries. They are afraid of ideas, are deathly afraid of new ideas and that fear is magnified a thousand times at the mere notion of offending any elements of an audience. “And how can there be reform, education, improvement or even reality without offence to those who merit being offended?” he demands.

Why Not?

Wanger does not see any reason why the film industry should not receive the same freedom that is enjoyed by the radio (he is referring, of course, to America), the newspapers, authors and the stage.

It is time, he adds, for the industry to declare itself and “not be kicked all over the place.”

The producer also has something to say on the subject of censorship. He has no objection to the blue pencilling of filth and vulgarity. But too often, he points out (quite rightly), even that form of censorship loses sight of a picture as a whole and picks it to bits, piece by piece. The purpose and intent of the film should be considered—not merely its separate scenes.

May Come to London

Wanger was for many years head of the Paramount New York studio and the Marx Brothers, Maurice Chevalier, Helen Hayes, Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, Eddie Cantor, and Kay Francis owe their chance at film fame to his astute judgment.

Miss Francis was down to her last few shillings when she applied to him for a role in Gentlemen of the Press. He gave her the job. It is, I understand, possible that he will come to London shortly to make two pictures for Paramount. He declares that British production “is almost on a par with that of Hollywood.”

Hollywood Boosts Merle

Merle Oberon is, I see, getting her first dose of Hollywood publicity.

She has, at any rate, won the approval of the all powerful Louella Parsons, queen of filmdom’s job sisters.

(Continued on page 6)
January 12, 1935

Connie's New Contract

A year or two ago Constance Bennett was known to the whole world as the £,000-a-week film star. How many fans have any idea what her salary is today?

I have been wondering because Connie has just signed a new three-year contract with M.-G.-M. The document guarantees her a forty-weeks' engagement for the first year and two one-year options on the same terms.

No mention is made in the announcements what remuneration the star will receive for her time and golden beauty.

The days when spectacular salary legends were considered good publicity have passed with the coming of the depression.

Max Baer Goes Musical

Max Baer seems to be one up on Jack Doyle. Apart from the fact that the American Boxer fights occasionally, acts and dances, he now, apparently, numbers singing among his accomplishments.

What he himself describes as his "barrel baritone" will, it is announced, be heard when he starts work on the long-delayed "Kid's on the Cuff," and "West Enders." Baer is to be seen in a leading role in "The Last Round-up," "I'm a Roving Cowboy," and other yearning ditties.

"Fortunately," says Max, "I'm supposed to sing off key, which will be perfectly natural to me."

Now the Split Screen

We have had quite a long and much-needed rest from technical "stunting." The Screen Interval spoken-thoughts experiment is all but forgotten and "narration" is heard of no more in the publicity bulletins. Now, however, we are to have what is enthusiastically described as "an entirely new method of revealing the thoughts of characters in a film through split-screen technique."

It has been invented by the sponsors of Private Worlds, which features Joan Bennett and Charles Boyer. This device exploits the split-screen idea. The upper part of the screen will reveal the truth and the lower part the progress of the main story, thus showing the real condition of the minds of the characters.

Von Sternberg's Invention

Then the versatile Mr. Josef Von Sternberg has been busy inventing 'cameritone'. "Von" is not only a photographer, as well as directing Carnival in Spain, and he has insisted that all the sets shall be in black, white or grey and shades between.

The advantages of "cameritone," he declares, "are that it permits a finer control of camera effects, rules out guesswork and on the whole seems a lot more sensible than splattering a set with colour which must eventually be reduced to black and white and intermediate tints."

The Stars Are Not High-hat

It is a popular tradition that the movie greats have a tendency to forget the people who "knew them when." A recent survey of filmland's friendships, however, serves to shatter another legend.

Mrs. Blackstone and people in the studio. Many of these friendships, it was discovered, date back to earlier days, when the going was not so good; others are based on the sets.

Marlene Dietrich may be an inaccessible person to many near-great in filmdom, but when Dorothy Ponedel, Paramount make-up expert, has a garden party at her home, Miss Dietrich is a guest, because Miss Ponedel was one of the first persons she met when she came to America. Of course, her first tests were being made, Miss Ponedel worked on her hair. Since then the actress has insisted on having only her on every picture.

Madeline Fields is Carole Lombard's secretary, but, besides that, they are friends. They worked together in Mack Bennet comedy in the old days.
Together they used to plan what they would do if they ever got dramatic roles in feature pictures. Miss Lombard got the chance—but they are still together.

Gary’s “Extra” Pal

Gary Cooper’s good friend is a Hollywood extra, Harry Mayo. They went to school together in Helena, Montana. Eight or nine years ago they drove buses for the same company in Yosemite National Park.

On days off they went fishing, and compared their ambitions while camping under the stars. Cooper wanted to be an actor; Mayo wanted to be a newspaper artist. Not long ago, Mayo turned up in Hollywood, looking for his friend.

Cooper got him work as an extra, which has been his job ever since.

They are now working at the same studio. Mae West and her coloured maid, Libby Taylor, form one of Hollywood’s oddest combinations. Libby was quite an accomplished actress with a negro troupe.

Then came the depression, and Libby found long and hungry waits between jobs.

Having admired her work on the stage, Miss West made Libby her personal maid, major domo of the West household and her companion.

She took to this job with avidity, but Miss West won’t let her drop her acting. In every picture which Miss West makes, she writes in a part for Libby.

Fields and Baby LeRoy

A far different friendship has sprung up between W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy. The former, a bachelor, conceived much admiration for the infant who steals scenes from him without even trying. On the other hand, Baby LeRoy had clutched at all sorts of noses in his short career, but the one possessed by Fields has an absolute fascination for him. There is never a dull moment for either of them as they appear together in scenes of their current picture, It’s a Gift.

In every picture which Harry Hathaway directs, one is bound to find Oscar Lau as a prop man. Seven years ago Hathaway came to Paramount and got a job in the prop department. Lau showed him the ropes and helped him over the hurdles. Hathaway graduated by degrees to a directorial position, but he and Lau remained close friends.

The Dickens

Recently the Universal studios announced that parts in the Charles Dickens picture, Mystery of Edwin Drood, would be given to accredited relatives of Dickens now living in Southern California.

Within twenty-four hours the telephone of Associate Producer Edmund Grainger started ringing and for a time it seemed as though the entire Dickens family had moved to Southern California.

Studio officials are now checking up the credentials of the claimants to relationship to the great English writer. Those who really are related and wish it, will be employed in the picture.

Close to one hundred endings to Dickens’s unfinished story have been printed. Universal writers have created their own climaxes, but it will be kept a secret until the film drama is released.

Kinema Couplets

This week’s first prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to:

- Miss A. Seymour, 354 Albany Villas, Hove, for:
  - Nine till Six
  - Shopworn Angel

Prizes of 25s. 6d. each are awarded to:

- Miss H. Briggs, 9 Manygates Lane, Sandal, Wakefield, for:
  - Money Means Nothing
  - Gentlemen Are Born

- Miss M. Watson, 5 Belle Vue Terrace, Gateshead, for:
  - The Case of the Howling Dog
  - The Cat’s Paw

E. Avel, 374 Coldharbour Lane, S.W.9, for:

- Double Event
- Call It Luck

Mrs. Jessop, 23 Manor Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 25, for:

- Gift of the Gab
- Such Women Are Dangerous

Kinema couples should be submitted on a postcard addressed to me, e/o Picturegoer, 53 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes cannot be opened.

Winners need not send in claims; prize money will be despatched in due course.

“Neil Gwyn” Contest

Anna Neagle sends me word of an interesting new Neil Gwyn competition.

Filmingers are invited to turn critic and submit a fifty-word review of the picture. There is a first prize of £5 and other prizes.

Write your criticism on a postcard and send it to the British and Dominions film company. You will find full particulars of the contest on page 25.

Miss Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are, by the way, to co-star in another historical drama—a film based on the life of Peg Woffington. Anna will, of course, be in the title role and Sir Cedric is to portray David Garrick.

Spectacular Figure

The film will be directed by Herbert Wilcox. The character of Peg Woffington has a great many of the qualities of vitality and glamour that make Neil Gwyn such a spectacular figure.

A child acting prodigy, she came from her Dublin home to London when a beautiful girl in her ‘teens and rapidly became acknowledged as the greatest actress of the eighteenth century theatre.

She moved in the theatrical and literary circles of her time and mixed with such famous figures as Dr. Johnson, Joshua Reynolds and Oliver Goldsmith, as well as Garrick.

Following the policy initiated in Neil Gwyn, it will be based entirely on recorded fact. Scenes in Ireland, fashionable eighteenth century London and a complete reconstruction of the Cheshire Cheese will, I understand, figure prominently in the picture.

Two Veterans

Two men who should know something about films are, I notice, playing minor roles in Behold, My Wife! which stars Sylvia Sidney.

One is Mortimer Johnson, who played a big part in the writing of film history and directed the first serial ever made—The Adventures of Jacques.

And the other is Henry Barrow, who was a popular leading man back in 1905-1906 in one-reel stories for the old Biograph, Kalam, Imp and Victor companies.

Short Shots

Paul Lukas has signed on the dotted line for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio—Bette Davis is to be starred in The Green Cat—Randolph Scott, the Western star, has been promoted to romantic lead in Roberta—Helen Twelvetrees was a model for magazine covers—Mary Pickford is going on the legitimate stage for a year—Maurice Chevalier’s next will be a story suggested by Her Cardboard Lover—Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres had a film record made of their wedding—Mary Ellis is to co-star with Carl Brisson in All the King’s Horses—Jeanette MacDonald will have a new partner, Nelson Eddy, in Naughty Marietta—Fox announces the musical lists by signing Nino Martini, the famous Metropolitan Opera tenor—where, by the way, is Lawrence Tibbett?—Robert Donat’s next Hollywood talkie is likely to be Peter Ibbetson.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS
SPEND quite a lot of time knitting. It is a useful means of passing away the time during the long waits on the set between scenes.

And I'm rather proud of this latest effort, so I would like to pass the pattern on to you.

**Materials Required:** 4 oz. Lister’s Lavenda 3-ply Shade No. 232 (Blue Peter); 2 oz. Lister’s Lavenda 3-ply, Shade No. 21 (Powder Blue); 1 oz. Lister’s Lavenda 3-ply, Shade No. 23 (Mimosa). 1 pair needles (No. 10), 1 pair needles (No. 12).

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; sta., stitches.

**Measurements:** Length, 18 inches. Width all round underarm, 34 inches.

**Tension:** 17 stitches to 2 inches and 10 rows to one inch.

**The Back.—**Beginning at lower edge, cast on 100 stitches on No. 12 needles with dark wool and knit in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 inches. Change to No. 10 needles and pattern which is worked thus:—

1st row—K. 1, p. 1 to end of row. (Care must be taken to begin on a purl row when changing colours for stripes.)

2nd row—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows throughout jumper. Continue knitting in this pattern with dark wool, increasing each end of needle every 6th row until 120 stitches are on needle. Then continue knitting without shaping until work measures 11 inches, finishing with the first row of pattern. Break off dark wool. Join medium wool. Shape for raglan shoulders by casting off 5 at beginning of the next row, knit in the following order of stripes: 10 rows light, 4 rows medium, 4 rows dark, 4 rows medium, 4 rows light, 10 rows medium, 4 rows light, 4 rows medium, 4 rows dark, 4 rows medium, 4 rows light, 4 rows medium. Place stitches on spare needle.

**The Front.—**Knit as for back until yoke is reached. Now join medium.

**Next row—**Cast off 3, knit to end. Repeat this row three more times. On the next 3 rows decrease once each end of needle.

**Next row—**Decrease once each end of needle. **Next row—**Knit without decreasing. Now join light wool. **Next row—**Decrease once each end of needle. **Next row—**Decrease once each end of needle. **Next row—**Knit without decreasing.

**Next row—**Decrease once each end of needle. **Next row—**Decrease once each end of needle. **Next row—**Knit without decreasing.

Still decreasing, knit 4 rows light in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off neatly in rib.

Knit another piece as above but decreasing at opposite end of needle.

**The Ribbing for V-Neck.—**With medium wool cast on 38 stitches and pick up the stitches from spare needle of back, casting on another 38 stitches at end of needle. Knit in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows, increasing 2 stitches each end of needle every 4 rows.

Cast off neatly in rib.

**To Make Up.—**Press lightly on wrong side with a damp cloth. Sew up underarm seams, sewing in the mitred end of striped collar to meet stripes on back of yoke. Sew up side seams. Sew plain ribbing around neck, joining points at centre front. Form loose striped ends into knot at centre of jumper.
England in America. A setting for "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Claude Rains, who plays the lead, is in the foreground by the railing and Heather Angel by the camera.

Helen Hayes napped at home with her little daughter, Mary.

There is a definitely Russian note in this clever ensemble worn by Virginia Bruce. The tunic is of black taffeta quilted in stitching over wool crepe. A Cossack hat of Persian lamb completes the outfit.

Not a domestic tragedy, but just Mary Astor and Baby Jane indulging in some off-set fun whilst making "Straight from the Heart."
I'm THRILLED

HOW do I feel to be back as 'Squibs'? asked Betty Balfour, wriggling into a blue satin negligé in her dressing-room off the set. "Well, it's what I have been dreaming of ever since I came back to the screen—and for months before that, too.

It brings me back again to one of the loveliest periods in my career—when I was a plain little cockney flower-girl, being directed by George Pearson, in the silent days.

I feel as if I've found myself again, if you understand what I mean?" she said enthusiastically, and then went on: "You know, a film career is not a virtue but a vice, like drink or drugs—once you begin it gets into your system, and life seems empty without it, and then..." she broke off and laughed.

Anyway, I never 'took to the bottle' naturally, it was thrust under my nose by a serpent called C. B. Cochran. As a matter of fact, I never dreamt I should go on the stage, or the films either, it all began with my ankles.

I looked a little bewildered. "As a small child I had weak ankles," she explained, "and they sent me to Cechetti's dancing school, thinking it would strengthen them."

"Of course his school being very famous, all kinds of important people used to come and visit us, and I suppose C.B. must have been one of them—though I was too young to remember seeing him at that time.

"Apparently, however, he had noticed me, and also that I could speak French, and one day I was sent for, and asked to take a small part where a little girl was wanted to talk French.

"My parents consented, and from that day onwards I never looked back from the footlights. I remember just what I was like then—ten years old, golden curls, the spoilt baby of the company, and a lisp—ugh!

"The lisp, however, disappeared with proper elocution lessons, and after a while I went permanently into C.B.'s company, touring for one year, and then coming back to London to the Palace, the Alhambra, the Hippodrome, and the Ambassadors.

"But I shall always look back at Cechetti's dancing school as the foundation of all my dancing training. His exercises must have been marvelous, for I can still feel their influence to-day.

"He made my limbs so supple and 'elastic,' that though I stop working for a period, a few exercises soon brings all the power of elasticity back again.

I remember that one show I was in had a wonderful cast—Yvonne Arnaud, Alice Delvaux, Max Dearly, Arthur Playfair, St. Bonnet, and Lily St. John. They were all marvellously kind to me, being the 'baby' of the cast, and I'm afraid I came in for a good deal of spoiling and petting.

"I knew just who to go to for what I wanted, too! A bit of cake from this dressing-room, a special brand of chocolates from another, and so on! And one of the men—I forget which—ever used to keep account of all my press cuttings for me, and stick them into a book.

"At sixteen I was tremendously serious, and determined on a career either of Shakespeare, or to be a second Sarah Bernhardt! As it happened neither of these ambitions materialised, because one day a man called me to see me, and offered me a part in a film.

"I stared at him in astonishment, for in those days pictures were more or less Greek to me, and I scarcely knew what he was talking about—as far as I can remember I think I rather rudely asked him 'what these things called films were?'

Of course, stage salaries in those days were not what they are to-day, and I must say that I was tempted by the film offer, which represented a positive wealth to me then. Anyways I accepted, but refused to sign a contract to the effect that I must give up stage work, and so was engaged by the Welsh-Pearson Company at the Islington studios.

"I found I had plunged into a completely new life, and at first I missed the footlights and the audiences."

"The chief difference socially, I found, was the 'family' atmosphere of the films as compared with the stage.

"Working with a film company is rather like being in a circus in a way—there is the same intimate 'honey' feeling, and also you are living in a world where everyone thinks, talks, and eats, 'show'!"

"I know about the circus, because for several months I lived with one in France, when we were filming circus scenes.

"I had a glorious time, and my greatest friends were four elephants.

"One of them was supposed to be very bad-tempered, but I never found him so, in fact he was always extremely polite to me, and on several occasions got me 'out of a scrape.' I remember once when I was playing with them instead of rehearsing my part on time, I heard an irate director coming along the passage.

"At a signal from me, Jumbo lifted me clean up and over into his stall, where I hid until danger was past! I was broken-hearted when they all four left to fulfil an engagement in the provinces.

"The most thrilling moment of my life happened in that circus. One day when I was being filmed..."
hanging upside down from a trapeze forty feet from the ground, there was no restraint high enough to photograph me from that height. So an arrangement was made whereby another man hooked me from the ankles over the trapeze.

"I wore silk stockings over my cashmere tights I remember, and in the middle of the shooting I experienced the blood-curdling sensation that the silk stockings were gradually slipping away from the others. There was no safety-net below.

"My mouth went dry, and no sound would come. Inch by inch they slipped . . . I kicked feebly, and someone shouted from the wings . . . my partner suddenly clutched me, and with one swift movement hauled me up and back to safety. Near thing!

Sometimes I wonder if my film career hasn't all been too easy—I don't seem to have had any of the heart-breaking struggles that others have been through, apart, of course, from the fact that one is always depressed when one sees the picture finished.

"I consider personally that the best pictures I ever made were Love, Life and Laughter and Sequins. Actually Sequins is my favourite, and I am glad to be making a talking version of it.

"Why did I give up film-making for a time? For two reasons. One of them," laughed Miss Balfour, "is opposite room now—listen!" and sure enough the clicking of the typewriter indicated where her husband, the famous composer of "Goodnight Sweetheart" and "Show Me the Way to Go Home," was busy at work.

"An occasional collision in the corridor is about the only time we meet in the day," she laughed.

"The other reason," she continued, "is because I seriously believe that every film actress should have a long 'break' like I had.

"You see, when you are actually working it means—or at least I consider it should do—that everything else in your life must be subservient to your work, you must literally be prepared to sacrifice all your private life; that is if you mean to take films seriously and achieve something.

"I feel a hundred times fresher because I went right away from the film world atmosphere, and I came back to Evergreen and My Old Dutch with a new outlook, new ambitions, and new ideas. Now I am feeling thoroughly warmed up to the business again, and enjoying every minute of Sequins.

"It is impossible not to become 'stalemate' unless you do something drastic like this, and the usual few weeks holiday snatched precariously and irregularly, is no use at all.

"I've had marvellous times during my 'break,' and we travelled half-way over the world. But during all that time we only visited Hollywood for about a week—a most eventful week too!

"First there was a party which began during the evening and was such a success that it went on for two days! Then there was the earthquake. And the strange part is that I had a presentiment of the earthquake.

"We drove out to one of the beaches one day, and I remember remarking that 'some of those houses would look sick if there was an earthquake,' and immediately afterwards, I knew it would happen. When it did happen I found myself thrown suddenly on the floor, and a hysterical woman beside me was shrieking 'help, help.'

"And then we found ourselves mixed up in the first Wall Street crash. It was a strange life, with all the banks shut—everyone living on credit, and no one minding if you paid your bills or not! I remember having my hair waved, and the hairdresser had to give me the forty dollars she had saved for her rent, to give me change for my bill!

"When I hear people talking in a hushed voice about 'those silent days,' as if they were museum eccentrics, I am rather amused, because from the screen actress's point of view there is really very little difference.

"The main difference as far as I am concerned, is the 'super' superliveness of modern film production and organisation, and in a sense it is no more so much a 'family' life.

"Here it is like living in a palace. In the old days I used personally to supervise the choosing of my wardrobe, for instance, and discuss my different dresses with the director.

"I have always been, by the way, a very determined supporter of the rule that one's clothes on the screen should be absolutely subservient to one's personality, and on no account, I think, should one draw attention to one's dresses to the detriment of the acting. But to return to the point—here you simply sit still and the wardrobe is brought to you—the right dress at the right moment, they just appear as if by magic. And even your screen jewellery has its niche and is locked up in a safe each night. Most of it is imitation, of course, though good enough to be put under lock and key, but the tiara I wore in Evergreen was real, and worth many thousands of pounds!

"As far as studio work goes, though, I find very little difference in my routine. We had just as much dialogue to learn in the 'silent days,' because there is nothing so silly as an actress with nothing to say. And also there were other people depending on your cues. But of course it is true that we had to express a great deal more by gesture and play far more to the camera.

"But I rather believe, personally, that the trend of modern screen acting is leading towards a re-assertion of the silent technique, and that dialogue will be gradually cut down in future.

"And I hope there is no one left who still thinks that film stars have time to make telegrams. The telephone exchange call me at 5.30 each morning (and very surprised they were when I asked them!) and on Sundays when I am actually free, I just crawl into bed and sleep.

"I work on Christmas day and New Year's day, and I don't even have time to go to the studio dog-runs at the studio, which are supposed to be for us!

"What are my future ambitions? Well, there is one ambition I have always hoped to realise one day—to do a biography of Marie Lloyd. And of course I would like a dancing part—something, perhaps, like Francis Doble had in Ballerina.
Heather Angel, who fulfilled all one's expectations by her performance in "Berkeley Square," is still on the up grade. This is how she appears in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" with Claude Rains.
**NORMA SHEARER'S**

**“BLESSED EVENT”**

*Film Work Sacrificed—Ginger Rogers’ Versatility—Madge Kennedy’s Come-back—Getting an English Atmosphere*

**NORMA SHEARER** is steadily but surely establishing her claim to be considered Ruth Chatterton’s successor as “The First Lady of the Screen.”

Her polished screen portrayals have made her the idol and the pattern of the fans and her personal charm and the dignity of her private life have given her a unique position in the industry itself.

It is significant that whereas when a few years ago she temporarily retired from the screen in order to have a baby everybody thought it meant writing finis to her career, the confirmation of the news that another “blessed event” is expected in the Irving Thalberg household has been received in the film colony with approval as well as interest.

The fact that she is sacrificing her film work, for the time being, for the noble duties of motherhood is regarded as a reply to the recent Purity League attacks on Norma’s screen characterisations. Miss Shearer will return to the screen in the summer in *Marie Antoinette*.

**Helen Hayes, Too?**

It is also being rumoured that Helen Hayes, who is in private life the wife of Charles MacArthur, the author-director, anticipates a visit from the stage.

If Helen applies for leave of absence for the purpose of receiving that mythical bird it is not anticipated that her employers will place any difficulties in the way.

Helen’s first baby, some years ago, was responsible for a famous legal decision. The event occurred while she was engaged in a stage contract. The holders of the contract sued her, but the judge held that a baby came under the “Act of God” clause in the document.

**A Gastronomic Note**

For years the pet aversion of J. Farrell MacDonald, the noted character actor, has been carrots.

He eschewed them enthusiastically at every possible opportunity. He declined many a dinner invitation because of the fear that he might be offered some.

But in *Romance in Manhattan*, in which he plays Officer Murphy in support of Francis Lederer, Macdonald has to eat carrots and like them.

The script calls for him to accept a raw carrot from Lederer and demolish it with gusto.

Which just shows you what some people will suffer for art’s sake!!

**Fred and Ginger**

*Flying Down to Rio* finished, Ginger had visions of more smart roles in more straight comedies. But it was not to be! No sooner had the girl put away her dancing shoes than she was told to take them out again.

Radio was producing the Broadway stage sensation, *The Gay Divorce*, for the screen. Again Astaire was to play the leading man role, as he did in the theatre for months on end.

And again came another thrilling dance number for Fred and Ginger. This time it is the *Continental*, written by Con Conrad for Tin Pan Alley’s most successful composers.

**Back to Comedy**

And so once more the Actress Rogers is swept aside for the Dancing Ginger! But it won’t be for long. Already Ginger has made new romantic comedy for Radio, *Romance of Manhattan*, in which she is co-starred with Francis Lederer.

Ginger Rogers is acting again. But she never knows when some composer will come down with a red-hot dance tune, and away she will go again, the actress once more the victim of the dancer. But Ginger doesn’t care! She loves the whole business!

**Her Come-back**

Madge Kennedy has arrived in Hollywood and frankly admits that she would not be averse to another fling at the movies. Up to present writing, she has not been signed by any of the studios, which is rather surprising, as she is an accomplished stage and screen actress and looks about as young as she did a few years ago when she was starring in London.

But don’t feel sorry for Madge, as her husband, who died recently, left her a fortune estimated at $500,000.

I predict that, if Madge gets another chance in the movies, she will win back her former position in Hollywood.

**No Mistakes, Please**

Because Lionel K. Tregellas is an Englishman he draws a weekly pay packet at the Paramount studios in Hollywood. All he does is to sit back in a canvas chair when a film with an English atmosphere is being made and tell the director, among a thousand other things, that motor-cars—not automobiles—drive along the left-hand side of London streets.

Tregellas actually earns his salary by staying off indignant letters from Englishmen who might find glaring anachronisms in such films as *Limehouse Blues* and *Father Brown—Detective*.

**Ensuring Accuracy**

On the *Father Brown—Detective* set, all the players, from Walter Connolly to Gertrude Michael, had to pass in review before him so that he could check their clothes carefully. He had to see that the “bobby”—not cop—was correct to the last button and make sure that the property department had provided the right type of showcases and sweets in a sweet-shop set.

The art department had to be told how to design the doors for an English telephone booth, the policemen had to be stopped from saluting in the American manner, and the waiters had to be coached how to talk to customers.

It meant being on the set every minute, and although Tregellas left England only a short time ago, he has put in a tremendous amount of work.

Tell YOUR FRIENDS about NEXT WEEK’S FREE “MERRY WIDOW” Suppement
Leslie HOWARD'S

TRIUMPH

January 12, 1935

GARBO appears as Katrin, an Austrian girl who marries Fane, a young English scientist [Mr. Marshall] and goes to China with him, although she is not really in love with him. The inevitable happens in the person of Townsend, a British official. The husband discovers the affair. Embittered and vindictive, he gives his wife two alternatives—either to persuade her lover to divorce his own wife and marry her, or to accompany him (the husband) to the interior, where a cholera epidemic is raging.

Townsend's hesitancy about risking his career through a divorce scandal disappoints her and she is forced to accompany her husband to the plague-infested hinslerland.

Sanity returns to Fane, he abandons his dreadful plan of vengeance, and thus he saves both his wife and Katrin. Swedes make their escape and Katrin sees Townsend off before Fane marries his wife.

The latest Garbo film is, I am afraid, mainly for the addicts. Those filmgoers who dislike the Swedish glamour queen, and even those who can take their Garbo or leave her alone, may find it rather dull.

The Painted Veil

In the process of adaptation to the screen, Somerset Maugham's story has boiled down to a familiar triangle drama with a familiar, if colourful, background.

For the first third of its length Herbert Marshall makes love to Greta Garbo. For the second third George Brent makes love to Greta Garbo, and for the final third Herbert Marshall and Greta Garbo make love to each other.

It is tricked out with much elaborate Oriental ceremony which though at times beautifully photographed, fails to impart movement to a "conversation piece" that is badly in need of it or to cloak the obvious nature of the story.

Some bid is made for thrills, too, in the hero's battle against a cholera plague, but we have seen the situation so often before that real suspense values are lost.

W. C. Fields does in this picture; he is never out of the camera range.

It would be useless to try and give a comprehensive synopsis of the story, which deals with a hen-pecked grocer who buys an orphan from Robert, finds he has been "done," but manages to get a good price for what he had thought was worthless land.

It relies not on plot value, but on detail work and by-play for its entertainment—and largely on the extremely human as well as amusing character created so carefully and subtly by the comedian.

I had doubts about his ability to play Micawber, the role he is cast for in his next picture, but after seeing this film I believe he will be excellent.

He reveals himself not only as a "comic," but as an actor who realises he is creating and presenting a character.

As the grocer who dreams of owning an orange farm and who is continually hectored by his loud-voiced and dominant wife, he is both human and humorous; nor does he fail to enlist your sympathy, always an asset in successful farce.

To see him trying to serve customers in his shop, attend to his wife, manage his dumb assistant, who has been saddled with the care of a customer's baby, is an education in the art of clever clowning.

For inventing of idea and execution, too, his efforts to gain a little sleep on his verandah when his loud-tongued wife's voice has driven him from his bedroom and the neighbours' flowerman and passers-by all conspire to disturb him, is very hard to beat.

Then the drive to California in a car loaded with household utensils supplies a full quota of laughs. It is not just slapstick, although it verges on it; it is humour arising from the exaggeration of perfectly normal incidents.

And that, I think, is the secret of the success of this picture. It deals with incidents that happen continually in everyday life and colours them with the necessary exaggeration to gain their full effect.
Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

While W. C. Fields holds the stage, he is very ably supported by Kathleen Howard as his wife, by Tom Bupp as his irrepressible little son, and by Jean Rouvegoro as his attractive daughter.

Baby LeRoy appears briefly in two scenes, but has little to do, and the supporting characters are all well drawn and acted.

If the new year festivities have left you a trifle jaded, this is the very tonic you need.—L. C.

A life story of "the world's greatest showman" could not fail to be interesting, and Walter Lang, the director, has seen to it that we are intrigued by the exploits, successes and failures of a man whose name has become a household word in the circus world.

But he has not given it life.

It is an ambitious production, technically excellent, but it lacks that vital something which should have made us sympathetic with the man in his misfortunes.

The characters tend to be puppets rather than human beings, they are vague and shadowy. It is purely as a documentary film that the picture entertains.

I do not think that Wallace Beery is well cast as Barnum. He makes the man too much of a child and lacking in that astuteness which the original must have possessed to have won the fame he did.

Neither is Adolphe Menjou too happy in the role of the drunkard whom Barnum reclaimed and who eventually became his partner under his Christian name of Bailey.

His love affair with Barnum's very young ward, played attractively by Rochelle Hudson, is not very pretty nor convincing.

Janet Beecher is fair as the showman's long-suffering wife, and Virginia Bruce both sings and acts well as Jenny Lind, whom Barnum exploited in America and who turned his head and caused his temporary eclipse.

There is some very good dialogue and the famous freaks which Barnum introduced to the world, such as the bearded lady and General Tom Thumb, are very well presented.

There is both comedy and drama in the way Barnum is exposed by his enemies, in the first place for fooling the public with a woman supposed to be George Washington's nurse, one hundred and sixty years old, and in the second place with the bearded lady. Actually she was bearded, but a rival caused a male to be substituted and Barnum discredited.

But on the whole the drama is not sufficiently intense nor the comedy sufficiently humorous to make the picture as notable as it might have been.—L. C.

The kiddies will like this one all right, with its elaborately set Toy Town and the introduction of all the familiar characters of childhood, such as Bo-Peep and the Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, but one must confess to disappointment on the whole.

The screen has given us very little in the way of definite entertainment for children, and here was an opportunity to exploit the possibilities of the film as a pantomime.

But while it is spectacular in setting, it is not ingenious in presentation. One incident there is which stands out—a troop of toy soldiers attack the Bogeymen who have invaded Toy Town—but with that exception it is singularly lacking in inspiration.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, in the leads, are starved of material and fall back on very conventional slapstick.

As little Bo-Peep, whose romantic attachment to Tom, the Piper's Son, is depicted, Charlotte Henry is effective but Felix Knight is weak as Tom.

Florence Roberts is good as Widow Peep, who lives in the famous Shoe, and Henry Kleinback makes a sound pantomime villain as Silas Barnaby, who designs to marry Bo-Peep.

I have hopes one day that some enterprising concern will make a pantomime which will show what the screen can do in that form of entertainment pictorially; one that would be worthy of re-issue in the holiday season for some time to come.—L. C.

George Raft as a half-caste Chinese gangster in a Hollywood Limehouse. If the atmosphere is far from convincing and the story soon resolves itself into the routine tragedy of inter-racial love, it carries a fair quota of thrills, and is otherwise quite efficiently done.

Jean Parker is the white girl with whom Raft falls in love. He has her stepfather neatly bumped off and "adopts" her himself. Jean, however, falls in love with a nice young Canadian, who promptly qualifies, as a result, for Mr. Raft's private execution squad.

In the meanwhile Anna May Wong, the gangster's jealous mistress, "tips off" the police to one of George's smuggling jobs. The latter, mainly as a result of relenting concerning the murder of Jean's lover, runs into the police trap and is fatally shot.

Miss Parker is one of our most charming ingenues, but I am surprised that with all the English talent available she should have been chosen for the role. Her accent strikes a jarring note throughout the proceedings.

Raft contributes his usual smoothly sinister portrayal, as well as adequately suggesting the character, and Anna May Wong is excellent in a somewhat unsympathetic role.

The picture is in the main entertaining, but as a contribution to movie history is not sufficiently important for us to regard seriously even its openly stressed argument that British police should carry guns—and use them.—M. D. P.
Betty (Nora Pelham) with her father, Laurence (Leslie Banks), before the tragedy of her kidnapping by anarchists.

Clive (Hugh Wakefield), Laurence's friend, discusses means of rescuing Betty with Mrs. Laurence (Edna Best).

A striking study of the German spy Peter Lorre, who made a sensation in "M", is Ady Titl, the umpire.
ALFRED HITCHCOCK, whose "Blackmail" was one of the outstanding examples of the early talkies, has "come back" with an excellent film in the best traditions of the thriller-melodrama. It is notable for its exciting "siege" scenes and for its pictorial expressiveness. A fine performance comes from Peter Lorre.
THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS


B e careful, dear. Really, you must watch your step in this frock. You'll have to kiss standing."  

Alice Overton, mouth full of pins, scrambled to her feet, pleased with her handiwork. Dressmaking for her niece wasn't altogether easy. Marge's figure, like her temperament, boasted an awkward corner or two. To-night she looked really lovely, worthy of such a fance as Paul Newton, who, for all the adorable kink in his fair hair, took life more seriously than the average young man.

"Isn't it time you stopped fussing over me and went and dressed?" Marge inquired by way of thanks.

"What are you wearing, Aunty Alice?"

"Not so much of the aunt, please! I'm in a romantic mood. I'm going to wear a ten years' old frock."

"Period?"

"Should I dare otherwise at a costume party? Jack will like it. There we are, straight from the lavender-scented hanger. D'you approve?"

"Charming! The Victorian style suits you. Why, you've torn one of the lovely net flounces. Let me run it up."

"No, darling. This frock has memories. I tore it when I eloped with Jack, ten years ago. I was just eighteen."

Adjusting ringlets about her semi-shingle, Alice wondered if she had been foolish. At twenty-eight one couldn't expect to look like a debutante. Yet it was surprising, when she had finished with lipstick and powdered the dimpled shoulders above the tight corsetage, how few flaws the mirror returned to her. From the dressing-room table, with its twin lights, she could hear Paul, who had evidently arrived, greeting Marge in the living-room. Wonderful to be welcomed by a lover! Well, perhaps to-night Jack would forget he was Alice Overton's husband and see in his wife the divine creature who had swept him off his feet.

A knock at the door heralded the entrance of Marge, anxious to help with fastenings. Another half-minute brought Paul to the threshold with anxious inquiries about cocktails.

"Come in!" Alice invited. "I'm almost ready. Paul came in, shaker in hand. "I say, Marge, do hope I haven't ruined this. The bottle tilted—"

H e broke off. Was it surprise, pleasure, pain, Alice wondered, causing him to stare at her and become—amazing attribute of an ex-sovereign—embarrassed.

"How do you like it?" she asked, dropping a slight curtsy.

"The frock's marvellous! It—it makes me feel sort of funny—as if I shouldn't be in your room. I guess it isn't only the frock, the lad mumbled.

Alice laughed. "Thanks for saying that, Paul." She turned the conversation, glad that Marge had been occupied with unruly hairpins to the exclusion of her fiancé. All the same, it was nice to feel not too old to call forth a boy's admiration. "Have your cocktails and get over to the club, you two," Alice advised. "I'll wait for Jack. He's sure to be late."

She hustled them off, resigned to a husband's unparticular habits. Twice she thought she heard Jack's voice and footstep in the hall, only to have Phillips, trusted elderly butler, intimate that Doctor Overton had not yet returned.

Dance music from the club, not two hundred yards away from the house, came over faintly tantalising Jack's step sounded in the hall. She went out to meet him. Was there a faint look of guilt on his ever so slightly bored face? The thought ran through her mind, leaving no trace. Else she might have glanced at the patent Oxfords, completing his evening kit, and seen on their mirrored surface the damp clay of the garden.

K eeping both hands behind him, he kissed her lightly, admired her dress, discussed the fit of his jacket all the time doing nothing to erase the impression that to-night's social function was like any other.

"Jack, dear, you don't really want to go to this dance, do you?" she pleaded with a rash effort to be wistful.

"Nonsense! I'm proud of my wife."

"I was so afraid you'd forget to come home to-night."

"Do I make a habit of staying away?"

"Quite often."

"I didn't think you noticed. You never seem to nowadays."

"Don't let's quarrel. What are you holding so carefully? Ah, my flowers! So you didn't forget them."

Her eyes brightened. Definitely Alice threw off the cloak of gloom that willy-nilly would try to enshroud her. Then tears of genuine vexation welled up. "Oh, Jack, how could you? You haven't brought the orchids I especially ordered. I did phone asking you to pick them up. My costume's nothing without them. I'd rather not wear it at all."

"Alice, I'm sorry, but I had the devil of an afternoon and getting fitted for this coat on the top, I thought these rather attractive, myself. A posy's correct, surely?"

"Border flowers are all very well, but they won't last. Besides, you've robbed the garden. If you can manage to forget something I want, you always do."

"Haven't I my patients to think of? We'll get them back."

"Nothing from you, That's the trouble. It's no fun going out with you nowadays."

"Go by yourself, then. See how you like the party alone."

"The very idea! Jack! Jack! Well on his way upstairs with the dogged look she knew to be immutable, Alice resumed her mothburr. Too late to climb down. Brawady had married her across to the club, but the effort was not a success. She had the feeling it wouldn't go, if not already broken, would have danced with her more often, but it was not enough to make him return early. She half hoped Jack would be up; but no, he was in bed, asleep apparently, though the electric bulb, had she touched it, of the night lamp, could have told a tale of wakefulness.

"Jack! Jack! Are you asleep?"

"I was. Have a good time."

"Not very. I'm sorry about those flowers. You had arranged them beautifully. You always do. I don't know what makes me lose my temper."

"Doesn't matter." He rolled over, turning his back. Then he hadn't forgiven her. More depressed than ever, she slipped away downstairs into the moonlit garden. She might have been on the French under the elm for hours when a footstep made her start.

"On your way, you and Marge just got back? I thought I heard your car. Isn't it a heavenly night?"

Romance, beauty, the fragrance of first love, overwhemed Alice as she recognised the expression in Paul's eyes. At first glance, she had thought he had stayed away from the club bar; now it was necessary for her to create a frothy impression.

"Why did you leave so early?"

His voice was an entreaty.

"I wasn't enjoying myself. It was foolish of me to be a full-decked woman in a girlish gown, you know."

"Don't say that, Alice. I've never seen anything really lovely till this minute. This evening, in your room, you were a revelation. Now you're divinity itself."

"Paul, don't be absurd!"

T here was a shivering sound as he took a sudden step, his arms, wildly kissing her neck.

Alice felt like a diver coming to the surface after a fear that he may for ever be submerged. Yet she couldn't have told why the youth's sweet flattery frightened her. Before she had recognised she had been longing for any nice man's love.

"Paul! Paul! Let go! I've torn my frock."

A kiss tore that, last time. Marge telephoned for a car that he may for ever be submerged. Yet she couldn't have told why the youth's sweet flattery frightened her. Before she had recognised she had been longing for any nice man's love.

Alice might congratulate herself on the handling of a difficult situation, but it only threatened to recrudesc as Jack's indifference increased. The following afternoon, having promised to drive his wife to Pount Ridge, he developed an urge (Continued on page 20)
Mr. J. W. Simpson, M. P. S., Chemist.

The medical profession and all competent authorities unanimously agree that iodine is one of the greatest of Nature's health-givers.

To get the full benefit from iodine, there are two things you can do.

(One.) Spend a perpetual holiday by the seashore where there is always plenty of hot sunshine and plenty of seaweed. (Iodine is given off from seaweed under the sun's rays and is that vital element in seaweed air which cures rheumatic and lung invalids and makes people healthy and vigorous.)

(Two.) To most of us the above is impossible, so physical and economic reasons: but this method (No. 2) I am now going to explain gives equal better results, without much outlay and with no inconvenience.

This method is simply the wearing near the skin of a locket containing pure iodine. The iodine is drawn from the locket as a gentle imperceptible vapour by the heat of the body, and is absorbed directly into the system through the skin pores. There is sufficient iodine in the locket to last for 12 months in constant use—after which the locket becomes "dead," and a fresh one must be obtained. So that for 12 months the wearers have a constant supply of health-giving iodine in the blood, and are kept entirely free from 

"Flu, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Asthma, Catarrh, and the Children FREE FROM SCHOOL Epidemics.

I do not wish to make any exaggerated claims for the efficacy of this locket. I am going to content myself with reproducing on this page a few of the colonsal number of heartfelt letters of thanks I have received from wearers, so that they may speak for themselves.

This locket is about the size of a half-crown, neatly cannelled, with a small loop. It does not scent or stain the clothes, and can be safely worn by the youngest child because it is entirely harmless. Women and children can wear the locket round their neck. The price, post free, is 1/9 for one. ½d. for three, 7½ for six. (Special prices for quantities for schools and factories on application.)

Simpson, M. P. S., Chemist, the Iodine Specialist, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2, and supplied by post. To secure delivery by return of post, send coupon in the corner below.

A Personal Talk to "Picturegoer" Readers

By J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S. (Chemist), Inventor of the Iodolok Iodine Locket

And one from Mrs. L. G. Watt, Newburn-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

"Please send me three Lockets. I want them for my friends. My husband and I have been wearing one each, and have never had a cold; we are turned 60." Extracts from other letters:

"After wearing the Locket for five days, my rheumatism were eased, and now I can move the joints quite freely, without pain."

"I bought a Locket to keep free from colds (which I have done), but I was astonished to find that my lumbargia of four years' standing had practically disappeared. My health is now marvellous. I am spreading the good news about these Lockets as far as I can. Many thanks."—MRS. DAVIES.

"Mr. Simpson's Iodine Lockets, as worn by all my relatives, cost me nothing. My husband is a sailor. We have sent the Lockets to all our children and grandchildren, and they have been received with joy and delight. We feel that our health has been benefited by the use of these Lockets."

"I have received a number of letters from those who have been wearing the Iodine Lockets, the majority of which are quite positive. I am sure that if more people knew of these Lockets, they would be sold like hot cakes."

Note by MR. J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S.

I have often thought some "testimonials" were paid for. I do not know. Maybe they were. But of all the thousands of letters I have received—a few of which are here—I must say that I do not believe the writers have ever seen the writers and have never paid a penny piece for their spontaneous and sincere testimony to the benefits they have received from my Lockets. I feel it would be an insult to do so. These letters, and all the others, can be seen by anyone at any time.

COUPON

Post to:
Dear Sir,—I enclose postal order (or cheque) for (state value) IODOLOK Iodine Lockets, under the terms of the money-refunded guarantee.

Name
Address (MR) (MRS)

Sewing an Iodine Locket to her Undergarment.

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Name
Address (MR) (MRS)
January 12, 1935

The Marriage

out demanding ceaseless proof. She was feeling in a gay mood, about to embark on the next errand of make-up and expecting Paul any minute, when Jack appeared at the bedroom door. It was obvious he had shaken his normal self-satisfaction. He was plainly excited.

“I thought you weren’t coming here today. Where’s Paul? Didn’t I hear your voices in the drive?”

“Probably. He’s gone, anyway.”

“Gone?”

“I told him I’d blow out his brains if he didn’t. I can’t explain. It’s no use, Alice, but when I saw him drive up in his infernal car and knew he was coming for you I never felt so jealous in my life. I thought my love for you was dead. It isn’t.”

You mean you don’t want our divorce to go on?”

“It’s not going to go on.”

“Jack—you can’t—you can’t talk like this. As if I’d live with you again when I’m in love with another man.”

She meant what she said. Paul’s love, with the full flavour of the forbidden sweet seemed at that moment life’s high point.

“You’re never to see him again, I tell you!”

I never thought I’d see the day when you’d be a beggar. I admired you the day you stood up and said you didn’t care for me. But to have you beg me when I’ve told you I care for someone else—well, I just feel contempt for you. Contempt!”

“So that’s all. Let me tell you the truth. I don’t want you back. Get that. You’re the last woman on earth I want. I’ve got my luggage right now in the car, waiting to go with me to someone I do want. I did see Paul, but to have me beg you to take him! I knew he wouldn’t, but to have you beg me when I’ve told you why you don’t want me. Well, I just feel contempt for you.”

I told you to go. Reeling under the double blow, Alice fell back on pride. Pride rose to the occasion.

“My hero!” she scoffed. “You’d have me back out of pity. I thought you pretty contemptible as a beggar, but as a sacrifice! Better not mention it! Can I have my rooms, please?”

“Certainly. Don’t blame me if you find getting along alone pretty savage.”

She peeped from the window when he had gone. There was no luggage in the car. Phillips must have taken it indoors; dear sentimental Phillips, hoping, no doubt, to master was coming home. It struck Alice then as odd that Jack should have been coming to see her on the way to take up residence with another woman. Thoughts of who the other woman might be tormented. Who attractive was the other woman? Jack’s patients? With an effort of memory Alice recalled a dancer, very young, Nan Blake by name. Such child-like face had met her in more than one illustrated paper. Was she responsible for Jack’s changed outlook?

Alice curiously felt no rancour against her or any other woman. Her whole being, at the moment, was

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Ah! I see you did

MACLEANS PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d. and 1/-

If you use a solid dentifrice, try the new Macleans Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—6d. per tin.
"At last! I've found a powder that flatters me"

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"I am delighted with the texture of Pond's Powder," says lovely Lady Northesk. "It's exquisitely fine, and stays on longer than any other powder I know."

"What fascinating shades it's made in! They're so perfectly blended — so warm and becoming to the skin. The Peach shade is most flattering to my complexion."

"As for the scent of Pond's Powder, I find it deliciously fresh, yet somehow glamorous and 'expensive.' Altogether, enchanting!"

Try Pond's Face Powder for yourself today. It's well within your means, though chosen by some of the richest women in the land. In jade-green boxes, it costs but 6d. and 1s. The crystal jars are 2s. 6d. Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2 are the five subtle shades.

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Write name and address here. Attach 1d. STAMP to coupon. Post in 1½ oz. sealed envelope to Dept. 416, Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Periodale, Middlesex, and we will send you samples of all these shades of Pond's Face Powder.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

****ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

**THANK YOUR STARS

**SYMPHONY

**VIRGINIA'S HUSBAND

**MADAME DU BARRY

**THE PRIMROSE PATH

What the apheres mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

Lyle Talbot.............. Bill
Mona Barrie............. Lally
Jessie Ralph............. Angela
Luise Alberti............ Giovanna


Without exception this is the most graceful and entertaining musical to date. Its simple story is quite familiar but it is so well characterised and so skilfully and naturally developed by Victor Schertzinger that it appears novel and is certainly wholly entertaining.

Mary Allan, an American girl, goes to study music in Italy, but soon finds her funds are exhausted. Rather than accept money from her ardent suitor, Bill, she takes a position as a singer in a cafe.

There a famous singing master, Guilio Montevedi, hears her and, recognising her talent, promises to sponsor her on condition she does not fall in love with him.

All goes well for a time, but finally Mary falls for him. She becomes wildly jealous of Guilio’s ex-mistress Lally, and leaves him to take up a contract with the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Without his assistance her voice fails her, but he turns up unexpectedly on the opening night and makes her debut a triumphant success.

Grace Moore, who for some unaccountable reason did not score the popular success she deserved in her earlier talkies, June Moon and, more particularly, Jenny Lind, is exceptionally good.

Not only has she a really good voice, but also her acting is notable for its subtlety and understanding of character.

She uses her voice, too, to give conviction to the idea that her training under Guilio brings it to perfection; it is only at the end, therefore, in a finely staged and beautifully rendered aria from Madame Butterfly, that she uses it to its full.

Tullio Carminati, who was once Duse’s leading man, is also excellent as her tempestuous singing maestro.

The scenes between the pair when both give exhibitions of temperament are as delightfully amusing as they are human and convincing.

Mona Barrie gives a clever character study as Lally, while Lyle Talbot is very good as Mary’s ardent suitor.

At times provocative, at times sentimental, the picture plays on all the emotions and incidentally charms the ear as well.

The Italian settings form a colourful background and altogether one would have to look far to find such completely satisfying entertainment.

**THE MARRIAGE SYMPHONY


Diana Wynyard............ Alice Overton
Clive Brook............... Dr. Jack Overton
Henry Kolker............. Mr. Duval
Irene Hewitt............. Mme. Domingo
Theodore Newton........... Paul
Arthur Lake............... Hans
Frank Darien............. A Tailor
William Strang............ Dr. Derinoff

Dolores del Rio is glamorous and fascinating in the title role of “Madame Dubarry.”

JOAN CRAWFORD’S latest release, Chained, is dealt with fully in the supplement which was given away with last week’s issue, so I do not propose to say anything further about it here except that Joan’s admirers will find that she gives a very good performance and is much better ‘made up’ than she has been in the past.

It is early to pick out a picture as one of the best of the year, but releases in Madame Dubarry, and entertainment of One Night of Love, which re-introduces you to a sterling actress and accomplished singer, Grace Moore, are sure to prove popular and are coming into their own again after the inevitable reaction to Diamond Lil followed the flood of them in the early days of the talkies.

And they are coming back in a much more acceptable form. Songs are introduced naturally instead of being dragged out wheels and plugged into death, and there is genuine story value and due attention to characterisation.

Such a one is One Night of Love which is worthy of emulation and one would not mind very much if it started a cycle—although admittedly type cycles are pernicious things as a rule and not to be encouraged.

I have referred in my criticism of this picture to Grace Moore’s appearance in Jenny Lind. Whether this picture was before its time or not I do not know, but I feel that it would be a good thing to re-issue it. It would certainly give pleasure to those who have learnt to appreciate that excellent actress at her true worth.

I do not like photographed stage plays as such, but, although that is what The Marriage Symphony is in essence, one cannot help being intrigued by the excellence of its dialogue and by the delightful acting of Diana Wynyard who, up to now, has escaped being type.

There is a wealth of colourful spectacle in this picture, and Dolores del Rio makes a glamorous figure in the title role, but it is very synthetic history.

****ONE NIGHT OF LOVE


Grace Moore.................. Mary
Turio Cardiatti............. Guilio Montevedi

Jack Oakie and Alison Skipworth are delightfully refreshing in the new comedy, “Thank Your Stars.”

NEXT WEEK you’ll “Merry Merry Be” with our FREE “MERRY WIDOW” Supplement

January 12, 1935

Virginia Field plays an important role in the British film “The Primrose Path.”

Taken from the play “ Sour Grapes,” by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by Reginald Oliver. Pre-viewed August 18, 1934.

For story freely based on the film by Marjory Maclean, see page 18.

While definitely a conversation piece and one which seldom gets away from the shackles of its stage origin, there is a deal of entertainment to be extracted from its cleverly written dialogue and its touch of whimsicality, which lifts it out of the rut of the ordinary marital drama.

The story opens with Dr. Jack Overton and his wife Alice being thoroughly bored with each other after ten years of married life and this opens the way to romantic intrigues by the pair of them, and, naturally, a happy reconciliation after they had been disillusioned.

Dolores del Rio gives an intelligent and vital performance as Alice. She brings to it that womanliness which to my mind is one of her greatest assets— altogether with her normality and freedom from being “typed.”

Clive Brook is a very good as her husband and, as in Cavalcade, teams extremely well with her.

Arthur Hoyt gives a little clever character as a butler and the supporting cast is good throughout.

The pitfalls of married life are depicted in a light vein, but they none the less point a moral and adorn a tale most amusingly.

Action is rather cramped, but the atmosphere is convincing and one certainly believes in the characters to whom one is introduced.

**MADAME DU BARRY


Dolores Del Rio............ Mme. Du Barry
Reginald Owen............. Louis XV
Gerald Pengra............. Richelieu
Ferdinando Gottschalk..... Lebel
Versace Tradago......... Le duc de Grammont
Victor Jory.............. d’Aiguillon
Maynard Holman............ The Dauphin
Dorothy Tree.............. Adelaide
Helene Lynch.............. Queen of Scots
Hobart Cavanaugh............ Prov. de la Vauquiny
Antia Lavinia............. Marie Antoinette
Henry O’Neill............. Duc de Choiseul
Arthur Lake............... Armand Turenne
Camilie Royelle............ Madame
Victoria Jesse Scott....... English Ambassador
Leo White.................. Lord Hardouin
Virginia Saire............. Sophie
Nella Walker.............. Madame Noliviers
Joan Wheeler.............. Fruette
Doris Lloyd.............. Madame at Deeppark
Mary Kirkman.............. Pearl at Deeppark

Story and screen play by Edward Chodorov.

Directed by William Dieterle.

Spectacular costume drama—it is as well not to emphasise its historical basis—dealing with the brilliant mistress of Louis XV of France.
corot models by instalments
shop in bond street the practical way
open an instalment account with corot today. by this plan you can purchase the latest models in coats, afternoon and evening gowns, ensembles, etc., and pay for them by instalments without any extra charge.

post the coupon below for the corot fashion guide and full particulars, or call at the showrooms and choose a corot model personally.

**THANK YOUR STARS**

- Jack Oakie
- Nicky Nelson
- Ben Berwind
- Joe Davis
- Dorothy Dell
- Lillie Raque
- Arline Judge
- Jackie Donovan
- Alphonso Skirpworth
- The Counteramt
- Roscoe Karns
- Sailor Burke
- William Frawley
- Larry Hale
- Law Cody
- Philip Van Dyke
- Harold Peary
- Paul Cavarsch
- Jack Reynolds

Directed by Wesley Ruggles. From the story by Howard J. Green, screen play by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. Pre-viewed September 8, 1934.

Jack Oakie, who, to my mind is one of the freshest and most personable comedians on the screen, is well served in this neatly contrived comedy which, whilst slight in story, is rich in amusing by-play.

He is cast as Nicky, a minor fairground king, whose heart is as strong as his will is weak.

With the help of Lillie Raque, a vaudeville artiste, he writes a successful song number, but gambles away the rights.

Lillie, desiring of making an act with him, leaves to join one of his friends, who has made good with a dance band.

She becomes a cabaret star and accepts the advances of Bill Ritchie, a society man, but on the eve of their engagement Nicky turns up as broke but as smiling as ever and recaptures her affections by saving her from the gibes of a scandal-mongering columnist.

Jack Oakie presents the bombastic good-hearted Nicky in an engaging manner. Not only does he get the most out of the comedy moments, but also he makes the sentimental moments sincere and human.

As Lillie, Dorothy Dell is attractive and competent, her first-rate performances from Roscoe Karns, who is always to the fore when given an opportunity, Alphonso Skirpworth, the late Lew Cody, and Arline Judge.

The cast includes Ben Bernie and his band; they certainly put their stuff over with effect.

Tuneful songs are skilfully wedded to the story and help to provide an entertaining picture which will well repay a visit.

**VIRGINIA'S HUSBAND**

- Reginald Gardiner
- John Craddock
- Dorothy Boyd
- Virginia Trevor
- Eda Goodnow
- Ethel Craddock
- June Halbert
- Annie Esmond
- Mr. Ellink
- Major Rice
- Wally Patch
- Policeman Sergeant
- Tom Helfry
- Barney Hannon
- Vi Kealey
- John's Landlady
- May Hallatt
- Virginia's Secretary
- Andrea Melandrin
- Head Waiter
- Hal Walters
- Mechanic

Directed by P. Maclean Rogers.

Unpretentious farce which is quite well put together and, while rather overburdened with dialogue, is not lacking in capacity handled situations.

Dorothy Boyd is good as Virginia, leader of "the Women's League of Liberty," who tells her aunt, who does not like bachelor girls, that she is married.

Auntie comes to stay with her and to save her allowance she advertises for a temporary husband.

The answer to her ad, is John Craddock, an impoverished young man-about-town. Complications arise when the aunt starts to investigate their unconventional marital state but end with real marriage bells.

Reginald Gardiner is sound as John and Anne Esmond gives a good character study as the aunt.

The supporting cast is good and works well as a team.

The picture's humour and artifice are quite simple, but nevertheless provide their fair share of amusement.

**THE PRIMROSE PATH**

- Isabel Elsom
- Brenda Darlond
- Whitmore Humphreys
- David Marlow
- Max Adrian
- Virginia Field
- Jack Hulbert
- Helen Twelvetrees
- Ethel Stewart
- Fortuna
- Molly Cowley
- Marcelle Hanne

Directed by Reginald Denham from the story by Joan Temple. Scenario by Basil Mason.

Show-moving triangle drama with an artificial atmosphere of sophistication and a conventional plot unredeemed by anything remarkable in the way of acting or characterisation.

Brenda, the middle-aged wife of Harry Darlond, a country practitioner, meets David Marlow, a young author, whilst on a pleasure trip.

Believing he is in love with her, she leaves her husband to live with him in Italy, but David's young, sophisticated friend, Julian, knowing that they were both victims of a foolish infatuation, deliberately tried to keep them apart.

Ianthe, Brenda's grown-up daughter, determines to bring her mother back and she and her father successfully conspire to convince Brenda of her folly.

Brenda returns but Ianthe remains to marry Julian.

Isobel Elsom is fair as Brenda. The acting on the whole is not bad, but there is tendency for "refined" accents to be too prominent either for comfort or conviction.

Italian sequences are contrasted with village interiors and technical qualities are adequate. There is, however, very little to recommend the picture as more than mediocre entertainment.
PRODUCTION is very patchy this week—some studios as busy as a bargain basement, others as deserted as a Belisha crossing.

Among the latter is Teddington. Went sailing gaily down there this week, expecting to find So You Won't Talk in full swing, and found it had been postponed for three weeks.

Why? Pie upon you! Don't be so tactless. Obviously something has Gone Wrong, and when something has Gone Wrong, we don't ask questions. It isn't Done.

Besides, you wouldn't get an answer that meant anything, so what's the use?

I must admit it's a blow to me, because I was getting all ready to reminisce about the time when Monty Banks first came over here and directed himself in a film called Adam's Apple, and Tim Whelan was his assistant director, and Red Davis (now a full-fledged director himself) was second assistant, and I was somewhere down near the bottom of the cast-list.

No there's no excuse, because the long-expected reunion between Tim Whelan and Monty Banks is not to take place.

Monty's Comeback

This, you may remember, is Monty's official return to the screen after a long spell of directing; and Whelan, whose last directorial assignment (is that a more classy word than "job"? I'll say!) was The Camels Are Coming, was to direct him.

Now, Monty is still to make his official return to the screen after etc., etc., etc. But Tim Whelan is no longer to direct him.

Instead, William Beaudine, whose latest directorial assignment (he, too, is American) was Dandy Dick for B.I.P. at Elstree, will be director.

A swell guy, Beaudine; and I've met his wife, and she's swell, too. We're pretty lucky, really, in the Hollywood women who come over here—they're a great deal pleasanter than some I've met over there who don't come over, let me tell you.

Beaudine's a level-headed kind of guy, too, who will be able to cope with (a) Monty, (b) a situation in which there are three directors in one film—one behind the cameras and two in front. I told you that Ralph Ince had an important part in it, as well as Monty, didn't I?

Well, whether I did or not, he has. That is to say, unless by the time you read this something else has Gone Wrong . . .

A New Squibs

Meanwhile, the studios are noisy and bustling with preparation, but for my purposes they're a Sahara.

Tweedledum yielded better results. The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes has come to an exciting end, and Squibs has taken its place as the most important film of the moment on the Twickenham floors.

But look, boys and girls, if any of you are sufficiently into your dotage to have seen the original Squibs (I am) and sufficiently intelligent to have loved it, prepare for considerable differences in this talkie version.

Scenarists, songwriters, gag-merchants, and other wild animals have been loosened on to the story, until it has become . . . well, just not the Squibs we knew.

Have picturegoers' tastes changed? We demand better photography, better settings, more convincing acting . . . but we are reading the same type of short stories as we read ten years ago, and I'm not so sure that we aren't enjoying the same type of screen stories—when we can get 'em.

Which isn't often.

Squibs, I beg to report, has developed into a musical fantasy. For instance, in the very lifelike reproduction of Piccadilly Circus, which fills the larger stage at Twickenham, and which includes, of course, Eros, and even Swan and Edgar's. Betty Balfour sings a new song called "Have You Ever Had a Feeling You're Flying?" and all the crowds and the policemen and the shop-window models join in—

It Was Simple

When I think of Squibs, I grow resentful about something that is permanent, deep-rooted, part of ourselves—a simple story of a flower-girl and a copper.

But when I see this new version it seems reminiscent of something Gallic, something foreign that had a great vogue . . . which is past.

Do I make myself clear?

Two new flowergirls have joined the cast—Glady's Hamer and Vivien Chatterton. The latter (whom you dial-twisters may have heard on the air) is a cousin of Ruth Chatterton.

It doesn't seem to be a bad thing to be related to somebody. A chorus-girl in a recently completed film was given quite a valuable few feet of close-up for no apparent reason, and I was told she was a sister of a well-known star; and Edna Searl, who went to Hollywood with her cousin, Binnie Barnes, as a companion and acted as her stand-in, is to go there with her again and play parts.

On the BRITISH Sets

by E. G. COUSINS

Lupe Velez and Ian Hunter in a scene from the recently completed "Morals of Marcus."

Crazy Speaking of Twickenham—and relations—Elaine Squires is gracing One Crazy Week. You don't know about Elaine. And, come to that, you don't know about One Crazy Week. Well, you are probably still thinking of the latter as either Spendlove Hall or The Cat's Whiskers, under which names it has been staggering for the past few weeks; but, true to the Twickenham tradition, it has had its name changed at the eleventh hour, and now is One Crazy Week.

And how!

Here's the whole crazy gang of them—Morton Selten (a very accomplished actor of about 73, who first dawned upon the consciousness of British filmgoers in Service for Ladies, for he had been spending most of his time before that on the American stage), Jane Carr (you know how I feel about that Jane), Eva Moore (our loveliest screen mother), Davina Craig (who usually plays daft maid-servants), our one and only Richard Cooper, Jane Welsh, Ben Weldon, Edward Underdown, Nettie Westcott (don't know Nettie), and the aforementioned Elaine Squires, who happens to be the daughter of the Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

Songs and Satire

The next thing that is likely to happen at Twickenham is a film called Street Song, which will be directed by Bernard (Crime on the
**Announcing a Competition!**

Have you seen "Nell Gwyn?"
Are you going to see "Nell Gwyn?"

British & Dominions announce this week an easy competition for all who have seen the picture or will see it in the next few weeks.

All you have to do is write on a postcard an opinion of the film not exceeding fifty words.

Then send your postcard to: "Globe," British & Dominions Studios, Hertfordshire.

The criticism judged the best by British & Dominions will win the First Prize of FIVE GUINEAS. There will be Two Other Prizes of ONE GUINEA each and twenty-five consolation prizes of Large signed portraits of Anna Neagle.

See the picture and send in your card. Post early!

"Nell Gwyn" is a British and Dominions Production

*PICTUREGOER* Weekly

**FILM TOPICS by Globe**

**Advice and Buns**

Two more London Films are announced—A. E. W. Mason's famous story The Broken Road, much of which will be shot in India, and Young Mr. Disraeli, much of which will be shot in the last century.

More costume films! Every time I see another one announced, my mind goes back to the memorable scene at a bun-fight in a famous West End hotel some years ago, when Eleanor Glyn appeared at a gathering of film journalists and advised her on the kind of films the British public wanted (having, of course, already made up her mind about the kind she was going to make), and most of her honorary board of advisers said: "Well, anyway, no costume pictures!"

It was nonsense then, but it's getting a much more serious matter now. Every second film you see (or avoid seeing) is located either in some other century or some other country. Occasionally both.

**Purity Corner**

I hear that behind the ring of bayonets surrounding the British & Dominion studios (to protect Elizabeth Bergner from the prying eyes of the vulgar horde of film-journalists—and ugh, what carrion we are!) there is a good deal of anxiety about Escape Me Never and its probable reception by the Purity Gang in those United States.

**Nell Gwyn,** as you know, has been barred as an undesirable alien, not fit to associate with Mae West. Will Gemma Jones share the fate of Pretty Witty Nell, or will the magic name of Bergner smooth the way?
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

JEKYLL-and-HYDE JANET
A Fan Discovers There are Two Screen Gynars

WHY can’t we see more of Janet Gaynor No. 2— the Janet who is sweet, but not cloying; simple, but with a credible and attractive simplicity; displaying intelligence, a sense of comedy and even a streak of “roughness”? In State Fair, Janet was a real person, a flesh and blood type of country girl, eager, pleasure-loving, matter-of-fact, yet dreaming of romance. There was none of the sloppy sentimentality which is spread, treacle-like, over the usual Gaynor vehicle. In The House of Connelly, too, Janet’s study of Joanna Tate was quiet, restrained, graceful, yet powerful and tremendously sincere.

If Janet could get more parts such as these two pictures directed by Henry King afforded her, parts with some real “meat” about them, we should acquire a star who looks and acts like a real girl, a star of universal appeal and infinite possibilities.— (Mr.) J. Willis, 128 Monega Road, Forest Gate, E. 7, who was awarded the first prize of £1 1. 0.

A Bouquet for Jean

I love Jean Muir who recently starred in that delightful film As the Earth Turns, filmland has a real “unsophisticated” actress at last! The last case of non-sophistication was Barbara Stanwyck in So Big, but since then her calm womanly beauty has faded out and instead we see her as a hard-boiled glamour queen.

As a type, Jean Muir stands out of the rut a mile, and in her maidenly sweetness we have a real-life girl who wouldphis towards and dreams about happiness in an honest and old-fashioned way. If parts to suit people with success can be found for Wallace Beery, George Arlin and Greta Garbo, then characterisations as successful can also be made for Jean Muir.—Frederick Sanders, 377 High Street, Chatham, Kent.

An Exhibitor on Sunday Programmes

As a kinema manager I should like to reply to your correspondent, Major T. A. Lowe, Dover. In his letter “Saying It On Sundays” he refers to the desire of the public for Wild West films. It has been my experience to find Sunday audiences most critical particularly in the matter of “hissing what they don’t like” and their greatest dislike appears to be Wild West films. This is evidenced by the very few produced each year and of these, the majority are reserved for children’s performances.

Major Lowe states that the manager of his kinema expects him to go home after the first house on Sunday night thus making room for others. But fie to this manager if he only expects it on Sunday night—and to the Major if he would sit through two shows during the week—Kenneth Street, Eastbourne.

A Kinema Problem

Can any reader of Picturegoer enlighten me as to which arm of my chair in the kinema I am entitled to use, or am I expected to fight for a half of each side? I may have been unlucky in this matter, but I seldom manage to get an inch of either left, or right arm; if the left is being used by my left-hand neighbour, so that I am unable to find even a resting edge, and I lean to my right, optimistically thinking I can use part of that arm, I find somebody in complete occupation and I am forced into an “arm-restless” upright, uncomfortable position for the rest of the film.

What is a reasonable, peace loving picturegoer to do—argue with the right, or the left trespasser, or both, or fold my arms and pretend to like it?—Capt. Heathcote, 12 St. John’s Road, Penge, S.E.20, who is awarded the second prize of 10/-.

Dramatic Roles for Gracie

What about giving Gracie Fields a chance as a dramatic actress? Her producers, I think, are just a bit over anxious to display her versatility as a singer. If they are not careful, she will become “typed” and all her artistry will be lost.

I think a picture where she is a mother would suit her admirably, and if she must be singing, she could be heard singing a lullaby to her child. I do believe she possesses real dramatic talent, so give her a chance before she becomes “fed up.”—J. Hamilton, 27 Kestrel Road, Glasgow, W.3.

Too “Familiar” Fans

I should like, through your pages, to express my disgust at the unseemly behaviour of so-called film and actress “fans.” The other evening I went to see a certain star. With several others I waited at the stage door after to see her come out.

No star minds her admirers waiting at the stage door for her, but the sweetest tempered person could not have endured the behaviour of one person there on that particular night. As the taxi commenced to go off, a certain person jumped on to the running board of the car and proceeded to bawl out to the star in a disgustingly familiar manner.

Are we “fans” losing all our sense of decency and politeness? I hope the person in question sees this letter and if she cannot behave in a rational manner it would be advisable for her to stay away from star-studded nights.—Disgusted,” 16 Chandray Road, Stockwell, S.W.9.

Misleading Publicity

I wonder if other filmgoers got the same reaction as I got when I saw the film Stand Up and Cheer.

I do think the star of the film was without a doubt Warner Baxter, with Little Shirley Temple. But our papers and advertisements were full of John Boles in Stand Up and Cheer. “Hear him sing again in Stand Up and Cheer” they invited us. Being an admirer of Boles, I went, but came away sadly disappointed. He appears once, sings one song, and that is the last we see of him.

The same thing happened to the same star in King of Jazz. Who is responsible for this, I stand in need of the answer. It should be seen to the end of such misleading advertisements.—Laura Brown, 35 Avondale Road, Wolvhampton.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?
Let us have your opinion, briefly.
£1 ts. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and not exceed 150 words. Address your views to "Readers' VIEWS," The Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.
"How I ATTRACTIONED His ATTENTION"

For weeks on my way to work I had noticed him and hoped he would look at me. But he never gave me more than a passing glance. My prettiest frocks failed to interest him. Finally, I realised that my complexion was marred with enlarged pores, blackheads, and other defects which might repel a man.

A friend recommended Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Its daily application soon did away with all those horrible skin imperfections, cleared and softened my complexion to a smooth, dull-finish beauty. Now I receive frank looks of admiration, not only from the man I wanted to attract, but from many others. Any woman who wants to win and hold the love of a man must keep her complexion beautiful. I am sure that the easiest way to do it is by the regular application of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Successful results are guaranteed, or money refunded.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a do-ho Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (one for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mouse of Cream" Powder and it is in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 327 P), Chase Road, London, N.W.16.

STOMACH SUFFERERS! DON'T TAKE SODA BICARB!

Doctors have known for a long time that bicarbonate of soda by itself isn't a good thing for indigestion. True, it often brings temporary relief, but it never cures, and it is bound quite soon to irritate the delicate lining of the stomach.

What the doctors advise everyone who suffers in the least from indigestion or any sort of stomach pains is to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, whose formula is used by Hospitals all over the country, even for serious gastric and duodenal ulcers.

It is amazing how quickly Maclean Brand Stomach Powder brings you relief. With the very first dose the pain goes away and quite a short course will bring a lasting cure and a permanent end to your pain, no matter how long you have suffered or what else you have tried.

Only one thing you must watch. Be careful to get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. Ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold lose, but only in bottles and cartons of Powder or Tablets at 1/3, 2/3 and 3/- per bottle.

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When your throat becomes dry and parched through constant smoking, refresh it with an Allenbury's Pastille. There is no simpler or pleasant way of avoiding throat irritation or of ensuring the fullest possible enjoyment from your cigarettes or pipe, however much you smoke. Try a tin to-day.

Take care of your throat—take

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What a pity to hear this from old friends. Had you used Starblond, that wonderful new shampoo for natural fair hair only, it would never have got mousse coloured, but Starblond will also bring back to the most faded blonde hair the golden beauty of childhood. It also corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to coal gas, dust, and lack of milk diet. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silker, and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer. Wonderful for children. Starblond contains no henna, camomile, dyes, or injurious bleaches. Money back if not delighted. Obtainable everywhere.

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A BOON TO BUSINESS GIRLS

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January 12, 1935
Let George

Bruce: Foreman—Herbert Langley. Bill— Eric Le Fevre; Manager—Henry Longhurst. Bobby Howell is appointed to assist the London Hippodrome, write to him there you re your chance meeting.

Choquette—Prankish as follows: barthelmes, silent h.; Birell, Kipper, and Kirby, soft t.; Ahern and Tweeteres exactly as spelt; Bushell, Bush—Illias; Wilder, Yeumoller; Courtenay, Court; Richard, soft k; Coetzer, Courta, Carlo, hard k, and J. O. rather; ash—Adolph, silent e; Minjou, monpou; Merle; grammes as pace with the place of the p.; Oberon, as spelt; Genevieve, soft g, second and the; s., adjectif final; tobin, as in "po," and "in."

ITALIAN PICTURES FAN—(1) Following pictures were all filmed about four stars by Lionel Crossland; "Kenye-Watch" starring Jack Batsell, "The House of Beautiful" starring Fred. W. Roach, "Gypsy Rose" starring Armand and "Pamela" starring Jack Batsell.

MUDDLED MURDER!

"You killed her, Sanford. If you had stood still she'd have been alive now!" Sanford seemed fated to be either a corpse or the woman's unwitting murderer.

This is the gripping theme of "The Crime of Captain Sanford," by Charles Johnson, one of the twenty brilliant stories in the "20 Story Magazine" for February—just out. No serials. Every story complete. Every one a winner. Go to your newsagent and get this marvellous shillingworth at once.

20 BRILLIANT STORIES

"The Road to Tyburn," by Van Horn;
"While on Remand," by Valentine Gregory;
"Petition for Reprieve," by Roland Wild;
"Zero Hour," by W. E. Johns; and stories by Sharon Wallace, Stephen Phillips, Robert Clough, L. B. Jacon, Michael Jaslin, Arthur Savage, and many others.

WHY LOVELY WOMEN WELCOME MARSANTA

THE POWDER DEODORANT

MARSANTA is a most dainty, yet most efficient aid to under-arm hygiene. Indeed, used as a powder, in slab of talcum, it will keep you fresh and sweet through the longest dance or party. It is UNIQUE because it is the ONLY known deodorant which checks all the unpleasantness of perspiration without interfering with the normal healthy action of the skin. MARSANTA will not injure or discolor any underware—it has a tonic effect on the skin—and it instantly absorbs and deodorises perspiration as it exudes from the skin. (Supplied rose scented or unscented.)

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For 25 years... FAMED AS SAFEST... MOST-EFFICIENT—BECAUSE IT IS UNIQUE...A BOX WILL LAST MONTHS
of these new postcards on your friends!

"Have you seen my new cards!" Say this quite casually to your friends, show them the new postcards of, say, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Elissa Landi, group favourites, and note the effect! Everyone is astounded at the beauty, grace and elegance portrayed in the new series of Picturegoer Postcards. You may obtain a magnificent album free to hold 300 cards by becoming a member of the Picturegoer Postcard Club. The cover resembles, snakeskin and the blue oval panel embossed in gold gives a delightful touch. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen cards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. a dozen. Liberal discounts on subsequent orders and other privileges.

**Leave IT to ANNE**

**SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.**

**Next Week**

There has never been a musical comedy stage success as big as "The Merry Widow" and its screen counterpart. It looks like emulating it. Picturegoer presents its readers next week with a sixteen page supplement dealing exhaustively with Lubitsch's masterpiece. Place your order early if you would avoid disappointment.
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In nine cases out of ten, the dragging, wearying pain of backache could have been avoided by drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning. This will always keep healthy kidneys functioning normally and ensure the elimination of the acids and impurities which are the main cause of this distressing condition.

When suffering from backache—whether occasional or periodic—you can render your morning glass of hot water still more active as a kidney stimulant by adding a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate, of which a good supply can be obtained from any chemist for two shillings.

This natural compound has an immediate effect on weakened and disordered kidneys and renders them so healthy and active that all pain-causing acids and impurities are cleared right out of the system. Distressing pains in the back are thus banished with the impurities which cause them.
The BUSYBODY BLACK LIST

"Catherine the Great" barred—"Indecent and immoral" stigma—Fatuous censorship—Noel Coward in screen role—The romance of Fields—Shirley Temple joins the immortals

At least one important British production, Catherine the Great, is banned by the League of Decency's latest film "black list." The cleaner-uppers' new catalogue is a disturbing and, at the same time, encouraging document—disturbing because its severity must inevitably affect, temporarily, at any rate, studio production plans; encouraging because the fanatical fatuity with which it has been conceived suggests that this self-appointed band of busybodies will quickly be laughed out of the court of public opinion.

Thirty-six pictures are condemned out of 105 considered by the League censors. They include:

Affairs of a Gentleman, Affairs of Cellini, All of Me, Ariane, Born to Be Bad, the aforementioned Catherine the Great, Dr. Monica, Enlighten Thy Daughter, Frightening Lady, Firebird, Fog Over Prisco, Girl From Missouri (too Per Cent. Pure to you), Kiss and Make Up, Hai, Coast and Clove, He Was Her Man, I Have Lived, The Life of Vergie Winters, Limehouse Blues, Little Man, What Now?, Du Barry, Manhattan Melodrama, A Modern Hero, A}

Man of the Night, Morals for Women, Nana (Lady of the Boulevards, at the request of our own Mr. Shortt), One More River, Of Human Bondage, Registered Nurse, Sadie McKee, The Scarlet Empress, She Had To Choose, Side Streets, Springtime For Henry, Wild Gold, Woman In His Life, and Youth of Russia.

Strange Proscriptions

Among the fallen there are, one readily admits, one or two talkies, such as Dr. Monica and Born To Be Bad, whose disappearance would inflict no irreparable loss on the cinema, considered either as an art or a moral force.

But if films like Catherine the Great, Of Human Bondage, One More River and Little Man, What Now? are to be ruled off the screens film producers might just as well put up the shutters of their studios and invest the money in the pin table racket, and filmplores return to the public house for their evening recreation.

Reward for Virtue

Anyone can go into almost any bookshop and most libraries and secure an authentic chronicle of the spectacular life of Russia's most famous queen, a lady, who, if we may quote that eminent authority on feminine frailty, Miss Mae West, "had the courage of her convictions and in modern times would have convicted of almost every sin in the calendar."

It is apparently not enough that the movies weekly diluted the character and her history to the point of dulness, in order to please the puritans, and that its good taste was never even questioned in Britain. No, it had to be officially stigmatised in the League's "C" classification as "indecent, immoral and unfit for public entertainment." What nonsense!

Of Human Bondage, through not exactly "smiling Maugham," is an intelligent talkie which in its biting description of the terrible results of a physical passion is more valuable and effective as a social preaching than all the dull sermons spouted from the official pulpits in the last twelve months.

One More River presumably came under the ban because it deals with a woman's desire for a divorce. Does this mean that the entire subject of divorce is to be taboo as a screen theme in future?

(Continued on page 6)
Pernicious "Purity" Pictures

Little Man, What Now? I found, a delicately handled and frequently poignant, though insufficiently picture, over-sentimentalised, perhaps, but without any of the cheap vulgarity of the original book.

It dealt sincerely and as honestly as the censorship restrictions would permit with the problems of the depression in Europe and strenuous triumph over misfortune through faith and courage.

A great deal more pernicious is the sickly saccharine screen, as typified by the outmoded Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, inflicted on us by the Purity Drive, in which we are invited to applaud and admire a mercifully superseded social system under which the sole hope of the poor lay in the degrading patronage and smug charity of the rich.

The Real Trouble

The League of Decency purports to control the filming of 22,000,000 people in America alone. The film industry, however, is not worried so much concerning its black lists as the increasing restrictions imposed at the production end.

Studio leaders are satisfied that good pictures, whether condemned by the League or not, will continue to fill the theatres. The real trouble (and this is borne out by the falling standard of Hollywood pictures, since the slip-up) is that producers are so hedged about with stupid thou-shall-nots that it is almost impossible to make good pictures.

Those that are Blessed

The League also has a "Class B" list, which nominates those films fit for adults but unfit for children. It includes, I notice, Bella of the Nineties, Cleopatra, Dames, the Merry Widow, and We, Live Again.

The "Class A" list carries the talkies which have been given the League's blessing.

As a matter of interest, here they are:

Coward as Screen Actor

Although, through Cavalcade and his wide stage fame, Noel Coward is better known to filmgoers as a writer than any of the regular screen scribes, we have yet to see that gifted young man as an actor.

The irrepressible Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur are out to remedy the matter. They have, I understand, signed him to appear

TO-MORROW NIGHT'S TALKIES
"Picturegoer's" Guide to 1935

Next week's issue of Picturegoer sets up another record in film journalism—an 80-page, all-photo-gravure paper for twoopence.

This special number of Picturegoer is, moreover, not just an 80-page paper. It is a guide to the films and the film world of 1935 that no film fan can afford to be without.

Its features include reviews and particulars of all films due for release during the year, a unique and invaluable service that will simplify "picture shopping" in the coming months, and the secrets of the studios' production schedules.

The wider film field is comprehensively surveyed by the industry's most authoritative and influential experts.

Mr. Sam Eckman, jun., head of the M-G-M company in Britain and one of the shrewdest executives in the business, among other things, outlines the programme for Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and the other glamorous personalities handled by his studio.

Victor Saville, one of Britain's greatest directors, writes provocatively on progress in 1935, the star system and likely new trends.

"I believe," he says, "we are near a point at which the art of pictorial comedy has reached its logical limit and imagination, impressionism, suggestion must to a large extent supplement it.

Another distinguished contributor is Alfred Hitchcock, who deals intriguingly with the ever-fascinating subject: "If I Were Head of a Production Company."

These are but a few of the outstanding features of Picturegoer's Guide to 1935.

The size of this special number has been increased to 90 pages, but the price remains the same—twopence!

There is certain to be a heavy demand for it; make sure of your copy by ordering early.

Fields for Fun

In earlier prophecies regarding screen players who are likely to occupy the larger chores of talkiedom in the coming year most of us have been guilty of an important omission. I can plead, however, that I did write many months ago that if he was not very careful W. C. Fields would be the next funny man to be invested with complexes and adored by the very clever people who found an immense significance which did not exist in the slapstick of Chaplin and inhibitions in the antics of Mickey Mouse.

Aided by Chaplin's long and doubtless masterly activity, Lloyd's infrequent appearances, the eclipse of Keaton, the apparent lack of versatility of Jimmy Durante, and his own considerable talents, Fields has quietly, but steadily, been helping himself to one of the major comedy crowns.

Penniless Two Years Ago

The recent rise of Fields to screen eminence is almost as romantic a story as the old-age triumph of the late Marie Dressler. Two years ago he was practically penniless. His savings had been swallowed in a bank crash and he could get no work.

As a matter of fact, he went to Lou Brock, then producing shorts for the Radio studio, and offered to write, direct and play in a two-reeler for nothing—just in order to get back on the screen.

Mr. Brock rejected the idea—rather abruptly, it is stated—and not for the first time a producer lost a fortune through lack of judgment.

Finally Mack Sennett gave him a chance to come back and after four films for the slapstick king Paramount experimented with him in International House.

He Wants a Rise

Since then his popularity has grown amazingly. To-day the box-office returns reveal that he is the studio's second best important masculine attraction, yielding place only to Bing Crosby, and ranking higher than such eminent idols of the feminine fans as Gary Cooper and George Raft.

A few weeks ago he received a cheque for 50,000 dollars for ten days' work in Metro's David Copperfield.

Mr. Fields himself has been studying those box returns. He thinks something ought to be done about it. And at the moment he is busy trying to persuade the controllers of the Paramount purse-strings to do it.

Shirley in the Hall of Fame

Shirley Temple has joined the immortals. The Infant It Girl has, with due solemnity and ceremony, inscribed her footprints to those perpetuated in the cement of the famous forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre—Hollywood's hall of fame.

The custom started informally, and accidentally, back in 1927 when Sid Grauman was showing Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks over the
kinema, which was then nearing completion. The idea of getting them to leave a permanent record of their visit—and fame—was the inspiration of the moment.

Since then all the front-rank stars have "made their marks," as Tilly did all. That is not quite correct. Garbo has been approached frequently, but to date visitors to the Grauman forecourt have yet to see the imprint of the world's most famous footsies.

To Star in Pickford Stories?

The future of Shirley, incidentally, is giving the Fox executives food for thought at the moment. Wisely anticipating that the novelty will wear off in time, the studio is concentrating on finding stories with wide entertainment appeal that will not be entirely dependent on the personality of the youngster.

In her next, The Little Colonel, for instance, she is surrounded by a strong cast headed by Lionel Barrymore and Evelyn Venable, while the novel from which the film is being adapted has ready-made credentials.

There is some possibility, I understand, that Shirley will remake some of Mary Pickford's silent successes.

Chaplin to Direct

Charlie Chaplin contrives to keep in the news now that "Production Number Five" is under weigh. The latest report to reach us from the little man's studio is that he is going ahead with plans to produce and direct a feature, under the title of Personal Reasons, starring Paulette Goddard.

The new film, it is understood, will go into production soon as Charlie has finished his long-delayed comedy. He now has a writer developing a treatment of his original story.

The announcement comes as good news to those of us who have long held the opinion that Chaplin should find an outlet for his more "arty" aspirations in direction rather than in his clown characterization.

Donat-conscious

If one may venture on yet another prophecy for 1935 at this comparatively late date it is that Robert Donat will shortly join Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman among the English actors to be elected international screen celebrities by Hollywood.

The Warner Studio, which has been quietly but steadily raiding the ranks of our male players, has signed him up and is embarking on an ambitious programme to build him up as a first-magnitude star.

His first film for the studio will be Captain Blood, the spectacular Sabatini story that was last seen on the screen in 1924. He is also scheduled to star in a film of The Thirty-Nine Steps, an English Agent, which has previously been widely mentioned as a vehicle for Leslie Howard, to whom Donat is already being hailed as a dangerous rival.

How to Pronounce It

Few British actors have started their Hollywood careers with less ballyhoo than Robert Doeat. When a few weeks ago he returned to England, The Count of Monte Cristo was previewed half the film colony had never heard of him and were unaware that he had been working in the film capital.

Donat came to London from Manchester five or six years ago to earn a living on the stage. He was nineteen then and he had 5s in his pocket. By the time he had dwindled to two shillings he managed to get a job with Sir Frank Benson, eventually rising from assistant manager to leading part. Thereafter he learnt his job thoroughly in repertory and stock.

Hollywood still has some difficulty with his name, which is actually pronounced "Do-nat." Studio workers on his last visit called him everything from "Do-nat" to "Do-not," finally simplifying it to "Doughnut."

The star often overheard himself referred to by that name, but never let on that he did. At the end of the picture the working crew was surprised to receive a huge box filled with freshly baked doughnuts. A note said: "To my friends—I hope I'm as good at acting as these are eating."

Kinema Couples

This week's first prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to J. J. Smith, Church Cottage, Monk Hesleden, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham, for:

If I Were Free

No More Women

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to the following:

Mrs. Heworth, 6 Eldon Grove, Granville Street, Hull, for: Radio Parade of 1935

Great Expectations

Mrs. A. Barber, 15 Temperance Street, Swinton, Mexboro, Yorks, for:

The Secret of the Loch

Seeing Is Believing

A. Moran, 11 North Street, Paisley, Scotland, for:

Ruman Novarro will soon be back on our screens in "The Night is Young." Here he is in a scene with Edward Everett Horton.

The Broken Melody

I'll Fix It

Betty P. Turner, 243 Malpas Road, Brockley, for:

Marrying Widows

Such Women are Dangerous

recently showing at a Sydenham theatre.

Kinema couples should be submitted on a post card and addressed to me c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes cannot be opened.

There is no need for winners to send in claims; prize money will be forwarded in due course.

Poor Marlene!

Poor Marlene always seems to be in trouble. Through the work of an imaginative script writer, a special attendant had to be called in to protect the Dietrich in opening scenes of her new starring film, Carnival in Spain.

A particularly obnoxious duck was made Marlene's leading man for the first day, because of its charming penchant for biting buttons off coats and snapping at any arms and legs within reach. A most comical bird . . .

In half an hour it had chewed off most of Marlene Dietrich's elaborate Andalusian costume; nipped Lionel Atwill in most unexpected places at most unexpected times; ruined 40 ft. of film stock, knocking the walls down, marched off the set, and knocked over a lamp costing about 5s.

Production was held up for over a day while the studio searched for someone who knew something about duck-controlling!

Short Shots

Charles Laughton is to co-star with Fredric March in the Hollywood version of Les Misérables.—Jean Crawford has signed a new contract with M.G.M.—M.; the news recalls the fact that in seven years she has never made a picture for any other studio.—Same company is negotiating with Wynne Gibson with a view of building her up into a stellar personality,—Darryl Zamack has signed Lawrence Tibbett—Fox is to re-make Ramona.—Gladsy Swarblout, mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the latest opera star to "do a Grace Moore;" she is booked for Paramount.—William Powell is being mentioned for the role of Sidney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities.—Katharine Hepburn is to star in Quality Street, last filmed in 1928 with Marion Davies in the lead.—Jack Oakie wore the same tramp costume in College Rhythm that he wore in Class Harmony five years ago; it has been in the studio wardrobe all that time.—Kasha Le Sneur, sister-in-law of Joan Crawford, is trying her hand at acting.
Singing as a Career

Jeanette A. Macdonald

Star of "The Merry Widow," which is the subject of this week's Famous Films Supplement.

I HAVE often been asked by ambitious girls who aspire to singing careers:

How can I develop a singing voice?

How can I improve my voice?

What should I do to become a singer?

Two words answer these and almost every other similar question concerning singing. They are simple little words—but relentless taskmasters. They are—Time and Patience.

The career of a successful vocalist is a long, hard road. And it takes unlimited time and patience to cover it. Perhaps I can best explain the difficulties of becoming a singer, a good singer, by discussing myself.

In our family I was one of three girls, and our parents wanted each of us to have a musical career. Elsie, one of my two older sisters, ran away from boarding school to be married, and sacrificed her chances. The other, Blossom, journeyed from dancing school to the Broadway stage ... and so determined was I to follow in her footsteps that I began the study of music and dancing when I was six years old.

When I was fourteen, father took me to New York on one of his business trips. Blossom was in a Ned Wayburn revue at the Capitol Theatre, Broadway, and she introduced me to Wayburn. He coached my family to let me have a two-weeks' try-out in his revue, and soon after I left school I seriously started out after the stage career that I wanted.

That was really the beginning. But before I was preparing myself, and it was not long before I discovered that the careers of many singers are wrecked because they began to sing when they were too young.

To try to develop vocalists by starting them in their early childhood is a grave mistake. Children should not begin singing when they are so young. It will prove very bad for them in later years.

Singing in childhood enlarges the muscles of the throat and obstructs the flow of breath. If anything, the requisite of a singing voice is to eliminate interference instead of creating obstruc-

Copyright, 1935, by Jeanette A. Macdonald

There is no harm in smoking for other singers. Three or four cigarettes a day will injure no one, and this brings up the subject of dissipation. Vocalists cannot and must not dissipate. Sleep is very essential. I am happiest when I can sleep nine hours nightly, though I seldom find time for more than seven hours' sleep.

Diet is very important for vocalists. That does not mean that you cannot eat this and you must not eat that. Eat what you think is best for you, but use your own good judgment about it.

Most of the singers I know are hearty eaters, for you cannot sing or give a strong, healthy performance if you are continually dieting. Clothing is not important to singers. Wear the clothing you like best, but it is advisable not to have any garments choking the body. Freedom of movement is the only watchword concerning wearing apparel—which, after all, covers the whole subject of preparation for a singing career—Freedom.

And one must never cease studying. So many people believe they can become singers within two or three months. This is impossible. I have been studying singing for seven years and I am still studying.

I have my private lessons from my English vocalist teacher every day, the lessons lasting an hour or more. I have my lessons from my French vocalist teacher three times weekly—for no matter how hard I have studied in the past, I still have a lot to learn about singing.

NEXI WEEK

PICTUREGOER greets its readers in the New Year with an eighty-page issue which will give in general and detail what films you will see in 1935, what the producers' plans are and articles by many people famous in the picture industry as well as the usual features.

The keynote of "Picturegoer's" policy has always been service to its readers and in this issue their interests concerning what is new and what is planned have been fully served.

The price is the same as usual—2d.—and it is advisable for all those who do not wish to be disappointed to place their orders early as this novel and greatly enlarged number in full photogravure will be in great demand.
Right: Perhaps it was fitting, or something or other, that Frances Drake should have represented the film colony in welcoming the battleship "New Mexico" to Californian waters.

Randolph Scott and Mrs. Leslie Caster, the famous stage stars, snapped while waiting for their "call" for a scene. They appear in "The Vanishing Pioneer."

New standard of beauty for legs. Muriel Evans' elegant underpinnings have been chosen by three famous sculptors to be used as a model for statues.

Left: Harry Albiez is proud of this "prop" box which he is showing to Billie Burke, W. S. Van Dyke and Clark Gable. On it are inscribed the locations, ranging the world, it has seen.

Through Our Lens

This week's human story. Mrs. Vivian Betancourt, out of work for months, secured an extra job in "Carnival in Spain." Producer Josef von Sternberg played good Samaritan by allowing her to attend her baby whenever the need was urgent.
The NEGLECT of

Edmund GWENN

WHEN Henry Ainley suddenly fell ill during the production of The Good Companions, in which he was taking the fruity role of his fellow-Yorkshireman Jess Oakroyd, they called upon an actor who has never yet taken anything like so prominent a part in a film.

It was Edmund Gwenn, one of the most reputable and likeable and versatile actors of the West End stage, whose outstanding film roles had been as Hornblower in silent and sound versions of Galsworthy's The Skin Game.

Big hits on the screen are never accidents. A great actor may appear in scores of films without catching the eye—because he had unsuitable parts.

Great parts may pass unnoticed, unrealised by the audience—because the actors chosen lacked either physical quality or the intelligence or the technical resources to exploit them fully.

When the fine actor and the suitable role synchronise, you get the big hit. It is surprising how rarely this happens. Gwenn's performance as Jess Oakroyd was a very marked instance of it. Edmund Gwenn had always been an enormous ready-made public of those who read and heard about the most famous English best-seller of recent times, and his talent took his place among the important character actors of the cinema, and one automatically thought of him as one of the vehicles'}s goods, rather than as a man who adapts himself to subordinate character-roles in conventional films in which the youtful hero and heroine dominate the screen.

Whether this was a good thing or not I don't claim to know, but it surely was so.

They are the Golden Age of the character actor on the screen. For the moment, matinée idols, though they still enjoy huge fan-mails and fat salaries, do not arouse a fraction of the interest stirred up, in Europe, by Veidt, Jannings, Laughton, Hardwicke, and Arliss, and by such brilliant Americans as William Powell, Wallace Beery, the two Tracys, Muni and Cagney.

All this is very good, of course, it is a real intellectual and emotional treat to see one of the more ambitious pictures of any of these men. They are stars, in the real sense of the word, and, in my opinion, their work goes far to justify the much-abused star system.

The essence of this system, I take it, is that an individual actor is treated, from the very beginning, as being of more significance than the story in which he acts.

The jargon "vehicle," and the placing of the actor's name in larger letters than the picture, confirms this view.

The actor, so to speak, sits around while the authorities root about looking for roles which are made to measure for him; he does not offer his services for any odd character roles they may have available in films already under way.

Edmund Gwenn consented to show his work as Jess Oakroyd that the English screen has in him a man who was clearly of this calibre. Let it pass that his splendid stage record and his flawlessly acting technique should have convinced the film-authorities of this without any further evidence; in his first really worth-while screen part, he showed indubitably that, unlike so many brilliant London stage luminaries who tried their hand at talkies when the new invention made good voices indispensable, he could adapt himself effortlessly to the very difficult new technique of the camera and microphone.

His Jess Oakroyd was shrewd, humorous, pliable and very British, and yet he avoided insularity or stiffness.

He irritated no one and delighted millions all over the British Empire. Scores of people who had been slightly repelled by the heartiness of the novel and by the "bluntness" of Oakroyd in cold print, found Gwenn's creation human and three-dimensional in a way very few characters on the screen contrive to be.

To this day, I regard a "still" of Gwenn as Oakroyd as one of the "realist" portraits I've ever seen. He lived. We all know men like that.

The chain of circumstances which led to this success of the film of Gwenn, Priestley & Co. may yet prove a big event.

J. B. Priestley is one of the shrewdest observers of the passing show, as well as one of the most adaptable writers in the contemporary world. What is as important, he is young and energetic and has no inhibitions about novelists not being able to write directly for the stage or screen.

He sat down just over a year ago and, with Edmund Gwenn in his mind's eye, wrote a play around the character he had envisaged for the actor.

Like everything that Priestley does, the play was about life as it is lived in Great Britain as we know it, and its characters breathed our air, tasted our pains and pleasures—and ate bananas like you and me.

And it had been "built around" Gwenn, intelligently and sympathetically by a man who had taken the liberty of stepping back a few paces, standing, and staring, and thinking.

That play ran for over a year. It was grand stuff. Now it is going to New York, and Edmund Gwenn, at a salary larger even than he has ever had before, is going with it.

Priestley has already gone. A few hours before he sailed, I asked him his opinion of Gwenn as an actor.

"Excellent," he said. "One of the half-dozen best in England. He's equally effective on stage and screen because his technique is so seemingly simple, so clear cut. Oh, yes—a fine artiste. You can be sure I want to write more for him in the future—that is, if he wants me to and his engagements make it possible."

Hollywood, of course, is after Gwenn. Eternally on the look-out for men who will push out and replace simultaneously the stars of to-day, Californian talent-scouts have recognised "the goods" in Edmund Gwenn.

He is in just about the same position as were Marie Dressler and George Arliss before a belated world-boom raised them from being merely well-established stage artistes to international celebrities, "household names" in the most literal sense of the phrase.

I have heard reports of salary—offers of £70,000 a year, if Gwenn will make Hollywood his home for a few years.

It is the same old story, you see. Others may disagree with me, but it is more than I can do to name two really appropriate roles which have been given to Gwenn in the dozen or so pictures he has made since The Good Companions.

When he has been starred, it was in honest and

GLYN Roberts appeals to the British studios to stop wasting one of the finest actors on the screen to-day before Hollywood snaps him up.
January 19, 1935

not-quite-successful "hooey." His character roles have been trifling or else flagrantly unworthy of his enormous talents.

The part of the Burgomaster in that highly competent film I Was a Spy really suited him, with the result that he turned in a beautifully rounded and genuinely moving performance.

In his most recent picture, Java Head—

from Hergheiz's fine novel—Waiters from Vienna and Warm London, Gwenn acts flawlessly, though in only the third of these is he really the star.

In the first and second he is fitted into the pattern of the picture, and his skill makes him all the more unobtrusive.

Java Head is good dramatic stuff, Waiters from Vienna is an extremely efficient transcript of the international stage musical success, and Warm London is a praiseworthy lowbrow thriller which unfortunately, to my mind, does not quite come off, though this is due more to shortcomings in the story than any failures on the part of the cast.

Because his technique is so assured and his personality so engaging, admirers of Gwenn's acting should certainly not miss any of these films, but whether any of them has really explored his possibilities to the full is, I think, very much open to dispute.

Gwenn, to my mind, is a character actor in the truest sense of the phrase. I should never apply the label to Veidt or to Laughton, whose personalities are so strong that I can never identify them with the characters they are supposed to be portraying (I except Veidt's Rasputin—a great performance.)

It is always a case of the tail, proving the stronger, wagging the dog. Because those personalities are engaging and gripping, Veidt and Laughton films are always stimulating and fascinating; but for me both men completely fail to sink themselves into the different characters they enact; this is heresy, I suppose, but it is the honest testimony of one who describes what he sees.

As for Arliss, has he ever bugged an inch from George Arliss? Who wants him to? I have seen Benjamin Disraeli, Rothschild, Voltaire and Alexander Hamilton all give brilliant performances as Arliss.

Gwenn is not like that. Really and truly this man does sink himself into the character. This is not to say that his personality is vague or colourless; it simply is not that kind of personality.

Edmund Gwenn

as he appeared in "Java Head."

He is the complete actor, conscious, careful, fastidious, sure of himself. He conserves his energy cunningly, so that his bursts of passion, his tears (he is a magnificent weeper) and his rage, are really disturbing.

He makes you take notice; you have to identify yourself with him in his joys and his problems.

He can be intense, careful, suspicious, gay, all in a moment. His broad, flexible face is the perfect instrument for reflecting the pretended workings of his brain and the emotions he is undergoing.

Nearly forty years of acting have gone to produce this facile, effortless acting technique, unexcelled in Britain to-day. He has played Ibsen, Shaw, Shakespeare, Barrie, Galsworthy, revue, farce, comedy, tragedy. He knows his job.

It simply is not good enough to waste Edmund Gwenn. "Waste" may be a strong word, but is it not substantially true?

To suggest that the roles he has been given have been good enough is to underestimate this great actor's potentialities appallingly.

Gwenn himself is much too easygoing to say anything about it—it is not an actor's job to unearth and write his own plays and scenarios.

The intelligent exploitation of the—as yet—incalculable quantity which is Edmund Gwenn is the concern of the British studio executives and writers. It is in their interest to get down to it. If they don't, Hollywood will, and another great artiste will have found real understanding abroad.

Left : Gwenn's "Just Ob- royd" really lived; the actor on the set with Mrs. Florence Oregon. Above : the star as he really is.
The talks have curtailed the international aspect of the kinema to a large extent and I'm afraid that even those foreign films which do get specialised showings in the West End of London in certain provincial centres are rarely accorded general release.

I cannot believe that this is due wholly to public apathy in the variety of their entertainment; a little more enterprise on the part of some of the big circuits and the courage occasionally to experiment would perhaps remedy this state of affairs.

As things are, it is a pity because some of the best films of the continental kind are amongst the small percentage of Continental films which we are privileged to see, and I am of the considered opinion that, at the moment, French pictures are leading the way both in talkie technique and in the matter of screen acting.

I am perfectly sure, too, that a picture like *Les Misérables*, which has been showing at the Academy, even though it is in French, would be welcomed by the majority of the film-going public. Those of you who are old cinema-goers will remember the triumphant success of the silent version.

These considerations are aroused by two pictures that I have just seen, *Reka*, the first Czech-Slovakian talkie to be shown in this country to the best of my knowledge, and *Remous*, a French production. *Reka* is a very simple little rural romance, telling in an ingenious yet wholly delightful manner of the schoolboy love of a young countryman for his little neighbour.

It also dwells on the fears of the boy's father for his son's future. The lad is passionately fond of the woods and the wild—an obsession of his father before he married—and he dreads that he may turn poacher.

A fear that is made apparent by a poacher who lives near them and who has served five years in prison for his exploits; he is a friend of the boy.

The picture unfolds in a leisurely manner—Josef Rovensky's direction is apt, indeed, to be too deliberate and has something of the Russian technique about it—and paints the characteristics and psychology of these simple folk.

Action is only introduced in an accepted film manner when the boy has a titaic struggle to hook a huge pike; a reward has been offered for its capture and he wants the money to buy shoes for his lover.

His struggles involve him undressing and plunging in the river, and the finding of his water-soaked garments make the girl and his parents believe he is drowned.

That is all there is to it, but one is gently fascinated all the time by the soothing charm of the quiet atmosphere and by the naturalistic acting of the cast. Rovensky, by the way, frequently uses appropriate poses to express emotion and these are highly effective.

As the little girl, Jarmla Berankova is excellent. He has an attractive personality and a complete absence of mannerisms.

Excellent characterisations come from Jar Vojta as the father, Vojtova Mayerova as the mother, and I. Svirak as a poacher.

Photography is especially noteworthy in its artistry and the way it expresses the spirit of the rural surroundings. — L.C.

In most French pictures, the acting in this domestic drama is exceedingly good, and it uses pictorial expression to avoid superfluous dialogue.

*Remous*—Its theme, however, is weak, its psychology immature, and there is a tremendous amount of pretentious symbolism and pictorial suggestion which, when analysed, amounts solely to so much padding. lently photographed with intelligent use of camera angles. It is scrappy and fails to present either worth while or deeply interesting characters.

It should have been an incisive essay in sex psychology, but its actual effort is entirely the spirit that underlies that director's work even if he has accepted some of his methods of production.

The story is very thin. Henry Saint Clair is injured in a motor-car accident immediately after his honeymoon and paralysed from the waist down. His wife tries to be faithful to him, but some young man engaged to her best friend, although she still loves her husband.

So the disaster and in spite of the fact that his wife tells him she loves only him in the deeper meaning of the word, he commits suicide.

The picture is untidily edited although excellently photographed with intelligent use of camera angles. It is scrappy and fails to present either worth while or deeply interesting characters.

The director is Edward T. Greville, once Rene Clair's assistant, but he certainly has not caught some of the best films of the latest films... LET OUR CRITICS WHO REALLY SEE THE FILMS GUIDE YOU

ONE FEELS THAT IF EDMOND T. GREVILLE WERE TO DETERMINE A little on his passion for pictorial detail, or at any rate the more banal and obvious aspects of it, and procure a more dramatic plot, he might make a really excellent picture, for there is at least idea and experiment in his work. — L.C.

For sheer ingenuity of concerted spectacular dance numbers this picture takes a lot of beating. They are fascinating in their variety and clever camera work, and Busby Berkeley, who created and directed them, deserves sincere congratulations.

The fact that they are meant to be performed on a theatre stage—an impossible feat—does not detract from their

**PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS**

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**THESE CONTINENTAL FILMS**

**Binnie Barnes and Frank Morgan in "There's Always Tomorrow," a story of love and marital duty.**
entertaining qualities, although it does not, of course, help to convince one in the story which, however, is a secondary consideration.

Nevertheless, the plot has got its points and the opening sequences of the film are taken up in explaining the situation of Horace, who is expecting a big endowment from his eccentric cousin Ezra, a strict moralist.

Things are complicated by the fact that Horace is compromised on a train by an actress and is forced to back a show by her and also by the fact that his daughter is in love with a young actor, another of the eccentric millionaire’s cousins whose name is taboo in the family.

How Ezra founds a society for the elevation of American morals and tries to stop the show, which, unknown to him, Horace has backed—he gets so drunk on a hiccough cure which consists mostly of alcohol that he ends up the night in a police cell with the chorus and cast of the show—provides quite good hilarious situations.

Moreover, there are several good wisecracks to enliven the acting of a thoroughly capable cast.

As Ezra, Hugh Herbert is in great form—just for a change he does not get drunk till the last reel.

Guy Kibbee is very good as the unfortunate Horace who is so badly compromised and ZaSu Pitts gives an amusing study of his apprehensive wife.

Dick Powell sings some tuneful numbers and puts a good deal of vivacity into his portrayal of the disgraced cousin, while Joan Blondell is very good as the hard-boiled actress who causes Horace such anxiety.

Ruby Keeler, as Horace’s daughter, does some clever tap dancing.

The production goes with a swing and represents excellent entertainment of its type.—L.C.

The other day, at the Curzon, London, I saw for the second time this American cartoon work which I have seen on the screen, not even excepting Walt Disney’s.

Joie De Vivre

It is an entirely new conception of the use of line and black and white to gain artistic effects in movement; the artists concerned have made use, in fact, of the idioms of contemporary painting.

Hubert Hoppin and Anthony Gross composed and executed this exquisite little fantasy which deals with the adventures of two girls in a ballet of contrasted factory and countryside settings.

The flowing movements are particularly noteworthy and the subtle use of black and white seems almost to bring colour to the fantastic designs.

The flight of birds and butterflies, the swimming of a brood of ducks, the girls bathing in a pool are accompanied with this same rhythmic excellence which is a sheer delight to the eye.

I understand the picture’s producers are to make cartoons for London Films and if so to advise my readers to watch out for a real novelty as well as an artistic triumph.

If they concentrate on creating a cartoon character that scores a hit, the last seeing a British rival to what has become almost an American screen monopoly.—L.C.
Next week “The Picturegoer” achieves a further great triumph in film journalism by the publication, on Thursday, January 24th, at the usual price of Twopence only, of a wonderful 80-page Double Number and Film Guide for 1935.

This magnificent issue is the finest feast of film entertainment and information ever produced for Twopence. Look at this list of the chief features in its 80 brilliant pages.

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ORDER NEXT WEEK’S PICTUREGOER NOW!
HAL READ in Bed — —

—And Jean Harlow Divorced Him—Will Clara Bow Come Back?
—Janet's Romance?—Rudolph Valentino's Home—Stars' Philanthropy

THE matrimonial ship is often wrecked for trivial reasons, so it is not surprising that Jean Harlow, who recently divorced Hal Rosson, the noted cameraman, should give her husband's habit of reading in bed as one of the reasons why she desired her freedom. The platinum star also claimed that her husband was sullen and irritable.

Certainly it was not sufficiently surprising for the court to ask why Jean did not adjourn to another room, leaving Mr. Rosson to read in peace.

Stars at a Fire

I was reading a very interesting book, with the radio turned on, when the police announcing the Warner studio fire roused me, and I was at Burbank soon after the start of the outbreak. The flames seemed to light up the whole sky.

Later, stars and other players were very much in evidence. The police would admit only employees to the studio, but finally, I discovered a way to "crash the gates," and learned the extent of the damage—several property buildings, including a storage house which contained much furniture which had arrived a few hours previously, and several expensive street sets. No sound stages were injured. The chief of the studio fire department died, and many workers were injured.

Clara's New Role

Clara Bow recently became the proud mother of a baby boy, and everyone in Hollywood is wondering whether she will return to the films. The famous red-haired star is still very popular, despite her long absence from the screen; so I feel certain that she will soon reappear before the camera.

Only screen mothers who are not in demand at the studios elect to retire!

Janet's Rumoured Romance

Janet Gaynor is quite ready to admit that she likes Dr. Devien, a New York dentist, but she denies that there will be an engagement. Dr. Devien, a very good-looking man, showed his devotion to Janet by arriving in Hollywood for a short visit. He accompanied the little star to many social affairs, and made a great impression upon Janet's friends.

Jean Harlow wears an ultra-sophisticated polka-dott formal frock in navy and white, worn with the large black hat and luxurious silver fox cape and muff.

An Expensive Exodus

Marion Davies has left the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio for the Warner lot in Hollywood, and I have it on very good authority that it cost $27,000 to cut her expensive bungalow into six pieces and install it upon foundations at the Warner lot.

The star's bungalow, built in Spanish style, is a most expensive affair, containing many rooms and an expensive kitchen. It had even been rumoured that the decoration scheme at the studio is to match the bungalow.

A Boy's Ambition

Jackie Cooper now wants to be a motor-cycle policeman. The boy star has been in the East, accompanied by his mother, making personal appearances, being interviewed, and all that sort of thing. What interested him most, he told me, was the police escort that often accompanied his car.

"I'm gonna be one of those guys!" Jack declared emphatically if ungrammatically.

The annual salary of a policeman just about approaches the young Mr. Cooper's weekly earnings.

A Kindly Mistress

Pola Negri has purchased Falcon Lair, long the home of Rudolph Valentino, with whom Pola was in love, and to whom she was engaged at the time of his death.

Miss Negri will arrive shortly from Europe, prepared to win back fame in the movies, and will reside in the home of her late beloved.

Valentino's Home

Back in New York, Marion Davies sends the annual star's housekeeper, a midget. They are beginning to make their yearly Christmas party, and there will be a table of Christmas cookies alone. One will be for the studio and another for her friends in the world.

A Generation Too Soon

The enthusiastic youths who edit the Dartmouth College newspaper (Dartmouth is located at Hanover, New Hampshire) wired Ginger Rogers, recently married to Lew Ayres, asking her to send her son to their college.

Ginger, a bride of a few weeks, was rather embarrassed. She did not promise the Dartmouth boys that she would send a possible son to their school, feeling that Lew and she must decide that important step when the son, if he arrives, has reached the age when he is eligible for collegiate training.

Chivalry

Christmas was a happy occasion for many employed members of the film colony, but it would not have been so if the Motion Picture Relief Fund had not existed. This fine organisation is supported by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors' Association of America, familiarly known as the Hays organisation. The Motion Picture Relief Fund sent complete Christmas dinners, including turkeys, cranberry sauce and mincemeat pies, to hundreds of actors and other studio workers who have been unable to secure employment.

The Fund maintains its philanthropic relief work throughout the year, giving amounts ranging from $3 to $10 a week to needy families.
entirely different red from her frock and hat; she was the essence of charm and greeted me with complete lack of affectedness.

There is, indeed, about this woman a sense of repose, a sense of stability and frankness, and a complete lack of studio-made glamour.

She laughed when I told her I had expected to have difficulty in meeting her and that I didn't see how she ever managed to do so many different things at once and yet make a record number of films.

For Fay Wray is renowned for being a perfect housewife (she is the wife of John Monk Saunders, novelist and scenario writer); she runs her English-style home in Hollywood perfectly; she sketches in charcoal; she writes poems (which she gets published, too); she rides, she swims, and she can beat anyone at ping-pong—except her husband!

She shrugged—in the gracious way American women can. "Oh, it's not so hectic as it sounds," she told me. "I try to keep a little business-like for an artiste, but I always attend strictly to one thing at a time. At home I attend entirely to the running of my home, to entertaining, and to details of my social life. I throw off the cares of the studio and try and live a happy, normal married existence."

"At the studio, however, I am entirely engrossed in my work and in all the technicalities that go to make it up. My career and my private life are never allowed to mix."

She smiled. So did I. It all sounded so simple.

I asked her how she liked England—this is her first visit here.

"I love it," she said, slowly. "Maybe I should; you see, it is my grandfather's own country. He was born in a little town near a sea-port, I believe—by the name of Hull. You have heard of it?"

"Yes, I have," she asked me. "And,"

"she laughed, as if hastened to assure her that I had heard of Hull," "what do you think was the first thing I did upon arriving in London? I rang to scream at my British admirers over the radio!"

This suggested broadcast wasn't so crazy as it sounds, for, in those "horror" films Fay earned the title of "A Screaming Success." And a success she undoubtedly is, though upon meeting her you can't imagine her screaming or giving way to nerves of any description.

Composure, dignity, humour, and charm, instead of the temperament, the nerves that you might expect from a haunted woman.

For Fay Wray is haunted! She is haunted by the ghosts of King Kong, The Hounds of Zaroff, and The Mystery of the Wax Museum, three of the many films she made during that "horror" cycle.

A goodly collection of ghosts, indeed! And Fay Wray is not allowed to forget them, although she has now emerged from the clutches of indolentianian monster and age-old mummies suddenly infested with life and can act an entirely sophisticated drama without the fear of having her clothes torn to tatters in a struggle for life with some beastly monster!

Not that Fay scorned the "horror" films that placed her on the topmost rung of the ladder of film fame, but "even a 'screaming success' becomes slightly hoarse after a while," Fay smiled. "Still, I haven't screamed in my recent pictures and Alias Bulldog Drummond has more laughs in it than 'creeps.'"

You would never think, talking to this calm, lovely girl, that emotion (apart, of course, from her performances before the camera) originally gave her her chance of screen stardom. Yet, if Fay Wray had not burst into tears at a critical moment, she might still be in "slap-stick" comedy.

Erich von Stroheim was looking for a leading lady in The Wedding March. Fay applied for the role, was interviewed and tested among hundreds of other applicants—so many hundreds that, at the hopelessness of it all, she suddenly burst into tears.

Emotion! That was what von Stroheim wanted. Fay won the role and began her climb to stardom. A star to-day, she still gives a grateful glance back at her "slap-stick" days.

"They were a very valuable training ground," she says. "A custard pie in your face, or an ice cream down your back all help you to become 'camera comfortable.' You lose all self-consciousness."

Bebe Daniels, Carole Lombard, and Gloria Swanson are but three other stars of to-day who can testify to the excellency of that training. Having stepped out of the "extra" ranks, a long-term contract with Paramount followed, and Fay was learning a lot about Hollywood. So much, indeed, just as talkies began to sweep the film world, she took a very decisive step and became a free lance.

This was a step that might have been dangerous for any other type of woman to take. But Fay Wray had studied the situation keenly; she had learned a great deal, and she was brave enough to take the chance of freelance work, which, she avowed, allied to common sense and average luck, should suit her better than contract work.
By Request

FAY WRAY

In an Interview with Lynne Myddleton

January 19, 1935

It has! Those sixteen films in twelve months testify to the saneness of her reasoning. They speak well, too, for her foresight and her sense of business matters. To-day she is one of the most-sought-after young actresses in Hollywood—especially now that she has proved herself in other than "horror" roles.

"And I just had to give those up," she told me. I nodded sympathetically and she laughed.

"Oh, not because I had to resort to aspirins after playing in those films," she said. "Those roles never affected my nerves in the slightest. They were just fun! No, it was because I was afraid of becoming 'typed' that I realised I must strike out in another direction."

This, again, shows the calm courage that this young actress possesses. To renounce the roles in which filmgoers have come to know you, to begin building up a fresh reputation for yourself, is a big step for any actress to take, especially when she has already achieved not a little success in a certain type of part.

But Fay Wray never faltered. She knew what she wanted. She had made up her mind—and that was that!

So she began to appear in such films as One Saturday Afternoon (in which she was a "bad lot" and very unkind to Gary Cooper!); she became a raven-haired Senorita in Viva Villa opposite Wallace Beery; went sixteen century for The Affairs of Cellini; and now she is completely sophisticated in The Richest Girl in the World. And she has proved her worth as an actress in each of these widely differing roles.

Courage, calmness, and undoubted ability have brought Fay Wray not over-night fame that is startling while it lasts and then dies as quickly as it came, but steady, ever-increasing popularity built up on consecutively good performances.

That she is always displeased with her performances is but a sign of the true artiste. Self-satisfaction alone breeds inferior work.

Fay is amused at this stardom, and she doesn't "feel so different from 'extra' days." When I asked if she had a swimming pool, she shook her head decisively.

She loves her work. Her large blue-grey eyes gleam with enthusiasm for the co-operation of the men who work in the Hollywood studios.

"It is this co-operation of technicians, cameramen and 'props' that helps you to make a success of a picture; it is their enthusiasm that helps you on over difficult patches. They are the kindest, friendliest creatures in the world, and grand to work with; they will tell you if you like a thing or dislike it."

"They will even applaud if some scene appeals especially to them. It is their enthusiasm that helps to carry a picture through, and every artist is grateful for this bunch of men."

Here Fay was called away to answer a "call from the studio," the only interruption to our enjoyable luncheon. She was smiling when she returned.

"Jack Hulbert has just completed some more 'gags' for this afternoon's scenes," she told me. "He is the funniest man! Walks about with a secretary at his heels, pencil poised over writing pad ready for his next 'bright thought'!" She laughed. "Our Hollywood comedians don't work that way. But then, isn't Jack Hulbert the most original person, anyway?"

Yes, completely without "ballyhoo" is Fay Wray. She has never "gone Hollywood"—she has never had to. She has risen to fame through sheer ability and work; she has never done anything to bring her to the notice of Those Who Matter.

She has always been sincere with herself and with everyone around her. Straightforward, clear thinking, decisive—you can't imagine her indecisive over any matter. She is successful in yet another direction—that of her marriage.

When I met Fay she was expecting John Monk Saunders over here at the end of the week. She said very little about this, but I could see by the smile on her face and the vivacity in her eyes that she was pleased. And one remark of hers made me realise fully what his coming meant to her. I had asked her if she had seen many shows in town.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I haven't been around very much yet. I am waiting to do it all with John."
Evelyn feeling herself neglected by her foolishly accepts the attentions of Kennard (Harvey Stephens).

Myrna Loy as the attractive Mrs. Evelyn Prentice and Una Merkel who ably dispenses comedy relief.

John Prentice (William Powell), the brilliant criminal lawyer, comforts his wife after he has successfully proved her innocence in a murder charge.

John Prentice uses scientific means to prepare his defence of Kennard's mistress (Isabel Jewell) who is at first suspected of his murder, which Evelyn believes may be her own.
William Powell gives another of his polished performances and is particularly brilliant in the well-devised court sequences.

**Evelyn Prentice**

William Powell and Myrna Loy, whose teaming in *The Thin Man* made that picture such a notable success, are together again here in a marital drama with a crime background. It is directed by William K. Howard, and its strong supporting cast includes Isabell Jewell and Una Merkel.

As Evelyn's child, Cora Sue Collins gives a delightful juvenile performance.
CAROLE LOMBARD

Who is to be co-starred with George Raft again in "Rhumba." Carole probably scores the biggest hit of her career to date in "Twentieth Century."
The Story of the Film
by Marjory Williams

Nell Gwyn

The King is in the royal box.

Thus Mr. Samuel Pepys, his round face under the curled wig, full of archness for Mistress Knipp, in the act of fastening her garter, yet maintaining somehow an air of portent due to the occasion, delivered himself at the door of the ladies’ dressing-room at Drury Lane Theatre.

“The King! God save him!” came the cry of Mistress Nell Gwyn from her mirror by the pierced bucket, topped with glowing coke for the reception of the actress’s curling irons. Who said the leading lady and youngest member of the stage company, awaiting the rise of the first curtain of The Vestal Virgin, wasn’t about to make the most of her chances? Under the reddish-brown halo of curls, Nell’s chief claim to beauty at eighteen was an intrepid spirit, a mischievous daring that didn’t know the meaning of nerves.

While in front of the lighted candles the musicians scraped their fiddles, while among the audience even the orange-sellers went about their business a flutter, Nell laid her plans. She hadn’t risen from the orange-seller bench to histrionic fame in John Dryden’s plays for nothing. Actresses died poor who had only their salaries to keep them. Nell believed in the additional support of fine gentlemen; and what finer gentleman could be chosen for a pupil than His Majesty King Charles II?

To-night’s play was but a poor one. Nell had little hope of scoring a personal triumph till the epilogue was reached. Grazing opportunity with both hands under Britannia’s cloak which, with gilded helmet, sustaining sable plumes, completed her costume, Nell broke into song. She had not yet learned to sing either, but a rollicking ballad, set to Restoration music with a catchy chorus, “High wax! gillywick, gillywick alo!” sang Nell, eyes bright, plumes nodding above the footlights for one person only.

The King stood up in his box, bowing and smiling back. His Majesty, that dread space of God, ruler of Great Britain and Ireland, was in middle life. No shadow of bodily excesses, no weakness dimmed his later years, of the burden of governing a kingdom torn and broken by civil war, hovered over the handsome face, the brilliant careless figure of the man royally coifed in satin, crowned with plumed hat.

“And a kiss in the dark for a maid that is fair,” sang the King, and joined with Britannia in leading the chorus. The epilogue was finished the last curtain taken. In the ladies’ dressing-room, redolent of humanity, powder and paint, Nell, enthusiasm temporarily pricked, sat gown half on, half off.

“Dreaming you’re in Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth’s place already,” jeered Mistress Knipp.

“Maybe!” laughed Nell. “I’ll teach His Majesty to snap his fingers at the haughty French dame and Roman Catholic to boot.”

The words were hardly out of lips restored to pristine sauciness, when enter Thomas Killigrew, manager of the King’s players.

“Clear the room!” he ordered.

“Ladies, make away!” All except Nell; she has a visitor.”

“Not I, Mr. Killigrew. None but the King for me.”

The manager’s eyes grew round.

“Sh! I Nell. This is the King.”

The chance had come. Surfeited, but without a tremor, in spite of the fact she had no time even to retire behind the screen, used by any member of the ladies’ cast who desired privacy, Nell prepared to receive His Majesty. With bent head she sank into a curtsy. A hand —long, white, and thin, emerging from Mechlin lace—raised her. Eyes, flashing under a flowing wig, softened as their owner spoke half banteringly.

“None of that, Mistress Gwyn. I’m off duty. Will you take supper with me?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Off with the other half of that gown, then.”

Obediently she disappeared behind the screen. Two minutes later, cloak and hooded over a flowing day gown with laced bodice, she was running the gamut of craning necks and goggling eyes of the cast with their respective dressers, who crowded the draughty staircase. In the street Charles offered her his arm. Nell hadn’t reckoned on their rendezvous being a hard-by tavern. “The King’s Arms,” Lewknor Lane, was well known to her. Robin, ex-soldier, with a wooden leg, and Ben, minus an eye, lost in battle with the Dutch on the high seas, had drunk beer with her there often enough.

Now that she came to think of it, they had promised to join her this evening. Soit was “Good evening, Ben” and “Good evening, Robin;” with the tip of a saucy tongue pushed through her lips while the King talked with mine host.

Supper by a glowing log fire in a room apart was a rare experience. It was novel to eat one’s fill of roast pheasant and sweetmeats, to drink wine out of long-stemmed glasses, and to refrain from wiping one’s mouth with the back of the hand, seeing that His Majesty used a napkin.

Something besides hunger made Nell daily with the final dishes, licking her fingers while crunching each sticky comfit.

“I suppose I can’t go on eating for ever,” she sighed. “What do we do next, Your Majesty?”

“I was counting on you’re making an end some time. What if you were to try to please me?”

“As if I should know how. You wear a crown, Sire.”

“My head. The rest of me is the same as other men.”

“Oh, Your Majesty!”

“Call me anything but that, Nell, with your lips close—so then we stuff those candles.” Charles, the man, and Nell, the woman, had come into their own.

Life with a royal lover was not so simple as Nell found. It might have been if she had not fallen head over heels for Charles. To her he was no monarch, but a man she wanted to have and to hold, to work for, to console, to make happy. No kiss in the dark and an abrupt disappearance of the kiss into Whitehall and the cares of government could satisfy her. Adeantly, Nell yearned for details of Charles’ private life. What did he do with himself in St. James’ Palace when conferences and cabinet meetings were over? How often did Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, acknowledged royal favourite, visit His Majesty in her famous dresses of Lyons silk and plummed hats for which she had set the fashion?

Through Meg, devoted personal maid and dresser, and Chiffinch, master of the King’s household, Nell discovered the royal weakness for clocks. Armed with the news and her shopping basket, Nell tracked Charles to a timepiece vendor’s in

(Continued on page 22)
PICTUREGOER

22

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YOU WILL BE CHARMED

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Richard Tauber & Jane Baxter in BLOSSOM TIME

January 19, 1935

(Continued from page 1)
Miss Betty Balfour in "My Old Dutch"

Betty Balfour

Famous British Film Star

"I use a great deal of physical energy during my work in the studios in connection with my filmmaking activities. Without abundant energy and vitality, it would be simply impossible to carry on and, realising this, I eat bread in one form or another with every meal. Incidentally, I must not risk turning a trim figure into a dumby one. That is another point in favour of bread."

Follow her advice—she knows.

Bread definitely does not fatten.

**Eat Bread**

For Energy and Vitality

C.F.J.B.

23
**On the Screens Now**
by Lionel Collier

**The PICTUREGOER's quick reference Index to films just released**

- **NELL GWYN**
- **A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES**
- **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**
- **STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**
- **GIVE HER A RING**
- **THE DRAGON MURDER CASE**
- **BELLA DONNA**
- **STRICTLY DYNAMITE**

**What the asterisks mean — ****: An outstanding feature. \*: Very good. \*: Good. \*: Average entertainment.**

- **Pursued**
- **Million Dollar Ransom**
- **The Hell-Cat**
- **Mystery Ranch**
- **Embarrassing Moments**
- **Fighting Hero**
- **Romance in Rhythm**
- **The Life of the Party**

**NELL GWYN**

Anne Nealage, Nell Gwyn; Sir George Harley, Charles II; Jeanie de Casalis, Duchess of Portsmouth; Maudie Mag; Helena Pickard, Mrs. Fatty; Dorothy Robinson, Mrs. Knap; Rosamund, with whom she is eloping; Myles Magallon, Captain Clarke; Moore Maurice, Captain Rose; Robert Craighall, Darcy; Ben Deamere, Donald; James, Duke of York.

Directed by Herbert Wilcox, from a story by Wilm Mediaon. Pre-viewed October 12, 1934. For story, study based on the film, by Marjory Williams, see page 21.

A good deal of criticism has been directed against Herbert Wilcox's conception of Nell Gwyn because he has made her speak with a Cockney accent. Actually, I think this brings the character more vividly and correctly to modern ears than would have been otherwise possible.

In fact, Wilcox has made a very good picture so far as atmosphere and characterization go. It is vital, lively, and, while it may be a little slow at times, there are definitely poignant moments and a liberal sprinkling of wit which are right in period.

Anne Nealage gives the performance of a lifetime as Nell. She still tends to be a little artificial at times, but the conception of the character as a whole is well balanced, intelligent, and crisp.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke is excellent as King Charles. He has been accused of making the role too gloomy, but to my mind he makes it live and convincing.

Jeanne de Casalis is not too well suited to the part of the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose battle of wits with Nell provides the main theme of the picture, but Lawrence Anderson is good as James, the King's brother, as is Emme Fergy as Samuel Pepys and Muriel George as Nell's servant.

There is only one note of artificiality in the picture, and that is the voice of the Royal Hospital which Nell had begged the King to build. Out of the finest sequences in the King's deathbed scenes. It is restrained, moving, and impressive. Settings all through are excellent, and the costuming picturesque and correct. A very good and very enjoyable picture.

**A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES**

Alice MacMahon, Bertha; Paulette Goddard, Ann; Kay Johnson, Tina; Ann Dvorak, Margaret; Helen Lowe, Tilly.

Dorothy Tree, Ilka; Henry O'Neill, William; Maye Mosterie, Madeline; James France, Henry; Niles Maloney, Doctor; Dorothy Tree, Philip; Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Maloney; Clancey, Jack.

Directed by Alfred E. Green, from the story by Paul Langton and Aline MacMahon. Pre-viewed October 12, 1934. For story, study based on the film, by Marjory Williams, see page 21.

Aline MacMahon gives a remarkably sensitive performance as a middle-class business woman who is so intent on building up her farm that she is in the thirties before she finds romance.

It is a human picture, sound in its psychological and, by the way, it introduces you to flesh-and-blood characters who are interesting and natural.

The plot is simple enough and deals with the woman's efforts to hold her man in spite of the handicap of a lost youth.

Paul Kelly's role as the husband is not a sympathetic one, but he plays it with restraint and conviction, while Ann Dvorak, as his wife, has every scene which holds you to elope, and Dorothy Tree, as a girl who has a child by him, are both very good.

A fine supporting characterization comes from Helen Lowe.

The sincerity of the treatment and the general high level of the acting make this very good entertainment.

**BELLE OF THE 'NINETIES**

Max West, Ruby Carter; Roger Pryor, Tiger Kid; John McCoy, Brooks; Clancy, John; Louise, French; Mark Daly, Sergeant; Katherine de Mille, Molly Brant; James Francis, Jack; Stuart Holmes, Harry; Lorne Worley, Elise; Edward Garban, Stote; George Irving, David; Warren Hays, St. Louis Pitcher; Robert Barrat, Yankee.

Directed by Wallace Worsley, from a novel by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Pre-viewed December 20, 1934.

The picture is a rather obvious plot of an ex-convict who tries to go straight and is tempted by his former associates and by his girl, who has transferred her affections to a gang leader.

How he wins through after a murder charge, and returns to his mother and a nice girl, forms conventional drama, but is quite well put over.

Katharine Hepburn is appealing as the "nice" girl, and Gladys George good as the voluptuous and revengeful vamp who nearly succeeds in getting him electrocuted for murder.

Jack La Rue is well in type as the gang leader.

The usual gangster episodes are put over robustly and with quite a thrill, while there are several amusing touches and a fair sprinkling of maternal sentimemental.

**GIVE HER A RING**

Clifford Mullen, West; Mary Sites, Barbara; Edward Cooper, Norman; Zelda O'Neal. Trude.

The picture is well washed to make a Purity League holiday is only a shadow of her former robust and lively self.

The melodrama of a woman who avoids tempting other women's men and returns expensive jewellery, only to have a very rough passage in her tempestuous love affair with a boxer whom she believes has robbed her, is quite well done in a hearty, colourful manner, but it lacks the real West touch.

The plot is a little standard and skate over thin ice without getting a ducking or apparently coming under the Purity League.

Mae West puts over her emasculated material well, poses as the Statue of Liberty, and sings a song about her which was washed away in the morning. And she marries the hero in the end.

Errol Flynn is Roger Pryor, who is not everyone's ideal of a romantic lover, but is sound enough. Anna Dvorak appears as a wealthy, if somewhat inexplicable, lover, and good performances come from John Miljan as Ace Lamont.

Dorothy Tree is a very good actress and gives a tunefulness to the proceedings and there is a thrilling big fight scene.

**STRIGHT IS THE WAY**

Frankie Darro, Tom; Ben Lyon, Mr. Horvitz; Martha Scott, Nell; Gladys George, Shirley; Edward Andra, John; Jack La Rue, Monk; Raymond Hayton, Tony; William Bakewell, Willy.

Directed by Paul Sloane. Pre-viewed December 20, 1934.

An up-to-date version of the "never too late to mend" theme, adapted from the stage play "Four Walls."

It is a rather obvious plot of an ex-convict who tries to go straight and is tempted by his former associates and by his girl, who had transferred her affections to a gang leader.

How he wins through after a murder charge, and returns to his mother and a nice girl, forms conventional drama, but is quite well put over.

Katharine Hepburn is appealing as the "nice" girl, and Gladys George good as the voluptuous and revengeful vamp who nearly succeeds in getting him electrocuted for murder.

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**BELLA DONNA**

Mary Ellis, Mona Chadwick, Bella Donna; Jeanette MacLeod, Mabel; Lady Harwick, "Eve"; Baby Harrington, "Babe"; Dr. Isachsen, Dr. Henry; John Stuart, John; Cyril London, "Bertie"; Angela Rose, "Polly"; Margaret, "Polly".

Directed by Robert Hamly, adapted from Robert Hamly's stage play. Pre-viewed December 20, 1934.

This picture is a story of a woman, at the instigation of her lover, proceeds slowly to poison her husband, a real, artificial and out-moded note.

It is well enough done, but has not the strong dramatic grip, probably due to the fact that there is a redundancy of detail which tends to obscure the main thread of the story.

Mary Ellis is quite good as the woman who falls under the spell of an attractive man, Macdonald Baroudi, and is ready to commit murder for his sake, but she does not succeed in bringing out the full emotional value of the character.

As Baroudi, Conrad Veidt is well typed, but it is at the cost, while Sir Cedric Hardwicke has a very
beside manner as the husband's friend, a doctor, who is able to foil the wife's malicious scheme.

*STRICTLY DYNAMITE*

JAMES DURANTE as...Moxie

NORMAN FOSTER as...Vera

WILLIAM GARGAN as...George

MARIAN NORTON as... 통해서

FOUR MILL BROTHERS. Radio Number Four

TODD PANDOLFO as...Mona

MISIA GORELL as...Miss Leseer

STERLING HAYDEN as...Flaming

Directed by Eliot Nugent.

Thin plot, burlesquing radio entertainment, in which Jimmy Durante puts over a characteristic performance as a low comedian who gets high hat, and Norman Foster plays a galoot who falls for his girl friend, compromises himself, loses his job, and learns the folly of his ways and is taken back by his wife, after impressing everyone with a book of poems, supposedly straight, which are really unconscious humour.

Lupe Velez is as volatile as ever as the girl friend and Marion Nixon appearing as his wife.

Norman Foster is sound as the gag writer.

There is very little subtlety or ingenuity in the construction of the plot, which relies on robust fooling for its effect.

*PURSUED*


ROSEMARY AYRE as...Mona

VICTOR JORY as...Beauregard

FRANKIE KURTZ as...Gilda

RUSSELL HARDEE as...Dr. Landeen

GEORGE IVERSON as...Himes

Directed by Louis King from a story by Larry Parks.

Mechanical but vigorously produced tale of villainy, romance and redemption, which is thoroughly familiar in design and plot.

Direction is straightforward and the settings are more colourful than realistic, but add to the popular romantic atmosphere.

*MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM*


PHILLIPS HOLMES as...Stan Cassidy

EDWARD ARCHER as...Vincent Sheldon

MARY CARLYLE as...Francesca

WILL SWAY as...Babe

ROBERT GLECKLER as...Doc

MARJORIE GILLETT as...Molly

EDGAR NORTON as...Meigs

BRADLEY PEARCE as...Harry

HUGO WHITE as...Innocence

ANDY DEVINE as...Walter

CHARLES COLEMAN as...Towers

HARRY KOLCZAK as...Lew Polsko

Directed by Murray Roth.

Paternal love plays a big part in this cut-to-pattern revolution drama, dealing with a gangster who sacrifices himself in order to ensure his daughter's happiness.

It is developed conventionally, but smoothly, and has its fair quota of action and punch.

Edward Arner gives a vital performance as the ex-convict, and Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlyle look after the love interest effectively.

*THE HELL-CAT*


ROBERT ARMSTRONG as...Dan Collins

AKY SOFTWATER as...Nell

BENNY BAKER as...Snapper Dugan

MOWA GORMAN as...Mary

PURCELL PRATT as...Butler

CHARLES WYCOFF as...Vince

 buddy

Lucille COLE as...Gillette

J. CARROLL NASH as...Joe Morgan

FRANK BACON as...Reeves

HENRY KOLZAK as...Clarence

GUY SOMER as...Clown

GEORGE CRENS as...Bull

HUGO WHITE as...Steve Gill

RICHARD HEMING as...Ramsey

Directed by Albert Rogell from a story by Adele Hamburger, adapted by Fred Niblo, Jr.

A hectic love interest and a thrill or two makes this familiar story of news hounds fairly entertaining.

Robert Armstrong gives a breezy performance as a dynamic reporter, and Ann Sothern is versatile and attractive as a wild society girl who tries to get her own back on him because he has made her look ridiculous.

*c*MYSTERY RANCH*


TOM TYLER as...Ned O'Brien

ROBERT MORGAN as...Robert Moore

JUNE BENNET as...Priscilla

MILDRED BRADY as...Mrs. O'Brien

Directed by R. R. Hyer.

Practical joking on a ranch develops into a genuine robbery and hold-up in this quite fair amusing Western, in which Tom Tyler acquires himself well both as an actor and an equestrian.

Robert Gale makes a more sensible heroine than usual.

*EMBARRASSING MOMENTS*


CHESTER FASEY as...Jerry

MARIAN NIXON as...Jane

WALTER WOOLF as...Paul

HUSTON GORDON as...John

ALAN MONTEMAY as...Abner

JOHN WARD as...Shug

HARDIN ARMET as...Morgan

GARY STADIGH as...Jim

DOROTHY STONE as...Louise

HARRIET BOWMAN as...Bettie

Directed by R. R. Hyer.

Chester Morris shows to advantage as a genial journalist whose best friend, to pay him out, feigns suicide and leaves him suspected of murder.

How he gets out of the quandary, and rounds up some crooks into whose hands he falls, provides quite lively if slight entertainment.

Marian Nixon makes a charming heroine and Walter Woolf acts with effective mock seriousness as the friend.

*FIGHTING HERO*


TOM TYLER as...Mark Stahl

TOM WALLER as...Doc

Directed by Roy D'Artenay.

Poor story, with a fight in the open and a gun duel between both the hero's pose and bullion thieves as the highlights.

Usual Western attributes of fast action and good horseplay.

ROMANCE IN RHYTHM


PHILLY CLARK as...Ruth

DAVID HUTCHISON as...Bob

DAN BURCK as...Jim

VIVIEN LEONARD as...Mamie

PAUL TILLET as...Mellor

GEORGE GORE as...Godfrey

PHILIP STRANGE as...Peter Lloyd

JULIAN CODY as...Perugia

Directed by L. Huntington.

Crude depiction of life behind the scenes of London's cabarets.

Plot is of no account, acting is weak, and the song number unremarkable.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY


JERRY VERNON as...Arthur Blooby

BETTY ASSEL as...Blanche Hopkins

ERNEST RAY as...Harry Hopkins

VERA BOGGET as...Caroline Bloom

ANDREW LACRO as...Bill

HARRIET HERMANN as...Mrs. Helen

PHILLY NORRIS as...Clarice

Directed by Ralph Dawson.

There is very little life in this party, which relies mainly on a prolonged drunk sequence by Jerry Verno for its entertainment.

We found Lady Mary Pakenham tremendously enthusiastic about Pond's Face Powder when we interviewed her the other day. "I think it's quite perfect," she said. "It has the three things I look for in powder, perfect TEXTURE and COLOUR and PERFUME."* Lady Mary Pakenham's skin is so delicate that a heavy powder would ruin her charm. That's why she uses Pond's—"Its texture is so miraculously fine it looks more like 'bloom' than powder," she said.

"And what clever skin-tones it has," she explained. "I found the Peach shade blends with my skin exactly."* "How do you like the perfume?" we asked Lady Mary. "Delicious," she said, "and I'm very fastidious about perfume. But Pond's is exquisite—delicate and quite delicious." Why don't you try Pond's Powder—the choice of Society's lovliest women? Though a luxury powder in every way, it costs as little as Pond's famous Creams. The chic jade-green boxes are only 6d. and 1/- a box. A crystal jar, for your dressing-table, is 2/- Five subtle shades—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachael 1 and Rachael 2.

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Name—

Address—

Lady Mary Pakenham.

"It has the 3 things I look for texture colour perfume"
A striking study of Fritz Kerner as Abdul Hamid the Second in the B.I.P. film "Abdul Hamid," based on true incidents from the life of Turkey's infamous Sultan, once known as "Abdul the Damned" and "The Red Sultan."

It seemed to me a case of a mountain in labour producing a mouse. Two years of work and all the money spent, and there was not even a British organisation behind it. . . . Bob Flaherty was capable of doing better than that. When the shock of having no star names has passed and the ballyhoo has died down, it becomes just a first-rate travelogue with badly-dubbed voices and moments of great beauty.

But (there is the point of my mentioning it) for all that it was hailed as a masterpiece up and down the civilised world, there have been few attempts to employ the same principles. unless, of course, we are to see the results of the new attempts after the lapse of another two years.

Agony

Anyway, we shall see something new, and, if it is chemically new, we may look forward to a pretty agonising time until it is perfected.

I am old enough to remember films when they were a novelty; and the producers' headache today is nothing to the audience's headache then.

Then came talkies—the De Forest Phonofilms were shown publically at Wembley Exhibition in 1923, and was that hard to beat! Lately has come colour—and a new terror of eyestrain has been added to the perils of film-going.

And now in 1935 we are definitely threatened with stereoscopy, wide screen, and television. It would surely be cheaper to concentrate on providing a few stories to interest filmgoers in what is going on in the screen. But the obvious remedy has little appeal to the studios or to Wardour Street.

So all I can tell you is that a man is now toiling in obscurity, etc., etc. (see above), and you are welcome to any comfort you can derive from that.

Fairly Fair

Meanwhile, there are some pretty average fair-to-middling good promising productions on the floor here and there.

Shepherd's Bush, for example, is going strong with its "historical-tragical-comical Thingummy" (to quote its publicity department) Me and Marlborough.

At the moment, I am flumping hell out of this poor old typewriter, Marlborough has not been cast. I don't know the part, or Allan Jayes; it's not an easy part to cast. The role of Me, however (by name Kit Ross) is in the experienced hands of Cicely Courtneidge. It's all about a woman who married a man in the days of Good Queen Anne, only to have him hauled off to the wars by a pressgang on his wedding night; whereupon Kit, the wife, swore to find him. . . . and I'm afraid I haven't the vaguest idea whether she ever did.

A Spot of History

But she did go to the wars as a man, and she did save the Duke of Marlborough's life, and she did earn a military funeral. And with her help the great Duke of Marlborough won the battles of Ryswick, Blenheim, and Malplaquet, and was awarded the royal maimer of Woodstock, with a quarter of a million [money-out], used towards building a hideous palace; and his missus and the Queen were buddies, and drank tea at sixteen shillings a pound, which enabled Sir Thomas Lipton to be beaten by America at yacht-racing—eventually.

And now would you like to hear what I know about the inland waterways of South America? No? I thought not. But I must say you are difficult to educate. No wonder the B.B.C. has such a job with you.

Seriousness apart, however, I am all for this Thingummy. First, it will give Cicely Courtneidge a rest from clowning, and afford her a

(Continued on page 19)
5. your HAIR

4. Unless day

Send DJ5.D. Labora

3. Blush Be

2. "HARLENE" HAIR GROWER AND TONIC. Supreme in restoring growth and health to hair. 1/9d., 2/6d., and 4/9d.

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4. "HAIRLENE" WAVE-SETTING LOTION. Saves £££s on hair-waving bills. 3d. and 1/3 per bottle.

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EDWARDS HARLENE LTD.
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

chance to act—which I think she has not had since Soldiers of the Queen.

This time she has Victor Saville, and Victor knows a good deal about the difficult art of directing a film. Incidentally, I should say he was one of the four best directors in this country.

A Tiring Time

I am glad to see him with something he can really get his teeth into.

Now he has a real, roaring, roaring, swaggering war film to do all by himself. Queen Anne may have been the stupidest monarch of her day and a martyr to biccups, but her reign certainly was filled with colour.

As a matter of fact, it was just about the end of the colourful period, for just about the time that Queen Anne died men went into trowsers—and that was just about fatal to romance.

Marlborough's men went to war in tricorne hats and spatterdashes, which must have White an excellent target but look fine on the screen.

Barry Mackay plays the young hero in this, Mickey Brantford (who has come back to the screen with flying colours with My Old Dutch) is Ensign Coke, and we have Alfred Drayton, Peter Gawthrone, George Merritt, C. G. Smith (who is also on the next set in Atlas Bulldog Drummond), Gbb McLaughlin, Billy Watts, Alice O'Day, Randall Aytton, H. F. Maltby, Frank Atkinson, and a few others whose names I may have overlooked.

All the Huberts

Shepherd's Bush is full of Huberts at the moment, for in addition to Jack's wife, Cicely, in Me and Marlborough, Jack himself is playing the decoy, or catspaw, or what have you, in Atlas Bulldog Drummond, aided and abetted by brother Claude.

I saw Walter Forde directing an exciting sequence in the British Museum (which has come to Shepherd's Bush for the purpose) in which Jack and Claude were making a getaway from a gang of crooks.

Incidentally, it was so reminiscent of the chase through the waxworks in Jack's the Boy that time seemed to have stood still.

I was glad to see the old Museum again, though, I hadn't seen it roosting in a studio since Michael and Mary—and before that not since Blackmail.

But not only has the Museum rolled up—it's brought its station with it. The old (and now disused) British Museum Station on the Central London Railway figure prominently in the film, and this has been reproduced in full size in the studios.

Ber-ludd

Fighting Stock is living up to its title at Islington, for a bloody battle has been waged with brass candlesticks between Herbert Lomas and Hubert Harben—the blood being supplied by Director Tom White, who has made the whole fountain run red.

If you inspected the candlesticks very closely you would probably find they were composed of paper-mâché and rubber; but then the blood isn't real blood, so all's fair.

Down at B.I.P. they have had a huge throne-room scene constructed for Abdul Hamid, in which Fritz Kortner (as the villainous Sultan) meets the representatives of the Young Turks, pretends to agree to their demands, and plots behind their backs.

Unless this film misses fire most unexpectedly, it looks very much like being one of the most interesting of the 1935 line-up. It's a picturesque period and a picturesque country, and certainly the plot is checkful of incident.

I missed the scene where a couple of hundred of the Young Turks, finding that the Sultan has tricked them, break into the palace and attempt to assassinate him; but I'm told that it's one of the most effective they've had at Elstree for some time.

More Song

The Twickenham front has been pretty active lately, with Squibs (now practically completed, in spite of the temporary indisposition of Betty Balfour, who took a bronchial cold, pore lamb) and Street Song well under way.

In the latter we find John Garrick (and voice) as a young man who has to sing in the street for a living, and Wally Patch as a big-hearted crook who goes to quod 'stead of 'im, see, for suffink wot 'e never done. I am glad to be able to inform you that Rene Ray is well in the picture, and also Lawrence Hanray.

Bernard Vorhaus is directing this one; he also collaborated in the writing of the story.

Squibs, as I hinted a week or two ago, has taken an entirely different turn from the original silent version from which it derives. For example, at the end when Squibs wins the Irish Sweep (I seem to remember her winning the Calcutta Sweep in another silent picture in the dear dead days), she promises to transform the slump in which she lives into a Paradise. So you see her doing just that, and finally she descends on the transformation scene in a gyroplane together with father Gordon Harker and boy-friend Stan Holloway.

Edgar Again

And Henry Edwards, directing it, will hardly have time to turn round and say "Well, Bullo, you've got to take one more in this scene; you've been a bit slow with it" between the play of the rest of the world. For example, at the end when Squibs wins the Irish Sweep (I seem to remember her winning the Calcutta Sweep in another silent picture in the dear dead days), she promises to transform the slump in which she lives into a Paradise. So you see her doing just that, and finally she descends on the transformation scene in a gyroplane together with father Gordon Harker and boy-friend Stan Holloway.

Bergner "At Home"

One of the distinctive features of the Escape Me Never cast is that most of the principals have acted with Elisabeth Bergner before, either on the stage or in films.

This is no accident. It has been found that Bergner, the shyest and most nervous of actresses, only gives of her best when she is surrounded by people she knows and understands. Indeed, one paradox of the genius that is Bergner is that she is capable of dominating any scene when actually facing the camera and shut off from the rest of the world by the conviction of her own acting.

So the casting of this new British and Dominions film has been designed deliberately to make her feel "at home."
Hollywood Beauty Secrets

Little tricks that make the stars beautiful

Famous screen stars use many little tricks to heighten their beauty. For example, the eyes can be made much more enticing if you take a small brush, dip it in petroleum jelly, and carefully stroke the eyebrows away from the centre of the face. The eyelashes, too, may be made darker and longer by daily brushing outwards with the jelly. And of course the nose must never have the least suggestion of shine. That is why screen stars now insist upon non-absorbent face powder. Ordinary powder only prevents shine-for a few minutes because it absorbs the natural moisture of the skin and forms a glistening paste. The powder itself shines.

But chemists have found that by blending the powder with a little Mousse of Cream it is made non-absorbent. This process is now patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon cannot soak up the skin's moisture. That is why it gives you a soft, smooth finish like the bloom on a fresh peach. It stays on for times longer than other powders—even in spite of wind, rain or perspiration. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that prevents ugly shine all day long—and itself never shines.

Now say "ah" and open wide... Protect your throat—keep warm inside...

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

That is my advice to all who have to go out (as I do) on cold and foggy days. The tried and homely remedies in Zubes safeguard the throat and chest in germ-laden atmospheres. They are also very soothing in cases of throat-tickling and huskiness.

VAPEX WILL STOP THAT COLD

A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.

Refinement...is born of a discriminating mind...nothing but the best in life suffices...and this quest leads unfailingly to that most perfectly blended of all shampoos

E V A N
W I L L I A M S

SHAMPOO

"ORDINARY" for Dark Hair 4d
"CAMOMILE" for Fair Hair 4d.
Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.

THE SECRET OF CHARM

No woman can be the same every day. It is part of her charm that she isn't. Days of serious work at home and business come and go. But no woman need depend for her charm upon a smile. The secret of charm is something even more personal. It is a problem of her personal life which once solved will be worth years of happiness to her and great pleasure to others.

If the nerves are well balanced, if the breathing is regular and effortless, if she is not easily wearied then it is almost certain that her complexion will be good, and her voice and eyes as fresh and vital as a child's. This enviable condition depends upon one thing in her. It depends upon the regularity of her personal habits. Constipation is the greatest evil in a woman's life. It creates a thousand problems both within and outside herself.

No one can keep a daily watch on your happiness like yourself. This must concern you. A simple question every morning and the matter is settled. The remedy for irregularity, or even for delayed movement, is Beecham's Pills. There should be an urgency rather than a delay. Delay is a form of constipation, dangerous because it is liable to go unnoticed, unless there be this simple daily attention. Beecham's Pills are of vegetable composition and are used by women all over the world who have learned this secret of charm and satisfaction.

COUPON

Post to—

J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S.
Chemist. "Picturegoer" Dept.

Dear Sir,—I enclose postal order (or cheque) for (state value) for

ZUBES Iodolok Locket, under the terms of the money-refunded guarantee.

Name... .................................................. (MRS.)
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3d. & 6d. in Hot
3½d. Per ounce
ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

PICTUREGOER Weekly
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

STARS WHO GET INTO A RUT
Advantages of a Change of Studios

D o stars get in a rut by working too long in the same studio?

When Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable were loaned from Paramount and M-G-M respectively to Columbia for IT Happened One Night, they gave two performances they had never previously equaled, and the result, coupled, as it were, with Frank Capra's inspired direction, proved to be one of the outstanding productions of the year.

Gable, essentially a portrayer of he-men types, seemed relieved by his temporary escape from the grooming and polishing processes that M-G-M have recently been misguided enough to inflict upon him—and consequently revealed in the role of the roughly masculine, but chivalrous newspaper man, and gave of his very best.

Miss Colbert likewise never before—no, not even in Three-Cornered Moon—to the fluent in his new director.

Yes! A Change is good for everyone, and if other stars could follow the example set by those I have mentioned, picturegoers might look forward with reasonable assurance to many more good times in store.—(Mr.) G. P. Wheeler, in Fallow Court Mansions, North Finchley, N.12, who it awarded the first prize of £1 5s.

Neglect of Talent

I was interested to read Mr. Mott's complaint that there is a lack of male talent. Is it not rather a matter of neglect of talent already brought to light?

Charles Boyer and Tullio Carminati, both vital personalities and fine actors, have, during the past year, been handicapped by nondescript roles. Boyer's part in Caravan was completely beneath him, and Carminati was poorly served with the role of Count Lord Lady.

The producers have now, however, made amends in his case by casting him in One Night of Love, and what a compelling performance he gives! Perhaps the trouble is that producers think there is too large a majority of filmgoers who prefer a broth of a boy as presented by Dick Powell and James Dunn to the culture and subtlety of Carminati and Boyer.—R. Reere, 234 Munster Road, Fulham, S.W.6, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Underrating British?

We hear a lot about the error of blaming all British pictures as masterpieces simply because they are British, but surely it is just as great a mistake to underrate our own productions. This, I suggest, is what your critic, Mr. Collier, does.

Take, for instance, Man of Aran, which has just been voted the best picture of the year by the American National Board of Review. Mr. Collier finds in this film a rather grudging two stars on its camera efficiency. He found it "definitely disappointing" and failed to see that "Flaherty has done anything remarkable."

During 1935 Mr. Collier reviewed 401 American and 157 British pictures. He judged twelve of the American productions as "outstanding," and fifty-seven of them as "very good," while only two British films were "outstanding," and twelve were "very good.

This means that about every sixth American film is either "outstanding," or "very good," while only one in eleven British pictures is better than plain "good.

Is this really the case?—O. P. Connolly, West View, Gateshead S.O., Co. Durham.

We Are Forgiven

I once used to like Bing Crosby, or rather his crooning, and felt like pulling Malcolm D. Phillips and Lionel Collier to pieces. Then I saw Jan Kiepura in MY Song for You, and now I am wondering how on earth I managed to sit right through a picture in which Bing Crosby appeared, and enjoy his singing. Perhaps that will explain it. Hearing Bing Crosby on record now gives me a pain in the neck, and whether we would be in for a good time or not, I wish that the "smells" were here, and that while Crosby was crooning the villain wouldchorofrom him.

You will see from my letter that I am a "Jan Kiepura fan." Here's wishing him plenty of success in the future.—(Miss) N. Miller, 52 Caroline Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

Sanity in Advertising

Superlatives, Superlatives, Superlatives! What fools the film publicity moguls think we are, that they go on and on deluding us that every film is a heaven-sent gift to the fans.

Week after week pictures that can barely garner a star are criticized. And the scribes are hysterically lured to the skies in the adjoining advertisement columns.

It is a policy that has been in operation for some time, and will continue to do, endless harm to the industry, and only succeeds in producing a growing army of cynical and box-office-sly people.

We don't expect to see every film every time, nor do we want a "greatest ever" every six days. A little more sanity and truth in film advertising please. We'll soon tell you when you have produced a "super."—R. Haden Bluth, 138a Archway Road, Highgate, N.6.

Avoiding Poor Films

How can we avoid the second-rate feature pictures and shorts that are found in 80 per cent. of the cinema shows?

The daily press and the radio, through their film critics, and, more especially, the film press itself, have frequently stressed the point that we shall only get better films by supporting good films and leaving the others alone.

Yet here can this be done when those shorts are part of the programme containing the good picture? We cannot boycott them, except by leaving the cinema and thereby partially paying money for nothing; and, even so, the manager continues to show the shorts.

If only a manager would consider the practicality of the idea of showing a night of 1½ hours, each, showing at 6, 7, 30 and 9, each show made up of ten minutes "news," the main picture 60-80 minutes (when only fourteen films there is just nice time to include a cartoon). Prices 7d., 6d., and 1s.—H. A. Whately, Birmingham.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.
Skin Specialists declare that 80 out of every 100 women suffer from skin outbreaks, spots, pimples, blisters, and 'muddy' complexions UNNECESSARILY!

Ugly complexion faults are woman's most common enemy. Few escape. Some resort to heavy powdering in an effort to hide them. Whilst others, due to consistent wrong treatment, cause the skin to become highly sensitive, coarse and blemished.

To make your skin clear and healthy, your complexion fresh and smooth, use Cuticura.

Cleanse the skin with Cuticura Soap twice a day. Its luxuriant and mildly antiseptic lather is soothing and softening; washes away pore-deep dirt which causes blackheads, enlarged pores and ugly complexion defects. And to rid the skin of pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations use Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected part before washing with the soap. Its anti-septic action kills germs, soothes and heals and quickly clears the skin.

Try Cuticura to-day. See how soon your skin improves, your complexion becomes smoother, more attractive than ever before.

Cuticura
For Clear Healthy Skin

Cuticura Soap and Ointment of all chemists and stores. For powder use Cuticura Tablets. Especially fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed. Ideal after washing and bathing.

A Boon to Business Girls

"One dose of Cephos enables me to work comfortably during a period when I was usually fagged with pain. I wish every woman who suffers as I did could know about Cephos."

Do you, too, feel the need of a remedy which can be conveniently taken to relieve Headache and pains at certain times? Most women do! It very often happens that you are induced when you want to look and feel your best. Let Cephos help you! A dose or two of Cephos will relieve all pain, tone up the system, and soothe the nerves. It's worth while keeping Cephos in your handbag; it is not a habit-forming drug, cannot affect the heart, and is quite harmless to even the most delicate person. Made after the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician. Cephos is safe and certain.

Supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores, in powders or tablets, 1/3 and 5/-.

Cephos is powerfully absorbed through the lungs, giving no nausea or stomach trouble. It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THAT EXPENSIVE WAVE

Is it worth a penny to save it?

'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings and ointments, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place.

Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To save the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean, but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's no trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it.

You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/- and 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

AGONY AND DISTRESS FROM INDIGESTION

Man of 85 completely cured by Macleans

Fancy a man of 85 suffering agonies from indigestion which refused to yield to any remedy. After 34 years in the unhealthy climates of India and Burmah he returned to England broken in health. To-day his health is restored and he is completely free from stomach trouble. Could there be more striking evidence than the following letter:—"Permit me to offer personal testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your Stomach Powder. After 34 years in India and Burmah, I finally returned to England broken in health. I could not get rid of Indigestion, which stubbornly resisted all palliatives; the agony and distress were devastating. About two years ago, with the approval of my doctor, I commenced taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder; relief was immediate and the result marvellous—and now, in my 85th year I am quite free from stomach trouble. The only time I take the powder now is on retiring at night which ensures regularity as a gentle laxative, rendering other laxatives unnecessary."—J. S. Capt. (Ret.), Dovercourt.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/-, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

OATINE CREAM

restores the natural beauty to your complexion and keeps it safe from winter weather. Test its wonderful effect yourself!

SPECIAL OFFER—Samples of Oatine Cream, Ointment Powder and Face Powder and 3d. Soupless Shampoo will be sent to all sending 6d. in stamps to The OATINE Co., 215 Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.1.

In 6d. tubes, or white jars 1/6 everywhere.

SLIM BEAUTY

ABSOLUTELY no need to grow Fat, Flabby and Unattractive. Try "LEX" Cream, Guaranteed Pure and Harmless. Just rub in a littleful patches in short time. One month's treatment. Send privately, post free. Obtainable only from—

MRS. EDWARDS (BOX G.I.), 25, HOPHTON ST., SOUTHBOROUGH

NOSES.—The best scientific nostrum. Remedies only value of all kinds, 1/6. Send name, address, stamp envelope for full particulars.

1.0 MINUTES, I FELT TIRED AND FED-UP - but

this luxuriously soft, fragrant bath, supercharged with active oxygen by a Reudel Cube, has exhilarated me.” There’s quick rest for the weary in Reudel oxygenated water, and marvellous skin beauty, too!

Reudel Bath Cube

oxygenates your bath 2" each.

LET GEORGE

January 19, 1935

Eric Linden—1911; Gene Raymond—Aug. 13, 1908; Donald Cook—Sept. 26, 1932.

FILM FACTS (Leeds).—(1) Cast: Thank Your Stars, Nicky Nelson; Jack O’Hara; Jack Core; Mike Borden; Joe Davis—Ben Bernie; Lil Raque—Dorothy Dell; Jackie Donahue—Artie Judge; The Countess—Alison Skipworth; Sailor Burke—Rooseo Karns; Larry Hale—William Frawley; Axel Harrasty—Low Cody; Alvin Ritchie—Paul Cavanagh; Bonds—Will Dem- nett. (2) Dorothy Dell, b. Jan. 30, 1915; blonde hair and green eyes. She was accidentally killed in an motor accident in July, 1934. Her pet name was "Angel, Little Miss Marker, and Thank Your Stars."

DOROTHY WILSON AMESER—Cast: Right Girls in a Boat. Cast: Dorothy Wilson; David Perrin—Douglas Montgomery; Hannah—Kitty Johnson; Pickles—Barbara Barend; Mr. Sterner—Walter Connolly; Krisper—Frank Bora; Paul—James Bush; Small Man—Collin Campbell. Story of this film has not been published.


CUBORS.—(1) You can obtain photographs of Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper from the Posters Postcard Sales, E. C. C. 22, at 3d. each. (2) Releases: The Lone Comboy—Aug. 16, 1935; When We Were Married—Nov. 18, 1934.

CARL BRION'S ADAMS.—Carl Briason, b. Dec. 24, 1895, Copenhagen, Denmark; died after Carl Peterman, 8 ft. 1 in., brown hair and grey eyes. Married latest film: Murder at the Vantage and Be Careful, Young Lady. Address c/o Paramount Studios.

ADRESSE STUDIOS

BRIITISH STUDIOS

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Associated Picture Studios, Eding Green, London W.10.

British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.

British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

British Lion Film Corporation Ltd., British Lion Studios, Bexleyheath, Bexleyheath.

Chainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.


Nightfall Studios, Hollywood Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.


Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Shropshire, Mids.

Twenchwood Studios, St. Margaret's, Twencheside, Mids.

AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 148, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Fox Studios, Movietone City, West-wood, California.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Goldwyn-Mayer-Sherman Studios, Culver City, California.

Paramount-Publius Studios, Hollywood, California.

Radio Studios, 719, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Black Bennett Studios, Studio City, California.

Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.

United Artists Studio, 141, North Foreman Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Universal City, California.

“George” and “Anne” are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUROGEO WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

REGULAR READER (Barking).—Cast: To-Day By Line: Diana—Jovan Crawford; Bob Eager—Gary Cooper; Claude—Robert Young; Beauty—Frances Tread; McGinty—Rooseo Karns; Applegate—Louise Closser Hale; Major—Rolfe Lloyd; Leoner—Hilda Vaughn.

ITALIAN READER—Bradford Page took the part of Tito in That Day and Age. Your criticisms have been passed on to the Editor.

B. B. (Llandrindod).—(1) Cast, Distrati:—Diletti—George Arlo; Clariza—Joan Darien; Pointino—Vincenzo Delia; Pronto—Pablo De Cameron; Lord Pretori—David Torencasse; Mrs. Trow—Doris Lloyd; Charles; Lord Dzer- forth—Anthony Bushell; Hugh Meyers—Jean Simpse; Queen Victoria—Margaret Mann; Duchess of Glasterby—Gwladeneled Morley; Duke of Glasterby—Henry Garbull; Foljama—Norman Cannon; Court Berturon—Michael Visser; Potter—Charles E. Evans. *Taro Head*—Tam Yuen—Anna Mar Weng; Nette Voliner—Elizabeth Allan; Jeremy Amundson—Edmund Gwinn; Geri Amundson—John Lodder; William Amundson—Sidney Parg; Herbert Lomas—Edward Danthus—George Cranston; John Stone—John Dreys; Roger Brevard—Gray Blake; Broadrick—Bill Conran; Rhoda—Amy Brandon; Thomas—Kate—Francois Carren. Lorna Delafoze—Dorothy Hopkins; a child—Ruth Holden; John Reid—John Lever; Lucy—Peter Persin; Mister Reid—Mary Clare; Annie Reid—Dorothy Hyers; Richard—Richard Tygge; Vaugn—Alysworth—Amy Venes; John Fry—Eliza; Fringe—Carver Dwyne; Hey Emmor- ton; Charlesworth—John Martire; Six Kusan—Herbert Lomas; Counselor- loe-D. A. Clarke Smith; Gwenny—Marjorie Stopperton; Tom Fagg—Ralph Livery; Reuben Hackett—Edward Rigby; Ruth Hackett—Margaret Lockwood; Jeremy Stickles—Frank Cellier; Sergeant Blimhan—Arthur Hambly; Farmer Snowe—Charles Weford; Forsen Bovden—Lawrence Hawery; Jon Scandle—Norman Walker; Bill Dadds—Gary Blake; Parish Clerk—Charles Penrose. The Queen’s Affair: Nadina—Anna Nogle; Carl—Bernard Gavey; General—Gibb McLaughlin; Chas- sen—Miles Malbon; Marie—Marjor Aked. (2) John Lodder b. March 1, 1898, London; b.d., fair hair and blue eyes. Address c/o A. T. P. Studios. (3) Victoria Hopper—22, blue eyes, fair hair, married to Basil Dean. (4) You can obtain photographs of John Lodder; and Varrena Hopper from the Picture Postcard Saloon for 3d. each.

IMPORTANT.—Cast: Seven Keys to Baldor- por, William Magee—Richard Dix; Mary Norton—Miriam Screegr; Hal Bentley—Crusade Kent; Myra Thornhill—Margaret Livingston; Peter—Joseph Allan; Thomas Hayden—Lucien Littlefield; Major Cargan—Witt Jennings; Kenneth—Carlton Macy; Mrs. Rhodes—Nella Walker; May—Joe Herbert; bland—Alan Roscoe; Luis Quinby—Harvey Clark; Mrs. Quinby—Ethel Quinby.


H. G. (Blackley).—(1) Cast: Dancing Lady, Jane—Joan Crawford; Patch Gallagher—Clark Cable; Ted Newman—Frances Tread; Mrs. Newman—May Robson; Roseette—Woodrow Wright; Fred Amour—Himself; Ward King—Robert Benchley; Steve—Ted Halsey; Vivian Warner—Glory Pay; Art—Art Jarrett; bradley, sen.—Grant Mitchell; Bradley jun.—Maynard Holmes; Nelson Ebert—A Swing Hand; Harry; Jerry Howard; Author—Sterling Holte- wo—John Napier; Bad—Ralph Tanton; San Antonio, Texas; 5 ft. 4 in., weight 114; fair hair and grey eyes. Real name Billy Cassin, changed to Lucille Latchburn, finally adopted by Joan Crawford. Address c/o M. G. M. Studios, Hollywood, California.


BEAUTY NOW COSTS PENCE NOT £s

The art of make-up is really very simple indeed. Study your personality and apply the Elfrida aids to beauty that create loneliness and charm . . . and distinction.

There can be no excuse for neglect. Elfrida Beauty series form a complete beauty treatment at the cost of a few pence.

You can purchase any of the Elfrida Beauty Aids at your Chemist, Hairdresser or Woolworths everywhere. Send for a free copy of 'Elfrida for Beauty,' a wonderful book of Beauty Hints by a well-known Beauty Specialist.

ELFRIDA PERFUMERY CO., Dept. P, Rawdon, LEEDS
Thanks...for the tip
I prefer them too

PLAYERS' NAVY CUT CIGARETTES-CORK-TIPPED

N.C.C. 349 A

33

January 19, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

DO IT!

From the Box, Feb. 27, 1906, at Niagara Falls; brown hair and blue eyes, 5 ft. 4 in., weighs 99 lb., married to the Marquis de la Falaise, has adopted a baby boy. Films include: "Straight is the Way," "Gentlemen are Born," and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."


L. H. G. (Liverpool).—Dorothy Hyson, b. 1915, daughter of Dorothy Dickinson and Carl Hyson; 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair and blue eyes, engaged to Robert Douglas. Films include: Soldiers of the King, The Ghoul, Hug, Turkey Time, A Cup of Kindness, Song As We Go, and Lorna Doone.

CONSTANT READER.—Dorothy Dell was 19 years old and was born in Harlestone, on Jan. 30; 5 ft. 4 in., blonde hair and grey eyes. Films were What's a Guy, Little Miss Marker, Thank Your Stars.


MARIE (Leeds).—Addresses: Richard Cromwell, c/o Columbia; Dorothy Wilson, Bing Crosby, c/o Paramount; Tom Leonry, c/o RKO-Radio Studio. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

SHELAGH (Sussex).—Addresses: Ginger Rogers, c/o RKO-Radio; Jane Wyatt, c/o Universal; Fay Wray, c/o Gaumont-British Studios. Do not send your album to America, but ask for autographs and then paste them into your book.


PANDORA (1) Release dates: Reality for Love—Mar. 18, 1935; Enchantment/The Daughter—no fixed date, booked as soon after Aug. 1935 as possible. (2) Ralph Morgan took the part of Charlie Marsden in Strange Intruder. (3) Ray Walker took the part of Larry Scott in Baby Take a Bow. (4) Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

CONRAD VEIDT FAN.—(1) Conrad Veidt, b. Jan. 22, 1893, Berlin; 6 ft. 2 in., dark hair and eyes, married. (2) Cass: Jim Sim Joseph Siss Oppenheimer—Conrad Veidt; Marie August—Benneta Hume; Karl Alexander—Frank Vomper; Rabbi Gabriel—Cedric Hardwicke; Varnmoe—Gerald du Maurier; Naemi—Pamela G courtyard; Magdalene Sifter—Jean Mauze; Landsauer—Paul Graetz; Michele (Wife of Siss)—Harriet Wright; Phoe—Percy Parsons; Lord Suffolk—James Ragan; Harprecht—Sam Livesey; Dieteric—Dennis Hoey; Turner and Taxis—Campbell Gillan; Janie—Eva Moore; Pfliegl—Harry Plumb; Pancorog—Gibb McLaughlin.
PUTTNG on weight is for some women and girls just as difficult as reducing. And it is perhaps more important for the thin girl to increase her weight than for the fat one to reduce it.

The girl who is underweight is invariably nervous and often short-tempered, and, besides, flat chests and non-existent hips are no longer really regarded as feminine. In arranging a fattening diet, the main meal of the day should be timed so that it may be taken immediately after maximum of unhurried comfort, and with opportunity to rest afterwards. Women at home will probably find this easiest in the middle day. Those who work outside the home will choose the evening meal. But whatever the time, banish worries and eat in pleasant company if you can. Remember, a better dinner of today may have your orange juice mixed with two teaspoons of Glucose D. You will literally prove true that a one-course meal taken with someone you like proves far more nourishing than a more elaborate menu gulped down in silence or on the midst of family squabbles.

The Day Begins
On waking, some fruit juice should be taken. It may be orange juice, grapefruit or lemon juice according to taste. Or as a flesh-maker there is nothing like Glucose D. You may have your orange juice mixed with two teaspoons of Glucose D, plus the beaten white of a new laid egg.

Hi, however, you do not care for this mixture first thing in the morning, switch it over to "Eleveners," at which time add a few raisins, dates or figs.

Take a good breakfast of the usual English variety. Finish with a bowl of fruit and an apple, some nuts, or some raisins. The raisins may be left to soak overnight, and sprinkled on the breakfast. Many people who cannot digest whole nuts find not the slightest difficulty in dealing with grated nuts.

There are many health food stores through the country that specialise in fresh, finely grated nuts, on a nut mill may be purchased which will grind all varieties.

The Glucose D has been taken first thing in the morning, at 11 a.m. drink a cupful of milk. Pour off the top of a half-pint bottle of milk and everything taken from the milk. It is slowly so that it is easily digested.

Lunch
I'm the main meal is to be taken in the midday. Lunch is a very simple. This provides the opportunity to get in some of the fruits, salads, cheese, cream, etc., necessary for maintaining good health. Take the green foods and salads plentifully, and take them in the French way with a little vinegar, flax meal with the salads plenty of oil plus a little lemon juice, or a freshly made mayonnaise. If the meal end with some glucose barley sugar, or other boiled sweets in which glucose is the ingredient. Avoid pastries, highly seasoned foods, and rebaked meat and fish.

Tea-time
Tea-time provides the opportunity to eat plenty of butter. Toast, oatcakes, or wholesome scones are not objection to fresh baked or butter. A fair amount of English honey should be taken as well. English honey is preferable to the imported variety since it contains no cane sugar.

The tea should be on the weak side with lots of milk.

Dinner or Supper
This is the meal of the day. Be sure to start it with one of the many creamy soups. If you do not bother with soup-making at home, in these days excellent soups are bought out of tins. It is literally proved that included milk or cream they contain the maximum of nourishment.

The next course may be chosen from great variety. On the days when you do not take meat, it may be of cheese, eggs, or steamed or oven-roasted vegetables. This is a good and advise fried fish, for with all the added richness of the fattening diet, the fish may prove too much for the digestion.

Be sure to have some liver at least once a week. For a sweet you may make your fatter sisters green with envy inasmuch as you may eat all the puddings made of suet. (It is better made with wholemeal flour.) Vary the sweet course with egg custards, baked and boiled, fruit salads, dried fruits, and cream. The meal may be finished with fresh fruit, finally a little more barley sugar.

The Night Cap
Now do not rise from this meal and dash off after amusement. Sit down and digest your meal. On the other hand, do not go off to bed too soon, or digestion being impossible a restless night is sure to follow.

Say at 10.30 a nightcap may be taken. It may be a cupful of one of the many excellent beverages sold for this special purpose. Vary them from night to night.

Finally a word about water. Few people drink sufficient water. It is most important to take enough when living on a special diet such as is outlined here. A glass of water should be taken last thing at night—just before setting in bed. And further, half a pint of water should be taken an hour after each meal.

Next week I propose to deal with something of curving effect. A last word. Have patience. Don't write to me after a fortnight of dieting and do not make any difference. Keep up the treatment for several months and watch your weight on the scale weekly. Unless there is some constitutional reason, I am certain you will gain the required pounds.
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A88
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Poudre Tokalon is the only powder in which Mousse of Cream is blended (patent process). This makes it stay on all day. It will give you a lasting loveliness, so natural looking that the powder itself is never even noticed. Say good-bye to ugly shine; farewell to that chalky, heavy-overpowered look. Above all, beware of the harm a gritty powder can do. With Poudre Tokalon you are absolutely safe.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly
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A remarkable advance, not a mere improvement, but something really NEW. This unique Beauty Pack-Mask (masque de beauté) which recently created such a stir amongst the chic women of Paris and screen beauties, has now been brought to London. Constant experiments in cosmetics have taught us that powders, rouge, and pupo-clogging creams can at the best be only substitutes for real natural beauty. True loveliness of the face lies in Youthfulness, Clearness, and the Softness of a translucent complexion. All these can be obtained by the weekly use of this New Beauty Pack-Mask, which is harmless.

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Why is it that a woman has a way of passing on the truth about nearly all the good things of life? If she is in good health she will always wish to share the secret of it with others. This natural generosity is part of her charm and she cannot escape expressing it if she is well and in good spirits. The generosity of good health is so natural and spontaneous that a woman may even be unaware of the pleasure it gives to others.

The result of this enviable characteristic is that some of the simplest personal habits in the life of the healthy woman have been acquired from her grandmother through her mother or through the experience of friends. The most important item in the daily attention which every wise woman gives to herself concerns the regularity of her personal habits. She realises that constipation can upset her life to the very tiniest detail. She knows that there should be an urgency in the daily movement rather than delayed action, and what is most important of all she knows that no one else can keep a watch on her happiness, to protect it.

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To the Editor,—

Will you please accept a message of congratulation and good-will for your special January 26 number of the PICTUREGOER. I have been greatly impressed by the large number of PICTUREGOER readers who are kind enough to write to me about one thing or another.

May I take this opportunity of sending them all, with you, my best wishes and kindly remembrance.

Sincerely,

Joan Crawford
Another famous star praises

**OVALTINE**

**JUNE CLYDE**

Co-star with Leslie Henson in "Lucky Break" finds it invaluable

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**Quality always tells—insist on**

'**OVALTINE**'

The Supreme Beverage for Health
Your Films in 1935
by The Editor

To the average picturegoer the stars and directors are familiar names, but the men who make possible their work, the producers, are somewhat mysterious beings.

They get more kicks than halfpence because it is the way of the world to pick on and criticise the faults in its entertainment and accept what pleases it without much acknowledgment.

It is the object of this special issue to bring our readers in more personal contact with the aims and aspirations of the producers, both British and American, and give them the opportunity of explaining to their public what they are trying to do in the way of providing it with new and original entertainment.

We are, I think, far too prone to take the cinema for granted and groan because the type of picture we see is not always what we ourselves would wish.

It takes a lot of different tastes to make a screen audience and the producer who can please all the people all the time has not yet been born.

That he does try to please the majority is made manifestly clear in the articles by, and interviews with, the often much-maligned "movie moguls" which appear in this issue.

They have, we think, a due regard to the responsibility that rests on them in supplying the needs of the world's most popular form of entertainment—the screen—quite apart from the fact that they are obviously in the business to make money and not only for the sake of their health.

As a matter of fact, if they did not have to try and make their several concerns profit-making the entertainment they provided would not be acceptable to as many people as it is to-day.

The very fact of their being commercial in the first place argues that they must try and satisfy the tastes of the majority if they are to be successful.

If this issue succeeds in giving you some idea of the aims and aspirations of the producers and of their difficulties, it will have amply fulfilled its purpose.

Some idea of the variety of screen entertainment offered for your approval in 1935 is outlined in the film guide section, of what we consider to be, a somewhat remarkable contribution to fan paper publications.

As far as possible we have given brief criticisms of the pictures you will see this year. In a compilation of this description there are bound to be errors of omission, for which we crave your indulgence.

In addition films which are ready but have not been trade shown are included, as well as a large number which are in production or contemplated. In these cases all the details available are appended and we hope this will prove a useful pointer to our readers in the matter of programme selection.

It has always been our aim to give Picturegoer readers as full a service as possible in this respect as well as in every department of screen activities.

This seems a fitting issue in which to tender our thanks to the numbers of readers who have encouraged us and helped us in our endeavours to make Picturegoer of real service by their criticisms, suggestions, and appreciation.

In the forthcoming year we propose to continue the series of Famous Films Supplements, which have proved so widely popular and which mark a milestone in screen journalism.

We shall shortly be presenting our readers with a supplement on The Painted Veil, Garbo's latest picture, which has broken all records at the Empire, London, and this will be followed from time to time by further additions to a series which, we feel sure, will form worth-while souvenirs of noteworthy films.

We should like to thank the several producing and renting concerns who have co-operated in making the film guide for 1935 so comprehensive as it is.

We would once again reiterate the need for our readers to appreciate the difficulties they have to face and realise that every endeavour is being made to give them pictures they will like.

No other form of entertainment has such a vast public to serve and no other entertainment has to be so prodigal in its dissemination of ideas.

There are fifty-two weeks in the year and most kinemas have a change of programme twice weekly; some idea of the number of pictures required to fill the demand can be gained from the fact that in this country alone there are 4,897 kinemas.

Considering this point, it is surely rather remarkable that the general standard of entertainment is as high as it is.

Judging by the projected pictures for the present year, picturegoers are likely to be regaled with some outstanding productions.

We hope that our readers will find in this issue an earnest of the service we always try to render them in presenting them with the best in current thought and news in the film world and we would assure them that the standard we have set ourselves will be rigidly maintained.

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Cosmetic

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Cosmetic

Blue eyes, blue. Brown eyes, black.

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There are 5 captivating tones of Gaiety Nail Polish, a shade to match each gown.

Gaiety Beauty Preparations
PICTUREGOER Weekly

A Second Revolution

Because of the prejudice roused by the completeness of the failure of post experiments, recent developments in colour have not received the attention they deserve. On both sides of the Atlantic new processes are being perfected. Colour, it is now being whispered in the studios of Britain and Hollywood, has come to stay.

For the same reason it has not been generally appreciated that the adoption of the new medium will cause a revolution almost approaching that of 1927 when the coming of sound sent the stellar thrones toppling.

Colour will be as hard on imperfect features as the early microphones were on imperfect voices. Stars are already asking themselves apprehensively: "How will I photograph?"

Who Will Survive?

They have reason to. We have it on the authority of Robert Edmund Jones, the expert who produced La Cucaracha, the first motion picture, apart from cartoons, to be produced by the Technicolour process, that bleached heads will have to go and that there will be no more artificial blondes and no more heavy make-up.

"You can't fool the colour camera," he declares. "It catches the slightest artificiality, magnifying it, making it ridiculous. Bleached hair which may be beautiful on the black-and-white screen, in Technicolour looks like a straw wig."

How many present-day stars will survive the test imposed by the new beauty standard?

The first all-colour full-length talkie is in production. It is Becky Sharp, and to Miriam Hopkins has fallen the honour of being the "mother" of the new medium. Miriam is a natural blonde. Her hair, I am told, photographs beautifully—golden, soft and silky.

Mae West Surprise

The big surprise of Now I'm a Lady is, I understand, to be a rumba dance by Mae West, who, incidentally, has always claimed to be the inventor of the "Shimmy."

Mae has been practising for weeks and according to Hollywood accounts "has the hip-weaving at her mercy."

A Red Indian has an important part in the picture. The irrepressible W. C. Fields comments that "when that lad goes back to his tribe they'll probably change his name to Big-Chief-Went-Up-And-Saw-Her-Sometime."

Mae, incidentally, reverts to her weakness for British leading men by choosing Paul Cavanagh to play opposite her.

Beery and Rooney as "Team"

Other interesting new stars we shall be seeing shortly will be Greta Garbo and Fredric March, which seems a promising combination, Jean Harlow and William Powell, and Fairbanks, jun., and Gertrude Lawrence, and Gordon Harker and Ralph Lynn.

Not the least interesting is the announcement that Wallace Beery and Mickey Rooney will be launched as a new team for a group of pictures in 1935. The first will be Hero's Son. Mickey was recently signed on long-term contract by the studio and, almost alone among Hollywood's current infant prodigies, is a genuine and very much better actor than that mannered young gentleman Master Jack Cooper, whom he now replaces as Beery's partner.

Settling the Depression

Mae West, it appears, now has a plan to end the depression, based on the interesting and unique economic theory that love

(Continued on page 10)
makes the world—and the dollars—go round. "Love has done more for the human race and for the advancement of civilisation than anything else," she declares. "More lands have been conquered, more machines invented, more cities built and more grain has been planted, because men have loved women and women have loved men."

"It's a chemical and psychological proposition," Mae goes on to explain. "Love does things to you. You can't over-estimate what being in love does to a human. Let me give you a modern example and see if you think I'm crazy when I say make the nation love-conscious and end the depression, Moving Mountains

"Take a young man, single and out of work. He isn't doing much worrying. "The government is giving him unemployment relief, he's eating, sleeping and has plenty of cigarettes. Why worry?"

"Then he falls for some little dame. He is in love. He gets that feeling, that stimulus that people in love always get. He isn't content any longer to be without a job."

"He wants money so he can marry that little dame and he comes out of his stupor and starts out to get it."

"He finds himself a job. Nothing can keep him from getting one. For he's in love and love will move mountains. He and the little dame get married. They go out and buy furniture on the installment plan, and that means another order for the furniture factory.

Make the World "Love-conscious"

He wants to keep himself looking nice for the girl he loves and he invests in a new suit. "Mark up one for the wool clippers and the tailors. Perhaps his wife was a little down in the mouth, too, but now she's in love and she wants to keep looking sweet for him, so she buys some new things. The wheels of industry are moving.

"Then, before you know it, there's a family to feed and clothe. Shoes to buy for the baby. "Love has wounded that boy up and he's going to town. You think that's all hooey. Well, multiply that situation by several million and watch it pull this country out of the depression.""

This off-set shot arrived from Hollywood with Francis L. Sullivan, who appears with Valerie Hobson in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." - Original Editorials

SUPER THRILL FOR FILMGOERS

Our Hollywood Guest Number

MANY delightful surprises are in store for readers of Picturegoer during 1935. In addition to all the usual features of Britain's greatest film magazine, arrangements have been made to include practically every week something unique and of outstanding interest to all picturegoers. For instance, next week's Picturegoer will be a special "Hollywood Guest Number." In this issue will appear exclusive interviews with Britain's famous star visitors. These will be a just few. June Clyde will tell you how she came to be playing the heroine opposite Leslie Henson in Lucky Break at the Strand Theatre.

June also reveals her opinion of English audiences, talks frankly of her film work in England and other interesting things that film enthusiasts will find very intriguing.

Next comes Eddie Cantor. Of course, he'll make you laugh. Read his comments on Englishmen's clothes and his remarks about England. Does he want to come to this country again? Eddie will tell you. Then there is charming Greta Nissen, who admires Englishmen and English girls and tells you why. She will tell you a lot of other things, too—how she was originally trained to be a dancer, what she thinks of her vamp roles and how she is frightened of seeing herself on film.

Laura La Plante, not least of this distinguished gathering of Hollywood guests, tells of her marriage, how she and her husband came to have their honeymoon six months later. Her description of novel Hollywood parties she has attended is most amusing.

Make sure now of getting this wonderful Hollywood Guest Issue by asking your news-agent to reserve your copy. And tell your friends about it.

"Yes, sir," adds Mae, "let us give them pictures that will make the world love-conscious."

America, however, is still managing to get along with Roosevelt.

Feuer Divorces

I do not know whether it is the Mae West influence, but Hollywood is going off the divorce standard! O r is it merely that as a result of the depression stars are making their present partners do till next season? In any case, there were only sixty divorces in the film colony in 1934 which is practically a record.

In 1931 ninety people "told it to the judge," in 1932 eighty-one, and in 1933 eighty-four.

In most of the cases the charges were nothing more serious than incompatibility of temperament, although Janet Gaynor based her claim on the allegation that being married to Lydell Peck was hindering her career.

New Comedy Kings

With Chaplin at work again, W. C. Fields emerging into prominence and one or two promising newcomers discovered, 1935 should be a vintage year for comedy. Great things are expected of Jimmy Savo, who will be seen in the new Len Hecht-Charles MacArthur opus Once in a Blue Moon, while at Metro they are devoting more production time to the intriguing name of Pinkie Tomlin than to any comedian since Jimmy Durante first shocked the famous "schnozzle" over the Hollywood horizon.

A few months ago Tomlin was a truck driver in Oklahoma City. An agent saw him perform at an amateur affair and promptly mortgaged all his possessions and set him up for Hollywood with him in a broken-down car.

A Thousand or Else

They did the rounds of the studios for weeks. Executives thought Pinkie "had something," but they didn't know quite what or how to use it.

The radio programme along to the Biltmore Bowl and Pinkie, hired at $35 a week, became a local sensation. His fame was spread far and wide as far as the M-G-M. studio, which had previously tested him. They offered him $50 a week. Pinkie, or rather his agent, replied that trains left for New York every five minutes. He could not waste time discussing small offers.

They held out for a thousand dollars a week—and they got it. Now they have leased a house, engaged a butler and a valet, and are in the market for a Rolls to replace the battered wretched that took them to the film city.

Where Your Money Goes

The recent findings of the committee of actors who were cordially invited to investigate the question reveals what Picturegoer has been saying for a long time—that the really big movie money goes into the pockets, not of the stars, but of the executives. Their report reads:

"Only one and three-fifths cents in every dollar paid by theatre-goers finds its way back to the purses of the actors."

Eighty per cent of the actors and actresses of Hollywood make only a bare existence. The earnings of the men, of course, none of them extras, are cited as follows for 1934:

1,112 made from £200 (or less) to £1,000.
192 made from £1,000 to £2,000.
63 made more than £2,000.

With these earnings are contrasted those of ten leading producers and executives, which range from £20,000 to £50,000. The man of Mr. J. W. Thalberg, to £50,000 in the case of Mr. Winfield Sheehan: £70,000 each for Mr. Adolph Zukor and Mr. Jesse Lasky; and to £104,200 in the case of Mr. Davis Loew.

Virtue Rewarded Dept.

Virtue and patience have their reward, even in the studios, where Paramount publicity boys—hands on hearts—would have you know.

This, they inform you, is the story of a pretty girl who came to the studio nearly two years ago with a contract and brilliant prospects, and who stuck pluckily to her job in the face of all disappointment until she finally won through.

The girl is Ann Sheridan. Because she showed her willingness to take any part that came along she has at last arrived—and four directors are fighting for her services.

She has been given a part in Mae West's new picture to follow Belle of the Nineties; a part in the Little of the West, a featured role in Sylvia Sidney's Behold My Wife; and a part opposite Joe Morrison in One Hour Late.

Watching and Waiting

Miss Sheridan's past year's record—a proof of patience and waiting— waits as follows:

A "bit" part in Search for Beauty.
Extra in Bolero.
"Bit" in Come on, Marines.
Small part in Murder at the Vanities, which was cut out.
Extra in Mae West's Belle of the Nineties.
Secretary in Thank Your Stars—a flash.
A crowd role in Lonesome Blues.
A flash in It's a Gift—a flash.
Beauty operator in Kiss and Make Up, a flash.
Extra in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
Extra in Wages of Fear.
Loaned her hands for an insert. Loaned her ankles for an insert. Loaned the back of her head for an insert.
Her part in Mae West's new picture is small but the other three roles are the biggest she has yet tackled.

Mary's Dilemma

A note from the Coast film capital reveals that Mary Killis, America's latest and not least important import arrived from Britain mildly baffled by Hollywood.
The over-exploitation of stellar acts has made things very difficult for newcomers. Miss Hebe, it seems, possesses a certain reluctance to have any part of her private life exploited for publicity purposes and is equally reluctant to be labelled one of the industry’s “mystery stars.”

Can anyone suggest a solution to the problem?

In Praise of Hepburn

Whatever else may be said about Katharine Hepburn, she appears to have a genius for impressing the literary great.

Sir James Barrie, in a letter to Robert Watson, the Scottish novelist who acted as technical advisor on the production of The Little Minister, congratulated him on having “such a fine actress as Katharine Hepburn to play the role of Babbie.”

And now Mr. Sinclair Lewis comes out in the open and chooses Miss Hepburn as the screen’s finest artist.

“She has rhythm, she moves, there is a mobility about her as constant as the flow of a river,” he declares, in nominating her for the honour. “She is never, as so many of the screen stars are, static.”

Those Sunday Programmes

I once might suggest a New Year resolution for exhibitors, in whose hands our fate as filmgoers largely rests, it would be: “I owe it to my customers to give them good entertainment seven nights a week.”

The thought is prompted by the complaint of a journalistic colleague, whose only opportunity to visit the cinema is on Sundays.

The other evening he visited a good-class hall in the suburb in which he lives. The programme consisted of two full-length pictures—both British and both of which got the bird. He had no objection to the origin of the films, neither had the audience. But subsequent investigation revealed that the first was generally released in 1931 and the second in 1932. They weren’t even good pictures then.

Sunday programmes must be reformed.

Repairs to Reputations

I wonder if Columbia will succeed in restoring the prestige that Lilian Harvey enjoyed when she first went to Hollywood. The studio has something of a name for effecting repairs to stellar reputations.

Barbara Stanwyck’s name had lost some of its magic when Harry Cohn cast her in Forbidden. While the attempt to revive John Gilbert in The Captains of the Sea was not an unqualified success, the studio takes credit for boosting the standing of Clark Gable in It Happened One Night, of Warner Baxter in Broadway Bill, of Mary Robson—who had been ignored by Metro, her own lot—in Lady for a Day, and of Grace Moore in One Night of Love.

Hell Builders

Building Hell is no one-man job. That assignment was given out some months ago by Sol M. Wurtzel, who is producing Dante’s Inferno for Fox.

He put more than one hundred artists and technicians to work and they are still at it.

Wurtzel insists that his movie Hell must be convincing, and as Director Lachman puts it, “Rome wasn’t built in a day and Hell must have taken much longer; it’s so permanent.”

The Big Heads

Have you got a big head? No? Well, you will have to give up those dreams of private swimming pools and public adoration.

Elmer Fryer, the portrait photographer at the First National Studios, who has photographed hundreds of stars and featured players during the past ten years, it seems, has made the world-shattering discovery that good actresses must have big heads.

A big head, he says, is almost essential to screen success.

He means “big” literally. “Big,” he explains, “not bloated.”

A small head and a small face form a definite handicap to a screen career, in Fryer’s opinion. He points to the gallery of beautiful and famous screen stars, whose likenesses he has preserved for posterity, to prove his contention.

“Nearly all of them have larger head sizes than the average,” he declares. “All of them have generous features. If they haven’t they look ‘prissy’ in a photograph.”

Beauty and Size

Dolores Del Rio, one of the world’s most beautiful women, has a big head, Fryer says. So have Kay Francis, Ruby Keeler, Constance Bennett, and Gloria Swanson, all “subjects” whom Fryer has photographed at one time or another.

“If you compare the head of the average motion picture star with the heads on famous sculptured statues,” he says, “you will see that the average screen star’s face is of generous size in comparison, to say the least.

“Look at Jean Blondell or Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Verree Teasdale, and Genevieve Tobin. They are all beautiful—and they all have big heads. A woman almost has to be big-headed to get along in pictures.”

Kinema Couples

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss E. James, 45 Grove, Gravesend, Kent, for:

Breach of Promise

A Successful Calamity

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to the following—

T. G. Alexander, 80 Hugh Road, Smithwick, Staffs., for:

Two Wives for Henry

Double Door

L. Wade, 46 Haunbler Road, East Dulwich, for:

Frankenstein

Imitation of Life

Miss N. Armstrong, 10 Spencer Terrace, Blicher, Newburn-on-Tyne, for:

Let Us Be Gay

Sing As We Go

Miss W. Brookings, 43 Foundry Lane, Freemantle, Southampton, for:

Reducing

Passing Shadows

Entries in the kinema couplet competition should be submitted on a postcard addressed to me, c/o Picturegoer, 93 Long Acre, W.C.1. Envelopes cannot be opened.

Short Shots

Irene Dunne wears a gown in Sweet Adeline that is valued at over £300—Mae West has taken to using corsets—Wendy Barrie is being launched on her Hollywood career by Paramount—J. B. Priestley is writing an original for George Ariss’ next British picture—Shirley Temple has learned to read her first primer and, according to rumour, has qualified for a job as supervisor—Dick Powell rewarded with a rise—Jean Hersholt is planning to write his reminiscences; his present picture, incidentally, is his 45th, probably a record—Paul Lukas is to be “Philo Vance” in The Casino Murder Case—Clara Bow announces that she is going to return to the screen—Frank Capra is convalescing after an appendicitis operation—Frances Dee returns to pictures in Becky Sharp—The Chaplin boys call Miss Goddard “Aunt Paulette”—Max Baer plays ping-pong.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

II
PICTUREGOERS up and down the country are not likely to be familiar with the name of S. Eckman, jun. But you mention it in Wardour Street or Culver City and watch what happens! S. Eckman jun., good American as he is, is one of the men without whom a film trade in this country would be unthinkable. To the trade he's the Metro-Goldwyn liaison. To the stars he's just Sam, their friend.

Almost all the stars, and most of the films that you want to know about, pass through Sam Eckman's office in Tower Street sooner or later. It's Sam who gives those midnight shows of Treasure Island and The Merry Widow which bring the elite flocking to the doors of the Empire and keep London's social register celebrating until the hour of bacon and eggs (or whatever they eat in the social register) urges them irresistibly towards their limousines and home.

It's Sam, too, who holds those intimate Wednesday afternoon shows for the press in his comfortable little preview theatre, just a step from the street, behind Cambridge Circus, where every week we newspaper scribes gather to watch the first English unspooling of the newest Shearer, or Garbo, Gable or Crawford picture in a room about 40 ft. by 20, on a miniature screen.

Sometimes Sam Eckman puts in a brief appearance at these shows, when the occasion warrants. But I like best, myself, to visit him in his office. It makes me feel as if I had walked by mistake into one of Metro-Goldwyn's own films.

The European chief of Metro-Goldwyn sits at a vast desk, smoking a vast cigar, looking exactly like the Big Executive in the first reel of a Big Business Drama. Beside him is one of these mysterious one-way speaking cabinets that mark out the big executives from the smaller fry.

In front of him are telephones, bells, buzzers, smokes, papers, huge bronze chrysanthemums and ash trays in marble or ormolu or something, as large as dinner plates, and so shining and portentous that you feel they have never received anything less worthy than the ash from a Corona Corona.

All around the panelled walls are framed photographs of the stars and executives of Metro-Goldwyn, smiling down on you; in spots costume and street suits, in ravishing negligée and immaculate hostess gowns; each signed across the corner—"Clark," "Jean," anyone you can think of—with a friendly and characteristic message to the man behind the big desk.

It is an exciting, but at the same time an embarrassing room to be in. Wherever you look, you are certain to encounter a smiling mouth and a pair of familiar and highly salaried eyes, assuring you warmly that they are always yours. You can have an idea how nervous it makes you to sit in an armchair with Clark Gable pressed closely against your left ear, and Jean Harlow promising endless friendship into the right.

Then there's Garbo. Her eyes follow you wherever you go. Her greeting is simple and dignified. She doesn't joke, like Jean and Clark and some of the other youngsters. But, somehow, she pervades the room.

The friendly, rather slow-spoken American, to whom these messages of goodwill are addressed, sits quietly at his big desk and waits for your questions. He never uses lavish superlatives about the quality of his pictures, never makes rash forecasts of their success.

I asked him what he would be back as M.G.M.'s biggest winner for the new year. He flipped an imaginary coin into the air, and smiled:

"It's just like the 'Twenties," he said slowly. "In the picture business you never know what will turn up heads—or tails. You make plans for a big picture, spend time and money on it, buy a big subject, and then in the end some unexpected little production, that looked nothing on paper, walks off with all the honours of the year."

"Like The Thin Man," I suggested.

"Just like The Thin Man. We made that in sixteen days. It was a lark on the set just as it was a lark on the screen. Everybody in the picture enjoyed himself, from the director to the sound crew. Couldn't you feel on the screen how easily it moved? That was because all the strains and stresses were just right. It couldn't miss."

"And you think the best films always turn up that way?" I asked.

"The masterpieces do," he answered. "It's the same in all arts—writing, painting, sculpture. No one has ever yet sat down and specified, with any certainty: 'This is going to be my masterpiece.'"

"If he risks a forecast of that kind, the work is certain to be stiff—stilted and laboured. You know yourself what happens when you write an article. One week it will come like a bird. Another week, when you fancy you've got something urgent to say, the words stick—the style's laboured—you'd give your soul if it didn't have to appear in print. No, the greatest works of art are always accidents."

"Well, if you won't give me a tip," I said, "at least give me a selection. What are the most attractive things you've got to offer us in the coming year?"

"Copperfield?"

"No," I said. "I'm tired of Dickens. Something original."

"You're wrong," he said. "Copperfield has got more drama than any other Dickens story. Still—there's a musical comedy, Naughty Marietta, with Jeanette MacDonald and a new leading man named Nelson Eddy—a concert singer with a most beautiful voice, whom I think you'll like."

"Then there's Mutiny on the Bounty—that's the Beery-Gable-Montgomery picture, you know. It's a grand story of adventure in Australian waters, based on historical record, and made by two young Americans, with considerable assistance from the Admiralty here."

"What about Garbo?" I asked, with the Presence gagging down on me compellingly from the opposite wall.

"Garbo will make Anna Karenina, with Fredric March, and of course there's the Shearer Marie Antoinette. Charles Laughton, you know, is going to make Rhades for us this year, another Thalberg production. Jean Harlow has an original called Reichless, in which she's teamed with William Powell. And there's the Crawford-Gable-Montgomery picture, Forsaking All Others, which you should see early in the new year."

"How about my own little favourite, Maureen O'Sullivan?" I asked.

"O'Sullivan is going to be given much greater opportunities."

"There's not another Tarzan, is there?"

"I interrupted, horrified.

"Certainly there's another Tarzan. But apart from that, Maureen made a good impression as an actress in The Barretts and Hide-Out and The Thin Man. Daniel Hannett, by the way, is writing a sequel to Thin Man, for the same cast and director."

"Then there's a little film of which nothing much has been heard, called Sequoia, originally Malibu. We've been playing with the idea of it.
for a long time, and it's been made and shelved and made again, and at last got out a big index book and ruffled through the pages.

"Let me see, what else have we got? Good Earth, the Pearl Buck story—yes, we've straightened out the troubles with the Chinese authorities and all the location work's done."

"Marx Brothers—are you interested in the Marx Brothers? Not particularly? What about Robert Montgomery in the Wodehouse story, Piccadilly Jim? Then here's Montgomery again—with Beery, in West Point of the Air. And there's the Loy-Powell team again, with Jean Harlow as the opposite number, in Wife Versus Secretary."

"Then there's Vanessa, with Helen Hayes, and Good-bye Mr. Chips—no cast yet. I wonder what we shall do with that."

"Oh stop!" I cried. "That's good enough for me! If there's not a picture or two among that lot, we'll be unlucky."

I broke my cigarette into the marble (ormolu) ashtray designed for the reception of Corona Coronas. The searching eyes of Myrna Loy, Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer looked down on me.

"Of course," I added hastily, "your stars are your great asset. I suppose there's no other company in the world that has quite such a list of box-office names under contract." After that I felt better. I could return the level gaze of Norma Shearer, and even meet the eyes of Garbo, without trepidation.

But Mr. Eckman, who lives all day in the shadow of that galaxy, was not to be overawed.

"That's so," he agreed. "But one star can't carry a bad picture, even though he may give just that extra plus quantity to a good one. Dear Marie Dressler, popular as she was, couldn't build up the difference in receipts between a success like Tugboat Annie and a comparative failure like Christopher Bean."

"Wallace Beery's fight picture, Flesh, was almost a total flop, though Wally himself is one of the biggest draws the box-office knows. Then again, all the stars in the cast couldn't make a real success of Dinner at Eight or Night Flight, or even Grand Hotel."

"Why not?" I asked. "I've often wondered about Grand Hotel. The story was good enough. Why didn't it catch on with the public?"

"Why?" he answered. "To me it's perfectly clear. The public don't want their stars all in a hash. Two stars—possibly three—are all they want at one time."

"They know perfectly well that if there are more, there will only be a bit of each one. They won't get their money's worth from the stars they like, and they'll have to put up with the ones they don't like at the same time. After all, it's perfectly reasonable."

"We are concentrating more and more," he went on, "on the two-star and three-star picture, like Chained. Now you may have your own private opinions of Chained, but I assure you that pictures of that kind—synthetic pictures if you like—are endlessly popular."

"There you have your two outstanding stars, built up in every kind of emotional crisis. They have the opportunity to change their clothes and their moods, and their surroundings with every scene. Audiences feel they are really getting their money's worth, both from the stars and the story."

"But what a story!" I objected.

"Maybe, but what an escape from the monotony of everyday life! A film like Chained is like a luxury cruise to the audience. It has glamour, romance, an outlet for their emotions, nice clothes, rich apartments, comfortable travel to lovely places they'll never see. In fact, it's got everything except the kitchen sink. And why not? Isn't it the kitchen sink that so many people want to escape from to-day?"

"And so you'll always make synthetic films like Chained?" I asked.

"I expect we shall always include them in our programme. Our idea is to give the public a bit of everything, but to make the best picture we can of each type. You'll find that our schedules are always catholic."

"We don't specialise in any single type of production—musicals, or comedies, or horror films (though we've got a real full-blooded thriller in production now for Lionel Barrymore, called The Vampire of Prague)."

"How do you manage to be so successful in so many different types of picture?" I asked, mentally running through a list which began with Queen Christina and ended with Treasure Island and The Thin Man.

"That, I am sure, is due to our unit system of production," he answered. "Each of our producers—Thalberg, Selnick, Stromberg, whoever it may be—goes his own way without interference, choosing his subjects and his staff, making just as many pictures as he can carry in the year and no more. You'll find no monotony in their work, because they are always fresh and interested, and have time to look round for the right material. No man living can produce sixteen or twenty pictures a year and do it decently."

I made a silent obeisance to Mears, Thalberg, Selnick, and Stromberg on the opposite wall, and rose to go.

"Just one more question," I said, "and then I'll have done. What should you say is your ideal as a company?"

"Consistently to make a better type of production over the years."

"Not to make the best?"

"Oh, well, naturally," he said quite simply, as though it were a recognised commonplace, "the public expects the best from Metro-Goldwyn."
LET's go to the 'flicks,' dear! I've had a perfectly poisonous day at business and I just want to get away from everything. I'm fed up!" This commonplace remark was made in my presence only a few days ago, when I was staying with some friends of mine.

The avidity with which the invitation was agreed to by my friend's wife left me in no doubt that she, too, had had a "perfectly poisonous day" in the house and was no less eager to find some solace for her frayed nerves.

After a hurried meal, we were soon on our way through the pouring rain to the cinema. The weather did little to relieve the disgruntled mood to which my friend had referred and we walked in an ominous silence, our boots squelching miserably on the sodden pavements.

Suddenly, around a bend in the road, we caught a glimpse of the red glow, cast by the neon lights of the Picture Palace, mirrored in the puddles of the rain-soaked street. My friend spoke for the first time and there was an unmistakable excitement in his voice.

That bright glow was the first cheerful impulse to rouse him from his depression. I noticed that he slipped his arm through that of his wife and by the time he reached the vestibule he was garrulous beyond his wont.

"Those who look on see most of the game," especially if one happens to be a doctor accustomed to observe the changes in human moods and who is interested in psychology. From this point of vantage, I took note of my surroundings and watched the arrival of the patrons of this cinema. Every face revealed pleasure and there was an urgency to pass through those doors that led to the foyer as though within lay some prize that awaited them. There was much good-natured jostling as they surged through the doors. Quickly, we joined this merry throng and, to the strains of the organ playing invigorating music, were shown to our seats.

A tune of conversation filled the theatre and an "atmosphere" of comradeship impressed itself upon my consciousness. Never do I enter a cinema without this feeling being strong upon me. By this time, my friend and his wife seemed to have forgotten all their troubles and not until the lights were dimmed and the organ ceased playing did our chatter stop.

The programme that followed was of a high order and held our attention throughout. But, as a doctor, my chief interest centred around the profound psychological effect of this form of entertainment upon the ordinary man and woman.

In this particular theatre, two performances a day were being given to almost full houses. People, weary with the anxieties and worries of everyday life, flocked to this place as a means of escape from their troubles and, as was abundantly evident, found it. Similarly, up and down the country, hundreds of other picture houses were attracting their millions of souls per week. There must be some irresistible urge in this form of entertainment beyond the mere fact of its cheapness.

Why do people make it a habit to go twice or more times a week? Everyone wants value for money and the audiences do not comprise those who can afford to throw it away! The explanation was being enacted before my eyes by my friends. It was the tonic effect. What a magic word that is!

We doctors know so well the dramatic results of our nauseating mixtures—but they could scarcely be more effective than the mental tonic my friends were experiencing.

The film owes its success primarily to the fact that all human beings are actors at heart. Look at your own children—or, if you have none of your own, at one of your friends and relatives. Have you ever known one who did not take every opportunity of "dressing-up"? In your own life, have you not always envied the other fellow and wished that you could only be in his shoes?

Again, modest though you may be of your own capabilities, have you not always had some nice little conceit hidden away in your heart that gives you a thrill when you fancy yourself filling the heroic part in some situation created in your own imagination?

Herein lies the secret of the cinema's success as the modern tonic for its hard-pressed clients. No emotion known to man lies outside its scope. Love, hate, humour, all lie within its province and when woven into the form of a story, make an irresistible appeal.

The art of story-telling is the earliest form of entertainment known to man, but never before has the scope been so wide or the means of appealing to all the senses so exhaustive. But, like all story-telling, there is a glamour cast upon life that is lacking in our daily round.

Every event, good or bad, which falls to our lot in turns of circumstances and consequences, so many of which are painful. The vivid story of the film, though to life, is exempt from these damaging experiences—the experience is yours for a small cash payment whereby your debt is finally settled!

Lastly, the cinema is an education. It offers to all classes of the community, to all races and nationalities, all the drama of history and the literature of the world, the mysteries of science and a thousand other things, while, through its news reels, it keeps the public informed upon the important events of their time.

The programme offered and my friends witnessed showed films of widely varying type. Humour, travel and a "big picture" of a passionate love story. An atmosphere of make-believe, sufficiently vivid to deceive the entire audience, held their attention fixed upon the screen. Worry and mental agitation vanished.

For two and a half hours the thoughts of all were concentrated upon that screen. New emotions crowded the mind to the exclusion of all other impulses. A shadow-world where life, love and laughter pursues its way without fear of hurt or harm, replaces the stark realities of life and creates a detached but pleasurable outlook with the resultant tonic effect.

That night, over the fire, my friend, his wife and I sat till the early hours and discussed the "show." Differences of opinion, of course, we had, but we all recaptured the hilarity of the funny film and laughed again at the absurd situations.

We argued on the merits of the various actors. We criticised the characters through their very life, or rather the life we believed they were actually living, and we recalled the brilliance of the photography and artistry of the "sets." At long last and regretfully we wound up for the night. All traces of the anxieties, which had obsessed my friend and which had prompted the visit to the cinema, had vanished. Mentally, we were all at peace with the world.

My friend's last words to me were: "That show was the best tonic I've ever known. I shall take another dose soon. Why don't you doctors recommend it instead of giving your rotten stuff?"

My answer was: "I do!"
If I were Head of a Production Company

by

Alfred Hitchcock

THE famous director of “The Man Who Knew Too Much” tells you what his plans would be if he were running a production unit.

It's easy and pleasant to theorise; but unsupported theory has explosive properties when exposed to the air, so I propose to confine these remarks strictly to a basis of experience. Remember, I am speaking of the ideal conditions; true, they are realisable—but they might cost a lot of money.

Still, as I can't imagine myself becoming head of a production company that hadn't a lot of money at its disposal, that's quite legitimate.

Starting with the actual studio, I want plenty of beds. There to be an afflatus here from readers who know my competence; but I want more space even than that demands.

I want space to build permanent sets—and I mean permanent. When I was working on my very first picture in Munich—The Pleasure Garden—there was an exterior set on the “lot,” representing an Algerian village, which had been standing in all weathers for five years and did not even require painting! The initial outlay in a case like this is very large—but it's amply justified by results, for such a set can be used over and over again.

Hollywood has proved the value of this beyond possibility of doubt; in fact, some of the streets in the studio administrative block have been built in various types of architecture to form a ready-made background for almost any kind of street-scene.

In British studios it too often happens that immense labour and a great deal of money are expended on running up a quite convincing set made of plywood and scatting—which hardly even retains its conviction to the end of the picture, and would certainly be useless after another month's exposure to wind and rain; but by this time it has had to be scrapped to make room for something else—and Heaven help the poor director who wants any “retakes”!

With the cycle system in vogue, a set (such as, for instance, the London square built at Fox Hills for Cavalcade) is bound to “come in handy” again and can be let out to other companies; this has been done with the semi-permanent street sets at Welwyn and Sound City.

Inside the studio, too, it pays handsomely to have elbow-room.

When I was directing at the B.I.P. studios at Elstree, I had an elaborate staircase constructed with rooms opening off it; it seemed a big undertaking just for a few scenes in one film; but its cost was distributed over at least half a dozen subsequent films in which it was used.

Ufa built a whole city-centre for The Last Laugh. The expense would have been justified for that fine film alone; but the set was used for years afterwards. Furthermore (an important point), the production value gained by a cheaper film made on a set is tremendous.

How many times in a year do the last few shots on a large set have to be scurried through because the space is needed for another?

I've known a unit to work continuously from nine one morning till three the following morning for this very reason—and you can imagine the result on the screen.

So much for physical space. Now for mental elbow-room.

The director must have latitude. Here there are two distinct schools of thought. One (the American) says the director is there only to direct; in many cases he has no knowledge of story or script until he comes on to the floor for the first day's shooting; everything is prepared for him by functionaries whose duty it is.

Consequently, though Hollywood films are slick, smart, efficient to the nth degree, to British audiences they are frequently lacking in what, for want of a better word, we call “soul.”

To mass-produced America this mechanical system is probably most acceptable; in Britain we still adhere more to the product of individuality, in which one guiding mind is behind the whole production.

We make mistakes; but they are experimental mistakes, and justifiable so long as we learn from them.

So for my ideal production company I should seek out and secure the services of men who are capable of taking charge of a film from the first glimmerings of an idea to the final cutting.

That is to say, the film would exist pictorially in the director's mind from beginning to end.

Here I should find myself up against my greatest handicap, for, in my view, one of the chief disadvantages of British production is the scarcity of people with an instinct for films—who can, in fact, think pictorially.

Such instinct can hardly be taught, but it can be acquired by experience; and the problem would be to assemble the personnel most likely to learn.

These, and writers who know how to appeal to the popular taste, and as much polish and finesse as are consistent with clearness, are some of the outstanding needs which it would be my first care to supply.

As to stars, here is a vexed question, to which I have certainly not the space to do justice here; but I may say this: that if I were building stars I should adopt the American plan of flinging them on to the screen as often as possible—at first—so that their names would become familiar to the public; and then gradually I would withdraw them from the screen, so that the better known they were, the less they would be seen.

That is the way to make a Garbo.

When a producer is offering the public something which may be unwelcome or indigestible to it, stars are of the utmost value as camouflage—or, if you prefer it, as the jam round the pill; for the sake of the star, the public will accept the new lighting, or the new cutting, or the new use of sound, or whatever the producer is trying to get away with.

This film business is almost the only industry in which it is left to the retailer to gauge the public taste; that is to say, the exhibitor has the responsibility of finding out what the public require—which is obviously unfair as well as being slip-shod and unmethodical.

Therefore, incorporated in my production-cum-distribution organisation would be a corps of investigators who would discover and report on the trend and fluctuations of public taste and audience reaction in the key-centres of the country and of the world, to observe the comparative effectiveness of various kinds of publicity, and so on; and through these I would have my fingers on the public pulse, find out what was wanted, and make my plans accordingly.

These are just a few of the points that occur to me now at random. But if you care to ask me again, after I have been head of a production company for five years or so, I may be able to tell you quite a lot!
A LITTLE more than five years ago a young Hungarian by the name of Alexander Korda came to this country from Paramount's French studio, and went to work at Elstree. Nobody knew very much about him, apart from the fact that he had directed a silent American picture, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, and one or two quite undisguised comedies for Ufa of Berlin.

However, Mr. Korda went to work for Paramount British and turned out a little comedy called *Service for Ladies*, with a then comparatively unknown star, Leslie Howard, and 'Liz' Allen, a nervous little newcomer to the screen.

*Service for Ladies* was put on quietly at the Plaza for, I think, a week's run. Later it was released and shown at, I believe, about forty kineoms out of the four thousand in this country. Nobody troubled very much about it, and nobody, I am sure, imagined that it was a historic occasion. Yet the appearance of *Service for Ladies* actually marked the entrance of a new and far-reaching force into the cinema, and the Friday that saw it billed for the first time in the Plaza programme was a red-letter day in the story of British films.

Just five years later another picture by Alexander Korda made its first appearance in London, a few hundred yards from the scene of the first film. Leslie Howard was again the star, and the film was called *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. This time it was a social occasion. Half the celebrities of London were present at the Leicester Square theatre for the premiere. Leslie Howard was already celebrated as a stage and screen star in two continents, and Korda's own fame had gone round the world.

H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, Winston Churchill, and other notables were making films for him, our young Hungarian had, it seems, arrived.

Those five years between *Service for Ladies* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel* contain one of the most remarkable success stories ever told. I don't mean to imply that Korda reached his present position easily. He earned everything he has. He worked and fought every inch of the way. He was, after all, a foreigner, working in a country and speaking a language that was not his own. He had all sorts of initial prejudices to overcome, and all sorts of misunderstandings to rectify. Some of his associates were not above handling him a very raw deal. He was constantly hampered by lack of money, and it is only quite recently that he has been able to make a picture with the certainty that, if it failed, it would not land him in the red.

When, shortly after *Service for Ladies*, Alex. Korda started his own production company, the industry wagged their heads and prophesied that he would not last long. London Films, they agreed, was a happy choice of title, and there were not a few of them who wished that they had thought of selecting Big Ben for a trade mark. But beyond that it seemed, Korda had nothing. Who were these unknown young stars that London Films had put under contract? Somebody called Robert Donat. Someone called Binnie Barnes. A couple of unknown girls known as Merle Oberon and Joan Gardner. What was the good of a star without at least the pretence of an international reputation?

But Korda went on, in spite of the prophets. He had an idea for a film about Henry VIII, and although at least four companies refused to distribute it, he went ahead with his plans. You know, as well as I do, what happened then. What you don't know, is what was said by the four companies who had refused to distribute it. I know, but I don't tell you this. This is a respectable magazine.

After Henry came Catherine the Great; after Catherine, Don Juan. After Don Juan came The Scarlet Pimpernel. Korda didn't need to worry any more about national prestige. Anyone was willing to work for him, and most of them were glad to have the chance. Korda was in the Big Stuff now.

The stars that he made—those despised little unknowns like Donat, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, are eagerly sought after now by every studio in Hollywood. Charles Laughton is an international top-liner. Leslie Howard has become the delight of countless American fans, and *The Scarlet Pimpernel* should establish him as a film favourite all over the world. And about twenty-two countries (excluding, I believe, Russia) know and respect Alex Korda's name.

Oddly enough, success hasn't changed him. He is just the same simple, philosophic person that he was when I first met him in Germany five—no, was it ten?—years ago. Having lived through five revolutions, and remained to tell the tale, nothing apparently perturbs him. And yet, before the press show of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, he was as nervous as a cat. He came and sat down beside me on the steps at the back of the circle, unnoticed in the darkness.

"How is it? Is it going?" he asked.

Experienced after a thousand press shows to read the signs in an audience, I told him, yes. But he wouldn't believe me until we came to Leslie Howard's Shakespeare quotation, spoken in a hush like a cathedral close. Then, even before the applause broke out, Korda got to his feet in the darkness.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I think it goes."

And slipped away.

Somehow, I feel, and I believe that Korda feels it, too, that *The Scarlet Pimpernel* marks a milestone in his career. Behind him are the five years of struggle and experiment. Before him lies a Five Year Plan for further film development. With the coming of the New Year, London Films will build their own studios, on a scale probably never before attempted in this country. They will experiment, too, in colour, and it is possible that before the next five years are over, all the Korda films will be colour productions.

Be that as it may, the schedule for London Films is long and ambitious, and at any moment it is liable to become longer and more ambitious. For Korda never stands still. His one guiding rule with regard to films is simply this—show the

Leslie Howard.
people how other people live. Within the limits of this rule he'll move here and there, backwards into history, forwards into the future, to far-away countries of the Empire, among all classes and professions.

"You see," he said to me the other day, as we were talking over the plans for his new schedule, "I feel that the films are the most powerful means of expression in the world to-day, even more powerful than the press. Thirty years ago, people only knew the things that were going on around them in their homes, in the street, in their own town. The only impressions they ever got of other modes of living were gathered from neighbours' stories, magic lantern slides and picture in magazines, and an occasional play. Nowadays, they go to the pictures once or twice a week, and other peoples' homes are as familiar to them as their own backyard."

"Including the homes of dead-and-gone monarchs?" I asked, thinking of Catherine and Henry.

"Naturally," he said, "And why not? They were once real, too. The trouble with so many films is that they deal with such a small section of human life. Just the same set of society people flirting and joking in country houses, the same young college girls wearing smart clothes and drinking out of hip-pocket flasks. Of course, there's no reason in the world why we shouldn't see young girls on the screen drinking out of hip-pocket flasks. They do, you know. But there are so many other things in life, and the film has such a chance to show them. That's why I want to go farther afield."

"You want to make glorified travelogues, then?" I said wickedly, hoping to rouse him, for Alex is magnificent when he is roused. But he knows me too well by now to take me very seriously, and he only smiled, refusing to be drawn.

"You speak like the young undergraduates. I also ask me: 'Why do I not make pictures of the beauties of the Scottish lakes?'" he said. "Why should I make pictures of the beauties of the Scottish lakes, or the German lakes, or any other kind of lakes when a postcard can show them just as well? No, you must remember that people are only interested in people; it doesn't matter if they have lived five hundred years ago or to-day, but they have got to be real."

"And you want to take the whole world and the whole of history as a happy hunting ground?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I am not so interested in making films of the life that everybody knows. I am planning a number of stories set in different parts of the Empire—"

"Such as?"

"Such as Africa. First, of course, we have our 'Sanders of the River', the Edgar Wallace story with Paul Robeson and Leslie Banks, and about 20,000 natives in the cast. And later I hope to put Charles Laughton in a South African story of a poor boy from London who goes out and becomes a millionaire."

"Not another Rhodes, I hope?"

"Oh no, there are better film stories in Africa than Rhodes. Then we are making 'Lawrence of Arabia', with Leslie Howard as Lawrence—very likely in colour. And we shall go to India, too, for Mason's story of 'The Broken Road'. You remember it?"

"Yes," I said, "the story of an Indian prince, who goes back to his own country after being educated in England. You specialise in royalty don't you, at London Films?"

"Why not?" he said. "Princes are just as human as other people. Sometimes more so. We're making a film of 'Queen Elizabeth', you know, with Flora Robson as Elizabeth. No, it won't be another private life, and it won't be a satire, but a straight dramatic film showing how, what England was like to live in at the time when she first became a really great force in the history of the world."

"Then," he added, "we've got the Jubilee film, 'Twenty-Five Years of the Reign of King George the Fifth', which will be directed by Anthony Asquith, and has been specially prepared by Winston Churchill for the King's Jubilee in April."

"Any other modest little plans?" I asked him, and he told me about the Wells forecast of the future, 'Wither Mankind?'; the René Clair comedy, 'Six Tristram Goes West', in which Charles Laughton will play the part of a ghost shipped to America in an old Scottish castle, and the life of Niijinsky the dancer, which should bring all the colour and romance of the old Russian ballet to the screen. He didn't put it that way, because he is one of the most modest men in the industry. He merely said it should be rather nice. He said that Hamlet should be nice, too—which means that he will make it some day.

It was while he was talking about an entirely new way of presenting Hamlet on the screen that Frederic Lonsdale, the playwright, came into the room.

"What's wrong with you, Alex," he said, "is that you are wasting yourself here on organisation. You aren't really a financier. You are a creative artist. Why don't you go to America? You have one of those offers from the big companies that you are always turning down, and make a fortune for yourself? You could be one of the greatest directors in the world if you chose, and a rich man inside a couple of years."

"And what should I do then?" asked Korda.

"Retire—enjoy yourself—do all the things you've always wanted to do." Korda looked at Lonsdale for a minute, and smiled, and shook his head.

"Freddie," he said, "I don't want to be a rich man. I don't want to retire. And as for what I've always wanted to do—why, I'm doing it now. I've been working and waiting for years, to have my own studios, the right people to work for me, and a free hand on the films I made and the way I make them. If I were to give up now, it would be a kind of treachery to myself and to the people who have helped me. No, Freddie, I'm not going to America to finish my story. I'm going to stay just where I am—and begin."  

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HOLLYWOOD GETS IT RIGHT

ONCE upon a time—for a few years in motion picture history is an age—Hollywood thought little and cared less for details of authenticity. Empire furniture in a medieval hall? Who cared? The old geyzers were all dead . . . so what?

Anachronisms, mistakes distasteful and sometimes even offensive to other countries, traditions, even common knowledge, were ignored by the Film Middle-Period pioneers in their haste to throw everything into their supers except the more intimate details of the bathroom. And even that canon fell before Cecil de Mille.

In the hey-day of silent pictures, I had an offer from Hollywood to go over and supervise the accuracy of English detail in those films that called for it. The incident from which the offer arose was funny, and rather typical of the time.

A famous director had bought a story with a London setting. From this side he had had sent out to him photographs and illustrated weeklies showing London streets. (There was no Dunning in those days.)

Then he had set to work painstakingly to build buses that looked pretty well right, advertisement signs and everything. Taxis, policemen, car number plates, all made to match.

His personal representative brought over a print, and showed it to me privately. By the end of the first reel, the whole “build-up” had collapsed.

The traffic was running on the right-hand side of Piccadilly! No one had noticed that detail in the photographs.

But speaking for my own company, nous avons changé tout cela—which in Hollywood means “that’s all washed up now.”

To go over details of past films would be too long-drawn out, so I will take for an example one that you have not yet seen, Sir J. M. Barrie’s Little Minister, in which, you no doubt know, Katharine Hepburn plays Babbie.

In the middle of last year, I got a cable asking for copies of Thrums and the Barrie Country and of the London Museum Catalogue of Costumes. Those were easy. But the cable went on to request that I should get from national museums, photographs of Scottish gipsy costumes of the 1840’s.

Well, neither the Victoria and Albert Museum nor the Royal Scottish Museum could help me. Then I had an idea. I would find photographs of the original stage production of The Little Minister. That blew up, for there were apparently none in existence.

So I tried again. Professor Rait of Glasgow University suggested the National Gallery or Wilkie’s paintings; the National Library of Scotland recommended Maurice Greiffenhagen’s illustrations to S. S. Crockett’s Strong Man in the Windsor Magazine from December 1902 to November 1903; Jackson Wylie & Co., booksellers to the Faculty of Procurators, sent me a very exhaustive list of books on Scottish costume, and one of the Glasgow Corporation libraries supplied a further list.

After searches and enquiries too complex to be described, the details we needed were best shown in the Greiffenhagen illustrations.

The time and trouble expended on finding the necessary volume of the Windsor Magazine I will pass over. Sufficient to say that the Charing Cross Road booksellers earned every penny they got for it by the time it was secured.

So far, so good! But wait! Right in the middle of this came another cable asking for a picture of a Scottish gipsy wedding, photographs of Kirkmuir, the interior of the Auld Licht Kirk and of typical cottages.

Now this is—or if it then was—1934. Just stop and consider what changes there have been since then. I soon discovered a few when I started to collect this second batch of material. Old buildings had gone—new ones had come. Places had been “restored” and “improved.”

Slowly, and with a great deal of elimination and dismissal of unsuitable material, we tracked down a man in the North of Scotland who had contemporary prints of Kirriemuir of the period we needed. Luckily for us, we had incidentally come across someone else who had a picture of the interior of the Kirk and of the Old Town House.

When you see The Little Minister on the screen and realise intuitively that the atmosphere is “right,” just pause and remember that it is only right because no effort was spared to make it so, and that contributions to that accuracy came from all kinds of authorities and experts, people with quaint little collections as far north as Forfar, and people guarding huge national treasures in Aberdeen, Glasgow and London.
We Can Develop STARS in BRITAIN

January 26, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

There is no doubt that the Ronald Colman or Robert Donat type of Englishman is the best starring proposition in the world, particularly now that the advent of sound has put a premium on the trained English-speaking voice.

And when I talk of the trained British voice I do not mean that merely affected enunciation which has for some reason been labelled "The Oxford Accent," though its origin would seem to be more nearly London than that—perhaps Bloomsbury is responsible.

Such accents as these are irritating to our own people and in America get very short shrift indeed. Rather I refer to the stage-trained normal voice which is guiltless of exaggerations, frills or idiosyncrasies.

So much for the material. It definitely exists and it can be found. As to where, that is a question I cannot precisely answer. Some of the greatest figures in the entertainment world have been discovered unexpectedly or accidentally, and it will always be so.

One point I am convinced upon—that the day of the untrained star discovery is over.

The technique of the talking picture demands that candidates for star honours shall have had previous training either on the stage or in the studio, preferably in a succession of increasingly important parts.

The talkie is far less sympathetic to the performer than was the silent film, and the potential star must consequently have a richer background of experience.

The legitimate theatre and particularly the repertory company will always be a valuable source of potential material.

In the matter of star development, British studios work once at the disadvantage that they could not compete with Hollywood in price. Nor could they offer a world audience as an incentive to an ambitious artiste.

The distribution of British pictures was limited with a consequent limitation of audiences and the amount of money available for stars and stories.

The full renaissance of British production with the accompanying increase in revenue from all parts of the world has ended that state of affairs and means that a British artiste can now command as high a salary in England as he or she would in Hollywood.

That being so, it is up to British producers to take the long view and secure their promising artistes to them firstly by long-term contracts and set about building them to international stardom on the Hollywood pattern.

The method is the same anywhere, and can be pursued as easily in this country as elsewhere.

Attention to subjects is of primary importance. The unknown player must be introduced to the public in roles of increasing importance offering a continuity of development.

The star is finally "made" by the public, and nothing else.

The care lavished on the artiste in the process of building merely gives the star personality the maximum chance of being accepted by the public.

The period of grooming may be a long one, or it may be sensationally short—that is to say, public recognition may come slowly or with unexpected speed.

But if the merit is there and the right line of development is taken, recognition is inevitable.

Nothing now impedes the development of star personalities in this country. The technical qualities of our studios and the ability of our first class production staffs give us the opportunity to make the most of the artistes under our control.

More money is available for their story material and for that concentrated star-building production which makes the difference very often between the average and the excellent.

Give us, finally, the same international distribution as American films enjoy, with widespread publicity and the development of our world star is complete.

SAYS HERBERT WILCOX, Director of Productions to British and Dominions Film Corporation, and director of many of their greatest successes, including "Nell Guyan".

As to the men, there is no doubt that the Ronald Colman or Robert Donat type of Englishman is the best starring proposition in the world, particularly now that the advent of sound has put a premium on the trained English-speaking voice.

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“CHAINED,”
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable

“THE MERRY WIDOW,”
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For the greatest entertainment of the screen ......... watch

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
NE can seldom pretend to state with any degree of certainty as to what will happen in twelve forthcoming months, but there are two things that I can say with absolute certainty about Walt Disney in 1935. The man himself is not yet 40; and, whatever happens, for it is not in his nature to “put on side,” to be affected by the superlative tribute he receives by every post from every country in the world, or to pose as anything other than a man who is doing a job of work to the best of his ability and is getting a thrill out of doing it.

And the other certainty is that the quality of the Disney products—of which the decrease by one single iota, but will, on the contrary, continue to improve. At first thought, that may seem an extraordinary thing to claim as a certainty. But I know Disney intimately, and I know his methods equally well. The only thing in life about which he is an absolute fanatic is maintaining or improving the quality of his pictures. If he has made a picture and then decides that it does not measure up to the standard he has set himself, he destroys it at once. He is shrewd enough to take his loss there and then, realising that by keeping faith with his immense public he will profit in the end. And remember, that it is his own money which is spent on producing his films; he has no shareholders.

Mr. Disney contemplates spending no less than $50,000,000, during the next five years, on educational and goodwill films. He will toss that money away calmly and unhesitatingly if he is not satisfied with the results. It is by the rigid employment of such methods, unnecessarily drastic though they may seem to some of you, that Walt Disney has reached his present pinnacle.

That pinnacle is typified by several facts—the number of Royal Command performances of Disney features there have been; the election of Walt Disney to honorary membership by the leading art associations in various countries; the six hundred manufacturers who have arranged for Mickey Mouse to grace their products; and, not least by any means, the several thousand letters of gratitude that reach Walt from laughter-loving folk in all stations of life and in all nations.

Last year the Art Workers Guild of London, the membership of which includes such eminent men as Bernard Shaw, Sir Edwin Lutyens, Laurence Binyon, The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and Rex Whistler, to mention only a few, was so impressed with Disney’s art that it elected him to honorary membership. France has given him one of its highest honours; so has Brazil, and his native America.

Several of the world’s foremost writers have tried to dissect Mickey Mouse’s antics to see where his appeal really lies. Writing in “Creative Art,” Mr. Leo Hurwitz has made out a convincing case in these few paragraphs regarding the close proximity in Mickey’s pictures of the sublime and the ridiculous:

That the ridiculous and the sublime have a curious habit of meeting under our very noses is nothing new. It has been a source of constant wonder to other ages that extremes enjoy such comradely fellowship, that genius and madness are but a hairbreadth apart; that tragedy may slip into comedy on the most insignificant banana- peel of incongruity and comedy may turn into tragedy by a Chaplinesque suggestion that external comedy may be internal tragedy.

The real appeal of Mickey is in the secret of giving Mickey human form, with all the human attributes and failings.

Mickey is a mouse. But he is a mouse who by a miracle of metamorphosis lives in a human environment. His desires, his habits, are human; his companions are humans in animal or material forms. Mickey is the romantic movie-lover who saves the high-pitched Minnie from the burning house, and lives happily ever after the suction kiss and the fade-out.

Mickey’s piano-playing is a beautiful bit of satire on concert performing. Mickey is violent; he will spare no effort in pounding out his desired effects. The piano, also a belligerent human in thing-form, at first allows itself to be passively mauled and beaten, its only remonstrance being a playful switching of the keys on the upper part of the scale while Mickey is busy hammering the lower part. It reels and, by a supreme effort, manages to keep body and keys together.

“Mickey, dealing muscular blows to the very end, appears to be by long odds the winner in this boxing match between the instrument and the artist. With a final wallop Mickey smashes the piano and leaves it a sprawling heap of keys and wood, turning to take his bows before a wildly enthusiastic audience. But the piano, ignored in the midst of the feverish acclaim of the artist, turns a trick no real piano has ever done, a trick that Paderewski’s piano would love to do. It gathers itself together from its formless mass. Its keys become a row of menacing teeth, its legs are the legs of a crouching animal ready to spring. And while Mickey, self-satisfied and radiant, makes profuse bows, the piano springs and takes a mean nip out of Mickey’s pants—a smile on the face of the piano.

“Mickey lives in a disjointed world, a double-jointed world where things that are human don’t count. Walt Disney has torn our world apart and thrown it together again with delightful fantasy and keen satire. The ridiculous Mickey Mouse has become quite the sublime thing that to-day flashes across the screen.”

Personally, I feel that the ever-growing success of Mickey Mouse and the glorious Silly Symphonies is largely due to the escape they offer from the hurry-burry and noisy confusion of present-day life. It is precisely this that has given the arts of music and paintings and dancing and sculpture and literature their centuries-old endurance. They are all created to lift man out of business cares. And an important thing is that music and painting and dancing and classical literature—fables and fairy tales—are all combined in one medium in the Disney Silly Symphony.

There are the elements of many forms of art and entertainment in the Silly Symphony, but I think you will agree that its nearest relationship is with the ballet. Dancing forms the basis of all the action in Disney films. Even the backgrounds dance. It is this never-ceasing motion that gives Disney’s cartoons their universality, and that distinguishes them from all other forms of art.

There is the barest minimum of narrative and dialogue threading their way through a medley of song and dance and humour. And that means that whatever language an audience speaks, they can understand the film perfectly.

It is not the humour (some of the finest Silly Symphonies have not been funny), but the dream quality, the pure imagination, in Walt Disney’s works that makes them applauded from one end of the earth to the other. Walt himself has no fancy ideas of his own “genius,” but considers himself simply a craftsman with the ability to do very good work and the sincerity to do his best work all the time.

So I can see only one thing likely to happen to his pictures in 1935: his quality of output will be staunchly upheld and enhanced.

We shall see Mickey Mouse in colour. We shall be introduced to new characters to join Mickey and Minnie, Pluto, Clarabelle, Donald Duck and the rest. And I am certain that whatever else we see, you and I will laugh, and be charmed as thoroughly as we have in the past.
Who tells you how our studios are attacking and will conquer the international market.

It is only recently that British Film producers have been turning their attention with the energy and interest that the subject deserves, to the conception and production of films suitable not only for the rich, but limited, market of Great Britain and the Empire, but also for the cinemas of the whole world. The development of interest in a world market for British pictures has, as a matter of fact, been somewhat curious. We have known for a considerable time that our type of British production, with its typical styles of comedy and drama, is warmly welcomed, not only all over Great Britain itself, but in the Dominions and Colonies. At one time, indeed, British films were almost over-successful in this manner, so that the question of international films tended to take second place in the consideration of producers in this country.

But recently, however, it has become more and more apparent that wherever the kinema exists there is a potential market for our films. Visits to other countries have taught us that the international film market is definitely open to our product and that it offers scope for the very best work of which we are capable. From all over the world come reports of the increasing interest being taken in British films and of the prizes which the world market holds out to us. It is as if the eyes of the world were turned on our country; the very fact that America has produced and is producing numbers of films with British story and background offers proof of this fact.

I paid a visit recently to the United States—and it is America, of course, that holds out the largest territory for us to exploit—and I can say most emphatically that our pictures stand every chance of success on the other side of the Atlantic. Many people seem to fear the existence of "anti-British prejudice" in America, but America appears to me to be a country singularly free from prejudices. The American is proud of his race and his country, but he is by no means insular.

He takes a warm interest in Britain; he is fascinated by our countryside, our towns; our customs and manner of living, contrasting so vividly with his own, interest him; and our accent, provided that it is not affected or exaggerated, seems to give him pleasure; so long, in fact, as our films give him the type of entertainment he desires, he will most certainly welcome them.

The success in America of so many British pictures of widely differing kinds during the past few months goes to show that this is so, and there is no doubt that in certain types of film we can offer the American filmgoer exactly what he wants. For example, the phenomenal success of One Night of Love, in my opinion the most magnificent musical picture ever made, shows that American cinemagoers welcome pictures with musical and romantic background. Yet this type of film was born in Europe, Bis Mine Tonight being a typical example of its earlier stages. Costume pictures, too, have taken hold of the American imagination, and no country is better qualified than Britain to produce these colourful and historical subjects.

A glance at the Gaumont-British production schedule for 1935 will show the manner in which we are attempting to cater for international tastes. We have George Arliss in two films, the first of which is to be released in the spring. The subject of one of his pictures may be "Pepys," which would, of course, provide Mr. Arliss with the costume background against which his splendid talent has shown to such good advantage in the past.

In Barcarolle we have a colourful operatic story, in which a central figure is the famous composer Offenbach, whose work is loved all over the world. Jessie Matthews, who is now firmly
established as an international star, is to play the leading role in this picture.

Interest in great industrial undertakings is not confined to any one nation. There is a universal thrill in stories concerned with the conception of mighty projects in industry and the courage of man overcoming the vast difficulties which Nature puts in his way. There should, therefore, be true international appeal in such a subject as *The Tunnel*, in which Conrad Veidt is to star under Lothar Mendes’ direction, and which is an imaginative story set in the future, telling of the design, construction, near disaster, and final triumphant completion of a subterranean tunnel linking Europe with America.

In *Soldiers Three* we have a subject equally international in its appeal. The whole world knows Kipling’s famous soldier-characters Mulvaney, O’rtheri, and Learoyd. They are, perhaps, among the world’s best-beloved fictional characters; they typify all that is best in the British soldier, and the adventures of soldiers will always capture the imagination of the people irrespective of race or nation.

*Me and Marlborough*, the new historical comedy, which Cicely Courtneidge is at this moment making under Victor Saville’s direction, is another costume picture with all the elements which have made this type of film so successful. *Thirty-nine Steps*, which Alfred Hitchcock is to direct, the screen version of John Buchan’s famous spy drama, which enjoyed world-wide success as a novel; furthermore, the picture has as its star Robert Donat, who has already built up a great name for himself in America as well as in this country.

*The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, with its great theme of Divinity moving among ordinary men, long ago captured the imagination of the world, and Berthold Viertel, whose superb delicacy of treatment was so apparent in *Little Friend*, which has enjoyed phenomenal success in America, seems to be the ideal director for this subject.

Nova Pilbeam, by the way, whose work in Viertel’s first British picture has met with the warmest acclaim, will appear in an amusing story tentatively titled, *The Lady Noggs*.

This by no means exhausts our plans for the year, but I mention these films in particular, as in each case the particular manner in which we are striving for international appeal is readily apparent.

There can be little doubt that similar policy will become the standard practice of film producers in this country; and it is equally certain that if our film companies concentrate on such appeal, they cannot fail to reap a rich reward. The object of British studios should not be an attempt to “out” Hollywood. Such a project is manifestly absurd. We do, however, look forward to the day—and I feel sure that it will not be long in coming—when England occupies the place she deserves, and the attainment of which only requires concentration and careful industry, in the film markets of the world.
H

ave years ago, Universal spent a small fortune on sending a complete film company to Greenland to make *S.O.S. Iceberg*, the Arctic epic. Sometimes previously, the studio had dispatched a unit to Borneo, for instance. And in Mr. Lasky's early days in the picture business he sent a director and cast to make *Ivanhoe* in England. To-day, picture-making abroad is old-fashioned. The idea of Mahomet going to the mountain is as out-of-date as the silent film.

We do not need to send to Greenland, Borneo or England, or to any other of the thousand-and-one places our pictures demand. Universal sends for them and they go to the studios neatly packed in tin cases!

One of the English newspapers has described Universal's *Over the River*, which is due at the Empire, London, this month, as 'the most perfect British picture Hollywood has yet made!' Paradoxical, but true. *Over the River* is authentically English, although it was actually produced in Universal's Hollywood studios. You will only be able to appreciate the full significance of this when you see the film.

Suffice it to tell you that in every respect *Over the River*—the story by the famous English author, John Galsworthy, with its English theme and English setting—is, well, just all that, as a film made 6,000 miles from these shores.

I am proud that British brains made it. From the time we bought the story to the day the picture was completed, British talent was almost entirely concerned with its creation. R. C. Sherriff translated the Galsworthy book into screen form on paper. James Whale collaborated with him in certain respects and then directed, from his (Sherriff's) scenario.

James Whale and R. C. Sherriff are a remarkable team. Together, they made *Journey's End*, *The Invisible Man*, and, now, *Over the River*. They go from strength to strength in the picture world.

In selecting his cast, Mr. Whale naturally chose English stars to fit the English roles. Consequently, the picture boasts a cast including Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Colin Clive, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Reginald Denny, C Aubrey Smith, Alan Mowbray, Lionel Atwill and several others.

But even that astounding, if not record, array of English production and acting talent could not make *Over the River* the most perfect English picture Hollywood has ever made.

All these stars play their parts against English backgrounds, which, so far from being studio-built sets, are the authentic articles. We didn't build Piccadilly Circus, Oxford High Street, the English countryside, Tilbury Docks or the Law Courts at Universal City, for quite obvious reasons. This was immediately sent to me in London with instructions for our technical staff here to shoot all the scenes and backgrounds necessary.

For instance, the picture opens with the arrival of an Orient liner at the London docks. One morning, a few months ago, three cars containing three cameramen, a director and his assistants, arrived at the docks as dawn was breaking. They were just in time for the arrival of a giant Orient liner, home from Ceylon. Cameramen shot the arrival of the boat from three angles, recording everything up to the passengers landing. One of the cars, a Rolls Royce, then took its position and, with cameras grinding in the other two cars, it was driven from the docks to the West End, into Piccadilly and round the Circus, and away to a quieter spot where, according to the scenario, the star, Diana Wynyard, was scheduled to arrive.

Then, later on, as Miss Wynyard was scheduled to leave Waterloo from her home in the country, Waterloo station had to be photographed from many angles—even to the extent of photographing from a carriage window. This was done through the generous co-operation of Southern Railway officials, who even arranged for a special coach to be attached to one of the regular trains so that our unit could photograph all the city and countryside scenery from Waterloo to Leatherhead.

While there was no Diana Wynyard sitting in the railway carriage when the scene was originally shot, she appears in the carriage against those Waterloo-to-Leatherhead backgrounds in the finished picture.

Similarly, without going into the intricate details of each scene, Miss Wynyard is seen sitting in the window of a café ostensibly opposite the Law Courts, for through the latticed windows is a glimpse of the bus-crowded Strand, with Londoners hurrying about, and the Law Courts on the other side of the road. During a recess in the divorce action—which is the highlight of the picture—Miss Wynyard and Jane Wyatt, who plays her screen sister, Dinny, are seen walking in the courtyard of Lincoln's Inn.

Those backgrounds are the authentic London that you can see any time of the day or night. How then is this movie "miracle" brought about?

It is simple enough in explanation, though intricate to carry out. Those English backgrounds, taken very carefully and perfectly printed, are despatched to Universal City to be handled by the producer.
instead of supplying studio scenery of carefully built sets for backgrounds, he directs his players against a screen which is just a little more in size than the background wanted for the scene. For a close-up, then, only a small screen is wanted. But for a long shot, such as the courtyard of Lincoln's Inn scene in Over the River, a much greater screen has to be provided.

When the actors are rehearsed and ready, the signal is given and the film of the background, taken actually in London, is projected on to the rear of the screen, the players commencing their roles. So intense is the lighting of the projector, and so fine the screen, that a perfectly natural background is obtained.

The same with the carriage sequences in which Miss Wynyard, freshly returned to England, looks from the window as the countryside dashes by, and admires the typically English scene. The star is sitting in a railway carriage in Hollywood, but it is the real English scenery she is admiring.

It doesn't matter whether the actors are walking about, riding in a car or sitting in a railway carriage. The backgrounds can always be supplied.

Of course, obtaining those scenes involves a lot of detailed planning and rehearsing, much patience and care. The usual crowds looking at the cameras must be overcome. Cameras must be perfectly rigid so that the backgrounds are steady. Three different photographic angles must be taken, one for straight shots, one at an angle of 45 degrees to the left, and another at 45 degrees to the right, so that there is plenty of variation in the scene. And a tremendous amount of footage has to be recorded so that there is ample background for the actors and their dialogue.

You must not imagine that every scene you watch at the movies is taken as I have described. Sometimes it is found more practical to re-build in perfect detail the scenes which we have either filmed or have obtained in still picture form.

The interior of the London Divorce Court in Over the River was a perfect studio reproduction, complete in every detail. Any English judge visiting Universal City during production would have found himself very much at home!

What I have written only gives you a small idea of the tremendous care and trouble taken to make such a picture as Over the River authentic. Dozens of uniforms for the policemen, railwaymen, and dock officials, wigs for the barristers and judge, furniture and fittings for the English homes, and even prints of famous English war leaders and a rare mezzotint of Mr. Gladstone had to be procured, and most of them came from England.

Encouraged by the success of Over the River, Mr. Laemmle, the Universal President, has since made Charles Dickens' Great Expectations, which was seen at the London Capitol at Christmas.

If Dickens came to life to-day, he would recognise in Great Expectations many of the original scenes in his book. In the case of this picture, everything was carefully constructed at Universal City, from the thatch-roofed English village, with its fine old smithy, to the streets and inns of old London and the banks of the Thames dockland.

You would be surprised at the tremendous amount of time, thought, and care given to authenticating a picture. Sometimes it takes months of preparation. Dresses, costumes, uniforms, furniture, decorations, ornaments, customs, formalities and etiquette must all be carefully checked up before the producer is satisfied that his picture can be started.

Another Universal-Hollywood picture which I feel certain will charm and entertain all British cinemagoers is The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which is to arrive in London in the very near future.

Like Over the River, the cast is almost entirely British. Claude Rains, who started the cinema world with his characterisation of The Invisible Man; Francis L. Sullivan, Heather Angel, Valerie Hobson, E. E. Clive, Forrester Harvey, Ethel Griffies, and David Manners head the cast, while other British artistes will be found in support.

The settings, too, are English. Are they scenes reconstructed at the studio or are they the authentic backgrounds photographed and sent to Hollywood?

Now I have told you so many of our secrets, wait till you see Edwin Drood and decide for yourself!
Who is Anne Shirley?
See her soon at the Capitol - Haymarket in

L.M. Montgomery's lovely story

Anne of Green Gables

And tell us why you like her. You may win £50 for the best postcard opinion.
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A great star in her first magnificent film, "Only Yesterday"—a sensation in her second. This mighty, moving film of Hans Fallada's best seller—produced by Frank Borzage who gave you "Seventh Heaven," "Man's Castle" and a dozen other great movies.

MARGARET Sullavan
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with
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Showing at all the best Cinemas from February onwards
The funniest comedy team since Laurel and Hardy. Sonnie Hale and Robertson Hare in the most convulsive mirthquake Hollywood or Elstree ever made. The hilarious, happy-go-lucky talkie of the unforgettable stage play.

Sonnie Hale
J. Robertson Hare
in
"Are You A Mason?"

with David Burnaby, Gwyneth Lloyd, Bertha Belmore, Lewis Shaw

A Julius Hagen production. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus.
It came as a surprise, the other evening as I was leaving a cinema, to hear a woman turn to her escort and say: "I thoroughly enjoyed it, and it was British, too!"

I thought the diehard who still believed all British pictures bad had ceased to exist, so naturally I was astonished to run across one this way, especially after the long list of very commendable British films that have been shown at cinemas recently. There still seems to be a small section of the public that cannot believe British pictures can compete with foreign product, simply because they have auto-suggested themselves into believing that only imported pictures can be entertaining. How wrong they are is proved by the tremendous success of British product over the last two or three years. I take it that the woman I referred to in my opening paragraph is now a convert to, or at least is willing to try more, British pictures. Some people are not even willing to do that.

During the last few years, British productions have advanced out of all recognition. They are equal to, and very often excel, anything else on the market. Some of the biggest hits of last year were British and most of the biggest successes for this year will also be British. No one in his proper senses would deny that many American and foreign pictures are exceptionally good, but it stands to reason that British producers have a better knowledge of British audiences' tastes in entertainment than any other country can possibly have. The British producer is on the spot, he knows what the public wants in the way of drama and comedy and — when it wants comedy.

This gives him a big advantage over those who are often puzzled by the strange sense of humour in a scene that to him is intensely dramatic. Only a Britishman has a thorough understanding of English entertainment tastes. That is why our own films, now our producers have practically achieved technical perfection, are the pictures that are most likely to appeal to British audiences.

The British producer has broken down the prejudice that existed against home-made films for so long by making a series of outstanding pictures that the public just had to see.

I believe that the only way he can keep his public and win over those few who still persist in believing the worst of British films, is to concentrate on outstanding productions. Programme pictures, which held the public for so many years, interest them no longer. The pictures go to see that outstanding value for money: big names, well-known directors, spectacular settings and an outstanding theme.

The success of pictures like Red Wagon, Blossom Time, and Radio Parade of 1935 have encouraged British International Pictures to concentrate on big pictures only. The company's new production schedule is eloquent testimony of this new policy. Already at the studios four big subjects are in production. "Drake of England" is being made on a big scale in keeping with its tremendous theme. Matheson Lang has been chosen to portray "Drake" while Athene Seyler, who made a hit as the Duchess in "Blossom Time" appears as Elizabeth and Jane Baxter, recently returned from Hollywood has the romantic female lead. The picture is being produced on a spectacular scale with Arthur Woods, director of "Radio Parade of 1935," at the megaphone.

Continuing this policy of outstanding productions, there is "Abdul Hamid" with Nils Asther, Adrienne Ames, Fritz Koenert and John Stuart. Founded on the life of the tyrant Abdul the Damned of Turkey, this subject lays claim to being the most ambitious effort that the Elstree studios have attempted to date, and includes some of the biggest sets ever built in the B.I.P. studios. Karl Crune, the famous continental producer is directing.

Both Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., are featured in "La Bohème," which Paul Stein, producer of "Blossom Time" and "Red Wagon" is making. A host of well-known people appear in supporting roles including Richard Bird, Diana Napier and others.

Then there is "Dance Band" in which Charles "Buddy" Rogers appears with June Clyde. Here, again, is a picture that is outstanding and which will be one of the most ambitious "musicals" ever made in this country.

Other productions waiting to commence are "Du Barry" which is a screen version of the play, "Henry Hall" in his first film not yet titled, a Lilian Harvey subject, a new Richard Tauber picture and a number of other equally important subjects, all of which are to be made on a truly big scale.

In the past British producers have been content to scrape along with small pictures, which played second fiddle to some elaborate foreign production in the same programme. The success of British films during the past year and the insistent demand from the public and the cinema owners for more have given our producers fresh confidence. They are no longer content to play second fiddle, they are determined that the British picture will be the feature of the programme. So far as B.I.P. is concerned the sky's the limit and no expense or effort is being spared to seeing that each coming from the Elstree studio is outstanding in every way, so that when next I stand outside a cinema I can hear the patrons say: "No wonder I enjoyed it, it's British," or, better still, to my ear — "It's B.I.P.!!"
Internationalisation of the Screen

WHILST in New York recently, I had a long and interesting discussion with Mr. H. M. Warner, the head of my own company and the far-famed Warner Bros. producing organisation, in which Mr. Warner revealed the inner history of the vast effort which is now being made at the Burbank studios to internationalise the pictures being made there.

I would have liked very much to have taken every ardent picturegoer with me to these vast studios, the greatest in the world; there to witness the innumerable ways by which it is hoped to bring about a scheme of production especially designed to supply the manifold races of the world with pictures that will in every way suit their varying ideas, traditions and outlook. This is a vast undertaking, and space limitations, therefore, confine my remarks to the efforts afoot to cater for Great Britain in particular.

American film-producing companies have ever been fortunate in the fact that the people of this country, their most important overseas customers, are allied to them in temperament, and have many things in common, particularly in the paramount question of humour, but as Mr. Warner points out, they are not satisfied merely to rely upon well-made work and argued for the American public in the hope that they will also be suitable to we Britons. America has long appreciated the wonderful literature of Great Britain and drawn liberally upon it when seeking material not only for the screen, but all other forms of entertainment. The future will see yet greater attention devoted to the works of British authors. As example of this, one has only to point to the fact that one of the most important pictures to be presented by my company this year will be *The Right To Live*, which is the story by W. Somerset Maugham, the renowned British author and dramatist. Under its original title, *The Sacred Flame*, this story has proved an enormous success as a novel as well as a play. The studios have gone to great lengths in preserving its original British atmosphere.

The whole of the cast is British, with the exception of Josephine Hutchinson, who plays the role of Stella Tahret, originally played in London by Miss Gladys Cooper. This fact lends greater emphasis to the importance attached to this picture, for Miss Hutchinson is the greatest screen discovery of the past year. She not only possesses all the peculiar requirements of the camera and recording apparatus, but is an actress of long experience and renown. Her long association with the well-known theatrical impresario, Eva La Gallienne, stamps her as an artiste of great merit, and no finer tribute to her charm can be found than in the fact that she was America's original *Alice in Wonderland*.

The remainder of the cast contains names of note from the British stage. Colin Clive, so famous for his performance in *Journey's End* in London and the provinces, George Brent, so long a favourite in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin; C. Aubrey Smith, a veteran of the English stage, and Peggy Wood, who was last seen in the stage version of *Bitter Sweet*.

The producers have not rested content with securing a distinguished British cast. The cameramen were busyly engaged in and around London during the closing months of the past year, securing shots of well-known places in this country, and they have been so introduced into the production that one would challenge the beholder to prove that the film was not made in London itself. Internationalisation of productions has far-reaching results. As Great Britain is America's most important motion-picture market, it might almost be called the *internationalisation* of motion picture production. Not only does it open up yet greater delights for motion picturegoers, but it provides very valuable employment for British writers, while, in opposition to the utilisation of the works of British writers, it demands the presence in Hollywood of a number of British experts in all sections of production, for no detail is too small to be considered.

If one visualises the task of reproducing the atmosphere of any country in another foreign country, it becomes obvious that only those bred and born in the country concerned can accomplish the task. As an example of this, I may point to one detail which occurred during the production of *The Right To Live*, which I myself was able to correct.

A scene occurs in a West End restaurant, during which the characters mention the fact that they are just in time to catch the 5.30 train. When the waiter comes to take the order, one of the characters requests a whisky and soda. Now, only an Englishman knowing our quaint licensing law could prevent the occurrence of such a blunder in the production.

The greatest production to be made in the Burbank Studios this year will be *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Then again the studios will be very actively engaged in the production of Rafa Sabatini's great British story, *Captain Blood*, with that fine British actor, Robert Donat playing the title role.

All who labour for Peace realise that their great obstacle lies in the lack of understanding between nations and races. Idealists have long dreamed of the time when the world will become one vast international republic. Internationalisation is the only true path to Peace and Prosperity, and motion pictures will play a very important part in bringing about a better universal understanding. Every nation of the world has many arts and crafts for which it is individually famous, and the United States has very plainly demonstrated that it excels in the production of motion pictures and, therefore, the careful concentration and attention now being given by American producers to the question of internationalisation of motion pictures has an interest and significance which ranges far beyond the bounds of mere entertainment.
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Mc GLUSKY the Sea Rover

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Local cinema when he is Showing!
THESE are three ways of approaching this subject—from the points of view of the picturegoer, the producer, and the director, and I propose to discuss them in that order.

I consider myself a good, and in many ways a loyal, picturegoer. I enjoy going to films as much as anyone; in fact, every time I visit the "legitimate" theatre I find myself liking films a little better, so I claim to be entitled to speak as a picturegoer.

There are certain players whom it gives me keen pleasure to see on the screen—but only when they are being properly exploited.

I have never followed the career of some famous character of fiction, such as Sherlock Holmes or Bulldog Drummond, and come across a story about him which falls far below the general standard you have been led to expect? If so, you've probably felt that both you and the hero have been cheated—that the author has played you false.

That's exactly how I feel when one of my favourite players appears in a film with a poor story, or is palpably miscast, or is badly served with "business" or dialogue.

Personally, I am not opposed to the star system. I may not be in whole-hearted agreement with it; but, then, neither perhaps am I in whole-hearted agreement with getting up early on a cold winter's morning to go to the studio; one has to accept certain existing conditions of filmmaking, and may as well accept them pleasantly.

While people—myself among them—are so taken with a personality that they will go again and again to the cinema to see it on the screen, producers will continue to offer that personality; that's common sense.

But I am opposed, strongly, to the abuse of the star system.

If there were a Society for the Abolition of Cruelty to Film-stars, I should probably be a founder member, hon. secretary, vice-president, and half the committee; and the greatest cruelty to a star is miscasting.

Let us suppose I have seen Totty Turveytoes in the part of a chorus-girl who is pitchforked into Society and manages to escape back into her own humble but congenial surroundings; and suppose I have carried away in my mind a charming picture of Totty, and look forward eagerly to seeing her again.

What is the effect on my mind if I next find her masquerading as a Hawaiian maiden—a part that fits her as a sack fits a broomstick? Naturally, I feel disillusioned and will think twice about risking my two-and-fourpence on her again; which is hard on poor Totty.

Believe me, I am all for players appearing in varied roles—concealing their own personalities with as widely differing fictitious personalities as is practicable. But there is a limit to our credulity; we should never be strained; and neither should the capabilities of the player be strained or overtaxed.

So, really, wish the same thing from two sides of the counter.

As a picturegoer—the customer—I want to see my favourite players in good strong stories (dramatic, not necessarily melodramatic), and in roles which present their well-known characteristics in a new and interesting light; and as the producer, I want to see such films being made that combine artistry with 100 per cent entertainment.

It can be done: it is being increasingly done. Artistry is now an asset to films, instead of a liability. It means hard cash at the box-office; and as a producer I am whole-heartedly in favour of it.

But as a director—ah, that's another matter.

I believe we are near a point—if we are not already there—at which realism has reached its logical limit, and imagination—impressionism—suggestion must to a large extent supplement it.

Now, this means experiment; and as a director I would like 1935 to be a year of experiment.

Mind you, as a producer I should be against this, for as a producer I am out for quick returns. In other words, I am in the business for what I can get out of it, without looking too far ahead or taking any risks.

As a picturegoer I should be against it, for as a picturegoer (if I am representative of the mass of picturegoers) I dislike anything revolutionary. The public that turned down Halleywhal will certainly turn down any very novel method of presentation—that until that method has been sufficiently often repeated.

But as the man behind the camera I want to see that camera do all it can—not mark time at the same old game with slight modifications.

I owe a debt to films. They have given me a lot of fun, a lot of excitement, a great deal of satisfaction; and they have taught me some valuable lessons.

In return I am sincerely anxious that films should march on towards whatever their destiny may be; and I want to do my share.

This is not merely rhetorical. I have been working for some time on an experimental process (concerned not with chemistry, but with optics and kinematics) which is, in fact, three-quarters accomplished.

It now only requires to be applied to the making of a film.

But there's the snag. I can't go to the producer and say: "Look, here's an idea which the public may be ready for—indeed, which may be a complete flop. I only want you to risk fifty or sixty thousand pounds on it, and the reputations of your studios, your technicians, your players. In other words, gentlemen, you are to risk a fortune on a spin of the coin because I feel sure it will be 'heads.'"

Producers are cautious folk; even if I were to show them my double-headed penny they would still not care to risk too much on "heads"; and when I am not even sure myself whether it will be "heads" or "tails," can you blame them for hesitating?

But I should dearly love to see the experiment performed. Even as a flop it would be valuable; it would be building for the future; impressionism and suggestion may be used up to a certain point, but beyond that point the audience—(if there is such a thing) will say: "No, no; you're cheating us!" When you know how far an audience is prepared to trust you, to believe in you, to go along with you, you know much; and my experiment would help to establish that.

You may ask, reasonably enough: "Why not experiment on a small scale—in an inexpensive film?" The answer is: "Because that would prove nothing. In the first place, the experiment would not be given a fair trial in a quickie, where everything is sacrificed to economy, and, for another thing, whether it were successful or not, it would only be a hole-and-corner success, a hole-and-corner failure, seen by few people, attracting no attention, giving rise to no controversy—a most valuable factor."

"But the pioneers of the past," you may object, "had no great super-films to experiment with." Ah, but they experimented with the super-films of the period. D. W. Griffith's Pippa Passes would seem a funny little thing to us now; but Griffith threw all his resources into it; so did Chaplin with A Woman of Paris; so did Cecil B. De Mille when he first used "Rembrandt lighting." They took a big risk, and scored a big success, which has been of the utmost value to their successors.

No, an experiment in film-making, if it is to mark an epoch, must be bold, terrific, on the grand scale; and although I admit it is improbable that 1935 will see a great step forward that would justify the last few years of marking time I still cling to the hope that it will.
George White's Prophecy
—Back-to-the-Farm Movement — Charles Laughton reduces—Flood of Fan Letters

His year screen reviews will cease to be blonde parades," says George White, the famous American revue producer who is now in Hollywood directing a second screen version of his famous Scandals.

Songs and dance numbers now in course of improvisation will provide the public with new rhythm, routines to which to sing, hum, whistle, and dance to in 1935—is his prophecy.

Assisting George White with the improvisation of dance steps and routines in the new Scandals is Jack Donohue, whose work in London with the successful stage versions of Music in the Air and Ball at the Savoy brought him to the notice of Fox studio executives.

The musical score was written by Jack Yellen, Cliff Friend, and Joe Meyer.

Stars Shun the Bright Lights!

The bright lights are no longer a drawing card for the players, directors, and producers of Hollywood. Many of them who have lived in the glamour of Broadway have turned to the quietude of country estates since joining the film colony.

This back-to-the-farm movement among film personages has no association with the N.R.A. campaign. Rather it is a search for solitude away from the prying eyes of the curious, of the sightseers and the fans who are ever alert for autographs. It is the only means through which the film colony has found a personal home life.

Paul Muni has been a trooper since childhood. He knows the heartaches of the theatre. Now among the top notches in pictures, he lives on his own ten-acre walnut ranch in San Fernando Valley, near Van Nuys, California. His home is not large, having only seven rooms and a glass loggia, an outdoor swimming pool, and combined dressing-rooms and playhouse. A feature is a rehearsal room, where he studies his lines.

Bette Davis Saving

Though it has not yet joined the back-to-the-farm movement, Bette Davis is saving toward the day when she can own an abandoned New England farm.

Leslie Howard is now the possessor of an old English estate outside London, where he can go for seclusion and rest when he is not in Hollywood making pictures.

Barbara Stanwyck has one of the larger estates in Brentwood, west of Hollywood. It is a rambling house, with the estate itself surrounded by a high stucco wall overgrown with roses.

Warren's First Home

Warren William has purchased his first home on an estate near Encino, in the San Fernando Valley. Interesting is a room which William designed himself. It is a duplicate of a ship's chart room and it is to this spot that the player goes for solitude.

Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes, live in a Cape Cod colonial cottage far up in the Hollywood Hills, from which vantage point they can see virtually all of Los Angeles.

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, are living near Van Nuys, where they have just completed their ranch home. They raise walnuts on their forty acre estate, and live in an Andalusian farmhouse.

Charles Gets Down To It

The latest news of Charles Laughton, whose next picture is Ruggles of Red Gap, is that he has taken to bicycle riding as an exercise.

Every morning he gets up early, hops astride a rakish looking racing model, and puts in about twenty miles behind a motor car.

Ginger's Fan Mail

Watch Ginger Rogers! A wave of enthusiasm for Ginger is now in full flood. The Radio rajahs have known for a long time that the popularity of their zestful redhead was growing apace, but just how fast and how much even her studio didn't realize until the fan mail she has received recently was analysed.

A check up of letters received during October showed that Ginger led all her fellow-players in mail received.

Six thousand, six hundred, and sixty-three people wrote to Miss Rogers that month, telling just how fine they think she is. Of these, no fewer than 2,528 came from across the sea.

Alice Meets an Old Friend

Some years ago a beautiful dark-eyed girl was playing the role of Louisa M. Alcott's heroine, Jo Marsh, in a Broadway dramatisation of Little Women.

She was Alice Brady, later to become one of Broadway's leading dramatic actresses, and one of the foremost comedienne of the talkies. She was to see another girl, Katharine Hepburn, through the medium of the talkies, thrill even larger audiences with her interpretation of that same hoydenish Jo.

In the cast with Miss Brady in the Broadway production was a distinguished actress named Gertrude Berkeley, who played Marmee, mother of the four "Little Women." The two actresses became good friends, and Alice often met Miss Berkeley's young son, who had the imposing name of William Berkeley Enos.

But Miss Brady and Miss Berkeley hadn't seen each other for many years until the other day, when William Berkeley Enos, now Busby Berkeley, the king of dance directors, brought his mother to the set, where he was directing Miss Brady in Gold Diggers of 1935.

Miss Berkeley has now retired from professional activities, although she is often a visitor to her son's studio. She and Miss Brady reminisced happily all afternoon, and told Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Adolphe Menjou, Glenn Ford, and other members of the cast about the younger days of their director, much to his mock chagrin.

Shirley Now Assistant Director

In addition to starring in the picture with Lionel Barrymore and having a very difficult part to enact, little Shirley Temple is serving as an assistant director "without pay portfolio," during the making of The Little Colonel, now in course of production at the Fox studios.

David Butler is directing the picture, but Shirley has fallen heir to the task of seeing that two little coloured children go through their work and speak their lines properly.

The continuity calls for the piccaninnies to be constant companions of Shirley through the major portion of the action. Director Butler has experienced considerable difficulty instructing the piccaninnies in both long and close up shots.

Shirley Temple is familiar with the script and story and has taken it upon herself to show the children what to do in the various scenes, which is a great relief to Butler. One child is only three years old, and directing him is not an easy matter.
Josephine Hutchinson, hailed as a new Hepburn and one of the last of the Broadway idols to succumb to the pull of the studio. She makes her debut in "Happiness Ahead."

Paula Goddard, who as Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady and constant companion, is one of the most discussed actresses in Hollywood to-day.

Anne Shirley will, it is predicted, make a name for herself in "Anne of Green Gables."

Emlyn Williams, who will be in the headlines this year with Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll in "The Dictator."
ep at some of the players be shining brighter in the coming months, have been steadily climbing in yet to be seen on the film will help to make 1935 for filmgoers.

Heather Angel, who seems likely to become one of Britain's most important gifts to Hollywood, with her two royalty-bred Pekinese, Hi-te and Ti, in the patio of her Hollywood home.

Jean Parker, another player who at the beginning of 1935 stands on the threshold of major stardom. Her admirers are already measuring her for Janet Gaynor's mantle.

Shirley Temple's bells are ringing more loudly than ever in 1935.
A

NEWS-REEL cameraman's job is not a happy one," Gilbert might have written had he lived a quarter of a century longer and paid less respect to the laws of scansion.

And he would have been right. So far as difficult jobs go, the Gilbertian policeman cannot hold a candle to the news-reel cameraman.

The news-reel cameraman is wedded to his camera. He can call no time of the day or night his own. A fire breaks out in the middle of the night; there is a train smash in the Midlands. The cameraman must be on his way to the scene with all possible haste. The loss of a few minutes may ruin a story.

He must be prepared to take on a special assignment at a moment's notice; he must fight his way through to obtain the best positions; he must see that the negative arrives at the printing laboratories with all speed so that his company will be the first to show the pictures on the cinema screens.

Such is the cameraman's code. A pictorial journalist, he has the same enthusiasm in beating a rival to a story as has a newspaper reporter.

The good cameraman is no mere automaton, either. Imagination, resource, and daring, allied to profound technical knowledge and skill are the necessary attributes of an ace cameraman. He must keep a cool head and in whatever circumstances must keep "turning."

Those graphic pictures of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, taken in very difficult circumstances, would never have been obtained had not this precept been remembered.

Perhaps the most unpleasant experience I have had during my many years as a cameraman was on the occasion when I was given the assignment of a full calibre shoot on H.M.S. Malaya. The only position I could secure was in the gun turret, far too near the huge gun barrel to be healthy.

Whenever the gun fired, I thought my ear drums had broken—this, despite the totally inadequate wads of cotton wool I put in my ears to muffle the din. More

over, the vibration all but had the camera over the top. What with getting pictures, keeping the camera in a horizontal position, and having my head nearly split open by the terrific din, I have never been more relieved when I finally reached the security of the deck.

But the cameraman's life has its compensations. There's a fine feeling of complacent satisfaction to be had when one sees a good "shot" or a good story of one's own on the screen, and it's fine to know that all comers have been beaten. Then again, we sometimes get some really enjoyable trips; such as being sent off in an air liner to Syria or some such place to take pictures of an Asiatic ceremony, or as a guest of the Royal Navy on board a battleship, from which we take pictures of manoeuvres in the picture-blue Mediterranean.

Next time you attend a public event, a big sporting match, a social function, or a Royal wedding, and see us in the best positions, do not let envy creep into your thoughts—"I wish I were a cameraman. They always have the best views and all they do is take photographs. It's money for jam."

Pity the poor cameraman, and remember the "jammy job" is the exception. It's sheer hard work and his life is far from an easy one.

HOLLYWOOD has come to London.

HOLLYWOOD has come to London. So many of America's most famous stars are now working in British studios that visiting the smart West End hotels almost any night is like walking into the Brown Derby.

What are they like, these people whom we have hitherto known only as glamorous shadows on a silvery sheet?

PICTUREGOER wants you to meet them as they really are.

Next week we will introduce them to you in a special "Hollywood Guestnumber"off Britain's leading fan magazine.

The issue will contain, among other absorbing articles, wonderful exclusive interviews with famous Hollywood visitors to Britain, beautiful illustrations and all the usual popular PICTURES-goer features. Don't miss this fine issue. Order your copy now. Do your friends a good turn—tell them.


Are You a Mason? Universal. British. "U." Directed by Henry Edwards. Featuring Sonnie Hale and Robertson Hare. The famous stage farce has shined the passage of the years fairly well and is exuberantly put over by good comedy cast.


Bachelor Ball. Radio. American. "A." Directed by George Stevens. Featuring Stuart Erwin, Rochelle Hudson, Skeets Gallagher. Erwin as a conscientious matrimonial agent whose business is wrecked by a political boss who wants to turn it into a large-scale racket. Too much dialogue but smart wisecracks and excellent team work.


Belle of the Nineties. Paramount. American. "A." Directed by William Le Baron. Featuring Max West—all that was left of her after the charge of the (sweetness and) light brigade.


Big-hearted Herbert. F.N. American. "U." Directed by William Keighley. Featuring Gypsy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, and Patricia Ellis. Kibbee has the part of his career in this cleverly written domestic comedy in which he, as a self-made man, spends most of his time telling his family how he achieved success without help from anyone. The way he is taught the error of his ways provides first-rate entertainment.


Brave Live On. The. M-G-M. American. An original screen story produced by David O. Selznick. This will be the first story in which Rosamund Pinchot will appear.


(Continued on page 44)
Continuing FILMS YOU WILL SEE IN 1935


Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back. British. "U." Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Featuring Ronald Colman, Loretta Young. Collier's adaptation of a long-forgotten one of his most popular characterizations. The hero depends on his wit and his skill—though it relies on its expertly handled thrills rather than on plot values.


Contact. We call our readers' attention particularly to the articles in this week's column dealing with the producers' plans for the year. Perusal of these will give them a personal perspective being the men who are striving to cater for their entertainment the year and make a memorable one in screen history.


David Copperfield. M.G.M. American. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Featuring W. C. Fields, Frank Lawton, Lionel Barrymore, Edna May Oliver. A small but fine farce that will turn up—very for your preference.


GARBO'S LATEST

A number of the films dealt with here will, on their general release, be the subjects of "Picturero"s" Famous Films and "The Moving Picture Weekly"—another unique service supplied free to its readers by this paper. These 16-page supplements, magnificently illustrated in photogravure, have become a popular feature. "Picturero"s" General Manager will keep in touch with "The Painted Veil," Greta Garbo's latest success.


Dirty Work. G. B. British. "A." Directed by Tom Walls. Featuring Ralph Lynn, Decoration, Battersea Hare, Lynn and Harker as a new team in the old Aldwych formula, with the mysterious jewl thiefers as mainstay.


Doctor's Orders. Wardour. British. "U." Directed by Norman Lee. Featuring John Mills and Mary Jerold. Leslie Fuller has full opportunities for his own popular brand of humour as a doctor—extremely popular, whose son becomes a doctor and because of his father's calling nearly loses his girl.

Dover Road. The. Radio. American. "U." Directed by LloydКук. Featuring Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook. Thriller, as good as anything you will see this year, and what a stimulus acting. A. A. Milne's light fantastic romance adapted—seems to fit to a T. Probably heavy, however, some good comedy interludes.


PICTUREGOER Weekly

January 26, 1935

BRITISH STUDIOS

If you want to keep in touch with British studios and their activities, you cannot do better than read E. G. Cousins' articles which are always the best informed and constructive in film journalism. Make a point of becoming a regular

sentation of France's most famous stage spectacle.


Friends of Mr. Swannen. F.N. American. Directed by Edmund Gwenn. Featuring Paul Lukas and Ethel O'Harra. A story of a weak-kneed journalist who finds in drink the courage to stand on his feet, thus making an exciting but held together by excellent performances.


Pols Bergere de Paris. Twentieth Century Fox American. Featuring Maxwerl and Merle Oberon. Screen pre-


emental melodrama, withwining and weeping. Porter's famous novel. Leisurely development but clever characterisa-

Girls, Please. B. and D. British. Directed by Bertram Wood. Featuring Dolly Haas, Cyril Calde and Edward Furse. A domestic comedy, a little German star impersonates a youth with com-

complete success in a light-hearted and brilliant devised comedy of misunderstanding.


drama, loosely constructed and generally terribly written. Full of puerile innuendoes.


News

The week's news of the stars and events in the film world are fully covered by Malcolm D. Phillips each week in "The Picturegoer." This feature presents a constructive and thoughtful commentary as well as a source of interesting information.


(Continued on page 48)
CLIVE BROOK and MADELEINE CARROLL in THE DICTATOR

DIRECTED BY VICTOR SAVILLE

PICTUREGOER Weekly
Continuing FILMS YOU WILL SEE IN 1935


Happiness Ahead. F.N. American. Directed by Harry Sanger. Featuring Joscelyn Marsh and Lynne Haddon. Good musical dealing with the romance of a window cleaner and a stage star. Tuneful music from a cast of crooks. Serves to introduce one of Broadway's famous stage stars in Josephine Hutchinson.


Hawaiian Nights. Radio. American. "A." Directed by Paul Sloane. Featuring Mary Boland, Sidney Fox, Selena Royle, and Ned Sparks. Novel musical with all the necessary ingredients of romance, tunefulness and spectacle which make for a plot of production have come untrained. It only succeeds in being tedious and unfunny.


Hell Angel. M.G.M. American. A story of the G boats, the mystery ships of the world war, directed by Fritz Lang, famous director of Metropolis, M., etc.


Henry Hall Special. Wardour. British. Featuring the famous Gino Hatz and his race band leader makes his talkie debut.


In Town To-night. British Lion. British. Directed by Herbert Smith. Featuring Jack Barty, Stanley Hollo- den, and Will Fyffe. A musical which serves to introduce a number of popular artists of the microphone and stage.


Journey's End. M.G.M. British. Directed by Ealing Studios. Featuring George Arliss, Gladys Cooper. Mr. Arliss lightly disguised as Wellington talks his way, none too convincingly, through an ambitiously planned but leisurely developed historical drama.


January 26, 1935

PICTUREGOER

Lion. Ben Travers tries his hand at Curtissian comedy and Wallis fashions it the popular Peabody nightclub story.


Man With Two Faces. The. F.N. American."A." Directed by Alfred Majowicz. Featuring Edwaad G. Robinson, Mary Astor, and Ricardo Cortez. Story of a man who employs his art in an unsuccessful attempt to perpetrate the perfect crime. Very good portrayal makes the somewhat obvious role more or less convincing.


Marie Marterin, or The Murder in the Red Barn. M.-G. M. British. Produced by George King. Directed by Milton Rosmer. Featuring Tod Slaughter. The most famous of all the pantomime melodramas, based on a real-life murder in the barn throughout which is carried by the company that has for years played it on the stage.


Mayve It's Love. F.N. American. Directed by W.S. Van Dyke. Featuring Wallace Beery, Huntz Hall, Richard Bartholomew. Simple story which revives the Cinderella tradition adapted from the Hippodrome. Love story, but humorous and entertaining, much more a gem than the team work by cast and catch numbers.


Men on the Mountain. "A." Directed by King Vidor. Featuring Tom Keene and Marguerite Chapman. A touching melodrama which depicts in an intelligent and interesting manner the efforts of unemployed to work together.


JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

PRESENTS

DARRYL ZANUCK

PRODUCTION

George Arliss

in

The LAST GENTLEMAN

WITH

EDNA MAY OLIVER

JANET BEECHER CHARLOTTE HENRY

RALPH MORGAN
JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents a DARRYL ZANUCK production

RONALD COLMAN in "BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"

WITH
LORETTA YOUNG
WARNER OLAND
CHAS. BUTTERWORTH
UNA MERKEL
PICTUREGOER Weekly

Continuing FILMS YOU WILL SEE IN 1935

MURDER AT MONTE CARLO, F.N. American. Directed by Ralph Ince. Featuring Errol Flynn and Margaret Lindsay.


Neil Gwyn, B. and D. British. "A." Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Featuring Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Colourful and entertaining of the period, it is a spectacular costume piece, exceptionally good in action and characterisation, with Miss Neagle scoring her greatest triumph in title role.


Of Human Bondage, Radio. American. "A." Directed by John Cromwell. Featuring Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Frances Dee. Compelling and well acted adaptation of Somerset Maugham’s poignant story of the love bondage of a sensitive man of ideals to a worthless slut. Howard has never been better than this, while Bette Davis’ characterization is a revelation.


Our Daily Bread, U.A. American. Directed by King Vidor. Featuring Karen Morley and Tom Keene. One of the screen’s most independent and individual directors tackles the unemploy- ment problem in an emotional and sympathetic manner. Charles Laughton has started to help with the script.


Doncet. Very well acted and character- ized dramatic comedy dealing with a parochial family that banters on the good nature of the world. Very good entertainment, rich in unforced comedy.


Private Life of Don Juan, THE, Loca- tion in Britain. "A." Directed by Alexander Korda. Featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Asta Nielsen, and Beatrice Hume. Unbelieving of the world’s greatest lover proves diverting at times but is ultimately a bore, while the action is pedestrian. Doug is not too clever a trick in caddying.


Radio Parade of 1935, W.British. Featuring Johnnie Morris. An assembly of over forty famous stars, including Will Hay, Helen Chandler, Nellie Wallace, Lorna Lee, Beatrice Xerxes, Rosemary DeCamp and Dewey, and Donald Fraser, etc.


We want our readers to look on The Thinker page as a forum for discussion of all matters pertaining to motion pictures, including expression of personal opinions and criticism. Both exhibitors and producers are called upon to indicate these letters giving of what the public is thinking.


WE WRITE TO

January 26, 1935
The Film Sensation of the Year!

LESLIE BANKS
EDNA BEST
NOVA PILBEAM
PETER LORRE

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

A GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK
TOM WALLS
AND
YVONNE ARNAUD
IN
LADY IN DANGER
BY BEN TRAYERS
DIRECTED BY
TOM WALLS
To brighten these winter days!

HAROLD LLOYD

The

Cat's Paw

Big pictures on the way!

"The White Parade"
"Bright Eyes"
"Music in the Air"
"One More Spring"

Make a note of these titles

It's good entertainment if it's

FOX
DOLORES DEL RIO as MADAME DU BARRY

ALINE Mac MAHON in "A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES"

JOE E. BROWN in CIRCUS CLOWN

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON The Great New Star in "HAPPINESS AHEAD"

Watch for these new First National Pictures
January 26, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly


There's Always To-Morrow, Universal. Directed by Edward Re�. Featuring Binnie Barnes, Jack La Rue, and Lois Moran. Domestic drama which approaches the eternal triangle theme from a sympathetic viewpoint and provokes entertainment. The acting generally is on a high level.


Three Wise Guys, M.-G.-M. American. From the record-breaking stage play by Howard Strong and produced by Phil Goldstone.


To-morrow's Youth, Pathé, American. Featuring Dickie Moore, Martha Sleeper, and John Miljan.


We Live Again, U.A. American. "A." Directed by Reuben Mammel and Edward Arnold. Fine performances by Edward Arnold and twelve-year-old baby Ann. Directed by Thomas in a manner that throws the reactions of a child to the burden which her parent's marriage carries. The Little Friend story a stage further.


What's Your Racket? Butcher, American. "A." Directed by Fred Guiue. Featuring Regis Toomey and

HOLLYWOOD PARADE

What is happening in the film capital? What do they thinking about the stars? What are they doing in the studios and in their private lives? What is the latest in their private lives? Will you be one of the first to know about the latest in their private lives? "Hollywood Parade" is the only Sunday supplement on the"Picturegoer" service.


Whom the Gods Destroy, Columbia. American. "A." Directed by Robert Florey. Featuring Loretta Young, John Boles, and Henry Daniell. What a fortunate part of this movie played by the major stars in the cast. It is a strong emotional story finely acted and excellently developed.


Wife Versus Secretary, M.-G.-M. American. An adaptation of Faith Baldwin's "Wife Against the World" by Powell, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy.


Within This Present, Universal. American. A human drama adapted by R. C. Sheriff.


You Belong to Me, Paramount. American. Directed by Alfred El Werker. Featuring Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, and David Holt. Very conventional, with the style, slow-moving and ingenuous, which gives little chance in a heart-rending romance story.


The Scarlet

LESLIE HOWARD
MERLE OBERON

"The Scarlet Pimpernel has proved to be the most moving, sensitive, and consistently entertaining of the year's films."

"A film of sheer loveliness."

RAYMOND MASSEY * NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by HAROLD YOUNG
The private life of DON JUAN


The Reign of H.M. KING GEORGE V

A film for the royal Jubilee. The story of the most critical quarter of a century in the history of civilisation—told by the RIGHT HONOURABLE WINSTON S CHURCHILL, M.P.

SANDERS of the RIVER

Paul Robeson, Nina Mae McKinney, Leslie Banks with a brilliant supporting cast and 20,000 African natives. Edgar Wallace’s best known character in a great romance of Empire building.

WHITHER MANKIND?

H. G. WELLS’ first film story. The shape of things to come. Sweeping across the screen a hundred years ahead of time! Undoubtedly the greatest exploitation picture in years!
He was married. John Shadwell, Parkville's rising citizen, respected by the townsfolk, in the running for election to Congress in the year 1912, but all the same indisputably, undeniably, and for ever her John, was married.

"That was why you went away without saying good-bye," she breathed slowly and without rancour, as though the latest model hats (car-wheel size), silent observers of what went on in the showroom after closing, could harm the man she loved. He held her hands—slim, artistic hands—emerging from the frilled cuffs of a blouse of cobwebby lace.

"Vergie, forgive me. I must have been mad. I didn't know what I was doing. If it hadn't been that your father said you were going to marry Hugo McQueen, told me that McQueen as good as had married you—"

"Father said that! Oh, now I understand!"

She let him lower her into a customer's chair while her world went to pieces, till roused by the urgency of his voice and eyes. "I'm all right, John. Don't worry. I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but I can't let you think that of me. Father had a cheque from your wife's father for ten thousand dollars. I often wondered how he came by the money. I suppose that explains everything."

"Vergie. Oh, what a fool I've been! If only I'd told your father what I thought of him. I've never liked him. I've always thought of him as the toughest and hardest farmer in the district, but if those lies don't choke him—"

"Nothing we can say or do will help now, John."

"I suppose not. But, Vergie, I love you. Not a day has gone, not a minute, that I haven't thought of you."

He held close her slender figure, defined by its corset-let skirt. "Don't stop loving me, dearest. I need you. Tomorrow I have to address the voters of this enviable, honourable Llewellyn Preston's coming down to back me. I shall be as nervous as a kitten tied in the park at three if it's fine."

"Would it help you, John?"

"Just to know you're there. I love you."

She kept her promise, admired John for his exceptional speech, dessert, devised for the occasion, and clutched his arm. Also, she caught a glimpse of Laura Shadwell—young, soignéed, but hard—obviously a woman who had married a promising politician.

Vibrating to the hand-clapping and cheers that followed John from the election candidates' platform to his car, Vergie went back to the milliner's shop. It was closed for the day. Happy in her back room, Vergie cunningly twisted the moire riband so as surely to enslave the heart of Pearl Heenan, spinner, of uncertain age, or her bosom friend, Ella Turner. A knock on the shop door brought needle and thought train to a standstill.

"My name's Preston," the visitor began. Vergie showed him in, glad her back room was tidy, in spite of the evidence of work. All the more because he was the type of man who naturally inspires confidence, Vergie's heart contracted as he said, looking at her fixedly; "I've come about Mr. Shadwell. May I speak frankly?"

"Please do, Mr. Preston."

"Then, without conceal, I think I may say that with my influence Mr. Shadwell will be elected for Congress. What I want to make clear is that, though I don't believe in gossip, I cannot give my political support to a man who—er—lays himself open to possible scandal. You understand me, Miss Winters?"

So well did Vergie force herself to meet those kind but searching eyes that she appeared to the Honourable Llewellyn as a Greek statue accused of taking an unpardonable liberty. "I'm glad you spoke of this," she said graciously, otherwise I might never have had the chance to correct a wrong impression about Mr. Shadwell. He came here for a few times as my lawyer. Matters in connection with my business had to be adjusted. Those are finished. Neither here nor anywhere else will it be necessary for Mr. Shadwell to see me."

"Thank you, Miss Winters. I know I can rely on your word. John Shadwell is as good as elected."

She followed him to the door, clinching the matter in her most natural voice: "It would be unthinkable, wouldn't it, to allow any gossip to interfere with Mr. Shadwell's career?"

With John beside her on the divan, Vergie found it heart-rending to be firm. "You see, dear, don't you, that this must be our last meeting here—or in Parkville—ever?"

"Vergie, you sound as if you meant that."

"How can I help it? You know the gossips."

"A pack of old women like Mrs. Lennon, Miss Heenan, and the Turner creature!"

"Sh! They're all good customers, if they do talk."

"Let them. I'm going to get Laura to divorce me. It's quite clear she became my wife so as to get to Washington. She hasn't a spark of interest, let alone affection, for Parkville or its needs."

"That's just it. You've a future, dear. The town looks to you for help, and it just won't sanction divorce."

She thought his good-bye kiss, full of the bitter-sweet of things forbidden, had settled the question; but two summers went by, and at (Continued on page 64)
intervals, long and short, John continued to visit the millinery shop after closing hours. Ultimately, Vergie took matters into her own hands, knowing that she was to have a child. Calmly, refusing to panic, she made arrangements, dismissed her work-girl Sadie, who was getting tired of Parkville, and talked cheerfully of a holiday to Pearl Heenan and Ella Turner when they looked in to discuss Christmas millinery.

"Kinda sudden, this vacation of yours, isn’t it?" inquired Miss Heenan, fingering a plush model surround with feathers and pansies.

"Indeed no. I’ve been planning it for years. We’re shutting up shop altogether for the time, so that Sadie can take time off too,“ Vergie explained circumspectly. It was hard to keep up one’s end during the weary waiting months and hours at theLexion Hospital, Washington, knowing that pain would have to be borne without the comfort of an acknowledged husband. When the child, a girl, was laid in her arms, the nurse unconsciously stabbed when she said kindly: "We’ve informed Mr. Wood at the address you gave us. How delighted he’ll be to know that mother and daughter are doing well."

But for the sheer necessity of keeping herself—moreover, of keeping herself clothed and cared for as John would wish—Vergie must have gone under. The wee babe, with its tiny clinging fingers, was so sweet. To part from her was a crucifixion. Yet Vergie the outward woman was smarter than ever when she opened up the milliner’s establishment in Parkville in the summer of the European War. Washington, Vergie, "My, that’s a pretty dress, Vergie!“ complimented Mrs. Lennon who called as soon as the shutters were down. "Got that in Chicago, I suppose?"

Quite right. It’s a funny thing, but I was walking down a side street when I saw this coat-frock—quite the latest thing—in the window. I went in the shop, and when I came out, I agreed to sell them frocks if they would sell my hats."

Vergie’s natural brightness died away as the town band blared on the ear, accompanied to the sound of approaching cars. Simultaneously Misses Heenan and Turner called from the door: "Congressman Shadwell’s coming. Town’s giving him a welcome. Can’t you hear it? He’s a good man, there’s no doubt. They say he’s sure to be Senator."

Mrs. Lennon answered by deserting hat stands for the front steps. Vergie timidly following, overheard her in conversation with Ella Turner, even though the latter, containing John Shadwell, surrounded by acclaiming townsmen, was passing.

"Good heavens! There’s a baby on the back seat with a nurse. Did you know the Shadwells had a baby?"

"All news to me,” commented Mrs. Lennon, turning to Vergie, who hoped she wasn’t flushing at being appealed to. "For oneself it was easy to appear calm, but mere mention of her child caused disturbing heart beats. "Did you know anything about the baby, Miss Winters?"

—now I come to think of it, I did read about it in the newspapers—"a couple of months ago." Stroking John’s hair that evening, Vergie could only recall that the air-sterilizer’s incident had been a joyous one. "I only got a glimpse as you drove past," she said, with a far-away look that had become a habit of late. "It seemed so right her being with you, her father. What did you tell your wife, John?"

"Only that I wanted to adopt a child and that Joan was the daughter of an old friend. We called her Joan. Do you like it?"

"Yes. It’s the nearest thing to John. You’re not sorry it’s a girl?"

"Sorry! I peek at her twenty times a day. Besides, you’re a girl, aren’t you?"

She kissed him, the ache at her heart marvellously soothed, though John’s visits of necessity were to be more than ever restricted. She looked around of them knew, when he left the shop by the back door, that Mike Roscoe, ex-potman at the Turners’ store, hanging about the street, thought to get a free drink from his erstwhile landlord by relating a juicy piece of gossip over the bar counter.

A week or so saw the result of the unsavoury scandal-mongering. Vergie, coming into the shop, a rare flush on her cheeks after a surreptitious peep at baby Joan being wheeled by her mother, sought to infect ex-assistant Sadie’s somewhat lethargic successor with cheerfulness.

"You needn’t get up, Lulu. Did you mistake me for a customer?"

"Nobody’s been in at all, Miss Winters."

“Same as yesterday?”

"Same as last week, Miss Winters. Vergie, in the act of removing so rare, became aware that her employee had something to say. "I’m not telling anybody, I’m worried about my job, but the ladies of this town aren’t going to buy hats here any more, have you seen her hang the sign up, the other day. It’s because of some gossip."

"Oh, all right, Lulu! Don’t upset yourself. We shall have to start a clearance sale. Then I’m almost sure next year’s hat will make people forget last year’s gossip."

How easy it was to speak confidently when John was in danger. Vergie’s nature, more than a dash of the divine optimism so necessary to a successful business woman. Yet even in face of such a b Huw she could hardly have carried on had her very next visitor not been an angel in disguise.

A very human angel, otherwise known as Claire Randall, newspaper editor’s wife, brought a couple of debutante nieces to be provided at aunt’s expense with hats. Enthusiastically Claire continued to bring fresh customers to Vergie Winters, thus bridging the gap until she could prove the truth of her remark to Lulu.

Customers who found models afloat of fashion, at prices that compared favourably with those of Chicago, forgot to be squeamish. Gradually Parkville, exalted its remote upper ten, which centred round Mrs. John Shadwell and her set, returned to their former price.

Meanwhile, Europe was at war. John Shadwell, on his flying visits from Washington, advised a peace policy. By the time America had been swept into the turmoil he was working night and day to make the mid-west more important. The opening of the first aeroplane factory at Parkville added another clipping to the editor’s scrapbook dedicated to the doings of her John.

On the whole, the war years and those succeeding them were peaceful for Parkville’s foremost milliners,
peaceful in which the rare visits of John Shadwell to the back room were like the flaps of kingfisher’s wings. One other visitor disturbed the serenity of Vergie’s days.

The Shadwells were in Parkville on a short visit from Congress. Vergie knew, because she had been living all day on the sound of John’s voice speaking to her over the phone. The shop doorbell rang. A girl about ten, nicely dressed, with a Coossack cap on fair, long curls, came in and asked the price of a fan in the window.

So far, Vergie understood before she realized what the child was. Eight years had changed her unaccountably. Vergie’s amuseement and joy in that immense, grown-up attitude—symbolised by the pursebag, gripped, in imitation of Mummy, under the right arm—was dashed to the ground. Already a child companion had pushed its head inside the shop door and was beckoning. “Come on, Joan! You know your mother doesn’t like you going in there.”

Undismayed, Joan went to Vergie’s head like wine by saying: “Please, Miss Winters, I’m here to buy a birthday present for Mummy. How much is the yellow fan, please?”

“Oh—I’m so sorry—I’m afraid that one won’t do at all. No one carries fans now. It was meant for a costume ball,” Vergie evaded. “Oh, to feel those neatly gloved hands round her throat! Why don’t you get a beaded bag! Hornby’s have plenty. Or some scent?”

“But Mummy has heaps of those. A present is something the person you give it to hasn’t got,” Joan explained. “I do want the fan, if it isn’t too expensive. I’ve only got five dollars.”

What could one do? Tenderly Vergie removed the pretty sequinned thing and held it out to the child. “It’s four dollars, if you really and truly must have it.” Her hands trembled so that she could scarcely receive the money. “Would you like some yellow ribbon for your hair? You’re fond of yellow, I see,” she found herself saying.

“I should love it! Thank you!”

She was surprised to find herself asking John that evening about the fate of the yellow fan.

“It went in the fire, I’m afraid,” he confessed, “but only after Joan was in bed.”

“She wasn’t scolded for coming here?”

“No. Laura just tautened her lips, and told Joan she wasn’t to shop here again. The incident was considered closed. I wish to goodness it weren’t! If only you’d let me try for a divorce!”

It had become John Shadwell’s constant cry. Vergie would have none of it. While Joan was growing up there should be no shadow over her. When she was eighteen and engaged to Ronny Truesdale, a match for any girl and a thoroughly good fellow, Vergie rejoiced. More than John, she had learned the art of making her dream world so true that it sustained her in actual life. She busied herself with sewing, weaving fancies as her needle moved, so that she was able to talk cheerfully to John about the wedding without a wish expressed that she should be present at the brilliant ceremony, except in spirit.

Life thus might have gone on quietly for the unrecognized mother had not tragedy intervened to test the very soul of Vergie Winters.

John came to the back room one closing time, obviously a spent man. He took Vergie’s cool hands and laid them against his aching head.

“It’s all over, dear. Everything’s out. Laura has known all about us for years. She has had detectives on the job, Sadie, the girl you’re employed, has been dug up in Washington. She gave the name Wood as the alias we had when Joan was born.”

“Oh, John! You didn’t tell Joan?”

“Laura did. She insisted. Ronny was splendid. He’ll marry Joan. Don’t look like that, dear. She was upset, but not as much as I thought. Besides, though your name wasn’t actually mentioned, I said how splendid you were. Darling, don’t you see what this means? Now we can be free, I’ve told Laura there’s got to be a divorce.”

“So you’ve told me, John,” came an interruption. “For the last time, I’ve come to ask you to change your mind.”

In the half-light, the face of Laura Shadwell was ghastly. Before John had uttered an emphatic “never,” Vergie saw the revolver aimed at his heart. Two shots rang out. On her knees Vergie saw that her lover was dead. Nothing mattered. She was found by the police, as Laura intended she should have, aimlessly fingered the dropped revolver as though it, and not Vergie Winters, was to be held responsible for John Shadwell’s murder.

They buried John Shadwell with honour, while for two years the woman who loved him sat in a prison cell eating out her heart with loneliness and the drear absence of beauty.

Life had tended to be lived as a blank wherein prayers and thoughts for Joan stood out as the only live things, when the wardress unlocked her cell and took her down the bare corridor to the visitor’s room.

So unaccustomed to visitors or strangers had Vergie become, that she failed to recognize the pretty, smartly dressed woman and her husband. Then she saw the young woman’s hair. The young man spoke. “I’m Ronny Truesdale—you remember us—we’ve come to tell you the Governor’s pardoned you. Mrs. Shadwell wrote a confession of what she did before she died last May. Joan and I want—we badly want you to come home to live with us—from now—for always. Will you?”

“It’s all arranged,” Joan pleaded. Did either of those young things, expect the tired, grey woman with roughened hands to become hysteric or weep? She did neither. Too long had all personal urges been subdued to the claims of love. Without outward sign of inward transport threatening bodily collapse by its sudden onset, Vergie Winters spoke slowly and with effort—

“You’re very kind, and I’m most grateful. Forgive me if I seem a little dazed. Do I understand I get my hat and coat—now?”

NEXT WEEK

The story of George Arliss’ new release, “The Last Gentleman.”

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"What do you think?"
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference
index to films just released

- THE CAT'S PAW
- THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS
- GIRLS PLEASE
- THE CIRCUS CLOWN
- MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE
- JANE EYRE

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. ❏ Also suitable for children.

A political boss, looking for a cat's paw to put up for the mayorality, picks on Harold; and no one is more astonished than he when his figure-head is elected and, moreover, refuses to be a figurehead. Instead, he starts to clean up the town; hence the hilarious climax.

Of course, there is a girl in the case; a hard-boiled specimen, who urges him on, played excellently by Una Merkel.

Lloyd himself gives a clever characterisation, and is brilliantly supported by George Barbier, as a bustling political boss with a heart of gold, and a cast that is full of well-known bit players.

The opening is rather slow, but it succeeds in its object of achieving the right atmosphere, and its development is logical as well as human and interesting.

Indeed, Lloyd could not have chosen a better vehicle for his happy excursions into the realms of straight comedy.

The LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS

AW HARDING: Verge Winters
JACK BOWERS: Jack Bowers
HELEN VERNON: Laura Shadwell
BETTY FERMEL: Mrs. italian 0 year
FRANK ALBERTSON: Rindy Truesdale
CREIGHTON CRANEY: Henry McQueen
SARA HAGEN: Winnie Belle

MOLLY O'DAY: Sadie
BEN ALEXANDER: Betty Preston
DONALD CRISP: Dick
MIKE DAVY: Dave
MAURICE TURK: Dave
CECIL CUPPMAN: Pearl Turner
JOSEPHINE WHITEL: Madame Claire
WESLEY BARRY: Herbert Soyberly
EDWARD VAN SLOAN: Jim Winters
WALLIS CLARK: Mr. Preston
EDWIN STANLEY: Mr. Truesdale

Directed by Alfred Santelli. Story by Louis Bromfield. Previewed October 27, 1934. For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 63.

THE story of the woman in a man's life who effaces herself in order not to spoil his career has become rather hackneyed, and this picture is reminiscent of Barbara Stanwyck's success, in Forbidden and Back Street.

In this case it is Ann Harding who plays the role of a woman who lives with a successful man and keeps her relationship to him secret.

Their child is adopted by his wife, and all goes well until she discovers the affair and shoots her husband—a crime for which his mistress is accused and imprisoned. Eventually the truth comes out, and the unfortunate, broken woman goes to live with her daughter and son-in-law.

It is a sombre story, relieved by touches of human comedy, and relying on Ann Harding's finely sympathetic and well-graduated performance for its appeal.

She is extremely natural, and expresses all the emotions in a manner which is at once natural and sincere.

As her lover, John Boles makes heavy going, but Helen Vinson is effective as the selfish wife, as is Betty Furness as the daughter.

Edward van Sloan is particularly good as Vergie's father, whose lies about his daughter's condition prevented her from marrying the man with whom she afterwards lived.

American small-town life is excellently pictured, and the scandal and gossip caused by Vergie's affair is well developed, with good attention to detail and characterisation.

Spoken thoughts are used by Alfred Santelli in some sequences with good effect and his direction generally is polished.

GIRLS PLEASE
U.A. British. "A." Broad farce. Featuring: Ann Harding 75 minutes
SYDNEY HOWARD
TRUMPLAUSE
JAN BAXTER
... Beulah va De Fonseca
MURIEL FOWLER
ANN ARUNDEL
EDWARD UNDERWOOD
JIM
NEVA CARR-GLYNN
... Jane Howorth
LENA HALDAN
... Miss Prout
CREECH GROTH
... Miss Winter
SYBIL ADONAIL
... May
G. MOORE MARSHOTT
... Oldest Inhabitant
THE STORY OF a story by Michael Balcon, Jack Marks and Basil Mason.

S D N Y D M HOWARD has evolved a certain type of fooling and a vehicle in which to exploit it, and here is the well-tried and popular formula again in a slightly different setting.

Syd is a sports master at a girl's school, who is put on charge of a new pupil who has announced her intention of eloping with a young sailor, when the head mistress goes away.

How he engages in a battle of wits with the resourceful lover, and finally is forced to persuade the father to agree to the match to save his own skin, forms the background for the comedian's humour.

He is in element as the harassed temporary head master, surrounded by a lot of attractive and scheming young ladies.

Jane Baxter is rather colourless as the heroine and Edward Underwood works well as the sailor lover.

The supporting cast, however, works well together.

The fun is all very ingenious and broad, and scores its laughs by its unsophistication rather than by an subtlety of dialogue or situation.

The whole thing is well-staged, and the settings include school and village.

(Continued on page 68)
"For the modern woman, life is one continual rush. I have found that only by careful choice of food can one keep fit and youthful under these conditions. Thanks to Shredded Wheat, I enjoy every waking hour to the full, and because of its wonderfully nourishing qualities, I am able to bring extra vigour to both work and play."

(Signed) Judy Kelly

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Jane Baxter & Earl Emond in the B.P. production "Blissful Time."

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KRAKSA OILY NAIL POLISH, 1/.

i. Keeps nails supple and cuticle soft.

"THE CIRCUS CLOWN"


Joe E. Brown Happy Howard Patricia Ellis Alice Roosevelt Burgess Tanya Tupper Gordon Westcott Frank

Happy Hobson Harry Woods Samuel Tupper Dunker Otto Morgan mang Kesser

John Shuman Moskowunge

Earl Hodges Ringmaster

Directed by Ray Enright from the story and screen play by Leon Talbot and Harry Ruby. Presented July 18, 1934.

HIMSELF once a circus clown, Joe E. Brown reveals in this delightful story of the sawdust ring.

He plays the dual role of a father and son, and characterises both roles convincingly; he also displays unexpected agility as an acrobat.

The story shows how Happy Howard, a simple youth with the circus in his blood, is forbidden to visit the shows by his father, who was once a circus proprietor and suffered disillusionment.

The call of the sawdust is, however, too strong for Happy, and he runs away and joins a travelling circus as a props boy.

After many misadventures, he ultimately makes good as an acrobat, too, and wins his father's forgiveness and also a bride.

Patricia Ellis is charming as the latter, and good support comes from Gordon Westcott and Donald Dilloy.

Actually the film consists in the main of a series of gags especially designed to suit the star's own particular methods.

He gets mixed up with the lions, finds the female impersonator, and generally extracts the utmost humour from the situation of a yokel let loose in a circus.

"MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE"

Columbia American. "F." Mother-love melodrama. 86 minutes.


Ward Bond, Assistant Coach.

Paul Stanton, Mr. Kelley, Alexander, Head Coach, Stuart Whitman, Lumbert Hulver, from the story by Travis Ingram and scene play by Yril Hill.

SACRIFICIAL mother-love theme. Playing against a background of American college life, provides familiar entertainment of a somewhat old-fashioned and artificial order.

It is, however, quite well characterised and mankind sentimentality is generally avoided.

Jean Arthur gives a good study of a college wife who, in a way, is to her, a college football hero in 1900. His parents force the young couple to live with them, but after their child is born, the strain becomes too much for Ellen, and she goes away, leaving her son with her husband and his family.

Twenty years later she is the charwoman at the university where her son Chris, an ex-graduatre, History repeats itself in his case and he fails in love with another charwoman's daughter. His father objects, but Ellen, without revealing her identity, gives him courage to fight for his happiness, and he marries his choice.

Donald Cook is convincing as Bob and Richard Crowell is fair as Chris. Quite good period setting, and generally sound technical finish.

"JANE EYRE"

Pathé American. "A." Romantic drama. 63 minutes.

Virginia Bruce Jane Eyre

Colin Clive Mr. Rochester

John Ireland Mr. Fairfax

James Terman Mr. Craig

David Torrence Mr. Ingrams

Alveda Bloom Mr. Brocklehurst

Jean Standing Mrs. Reed

Ernest Kincaid Mrs. Rochester

Desmond Roberts Dr. Rivers

John Rogers John St. Sanpo
grene concle

Clara Sergewynne, Mrs. Reed

Cilla de Beery, Bertha Rochester

Evelyn Gruffert, Grace Poole

Ethel Kingdon, Lady Ingram

Directed by Charles Columbia from the novel by Charlotte Bronte. Presented September 25, 1936.

An artificial and theatrical adaptation of Bronte's famous story, which has little to recommend it except the graceful period atmosphere and the child interest, provided attractively by Edith Fellows, as Rochester's niece.

The story, as condensed in the film, deals with Jane Eyre's unhappy childhood with her foster parents, her life as an orphan, where she becomes a teacher, and her entrance into the Rochester household as a governess, where she falls in love with her employer.

Learning, tragically, that he has a lunatic wife, she leaves and becomes a charity worker.

Following this, Rochester's wife sets fire to the house, and he is blinded in an abortive attempt to rescue her.

Jane hears of his plight and goes to him.

Development is rambling and leisurely, and it never succeeds in interesting characters deeply in the characters or their fate.

Colin Clive is stilted as Rochester, but Virginia Bruce gives a pleasant performance as Jane.

Teryl Mercer is the most effective character in the cast, as an old housekeeper.

"LOST IN THE LEGION"

Wardour British. British. 83 minutes.

Leslie Fuller, John, Bill

Hall Gordon, Alf

Rob Roche, Wally

Betty Field, Sally

H. E. Macaulay, Mrs. Wally

Ali Godward, Milligan

Gurdon Emery, Sergeant}

James Knight, Ryan

Mike Jones, Fred

Santo Caren, Tony

Bromley, Davy

Directed by Fred "Coffin" Holder.

RUBUST, farcical material of an artless sort, with a speculation for Foreign Legion comedy. Leslie Fuller does his stuff in the way that has brought him popularity but includes a female impersonation — and is seldom out of camera range.

He is assisted by Hal Gordon, who is good as Alf, an assistant cook on a "fighter" in which he is an expert head chef.

The pair continually fall foul of a sergeant in charge of a Foreign Legion company. They do not get in trouble, trying to assist two English chorus girls who have been taken into a male impersonation, and they find themselves inadvertently in the Legion.

Of course, the sergeant turns up, and after several adventures they manage to get a discharge and rescue the girls.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT"

Paramount, American. "A." with music. 82 minutes.

Continued from page 66.

**THE MAN WITH THE ELECTRIC VOICE**


**CONWAY TARELE** gives a good performance as a detective in this somewhat ingenious crime story, which introduces the idea of employing sound vibrations as a means of committing a murder and cloaking a crime.

It is, of course, fantastic, but is made fairly convincing and is well staged. A guest in an hotel is found dead in his room and "natural causes" is the first verdict. Inspector Dawes, however, establishes murder, and suspects Ruby Cotton, Carol Arnold, and Sylvia Crum, three of the many woman whom the victim had bigamously married.

Further investigations, however, prove his first theory to be wrong, and he eventually lays the crime at the door of one of the dead man's enemies, the murderer having ingeniously dispatched his victim by employing the broadcast of a performer known as the "man with the electric voice" to shatter a globe filled with lethal gas. With the crime solved, Dawes' thoughts turn to romance, and he goes on leave accompanied by Carol.

**WHAT HAPPENED TO HARKNESS**


**A SIMPLE, UNPRETENTIOUS MURDER STORY PROVIDING REASONABLY BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE UNSOPHISTICATED.**

**ROCKY RHODES**


**QUITE A GOOD AVERAGE WESTERN, WHICH WILL PLEASE JUVENILES.**

There is good, light relief to the usual Western apperances and Buck Jones does well in the lead.

**TO BE A LADY**


The old story of the temptations of a big city put over in a modern, but unconvincing manner. Acting is moderate and the wholly obvious theme is indifferently directed.

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**OR BETTER STILL, SPEND A LITTLE TIME IN OUR SHOWROOMS** and see for yourself the difference that is made by clothes that are exactly right.
B.I.P.'s. Growth—£25,000
Worth of Settings—Meet Karl Grine—Athene Seyler as Queen Elizabeth—Dance Band on Tour

by E. G. COUSINS

B.I.P.'s. Growth—£25,000
Worth of Settings—Meet Karl Grine—Athene Seyler as Queen Elizabeth—Dance Band on Tour

No Quickies!

I'm glad they don't attempt that kind of thing any more. Why, see you? Because, see me.

When a company allot only one floor to a production, you can take it as fairly strong proof that that production is to be a quickie. Little inexpensive sets, built one night and ripped down the next evening to make room for the next set. You can't get the best results that way. No, sir.

When I booked down to Elstree this week, Abdul Hamid, for instance, was sprangled over no fewer than four sets—two in the sound stages and two on the silent stage. One was in course of erection, two were being demolished, and one was in use. You couldn't do that unless you had a few spare stages to play about with.

They certainly have gone all-out on the art-direction for Abdul Hamid. One know-all estimated to me that the sets alone cost £25,000. Divide that by two and take away the number you first thought of, and you are probably erring just as far in the opposite direction.

Even at that, it's a pretty tidy sum to spend on a couple of dozen palaces and courtyards and harem scenes and theatres and so forth, that will be on the screen for an hour and a half altogether.

Made Over

Of course, some of these magnificent sets have been built out on the "lot," so will probably be used for half a dozen other pictures before being finally chopped into little splinters to start the power-house boiler.

You'd be surprised how good the Elstree painters and paper-hangers are at making a street scene in Constantinople look like a street scene in Morocco, or Seville, or Hollywood, or Chicago World's Fair. It's a gift . . . which may explain why so many art-directors are Scotsmen.

Jock Elder, responsible for the art-direction at Elstree, is one, despite his Sassenach real name, which is Clarence. He's certainly excelled himself on this Abdul Hamid stuff, which, being chiefly in black-and-white, has provided some wonderful opportunities for impressionistic lighting. And you may imagine Karl Grine has taken full advantage of it.

By the way, don't pronounce his name to rhyme with "prune," will you? If you can't pronounce it properly, what's the use of me paying for you to learn Esperanto at night-school? Tell me that!

Odd lad, Groon. (There you are, now you've started me doing it. I mean Grine.) To see him on the set, you'd think he was just an ordinary human being. He isn't. He's a director. If you don't know the difference, it's clear you've never been a studio publicity-man.

A Famous Film

Very difficult to get to know, is Karl, because whenever I'm introduced to him (which is practically every time I visit the B.I.P. studios) he bows beautifully (being Viennese), shakes hands awkwardly (because these so mad English seem to like shaking hands), mumbles "Excuse me . . . I must my work," and sidles back to his retreat behind the camera. Matey? No, yer right there. But efficient? Ah, you said it! He's the bloke who made The Street, which is always being quoted still as one of the films by which films are judged, although it was a "silent," and was made before most of you really began your film-going.

In fact, I was surprised to find that Grewner (ah, that's getting nearer?) was such a young-looking man.

One thing I do like about him, ja! He regards actors and actresses as part of the tools of his trade, just as much as the camera, and the sets, and the script, and the lamps are.

This is as it should be. The stage actor should be creative, the film-actor should be responsive.

Most of the successful ones are—except a few who direct themselves, like Arliss. Just imagine what your Garbos, your Dietrichs, your Crawfords would be like without direction! No, no, it's too painful. Let's change the subject and talk about Otto Kanturek.

Kanturek is the cameraman who photographed Blossom Time and Those Were the Days. He is, I am told, a Czech and proud of it, but he keeps his pride in "czech." Earlier in life he had a magnificent chest, but part of it is now hidden by his trousers.

He is now photographing Abdul Hamid; and he and Grine form together perhaps the most patient foreign partnership that has ever battled on an English wicket.

When things go wrong, and there is one of those hold-ups that everybody but me seems to accept as inevitable and I regard as disgraceful at this stage of our development, darkish-red-haired Grine turns to black-haired Kanturek and says philosophically: "Otto, ve vil vaat!" and Kanturek says: "Ja, Karl."

And then they wait.

Swastikated

When Grine wants a little practice in his native tongue, he can have it with his leading player, Fritz Kortner, which is convenient.

Grine, by the way, is a present from Hitler. One of these days I'm going to get a sound-film of all the Germans who have come to our studios.

(Continued on page 72)
Michel at HOME

The woman of real charm is always at her best in her home. She chooses Michel for her lips, and is sure that they will be delightfully soft and glowing from morn till night. Michel is permanent and waterproof and imparts a wonderfully natural transparent colour to the lips.

Light, Medium and Dark Shades.

Of Hairdressers, Stores, Chemists, etc.

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

Michel

LIP STICK

What’s Mary done to herself?”

“She’s perfectly lovely now!”

Everyone’s beginning to talk about Mary’s lovely skin—and yet a few weeks ago she was embarrassed by a blotchy, sallow complexion! What’s her secret? It’s the same as that of thousands of lovely women the world over—simply Oatine Cream. In a few days, Oatine Cream will clear and cleanse even the poorest complexion—banishing all spots, redness, roughness and blemishes. If you suffer from a poor complexion—bring back the “Rosepetals” with Oatine Cream. If you are blessed with a perfect skin—protect it with Oatine Cream from winter’s roughness, and the grim and smoke of the town.

OATINE CREAM

in 6d. tubes, or white jars 1/6 everywhere.

SPECIAL OFFER—Samples of Oatine Cream, Oatine Powder Base, Face Powder and 3d. Soapless Shampoo will be sent to all sending 6d. in stamps to THE OATINE CO., 232 Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.I.

FOG

gets into your throat. Put your voice right with

DELI GHTFUL TO THE TASTE

now only 4 OZS 2d.

RICH, DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS, ENERGY-PRODUCING

Creemy Slab Toffee

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

since Hitler took charge, singing in chorus:
"Kind, kind and Gentile is he..."

That should be worth having.

Incidentally, Abdul Hamid is in a joint production
of B.I.P. and the recently-formed Capitol
Productions, and it was the founder of the latter
who persuaded Karl Grün to come to London.

Maybe it’s just as well you don’t have to bother
too much about the pronunciation of his name.

It’s Max Schach...)

How long would you take to remove forty-five
moustaches and fit forty-five others?

The B.I.P. make-up department took about
twenty-five minutes to do it this week, which
really only works out at about half a mo-
per mo.

It so happened that the script went right from
a scene depicting forty-five Palace Guards of
the Sultan to one showing forty-five guards of
the Imperial Bodyguard. It also happens that in
the days of Abdul the Damned there was a
fashion of down-drooping moustaches for Palace
Guards and up-twisted moustaches for the
Imperial Bodyguard.

Economy

It seemed a pity, after scouring London for all
the biggest and most military-looking crowd-
men, to let them get away merely because they
were wearing the wrong moustaches.

So B.I.P., with admirable economy, ripped the
face-fungi off them and turned them into
Imperial Bodyguard with fierce-looking little
moustaches and a slightly different uniform.

But I wonder what they would do about
Bombardier Billy Wells, who happened to be
one of them? No amount of change in his suit
or hirsute adornment would disguise that mountain
of pugilism.

Maybe they went into a huddle, as they used
to regularly twenty years ago, and decided that
it wouldn’t be noticed.

I hardly think so, though, for B.I.P. nowadays
yields to no other company in its determination
to get things right.

Certainly that principle is being pursued with
Drake, which is now well under way, with
Matheson Lang in the lead and Athene Seyler as
Queen Elizabeth.

You remember Athene Seyler, I hope, in
Blossom Time, where she was the Grand Duchess?
You may also have seen her in a delightful scene
with Binnie Barnes in The Private Life of Don
Juan, when she was the keeper of the inn and
Binnie was the serving-wench.

I’m glad she is to play Gloriane. She tells me
it is a straightforward part, without too many
“God wots” and “God’s wounds,” which relieves
my mind considerably. One of the excuses for
presenting historical films is that they serve (if
properly done) to show that human beings are
still human beings, even after the lapse of three
or four hundred years.

A Queen Off-duty

I haven’t yet seen Athene Seyler in her make-up
as Queen Elizabeth, but they tell me she looks
very regal, which I can quite believe. She was
lunching in the studio restaurant when I
encountered her, and you can’t eat your lunch
over a ruff and wearing a stomacher—at least,
moderns can’t. I don’t know what Liz herself
did.

In the restaurant also was Charles Buddy
Rogers, whom I hadn’t met, since he was over
here some years ago, and we made contact at one
of those utterly impossible press-receptions, with
three dozen journalists squeezed into an office
in which five people would have seemed a crowd.

However, he recognised me again, or said he
did, which was just as useful. I just admit
however, that I would have had some difficulty
in recognising him if I hadn’t known that he was
making a film at Elstree.

He seems to have developed enormously . . .
grown more manly, more assured, though he still
has plenty of the old charm, the old careless
gaiety.

He tells me he hadn’t been in a film-studio for
a year until he started on Dance Band under the
direction of Marcel Varnel.

Instead, he has been touring with his band all
over the United States . . . and this, incidentally,
is what has made him a little more thoughtful,
given him a little more poise.

Buddy May Tour

I shouldn’t be at all surprised if, at the end of
this film, he gathers a band together and
tours England for a while. It may depend on
the success of the film. A good deal seems
to depend on the success of films nowadays.

Opposite Buddy will be June Clyde, from across
that same Atlantic, and the cast will also include
Steve Garay, Magda Kun, Albert Wheelan, Nat
Lewis, Fred Durpee (and, presumably, a cigar),
Pat Sherer, Hugh Dempster, and Peggy Evans.

Peggy was last seen in Colonel Blood, in which
she played the part of the young daughter of the
catcher of the Crown Jewels—who, by the way,
was Hay Petrie, who has just completed a remark-
able performance as Quill in The Old Curiosity
Shop.

"Drake" Cast

While I’m on the subject of casts, let’s have the
full muster of (as far as it’s been chosen)
Drake, and get it off our chests.

Matheson Lang you know about, and Athene
Seyler. Then there is June Baxter. She is
playing Elizabeth Sydenham, one of the beautiful
young girls of Queen Elizabeth’s Court (and I
don’t mind telling you they’re an eyeful) who
becomes Lady Drake.

Helen Haye is Lady Lennox, whose chief job
in life seems to be putting the fear of God into
the ladies-in-waiting; and there will also be
Henry Mallison just finished with McGlusky the
Sea Rover, in which he has some terrific scraps
with young Jack Doyle, Tarva Penna, Allan
Jayses (who is let off playing Charles II for once),
George Merritt, Sam Livesey, Donald Wolfit
(the man who was murdered in Murder at Broad-
casting House), Ben Webster, Lawrence Hanray,
and (of course), Gibb McLaughlin.

Here is

JACK BUCHANAN

in the costume he wears during
the Caranga number in
"BREWSTER’S
MILLIONS"
which will open shortly at the
LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE
with laughs, music, girls, spectacle
and
JACK BUCHANAN
at the top of his form

"Brewster’s Millions" is a
British and Dominions Picture

Distributed by

UNITED ARTISTS

N.B.—Don’t forget to send your fifty
word postcard opinion of “Nell Gwyn”
to Globe, British and Dominions Studios,
Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire, for a
FIRST PRIZE OF £5. 5. 0. and
numerous consolation prizes.

January 26, 1935

Young Jackie Short who plays the rôle of
"Green" in "McGlusky the Sea Rover."
RADIUM v. GREY HAIR
20 Years Younger!
Whatever the cause of your greyness, however far advanced it may be, "Caradium" will soon make you look 10 to 20 years younger. "Caradium" works this miracle by re-storing Grey Hair to Nature's way to its original rich, lustrous, beautiful colouring without dye, stain, or risk of injury.
"CARADIUM" IS NOT A DYE.
"Caradium" re-creates the original colour straight from the hair roots, quickly, safely, yet absolutely surely. Preparied with wonderful radio-active water. "CARADIUM" stops your hair falling at once and gives it a new lease of life. IT NEVER FAILS.
Dandruff quickly banished.

Caradium

size is now available for those who are
DEARLY SLIGHTLY GREY. Large size
Caradium Shampoo Powders, finest in the world, make your hair beautiful. Price 6d., each or 12 for 5/-.
WARNING—Say NO firmly to all imitations as no substitute can give
"Caradium" results.
GREY HAIR WILL NEVER APPEAR IF "CARADIUM" IS USED TWICE WEEKLY AS A TONIC.
"CARADIUM" is obtainible of all good chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, Boots, Hornehs, Whitleys, Selfidges, Timothy Whites, or direct (plain wrapper) Post Free. (Overseas Postage 2/6 extra)
Caradium Reg'd., 38 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.I.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY
5/- POSTCARD ALBUM
FREE!
Thousands of readers are saving money on postcards by joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club. Why don't you? On becoming a member, you are presented with a magnificent 5/- Album free, to hold 300 cards.
The cover, resembling snake skin, is embossed in gold. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards (see page 3 for list) at the regular sale price of 2s. 6d. each. Liberal discounts on subsequent orders. Post the coupon to-day.

CHOOSE YOUR CARDS FROM THE LIST ON PAGE 3.

NEGLECTED ANAEMIA
OFTEN LEADS TO DECLINE
In no disorder is neglect more dangerous than in anaemia. The first signs to be noticed are pale lips and cheeks and a languid feeling. Then follow headaches, backaches, palpitation.
Anaemia does not readily yield to ordinary medicines, but there is one effective treatment that has brought back the priceless gift of health to thousands of sufferers—girls once pale and languid, but now hearty, vigorous, and full of life.
That treatment consists of a course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, which have the special power of creating new, rich blood. This new blood quickly banishes anaemia, and imparts the rosy bloom of health to pale, pinched cheeks.

One who has proved this is Miss L. M. Jones, of 9 Smith Street, Spott, Cardiff. She writes: "For years I suffered from anaemia. I was always languid, miserable, and nervous, and had violent headaches. At last I tried Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and soon my appetite returned. As I continued with the pills my ailments vanished one by one, and now my health is splendid."

You, too, can make yourself fit by taking Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size, 3s.). If you do not derive benefit, the proprietors will refund your money.

SAFETY FIRST!

This is not
-BUT REMEMBER
SHARPS the WORD
and
SHARPS the TOFFEE
We like best of all

HOW I GOT RID OF WRINKLES AT 60 and made myself Look 20 Years Younger

"I am 60 years of age, an age at which a woman so often no longer seeks to make herself attractive. But I felt a desire out of pure curiosity to try the effect of Crème Tokalon Skinfood on my weather-beaten and wrinkled face.
Imagine my surprise when, after one month of this treatment, people said to me: 'You are getting younger.' Encouraged by these remarks, I persevered and in five months a miracle had been performed: everyone who meets me declares that I appear to be a woman of 40 or 45. My complexion is clear and beautiful, slightly rosy, and I have hardly the suspicion of a wrinkle. It is marvellous.
Judging by this, if all women would only use your Crème Tokalon Skinfood, there would be no more old grandmothers."

Note—The writer of the above prefers not to have her name published, but her original letter may be seen. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients great specialists say young skin must have to keep it clear, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

HOW I GOT RID OF WRINKLES AT 60 and made myself Look 20 Years Younger

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Please send me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I understand order for not less than one dozen postcards, price 2s. 6d. each. Please include with my order your 5/- Free Postcard Album, which is now available at post cost of postage and packing on my gift.
Name: ___________________________
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Overseas readers should make 3d. extra to cover packing and postage.
C.O.D. P.O. and Cheque Co. and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

ACUPUNCTURE will be arranged to pay any money ever due us.

73
BOUT two years ago, Picturegoer stated that it was becoming increasingly difficult for producers to sell independently on the strength of stellar names. After seeing the Joan Crawford opus Sadie McKee, I incline to the belief that it is just as easy.

The only good performance in this film comes from Edward Arnold. The rest—including the great Joan—gave me a pain. Yet the house was crowded with fans who had been drawn there by the star's name. It is the most artificial mixture—as before film I have seen in the last year.

Mr. Thinker, the audience, or myself—one of us must be wrong. I award the blame to the audiences who have not carried out your "increasingly difficult...cult" statement. Stellar names still rank high—R. Albert, Sheffield (winner of this week's guinea prize).

The "Clean Up" Campaign

With regard to the recent attempts of a few individuals to "clean up" screen material, I should like to protest at this usurpation of the film patron's right torivility.

The prime motive of film making is without doubt "the greatest entertainment of the greatest number" and it is this number which has the right to criticise what it supports.

It must be remembered that films are formed by the taste of the public and that in expressing its disapproval of any theme or picture, the film public has an invincible weapon—it can stay away.

If this clean-up movement fails entirely, as I think it will, it will be owing to the indignation of the filmgoers en masse at their entertainment being dictated to them. I say "Screen Censorship belongs to the supporters."—Agnes Reid, 11 Carnarvon Street, Glasgow, G.3 (winner of the half-guinea prize).

To Pluck or Not to Pluck?

Why do film actresses persist in this practice of having plucked eyebrows? I thought it would only be a passing phase, but it seems to be here to stay.

If they have to be plucked, why aren't the top hairs removed instead of the under ones, as the former way makes the space too great between the eyes and eyebrows and any physiognomist will tell you that that is a sign of lack of intellectuality.

People of artistic temperament usually have well defined eyebrows, and I'm sure actresses come under this category.

In Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer we have two great stars whom, I am pleased to notice, are not guilty of plucking, whilst on the other hand, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Fay Wray, and Joan Crawford, to name a few, are robbed of half their expression because of it.—(Miss) G. Evans, 34 Lasteridge Lane, Bradford, Yorkshire.

About Those Accents

Many British filmgoers complain of the American accent of some of the Hollywood stars. But until somebody takes in hand our home produced ultra-Oxford accent used by so many of our stars, the filmgoers in Great Britain should remember that old saying about people in glass houses.

Pat O'Brien mouthing quick fire Americanisms may be boring and unintelligible to home audiences, but what must the emasculated English tribulation put up with! He sounds like to American audiences? It sounds bad enough to us.

Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allen, Diana Wynyard, John Halliday, and many other English stars working in Hollywood do not seem to find it necessary to speak affectedly. On the other hand, one or two of our imports cling to their old accent lovingly; they do not seem to realize that "ultra Oxford" is about as useful to the filmgoer as high Norwest.

It was noticeable in Springtime for Henry how the minced English of Heather Angel stood out against the almost neutral voices of Otto Kruger and Nancy Carroll.—(Miss) J. Pellerin, 60 Pinner Park Avenue, Headstone Lane, Harrow.

"Insulting" Trailers

I have decided not to see this week's programme at a local cinema. My decision was brought about by the repellent way in which the salesman, in the form of the trailer, presented the goods. Two pictures where "trailer."—both American.

The first insulted me; it reflected on my moral character and intelligence. The first scene showed vividly different films (her apparent innocence), in a 1934 setting. She was succumbing to the blandishments of a palpable villain.

Succeeding excerpts made it apparent that the heroine was going to be seduced and then we got "To be seen at this theatre next week," leaving us with a suggestion of a promise that the actual seduction would be screened; and leaving, also a nasty taste in the mouth.

Now, Americans have a reputation for salesmanship, but I think they should study their customers over here before offering us their goods. British film audiences do not require a sop to sensuous appetites to drag them into the pictures.—J. A. Flowers, 24 Vests Road, London, S.W.17.

Bergner's Guarded Set

Your contributor, E. G. Cousins, speaking of Bergner's refusal to allow "right-wing" on the set, remarks: "I wonder how she would feel with a thousand people staring at her across the footlights."

He need not have wondered, really, because Bergner knew all about footlights before she became acquainted with arc lights. And so very recently the audiences spellbound by her acting in Escape Me Never. Why then, her reluctance to be watched while making films?

I imagine that to her, a film is not complete until it is shown in the cinemas. On the stage she may put all the abandon, despair and ecstasy of which she is capable, into her acting, with only her audience to reckon with. But so much work in the studios is governed by logic which is a drag on an actress's inspirational acting.

"The set" is merely a workshop, and we all know the saying—"Fools and children."

—Edith Chilman, Diburgaugh Lodge, South Benfleet, Essex.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," 1 St. Anne's, W.2.
Who is the Woman with the IDEAL complexion?

She should be YOU!

But, if you wish to have and to keep an exquisite and transparently MATT complexion, you must use a MATT face powder, especially made with MATT COMPONENTS. This alone can give you a REAL MATT FINISH and that velvety softness and MATT texture whose only equal is the wondrous matt bloom on a beautiful peach.

**ONLY**

Poudre MATTEVER

the original EVER MATT Powder, true to its name will GUARANTEE’s real matt complexion, with invisible make-up which lasts for hours. There is no equal and no substitute for this scientific discovery, made by a firm who has sought perfection in beauty products for over 200 years.

Parfum MATTEVER

1/9 to 4/-

Trial Size 1/1-

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6

Lipstick 2/6

Trial Size 9d.

**Housewives—**

Let’s Plan

A BEAUTY CAMPAIGN!

Stay-at-home women, so the critics say, are lacking in loveliness! Are we to believe then, that only business women are flying the beauty flag? Being a housewife and a mother is a full-time job—we’ll agree—but there’s still time for beauty. They say we dress well, but our faces betray us as “stay at homes.” We’re not careful enough about our complexions. True, many women lack the beauty wisdom necessary to keep their complexions lovely. It is only when Husband says “What a pretty skin you used to have” that they begin to sit up and take notice. Not that it’s too late, even then, for although you cannot permanently change the colour of your hair, or your eyes, or change your features, you can get yourself a new complexion.

And here’s how! Buy an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist and use this nightly in place of your usual skin food. Gently and imperceptibly the wax works its beauty magic, absorbing the faded, neglected skin while you sleep, revealing in its place a fresh, youthful complexion, pink and white, petal-smooth. If you would add more loveliness to your sum of beauty, give this treatment a brief trial. You will be delighted with the improvement in your appearance.
BANISH THE TORMENT OF "NERVES"

Amazing Results of a Wonderful Drugless Treatment for Nervous Disorders.

A Remarkably Interesting Book Given FREE To All Sufferers!

THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered free to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the letters below, whose names you will see on the next page, had never expected that they would receive such a wonderful book. They were skeptical, yet they agreed to try it. And now they all tell the story of their wonderful recoveries. You too can get away from the trammels of everyday life. Fear, worry, and anxiety are things of the past.

Are YOU a victim of fear? Are you tortured by the nerve-racking terms of worry, pessimism, and dread? You are a "bundle of nerves," obsessed by morbid thoughts and gloomy presentations? Have you an "inferiority complex," and a sense of inferiority, that makes you feel inferior to others? You are not alone. The booklet below affords you the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

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CHAPTER ONE

MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED

I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately. I feel as though a new life has been given to me, a life that makes life of daily existence bearable. I feel as though I have been made a new man, and I am sure I have.

The booklet below is the result of many years of research and investigation. It is an absolutely wonderful book. It contains the very latest medical discoveries and the most effective methods of treatment. It is a book that all suffering people should read. It is a book that will help you to overcome your fears and worries, and to achieve true happiness and peace of mind.

CHAPTER TWO

SUCCESS STORY

I am so grateful to the writer of this book for the wonderful help that it has given me. I have been suffering from nervousness and anxiety for many years, and I have tried everything that I could think of to help me. But nothing seemed to work. I was constantly worried and afraid of everything. I was always on edge and I could not relax. I knew that I needed help, but I didn't know where to turn.

Then I came across this book, and I can honestly say that it has changed my life. The writer of the book has taken the time to explain everything in such a way that I could understand it. The book is filled with practical advice and tips, and it has given me the confidence to take control of my life. I am now able to enjoy the simple things in life, and I feel so much happier.

CHAPTER THREE

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CHAPTER FIVE

SUCCESS STORY

I have been suffering from nervousness and anxiety for many years, and I have tried everything that I could think of to help me. But nothing seemed to work. I was constantly worried and afraid of everything. I was always on edge and I could not relax. I knew that I needed help, but I didn't know where to turn.

Then I came across this book, and I can honestly say that it has changed my life. The writer of the book has taken the time to explain everything in such a way that I could understand it. The book is filled with practical advice and tips, and it has given me the confidence to take control of my life. I am now able to enjoy the simple things in life, and I feel so much happier.

THE CONCLUSION

I am so grateful to the writer of this book for the wonderful help that it has given me. I have been suffering from nervousness and anxiety for many years, and I have tried everything that I could think of to help me. But nothing seemed to work. I was constantly worried and afraid of everything. I was always on edge and I could not relax. I knew that I needed help, but I didn't know where to turn.

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We wish to thank our readers for the wonderful letters you have sent us. Your testimonials are the best form of praise and encouragement. We are grateful to you for your kind words and your generous support. We are deeply moved by your appreciation and your trust in us.

The truth is, everyone suffers from nervousness and anxiety at some point in their lives, and many people find it difficult to cope with these feelings. There are many reasons for this, including stress, physical health issues, and mental health problems. It is important to seek help and support when you are feeling this way, and there are many resources available to you.

The booklet below is a great place to start your journey towards recovery. It contains practical advice and helpful tips, and it will give you a sense of hope and encouragement. You are not alone, and there is help available.

Address:

Name:

Free Book Offer Ends Now

To Mr. H. J. RIVERS, Dept. G-S, 40 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.I.

I have found this book to be an inspiration and a source of hope. It has given me the confidence to take control of my life and to overcome my fears and worries.

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"5 MINUTES AGO, I FELT TIRED AND FED-UP - but this luxuriously soft, fragrant bath, supercharged with active oxygen by a Reudel Cube, has exhilarated me." There's quick rest for the weary in Reudel oxygenated water, and marvellous skin beauty, too!

Reudel Bath Cube oxygenates your bath 2p each.

December 26, 1935

Leave it to ANNE

WHATSOEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared on this page.

A STH week we talked of diet for the too slim. This week we will consider exercises. On reading them over, some of my more discerning readers will, perhaps, remark that these exercises are much the same as those given for slimming.

That is true, and, strange though it is, many of the reducing exercises will have exactly the opposite effect on the too thin.

I am an earnest believer in the value of deep-breathing exercises at whatever weight you turn the scales. Stand in front of your open bedroom window and do it for five minutes. Close the right nostril with a finger. Take a very deep breath, so that not only the lungs expand, but the abdomen as well. Hold the breath. Then release the right nostril, stop the other one, and exhale the breath very slowly through the right nostril. Repeat, reversing the order. Repeat fifteen times.

Breathe again, this time with free nostrils. Hold the breath. Exhale it steadily through the mouth. Repeat twenty times. Take another slow, deep breath, lifting the extended arms until straight above the head. Exhale the breath as they are slowly lowered. Repeat ten times.

The Arms

Arms that are too scraggy may easily be improved with exercises and massage. Extend the arms at shoulder height, palms uppermost. Twirl them round and round vigorously, widening the circles as the exercise proceeds. An effort should be made to concentrate the movement in the shoulder joints. This not only improves the upper arms, but tends to develop the figure and helps to fill out ugly elbows.

Another arm improver is as follows: Stretch out the arm at shoulder level, this time with the palm down. Slowly turn the whole arm from shoulder to wrist and hand until palm and the inner sides of the arms are uppermost. This exercise will lift out thin shoulders. Bend the elbows, holding the arms loosely against the sides in the pose of a runner. Move the shoulders with a rotary movement, press them back and push them forwards. On the backward movement, shoulder blades should be pressed together.

Scraggy Necks

Scraggy necks are unlovely and they should not be forgotten. Let the chin hang on the chest with muscles completely relaxed. Then roll the head lazily from side to side. Next incline the head to the right side. Place the left hand against the left side of the head. Return the head to an upright position against the pressure of the left hand. Repeat in the reverse order. Bend the head forward and raise it against the pressure of the two hands clasped against the back of the head. Bend the head backwards, and return to normal against the pressure of the hands beneath the chin.

Massage

Massage of the neck is best performed with a good skin cream. Anoint the hands with the cream, and lightly clap the throat. Then massage with a circular movement, using the flat of the hands. Massage with warm olive oil will improve the shape of both arms and legs. While a warm, soapy bath is being taken, the bottle of oil should be heating in a basin of warm water.

Then the oil must be well rubbed in, keeping up the massage till the skin has absorbed it all. Rinse with a warm lather of soap, and after drying apply talcum.

Improving Legs

Legs may be made more shapely by exercise. Here is a splendiferous one. Lie flat on the floor. Raise the right leg at right angles to the trunk. Let it move in large circles. Do this inwards and outwards. Repeat with the left leg.

Still lying on the floor, raise each leg separately as high as possible. Then let it sink back to the floor slowly and evenly.

Sit in an upright chair with the right leg crossed over the left knee. Extend the feet with toes pointing upwards. Rotate the foot twenty times to the right, then twenty times to the left. Repeat the exercise with the other foot.

Maureen O'Sullivan includes a deep-breathing item in her morning exercises—such an exercise is most beneficial to the general health.

FLU EPIDEMIC ON THE WAY

EXPERT'S FEAR

An epidemic of influenza is on its way. Its peak point will be reached about the middle of February and is likely to be at its severest.

Get Galloway's NOW!

THE worst of Winter Ills meets its match in this safe and speedy remedy! No matter how deep-seated the cough or how stubborn the cold, you can safely put your trust in Galloway's—the never-failing cure that has proved its worth in countless cases for over 60 years.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Safe and effective for young and old!

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.
Price 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.
P. H. GALLOWAY, LTD.,
Quakerhill Chambers.

Maureen O'Sullivan includes a deep-breathing item in her morning exercises—such an exercise is most beneficial to the general health.
They double the joy of smoking
When your throat becomes dry and parched through constant smoking, refresh it with an Allenbury's Pastille. There is no simpler or pleasant way of avoiding throat irritation or of ensuring the fullest possible enjoyment from your cigarettes or pipe, however much you smoke. Try a tin to-day.

Take care of your throat—take
Allenbury's
Glycerine & Ponsettines

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins

The story of beautiful hair
DUART RINSE

The first and best of all Hair Rinses, restores as nature, eases, the natural colour of your hair, enhancing its lustre and beauty. Use with rinsing water after a shampoo. Made in 12 shades to match any colour hair. Not a dye, but a harmless colouring compound.

2 RINSES FOR 8d

Use also GLORIA SOAPLESS SHAMPOO POWDERS. PRICE 4d. EACH.

From Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores. If unable to obtain, send direct to ROSENWALD BROS., 27 Noble St., London, E.C.2.

Two rinses & shampoo for one shilling—post free.

Nail biting

New Nails Next Week!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No claims, no expense. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for post free.


For grey hair

SHADEINE

In five, six and eight in one—new Shadeine containing instant permanent and washable 40 years' preparation; wild in all natural three shade colours, the Medical Certificate endorsed.

At all Chemists.

On no account suppress colds & flu with 'ASPRO'

Nature's most effective way of banishing colds and 'flu is by throwing out the poisons from the system through the action of the skin. Healthy individuals constantly exude an almost imperceptible perspiration which takes place the temperature is lowered and feverishness reduced. ONE OF THE MANY REASONS FOR THE QUICK ACTION OF 'ASPRO' IN banishing colds and 'flu is the fact that 'ASPRO' DEFINITELY PROMOTES THE ACTION OF THE SKIN—IT GETS RID OF COLDS AND 'FLU BY A PROCES OF ELIMINATION—NOT BY SUPPRESSION. The understanding of this fact must indicate to all that 'ASPRO' is a truly simple remedy acting on natural principles in its conquest over pain and illness. In addition, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is an antipyretic and an internal antiseptic. You can become quickly aware of its antiseptic qualities if you use it as a gargle for sore throat. You will find the relief is speedy, the soreness disappears and a clean healthy feeling results.

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

ASPRO FOR Colds Go AUCE, Colds Like Magic and 'FLU

TYRE BLEACHFELD, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and colds seemed like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

I am, Yours faithfully, J. BURKE (Mr.).

SAVED FROM INFLUENZA Colds Quickly by 'ASPRO' DISAPPEAR

H.M.S. Danube, America & West India Station.

Dear Sir,

I've a great pleasure to me to write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your 'ASPRO'. My husband was ill all last, had a touch of ague and the lady at the shop recommended your 'ASPRO' tablets and he's working now. I caught his cold and 'ASPRO' worked wonders for me, so I shall recommend them to anyone I know that's got flu. Yours very gratefully,

F. LANGFORD (Mrs.)

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA HEADACHES SLEEPSLESSNESS NEURGALIA SCIatica GOUT RHEUMATISM ALCOHOLIC EFFECTS TOOTHACHE

All leading Chemists and Stores stock and display 'ASPRO'.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer it in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is children 3 to 5 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets; 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

Prices

3d. 6d. 9d.
Ida Lupino and her famous father know what they like. Have some Mars says Stanley. And did she? Ida doesn't want coaxing to eat such good chocolate as Mars.

Thinking about her new part. Quiet moments such as this are very welcome to our fascinating stage and film star, most of whose life is spent in real hard work.

Now for some physical jer. Vivacious Ida knows that charm and personality largely depend upon the choice of food and plenty of exercise.

The final touch before a shopping expedition—and knowing Ida, we would be prepared to bet that one of her first purchases will be Mars.
SPECIAL HOLLYWOOD GUEST NUMBER

ADRIENNE AMES
I like Craven "A" best because they are cool and mellow.

They never vary!

Remember

CRAVEN "A"

ARE MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS.

THE CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTE OF HIGHEST QUALITY ★ MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.

Pipe Smokers will derive a new pleasure from Craven "A" Mixture—in 2 oz. flat Pocket Tins—2.3d
LONDON becomes a SCREEN CAPITAL

Internationalising Our Screen—1935 Will Be a Star Year—Mae West and Lord Byng—Shirley’s Unusual Contract—Beauty, by Busby Berkeley—Ramon Novarro’s Future—How the Stars Stand at the Box-office

The policy of importing Hollywood stars to British film studios has, from time to time, been severely attacked both from within and outside the industry.

Picturegoer itself has never countenanced the indiscriminate importation of so-called “names,” and this paper’s outspoken exposures were, in fact, largely responsible for stemming the flood of second-raters, has-beens and never-wasers that threatened to swamp our film lots a year or two ago.

We have always maintained that the use of foreign talent can only be justified if that talent is exploited, as it has been exploited in America, to help build up our own industry. By creating a bigger market for our films it can create bigger opportunities for our own artists.

Need for Script Writers

The days when Britain was merely a home for Hollywood’s surplus unemployed are over, however, although we still have a number of imported players in our midst who have not been officially listed as Hollywood stars for years, if they ever were stars.

The coming year will see more really international celebrities at work here than ever before in British movie history. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we present this week’s special Hollywood Guest Number.

Stars like John Barrymore and Maurice Costello and producers like Ernst Lubitsch and Rene Clair should do a great deal to consolidate the prestige already won for the industry by such welcome guests as Conrad Veidt, Elisabeth Bergner and Alexander Korda.

If it does nothing else, one hopes that the presence of a plentiful supply of acting and directorial talent will leave the hands of producers free to tackle what is probably the most urgent need of the English industry at the moment—good script writers.

He Went Up to See Mae...

Now that Eddie Cantor has discussed beacons with Mr. Hore-Belisha and Lord Byng has gone up to see Mae West one time, may we anticipate a visit to Sir John Gilmour from that eminent authority on home affairs, Miss Greta Garbo.

Mae, in the meanwhile, announces that her songs in New I’m a Lady will be a little different from her usual melodies.

A charming study of Frances Drake, who was for some time a welcome guest in the British theatre and is now headed for stardom in Hollywood.

She is to sing, among six numbers, a selection from Camille Saint-Saens’ famous opera, Samson and Delilah.

The star believes that she “has a voice whose range is rarely extended” by the songs she usually sings, and has included the opera excerpt to give it a real “try out.”

Cavanagh Has “It”

Mae also gives her reasons for choosing Paul Cavanagh as her leading man in the new picture.

“I like new men,” she says “I don’t want a man that the audiences see every time they enter a theatre. They want something different, too. And I want men with sex appeal. Mr. Cavanagh has plenty of that.”

If playing leading man to Mae West can be accepted as fame, Cavanagh has gained recognition that is long overdue. A year or two ago, when he was at Fox, the Cambridge B.A. and ex-Royal Mounted policeman seemed likely to achieve major stardom, but for some reason or other he was typed as a fine young English gentleman in society drama.

World’s Most Unusual Contract

Probably the most unusual contract ever written between a motion picture star and a producer is the one recently executed between Fox Films and five-year-old Shirley Temple.

It provides that the child actress will have “comfortable and exclusive dressing-room facilities.”

This means a private bungalow for Shirley Temple, like other and older stars. In fact, this bungalow is now being fitted up in one of the most delightful spots of the great Movietone City lot.

The dressing-room, totally unlike any of the others, will be decorated to conform with child temperament and will contain a special schoolroom where instruction of the young lady will go forward even while she is engaged in studio work.

Special Food

The contract bars Shirley from the studio restaurant. No longer will she dine in the famous Café de Paris. Her meals will be prepared there, but taken to her dressing-room.

This will stop other players, executives and visitors from petting and patronising Shirley, which has happened before when she visited the restaurant.

(Continued on page 4)
Look Out for Next Week’s Unique “Picturegoer” Animal Friends of the Stars Number.

Next week’s issue of The Picturegoer will contain as its cover story a lavishly illustrated section dealing with film star “pets” and the screen’s most famous animals.

This fascinating feature is something new in film journalism. Don’t miss it.

Order next week’s Picturegoer now.

February 2, 1935

What the Box-office Shows

Variety, by the way, reaches some interesting conclusions in regard to star ratings in Britain as compared with the United States.

Box-office receipts for the past twelve months reveal that the most popular Hollywood stars, outside the U.S. market, are Eddie Cantor, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, George Arliss, Paul Muni, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, in that order.

Edward G. Robinson is quoted as being a particularly strong draw in the British Isles—a statement that is at variance with the views of most of the exhibitors I know. Ann Harding, the report further states, “means practically nothing in England.”

How They Stand

Are you interested in how the studios rank their own stars as a result of the annual stellar stocktaking?

Norma Shearer wins the box-office stakes at M.-G.-M. Mrs. Thalberg is followed by Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and William Powell. Greta Garbo, a prestige rather than a ticket-window star, fills the fifth place.

At Paramount, Mae West, of course, heads the parade, followed by Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, George Raft, Claudette Colbert and W. C. Fields, who has since earned promotion.

Miss West, it is revealed, “did not bring home so much bacon to the company as she did the year before.”

Hollywood opinion is that she must get away from her present type of picture.

Sensation of the Year

Margaret Sullivan is undisputed Queen of Universal City, with Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, and Chester Morris far behind.

The box-office sensation of the year was Shirley Temple. Fox picked her up, put her in Stand Up and Cheer, and discovered it had a gold mine.

Shirley is now engaged to Will Hays and Janet Gaynor close for the box-office leadership of Movietone City.

Katharine Hepburn is Radio’s most important star, followed by Wheeler and Woolsey, Ann Harding, and Richard Dix.

Joe E. Brown heads the popularity poll at Warner’s. Cagney is second, Al Jolson third, Kay Francis fourth, and Dick Powell fifth.

Rains Returns

Had a cocktail the other evening with Claude Rains, who is back here working in The Clairvoyant for Gaumont-British.

There is nothing sinister about Rains off-screen. He has a sense of humour and the heartiest and, probably, loudest laugh of any film actor I have ever met.

Rains, like Arliss, achieved his greatest stage fame in America. It is ten years since he worked here, although, he told me, he returned to Britain for a holiday a few years ago.

He was once a callboy at His Majesty’s Theatre and later became assistant stage manager for Sir Herbert Tree.

Catching

There must be something catching about wearing wedding dresses in motion pictures, the sentimental Universal press boys have discovered.

Heather Angel wore a wedding dress in a scene in Romance in the Rain. A few days later she eloped to Arizona with Ralph Forbes and was married.

Margaret Sullivan recently wore a wedding dress...
dress in a scene in The Good Fairy on the same sound stage at Universal on which Heather wore hers. Now Margaret has slipped away to Arizona and married her director, William Wyler.

Universal production officials are looking over the future stories carefully now to see if there are any more in the same sort of situation, to see if they will probably cast married women in the parts!

Miss Sullivan admitted that she requested Justice Freeman, who married her to William Wyler, to leave the word "obey" in the marriage service. "After all, he is my director as well as my husband, so I must obey him," she explained.

There was a melancholy sequel to the romance. Mr. Wyler doesn't work at Universal any more. His differences with the company, it is stated, arose among other things from the length of time taken on his last picture, and, especially, repeated shots of Margaret Sullivan.

Teaching Actors to be Crazy

The height of something or other seems to have been reached at Paramount, where they now have a brain specialist to teach the actors how to be crazy!

Dr. Samuel Marcus, famous psychiatrist, has been signed as technical adviser on Private Worlds, based on the novel by Phyllis Bottome, which tells a love story against the background of an asylum.

Dr. Marcus's duty will be to see that various repressions and complexes are brought out in the characterisations.

Private Worlds will have a four-star cast. Joan Bennett and Charles Boyer have already been signed for two of the principal roles.

A Correction

My colleague, Mr. E. G. Cousins, writes: "A number of readers, knowing my profound admiration for Alexander Korda, have been puzzled by my recent remark in my column that 'London Films generally correct their mistakes just in time—usually with another mistake.'

"As it stands, of course, it's just plain nonsense! Originally, however, the final word wore a perfectly good set of inverted commas, to indicate that what Korda's critics regarded as a mistake usually turned out to be nothing of the sort.

"The commas fell off somewhere, and left me standing in the pillory—from which I now gracefully extricate myself.

"Thanking readers one and all for their kind attention, and if anyone cares to send me a pair of silver-mounted inverted commas, same will be appreciated."

Kinema Couplets

The Kinema Couplets competition has been good fun while it lasted, but I am afraid we shall have to close it down after our next issue. I have one or two other competition ideas in mind to replace "Couplets" and will let you know about them next week.

In the meanwhile, this week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Mrs. Whittles, 2 Spotland Road, Rochdale, for:

She Wanted a Millionaire

Great Expectations

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:
Miss C. Moss, 10 Lake Road, Fairhaven,
Lytham-St. Anne's, Lancs., for —
Behold My Wife

The Party's Over

Miss Jean Weston, 3 Wolseley Road, Swilly,
Plymouth, for —

Housewife

Dirty Work

D. M. Young, 32 Friar Street, Craigie, Perth, for:

Murder on the Blackboard

Finishing School

Mrs. F. Cooper, 32 Elmdene Road, Plumstead,
S.E.18, for:

Footlight Parade

We're Not Dressing

Short Shots

Joan Blondell returns to the screen in Travelling Sales Lady—M.-G.-M. financial experts reckon the cost of Norma Shearer's twelve-month retirement in the cause of motherhood at three million dollars—Hollywood has, believe it or not, a Sewing Circle and Aline Judge is President—Katharine Hepburn is taking dancing lessons—Hollywood is boosting Evelyn Laye as the "champagne blonde!"—Alice Faye only has one meal a day—Mae West denies that she was ever a "Burlesque Queen"—Bing Crosby receives an average of 7,000 fan letters a month—Carl Brisson has a cigarette case given him by Rasputin—Lyda Roberti was once a waitress.

Making Small Rooms Larger

I wish these rooms were larger" is a remark one hears so often. But did you know that there are ways to increase their size at very slight expense? If structural alterations present difficulties, then colour, fabrics and furnishings may be used in such a fashion that a small room seems to gain surprisingly in size.

Read the "Ideal Home," now on sale, a number devoted specifically to alterations and improvements in the small house.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS

Yet, it's Bing Crosby—as you will see him in "Mississippi!" W. C. Fields and Joan Bennett are also in the picture.
Joel McCrea

Joel has been in the news of late as a result of saying “no” to the Herr Josef von Sternberg and relinquishing his role as Marlene Dietrich’s leading man in “Carnival in Spain.”
February 2, 1935

I CAME to England on a very long promised holiday, intending to stop about a fortnight. In fact, I only had enough money for that period. I didn’t know anybody when I came over.

Directly I reached England I was immediately interviewed by a reporter, who asked me why I had come over. I replied quite naively and truthfully, “for a holiday.” He then said, “Would you consider making films over here?”

I said I had never refused a film, and with that the interview ended, and I thought no more about it. Imagine my horror and embarrassment when I arrived at my hotel and picked up a paper and saw on the front page a headline, “Laura la Plante comes to England to look for a job.”

Irving Asher, my husband, has known me since I was 18. When I came to England in 1933, he was already over here, and I naturally on arrival at my hotel, seized the telephone to ring him up. I was astonished on picking up the receiver, to find him already being put through to me.

I spent six months in England before going back to America. I returned to England in February of last year and six months later Irving and I got married.

Although I am very fond of England, I naturally like America best, and it was not until I had some of my furniture sent over here that I began to feel at home. Till then I felt as if I were camping out.

I shall be staying in England for at least three years and probably five, according to the terms of my husband’s contract. My husband loves England and is often accused of being too pro-British.

I am due to make four films during the next year.

People over here often say how much better equipped American studios are compared with yours, but I can honestly say your studios are every bit as good as ours.

All your stars, without exception, seem to have graduated from the stage. I don’t know the reason for this, unless the directors don’t like to gamble with new talent.

In America they go out of their way to make stars. If they find a girl or a boy who has a pleasing personality and voice, regardless of acting ability, they will find stories to suit that personality and will go on “plugging” him until the public accepts him or her as a star.

I think that, although competition is so great in the American film industry, if a boy or girl has any aptitude for the screen, their chances of making good are greater than in Britain.

During the last year or so Britain has turned out some very fine films, quite equal to ours. “Rome Express,” I remember had a very successful run in Hollywood, and I have heard that the “Private Life of Henry VIII” was also very well received.

I have often been asked what novel parties I attended in Hollywood.

The most novel was one given by Carl Laemmle, jun. All the guests had to come dressed

A new study of the fascinating star who is a welcome addition to our studios.

My Five Year Plan by Laura La Plante

Who came to England to spend a fortnight’s holiday and is now likely to stay in this country for some time.

Gary Marsh, Barry Clifton and Laura La Plante in “The Widower’s Might,” which has recently been made known.

either as the performers or spectators at a circus and the food was served from stalls.

Most of the parties, owing to the climate, are outdoor ones, tennis, swimming, golfing are all very popular. So are costume parties.

Amongst the many famous Hollywood hosts and hostesses, Marion Davies probably entertains the most lavishly at her mansion.

Frederic March and his wife are excellent hosts and always seem to choose guests so that they fit in one with another. One could go on mentioning stars noted for their original methods of entertaining—there is Mary Pickford, the late Lilyan Tashman, Colleen Moore and Edward Horton, all wonderful hosts.

Another type of party that is very popular is Sunday morning breakfast about 11 o’clock. This usually means you stay the rest of the day.

There is an actor in Hollywood who has turned caterer and specialises in English food. He makes a good imitation of Devonshire Cream and so occasionally we have English breakfasts with kippers, and strawberries and cream.

Edward Horton occasionally holds a number of these parties at his ranch some 15 miles outside Hollywood.

When I first acted in England I found audiences a little reserved. I seemed to hear them say, “Let us wait and see what she can do before we applaud.” But after that I found them very appreciative.

I go to the pictures as much as possible. I think it is good for you. Even if it is a bad film, it is interesting to find out why it is bad, and know what not to do yourself.
DANCING is one of the world’s greatest relaxations. Millions of people step on to the ballroom floor with only thoughts of sheer enjoyment in their minds. And to them, dancing is one of the grandest of pastimes.

But they don’t dance in the way professional exhibition dancers do—in the way I do.

There is a world of difference between the two types. I have heard successful authors say that a good story is ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration. For dancing, just raise the work percentage five, or even eight points.

I have been dancing since I was five years old. A very mathematically-minded young man in the studio persuaded me, during the making of The Gay Divorce, to try to work out how many miles I had danced during my stage career. I gave him a few facts, and he sat down with paper and pencil. He looked up when he had finished.

“You’ve danced over 100,000 miles,” he announced solemnly.

I could well believe him! Dancing requires more rehearsal than anything else in the acting profession. To bring the Continental to the screen—it is featured in The Gay Divorce—Ginger Rogers and I rehearsed over a hundred hours. This was for the work we ourselves did for this number alone, and doesn’t include the hours we spent rehearsing the various other dances in the picture.

That hundred hours’ rehearsing boiled down to a performance of less than four minutes on the screen!

“The Carioca,” which Miss Rogers and I introduced in Flying Down to Rio took almost as long to rehearse. It’s pretty hot in California, let me remind you. I had to have three or four changes of underwear a day while rehearsing that number.

Being brought up on the stage, I often used to consider that screen actors had an easy time of it. Three or four films a year? Pah, nothing!

I was wrong, though. I have discovered that since becoming a film actor myself. I am even unluckier than most, for screen dancing takes up even more time than anything else.

I am not quite sure whether solo work or ensemble work is the more difficult. Each has its own peculiar problems.

They are ones with which the stage dancer is fortunately never confronted.

For instance, when I was doing one of my first solo turns for the screen, the director carefully
warned me about the space in which I was allowed
to dance.
"Whatever you do," he said, indicating some
roughly-drawn chalk marks on the studio floor,
"don't go beyond these lines, otherwise you'll be
out of focus."
The number in question was one of those usual
fast-moving affairs of mine, and before I'd
go half-way through, I had clean forgotten the
director's instructions. I was concentrating wholly
on the steps. They were all that mattered to me
then.
I heard the director call out something, but I
didn't catch what it was, and I went on with the
dance. When I finished, hot and breathless, the
director and cameraman were grinning from ear
to ear.
"That," said the director sweetly, "was a
helluva lot of work for nothing. Didn't you
hear me call 'Cut'? You kept crossing that chalk
line so many times that you might have been
having a skipping game! Now, when you're ready,
we'll take it again."
For ensemble work, there have to be "close-ups"
as well as long shots and trick angles. As a result,
a scene has to be shot over and over again, and
whatever happens, the steps have got to be exactly
the same each time, otherwise the different shots
cannot be matched up.
I have watched numerous dance scenes being
filmed in the studios, of course—not only for my
own pictures, but for other films as well. And you
can take it from me that no girl has a harder job
than a movie choreur. Her hours are long, and
her work is arduous from the moment she starts
rehearsing to the time the director calls "Cut" on
the last shot.
With the introduction of colour, things are
becoming even worse for her. Colour filming means
two or three times as much lighting power, and
therefore two or three times as much heat from
the blazing arc lamps.
The make-up man spends literally hours a day
powdering the bodies of the girls so that the heat
will not make them shiny in front of the
cameras.
One make-up man at the Radio studios, incident-
ally, hit upon a grand idea for making-up chorus
dancers. Instead of spending a long time making
up every figure individually, he got all the girls
to line up in front of him, and he sprayed them all
with a new type of make-up!
Dancing is playing a more and more important
part on the screen. It is becoming the thing to
have a big dance number as the pièce de résistance
of a musical picture. This entails a tremendous
amount of work, and several thousand pounds
will be spent on this scene alone.
One thing to be considered is the music itself.
The number has got to be a smash-hit. The
studio daren't take chances. Somehow, there has
to be found a tune that will be played, hummed
and whistled throughout the world on its own
merits, and not through "plugging." No amount
of plugging can make a bad tune a hit.
Tune after tune, tune after tune, is written,
tested, and rejected. Expense doesn't matter. A
studio will pay a song-writer a small fortune for
the right thing. But it has got to be a tune that
will set every foot tapping—something like "The
Carioca," which, long after the production and
release of Flying Down to Rio, is still being played
and hummed everywhere. Or something like
"The Continental," in The Gay Divorcees, which has
a new swing about it that is making it a dance
hit without any assistance from the publicity
departments.
In fact, the bands got hold of this tune before
the picture was ready for showing. The company
really didn't want it played too soon—but it
became popular at once, and the dance bands
just had to respond to the public's demand for it.
The music supplied, the actual steps have got
to be worked out a long time before the picture
starts production. I was a month planning my
numbers for the picture on which I am now work-
ing, Roberta, and Ginger Rogers and I spent many
a day, from nine o'clock in the morning until five
or six o'clock at night, rehearsing our big number
alone.
Then there is the question of choosing the
chorus dancers. Believe me, picking dancers for
the stage is as simple as scrumping an apple off
a tree as compared with selecting them for the
screen.
For a film dancer has got to be a show girl as
well as a chorine. Her features have got to please
not only the dance director, but the camera as
well. It is by no means unusual for a thousand
girls to be interviewed for one film.
A lot of people ask me whether that dancing
will remain popular on the screen. Well, I am
certain that it will. There was too much dancing
in the early talkies, and producers thought that
because the public was surfeited with this type of
entertainment, it didn't want it at all.
Filmgoers themselves were responsible for the
return of dancing. They asked for it, and, having
got it, they are asking for more. Elaborate
"musicals" are making big money.
My fan mail from filmgoers consists very largely
of congratulations on my dancing numbers. And
the big ensembles are the cause of numerous con-
gratulatory messages.
But the dancing has got to be original and
entertaining. Filmgoers will not stand for the
same stuff over and over again, and this is to a
great extent responsible for making film dancing
such darned hard work.
Since being in Hollywood, I have come to the
conclusion that screen acting is no job for a lazy
person at the best of times.
I know that dancing isn't. I just happened to
take it up before I knew any better.
The camera captures glimpses of the genius of the great Austrian actress whose presence here has enriched the British screen—Elizabeth Bergner—as she ranges the scale of emotions as Gemma Jones in the film version of "Escape Me Never."
"Punillo," I said politely, but firmly. "I'm going to interview you." We always call him Punillo.

Sounds funny, doesn't it? But it's a name full of sentiment for the Cantor family. It's our pet name for dad—mother's in particular.

Years ago in vaudeville he used to appear on the same bill as a trained dog act. There was a cute little Mexican bulldog in the group. His name was Punillo. He had a thin, narrow face with great big brown eyes. He looked just like dad. We've called dad Punillo ever since.

"Punillo," I repeated less politely but more firmly, "we've got to get down to this interview. Your public..."

Firmness was necessary, I'm telling you. Dad was wandering round this room murmuring brokenly something about three thousand autograph books, a hundred reporters and Et tu, Marjorie. (Some Latin wisecrack he picked up in Roman Scandals, I guess.)

"Besides," he added, "you can't interview me. You aren't tough and you haven't got a big notebook. All reporters are tough and have big notebooks. Ask Sam Goldwyn. Oh well, take girls, for instance—"

"But," I objected, "people aren't interested in your views. They want to know what the proper place, no doubt, but at the moment the public, for some reason or other, is anxious to hear your views of Britain. You've been here. You know."

"Oh, yes, I know the answer to that one. You say, 'I think your policemen are wonderful.' Seriously, a picture can tell them that our visit has been a revelation.

"I started acquiring hitherto undiscovered relatives with my first screen success and the number has progressed in ratio with my prosperity, but I did not know I had so many real friends here."

"As far as I am concerned, the legend that British people are cold and unemotional is shattered for ever."

"British, in London, at least, has changed a great deal since I was here ten years ago. And I don't mean the Belisha beacons in the streets."

"The most striking feature is the air of prosperity that is in evidence everywhere. You seem to get along better here than in any other country. America is still riddled with racketeering, graft and public fakery."

"The French are a wonderful people. They are riding on a fine train, but they keep changing the driver."

"I didn't go to Germany. The Nazis said The Kid From Spain would 'brutalise German youth.' I couldn't improve that joke. Now, about girls..."

"Just a minute, Punillo. I think a lot of people are interested to know if you have any plans for working in Britain."

"You can say that I should like to make pictures in England very much indeed, but I am under contract to my good friend Sam Goldwyn for three years, and by that time people might not want me to. If I'm not here again as soon as possible, however, it will not be the fault of Eddie Cantor. And next time I will stay three or four months."

Dad says that he is going back to work—for a rest. But you don't have to take that seriously. He has enjoyed every minute of his visit. And he did find time to stock up his wardrobe. "I think," he says, "that the men's shops in London are the best in the world. Now, about those girls..."

"Well, what about them?"

"Well, I believe that girls are very necessary; in fact, I might even say that at times they are important. But so is inflation, going off the gold standard, good beer, and pot roast with potato pancakes."

"I like girls—all except amateur interviewers; in fact, I married one. I met her in my arithmetic class, and since we married, how we have multiplied! (There are seven of us: Mother, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn, Janet, and myself—so far.)"

"My idea of a fashionable girl is a girl that knows the difference between the four seasons: pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar."

"Dad will have his little joke. All the same, I must say that any way you look at it, Eddie Cantor is a grand boss. But he's even grander as a father. He isn't with us as much as an ordinary parent might be with his family. Perhaps that's why I think of him as such a good friend as well as a father."

"However, when he's away from us, he's still with us. He writes us beautiful letters. They're full of good advice, and written just as if he were talking to us. I sometimes think I'd like to collect those letters and publish them. They're most interesting."

"And they'd be as helpful to everyone as they are to us—his family. If I ever
Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES, which, as far as I know, still occupies a prominent place on the bookshelves of maidlyyouth, has been quite charmingly brought to the screen by Radio, which appears to possess something resembling genius for entertainingly disseminating screen sweetness and light.

If the new film is artistically anything less than a worthy successor to the same studio's enormously successful Little Women, it will, at any rate, be liked by anyone who enjoyed the Louisa Alcott classic.

The portrayal of Anne Shirley in the title role, moreover, should that talented young lady's feet well on the road to major stardom.

The newcomer is not beautiful, nor even pretty, according to film publicity "stilt" standards, but she has personality, an ability to photograph a great deal younger than her sixteen years, and a fair command of acting technique—a by no means inconsiderable combination of qualifications.

Admirers of L. M. Montgomery's "Anne Shirley," who will be the keenest judges of Radio's Anne Shirley, will not, I venture to think, be disappointed. Anne brings out all the whimsical quaintness, pathos and loveliness of the little orphan girl with the vivid imagination and prodigious vocabulary in a skilled and ingratiating study that practically carries the picture.

The legitimate, though somewhat obvious, sentimentalities of the story register surely in her sympathetic characterisation and in the production of Kenneth MacGowan, who has based his fragile material with the same delicate touch that characterised George Cukor's work in the picture's predecessor.

Anne, if you remember, is adopted by Matthew Cuthbert, a bachelor, and his grim spinster sister Marilla. They had asked the orphanage for a boy, and accordingly interviewed Gilbert Blythe; owing the child to the association is forbidden by the Cuthberts, but a reconciliation is affected in the end.

A romance interest is introduced later with Anne's affair with a former schoolmate, Gilbert Blythe; owing the child to the association is forbidden by the Cuthberts, but a reconciliation is affected in the end.

The supporting cast, O. P. Heggie as Matthew Cuthbert, Helen Westley as Marilla, and Tom Brown as Gilbert Blythe, is excellent.—M. D. P.

A Wicked Woman—Mady Christians—a very different person from the elfin little girl of the silent Wall Street Dream—gives a strongly emotional and dramatic performance, excellently balanced and natural in her first American talkie which I have awaited with considerable interest, since her acting in that outstanding German picture is one of the screen's most pleasant memories.

A Wicked Woman is the story of a simple one dealing with mother love culminating in an emotional sacrificial climax. It runs as follows.

Naomi Trice shoots her drunken run-away husband who has a family to run away with her son. Next day a child is born to her—maimed—and the sheriff calls for information concerning Trice, who has deserted her. She brings up her children, two boys and two girls, to be just and honourable and then give herself up for her crime.

In her first ambition she is successful and wins the love of Naylor, a newspaper editor, whom eventually she decides to marry. Then her elder son is injured while defending his sister's honour, and she decides to keep faith by giving herself up if he recovers.

She bids her family farewell, and stands trial, refusing to bring any of her family to plead extenuating circumstances. However, her son learns where she is, and his account of her "crime" makes the judge in a verdict of not guilty.

Charles Brabin has made a moving picture of the unhappy woman's efforts to bring up her family and has invested it with sincere human feeling and sound psychology.

Even at the risk of being hated by her children, she rules them with a rod of iron in order to avoid the tragedy of their turning out like their father.

The middle-aged love interest is handled with sincerity and delicacy and no trace of theatricality and conventional melodrama is allowed to creep in until the court scene climax arrives.

This, unfortunately, is very theatrically staged and strikes the one false note in an otherwise convincing human document.

Mady Christians' showing in this picture augurs well for her future in talkies where she seems likely to take an even more prominent position than she did in silents.—L. C.

Willy Forst who directed Unfinished Symphony, has once again brought a wealth of human detail and pictorial expressiveness to this excellently developed comedy drama.

Music is brilliantly introduced as a background, and a point of interest is a scene depicting Caruso singing his "Righeletto" role with a record of his actual voice; this occurs in an exceedingly well-directed opera sequence.

Brilliantly characterised, and very finely produced, the story deals with an artist's love affair following a social scandal. The atmosphere of the gay Vienna of 1905 is admirably caught, and one is convinced both by it and by the characters who enact the scandal, which, by the way, is based on fact.

During a masked ball, Gerda, the wife of an eminent Viennese doctor slips away and visits a famous artist in his rooms. He paints her attired only in a muff and a mask.

The muff belonged to Gerda's friend, Anita Keller, who, although engaged to the doctor's brother, the musical director of the Court Opera House, is in love with the artist, and next morning, Gerda, fearing it would be recognised, begs him not to publish the drawing.

Unfortunately it was too late; the picture had gone to press.

The doctor recognises the muff as belonging to his brother's fiancée and demands that he go to the artist Heidernek and seek satisfaction. The artist assures him that the drawing is of Miss Dur—a name he invents on the spur of the moment.

The doctor looks through the directory and discovers that Miss Dur really exists, and later the artist meets and falls in love with her.

Complications arise when the doctor discovers that his wife was the real model and then Anita, whom the artist had once loved, goes to dissemble Miss Dur and shoots her former lover. However, he recovers and the doctor's parting words to Miss Dur are to the effect that if she looks after him she will save the husbands in Vienna a lot of trouble.

Paula Wessey, a well-known Viennese artiste, makes her screen debut as Miss Dur, and she gives an excellent well-balanced performance. The character is an unsophisticated one—but not lacking in worldly commonsense.

Adolf Wohlbruck is also very good as the artist, and sound characterisations come from Peter Peterson as the doctor, Walter Janssen as Paul, and Olga Tschekowa as Anita. Hilde von Stolz is effective as the doctor's wife.

The picture is notable for its smooth develop-
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who sponges regally on him, with natural humour and illuminating pictorial detail.

An excellent human touch is introduced by the bride's father, once a prince who now glories in being the doorman at a Russian café. There is a little propaganda for American democracy here.

Altogether the picture provides pleasing light entertainment.—L. C.

Helen Twelvetrees appears to the best advan-
tage. I have seen her for some time as an un-
unsophisticated tyiptip who mistakes the motives of her employer in asking her out to his country home and courtroom with the young man who is eager to marry her.

Fate, in the form of the breakdown of a man in which the tyiptip is travelling, and her extraction from a dangerous position by her lover brings about a happy ending.

Helen Twelvetrees shows a good sense of light comedy and is ably supported by Conrad Nagel as the employer and Joe Morrison as his impetuous lover.

The humour is all very unsophisticated, but there is a human touch about it all. The office life is amusingly depicted, and the atmosphere and settings are alike excellent. The whole of the action takes place in one day, which assures the plot moving briskly and providing pleasant light entertainment.—L. C.

Annabella, the delightful star of Le Million, gives a sincere and clever study in this naive, yet somehow moving Hungarian legend, which seems to be an early essay in talkies and employs silent technique for the heroine.

The legend concerns Marie, a serving maid on a farm in a Hungarian village who is forced to leave. She seeks casual employment and finally gets taken on as a charwoman in a brothel where her children are born. She writes to her husband, but the authorities insist on the child being adopted by respectable people. Marie wanders about distraught and finally dies in front of the Statue of the Virgin, where previously she had dedicated her child. Later, in her spiritual state, she is able, by causing a shower of rain to fall, to prevent her daughter from a sin similar to her own.

Mady Christians makes a promising Hollywood début in "Wicked Woman." She is seen here with Charles Bick-

f ord, Jean Parker, Will-

D. Henry and Betty Furniss in a scene from the film.

The simple ingenuity of the whole thing is

rather pleasing. Nalvety is the keynote, and it

reaches its climax in the finale where Marie is

depicted scrubbing the floors of Heaven from

diamond encrusted pails. It is the water she pours from one of these that causes the rain to stop her daughter's affair with a villager.

It sounds ridiculous, but it has all the charm of a quaint legend.

There is no dialogue in the accepted sense. Sounds and voices are mostly superimposed.

The role of the wife who extricates the famous}

Realtor when his stupidity leads him into a municipal graft tangle. Claire Dodd, as usual, plays immaculately the role of the siren who helps him into the jam.—M. D. P.
Mona Barrie
The Australian actress who has made good in Hollywood. A talent scout spotted her on a "bus in New York. She had had considerable experience on the Australian and American stage.
“VON” and the VACANT CHAIR

NEW Dietrich Mystery—Clara Bow’s Baby—Kay Francis Names Her Film Favourites—Lupe’s English Visit—New Garbo Rival.

MARLENE DIETRICH and Josef von Sternberg still lunch in the Paramount commissary, but no longer at the same table.

The German star is being directed in her next picture by Ernst Lubitsch, and there seems little likelihood that she and Josef will make another picture together.

During the progress of the luncheon von Sternberg and Marlene appear oblivious of each other’s presence.

It is of interest, incidentally, that Miss Dietrich’s husband, Rudolph Sieber, is no longer a director at the Paramount studio.

Clara Bow’s Son

Rex Larow Bell is the name of the infant son of Rex Bell and Clara Bow. The middle name is said to be Indian, although it certainly reminds one of the mother’s cognomen.

Clara and Rex have decided that they will not build a mansion in Beverly Hills (Clara’s former home has been disposed of), as they feel that their Nevada ranch is the place to rear their heir.

So their Hollywood headquarters will be either a small house or an apartment.

A Blessed Event

Richard Dix is adding a nursery to his Beverly Hills home, and admits that he expects an addition to his family in May.

Mrs. Dix is the former Virginia Webster, and was the star’s secretary before their marriage.

Good Old Henry VIII!

The Private Life of Henry VIII was such a success in the States that Hollywood producers seem determined to bring over the entire cast.

Charles Laughton, of course, was already established in Hollywood, but others were made and accepted by Robert Donat, Elsa Lanchester, Merle Oberon, and Binnie Barnes. Wendy Barrie is the latest member of the cast to succumb to the lure of Hollywood.

Her Favourite

Kay Francis, usually most diplomatic, surprised everyone recently by naming her favourite screen actors.

The list includes Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, John and Lionel Barrymore, James Cagney, Richard Barthelmess, Clark Gable, William Powell, Gary Cooper, and, last but not least, young Jackie Cooper.

A Peaceful Visit?

Lupé Velez denies most indignantly that Johnny Weissmuller, her husband, gave her a black eye during their recent sojourn in London. These yarns concerning the Syd Mexican star crop up with unfailing regularity, and are invariably denied by Lupé and Johnny.

While Lupé likes London, she said that Johnny, while in England, missed the sun of sunny California, and also the swimming in the Pacific Ocean.

Defending Her Home

Irene Dunne has decided that despite the frequent visits she has made to New York to see her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, and the

trips he has made to Hollywood, a better plan must be put into effect to assure continued married happiness.

So the star has decided that her next contract will contain the provision that in any year she is to make only three pictures in six months, the remaining period being a holiday which she can spend with her husband.

Few actresses could obtain the consent of studio officials to such a plan, but Irene is in such a commanding position that she will probably win her point.

The Upward Climb

When I saw Virginia Bruce in Jane Eyre, I predicted that the former wife of John Gilbert was headed for stardom, and it looks as though I was right. It is true that Jane Eyre is an English novel, while Miss Bruce’s accent is decidedly American, but she gave a very fine performance in this film.

So Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has Virginia under contract and she has already finished two pictures for that studio.

The tall blonde actress always speaks well of Jack Gilbert, her ex-husband, and visited him several times when he was seriously ill.

Garbo’s Rival?

Fox has imported an actress from Poland who is regarded as a possible rival of Greta Garbo. Her name is Regine Opoczynsky, but this name will undoubtedly be changed to an appellation possible for English-speaking persons.

Hollywood studios are very patient with their non-English-speaking discoveries, and frequently keep them on salary for a year or two while they master English.

Imitators, however, rarely succeed.

The Younger Generation

Mary Blackford, a young film actress, learned that the boys and girls she met at the studios are not as thoughtless and selfish as they sometimes seem to be.

The girl was partially paralysed as the result of an automobile accident, and a costly operation was necessary. Mary’s mother did not have the money required.

Will Rogers and other stars appeared in a benefit for the young invalid, but many of the younger element were also participants. Among the youngsters who appeared were Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis, Anita Louise, Anne Shirley, Sue Carol, Tom Brown, William Janney, and Don Barry.

The result of the benefit was that 5,000 dollars was turned over to Mary’s mother.

Back to the Films

Frances Dee, wife of Joel McCrea, has been busy caring for her little son, but now she has decided that she is old enough to be entrusted to the care of nurses, so she has returned to the films and is playing a leading role in Back Sharp.

Madame Santa Claus

The glamorous Mae West received many requests at Christmas time for financial aid.

Call for Mr. Tarzan

W. C. Fields has abandoned his midnight strolls about his Encino ranch. He suffers frequently from insomnia, and in his late walks he has been observing the stars, sniffing scented breezes and listening to the wailing, he thought, of coyotes.

One night he met a touring watchman. In the distance came a familiar wail.


Hollywood Says That—

— Robert Montgomery was a full-fledged star ten months and nine days after he entered pictures.
— Mae West selects a different director for each film in which she appears.
— Carole Lombard, while in school, won athletic medals for sprinting and the broad jump.
— Henry Wilcoxon, to keep in condition, boxes with George Rait and Carl Brisson, both noted boxers.
— Anna Sten was a waitress.
— Evelyn Laye makes home records of her songs.

Monroe, N. Y. —

Janice Farrell, one of the glamorous Goldwyn Girls who will be seen in the new Cantor picture “Kid Millions.”

Modest demands, ranging from 5,000 to 50,000 dollars, asking for funds to develop oil fields, establish laundries, haberdashery shops, tea rooms, etc., poured in.

It is safe to say that none of the applicants was successful, although Miss West, as usual, aided many needy persons during the Yuletide season.
Greta Nissen's Secret Dream

I have often been asked: "Is Hollywood as gay as it is painted?" As I have worked in America as well as in this country, and as I am neither of American nor British descent, I feel that I am in a very favourable position to judge.

I should say very emphatically, Yes! Hollywood is scintillating with life, fun and laughter. The famous city of films is full of talented artists who go to no end of trouble to entertain themselves as well as their public. Their parties are as lavish and gay as those they depict on the screen.

This does not mean that they spend a lot of their time on parties. On the contrary, they take their work much more seriously than anything else.


Vincent Barnett, who is known as a "ribber," is Hollywood's professional fun maker. And as is usual with all big receptions given by stars, "Vince" was there as head-waiter.

All, with the exception of Diana, were aware of his presence. Miss Wynyard was about to commence on her first course when "Vince" took up her plate and walked away.

The famous film star turned in some astonishment and said: "But I haven't started yet." "Neither have I," came the humorist's reply.

This procedure, with variations, went on all through the meal, much to the amusement of the assembly, but to the perplexity of Miss Wynyard. When the joke was finally explained, she enjoyed it as genuinely as the others had.

And now I am enjoying English hospitality for a time, I am not quite certain how long I shall stay but I do know that I must definitely return in the summer.

I have already made three films for British International Pictures and shall probably make another film in England before I leave.

I find working in your English studios very pleasant indeed. Your directors and their staffs have been charming.

And I say, with the utmost confidence that the percentage of really good British films compares very favourably with that of the American output.

As regards the stars, although the method used in making stars in America differs from that in England, rather to the American stars' advantage, I am convinced that the talent is comparable.

I have a tremendous admiration for Ernst Lubitsch. Like most successful directors, he has a style of his own, and it must be an inspiration to be under the direction of a producer with so keen an imagination.

The chances of making good in America are, however, much greater than over here. Whereas in English film circles, the star has to build his own position purely on ability before the big producers will interest themselves in him, in Hollywood an unknown may be chosen by a Company, developed and "groomed" and watched carefully so that full advantage may be taken of every vestige of talent shown, and, finally, turned into a fully fledged and capable star.

I think Charles Laughton and Anna Neagle are wonderful artists, and that Gertrude Lawrence, although she has done very little as yet, has a great future on the screen.

If a star is popular with the staff working in the studio he or she will get much more help and backing up than otherwise.

Personality counts a lot on or off the set. Among the most popular British stars in Holly-
This popular star, in an interview compares life in the film colony with that of the screen artiste here, tells you the truth about Hollywood parties and discusses her own pleasures.

Whilst here in London I have been treated with the utmost courtesy, politeness and charm by all with whom I have come in contact. I admire the British people immensely for the very earnest and sincere way they live their lives.

In fact, you have all been so nice that I am seriously contemplating producing a film of my own in this country. It would be so much easier here than in America.

If I had an entirely free hand in the choice of a play, I would choose Ibsen's *Doll's House*. It appeals to me very much—not because Ibsen is a compatriot, but because I admire his work immensely, and this particular play is the only one of his with a suitable part for me.

It was my mother's ambition that I should become a wonderful dancer and I feel I have the natural talent for it. During my training at the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen, acting played a prominent part, and I thought it would help me to combine the two arts.

So far, more opportunities for acting than for dancing have presented themselves, but it is still one of my greatest wishes to do more dancing—perhaps in a story in which it plays an important part.

More than three months ago, I was nearly ready to start a film on these lines, but the story wasn't quite right. It has been re-written three times—and still isn't quite in the form I have in mind.

Sooner or later, I shall succeed in getting what I want—probably in a costume picture—and then you will see the new Greta.

If I do finally decide to make my own film you will see a different Greta Nissen. I should choose a character entirely different from any I have had before and should also endeavour to make more use of my training as a dancer. So far this is all just a secret dream, but one never knows when this dream may come true.

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**The star with Lawrence Grossmith and Hugh Wakefield in a scene from "Luck of a Sailor."**

A charming study of the beautiful and exotic Swedish star.

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Next Week

**Stars** treasure little mementoes of their early days on the screen or stage which bring back past memories, and are also sometimes used as mascots. Next week John Douglas tells you something of these secret treasures of the stars, and what they mean to their owners.

This is one of many unusual features in a special number of *The Picturgoer*.
Anne wins the heart of Marthin Cuthbert (O. B. Heggie), the farmer, who had adopted her —expecting her to be a boy.

Below: A study of Anne Shirley in character.

Anne also gains the affection of Marilla Cuthbert (Helen Westbury), although she had set her heart on adopting a boy.

Martin Cuthbert and Ann share many secrets together.
M. MONTGOMERY'S popular story forms an ideal vehicle for Anne Shirley's stellar debut. Formerly Dawn O'Day, Anne has adopted her professional nom de screen from the principal character of the book. The whimsical tale of an orphan who re-unites two families is charged with delicate sentiment and romance.
GUESTS WE BELIGHT TO HONOUR

PICTUREGOER'S special correspondent interviews Claire Luce and June Clyde, two notable American artistes who are making pictures in this country.

Claire Luce and Seymour Hicks in the stage version of "Vintage Wine" which is being adapted for the screen. Right: June Clyde as she appears in "Hold Me Tight"

N OT everyone has the good fortune that I had the other day to run into two of the most charming visitors from Hollywood at present in this country.

The first was Claire Luce, who answered my somewhat conventional opening as to how long she was staying here by the heartening assurance, "As long as the Home Office will let me."

She went on to tell me that she is just starting work at Twickenham studios on the new Seymour Hicks' picture, Vintage Wine.

"After that I may make another film in New York," she said, "or I may do a play; I am not certain, and have no definite plans for the future."

Vintage Wine will not be the first picture that Claire Luce has made in this country. Some time ago she made a film, with Ian Hunter, of Lazybones, which was recently trade shown.

This American actress's love of England is really genuine, not just the conventional lip service which is epitomised in the "I think your London policemen wonderful" convention.

"I would like to stay over here," she told me. "I adore England and the English people. I am not going to say I like fog, but when I got to Waterloo after my recent visit to America, I have never felt so glad that it was foggy. It seemed so typical of London."

"Proof of my fondness for England and the English people lies in the fact that my little sister, Jeanne, is at school in Hertfordshire, while my sister Polly is happily married to an Englishman and lives in the country."

"I had a bungalow last summer at Cookham Dene, near Marlow, and although it was a good distance out of town, after each performance at Daly's I went down there. The scenery was superb."

"I also have a lovely bungalow in New Mexico of which I am very fond and which I am keen to see again."

Miss Luce has a very favourable opinion of British films.

"Although I have not seen many," she said, "those I have seen, such as Henry VIII and Jew Satt, have been extremely good and quite on a par with the best American films."

But, like most American artistes I have interviewed, I found that Miss Luce was not so optimistic about the chances for artistes in this country.

"I should say there was much more chance to make good on the screen in America than in England," she volunteered, "because in the U.S.A. they will make a star, while over here they seem to want only people who have already made their names either on the legitimate stage or in films.

"It is not always ability which attracts a producer's attention. It is a matter of being lucky just at the moment when a producer is requiring a person of your figure, features or particular personality, combined with your ability."

Like most stars, Claire Luce has her own favourable...
THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS

Freely based on the film "The Last Gentleman" by permission of United Artists Film Corp. Ltd.; Film House, Wardour Street, London, W1.

If like grandfather or not to like him. To Marjory Barr, eighteen-year-old granddaughter of Cabot Barr, of Massachusetts, whose ancestors fought for Cromwell in good King Charles' day, the question burned with possibilities. A being whom one has never met, who turned one's father from the house for marrying one's mother, and has no truck with any member of his family till he invites it en masse to attend a memorial service under the ancestral roof, is apt to intrigue the least curious of mortals.

Marjory, standing behind her mother in the Barr drawing-room, plastered with family portraits, but not unfriendly, felt a positive thrill in wondering which of the white-panelled doors would yield up grandfather into their midst. From the Barrs already foregathered in answer, like mother and herself, to grandfather's telegrams, summoning them to commemorate the virtues of Lovacey Barr, a missionary reputed to have died in China, it was impossible for Marjory to gather what grandfather was like.

None of the less, she took careful stock of the group standing more or less ill at ease on the Persian rugs. Uncle Judd Barr, grandfather's eldest son, was the least likeable. Bald, yellow, small, stiff, Marjory as a rogue. His wife, a thin, dark creature, wearing an unbecoming yellow hat, was about as unprepossessing.

Exact by the fireplace, Augusta Prichard, grandfather's eldest daughter, seemed more approachable. She was evidently of a sentimental turn of mind, for the slightest mention of the supposedly departed Lovacey Barr caused her to subside into a half-dream, more frequently than not, according to the agony of the occasion, a borrowed article. Aunt Augusta had to escort her adopted son, Allan Blaine. Good-looking, certainly, and likeable, probably, Marjory thought him to be; a sympathetic sort, due possibly to his being her real contemporary in the stately room.

She forgot his existence, however, as the double doors opened, admitting grandfather. He might have stepped from the canvas of an old picture. His velvet coat fitted perfectly. His silver hair was faultlessly brushed. His linen rivalled that of a Drummond. He turned his head, his finely veined hand closed on an ebony stick, topped by an ivory model of a grayhound.

His manservant, Claud, an ex-convict with forbidding jowls, and Henry Loving, secretary, attended.

Not that grandfather appeared in need of either at the moment. Unsupported, he went up to Marjory's mother, a man who had seen her last yesterday. His voice rang out a challenge: "So you've come, Helen! I didn't think you would. Aren't you ashamed for your pigheadedness and filthy temper?" "You forbade me to enter your house, father. What did you expect me to do?"

Grandfather liked that. Marjory felt she was already learning her cue. Grandfather smiled with his eyes, though his voice continued gruff. "What did I expect? That you would come back, of course, and ask forgiveness. I'm bound to say, however, that you've worn well. Face is a bit raddled, but you've kept your stomach in. So many women"—his keen blue eye, without appearing to look, indicated Aunt Augusta, who was standing with her back to him—"are convex where they ought to be concave, and vice versa." "I thought you'd like to meet my big daughter. Marjory began, but grandfather had turned away to speak to inquire of his man: "Have you stopped the clocks, Claud?"

"Yes, sir. There's a ring at the front door. Can I answer it, sir?"

Marjory's mind was taken off wondering why on earth grandfather should want the clocks stopped, by the manner in which he greeted the remaining members of the family. By the time he had informed Uncle Judd's wife, Retta, that she was a skin-a-galee, which she undoubtedly was, and twitted Aunt Augusta for shedding crocodile tears, Marjory felt constrained to burst out:

"Oh, grandfather, I do thank you're funny!"

She couldn't have told why she came out with such a remark. Very likely, being a Barr, she couldn't bear being overlooked. In any case, grandfather was obliged to notice her. "Funny, miss? What's funny about me?"

"You say such lovely things—things we all think and no one else dares say."

Marjory, launched on a sea of temerity, was glad to hail the arrival of Claud from the hall with a cablegram. Ignoring Aunt Augusta, who stepped eagerly forward, Cabot Barr opened the communication unaided. "Claud," he said, looking up. "Get the clocks going. Miss Lovacey isn't dead. Her body was only presumed to have been discovered. This cable says the dead missionary has been identified as someone else." "What are we to do now?" "Aunt Augusta inquired.

"Go home. What's the good of holding a memorial service for the living? I admit my precipitancy, but I was anxious to honour my youngest child, because she was the one member of the Barr family of this generation who did anything. I thought you didn't approve of missionaries, father?" Judd put in. "Nor do I, but Lovacey did, and she went to China in consequence. I apologise if I've brought you here on false pretences." "You might ask us to lunch, I think," Aunt Augusta suggested. "I'm quite ready for you to stay if you're hungry."

"If we don't tire you, father, I know your health isn't too good." The remark of Uncle Judd appeared to Marjory over-solicitous. Grandfather evidently thought so.

"Thank you. I'm feeling exceptionally well. At my age a man can't expect too much. I've had my life. I've enjoyed it. I've sipped it slowly, discreetly, as one would a bottle of rare wine. I'm not afraid of death. Why should I be? Who knows what finer wine, what rarer vintage, will be in the next bottle. Well, I feel in need of a rest. Claud shall bring you cocktails on the terrace. I shall lie down for a little. No thanks. I don't want your help.

Disregarding the numerous offers of an arm, grandfather, supporting himself on his stick, stopped when he reached Marjory. "I suppose, miss, you'd see me dying before you'd come forward to assist your grandfather?"

"I didn't think you'd like it dear." She slipped her arm through his. The question was answered. She was going to like grandfather.

There was satisfaction in being a Barr, Marjory reflected as she settled herself in an armchair with a book while the party went on the terrace to drink the promised cocktails. She had never yielded to the suburb's conventional love of drinks. So much did she feel at home in her quiet corner that she never noticed approaching voices and footsteps until she realised the subject of Allan Blaine's conversation with the valet Claud conducted while they failed to notice her.

"What's all this boxing and coining with clocks?" Allan was wanting to know. "When we were all together, just now, Mr. Barr told (Continued on page 7)
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STOPPING THEM, PREMJMAR BY HIS
ORDER."

"Quite so, sir. Mr. Barr has just
everceived another cablegram
from China. Miss Lovelace’s body has been
 discovered. The memorial service
will take place, after all."

Silence followed while Marjory,
curled up in the chair, saw Claud in
the mirror arresting the pendulum
of a handsome ormolu timepiece,
one of the half-dozen clocks that
helped to make the room into an
antique bedroom.

"Pretty girl, Helen Barr’s
daughter. Allan took up the
conversation. "Perhaps she’s such a
hypocrite. Did you notice the way
she made up to the old man? After
his marriage, of course. She won’t get
it, though. She’s only a female Barr."

Whereat the female in question
waited long enough for Claud to
disappear into the next room before
taking the young man to task. "So
you think I’m after grandfather’s
money!" she blazed. "What do you
suppose he hates most?"

"Judging by the way he’s taking,
to avoid the clocks striking in
the middle of the memorial service,
which is the only reason I can think
of," Allan riposted with a brave
show at refusing to be startled by
Marjory’s sudden appearance from
the armchair. "I should say a
going clock would be anathema."

"He shall have anathema, then. Here
is. I’m not after grand-
father’s money."

Starting clocks, limiting oneself
only to those in the drawing-room
and hall, even though Allan con-
descended to aid and abet, took
time. They were still busy when
the cocktail party, summoned
hurriedly from the terrace to play
their part in the amended programme
took seats for the service. Marjory
need not have feared that, without
her intervention, memorial prayers
for the legitimately departed would
have been dull.

She, whose services, luckily,
had not been countermanded,
arrived with a terible cold and in
possession of an audible speaking
voice, only for a half-minute or so
after prolonged blowing of the nose.
His opening prayer was
accompanied with Gargantuan trumpetings,
resulting in a delivery which,
though strong, first, gradually faded into
a whisper.

Grandfather, cupping his ear with
his hand and leaning forward in his
chair next to Marjory, had nearly
driven her to untimely hysterics
when the hour struck. One by one,
then simultaneously, clocks, big and
little, ornate and dignified, chimed
and tintinabulated. Too frightened
for the moment, Marjory thought
she glimpsed grandfather’s baleful
eye above his elaborare choker,
directed, not at herself, not at Uncle
Chester, but at the legitimate lady of
the house, at Aunt Augusta.

Marjory was not far wrong. Lunch
was served after grandfather’s
enunciation of grace, timed by no
one present to end when it did, thus
insisting on the correct moment
for taking up soup-spoons.

Turning on her eldest daughter, he
announced:— "I’m ashamed of you!
Setting my clocks going as you did.
Come, come, now; don’t cry into the
pot. It means that the table will
be stretching already.
You malign my cook. If it wasn’t
you, who was the offender? Judd?"

"I’m terribly hurt and offended
that you should think so, father,"
Uncle Judd said pitously.

One by one the family denied

guilt. By the time grandfather had
accused Claud and threatened him
with dismissal, Marjory managed
to get in her word. "Grandfather, you
must listen. I stopped the clocks."

Though furious with Allan, she
was compelled to admit that at this
moment he behaved like a gentle-
man. Not that she thought his
prompt avowal of having assisted
her in wrong doing was sufficient
grounds for excusing grandfather’s
positively terrifying statement later.

Allan enjoyed a quiet talk with
the old gentleman, who appeared
totally to have forgiven the time-
piece episode, when he alarmed her
by leaning forward in his Fireside
chair and tapping the parquet with
his ebony stick. "You’re a Barr,
you dear—a Barr through and
through. Pity you can’t remain
one."

"Suppose I were to fall in love with
a nice young man who could
be persuaded to change his sur-
name?" Marjory returned, oblivious
of impending danger, until grand-
father’s remark thundered forth:—
"Splendid idea! The very thing!
I know the man for you. Allan
Blaine."

"If he was the last man on earth,
I wouldn’t marry him; not if I was
alone with him on a desert island!"
Marjory flared. Grandfather smiled.
"I only mentioned that, from his
point of view, the matter was as
good as settled."

An artist in getting his own way,
Capot Barr was busy during the
coming week issuing instructions
to Claud and Henry Loring to open
up the Barr country seat, to which
the family were invited. No one
dared refuse the invitation. Rumours
were going about the clan that the
person in question was going to alter his
will in favour of his grand-daughter.
Uncle Judd, who had grown yellower
and more morose since the inception
of such gossip, slunk off to town
with a promise to look his father up.

Meanwhile, the spring weather was
all it should be. Birds sang, the
air was like wine. Grandfather’s gar-
dens were everywhere. Unaware of
his designs against them, Marjory
quarrelled with Allan on every
occasion. She herself she had
never forgiven his remarks about
coveting grandfather’s money. Two
minutes before Capot Barr sent for
them to talk to him in the study
overlooking the terrace, Marjory
had slapped Allan’s face. Her own
colour was such she saw, not only
her mother, but Aunt Augusta and
Uncle Judd’s vinegarish wife were
there, when Barr began:—

"Listen, you two. I’m ashamed of
you both. Marjory, I won’t have
you moaning about with Allan in
this way, getting sentimental in my
house just because the lilacs in
flower. You were not meant for
a younger man. I’ve other plans
for you."

Cunning grandfather! No wonder
Marjory thought. Half an hour later, interruptured a family four at Bridge
to tagging on to Allan’s hand
and announcing that she was going
to Mrs. Barr. She could not herself
account for her sudden change of
opinion, unless it was that she had
lastly looked through a start.

"Get my lawyer on the phone,"
Grandfather blandly ordered
his secretary. "I propose altering
my will. All my property to go to
Marjory Barr and her husband,
Allan Barr."
"Blaine, sir. My name is Blaine."

"You can change it, can't you? My grand-daughter wishes to remain a Barr."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'd rather stick to what I am. Are you sure Marjory objects to Blaine?"

"Honestly, I don't, grandfather. Isn't it rather silly to change?"

For the first time Marjory saw grandfather's anger directly aimed at herself. It was hard not to flinch.

"So, miss, you don't care a hang for your family. You only joked when you said you didn't want to remain a Barr. Very well. I will make a new will. Every cent shall go to Judd."

Five minutes spent at the long-distance telephone and the thing was done. Feeling almost at ease, without the weight of what it was, of the her fortune on her shoulders, Marjory, exquisitely happy with Allan's arm about her, was yet able to be absorbed at the appearance from town of Uncle Judd.

She had never liked him; now his bald head was positively repulsive. His oily voice, too, as he said, bringing forward a tall individual with a professorial air, positively reeked with nervousness.

"This is Herr Schumacher, father—the celebrated alienist. I've brought him here to examine you."

From that moment Marjory saw Judd with just a little Uncle Judd had disgraced himself with the family. Her mother gasped. Aunt Augusta broke into hysterics. Even Retta looked alarmed.

"You know—Uncle Judd spoke calmly, now he had burst the bomb-shell—you are, yourself, father. You have queer habits. Love of clocks, for instance. Now you propose leaving and going out of your will. I'll not stand for it. I'm your rightful heir. Kindly attend to Professor Schumacher's questions."

"Don't answer him, father!" Helen begged. Claud's jowl was set in a terrible clinch. Aunt Augusta was borrowing from grand-daughter's fright. Only grandfather appeared cool.

"You are to examine me on the grounds that I have lost my sanity," he observed suavely, "Pray begin."

The professor heaved his throat. Obviously, he had no sense of humour.

"Mr. Barr, how do you sleep at nights?"

"On my stomach, sir. Always have done."

"Ever hear strange noises?"

"Sir, I have an extraordinarily garrulous family."

"Has any member shown signs of epilepsy?"

"My son Judd used to throw fits at one time. His nurse is alleged to have dropped him on the head."

"Father, I protest! You're making a fool out of yourself."

Cabot's manner suddenly changed. It was not easy to know when grandfather was joking. Marjory knew he was doing serious things when he rounded on his son.

"Admitted I am making a fool of you. Well. Even you must grant me success. Now it's my turn. Professor, allow me to be a questioner. I am sure that mentally unbalanced persons always accuse others of being insane."

"They often do."

"And suffer from delusions?"

"Frequently."

"My son Judd evinces both symptoms. He accuses me of being mad. He believes that I am leaving my money away from him, when actually I have just drawn up a will in his favour. Telephone my lawyer, if you wish. He will corroborate my statement."

Grandfather's voice grew weaker. Attempting to get out of his chair, his limbs failed to render service. He recovered quickly, leaning on Claudia's and the secretary's arms.

"This—disappointment's been rather too much for me. I didn't think of Judd. Never mind—I'll rest now. Augusta, you've often wanted me to have a doctor and I've refused. Send for him."

That was all. No protestations, no anguish, no fuss. Grandfather died, as he had lived, a gentleman.

Within a week Claud was shaking his head as he surveyed his late master's flowered dressing gown and the carved ivory-top stick in the spacious wardrobe. The Cabot family had stayed on. The reading of the will was still to be.

Marjory was informed by Henry Loring and Claud that, by grandfather's wishes, a memorial service was to be held, at which the will would be read in a unique manner.

"Why darken the room? Uncle Judd inquired nervously, voicing the general bewilderment.

Marjory, with the others, had their answer as the platform curtains parted and a talking film of grandfather, sitting in and speaking from his armchair, operated by Henry Loring, was thrown on to the screen.

Charmingly, the old gentleman spoke, and so realistically with pauses for his listeners to answer the questions he put, or to applaud the jokes he cracked, that it was hard to believe the figure was not flesh and blood.

Smilingly, he told his hearers that he preferred to read his own will by a novel method. To his son, Judd, he left the proverbial shilling, to Aunt Augusta a dozen fine lace handkerchiefs, in order that she would not have to borrow any more for her lachrymose outpourings. Grandfather had allowed a pause when making the film, for a smile here and a sniff from the lady in question. His judgment had not erred. Aunt Augusta's tearfulness was audible.

To Claud, with a kindly word of appreciation of trust and loyalty in an ex-convict—a trust which had not been abused in twenty years—grandfather announced he had left his wardrobe, to Henry Loring, his study furniture, to Helen a money bequest.

By this time Judd and his wife, with Aunt Augusta, had left the room. With lowered, intimate voice following a silence as though he had forced this contingency, Claud spoke affectionately to those who loved him for himself.

"To my grand-daughter, Marjory, and to her husband, Allan Barr—you don't mind changing your name now, do you, Allan?—pause here while Marjory, sitting in the darkness, thrilled to hear Allan's eager response, "Of course not, grandfather'—"I leave the rest of my fortune."

The old gentleman's voice quavered slightly, then grew strong as he rose, taking his hat, stick and overcoat from the chair back. He smiled, and it seemed to Marjory as though grandfather, himself present, were present, watching the picture of the last gentleman uttering what he hoped would be a joyous, not a painful, farewell.

"And now, my dears, I leave you to drink that other bottle of wine. That finer vintage, God bless you all! Good night!"
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***WHOM THE GODS DESTROY

***FALLING IN LOVE

***THE LAST GENTLEMAN

***JUDGE PRIEST

***THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

***LORD EDGWARE DIES

***MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

***WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

***EASY MONEY

Too Many Millions

What the asterisk mean—*** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. *** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

Tom Browne and Anita Louise supply the love interest in Will Rogers' latest release "Judge Priest."

Mary Lawson plays an unsophisticated heroine opposite Charles Farrell in the British film "Falling in Love."

WALTER CONNOLLY'S performance is one of those uninteresting of the week's pictures. When the Gods Destroy brings this exceedingly clever character actor more into the limelight of which his general work on the screen has made him fully deserving. He is, of course, exceedingly well known on the New York stage, and, as a matter of fact, only works in films for a few months of the year; we could do with more of his time.

But it is not only this artiste's performance which makes the picture entertaining; the director, Walter Lang, has accorded it extremely clever and pictorially satisfying treatment.

***WHOM THE GODS DESTROY


WALTER CONNOLLY.........John Forrester
ROBERT YOUNG..........Jack Forrester
DORIS KENYON.........Forrester's wife
MACOM JONES.........Jack (aged 14)
SCOTT HAYDEN.........Jack (aged 8)
KOLDO LLOYDO.......Henry Brayman
MARY TURTON........Huerita Corzand
HENRY TOLE............Carlo
GEORGE HUTSON.........Moeckl
HORACE BOSWORTH.....Alec
HUGH HUTSLEY.........Jameson
GILBERT EMERY.........Prof Weaver
ALBERT TAYLOR........Lark
THE VALE PUPPETERS.......Puppeters

Directed by Walter Lang from the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Pre-viewed September 8, 1934.

I dealt very fully with this picture in our issue of September 8, 1934, because it was one of those unheralded films which provide a very pleasant surprise to the critic whose frequent disappointments on seeing fervently publicised masterpieces tend to come with regular monotony.

Actually, the bulk of its entertainment relies on the brilliant characterisation given by Walter Connolly as a man whose cowardice—he saves himself from a liner disaster by dressing as a woman—makes him hide his identity and let the world believe, as the papers have reported it, that he died a hero's death.

The efforts of this man to help his son, without his knowledge, in his chosen career as a theatrical producer—he himself was a world-famous one before the disaster—provides strong dramatic fare, and is full of restrained sentiment and delicate characterisation.

The ending, too, provides a most moving scene when his wife recognises him and, to save his son's career and happiness, they have to part again. Walter Lang's direction is exceedingly good. He avoids back-stage scenes and only suggests them by reference. His pictorial development is exceedingly good, and his kaleidoscopic shots and clever dissolves knit the continuity into a perfectly developed drama.

As the wife, Doris Kenyon is exceedingly good. I have never seen her do anything better than the scene in which she recognises her supposedly dead husband.

Robert Young acts excellently as the son.

***THE LAST GENTLEMAN


George Arliss.............Cabot Barr
EDNA MAY OLIVER.........Agusta
JANET BECKER........Rachel
CHARLOTTE HENRY.........Marjory
RALPH MORGAN.........Loring
EDWARD ELIAS........Claude
FRANK ALBERTSON........Allen
RAPHAEL OTTAPAN........Retta
DONALD MEEZ........Judd
JOSEPH COWART........Dr. Wilson
SHELTON BOWEN........President
EMILY DAVIS........Machine

Directed by Sidney Lanfield, from the original play by Katherine Clayslon. screen play by Leonard Pr Shekter. Pre-viewed August 19, 1934.

A story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 21.

A sentimental comedy, in which George Arliss always shows to the best advantage. He is once again cast as an eccentric old gentleman, this time endeavouring to find all his relations from whom he is estranged, bring them under his roof, and to decide how he will proportion his estate.

The novelty of the film lies in the fact that when he dies a talking picture of himself reading his will is shown to the heirs, whose reactions he hits off very correctly.

There is pathos and humour in nicely graduated proportions, and Arliss is given full scope for his very human observations on life and people in general.

As his grand-daughter Marjory, Charlotte Henry is charming, and Edna May Oliver is a delight as his daughter whose adopted son, Allan, she wishes, to marry Marjory.

Very good support comes from Frank Morgan, Frank Albertson, and Janet Beecher. The direction is polished and the development is smooth, with evident sincerity and genuine human feeling.

***THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH


LESLIE BANKS........Lawrence
EDNA BEST............Jill
PETER LORE...............Peter
FRANK VOSPER.........Albert
HUGH WAREFIELD.....Levine
NOVA PILBEAM.......Beatty Lawrence
PIERRE FRESNOJ.........Louis
CICELY OATES........Nurse Agnes
D. A. CLARK-SMITH....Bunting
GEORGE CURTIS........Gibson

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, from the story by Charles Bennett and D. R. Wyndham Lewis. Pre-viewed December 19, 1934.

As an example of what can be done in this country in the way of crook drama this picture is a particularly good instance. It is not, perhaps, quite so thrilling as some of its prototypes, but it is well knit, quite well characterised, and contains a good piece of sensationalism in its closing scenes, where anarchists are besieged by police and troops in a house in the London dock area. This last, by the way, is reminiscent of the famous Sidney Street scene, where Peter the Painter made his final stand.

The opening scene is Switzerland, where a little girl is kidnapped because her father, Lawrence, has accidentally become acquainted with a woman who is an anarchist plot promises more than the conventional melodrama which follows it.

It develops into a battle between the distraught father, who refuses to divulge his information to the secret service lest his daughter be injured, and the anarchists, who eventually trap him as well and commit an act of assassination of an important foreign personage at an Albert Hall concert. Hitchcock's direction is very good, and he brings several ingenious twists into the story which keeps you guessing, and is singularly happy with a bit of black comedy, which is really of no more interest than the plot of the picture as a whole.

The best performance comes from the German actor, Peter Lore, as the chief anarchist. Leslie Banks is a typically British hero as Lawrence, with none of the pretense of the British performer, or the pinch-faced cast to the pitch of incredibility, while Edna Best is rather stilted as his wife.

An exceedingly sympathetic and clever performance comes from Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child.

Settings of St. Moritz, the Albert Hall, and Wapping are very effective, and the siege has its thrill, although the climax, where the mother picks off one of the beleaguered anarchists who has chased her child on to the roof, with a rifle, is almost visibly melodramatic.

***WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS


HELEN MAYES........Magge
BERNELL KRAMER......John
MADGE EVANS...........Sybil
REGINALD WATSON.....Comedian
DUDLEY DUGGERS........James
DONALD CRISP...........Albert
HARRY DEANE.........Henry Stephenson
BOVE EVERS..........Tiedar

(Continued on page 26)
Yet a further reason why—

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ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

Directed by Gregory La Cava, from the world-famous play by Sir James Matthew Barrie. Pre-viewed January 5, 1935.

Barrie's play has been brought up to date for screen purposes, and this and the somewhat synthetic Scottish accents of most of the players tend to make it rather artificial in atmosphere, although there still remains a good deal of charm in the dialogue with which it is naturally heavily loaded.

Helen Hayes, however, in spite of her accent handicap, gives one of her best and most sympathetic performances as Maggie, the rather pathetic but commonsensical woman whose father and brothers bribe a man to marry her.

As the man in question, a railway porter, who becomes an M.P. and falls for a society woman, Brian Aherne is also good. He brings out the character's inherent lack of humour and superciliousness most effectively.

As the society woman whom Maggie's strategy succeeds in winning from her husband's affection, Madge Evans is sound, and Lucille Watson's characterisation of a worldly-wise Fauquier conresswoman who aids Maggie is definitely amusing and convincing.

As Maggie's father, David Torrence is well in character, as is Donald Crisp as her elder brother. As the younger, Dudley Digges is completely miscast, and the comedy he has to purvey is negligible.

The picture is a good example of a well-drawn character and is technically polished.

**GIRLS WILL BE BOYS**


Dolly Haas (Grandma) — Pat Caverley
Edward Chapman — Grey
Cyril MacKinnon — The Duke
Dorothy Knight — Godfrey Dawson
Irene Vassarino — Priscilla
Donald O'Connor — Bernard
Charles Paget — Saunders (Bilder
Directed by Marcel Varnel. Scenario and dialogue by Clifford Grey, Roger Varnel.

If there is a screen artiste who looks more attractive in boy's clothing than Dolly Haas, I have yet to see her. This clever little Continental star gives full rein to her comedy sense in this quite pleasingly designed farce on the familiar lines of the girl who poses as a boy to please a relation.

In this case it is her grandfather, a woman-hater, who thought he had a grandson, for whom the masquerade is adopted.

How she wins his heart, is accepted as his heir, and marries his steward makes piquant and bright entertainment.

Cyril Maude is in great form as the grandfather, and Edward Chapman scores as his foolish and timid secretary.

Marcel Varnel has avoided the obvious and blended his humour, sentiment and romance expertly into a well-developed whole.

The picture is well set and is picturesque in its exteriors.

**FALLING IN LOVE**


Charles Farrell — Howard Elliott
Mary Lawton — Ann Brett
Gregory Ratoff — Oscar Marks
H.F. McCallum — Cunliffe
Diana Napier — Celeste
Bertie Belmore — Mother
Pat Akelew — Dick Turner
Margot Grahame — June Desmond
Sally Stewart — Gerty
Directed by Monty Banks.

Familiar romance of an ingenious order, dealing with a film star's love for a humble little girl and the efforts of the former's manager to keep the pair apart.

It is all very simple and rather diffused.

Charles Farrell is well suited to the leading role and Mary Lawton makes an unattractive heroine.

As the manager who believes that his protege's infatuation is the reason why he will not take his financial backer's girl friend as a leading lady, Gregory Ratoff is excellent and supplies really good comedy whenever he appears.

**JUDGE PRIEST**


Bill Rogers — Judge Priest
Anita Louise — Amy Little
Ellie May Gimpine — Tom Brown
Jerome Priest — Jeremy Priest
Henry B. Walthall — Rev. Ashby Brand
David Landau — Bob Gillis
Roger Pryor — Roger Hopperton
Virginia Mayward — Virginia Mayward
Roger Isebro — Billy Gaynor
Frank McHugh — John Egan
Alex Bailey — Jim Taylor
Charles Grapewin — Sergeant Jimmy Bagby
Bertie Churchill — Servant
Owen Moore — Judge Heyburn
Virginia Lawton — Mrs. Carolin Priest
Frank Ford — Judge No. 12
Harry McDaniel — Aunt Dibey
Stepin Fetchit — Jeff Poole

Based on stories by F. C. Hahn. Directed by John Ford.

A typical Will Rogers' performance, shrewd and humorous, in a homely comedy whose plot is too slight and American in sentiment to arouse much interest.

It is a period play, Rogers is depicted as a Kentucky judge who is原来 the first man in the district, who is making his way to the bench.

Actually he stands down, joins the defence, and outwits the Senator, who is the prosecutor.

A romantic touch is given by the nephews persuading the daughter of the acquitted man to marry him.

Development is very slow and the humour derived from paragraphism of the American Civil War veterans is not very significant in this country.

**LORD EDGWARE DIES**


Austin Trevor — Hercule Poirot
Jane Carr — Lady Edgewar
Richard Coop — Captain Hastings
James Finlayson — Inspector Japp
Michael Shariely — Captain Ronald Marsh
Leslie Perrett — Alfred Bellingham
V. C. France — Lord Edgewar
S. H. Katon — Mr. Mortoun
Directed by Henry Edwards. From the novel by Agatha Christie. Pre-viewed August 18, 1934.

Workmanlike detective yarn which reinreets you to Agatha Christie's famous character, Hercule Poirot, this time played by Austin Trevor, who makes quite an impressive figure of him.

It is a conventional affair, with suspicion falling on a number of characters after the murder of a nobleman, but the solution is quite ingenious and the "red herrings" not too obvious.

There is, of course, the usual "silly ass" assistant, played capably by James Finlayson, and a smart yard detective, equally well characterised by John Turnbull.

Jane Carr, in spite of an American accent, turns in a well-balanced performance as the vain and self-centred wife of the murdered man.

Too much dialogue and a tendency to slowness rob the picture of a lot of legitimate suspense.

**MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE**


Greta Nissen — Vivian, Mathews
Sybil Johnson — Chadwick
James Kirkwood — Philip Marlowe
Molly O'Day — Pat Sullivan

Doris Kenyon recognizes Walter Comnolly as the husband, whom she had believed dead for twenty years. From this dramatic situation in "Whom the Gods Destroy." "

Jane Winton — Dorothy Craig
Blanche Taylor — Mrs. Jansen
Carolyn Gates — Aunt Manche
Evlin Bennett — Celeste
Directed by George Mitchell. Adapted from the novel "The Flat Tire" by Anna Sion.

A trial story of a marriage of convenience which turns out to be one of true love. It is ingeniously developed and never for an instant avoids the obvious.

Its efforts to be sophisticated are exceptionally weak.

Greta Nissen struggles with the negligible role of the heroine and manages to look attractive, but Weldon Heyburn is weak as the hero, and James Kirkwood strives hard to be natural as an artist who falls in love with the heroine and thus makes her husband conscious of her worth.

**TOO MANY MILLIONS**


Betty Compton — Ann
Jack Bayliss — Bill
Viola Keates — Viola
Ampole Steward — Mrs. Keates
James Carew — Mr. Worthington
Martha Hunt — Mrs. Mulder
Phyllis Stanley — Tamsin
Evan Grove — Thomas
Brice Dalgleish — Roddy
Nina Witham — Ina
Vincent Lawton — Park Kgos

Directed by Harold Young.

Unconsciously slow moving multi-millionaire who changes places with her maid and falls in love with an unprovident artist.

The plot is so silly and slight that the acting of Betty Compton and the rest of the cast goes for naught.

**EASY MONEY**


Gerald Rawlinson — Jack Durrant
Mary Newland — Mrs. Denton
Lawrence Hawsey — George Carney
George Carney — Mr. Denton
Frank Hubert — Colonel Hinckley
Gladys Hare — Maggie
Hastey Braga — Williams

Directed by Rold Davis. Pre-viewed September 15, 1934.

Weak knockabout humour in a poorly constructed picture of an obvious and hackneyed order.

George Carney brings a trace of characterisation to the role of a bookseller who is trying to make capital out of a young man who is likely to come into money, but otherwise there is nothing noteworthy in the production.
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Miss D. Bell's hair was falling out very rapidly and was becoming terribly thin. She had tried several different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then she heard about Kotalko—the True Hair Grower. She started using it, and her hair soon stopped falling and coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Healthy Growth developed, free from Dandruff, also her hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour. There are many other wonderful cases on record.

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PUBLICITY GOES PURPLE

Leg-pulling—Espinoza-trained Ballet—A Kipling Classic—Arllis as Pepys?—Rene Ray Gets a Break

HOSE of you who know what an old grouch I am will be prepared for a spot of bad temper now that we have got through January and the festive season is all gone and forgotten. Through Christmas and the New Year I manage to keep my ill-nature under control, but once that’s over my middle name is Scrooge, and I don’t care who knows it.

Fact of the matter is, I’m peved with Publicity Departments. Every week they try to pull my leg (me, a downy old bird who might be their great-grandfather!).

The latest try-on is that of Toeplitz Productions, who write and tell me that their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark had graciously consented to attend the première of The Dictator in Copenhagen, and that for the first time in any film a scene depicting the presentation of debutantes at Court will be shown.

I’m quite willing to accept the royal bulletin at its face value, because films are getting so fashionable nowadays that even royalty may well fight for admission. But as to the rest of it... .

What the Duce!

Somehow, I seem to remember, when I was two years younger, visiting the largest cinema in the world, the one at Radio City in New York, and there seeing Connie Bennett in an amusing film called Our Betters, in which there was a scene depicting the presentation... (see above).

Oh, by the way, while I’m on the subject, don’t attach too much attention to the rumour, published in the daily press, about Mussolini having appointed a special secretary to the company to keep an eye on the production and see that it doesn’t tweak the noses of dictators in general.

There was an Italian secretary appointed and he had been there for several weeks before he ever saw the film at all; which just goes for to show that Toeplitz Productions are not the only people who occasionally indulge in a harmless leg-pull.

I’m looking forward keenly to seeing this film partly because it’s one of the most lavish ever produced in Britain, partly because there’s a good story, partly because I believe we shall see Clive Brook the actor instead of Clive Brook the perfect gent.

And I believe the special ballet trained by Espinosa will be pretty good; only I hope the Publicity Department won’t tell me that a special acrobatic dance has been invented, called the Toe-Piltz. I warn them, I’m not to be trifled with.

Kit Courtneidge

 Casting continues to go forward here and there with unabated virulence. It’s been spreading through the Shepherd’s Bush studios like wildfire, and has now extended to Elstree.

Here’s a particularly serious case. You know (why, of course you know; I told you myself!) that Cicely Courtneidge is playing Kit Ross in Me and Marlborough—the young woman who enlisted as a man, went through all Marlborough’s campaigns, saved his life, and was finally accorded a military funeral? Yes? Good.

Well, Kit’s an historical character. She actually kidded the whole of the British Army, including its Commander-in-Chief, into accepting her as a man.

But wait a bit. In those days it was the Army that fought the wars—not the whole nation. And the army consisted of picked men—whacking great fellows as big as policemen. So Kit Ross must have been a pretty strapping sort of a wrench—eh?

Am I right, sir and madam?

Yes. So the role has been conferred on Cicely Courtneidge, who is a particularly small, dainty, frail-looking little bit of a thing—when she isn’t making herself look gawky and grotesque for our amusement. And so the march of progress goes on.

Back to the Walls

Now as to Marlborough. A great deal of hard thinking went on about the casting of this part. Dozens of actors were considered and rejected. Then someone remembered that Marlborough had to ride a horse, and there was Tom Walls, who simply dotes on horses... . and so you see, my dear, it simply had to be. You can quite see how it is, can’t you? I mean, horses... Tom Walls... Tom Walls... horses... There was no alternative.

So Tom has been made to put on a uniform (very handsome uniform) and a full-bottomed wig, and a make-up that makes him look as littlelike Tom Walls as possible; only his voice they have been unable to disguise, and when Marlborough speaks, he speaks with the voice of Tom Walls.

Anyway, Victor Saville is sure to put plenty of punch into the thing, and it’ll be colourful and gay and amusing, and I’m just a poor old grouch that nobody need take any notice of... if they don’t want to.

Wipers in 1706

One point where Me and Marlborough will score is in the similarity between a soldier’s life in Flanders in 1706 and 208 years later. There is even a discussion as to the proper pronunciation of the outlandish name Ypres—the only agreement reached being that it never could and never would, in any circumstances, be pronounced “Wipers.”

Spare-time occupations also are very much the same as they were in the days of Queen Ann. For instance, I noticed that in the billet there was a private industriously knitting socks; this
intrigued me, because I had a man in my company in 1918 who did a splendid job (and a lark or two of rupes) that audiences everywhere will fail for the personalities and adventures of those three musketeers of the British Army, Privates Ortheris, Learoyd, and Mulvaney.

All About Corpses

Then Victor Saville is to direct Madeleine Carroll in a film about no-one-knows-what, and there will be another Jessie Matthews “starring vehicle” called Sam and Sallie, and a Jack Hulbert picture at present called Youth at the Holm, but I don’t agree that Jack Hulbert will be able to get away with a title like that. Oh, and Jessie Matthews will also appear in Barcarolla, which Victor Saville is to do, just to cheer us up, so we are to have a screen version of Tolstoy’s The Living Corpses. 

Now that we are all thoroughly cheered up, I may also mention the role of Christian in Pilgrim’s Progress nor, for that matter, of Capt. Scott or President Wilson or Alfred and the cakes, but will play in an original story specially written for each Powder.

It is being hoped like anything that this story will be a trifle better than the thing Priestley is doing for G.N. with Sing as we Go, which any three gag-men in British studios would have done better. We are entitled to expect truth of this sort. When Mr. Arliss may play Pepys, but I hope not, and it is feared in some quarters that he may be tempted to play Livingstone, which would be the straw.

Anyway, the news that Charles Laughton is to play in a Life of Cecil Rhodes in Hollywood dispels of the lurking terror that Mr. Arliss may impersonate the great Empire-builder. Laughton in that rôle is unthinkable enough, but thank heaven, Hollywood’s blunders are no affair of ours.

Good News

One rather cheering bit of news that has come my way during the last few weeks is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor intend to pay a little more attention to their British-made films in 1915. This is a New Year resolution that will please everybody (almost), because the kind of films that M.G.M. have been in the habit of buying is going to be and flying open on the screen to satisfy the letter of the Quota Act was doing very little good to the name of M.G.M. or the reputation of British films in general. With which stinging rebuke he passed on to lighter matters.

Judging by the letters I have received from Hollywood fans all over the country, approving my remarks about the way he was being neglected, I did fairly estimate his popularity. I must say producers are not slow in taking a hint. My article had hardly appeared when Kendall, who has been overlooked far too long, was offered not one part, but two at once—and both in the same film.

One of those “dual rôle” affairs of which Twickenham is so fond (now don’t be unkind and suggest that it saves a salary) in which Kendall, who has been overlooked far too long, was offered not one part, but two at once—and both in the same film.

The question is, can this be called suicide? A wet towel and a small aspirin, please.

Making It Real

And in case it matters, a rickety gate in the English countryside sequences in this film is a gen-yew-ine article which came from about a mile from Blenheim Palace, the ancestral home of the Dukes o’Marlborough.

Could authenticity go further? (No prize for correct answer.)

And speaking of authenticity, of course at Kit Ross’s wedding supper they had to have real gen-yew-ine phaetons, ducks, geese, joints, etc. But you can’t shoot a wedding-feast in one working day, or even two, and by the time all this mass of provender had basked in the full glare of some thousands of candle-power, it was nearly ready to be shot all over again.

I like the instruments used by the military bands of this period. Blattpinions, Bassoons, Bombardons, Bucinas, Flageolets, Tubas, Serin at all was in such. Only one thing I pray—that if there are negroes in the band, they won’t be blacked-up white men, as they were in The Scarlet Pimpernel.

How a break like that could come to be made in such a grand film passes my meagre comprehension.

All Change!

There has been a reshuffle among the forthcoming productions at “the Bush.” For instance, Maurice Elvey was to have directed a film called The Tunnel, a glimpse into the future, when Europe and America will have been connected by a submarine tunnel; it would have been interesting to compare this with Elvey’s High Treason, and a drama of the future, involving the destruction of a tunnel under the English Channel. Now, however, Lothar Mendes, who was responsible for Jew Suss is to direct it, and Conrad Veidt is to play the lead. Mendes was also to have made Ring of the Damned, featuring Veidt, but now Walter Forde will make it. (What’s that, Johnny Jones? You thought Forde was a director of comedies? Have you forgotten Rome Express already?)

He is also to direct a film version of the Kipling classic Soldiers Three, for which a unit has already gone to India to take “atmosphere shots.” I don’t know what kind of a “vehicle” (“a sort of a lark or a couple of ripes”) that audiences everywhere will fail for the personalities and adventures of those three musketeers of the British Army, Privates Ortheris, Learoyd, and Mulvaney.

"Your hair has got dark. It used to be so fair."

What a pity to hear this old friends. Have you used Stablond, that wonderful new shampoo for natural fair hair only, it would never have got mouse coloured, but Sta-blond will also bring back to the most fair-haired blonde the golden beauty of childhood. It also corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to coal gas, dust, and lack of sleep. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silkier, and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer. Wonderful for children. Sta-blond contains no broma, camomile, dyes, or injurious bleaches. Selling back to not delighted obtaining everywhere.

Stablond
The Fair Hair Shampoo

How Well-Known Airman Cured Digestive Trouble

Remarkable letter from Director of London-Australia Air Race Film

Everybody knows of Mr. Roy Tuckett, the aerial film pioneer whose film “London-Melbourne” is attracting such large audiences at cinemas all over the country, but few know that he was very nearly compelled to give up his career as an airman through acute digestive trouble. In his own words: “A year ago I feared I could not carry on. I could not eat a meal, I could not even drink a cup of tea without suffering agony from indigestion. Nothing I tried seemed to bring me any relief. I had two X-rays and my appendix was removed—all to no avail. I was on the point of abandoning my flight over the Australian Air Race Route when, as a last resource, I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To my amazement the first dose brought instant relief, so I continued the treatment, carried the powder on my flight and am now completely cured.”

And you, too, can obtain just as great and speedy relief as this famous airman. But be sure to get the original Maclean Brand Powder. Do not accept an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence, but ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and be sure to see the signature “ALEX C. MACLEAN " on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets at 1/-, 2/-, and 3/-.

An Interesting Hair Test.

Thin, straggly, straggling hair and bald patches are not always due to hair coming out by the roots. Make this test. Comb your hair, examine the loose hairs in the comb and if at the end you find a clean break—no sign of the little bulbous root—is definite proof that the roots are still in the scalp and that your real trouble is brittle hair due to ‘starvation’ of the roots through clogging dandruff.

This operation can easily be overcome by a little special attention. A good tonic brushed into the scalp will soon clear away all dandruff and nourish the roots so that the hair grows healthy, strong, and lustrous.

In connection with the above suggestion there is a daily hair-conditioning preparation known as Lavan Hair Tonic, is sold by Chemists at 2/-, under the manufacturer's money-back guarantee.
**What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers**

**Beware the Bogey Man**

**Is He Really Necessary in Children's Films?**

**May** I put in an urgent plea for children's films without bogeys? That excellent Disney offering, *Lullaby Land*, was ruined for at least one child by the terrifying goblin shapes, which actually sent him in despair to hide under his seat.

Now I hear the same of *Babes in Toyland*. When we are constantly warned that the nerves of the post-war child are weak, and we know by experience that he cannot bear the sight of deformities, it is a pity that no "U" certificate so far gives us any guarantee against this danger.

Would it not be possible to humour, and even odidity, without ugliness? — E. Tucker, 14 Vicars Close, Wells, Som., who is awarded the first prize of £1.

(We have had many letters pointing out this same defect — I think most parents of young children will admit that it is — and hope that the producers responsible will remove the one fly in the Disney ointment).

**Fans, Behave!**

That Ramon Novarro Service League hallies with the greatest approval the outspoken letter of "Disgusted" in your paper, and begs that some further publicity be given to this matter of familiar treatment of stars.

Our own president, Ramon Novarro, was a victim of such cheapening behaviour when he was called by their Christian names by every hyst. speaker. He permitted himself to be called by their Christian names by our customer. He seems to be in a similar manner described by your correspondent. The press took advantage of it in no very kind manner and his prestige was greatly lowered by his so-called "admirers," through no fault of his own.

Because he was charming and polite, he was supposed to have encouraged them; but we happen to be personally in touch with him and know his reputation.

Whilst on this subject we would like to deplore the constant use of star's Christian names by "fans." It is possible to admire a star and express admiration without such ill-bred familiarity. One cannot imagine a George Arliss, a Conrad Veidt, or a Cedric Hardwicke permitting themselves to be called by their Christian names by every hyst. speaker. He permitted himself to be called by their Christian names. We have had many letters pointing out this defect. I think most parents of young children will admit that it is — and hope that the producers responsible will remove the one fly in the Disney ointment.

**Grotesque Gowns**

Why does Garbo wear such terrible clothes? In *The Painted Veil* some of her gowns are enough to send an audience into laughter, and were she not La Garbo I am sure that filmgoers outside the West End would be naturally unkind enough to give her the "razz" for her dress designs.

Peculiar style in regard to dress on the screen does not only apply to Garbo; Bette Davis and Joan Crawford arouse comment with their extraordinary coiffure and grotesque creations.

If women who are considered the best dressed in Hollywood — like Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, and Claudette Colbert — can dress to perfection without inviting giggles from an audience, why is it that others striving at originality must make scarcewombs of themselves?

Charlie Chaplin may endure himself to the public by wearing a funny little hat; but when a dramatic actress like Garbo adopts headgear resembling a folded pancake and a saucepan lid, to say nothing of the tea-cozy effect, it does not enhance her dramatic qualities. — William Windsor (Miss), 68 Whitehawk Crescent, Brighton, 7, who is awarded the second prize of 10s.

**Unbelievably Different**

I think M. D. Phillips has dealt too harshly with *The Painted Veil*. I strongly suspect he is one of those queer people who dislike "the Swedish glamour queen," as he calls Garbo.

Even so, he should not allow this to show in his criticism of the film.

Admitted, the film is a great deal from the book, but whose fault is that? Merely the censor's. (He seems to be doing a lot of damage nowadays.)

But to say that Garbo's performance is in the usual vein is ridiculous and untrue. She is charmingly and amusingly made up in her light moments and has never looked lovelier.

She is much more animated and human than in *Quo Vadis* — in fact, she is unbelievably different.— E. Munro, 5 Medwyn Street, Fernsdales, Road, S.W.4.

**Just a Concert?**

I was disappointed in *One Night of Love*, for whatever its merits as a concert, as a film it simply doesn't exist.

Action, incident, change of scene are the very life of films; and records of Grace Moore's voice, good as it is, is accompanied by pictures of her face do not constitute a film.

*One Night of Love* is cinematographically so much inferior to *Carmen at the Fiddle* and other musicals which were really films, even if their music was not very grand.

A far better "private life of an opera singer" was *Oh, for a Man*, featuring Reginald Denny and Jeanette Macdonald, which had amusing situations, clever acting, and witty dialogue. In fact, it merited everything which the press has since said about *One Night of Love* — Barbara Fletcher, Fiat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs.

**Let the Stars Shine**

Barbara Stanwyck, since her unforgettable performance as *Screwed*, has hardly been given a role befitting her.

Convincing, sensitive, touching, and sincere in every role she portrays, her ability always saves a picture from being just mediocre one. I am sure no more natural actress than she could be found on the screen.

Likewise, Constance Bennett. This star has not the material that is worthy of her clever and excellent acting. Is the material of *Missouri Bowditch* or *Women of the World* as good as of *What Price Hollywood*? Why must she always be served with poor stories?

I am sure the "fans" of every star are discontented when their favourite is given poor vehicles, so I appeal to the powers-that-be to give the stars the chance to shine.—Cheah Cheong Lim, 55 Maxwell Road, Penang, S.S.

**YOUR VIEWS WANTED**

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When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

A. P. (Northolt)—Francois Day took the part of Helene Barry in Two Hearts in Waltztime and La Mome (the shrimp) in The Lamb.

Lion (Hornsea).—Music in Song at Frickley: A St. Benedict's Day Mass and a Sacred Harp Singing.

G. G. S.—(1) Release dates: Mata Hari Sept. 26, 1933; Rise of the Eagle McNeil May 3, 1933; Attonement of Gunga German—Oct. 22, 1933. (2) The general release date is the date on which the picture is available to theatres all over the country.

Crosby and Crawford Admission.—Cast: Sadie McKee, Sadie—Joan Crawford; Tommy—Les Raymond; Michael—Franchot Tone; Brennan—Edward Arnold; Dolly—Bob Rafton; Steogon, Earl Oxford; Opa—Jean Dixon; Photos—Leo Carroll; Ricco—Akin Tamiroff; Mrs. Craney—Zelda Sears; Mrs. McKee—Helen Heaven; Maid—Helen Freeman; Cafe Entertainers—Gene Austin and Candy and Coco.


Tyndall: Cammy Fan (Leicester).—(1) Yes, Lew Cody and Rus Colombo died last year. (2) Sally O'Neill, b. Oct. 23, 1917, New York, 5 ft. 2 in., dark hair and blue eyes, real name: Violet Louise Norman, last film: Baggar's Holiday. Address c/o Universal Studios.

(Monday).—Write to Clark Gable c/o M-G-M Studios. A letter to America comes loud, but you must obtain an International Money Order from your local post office for the return postage.

Mollie (Birmingham).—You can obtain photographs of Marlene Dietrich and Richard Dix at the Picture Postcard Salon, 83 Lion Arre, London, W.2, for 3d. each. Addresses: Richard Dix c/o B. & P. Radio and Marlene Dietrich c/o Paramount.

Jeanette (Middlesbrough).—(1) John Mills is 25 years old. Address c/o B.P. Studios. (2) Maurice Chevalier, b. Sept. 12, 1894, Mentigiron, France, 5 ft. 11 in., weighs 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, address c/o M-G-M Studios.

INTERESTED (Dundee).—Gloria Stuart, b. 1910, California, 5 ft. 4 in., blonde hair, blue eyes, married Arthur Shaw, address c/o Universal Studios.

J.B. (Wells).—Addresses: Robert Young, Una Merkel, Mae Clarke, Laura and Hardy Stewart c/o M-G-M Studios, David Manners c/o U.A. Studios, James Cagney, Joan Blondell, c/o Warner Bros., Walter Pidgeon, George Raft, c/o RKO Radio; W.C. Fields, Ida Lupino, Charles Boyer, c/o Paramount; Tallulah Bank, Columbia Studios; Victor McLaglen c/o Fox, Ronald Colman, c/o Ziv, March c/o Twentieth Century. (2) See N. (above) above.

L. D. (Easts).—Write to Jack Hubbell c/o G.B. Studios, do not send your autographs, please. It is much simpler to type in the autograph and then stick it into your scrapbook.

INQUISTIVE (Battersea).—You will remember Vienna was played in Congress.
Thanks...for the tip
I prefer them too

Maddie Evans was born on July 1, 1909, in New York, unmarried, pillow hair and grey-blue eyes. Latest film, "Death on the Diamond," and "Dead Coach's Field." Address c/o M.G.M. Studio.


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I put the bread in a bowl and add 1½ cups fresh breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoonful vanilla, 3 cups hot milk, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter or margarine, 2 oz. chocolate.

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This urgency is a matter of private and absolute importance. Without it you are constipated—
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the warning which should be clear to you if you value your future health and good spirits. It will
quickly develop into a lack of personal charm and a hatred of those very things which used to give
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If you are constipated take Beecham’s Pills and put things right.
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Elasto is something new to the curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad circulation, rheumatism, and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

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Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: the real basis of sound health. Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.

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ANIMAL FRIENDS OF THE STARS

PICTUREGOER

February 9th, 1935

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natural beautifying oils alone lend Palm-
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PICTUREGOER Weekly

PARISIAN TOUCH

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Falling, Fading, Splitting, Dryness—these, and every hair trouble, need more than a beauty Treatment. They need a Health Treatment as well, for they are simply signs of under-nourished hair.

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Set deep waves, and tight curls, easily and inexpensively at home! Amami Wave-set. 6d. & 1/3

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2 new creams that mark a definite advance in face treatment

These two new Hinds Face Creams have the same whitening and softening properties as the world-famous Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

With Hinds Vanishing Cream as a powder base, your complexion will improve and your powder will stay on longer. Hinds Cold Cream will beautify your skin while you sleep and is marvellous as a cleansing cream as it liquifies at skin heat.

These new beautifying creams cost no more, so why not start improving your complexion to-day?

HINDS VANISHING CREAM AND COLD CREAM

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitation of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compared with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure, and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends, advise them always to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.
ANIMAL STARS COME BACK

Revival Likely—How They Are Trained—Secrets of Clyde Beatty—Stars' Pets—Boom in Race Horses—Mr. Ervine Recants—Crawford Clowns

ANIMAL films—and animal stars—both of which have been under something of a cloud of late, are likely to stage a come-back in 1935.

There was a time when four-footed film players had as big a following as the Garbos and Gables of their day.

But Rin Tin Tin, probably the greatest of them all, has long since gone to join his fathers in the happy hunting grounds where bones are plentiful, Tom Mix's Tony has been retired to green pastures, and no successors have come, until recently, to take their places.

There are a number of reasons. Animal pictures were developed too quickly in the film forcing houses in order to provide staged duel-to-the-death spectacles for jaded American fans. The result was that nature talkies acquired a smell that still hangs about some of Hollywood's major studios.

Suspicion of Cruelty

When the unnatural exploits of trained animals in comedies raised a serious suspicion of cruelty that for a long time doomed the use of dumb actors on the sets.

Now, however, there are signs of a revival of interest in animal stars.

I have very good advance reports, for instance, of Sequoia, an unusual picture, which has as its basis a strange friendship between a mountain lion and a deer—two of nature's bitterest enemies.

Sequoia was shot in the mountain wildernesses of one of America's greatest national parks. It took over a year to make and the expenditure of tireless effort and hundreds of thousands of feet of film.

Every natural move the two animals made from the time they were two weeks old until they reached full growth had to be taken from ambush, with, perhaps, one minute of usable footage a day.

Patient Cameramen

When the lion and the deer were full grown they were turned into the forest with a convoy of a dozen cameramen stationed in a large circle on runway tracks and in tall trees to continue their record of their life and movements.

In addition to the mountain deer many other specimens of wild life, including coyotes, bears, racoons, eagles, rattlesnakes, baby fawns and small lion cubs were followed to their natural haunts.

Shooting these scenes meant lying in wait day after day and night after night, beside game trails and water-holes.

Pampered "Actors"

The film, of course, also has its cast of human artists, headed by Jean Parker. Two racoons and a skunk were taken to Hollywood for interior scenes.

And they don't care if they never see the wilds of Sequoia again. At the moment they are living like lords and having as much attention lavished on them as a juvenile star.

Compartment were built for them with specially thick walls to keep sound cut in case they felt like sleeping.

They were allowed to romp up and down a runway for a certain period each day under the watchful eye of a trainer.

As a last touch of Hollywood luxury, a special ice-box was installed on the sound stage in which were kept apples, bananas and other delicacies of racoon and skunk diet.

Norma as Trainer

It was the great D. W. Griffith who laid down the dictum that "anybody, particularly a child or a dog, can act better than an actor."

(Continued on page 6)
Children and animals are perfectly natural in front of the camera. A certain amount of special training is necessary, of course. Probably the most popular canine actor since Rin Tin Tin is “Flush,” who scored a hit in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*

Director Sidney Franklin gives the credit to Norma Shearer. It was Norma who taught him to answer to his new name (he was originally called Pup) and helped to make him familiar with the buzz and buzz of the film studio. With kind treatment and constant companionship he soon learned to adore his adopted mistress, which was very necessary for the purposes of the film.

He went through similar training with other characters of the play.

Clyde Beatty’s Secrets

Wild animals naturally require a more intensive, studio education. Many of them come from the famous Hollywood lion farm run by Charles Gay, who heads from Liverpool. Gay has even taught them to register “jungle rage and act like real trouper.” Others come from menagerie acts such as that of Clyde Beatty. Clyde tells me that it takes him about two weeks to train his lions and tigers for their tricks in front of the camera and to get them used to the studio life.

He works on an enclosed stage with individual cages lining the walls. A smaller movable cage is provided for the director and camera.

Beatty uses the snap of a whip to concentrate the animals’ attention and not to frighten them. As long as they have the crack of a cotton tassel to contemplate their minds cannot wander to the desirability of a meal at Mr. Beatty’s expense.

He carries a gun for two purposes. When they get a bit unruly the bark of the revolver arrests their attention.

And it aids the general showmanship of the act,” he once confessed to me; “it makes it look more dangerous.”

Pets of the Stars

The most famous of all film star pets is probably Captain, the huge sheepdog which English fans presented to Jeanette MacDonald. It is her inseparable companion, though she complains that it ruins all her gowns.

Genevieve Tobin is probably the greatest authority among stellar dog-lovers. She runs stud kennels as a sideline and a very profitable one it is too.

If Garbo keeps pets the fact is kept as quiet as the other details of her private life, but she is very fond of dogs and they are fond of her.

She had several scenes with Prince, a young Great Dane, in *As You Desire Me.* Recently, while she was working on *The Painted Veil,* a Great Dane streaked past the cameras, hard as a fence and ran up to her, almost bowing her over.

Prince had remembered Garbo after three years.

Horses Are Fashionable

With the revival of racing in California, the stars are going in for animals in a big but, let us hope, not expensive, way.

Hitherto, the film colony had to journey to Arcadia, Claremont, or some 150 miles away, to indulge its passion for the sport of kings, but a race course has now been opened at Santa Anita, practically at Hollywood’s doorstep.

Mae West is the newest star to come out into the open as an owner. Mae has been racing horses for some time but it is not considered politic to enter them under the name of her manager, James Timmony. Now they are to run under her own colours.

Clark Gable has quite a useful racing stable, and so have Will Rogers, Raoul Walsh, Ann Harding and John Cromwell.

The proximity of the Santa Anita track has become such a menace to studio schedules that the movie moguls are now posting detectives at the course to report stars playing truant from the set.

Kinema Couples

Please do not send me any more Kinema Couples. The competition is now closed. Particulars of a contest to replace it will be announced next week.

The winner of this week’s half guinea prize is A. Smith, 14 Mary Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for:—

**The Dictator**

**My Old Dutch**

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss E. Brown, Dawdeswell Rectory, near Cheltenham, for:—

**The Loves of Ariane**

100 Per Cent Pure

H. Allan Whatley, 603 Bordesley Green, Birmingham, for:

**Pursuit of Happiness**

Wine, Women and Song

Miss V. Braybrook, 13 Citizen Road, Holloway, N.7, for:

**Imitation of Life**

Her Cardboard Lover

Irene Auvache, 107 Gilmore Road, Lewisham, S.E.13, for:

**Success at Any Price**

Jew Siss

Mr. Ervine Finds Grace!

St. John Ervine’s wearisome fulminations against the films have long since ceased to interest anyone.

Mr. Ervine, however, has now been to see a film—and liked it. It is some years since that eminent critic gave his blessing to a talkie. His lamentably poor judgment on that occasion, incidentally, might be pardoned on the grounds of personal prejudice.

This time he finds himself in good company. The picture which has won his approval is *One Night of Love.* Mr. Ervine, who is wont to refer to filmgoers as “morons” and “corpses,” may be interested to know that *One Night of Love* is likely to prove the biggest box-office success of the year—which would seem to prove Mr. Ervine to be something or other.

Slipshod Criticism

The ineffable St. John makes his recantation with bad grace. He had never, he admits, heard of Grace Moore while “unluckily, I have, not a list of the cast, and cannot, therefore, give the name of the very able actor who plays the part of the singing master.”

Presumably for the same reason he omits to mention that the actor he is prepared to see the star’s next picture, “if it is directed by the gentleman who made this one.”

But it is a safe bet that none of such palapably slipshod work in his excellent theatre notices. Why should he not bother to do his job properly when he wishes himself upon us in the role of film writer?

We would not presume to instruct so distinguished an authority on the higher arts of criticism, but we have always had a quid idea that one of the first duties of the critic is the encouragement of improvement and those who are bringing it about. Both these are achieved by drawing the attention of the public to those artists and producers whose work is worth while, not by loftly professing ignorance of their names.

**Director-Composer**

For the benefit of Mr. Ervine, “the very able actor who plays the role of the singing master” is Tullio Carramichiola, a distinct name on the Continental stage and a former leading man to Eleanor Duse, whose name is not unknown in the legends of the theatre.

“The gentleman who made it” is Victor Schertzinger, who, even before *One Night of Love,* was known to intelligent filmgoers as the most musically gifted of Hollywood’s directors. He is a composer as well as a film craftsman and was responsible, among other successes, for the immensely popular *Marcheta.*

While on the subject of people who are elevating the cinema, we might call the attention of St. John Ervine to the case of Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht.

Like Mr. Ervine, they are dramatists. Like Mr. Ervine, they were dissatisfied with the present standards of screen entertainment.

Unlike Mr. Ervine, they have set about showing the film studios how to put their house in order instead of yelping ineffectually in the backyard.

The New Crawford

Director W. S. Van Dyke has made good his promise in *Forsaking All Others* to give us a new Joan Crawford. I do not know, however, how the faithful will react to the spectacle of the screen’s most eminent exponent of tortured souldom sprawling in the mud and being decanted into pig-sties in the interest of belly laughs.

*Forsaking All Others* also signifies that the screen spanning screen is now open again—Mr. Clark Gable employing a hair brush to express his disapproval of Miss Crawford’s conduct.

What Becomes of Chorus Girls?

Hollywood is, I note, again complaining about a dearth of trained chorus girls. The news arrives simultaneously with a note from Dave Gould, one of the film capital’s leading dance directors.

One year is the average screen life of a Hollywood chorus girl, he tells me. More than 50,000 chorus girls have applied at the studios during the five years screen chorus girls, but only 2,000, at the most, have found jobs.

Only nine girls have gone from the screen chorus to prominence in the acting ranks, Gould points out. They are Marion Marsh, Virginia Bruce, Betty Grable, Jean Howard, Toby Wing, Ruth Hall, Barbara Weeks and Paulette Goddard.

As proof of the statement that the average life of a dancing girl in films is one year, he recites his experiences in selecting the chorus for the *Folies Bergere de Paris,* the new Chelmer film. A year ago he went to Hollywood from Broadway to score a hit by staging the dances for *Flying Down to Rio.*

Yet he could localize only four of the dancers from that picture to appear in the Chelmer musical.

And of his dancers in *The Gay Divorce,* made six months ago, just a dozen were available to-day.

He does not employ as many as the dance producers and waitresses, etc., by the time they have danced a year in Hollywood, he reveals.

**Film Guide for 1935**

I would like to point out that in the list of films advertised for release this year and which appeared in a recent issue, the name of the renting firm is given and not always the name of the producing company.

A case in point is *The Dictator,* which is being rented by Gaumont British and appears thus in the issue. The producing company is Toepzlitz Productions.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS
EVERYONE has something they treasure—something which, because it brings back memories of a great happiness which is past, or of a loved one who is gone, they prize more than its intrinsic value alone deserves.

FILM STARS, like you and I, have these little keepsakes which sometimes concern their private lives and sometimes concern the things they earned. Their early days in films or on the stage. For instance, Anne Shirley, who has just starred in *Anne of Green Gables* has a treasured keepsake—or rather its a pair really—which she also regards as a good luck charm. Anne's good luck keepsake are the baby shoes which she wore when first she faced the cameras at the age of three years.

As she is now a sixteen-year-old girl, Anne cannot wear these good luck shoes on the first day she works in any new film. She does, however, take them to the set with her whenever she stars in a new picture, and if the wardrobe permits, she carries them in a concealed pocket.

Miss Shirley's first film (she was called Dawn O'Day in those days) was a William Farnum picture, *The Miracle Child*. During the thirteen years since that picture was made, she has continued to appear regularly before the cameras and never has she been without these baby shoes.

And here is what lovely Miriam Hopkins replied when she was asked if she had a keepsake.

"Ye s! I certainly have, or had. A gift from my father! I had it since I was a wee child, and treasured it above all my keepsakes. It was on my birthday, and he kissed me as he placed a signet ring on my finger. It was too big for the thin finger. I wore it on the middle one. As time went on I gradually transferred that ring, until it fitted my little finger perfectly."

There it rested for years. Then something happened—to me a tragedy. I lost the ring.

"It wasn't so many months ago either. I was riding on top of a bus in New York, an experience I always enjoy. Somehow the ring slipped from my finger, and disappeared."

"But its memory lives, and in my heart it is still my greatest treasure."

Ann Harding also has a keepsake which brings back memories of her father. It is a blackthorn stick, a foot long, which was actually made by her father (General George Grant Gatley of the United States Army) when he was stationed in Cuba years ago.

It has a silver head and tip and would be very handy as a weapon of defence, but Ann only carries it as a swagger stick.

Thelma Todd, who, it will be remembered, was recently working in films in this country, but who is now back in Hollywood, has a novel keepsake—one which can be added to at will.

It is a bracelet which consists of many parts, and each part has a story. If she wishes she can wear it as a necklace. This bracelet, for one thing, carries a tiny diamond ring which was given her when she was a baby.

There is also a small gold elephant—that also has a memory. A silver horse an enamelled four-leaf clover, a cross and crown are several others and each has a very good reason for its presence on the bracelet.

Thelma always wears or carries this bracelet for she too looks upon it as her good-luck charm.

Irene Dunne has two treasured possessions. The first is a little doll wearing what used to be called an Alice blue gown. This is the doll to which Irene Dunne used to sing when she played the title role in the stage musical comedy *Irene*. The second is an exquisite lace fan given to her by Laura Hope Crews, when the two played together in *The Silver Cord*.

This fan had been in Miss Crew's family for more than a century, in fact it was carried in the early American Colonial days by an ancestor of hers. Miss Crews gave the fan to Irene Dunne as a token of their happy relations when this picture was finished.

For unusual keepsakes the palm goes to Ruth Etting, the "Harvest Moon Girl" whose golden voice was first heard in this country on gramophone records and who has since played in *Roman Scandals*. Miss Etting's keepsake is her scrap book in which she has kept every newspaper cutting in which her name has appeared. To her, this book is everything in the world.

By casually turning the pages of this book her whole life can be lived again—the sweats of success and the bitter-sweet of failures can be tasted in retrospect.

Stage stars being more emotional than the average, have long been known to be great believers in good luck charms and omens, and film stars, as these few glimpses into the treasure boxes, of some of Hollywood's most prominent players shows, are no different from anyone else—particularly so when good luck charms or treasured memories of the past are concerned.
All the world loves a lover, and it is equally true—if not quite so trite—to say that all the world loves a pet.

There are few people who have not known the joy of possessing and earning the affection of some animal or another, whether it be a humble mongrel or canine aristocrat.

Maybe it is flattering to human vanity to own the whole-hearted devotion of a dog, but whatever the cynics may say there is more in it than that.

Dogs are doubtlessly the most popular of animal friends and companions, but tastes vary and I even knew a man who had a pet toad who used to come to be fed when its master whistled. Stage and screen artists seem invariably to have a pet of some kind or another, and The Picturegoer has collected the following stories about the prized animal companions of a number of prominent actors and actresses, which give some insight into what they mean to their owners.

Sir Cedric Tries It on the Dog

Sometimes in Kensington Gardens, just near Peter Pan or by the Round Pond, you will see a bonny little two-year-old boy with the most beautiful Cocker spaniel for miles around.

The boy is Sir Cedric Hardwicke’s son—and the dog is his beloved pet and companion, “Churdles Ash”; named, of course, after the famous character in The Farmer’s Wife.

“Churdles Ash” is a keen theatregoer. He will keep quiet throughout the show, if Sir Cedric is in it; but you should see him the moment “God Save the King” is struck up! No tail-wagger has anything on him!

“Churdles Ash” is a keen critic, too. Sir Cedric confesses that when he is studying a new part he “tries it out” on the dog.

“And it is amazing,” says Sir Cedric, “how he reacts to the varying emotions—fear, sympathy, danger, happiness.”

Perhaps this is the origin of the saying, “trying it on the dog.”

And now here’s a little secret.

“Churdles Ash” does not belong to Sir Cedric at all. He belongs to Helena Pickard—his wife. And who is proudest of the happy association? Sir Cedric, Lady Hardwicke, Master Hardwicke, or “Churdles Ash.” We’ll leave it at that.

Pamela Ostrer Prefers Cats

The “junior” stars of the silver screen are as passionately fond of their pets as those who have already achieved world fame. Miss Pamela Ostrer, who made a distinguished debut in Jew Sizz, is “mad about cats”—and admits it.

“Bringing up the cats is great fun,” she told The Picturegoer, “but taking down all the kittens one gets, to friends who don’t want them, is not so amusing!”

In the picture on the opposite page you see Pamela with two of her most fancied felines. “Up-stage” on the table is the Tabby answering to the exalted name of “Tabatha Twitchett.” And “down-stage,” giving you the go-hither look, is jet-black “Blackamoult.” He thinks there’s something fishy about this photograph business!

But Pamela’s favourite is not in the picture at all. At the time of “shooting,” she was elegantly ill in bed suffering from the effects of ‘flu.

Her name is “Gama Moon of Tara,” and she’s a film actress herself. Unfortunately, owing to her indisposition, she has just missed an important screen engagement. But “Gama” was very little distressed. Her ‘flu diet agreed with her.

“In two days,” said Miss Ostrer, “she celebrated her return to health by disposing of two chickens—neat.”

“Gama,” like many film players, is “temperamental.” She is taken out on a lead like all the best dogs, and in response to conversation makes funny noises.” Pamela swears she answers back like a lady.

Miss Ostrer has always liked cats, and once Mr. Baird, of television fame, presented her with a lovely ginger Persian.

“But it’s a pity,” sighed Pamela, as we left her, “that I can’t have the cats without the kittens!”

When Spick Left Span

This is the story of Spick and Span, the pet canaries who sing for their supper to beautiful Adrienne Allen, stage and screen star, who gave a wonderful performance in Cymara and
Merrily We Go To — and who is now appearing in *The Shining Hour*.

"When I can snatch the time," she told *Picturegoer*, "I take them down to my little cottage in the country for a change of air—and it was here that they had their great adventure."

While Spick and Span were out on "parole," flying around a room of the cottage, Spick decided that he wanted to see the great wide world—and made a lightning exit through the half-opened window.

Adrienne spent hours searching the garden and the adjoining countryside. Friends and neighbours joined in the quest.

But Spick was on the missing list. The days passed without sign or news of him, and eventually Adrienne returned to London with a broken-hearted Span, whose feathers dropped with her drooping spirits.

Three weeks later ... as they used to say in the days of the silent flickers.

Back again at her cottage, Adrienne—within a last gleam of hope—left the lonely Span in her cage by an open window.

"You can imagine my joy," she said, "when I returned after lunch to find that Spick was back again. He was rather a sorry sight, I'm afraid, with feathers torn ... a little dirty and with a gash in the head."

But what did Span care for all that. Spick was her man!

Ivor Novello's Parrot—a Perfect Lady

Ivor Novello has a parrot that knows a thing or two. It ought to by this time. It's been about for the last twenty-five years, listening to everything and saying nothing.

That, of course, is one of the most remarkable things there is about Minnie—who is named after the bird of gay plumage in Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*. She has never spoken a word in her life—not even one teeny-weeny swear word!

In fact, she's a perfect lady.

Another queer thing about Minnie is that she has only one eye. And thereby hangs a tale.

Minnie once went out for a stroll on the lawn and vanished into thin air. Where she went, with whom, and what for will never be known. But when she returned two days later she was minus an eye. It's all very mysterious and the only dark secret in Minnie's life.

Minnie, who is grey and red, is far from being temperamental. But she has one peculiar trait. She simply can't stand people with red hair.

A present to Ivor from Miss Constance Collier, she is a purely personal pet and does not share in Mr. Novello's professional activities. She has never travelled, has never been on the stage, and has never been filmed.

We'll be seeing you, Minnie!

Leslie Henson's Three Best Pals

Meet Dinkie, Charlie, and Scottie—the delightful silent friends of Leslie Henson. He thinks the world of them. And what they think of Leslie—well...

Here's Dinkie. How're you, Dinkie? He is a handsome little gentleman with a sable-coloured coat. "And," says Leslie, "one of the most intelligent creatures ever born."

Some years ago, Leslie was asked to auction him for the funds of Queen Mary's Hospital,

Stratford. Lady Anglesey bought him, and as she already had six other dogs, presented him to Leslie. And here's "Charity Charlie. He's the hero of another Henson auction romance. Just a little bundle of fluff, Leslie got fifty guineas for him. The purchaser put him up for a second bidding and this time he went for twenty-five guineas.

Later, Leslie met his wife in an adjoining room. "I'm so glad we've got the little dog," she smiled, "and wasn't it nice of Gwen Farrar to bid for us?"

Leslie paid up like a man—hence, "Charity Charlie."

"Scottie," said Mr. Henson, "was a gift from my friend, Nick Prinsep, and his wife, who was Anita Elson. He is a favourite with everyone."

Lucky Leslie Henson. Happy Dinkie, Charlie, and Scottie.

The Girl on the Cover

Fitty Carlisle, the girl on the cover, is a star who is one of the greatest dog-lovers of them all. Her two favourites are Hector, a magnificent Cocker, and "Mutt the Mongrel."

Take another peep at the picture—it's one of the most attractive of the week.

Dog Breeding as a Hobby

Diana Cotton, the Gaumont British junior star who appeared in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, is a great dog lover—great, incidentally, is the mot juste—she breeds Great Danes as a hobby.

Then there is Henry Wilcoxon, the British actor who made his Hollywood debut in *Cleopatra*. His best pal is a terrier. "Since I acquired the Wanderlure II., a forty foot schooner," Wilcoxon told Picturegoer, "I have been endeavouring to wean Peter from his love of rats to love of the sea. He is doing very well and found his sea legs quickly although his efforts to help are not always as helpful as they are no doubt intended to be."

Horton's Taste is Catholic

Another keen dog breeder is Everett Edward Horton, who raises thoroughbred police dogs at his Encino ranch home. He has taken many prizes at shows all over the States.

But police dogs are not the only contenders for his affections. He has raised champion collies and sheep dogs as well.

Finally Roscoe Ates, ineparable companion is an Alsatian, who follows the comedian to the studio where he is well known—as is also his predilection for doughnuts.

FAMOUS "FILM FANS" NUMBER

Next week's issue of *The Picturegoer* is another number unique in the annals of film journalism. It deals with famous film "fans"—men and women, many of them great national figures who, despite the glamour surrounding them, are human and escape from their cares and the spotlight of publicity by going to the "pictures."

The list of celebrated cinema-goers is a surprising one. Who are they? What are their tastes in films? Who are their favourite stars and why? Do they go to the cinema incognito? Do they have private film shows at home or attend private shows? Do they take their children to the cinema?

These and other questions are answered in next week's Famous "Film Fans" Number. There is sure to be a tremendous demand for copies, so make sure of yours by placing an order with your newsagent right away!
Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton

Stars of stage and screen both in England and America, whose aeroplane elopement and marriage in Arizona forms a romantic story. They are now honeymooning in this country, having finished their current Hollywood productions. Frank Lawton in "David Copperfield" and Evelyn Laye in "The Night is Young."
Will He Be another LUBITSCH?

by Peter WITT

O you know that Continental films, which, as a result of the talkies, had almost ceased to be shown in this country except in one or two specialised halls, are now rapidly gaining ground again in our cinemas?

Sub-titles and the reduction of dialogue to a minimum have made it possible lately to win over vast crowds of picturegoers who used to be unable to follow films in a foreign language.

You will remember, of course, the success of Mädchen in Uniform, Rasputin, M, and more recently, Unfinished Symphony have had in Britain.

These films have been claimed by the critics, to be among the finest products ever put upon the screen.

A few weeks ago we introduced you to the charming, 15-year-old Czechoslovakian star, Jarmla Berankova, who scored a hit in Reka. Not only was the picture a success in London, but it is now being given wide exhibition in the provinces. In this respect it has achieved something which would have been impossible a few years ago when, with the exception of the film societies and other highbrow organizations, the very idea of foreign dialogue films struck fear into the hearts of fans.

Now it is announced that the Viennese film Maskerade recently reviewed in Picturegoer and accorded a special run at the Academy, is to be released in the provinces as Masquerade in Vienna.

Maskerade is one of the most successful films shown on the continent in recent years. It has been running in 75 Berlin kinemas simultaneously since August. Vienna, of course, loved it, and in Paris, seats are booked up for weeks ahead at the big cinema on the Champs Elysées where the film has been running since November.

Willy Forst is the director—the man who gave you Unfinished Symphony. He is already being classed among such giants of the film as Eisenstein, Lubitsch, René Clair, and Von Sternberg.

His reward for his work in Unfinished Symphony and Masquerade is a Hollywood contract. Twelve months ago he was unknown. He has since confessed that he had hardly enough money to pay his rent because, in spite of being a first class actor in Berlin, he could not get work.

Going over to America with him are the two people responsible for putting his film over—the star of Maskerade, Paula Wessely, and the man who wrote the story for him, Walter Reisch. These two names are also probably new to you. Elizabeth Bergner was unknown to millions of picturegoers before she was introduced to you by Picturegoer not so many months ago.

Paula Wessely is very young, but she is as popular on the continent as Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Elizabath Bergner. Her services were constantly sought by the studios of Berlin and Vienna.

But Paula Wessely is very modest. She is not beautiful at all according to film star standards, and she always refused—even to consider a film contract. Then Willy Forst came. Convinced of her capabilities, he persuaded her to take the lead in his second film, Maskerade. Now she has risen to stardom overnight. Hollywood should do a lot with her. She has personality and unusual qualifications as an actress.

Walter Reisch's ingenious script reveals him as a writer of great gifts, who should make his presence felt in the American film capital.
ANIMAL FILMS the PUBLIC does NOT SEE

by Craven Hill, F.Z.S.

A sixty-four-year-old screen artiste, for whom the mike and camera have no terrors—this cockatoo recently broadcast.

It did not take the cameraman long to find out that some first-rate material for the films lay awaiting him inside those thirty-four acres at Regent's Park that we know as "the Zoo."

And of recent years many a Zoo exhibit has been featured on the screen. I need only instance pictures like that entertaining series shown, a short while back, under the general title Secrets of Nature, in which such popular Zoo comedians as penguins, apes, and elephants were shown in their most amusing aspects.

Hundreds of cinema audiences up and down the country saw and enjoyed that series, as the very large number of appreciative letters received at the Zoo clearly showed.

But there are in existence other Zoo films which the public is never likely to see, and it is about these that I want to tell you something.

The Zoo's animals are not in the gardens only to amuse, but to instruct; and ever since 1919, when the librarian, Mr. F. Martin Duncan, began to form a Zoo "film library," it has been the policy of the authorities to take a motion picture of any creature that is likely to be of scientific importance.

Such films, being the property of the Zoo, are shown only occasionally, at the scientific meetings of the Zoological Society, to illustrate certain points of interest or assist a lecturer to make his meaning clear.

The pictures, which at other times are stored in indexed drums at the Zoo's main offices, are not supposed to possess what the average film exhibitor would call "box-office value."

But, in fact, many of these films are of absorbing interest, and contain much of tragedy and comedy, and they invariably entertain their scientific audience as well as instruct it.

A seal and sex-appeal. Members of the Monte Carlo Follies at the Zoo.
Many of the subjects of these pictures, of course, would not particularly interest the man-in-the-street who has no special love of animals.

They are either "freak" creatures, illustrating Nature's deviations from the normal, which cannot be seen any longer in the flesh, or animals of great worth or rarity. It happens all too often that rare and delicate beasts enjoy only a very brief spell of life, and to let these creatures pass out without filming them would be a pity, to say the least.

Such animals are, therefore, filmed so that, even after they themselves have gone the way of all flesh, their shadow-pictures can be studied at leisure.

No attempt is made to make these Zoo film stars perform in any way. They are merely filmed from such angles as best illustrate their ways and habits.

The cameraman in these cases is usually the librarian himself, and in case anybody envies him his task, let me say that Mr. Duncan has often spent many weary hours waiting until he can "shoot" the particular actions he wishes to place on record.

Few, however, who have had the privilege of witnessing these films would deny their utility value to zoologists, for the fact is, by watching them one can very often see more of the ways of the exhibits than one could do by watching the animals themselves in the flesh.

At one recent scientific meeting, for example, the Zoo's polar bears, diving into their pond, were shown. This, of course, an everyday sight at the Zoo; but the actions of the animals are invariably so swift that the eye necessarily misses a good deal.

The film of these bears was run in slow-motion, and the science was able, for the first time, to obtain some idea of the wonderful grace and muscle-movements of the four-footed divers.

Another interesting picture shown in slow-motion on the same occasion was that depicting humming birds on the wing.

This was a real eye-opener. The film, being slowed down eight times, illustrated very clearly the flight-mechanism which enables these little jewelled gems of the tropical house to dart directly backwards by a downward and forward thrust of the tail.

Incidentally, this picture was of special scientific importance, because it settled, once and for all, a very knotty point. Hitherto, it was thought that humming birds could actually fly backwards.

The showing of the film in slow-motion proved beyond that throat—a feat that reminds one forcibly of a City office-boy posting the day's mail!

A glutton of a different kind is the subject of yet another film. This is a Spanish toad at the reptile house, whose meals consisted of between sixty and seventy meal-worms—when the Zoo could manage to keep up the supply! This picture is another "side-splitter" for the observer. The marvel is that the toad did not also crack his sides, for as he squats at his solitary banquet, snapping up the wriggling worms, he gets steadily more and more corpulent and bloated until, in the end, he looks as though contact with the business end of a pin would send him up in smoke!

Incidentally, this film was taken in order that the normally extraordinarily quick action of the toad's tongue might be studied at leisure by running the film in slow motion.

As I have said, all these Zoo films were taken primarily for the edification of scientific audiences. No attempt is made to "tell a story."

There is no straining after dramatic or humorous effects. But in the taking of them it has not infrequently happened that Nature herself has provided quite an amusing little tale, and has even, on occasion, dropped in that "surprise ending" so dear to the hearts of short-story editors.

Perhaps the most unexpected finish to any Zoo film is that in a picture showing a gorilla—not one of the pair of gorillas at present in the gardens, but "John Daniel," an animal kept in the Zoo about ten years ago.

At that time the Zoo authorities thought it unlikely that they would ever be able to exhibit another of these rare man-like apes, so a picture was made of "John Daniel" just before his departure for the States.

In it, you see the ape meandering about his cage, doing nothing in particular, and doing it very well. Presently, he sits down to his dinner, ending up by munching a long stick of sugar-cane.

Though very instructive, this film has temporarily lost much of its importance, since the Zoological Society now has two fine young gorillas, Mok and Moina, in residence, who are always available when scientists wish to make a study of these animals.

Many bird films are in the library, but few possess more than a purely scientific interest. An exception, however, is one showing the dimoune of a penguin.

One of these birds was such an astounding guzzler that the authorities decided that, as "seeing is believing," they ought to have a film to which they could refer after the bird itself had died.

A keeper is depicted offering fish, and one after another you see the herrings slide down the bird's throat—a feat that reminds one forcibly of a City office-boy posting the day's mail!

A gluton of a different kind is the subject of yet another film. This is a Spanish toad at the reptile house, whose meals consisted of between sixty and seventy meal-worms—when the Zoo could manage to keep up the supply! This picture is another "side-splitter" for the observer. The marvel is that the toad did not also crack his sides, for as he squats at his solitary banquet, snapping up the wriggling worms, he gets steadily more and more corpulent and bloated until, in the end, he looks as though contact with the business end of a pin would send him up in smoke!
Frances Drake

The American girl who, as Frances Dean, was discovered by London, where she appeared as a dancer, and rediscovered and rechristened by Hollywood. Frances showed her talents both as actress and dancer in "The Trumpet Blows." Her latest rôle is that of "Connie" in "Forsaking All Others."
Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

Mae West and the Indian

AND a Strange Request—More Old Timers Return—A Scare for Stars—Connie as a "Sob Sister"—Dietrich's Odd Turn

Mae West is wondering just who the person was that posed for the Indian on the American penny. The blonde star decided that it would be a bright idea to secure a descendant of the Indian model to play in her picture, Now I'm a Lady. Letters from Indians and would-be Indians poured in, all claiming to be legitimate kinsmen of the famous model. The oddest one was from an old lady, who said that the model was a woman. So far Mae has secured no authentic information.

Sad Story

A man from a small town in Texas recently wrote Mae a "touching" letter. He told the star that there are two theatres in his town. One showed a Mae West film, while the rival house, to stimulate patronage, had announced a "free pure" night, whereby a person holding a lucky number on coupons attached to theatre tickets would be presented with a bank book containing a deposit for $120 dollars.

But he was loyal to Mae, saw the picture and returned to the rival theatre, to find that the draw had taken place, and he had held the winning number. As he was not present, the prize was given to some one else.

So he asked Mae to send him $120 dollars, which he feels she caused him to lose!

As far as I can learn, Mae has not sent the money.

Old Favourites Return

"The saying that the old guard dies, but it never surrenders," is very true of those who once were top-notchers in the films, but have now dropped from favour.

Edna Purviance, star of The Woman of Paris, and many other Chaplin films, is playing "Lillian Russell," famous actress of several decades ago, in The Great Zeigfeld.

Rod la Rocque and Vilma Banky, noted film team, are also now in Hollywood. Rod has been signed for two films, while Vilma is studying English, and hopes to secure parts in the near future.

Claire Windsor has also decided to "crash" the studio gates.

Film fans, I know, will hope that the efforts of these players will be crowned with success.

Uneasy Stars

A man was recently arrested, charged with forgery, and on his person was found an extensive list of confidential 'phone numbers and addresses of noted studio folk.

Among those listed were Richard Powell, Richard Barthelmess, James Cagney, Ruby Keeler, Mary Brian, Al Jolson, and others.

The prisoner claimed to have played small roles in the films, and appeared to be well acquainted with studio routine.

Now all the poor stars have to change their telephone numbers again. A star rarely retains the same number for a year, even if he or she remains in the same home.

Connie's New Role

Constance Bennett will play the role of a reporter in Town Talk. It is difficult to imagine the languorous La Bennett enacting a feminine journalist, for those girls are usually full of energy. However, she may be equal to the occasion.

Clark Gable is to be managing editor of the paper, and this role also appears to be unusual casting.

Generous Katie

Katharine Hepburn, as I have mentioned before, is very popular with her studio associates. She is regarded as a "good scout," despite reports that she was too temperamental.

The latest tribute to Katharine was caused by her presenting gifts purchased in Scotland to every person connected with the production of her latest film, The Little Minister.

A Plucky Son

Joe E. Brown is proud of his 17-year-old son, Don, who recently graduated from the Beverly Hills High School. His father did not want the boy to enter college until he was 18, so the youngster, with the approval of his parents, entered a cadet on a liner plying between San Francisco and the Orient. He made two round trips, and is now back home, vastly improved by his experiences.

The star says he wants his son to make his way in the world, and, judging from the start Don has made, I am quite sure he will.

A Possible Romance

Everyone seems to think that Greta Garbo and George Brent, former husband of Ruth Chatterton, are very much interested in each other. Garbo has taken several airplane trips with Brent, who is an expert flyer.

A Happy Nymph

One of the most amusing stories of recent days, incidentally, was that the Marquis de la Falaise, while taking a sun bath at Palm Springs, spies Garbo, and rushed to greet her, forgetting that he was not sufficiently clothed.

Garbo, by the way, was racing happily along, showing so much energy and happy abandon that it seemed as though she were dancing the "Spring Song." Just another instance of stars at play!

Two for One

Loretta Young is coming rapidly to the front, and scored a great triumph in The White Parade, so much so that Paramount loaned Jack Oakie and Katherine De Mille to Twentieth Century, to secure the services of Miss Young. Loretta is to play the role of "Berengaria" in Cecil B. De Mille's production, The Crusaders. Practically every important actress has been mentioned in connection with this role, including Elissa Landi and Sylvia Sidney.

A Reformed Crooner

Rudy Valee is tired of playing sweet-singing crooners, and wishes to appear in a musical wherein he will play a "hard-boiled" sergeant, such as have been portrayed by Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen.

The odd thing about the affair is that Rudy is very serious, and believes that the role would be quite in accord with his temperament. If Rudy gets the role, perhaps Lowe and McLaglen will become crooners.

A Former Extra Remembered

Marlene Dietrich, as we all know, worked her way up from the "extra" ranks at the German studios, and has memories of her struggles. So when Marlene's "stand-in" was called for elimination tests, in which she would secure an opportunity to be one of the favoured few, the star provided the girl with one of her finest gowns. The "stand-in" is now one of the 250 girls who receive preference over the others.

NEXT WEEK'S "FAMOUS FILM FANS" NUMBER.

FASCINATING exclusive interviews and some big surprises. On no account miss next week's "Famous Film Fans" Number of "The Picturegoer." Make sure of your copy...place an order with your newsagent to-day.
FOLLOWING The Thin Man, which was one of the best six pictures of last year, W. S. Van Dyke has given us another comedy, and this time with a romantic flavour, Forsaking All Others, which bids fair to be one of the outstanding successes of 1935.

With a team consisting of Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth—particularly not forgetting Charles—he has made one of those rare pictures in which one has hardly time to finish laughing at some situation or wisecrack, or piece of character work, before it is succeeded by another equally amusing.

It is definitely a director's picture—the director, in the sense I mean it, includes the scenario writer and the editor—or, in other words, there is not a great deal in the plot, it is the way in which every situation snaps into another and leaves one no time to worry about story values.

Incidentally, the dialogue is full of bright lines, which is not surprising seeing that the scenarist is Mankiewicz, who was responsible for the screen's most admirable piece of nonsense—Million Dollar Legs.

While the director's work is notable, it would not have been so entertaining with a less efficient team. All the well-known players in the cast are excellent without exception. I like Joan Crawford in comedy mood—very often slapstick comedy at that.

She is cast as Mary, a girl who, on her wedding day, learns that her groom Dill, a girlhood sweetheart, has got very drunk the night before and married an old flame, Connie.

She plunges into vigorous sport to try and forget, and is aided in her endeavours by Jeff, another girlhood friend who has always loved her.

She cannot, however, forget Dill and they meet again. With great indiscretion, and ignoring the advice of Jeff, she spends a night innocently with Dill at an empty country house belonging to a mutual friend.

She is rescued from her position by Jeff and the friend in question, Paula; but Connie brings an action for divorce and is successful.

Not long after the bells are about to ring again for the wedding of Dill and Mary.

On the eve of the wedding Jeff arrives to wish Mary good luck and good-bye, when suddenly she realises that it is he that she has loved all the time and rushes to the boat in which he is sailing to Spain.

Dill follows to the dock to see the boat sailing. As Mary, Joan Crawford brings character to the comedy role and a wealth of vivacity and spirit. Her hectic good times with Dill involve any amount of horse play into which she enters with as much abandon as the irrepressible Robert Montgomery, who is in his element.

Clark Gable, striking a slightly more solemn note, also enters into the fun of the thing and gives a first-rate performance which conceals sincerity behind a mask of gaiety.

Charles Butterworth, as his friend, has the role of his career and line after line of good wisecracks, to which he does full justice. Billie Burke is very good as Mary's funny and overwhelming friend Paula, and Frances Drake is effective as Connie.

The picture is technically excellent and is full of good pictorial touches which take it right out of the realm of the theatre.

It is first-rate entertainment with laughs of the non-stop order.—L. C.

Those filmgoers who are satisfied to see Mr. Leslie Howard and Miss Kay Francis gracefully going through the motions of routine secret-service drama will no doubt be eminently pleased with this screen adaptation of R. H. Lockhart's chronicle of his adventures as unofficial British representa-tive in the early days of the Bolshevist regime.

As an attempt to tell the story of an earth-shaking historical event, however, it is disappointing.

The merit of Mr. Lockhart's book lays in its brilliant, "behind-the-scenes" description of the most terrific social drama of our times and, perhaps, of history.

The producers of the film version do nothing more than give us Hollywood's stock spy plot, completed or confounded by love and duty, which could easily have been set in any of the mythical kingdoms that have been used in the past for similar subjects. But Miss Francis and Mr. Howard make polite political speeches to each other, it is true, but the drama-charged atmosphere of the Russian Revolution is never adequately explicated or revealed.

Leslie Howard, of course, represents Lockhart, re-christened, for screen purposes, Stephen Locke. The change in nomenclature is, incidentally, not the only major liberty taken with the book's central figure.

Mr. Lockhart was, if unofficially, the agent of the British Government, in all his activities against the Bolshevists. Probably, as a concession to our feelings—and our censors—the film presents Stephen Locke for the most part as an adventurer inspired by a bitter personal hatred of Communism. Locke falls in love with Elena, an attractive Russian disciple of Lenin. She returns his love, but such is her faith in the Soviet cause that she feels it her duty to betray him to the secret police when, having failed to stop Russia signing the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk, he begins plotting for the overthrow of the new regime.

One by one Locke's little band of supporters are arrested, and when Lenin's assassination is attempted a price is put on his head. Elena, still bound by duty, reveals Locke's hiding place and decides to die with him as proof of her love. News of the recovery of Lenin, however, saves both from the firing squad and the curtain is rung down on a happy ending.
The producers juggle dexterously with the political issues involved by making Kay Francis the mouthpiece of the Bolshevik viewpoint, and the scenes between Elena and Locke resolve themselves largely into drawing-room debates.

Miss Francis' mannerised portrayal of Elena, incidentally, suggests a society woman slumming among the poor, rather more than a modern Joan of Arc or an inspired disciple of revolution.

Leslie Howard is an interesting figure as Locke, despite the handicaps imposed by the script, and his polished performance makes a somewhat preposterous story convincing.

There is little comedy relief unless we include the preface, which announces that the "story and characters are entirely fictitious."—M. D. F.

Bernard Vorhaus has accorded this play, which has already had a record-breaking run, straightforward treatment and relied on the dialogue to gain his big dramatic moments in the sequences where the alibi—the crux of the whole plot—is tested by detectives.

It is impossible in a short space to give a very full synopsis of the story, since it relies completely on detail connected with a murderer's establishment of an alibi and his successful defence of it.

Briefly it runs as follows. Philip Sevilla, a young Zulu immigrant to Paris, meets and marries a young girl abroad, robbing them of their wealth and deserting them. His efforts to part them are in vain. The day before they are to be married he dreams that he has murdered Sevilla and ambushed him with a perfect alibi.

He proceeds to put his dream into practice by manipulation of the clock—impossible that he had been Sevilla murdered.

The body is discovered—Philip Sevilla's alibi but he has an answer to the final test which another, the fact that he had tampered with the alibi and its defence cleared of suspicion.

Actually, it is not the alibi but the fact that he had tampered with the alibi and its defence cleared of suspicion.

The opening is weak continuity and does not hold your interest too well, but the idea of the crime is very good.

The comedians are in good form and enter into the spirit of the fooling with good effect. The whole thing is put over with plenty of action, and a fairly quick-fire series of wisecracks.

Good use is made of the child, played by Spanky McFarland, who is endowed with a propensity for breaking glass windows, and a good deal of comedy arises from this.

The "siege" has many ingenious gags, and there is a wild ride for the heroes in a buggy in which they go to try to obtain help, all in the best tradition of the old silent knockabout.

Gaza de Bolvary has invented this simple romance with a wealth of colour and made all the famous characters introduced in it vital living beings. He has not forced the musical end of the subject, but introduced it naturally and effectively.

An instance in point is Chopin's farewell to Paris, where he is supposed to play a Minuet by Mozart. At that moment he had heard of the revolution in Poland and substituted a fiery and moving composition of his own. As he plays it he envisages the fight his friends are taking up for liberty.

The story is based on episodes in the famous composer's life (but not attempting to be biographically correct).

Frederic Chopin's music master in Warsaw persuades Constantia, the girl he loves, to marry him in order that he may go to Paris and become famous, and also avoid being an active participant in the revolution plotted by the youth of Poland against the Russians.

She does so, and Chopin proceeds, heartbroken, to Paris, where his first concert is slated by the critics, but is praised unsparingly by the famous novelist, Georges Sand.

She uses his influence to make him known, and with the help of Liszt, springs him as a surprise on Parisian society. He falls passionately in love with her, and agrees to go to Majorca with her, for which purpose she gives up her love for Edmond Musset, the poet. Meanwhile, Colinet, a man in Paris, learns that he must leave and once again sacrifice his career.

The comedy is well done in the novel style and will appeal to younger audiences.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

The Minuet is followed by a very fine biographical sketch of Chopin and his life in Paris and London, with the composer's own reminiscences of his days in London, where he stayed with Colin, who becomes his friend and mentions that Chopin is a famous pianist who has given many concert performances all over the world.

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Eddie inherits a fortune in Egypt. As a reward for saving his daughter's life the Sheik Mulhalla arrays him in royal robes.

EDDIE CANTOR'S annual film frolic is always one of the events of the screen season. This time it takes him to the land of the Pharaohs, where he has inherited a vast fortune from his archaeologist father. Eddie is supported by Ann Sothern and Ethel Merman.

And here they are again—one of the spectacular sequences from the film.

Right: Cantor makes his get-a-way with the treasure.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**
Margaret Sullavan, Lamancha.
Douglas Montgomery, Hans Finnerberg.
Alan Hale, Judge Maclean.
Catherine Doucet, Commis.
Fred Kohler, Commis.
May Mathews, His Wife.
De Witt Jennings, Emil Kleinholz.
Alan Moonway, Fresco.

Franz Scharenhofer, the actor.
Muriel Kirkland, the actress.
Hedda Hopper, Nurse.
Sarah Padden, Widow Scharenhofer.
Earle Fox, Frenchman.
George Mekier, Chief of Police.
Bob Rogers, the actor.
Donald Haines, Kleinholz, jun.
Mowbray O'Wright, Ketch.
G. P. Huntley, Jr., Helmut.
Paul Fim, Paul Fim.

Carlos de Valdez, Mr. Sesam.
Tom Rockeley, Mr. Sesam.
Frank Reicher, Lehman Christian.
Rubinstein, Christian Rubinstein.

Etienne Girardon, Spandau.
Max Amherst, the actor.

Directed by Frank Borzage from the novel by Hans Fallada. Premiered August 23, 1934.

If Hans Fallada's best-seller novel of the struggles of the "little men" of the world has inevitably lost some of its force in its screen translation it is still a document of considerable sincerity and interest and, at least, serves to reveal that Margaret Sullavan is no one-picture star.

The story, though set in Germany, is international in its application and appeal. It is that of a poor man, Hans Finnerberg, peace loving and contented, who, through no fault of his own is thrown out of work at a time when his wife is about to have a baby. He develops, in his desperation, a bitter resentment of the social system that makes his plight possible.

And it is in the vicissitudes of the young couple and the people they meet that the drama and romance of Little Man, What Now? must be found.

First we have Kleinholz, Hans' first employer, the typical petty commercial tyrant, who fires the clerk because he will not, in fact cannot, marry the unattractive daughter of the house. There is Jacchman, a jovial clerk, with some redeeming features, whose mistress Hans' step-mother is, and who helps get him a job in the city.

Again, there are the bosses of the soulless department store where Hans goes to work as a salesman, who dismises him when he dislikes an egotistical film star customer.

The good Samaritan of the piece is Puttibreese a furniture dealer, who lets them a garret which is above his shop. It is here that the baby is born and that we end on a happy note with Hans finding a new job and new inspiration to carry on for existence for his wife and son.

Frank Borzage's treatment is over sentimentalised, perhaps, but in the main sympathetic and understanding. The development is rather leisurely and there are signs of choppy cutting in order to get in as much of the novel's detail as possible.

Miss Sullavan, although given no opportunities for histrionic fire works gives a sensitive and intelligent portrayal of the wife. Douglas Montgomery, I think, has erred in presenting Hans as a somewhat tiresome weakling rather than as a helpless victim of circumstances, thereby losing sympathy for the character.

Otherwise, it is one of the year's most competently acted talkies. Our old friend De Witt Jennings contributes a brilliant character study as Kleinholz, while excellent performances are offered by Allan Hale as Jacchman, Christian Rub, as Puttibreese, and Allan Mowbray as an actor.

**THE WORLD MOVES ON**
Madeleine Carroll, Mary Patrice.
Richard Scott.
Reginald Denny.
Eric Samps.
Robert Young.
Oliver Reed, Boris Karloff.

Directed by Frank Borzage from the novel by Madeleine Carroll. Premiered August 23, 1934.

Reginald Berkeley's ambitious story suffers. I cannot help feeling, from the fact that its producers too deliberately set out to make a "super super," that the result is seen in a continual straining for effect and "sure fire" situations overcrowding of the canvas and confusion of the issues. Both the romance interest and the anti-war theme are obscured by a mass of pretentious incidents. Far too much stock Hollywood war spectacle and an attempt to combine the more successful features of "Cavalcade" and "Berkeley Square" and all the business films ever made.

If this is severe criticism it is because the film invites criticism as a super. The picture indeed contains much of inspiration and merit. The story opens in 1913 with the reading of the will of Gerrand, an American cotton magnate. The document inaugurates a business partnership with the English family of Warburton and two of the Gerrand sons are sent to France and Germany, respectively, to establish continental of the business.

**HER SACRIFICE**
Ann Sothern, Kitty Taylor.
Neil Hamilton, Bob Hartwell.
Paul Kelly, Bill Mickey.
Raymond Key, Mickey Rooney.
Walter Haines, Frederic Spear.
Drew Derryna, Frances Charters.
James Cagney, Miss Taylor.
Dorothy Gage, Mrs. James Cagney.
Deanna Durbin, Gloria Cheever.
Bela Lugosi, Tom Tyler.
Jesse White, Eddy Tiler.
Hearty Soller, Tom Tyler.
Ben Hardwick, Bill Mickey.
Mary Forbes, Miss Kirby.
Mrs. Hartwell, Miss Kirby.
Bertie Seward, Mrs. Hartwell.


A "Cinderella" story in an industrial setting in which Ann Sothern gives an attractive performance as the breadwinner of a family who quarrels with her sweetheart and falls in love with a wealthy playboy whom she finally marries in spite of his father's opposition. It is familiar stuff but put over with good atmosphere and characterization; it gains its effect for the workmanlike production and sound treatment.

(Continued on page 22)
It's not just INDIGESTION—YOUR GASTRIC NERVE Must Be Strengthened

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KOLAE SEMINA Potent powerful tonic properties. Ward off fatigue. Acts as a cerebral stimulant; clears the brain, banishes depression.

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YOU ARE SURE TO BENEFIT WITH DR. CASSELS TABLETS!

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ON THE SCREENS Now—Continued

Neil Hamilton is good as the rich lover and contrasts well with Paul Kelly as the more humble suitor. The supporting cast is competent and the sentimental appeal of the simple tale is well put over.

**COCKEYED CAVALIERS**

Bert Wheeler.............Bert
Robert Woolsey...........Bob
Twyla Todd..............Twyla
Genevieve
Dorothy Lee.............Ann
Noah Beery..............Baron
Robert Greig...........Duke of Westk
Henry Scobie.............Frank
Pagnoni...........Town Crier
Al P. Jakes..............Mary Ann's Father
Jack Norton.............Nurse Pollard
King's Physicians

Directed by Mark Sandrich. Previewed August 18, 1934.

Wheeeler and Woolsey put over the double act which has proved so widely popular in previous pictures this time in fancy dress. They are depicted as two "knights of the road" in mediaeval days, who, in the course of their adventures, masquerade as doctors and make themselves at home in a ducal menage.

The love interest displayed by Woolsey for a niece of the very ferocious Duke, leads them into trouble, but they manage to straighten things out after the capture of a wild boar which has been ravaging the countryside; the capture, by the way, is unintentional on their part.

The comedians put over the material with plenty of gags and good use has been made of the comic mediaeval atmosphere; but not so ingeniously as Mark Twain did in his Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

A little love interest is super-added to the broad fooling by the fact that Wheeler discovers the company they have picked up on the road is a girl who is longing in man's clothes and falls for her.

The plot is actually very thin and the entertainment comes in the clowning of the stars who will certainly not disappoint their admirers.

The wild boar chase is rather familiar design but it is well executed in a hectic slapstick manner.

Dorothy Lee is good as the maid who masquerades as a man and Thelma Todd sound as the Duke's

—part incidentally well put over by Noah Beery—frightening noise.

Camera work is good but the settings do not aspire to be more than comically in period.

**THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY**

W. C. Fields.............The Great McGonigle
Joe Morrison.............Wally Livingston
Babe Lake.................Albert Pepperdew
Judith Allen..............Betty McGonigle
Jan Duggan..............Cheeta Borden
Tawny Young.............Gump
Nora Ckris.............Mrs. Wendelschaper
Jack Mulhall.............Dick Bronson

Directed by William Bradic as a story by Charles Bogle, adopted by Garret Weston and Jack Connerrnan.

Burlesque of the show business of the "tuntries" with W. C. Fields once again holding the limelight and keeping the fun going with his clever fooling and characterisation as an old-time trapper who owns a travelling dramatic company.

How he is always at loggerheads with ballists and sheriffs is amusingly depicted while there is a touch of pathos in the way he sacrifices himself for his daughter's happiness.

He learns that the father of a wealthy young girl will agree to his marrying her if she leaves her father, so the old trapper pretends he has the offer of a solo act in New York and leaves the way clear for the marriage.

The opening scenes give W. C. Fields a chance to show his ability and it is his sense of character that really makes the picture as entertaining as it is.

Baby LeRoy supplies child interest as the tiresome infant of a wealthy widow who wants to play in the company and Judith Allen is appealing as the trapper's daughter.

One very amusing interlude is the introduction of a burlesque of The Drunkard, a melodrama made famous by F. T. Barnum in the "eighties.

The picture is well costumed and convincing in its period atmosphere.

**THE BROKEN ROSARY**

Derek Oldham.............Giovanni
Jean Adair..............Marta
Ronald Ward..............Jack
Vesta Victoria...........Herself
Marjorie Corbett........Leila
Margaret Yardy...........Nancy
Evelyn Roberts...........Uncle Jack


The old story of a racketeer who falls in love with the sister of a rival gangster and nearly gets shot as a consequence, is rendered somewhat unconventionally by the introduction of a romantic old lady who gives her son advice based on the tragedy of her own love affair, and when he is accused of murder, pursues herself to give him an alibi which restores his freedom.

The whole thing suffers from artificiality of treatment and the court scenes are frankly melodramatic.

Two characterisations, however, are quite good and interesting on their own merits. Helen Lowell as the old lady makes the character sympathetic and human, and as the old lady in her youth—her past romance is pictured in a flash back as she tells it to the gangster—Helen Chandler is delightfully natural and unspoilt.

Richard Barthelmess is stilted and mannered as the gangster but he introduces some good comedy in some of the situations.

As the heroine Ann Dvorak's abilities are wasted on a negligible part.

**STUDENT TOUR**

Directed by Robert Siodmak from George S. Kaufman, Arthur Garfield and Samuel Marx, adapted by Ralph Spence and Philip Dunne, with songs by Maury Yeston and lyrics by Maury Yeston and by Heinz. Directed by Robert Siodmak from George S. Kaufman, Arthur Garfield and Samuel Marx, adapted by Ralph Spence and Philip Dunne, with songs by Maury Yeston and lyrics by Maury Yeston and by Heinz.

A Cook's tour set to music which is singularly thin in story and lacking in real human content. It depicts the adventures of a timid professor, Lippincott, who accompanies a college rowing crew on a journey to England in order to coach them in philosophy, a subject he must pass before they can qualify to row in the big race.

Lippincott and the trainer, Hank, have class charities in Singapore, Calcutta and Monte Carlo, and also trouble with the crew until Lippincott's niece forces them to work and allows them to beat to victory, presumably at Henley.

The boat race is unintentionally funny since the only things that are commonplace and the slapstick foolish tedious.

The story tells how as Lippincott and Jimmy Durante as Hank put over their stuff as well as possible in the circumstances and save the show from becoming unbearable dull.

The music is quite tuneful and surprisingly well supplied with action and should please the juveniles.

Speddy horse opera on conventional lines is well supplied with action and should please the juveniles.

At TWELVE MIDNIGHT

Directed by D. W. Severy. Directed by D. W. Severy.

Robert Borden as the crook of the story.

Robert Borden as the crook of the story.

Eddie Phillips...........Bradley Thurstom
James Arnold.............Dunne

Directed by Marie Dalloy.

Far-fetched melodrama with a Jekyll and Hyde theme with Charles Hall as the crook of the story. He is being defrauded by his guardian, Roger Thurston, and, to cloak his crime, plans to kidnap Robert and force Mary to pay ransom money.

Another crook, known as "The Fox," butts in, demanding a claim of Thurston's potential spoils, causes the scheme to fail. Roger is unmasked, and Robert, heart-whole after his experiences, marries Mary. Poorly staged and indifferently directed, the picture represents mediocre entertainment.

February 9, 1935

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Robert Borden as the crook of the story.

Eddie Phillips...........Bradley Thurstom
James Arnold.............Dunne

Directed by Marie Dalloy.

Far-fetched melodrama with a Jekyll and Hyde theme with Charles Hall as the crook of the story. He is being defrauded by his guardian, Roger Thurston, and, to cloak his crime, plans to kidnap Robert and force Mary to pay ransom money.

Another crook, known as "The Fox," butts in, demanding a claim of Thurston's potential spoils, causes the scheme to fail. Roger is unmasked, and Robert, heart-whole after his experiences, marries Mary. Poorly staged and indifferently directed, the picture represents mediocre entertainment.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK
Next week's "Picturegoer" will be a thrilling "Famous Film Fans" Number. You've never seen anything like it before. Order your copy at once.

Louis Calhern, Ann Dvorak and Richard Barthelmess in the crook-romance 'Midnight Alibi.'
Audiobach, you want to go to the station and take over the new oats consignment. Schults, why aren't you in the warehouse? No—not you, Pinneberg. Get on with those letters. I'll call Marie to help you with addressing and stamping.

With what inward writhings did Johannes endure the too-near proximity of Marie, the scent of whose heavy black hair he hated, thinking of an unacknowledged wife waiting for him in his single room at Widow Sharrenhofer's. Emma—Lammchen, he called her—was fair, slender, graceful as a wood nymph, with something of an elfin quality. How different from Marie, whose flat feet were planted well on this earth, his thin head was one idea—how to get Johannes Pinneberg to make love to her.

Trouble did not always end when he left the office. Lammchen—wife, rather than housewife—understood neither the obsolete gas stove nor Widow Sharrenhofer's erratic clocks. Johannes, ring on finger, railing upstairs, secretly hoping to smell stew as he turned his cock-key, was greeted for the second time in a week by a tearful would-be cook.

Four o'clock dinner, Johannes—bust to a cinder. I forgot the wretched clock is always at eight—it's too bad—the meat was so beautiful.

He soothed her back against his, conscious of an aching void beneath the belt. Lammchen was going to have a child. She was bound to have nerve storms. Besides, Johannes never forgot that she was superior to him socially. Unlike the Communists who ranted in the local park, he was too ready to admit inferiority.

"You're tired from being indoors too much, dear heart. Sunday to-morrow. We'll have a picnic," he promised.

For awhile the picnic was bliss. Lovely woods were yet lovelier as the true background for Lammchen's elusive beauty. With fair waving hair, round face, demure blouse and skirt, she looked no more than sixteen.

Love, longing, and a vague fear caught Johannes irresistibly by the throat when, refusing his kiss, she invited him to chase her. She was so reckless, so terribly precious. Across a woodland track he caught her up, held her close. A noisy car swung into view. At the steering wheel, Kleinholtz, complacent and immense, conducted his family, who filled the tonneau.

The car swerved to avoid Johannes. Right before Marie's tempestuous gaze, he kissed Lammchen. The car passed on.

Next morning, while Marie sorted Monday's wash, after requesting Johannes to carry the heavy basket to a table beside his desk, she took him to task.

"Who was that girl you were kissing yesterday? My, wasn't she common? Papa thought her abominably overdressed." There was more in this strain. With murder in his heart, Johannes gripped Marie's shoulders. "I'll have you know the lady was my wife. My wife—do you hear? Anyone who has anything to say against her—"

Too late he realised that Kleinholtz had come into the room, Kleinholtz, respectably dressed for once, ignoring his daughter's noisy tears.

"So, Pinneberg, you're married? You know my rule?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be pleased to tender my resignation."

"You have that much money, Pinneberg, you can afford to be out of a job?"

"No, sir. But I have that much pride. Good-night!"

"Oh, but the rest wasn't so easy. To tramp the streets looking for work, to comfort Lammchen, to brush one's clothes, know one's store of marks is nearly nonexistent, was purgatory to Johannes. The night an offer of a job came from an unexpected quarter, Lammchen was missing. Grabbing the fortuitous letter which he found on the mantelpiece of the empty room at Widow Sharrenhofer's, Johannes went nearly demented. Lammchen not in when he returned! Had she done away with herself?"

He found her in the fair ground, whirling past him on a merry-go-round, looking more childlike than ever in an old sailor blouse. He clambered on to the empty horse beside hers, thankful but afraid, for he had not eaten since breakfast, that he would be taken off fainting. When again on terra firma he reminded her of supper.

"Johannes, I've had mine—three slices of cold meat. I was so hungry. Then, on the way home—oh, please, don't be angry—I had one of yours, then another."

"Never mind sweetheart. One slice will be enough for me."

"But I've eaten that, too. Poor Johannes! How could I?"

He swallowed and took the letter from his pocket. "See, mother wants us to go to Berlin. She's got a flat and heaps of friends. She knows a man who'll get me a job."

The last marks were spent on train fares. Watching the whirling landscape, Johannes tried to remember his step-mother, whom he had not seen for years.

Mia Pinneberg, immensely smart in black, reeking of Californian poppy, with a Peke tucked under one arm on the station platform, was effusive in welcome, but looked at Lammchen's rough wool coat and ingenuous hat with disgust. "You're not at all what I expected, child," she observed. Otherwise she seemed pleased to see Johannes and his wife, paid the taxi fare to her flat, and showed them an ornate apartment nearly filled by a vast double bed.

"Empire or roccoco, I'm not sure," she observed with satisfaction. "Anyway, you'll be comfortable."

(Continued on page 24)
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If YOUR hair is Thin, Lifeless, Lustreeless, you are invited to send the coupon for special FREE PREPARATIONS of MERRY TIME at the world-famous Harlene Hair Improving Preparations described below.

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Restores colour to Fly, Discoloured, and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing—right to a real-colour restorative. 1/3, 3/4, and 5/6 per bottle.

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Choose any of this Coupon and favourable terms in stamps to cover the cost of posting your reply and particulars of any of 3 "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any Addressee in the United Kingdom. Attach Coupon to a place sheet of paper bearing your Name and Address and state which numbers are required.

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Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp. This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

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(Continued from page 3) able here. I only want a hundred marks a month for it.”

“But, mother, I haven’t even a job. You were going to find—”

“Did I say that? Rashly, my child. Never mind. I’ve a party coming on to-night. Herr Jackman’s sure to turn up with his rich and touch with the biggest stores in town. Better talk to him. By the way, when your wife’s taken off her hat, she might come and help me in the kitchen. I suppose you can’t make cocktails, Johannes?”

“They haven’t come much my way.”

I thought not. Still as straitlaced as before. Enraged, she added: “It’s a lovely room,” she whispered, “I think we ought to be tactful and not disturb her.” She was at the sink, working on a pile of used coffee cups and plates, when Herr Jackman looked in. He was tall, fair, handsome as a Viking, but furiously looking. He seemed as though he might have other things besides his pockets to be pleased with his admiration for Lammchen there was no concealment. To the misery he felt, Johannes was oblivious, for he was in the aching jealousy when the Viking, with an “Allow me, beautiful lady,” took her hand in intercepting the husband’s readiness to receive a plate for drying. Mia called opportunely from the kitchen. Herr Jackman went no further. Indeed, Jackman, who had the free run of Mia’s flat, got no further with the lammchen in three months than an occasional kiss on the hand. Amid the feverish atmosphere of the evening’s card and gambling parties, Johannes’ wife kept her nymph-like status.

Meanwhile Johannes, consuming his anxieties to get Lammchen away to rooms of their own, however small, took a job as salesman at Mandel’s men’s clothing department. He had never sold across a corner before, and it didn’t increase his confidence. If he could not get use and for Jackman’s good work with the manager he would never have got this far. An employment, with no soul, was Mandel’s. Employees received a trifling salary and commission. If their sales dipped below a certain quota their positions were soon replaced.

Johannes, as much as anyone, hated the system, but he had had his fill of taking the upper hand with an employer. Consequently, he admired the more a colleague, Franz Heilbutt, for getting himself the sack for tackling the sales manager with his plights and employees about the evils of the quota.

“I admired the way you stood up for yourself and incidentally, for the bunch of us,” Johannes said afterwards. “My motto—live and let live—has carried me very far. Mind if I ask what your next move is?”

“I can’t say. I may go to Holland and work up a connection there on my own. I’m not despairing. I’ve got it’s because I’m a Nudist that I’m not obsessed by inferiority and you,” Standing out in the sun fills one with confidence.

Johannes, conscious of the looseness of clothes that had once fitted, gripped the hand that accorded so well with the virile torso, black, woolly hair, and white teeth of his friend.

“Well, I wish you luck, old man! And if you ever become an employer yourself—”

Sustained by the thought until a certain black Friday, when his employer had sold out, and a new firm, Johannes’ courage was again revived at sight of an approaching customer in the store.

The question was extremely well dressed, not by Mandels; fact which Johannes might have had wish to note had he not been struck by a familiarity in the face which puzzled him.

“Did you say you’re trying to place me?” began the potential customer—Franz Schulte.

“The film actor? Of course, sir. I have often admired your work on the screen.

“Now that you will help me to be a judge of my next part. I play a poor young man who walks the world as a Dyer. You know the type, I daresay. You can help me choose clothes for him.”

For two hours, Johannes brought for inspection the resources of Mandel’s stock in coats, waistcoats, and trousers. Meanwhile the actor talked, amusingly at first, later with a persistent egoism that was repulsive. Who was he to grumble, however, considering the size of Herr Schulte’s order?

“Where can I send these?” Johannes ventured at last, adding yet another coat to the actor’s pile. Herr Schulte turned from the mirror, and his weary gesture suggested:

“Don’t think I am buying these, will you?” he entreated. “I only thought you could help me choose. This man looked like. I have not the slightest interest in these clothes, personally.

Johannes had been on his feet for a hundred and twenty minutes. He was undernourished. Suddenly he went out. He forgot what he had said. A mist swam before his brain, but he retained an impression of a large man in a suit of clothes the actor was begging him to buy at least one suit to keep a wife and expected child from starving.

Yap again, far was Johannes’ memory of the ugly scene; afterwards he recalled only too clearly the incident after. The department, his plating of Herr Schulte, who complained of being mauld about, culminating in a furious into Lammchen, with an order from a poor salesman who dared to offend a popular film actor.

Johannes, the rest of the day, and into the night. Johannes, not daring to go home, tramped the streets, until he was delivering of getting a watchman’s job. It was past six when, hungry for food and sleep, he toiled back to the flat. The evening and laughter greeted him from the living-room, driving him to the kitchen, where he found himself preparing to lift a tray loaded with toast and egg-and-bacon. Snatching the down from her, he went into Mia’s dining-room. Last night’s party was still under weigh. Guests in evening dress found room, among unwhashed forks and knives, paper streamers, for breakfast dishes. The presence of his stepmother, her face was misplaced. A hand moving a heap of coins to her side of the table, brought down Joh- ney’s tray with a crash. He backed into Lammchen, who was coming in with coffee, and shouted:

“There you are! It’s the last time
To Be Slim
DRINK HOT WATER

Every one who wishes to get
rid of superfluous flesh and
possess a slim, well-proportioned figure should adopt the
simple, natural practice of
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Picturegoer Weekly
Page 25
**ON THE BRITISH SETS by E. G. Cousins**

A charming new study of Jane Carr who, as our studio correspondent reveals "lives an exciting kind of life."

**CHAPLIN'S SILENT RIVAL**

MONTY at Teddington—Henry Edwards Directs a Wallace Thriller—Doings at Twickenham—A Player to Watch.

Angelus, whom I'm glad to see back in the studios after all this time.

She's been so busy with her stage and concert work that she hasn't been able to "get" round to films for three years; Enid Stamp Taylor, whom you may have seen in Gav Lone, in which she was the vamp; Vera Pearce; Bertha Belmore, a consistently good actress; Bromley Davenport, a ditto ditto actor; Julian Royce, whose forte is lordliness, whether he is playing a butler or a duke; Pete Bernard and Fred Withers, who both labour under the grim disadvantage in life of not having met me; and Claude Dampier.

**Flash-back**

We will now turn the clock back twenty-two years, if you please, and switch over to Feling, a prosperous market town in the North Island of New Zealand. (No, you won't need your pyjamas—we'll only be there a minute or two.) A concert party named the "Red Dandies" has just completed its evening performance, and the leading comedian, an excruciatingly funny young man named Claude Dampier, is just knocking back a couple of quick ones at the local in company with a young horse breaker named Gumblemarch, alias Cousins; and all, as my dear old pal Pepys would say, very merry.

And, blow me, I never set eyes on Claude again until this week, when, for old times' sake, we solemnly knocked back a couple of quick ones at the local. And he's still making people laugh; but I'm not making horses carry a saddle any more.

Sometimes I wish I were; and sometimes you do.

As a matter of fact, I did see Dampier in Radio Parade of 1935, in which he gives a vignette. (I think vignette is the word, Mr. Nuttal? Thanks very much) of a piano tuner; and upon my Sam I think he's funnier than ever.

His cultured tones, his earnestness, his embarrassments, his blandness are pure genius. Even if Monty Banks and all the rest of a very good bunch, indeed, were not in So You Won't Talk, I would counsel you to see it, to get a rifful of this Dampier.

**No Quickies**

This Teddington one is no quickie. In fact, I'm told it is to be the first of a programme of sixteen full-length sure-enough dyed-in-the-wool feature films; it won't be long now before the new studios are completed and in use, and then the picturesque Brothers Warner will proceed to set the old Thames on fire. It quite conveniently rolls just past their doorstep.

And so on to our next Thames-side pull-up, which, as the more discerning among you will have grasped, is Twickenham.

Doings, I assure you, are in progress at Twickenham. For one thing, Henry Edwards is well under way with The Lad—and what a lad! He's Gordon Harker, of course, and equally of course he's a crook: and when I tell you that he speaks with the most refined and Kensington accent while he remembers, and slips into the most pronounced Cockney every now and again when he forgets, you will realise that Gordon has been provided with the kind of part in which we know him and appreciate him best.

Edgar Wallace wrote the story, and what Edgar Wallace didn't know about crooks and Gordon Harker, simply isn't worth knowing.

Wallace I was saying, start off with the Lad in quod, where he's putting in a little time to correct a certain acquisitiveness in his character, and two crooks, discussing a jewel robbery, as the result of which "the sparklers" have been hidden in a drawer-pot in the house of their own, Lord Fandon.

**A Little Detecting**

As soon as he is released, the Lad manages to insinuate himself into his lordship's noble household by disguising himself as a private detective. Yes, he's miles ahead of me already. Righto, work the rest of it out for yourself—or, better still, go out to the show when it comes to the screen. I'm going in.

The cast, Mrs. Winklesin? Certainly! Anything to oblige a regular reader. Well, we have the aforementioned Mr. Arker (whom you are not to confuse with Mr. Hartley), Betty Stockfeld, Jane Carr, Sebastian Shaw, Michael (Continued on page 28)
LIKE the PICTUREGOER.

"I know her little secret!"

Something has made Estelle beautiful—in the last few weeks! She always had pretty hair and lovely features—but spoiled by a sallow and blotchy complexion. For the last few days she’s been using Oatine Cream—and everyone’s talking about the difference Oatine has cleared and cleansed her skin—brining back the delicate “rose-leaf” complexion that is the pride of the English woman. Oatine will do the same for you. It protects and enhances perfect complexions and rapidly improves bad ones.

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Jean Muir and Warren William in Warner Bros. production “Doctor Monica”

Don’t let other girls win all the favours. You, too, can have alluring eyes that coax and thrill the man you want — eyes that are framed in rich, long, lustrous lashes. It’s so quick, so easy to do. With a touch of Delica-Brow, Hollywood’s long-kept secret, beautiful eyes can now be yours. Delica-Brow is water-proof—in cake or liquid form—in black, brown or blue, 6d.

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Jean Muir and Warren William in Warner Bros. production “Doctor Monica”

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.
Shepley, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Gerald Barry, David Hawthorne, Barbara Everest, Ralph Truman, and Wilfred Caithness.
I agree with you, Mrs. Winklestein. A highly superior cast.
Here’s one interesting point about it, if you’re interested in interesting points. There are two typical English Roses in it—the kind of girls who have established our reputation throughout the world as the Country of Roses and Cream Complexions.
Yet in reality neither has an English name.
Betty Stockfeld, as the name implies (although it’s nearly always spelt with an “i” by publicity departments and such), is partly Scandinavian, but she also has a little French and a little Celtic blood to liven the mixture.
Certainly the result of the brew is singularly pleasing.

Exciting Life
Then there is Jane Carr. Well, as you genuine fans are aware, that Jane’s real moniker is Rita Brunstrom, which doesn’t exactly sound like unadulterated Essene of County. Yet when a casting director wants a typical English girl, she thinks first of either Betty Stockfeld or Jane Carr, and next of either Jane Carr or Betty Stockfeld.
He isn’t very often able to get Betty, because she spends most of her time roaming round the Continent playing, in multilingual films. In addition to being what Kipling calls a “cosmopolite” she is also a polyglot. She has an exciting kind of life. If I had to be a film actress, that’s the kind of film actress I should like to be.
Jane, also, has a pretty exciting kind of life for instance, a little while ago she was mobbed by her fans at the B.B.C. and had to escape over a roof under police protection.
Well, I’ve had to make a getaway now and again myself, but not from fans; and the police weren’t helping me . . .

Worth Framing
But one of Jane’s fans did her a good turn a little while ago. Her car was stolen, and twenty four hours later a very constabulary voice rang her up and said “Your car has been identified, Miss, owing to an admiring letter found in the pocket.”
It was a letter from a fan, which Jane had been reading in the car. I hope she will have it framed.
Even more remarkable is the fact that these two girls, very much of a type and of about equal standing in the film world, are very good friends. You see nothing remarkable in that, Johnny Jones? Well, then, let me tell you candidly, sir, you know very little about (a) women (b) actresses (c) the film world (d) jealousy (e) anything.
As for me, my admiration for both of them is open and unashamed. It keeps reminding me of the immortal song in The Beggar’s Opera, “How happy could I be with either, were ‘Other dear charmer away!’” but I can’t make up my mind which.
Now I propose, with your very kind permission, to knock off talking about girls, and start talking about a girl. Okay with you? Right! New paragraph for Geraldine, please.

History Repeats Itself
Years ago—before the PICTUREGOER WEEKLY had come into existence, in fact—I was down in the Twickenham studios having a snoop around, when I found a girl playing a tiny part in a film whose name has nearly escaped me, though I believe it was Black Betty.
She wasn’t exactly beautiful, and she had a funny little Yorkshire accent, but she was so fresh and natural and so completely at home in front of the camera, without any of the irritating mannerisms which young actresses so often exhibit, that I snapped out of my usual morose and cloudy frame of mind and waxed enthusiastic about her, all over a couple of columns of my inspired prose.
And people began to take notice (said he with modesty) and she flourished, and went to Hollywood, and came home again, and went there again, and her name was Elizabeth Allan, and still is for publicity purposes, though her husband’s is different.
This week, in those same Twickenham studios, I came across a girl who isn’t exactly beautiful (though her figure is painless to contemplate and I like her kind of face, personally), but who is so fresh and natural . . . refrain as before.
Ain’t Nature wonderful, the way she keeps up the supply?
At present this lass’s name is Geraldine Fitzgerald, though that may take a change for the better one of these days. It’s an honourable Irish Norman moniker, but clumsy, and, as the Scotsman said when he bought a dog named Persephone, “It’s a wicked waste o’ breath when ye want to roar at the beastie.”

An Actress
Geraldine is an established actress, having been trained at the Abbey Theatre and the Gate Theatre in Dublin, where they don’t let little girls lie down and die on the job as they do in some English theatres I could name but won’t.
The Lad is her fourth film; the others were Blind Justice, Ace of Spades, Open all Night—none of which I have been invited to see. However, I have a feeling Geraldine was good. Look out for her.
After he has finished this one, Henry Edwards will direct Vintage Wine, with Seymour Hicks and Claire Luce.
What a worker “Tedwards” is.
During 1934 he directed no fewer than eight films.
On the next set at Twickenham I found a death—Henry Kendall immolating Henry Kendall in Death on the A4 S6. They’re crooks, them two, see, and so much alike that Kendall can play both parts and get away with murder.

“JACK BUCHANAN scores a big hit in B. and D.’s ‘Brewster’s Millions,’ which is a sparkling piece of entertainment with song, dance and comedy as the principal ingredients.”

A musical force that will stand comparison with any of its type from abroad, while few have equalled its enchanting music, attractive dance ensembles, gay songs and delightfully irresponsible humour. Jack Buchanan has never been seen to greater advantage.

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“BREWSTER’S MILLIONS”
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February 9, 1935
No Constipation Indigestion Headaches Liverishness

The wisdom of taking Beecham's Pills is a Health Tradition handed down from generation to generation. From Mother to Daughter, from Father to Son, are passed on the precepts of the Golden Rule of Health. "Be Moderate in All Things—KEEP REGULAR with Beecham's Pills."

The secret of Beecham's Pills is the Secret of Nature. They keep your body regular and pure...free from the insidious scourge of Constipation, which is responsible for 90% of daily ills. Take Beecham's Pills tonight and feel better in the morning. Sold everywhere.

DO YOU long for the allure of a soft, smooth skin... a complexion young and radiant as a morning in May. Mere "wishing" won't bring you the beauty you envy so much in others. But there is a very easy, very inexpensive way to acquire loveliness...a way that is practised by millions of charming women the world over.

Begin to-day to use Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick...the only preparations of their kind made with a pure Olive Oil base! Observe how these marvellous beauty-aids improve your skin; bring out its natural, living tones. Your face takes on a smooth velvety texture. Lips and cheeks become tempting—luxuriant.

Outdoor Girl Beauty Products are amazingly inexpensive. A few years ago only the wealthy could afford them but now the identical quality is obtainable in handbag sizes as low as 6d., other sizes up to 3s. 6d. Buy a small size when next you are out shopping and be convinced. Unless you agree it is the best you have ever used, send it back and we will refund its cost plus postage.

FREE SAMPLE sent Post Free
Send a card for a generous free sample (one week's supply) of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, in the fashionable new Eggplant shade which blends with every complexion, to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. 155), 32, City Road, London, E.C.1.

La-ne-ta Wave Setting Powder
No. 1 FOR BLONDES
No. 2 FOR BRUNETTES
ADD half a pint of hot water and you have the perfect Wave Setting Lotion, which will keep the hair "Set" with glorious glinting waves. You will possess the "Hair of your dreams"—which all women envy and all men admire.
A free Shampoo is included in every 6d. pkt. Sold at all Chemists, Stores, etc., or direct from Cosmetics Ltd. (Dept. PG1), 36 Minories, London, E.C.3.

Glymiel Jelly
TUBES...3d., 6d., 1/-
Just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands charm and beauty so GLYMIEL FACE CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. 6d., a tube.

Laleek-Used by Royalty
SAYS "Use my Laleek Long lash, the medically approved lash cream. Shade: Midnight Blue, Copper Beach and Colourless. Three months supply in decay tube 1/1. Special Brush 4d. Post Free. Laleek Beauty Preparations are the most famous for achieving and maintaining a lovely skin. Sold everywhere, including ALL BOOTS BRANCHES. If my difficulty write direct!"
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

MOVIES and MUCK RAKES
A Fan’s Replies to the Fanatics

Read with some interest Mr. M. D. Phillips’ remarks on films condemned by the Purity League.

Surely these gentlemen are a little over-zealous in their efforts to “clean up”? Many of the films mentioned I saw myself, and failed to find anything objectionable.

Some films, I’ll admit, would be better if they were never shown, but if people care to look, they’ll find indecency and immorality everywhere.

Why concentrate on films and let newspapers publish every kind of real-life drama?

On the other hand, many films passed for universal exhibition are far from being desirable.
The Dormouse, with W. C. Fields, was, I believe, a “U” film, but even the most broad-minded of pet owners must have found this far from clean. Yet an “A” was suitable for children.

The “purity-pushers” are like some of your readers, who are so busy picking out the faults in films, they pass over all good points.

The whole thing reminds me of the man in Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress” who, intent on raking over every mound, failed to see the crown of glory shining over his head.—(Miss) E. Fullerton, 80 Windsor Avenue, Grays, Essex, who is awarded the first prize of £1 5s.

Certificate Farce

A few weeks ago, when The Barretts of Wimpole Street and Girl in Pawn were released, I was amused to see that Girl in Pawn, which starred Baby Shirley Temple, was given an “A” certificate, whilst The Barretts—starring Norma Shearer, whom the Purity League has called “Public Enemy No. 1.”—was given a “U” certificate.

So “The Wicked Woman of the Screen” is more fit to entertain children than is a little girl of five.

Worse, it is not wiser if Messrs. Purity & Co. turned their attention away from Miss Shearer, who has ably proved that to see her name in front of a cinema does not necessarily mean that the film is “not nice,” and concentrate on seeing that Shirley Temple is given parts in films in which children will be admitted without question.—Joan Fyle, 54 Greatford Park, W. 4, who is awarded the second prize of 10/6.

The Case of Fredric March

It seems as if the producers have only to ask Fredric March to do a thing, however outrageous, and he does it!

During the past few months, for instance, Mr. March has been a college lecturer, an incarnation of death, a three-card trickster in a carnival, an English poet of the Victorian era, a sixteenth-century Florentine goldsmith, and a Russian aristocrat.

In short, Fredric gives the impression of being eager and willing to accept and make the best of any and every part that comes along, with the result that he is often totally out of character and is rarely credited with a completely satisfactory performance.

Fredric “gets away with it” because he is the soul of competence and is never dull. On the other hand, he is disappointing those who have cherished high hopes of him as a serious artiste!

In Defence of Bing

Surely Miss D. Miller must be a young lady of a rather destructive nature.

First, she suggests pulling Malcolm D. Phillips to pieces, and then chloroform Bing Crosby. Personally, I am a great Crosby fan and have never missed any of his pictures.

May Miss Miller remember that it is “every woman to her own taste.”

I hope she continues to enjoy Jan Kiepura, but not to condemn Bing Crosby because he doesn’t happen to appeal to her.—Miss Oliy Humphrey, Swan Street, West Malling, Kent.

Misleading Adverts.

I agree with L. Brown, of Wolverhampton, in his criticism of the misleading advertising of films: Stand Up and Cheer, in particular, at the present moment.

I went to see this film on purpose to see and hear John Boles again, otherwise I should not have gone, as I suspected Warner Baxter would repeat his harassed Forty-Second Street act.

It was a bitter disappointment after sitting through Baxter’s too rapid diction and Stepin Fetchit’s boring drawl to be rewarded with John Boles’s brusque and suave Personality. Shirley Temple was the only bright spot. Better luck next time, but I hope there won’t be a next time like that. It is time John Boles was given a really good picture; he is a fine actor, worthy of the best.—(Mrs.) L. Gatenby, Brancinstown, Durham.

Follow the Stars

At a local cinema recently there was a two-picture programme, the main picture of which was one of those films which the adverts describe as being super, stupendous, greatest ever, and so on.

The other picture was merely mentioned on the bills. It was As the Earth Turns. The star was supposed to be, as is usually the case with such highly publicised films, a very ordinary affair.

As the Earth Turns was, in my opinion, the finest picture of the year, and in it Jean Muir, who was not even mentioned on the bills outside the cinema, gave a superb performance.

Your “starring’’ system in the weekly film index is a great help in avoiding those much-advertised films, which are unworthy of their publicity.—John H. Stocks, 44 Stanhope Drive, Horforth.

Why This Fan Likes Mickey

We all like Mickey Mouse because he’s original, and he has no twin brothers and no rivals.

He never does the expected thing, never hands us the old plots, and we never know where the next laugh is coming from.

Loud cheers, fans, for the little mouse with personality.—(Miss) C. Garden, 49 Kenyon Street, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 5s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to “Thinker,” The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Try this 3 Days' Beauty Recipe

1. **Magnetic, Alluring EYES**
   - A wonderful new discovery which makes my eyelids glisten softly like moonlight. Use morning and before bed to freshen and brighten the eye. The secret of the wonderful new eyeshadow is the Alluring Dry Powder which makes the eyes look as though they are surrounded by a golden halo.

2. **White Hair**
   - Use white hair on the hair. Mix one part of white hair with one part of milk. Apply this mixture to the hair once a day. The white hair will gradually disappear, leaving your hair smooth and soft as silk.

3. **Black Hair**
   - Mix one part of black hair with one part of egg yolk. Apply this mixture to the hair twice a day. The black hair will gradually disappear, leaving your hair black and shiny.

When you see the face of a lovely film star flash upon the screen, you may be sure that her alluring skin and complexion are not just an accident. Her secret can be yours. Your skin can possess the same gorgeous loveliness as hers. This, within only three days. Certain precious ingredients, including predigested dairy cream and olive oil, are now contained in the new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). One or two applications each day will give you the fresh, white skin. It is tonic, whitening, and astringent. Quickly does away with enlarged pores, blackheads, coarseness, and other complexion defects, as nothing else can. Protects against destructive dirt and dust—keeps the complexion always fresh and clear and forms an ideal base for powder. Try this simple beauty recipe to-day and you will not hesitate to compare your new skin with that of the screen star. Crème Tokalon is guaranteed to give successful results or money refunded.

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**Eddie Cantor**

Singing his own Song "Hills" from Recent B.B.C. Broadcast

8389

MAKING THE BEST OF EACH DAY
THAT'S THE KIND OF A BABY FOR ME

and his new Film

"KID MILLIONS"

8390

AN EARFUL OF MUSIC
MANDY

O.KAY TOOTS

8391

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

Exclusively on

REX RECORDS

FROM ALL DEALERS AND MARKS & SPENCER LTD.
CRYSALATE, 60, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Price does not apply at T.F.S.

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**HOW TO DRESS WELL**

on 10/- or £ per month

Open a credit account with Smartwear. No references required even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M, 165 for Ladies, Spring catalogue, also Gentlemen's catalogue.


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Post this coupon to-day for a free copy of Cash's new pattern book.

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**IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT?**

Would you like new, beautiful, healthy, hair, free from dandruff? Send to-day for Samples of Kotalko, the True Hair Grower, and Kotalko Soap.

Kotalko is for men's, women's, and children's scalps and hair.

For dandruff, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

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**TEST-BOX COUPON**

To JOHN HART WRIGHT, Ltd.,
9 Percy Street (404 AM), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME ..................................................

ADDRESS ...............................................

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Supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores.
February 9, 1935

Let GEORGE

hence his riding ability. Recent films include: Guilty as Charged, Hot Pepper, Dick Turpin, Laughing at Life, No Masquerade, The Last Patrol, What Angel, Murder at the Mansion, The Captains Hate the Sea. Address c/o Paramount.


E. S. (Hyde).—Grosset has not been included in The Picturegoer’s Famous Films Supplements.

JOANIE (Coventry).—Address John Loder c/o C.B. and John Stuart c/o A.P. Studios.


M. J. M. (Teddington).—(1) Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque, not Ricardo Cortez. (2) We run ahead of Congress Dances December 5, 1931.

FAN OF HENRY (Tonbridge).—You can obtain the baton number you mention from the Publishing Dept., Picturegoer, Odhams Press Ltd., 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d. each, post free.

DOUBTFUL.—The House of Ruthless was produced by United Artists Film Corp. in America.

V. H. (Finsbur Park).—There is absolutely no truth in the rumour, Bing Crosby’s recent film: She Loved Me More is Set.

Miss Jessie, blue eyes, Giliina, must obtain Loder’s copies of Pictures. Address c/o Hollywood, Mississipi. Address: c/o Paramount.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS
Associated Sound Films, Welwyn Park, Middlesex.
Associated Picture Studios, Ealing Green, London, W.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
British Lion Film Corporation Ltd., British Lion Studios, Bayswater, Bucks.
Fox Film Studio, Rodeo Gardens, Wembley Park.
Gainborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Nerfield Studios, Calculator Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.

M. D. B. (Perritt).—(1) Studio addresses: Katharine Hepburn, RKO-Radio; Dick Powell and Dolores del Rio, Warner Bros.; Fay Wray, Columbia; Norma Shearer, G.-M. (2) What Happened There?—Richard Booth, Alice—Loana Storm; Raymond—Geoffrey Wardell; Prosecution—Francis L. Sullivan; Robert—Richard Gray; Defence—Cecil Ramage; Inspector—Russell Crouse; Juilifer—Father White; Kirkland—Quinton McPherson; Mrs. Bronner—Nella Arbinia; Maid—Kathleen Harrison; Doctor Bristol—Lawrence Hanover; Raymond—Humley; Usher—Alex Finter.

J. S. (Grimsby).—(4) Address Barry Mackay c/o G.B. Studios. Films include: The 100th Night, Evergreen, Passing Through; The Life of John Joan, Forbidden Territory. (2) Jessie Matthews did sing “Just by Your Example, Dear” in Evergreen.


WILL'S STAR POPULAR STARS POPULAR STARS
WILL'S STAR CIGARETTES POPULAR STARS CIGARETTES CIGARETTES
10 FOR 4¢
Also sold in boxes of 30 for 1¢
A lovely skin can be the most enchanting thing in the world—the means by which you can captivate all hearts. Let Snowfire Cream smooth your skin into alluring beauty...velvety in texture...seductively soft...and make all your dreams of romance come true!

**Inferiority Complex**

A.N Inferiority Complex is a disturbance in the subconscious mind which manifests itself in self-consciousness, lack of confidence, lack of charm—in nervousness and timidity—in causeless fear or worry—in insociability, depression, and a sense of futility—in lack of enterprise—in weakness of will and indecision—in shyness, blushing, and other nervous mannerisms—in forgetfulness and lack of concentration. Its origin lies in experiences and influences during your personality-development which may be entirely forgotten, but their effects remain in the form of a "disturbance centre" in subconsciousness, which sends out powerful negative impulses. You cannot control these impulses—to struggle against them by direct effort only serves to increase their strength. Remove them altogether and build up in their place a new personality with powerful positive impulses, which will carry you forward to a happier, healthier, fuller, more successful life—attractive, confident, courageous.

**THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY LTD.**

1(H.S.3) LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

**Regular Bathing**

Regular bathing of the eyes with a cleansing and strengthening lotion is the first step towards eye beauty. Optrex is excellent for this purpose. Used daily, it will bring about a remarkable improvement in the appearance and health of the eyes.

There is a modern school of opinion that is against the use of the eye-bath. It is said to be preferable to bathe the eyes with a swab of sterilised cotton wool. The lotion should be placed in a small bowl. Each eye should be done separately with fresh wool and the bowl should be boiled up between each operation. The easiest way really is to have two little bowls—of different colours, so that you know which is for the right and which for the left eye. They can then be sterilised before using.

You may think this is unnecessary fuss, but it is so very easy to spread an infection from one eye to the other.

**Compresses**

When the eyes are puffy and tired from lack of sleep or motoring, an eye compress is an excellent restorative. Certain well-known herbal beautifiers are used. The bandanalettes may be bought ready for use, or they are quite easily and cheaply made at home from leftover and golden seal. If you cannot get these herbs from your local herbalist or chemist, write to me for a address. Wash some butter muslin and dry it, and then make into bandanalettes with the herbs. Dip the compress into very hot water, place it while hot over the closed eyes, put a swab of cotton wool over each eye, then a dark silk handkerchief to hold in position, lie down and forget the world for twenty minutes. If you haven’t time for this treatment, then you can use an eyewash lotion for bathing. Warm milk is not only soothing to tired eyes, but it also helps to tighten up wrinkled-looking lids. Real wrinkles should be smoothed out with an astrinrent consisting of 1 oz. of witch hazel and 2 oz. of rose water. This should be patted on to the lids with cotton wool and allowed to dry on the skin.

**Eye Make-up**

The girl who is typically English in appearance should avoid very exotic eye make-up. There are very few types that can stand it. Shadow must not be used under the eyes, but only on the lids. Begin at the corner of the lid nearest the nose and blend outwards. Those who prefer to do without eye-shadow will find that a becoming effect may be obtained by applying the merest trace of cold cream or skinfood to the lids after powdering. Very weak eyes or eyes and lids that are inclined to granulation should not be made up with mascara. The lashes should be touched up with a brush moistened with a little vaseline. Then another eyelash brush should be damped, rubbed in the cosmetic, and applied to the lashes. A small piece of white paper held under the lashes will prevent smearing.

Mascara is available in several shades—black, light and dark brown, dark blue, purple, and dark green. The dark blue is effective with blue eyes.

**Leave it to ANNE**

Whatevver your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared on this page.

**YES register neglected just as plain-ly as faces and hands. If Nature has given you large and lovely eyes, it is up to you to take care of them. If she has been more niggardly in her favours and your eyes are—shall we say—just ordinary, then you must give them extra care; study them and make them up to the very best advantage.

The ordinary circumstances of everyday life tend to place a strain on eyes. Motor-tiring drives them, bright lights strain them, and dust and grit and grime make the lids red and irritable.

Eyes very quickly show the effects of ill-health. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the much-admired clear blue-bobes can only come as the result of being in A. T. (and condition).

So if your eyes are continuously heavy and tired-looking, with puffy eyelids or puffiness under the eyes, the first thing to do is to arrange a consultation with your doctor. These are definite health symptoms and quite beyond the scope of a beauty article or beauty treatment.

**Elisabeth Allais uses a mask when she treats her face—to much more convenient than pieces of cotton wool.**
Don’t let constant phoning overstrain your THROAT

AVOID HOARSENES BY SUCKING A PASTILE

IF these winter days find you constantly on the 'phone, avoid strained throat and a husky voice with Allenbury's Pastilles. Besides being delicious, they prevent irritation in the worst of weather. The 8d. size is especially convenient to carry in purse or handbag—try one to-day.

Take care of your throat.

Allenbury
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins

8d. &

Be perfectly protected

To feel safe under all circumstances and to be able to work and play, not only in comfort, but in the confidence that comes from being perfectly protected, is worth while. Men's softest, silkiest protection that money can buy—brings this assurance to hygiene, making difficult occasions less difficult. Insist then on Men's

Free Sample COUPON

To Miss Haynes, 168 Old Street, Lo. Please send me samples of Men's

NAME
IN BLOCK CAPITALS
ADDRESS

1d. stamp sufficient if envelope unused
Yet a further reason why Mine's 'minor' lip....
YARDLEY POWDER
ORCHIS

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

ADD CHARM TO CHARM
Sheer joy to use, it bestows an alluring loveliness of tint and texture which only a face powder of the very finest quality can give.

Richly perfumed with the lovely Orchis perfume and obtainable in English Peach—a warm, youthful shade—and in six other tints.

The silver box powder is issued in four perfumes, Orchi, Freesia, Jasmine and April Violets.

-when the housework is finished
Keep your hands free from housework blemishes. Use Snowfire Glycerine Jelly every time you wash. As it instantly penetrates your skin, it banishes all roughness and redness. Your hands become supple and smooth—have a lasting whiteness and a well-groomed look. Keep a tube handy by the kitchen sink as well as in the bathroom—it's not greasy, and absorbed in a minute.

Snowfire Glycerine Jelly

2/- Large Box

Yardley Powder

Glycerine

SOUTHALLS
Protective Lingerie

As dainty as any of your prettiest things yet affording perfect protection with your most fashionable gowns—Southalls hygienic lingerie is an essential part of every woman's wardrobe.

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NAIL BITING

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!
Free booklet sent when plain-sealed covers explain how you can easily, securely and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No abuse, no anti-suggestion. No discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage.

Tickling Throat

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with

VICK LOZENGES

6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £ per month

Open an account with Smartwear. No references required even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M. 166 for Ladies, Spring catalogue. Also Gentlemen's catalogue.

CHOOSE A GOOD BOOK

By W. W. Johnson

Listen to your music fully, you must get this splendid book. Christopher Stone says "Thousands will find it precisely the book they are seeking for." (Postage 6d.)

PITMAN • PARKER ST, KINGSWAY • W.C.2

CLOSED GROUSE

7d

SOTHEBY'S

12.WAVE SETS FOR 6d

If you would like beautiful wavy hair, send 6d. direct to Cosmetics, Ltd. (Dept. PG1), 76 Minories, London, E.C. 3, for a packet of Lane's Wave Setting Powder, which, with hot water added, forms a perfect wave. For initials, No. 1 for Blondes, No. 2 for Brunettes.

A free shampoo is included in every 6d. packet.
Insure YOUR HAIR for a penny a day

Hair that stays as you arrange it — fresh looking, even hours after combing.

'DANDERINE' makes you sure of your hair

That's all it costs — sixpence a week at the most — to be sure of your hair every day and all day long. To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

After you've had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place. When you pay for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings, and oily tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing, and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

It's a pity not to know this little secret that means so much in the way your hair will look. It's no trouble. Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

This simple rule has helped thousands of women

Those occasions so distasteful to many women who suffer from excessive weakening and pain are greatly relieved by the taking of "Cephos" just before and every day during this distressing time. "Cephos", the original prescription of a great Harley Street Physician, is an absolutely harmless remedy and is suitable for even the most delicate constitutions. "Cephos" is also an invaluable remedy for Sleeplessness, Headache, Colds and Influenza. In Powders or Tablets 1/3 and 3/6. Simple Powders 2d. each. Supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all Chemists and Stores.

IT DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART Safe and Certain

Cephos

FOR THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

FREE Sample on receipt of p.a. to Lady Super-
visor, Cephos Ltd., Dept. 180 PW, Blackfriars.

SAYS THIS FANCIFUL PLAYTIME CUSHION...

CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON

FOR the Nursery! — yet how charming this Playtime Cushion would look in any room. Easy-to-follow instructions and actual transfer are contained in this new colored leaflet — price 2d from your needlework shop, or fill in and post the coupon below. Hurry along and get started — the children will love it and it will never fade or look dull, because Clark's ANCHOR Stranded Cotton is sun and wash fast.

ALWAYS ASK FOR MILWARD'S NEEDLES, THE BEST FOR ALL EMBROIDERY.....

COUPON

Post with 2d in stamps in sealed envelope.

To CLARK & CO: LTD., Dept. P.C.19, Paisley, Scotland.

Please send, post free, working instructions together with transfer of your Playtime Cushion Leaflet, No. 4.

NAME ____________________________ (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS __________________________

Please write in clear, large, legible handwriting.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

TRADOS, The Genuine NOSE ADJUSTER (Patented)

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with Trados Model 50 Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. Trados Model 50 Nose Adjuster can shape your nose, quick, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. Model 50 is highly recommended by physicians for the correction of misshapen noses, flaccid, pinched, flat, and otherwise imperfect nostrils.

Write for free booklet and instructions.


A RADIANT COMPLEXION

Start using Outdoor Girl Beauty Products and see how these wonderful beauty aids improve your skin.

Send a card for a generous free sample (one week's supply) of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, in the fashionable new Everglades shade which blends with every complexion, to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. 155), 32 City Road, London, E.C.I.

I always use KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE Of all chemists and stores — UNQUESTIONABLY!
"Ever since I was sixteen

I'VE USED POND'S CREAMS"

says Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton

"Was I thrilled? I should say I was! The smartest wedding of the season and I was to be a bridesmaid. The letter came when I was at school—I was only sixteen—and I showed it to some of the girls. 'I say, Daphne, you'll have to do something about your skin,' said my best friend. 'Look, you're positively peeling, and the wind has given you frown lines and blotches. It doesn't matter on the hockey field, but you won't look in the picture at St. Margaret's.'

'I realised how right she was as I studied my weather-beaten face. What was I to do? Then someone suggested Pond's and produced a pot of the Cold and Vanishing Cream. I began that very night, cleansing with Cold Cream, and smoothing in Vanishing Cream during the day. A week saw a difference. By the time of the wedding my skin was so smooth and fine and soft I didn't know it for my own.

'Ever since then I've been a devotee of Pond's.

'I use Pond's Cold Cream always at night for cleansing and often during the day. It's marvellous the amount of grime Pond's discovers in the pores—even when you imagine your face is quite clean.

'Pond's Vanishing Cream is a great boon to me! It keeps my skin smooth and soft and fine-textured even after a day's golf in a cutting wind. While as a powder base I've never found its equal.'

Try Pond's Face Powder—FREE

Write your name and address here. Attach a 1d STAMP, and post in 1d sealed envelope to Dept. 940, Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, for samples of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder, Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and 2.

Name

Address
The Screen's Sacred Circle

"Untouchables" of the Talkies—Bing Crosby Qualifies—Hepburn Turns Film Producer—Unique Picture—Garbo Reads Comic-Strips—The Future of Films—New Stars on the Way—How They Crashed the Gates

BING CROSBY has joined the ranks of the Screen's Sacred Idols. This select and strictly limited circle, confined to a handful of players, is one of the phenomena of film fan worship. One can write of a number of stars who are rated very highly in all the box-office lists, question their claims to sex appeal, throw doubts on their legitimacy and even tell the truth about their acting without challenge. But mention a Sacred Idol in anything but terms of ecstatic praise and a veritable storm of wrath descends upon one's head. Greta Garbo is undoubtedly Hollywood's Holiest Heifer. Mention of the Garbo, unaccompanied by enthusiastic protestations of devotion, is sufficient to increase my mail by hundreds of letters a day. Practically every week I receive a wildly hysterical and abusive anonymous letter from a misguided person, obviously a woman, who suggests that I am in league with a syndicate comprising Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford in a wicked and doubtless profitable conspiracy to detract from Greta's fame.

The Revered Ramon

I have long since bowed to the inevitable and ceased to write anything that might be construed as derogatory to Ramon Novarro, whose following is almost as large as Garbo's. But his films are not as sacrosanct. We may, diplomatically, of course, criticise her films, but the reviewer must lay off Gracie, or else...

Bing's Big Bang

And now Bing Crosby has qualified. A few weeks ago, in my innocence, I published in...


"The Thinker" feature a letter venturing to criticise the crooner king. The subsequent lamentations in the land have been loud, long, and mostly libellous. I can hardly get into my office for letters, my postman is threatening to go on strike, and I am thinking of going on holiday. (No unsavoury cheers, please.)

Well, well, well. The screen has always had its unassailable idols and its unreasoning worshippers. The pedestals of the Pickfords, the Fairbanks, the Swansons, the Bennets, and the Gilbergs are now deserted. The crowd presses round the crooners. Who will it be next? I dread to think.

Royalty At Crosby Film

Bing Crosby also achieves the distinction of having attracted the attention of Royalty. During the London showing at the Plaza of the Paramount star's picture "Here Is My Heart: the Prince of Wales and a party of six friends saw the picture. Next day the theatre was honoured by a visit from the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Bing is supported in "Here Is My Heart" by Kitty Carlisle, Alison Skipworth, and Roland Young.

Hepburn—Producer

Katharine Hepburn will own the most unusual print of The Little Minister that has ever been made. It will be her own version of the picture—"shot" with her own 16-millimetre camera on the set and on location while she was making the picture. When she was working in a scene, she had her friend, Laura Harding, do the "shooting," and hired a sound man to make the sound recordings. Often during the production of the picture, (Continued on page 6.)
when director Richard Wallace would yell "Camera!" she would cry, "Wait for me, until I load my own camera!"

So interested has she become in picture-making that she has set up her own laboratory in her home and built her own sound theatre.

**Intimate Scenes**

Her film will be unusual in that it will not only be a miniaturized edition of the picture, but will carry many intimate scenes taken round the sets and studio and many amusing scenes "enacted" by members of the cast, extras, herself and her friends.

It will contain the only picture ever taken of Katharine Hepburn, dressed in Scottish costume, doing a tap dance under the instruction of Hermes Pen, radio dance director. Other scenes are of Hepburn eating, and singing Scottish songs, and of various members of the cast taken in the candid camera manner, when they didn't know they were being photographed.

**Stars As Fans**

Perhaps Katharine Hepburn is a Hepburn fan. Most of the stars are fans at heart and have their special favourites, although they usually, diplomatically, nominate Mickey Mouse.

Garbo goes to see Marlene Dietrich films and also likes Gary Cooper.

"There goes my ambition," said Joan Crawford one day as Garbo disappeared in the distance.

Maurice Chevalier is the idol of Francis Lederer, and Maurice, in turn, looks for the name of Kay Francis on the marquee when he goes to the pictures.

Marlene Dietrich is one of the screen colony's most invertebrate filmgoers. She used to have a private cinema, but gave it up on the grounds of expense. She can often be seen now at the Hollywood "neighbourhood" theatres.

**Films of the Future**

Since I wrote a few weeks back on the possibilities of television and colour, we have had the Postmaster-General's official report and his prediction that television may bring films into the home before 1936.

In the meanwhile, I was very interested to receive this week the views on colour of Albert Parker, the Hollywood director, who is now in charge of production at the Fox British studios.

Mr. Parker, one of our most picturesque visitors, knows something about the subject. He directed The Black Pirate for Doug, Fairbanks—still one of the most successful colour films in history.

**Stereoscopic First**

"When we get stereoscopic films, colour will have to come with it, as the two go together," he says.

"Until then colour will not look real on the screen, especially if natural hues are used. I am speaking of Technicolor. In life, the eye is not conscious of colour, it accepts it, but on the screen the eye is fully aware of its presence.

"No two people seem to think alike regarding colour; therefore when a person sees black and white on the screen he imagines the colour to suit his own taste."

"In The Black Pirate," Parker reveals, "we used as our guide the Rembrandt, as in the Rembrandt the colours are not noticeable. The main difficulty was to prevent the colours detracting from the scene. We concentrated more or less on sepia colours and much darker make-up.

"For a particular 'take' in a boat scene a large expanse of sky was seen. Now with real sky hue the eye would be concentrated on its brightness rather than on the action on board the ship, so we made the sky a light tan."

**Discovery of Valentino**

Albert Parker, by the way, is one of the people with a claim to have "discovered" Rudolph Valentino. At any rate he gave him a part in Eyes of Youth, before the Four Horsemen made him famous.

He is also the originator of an improved screen test.

This takes the form of a complete short sketch with a story and in Hollywood he had three sets built to fulfil his requirements.

The old form of screen test," he says, "was an injustice to the actor, and made it difficult for the producer to judge the artiste's worth. The only way to show an artiste to advantage is to write a complete short sketch with a story, and use close-ups,.trolley shots and so on."

All the leading companies, he tells me, employ this method now-a-days.

Parker, discovered James Dunn, Helen Mack, Heather Angel and many others, using this method.

**New Faces**

Many screen stars of the present day have come over the fence into screenland; they have hidden in trucks to get inside the barred gates; they have posed as visiting celebrities with forged credentials, but 1934 has been a year of "getting in" by visiting the studio or on the sets, under the guidance of friends or relatives.

The Magic Door to Screenland has swung open this year for scores of new personalities and the open sesame has been as varied in each instance as the motion pictures themselves.

One of the outstanding newcomers to filmland is James Barton, whose first movie will be Captain Hurricane. For years Barton was a "hooper" in vaudeville and musical comedy and then came his sensational hit in New York in Tobacco Road. Hollywood reached out and grabbed him for the quaint character of Zenas Henry, about which the film is created.

And, according to his own statement, he has "gone Hollywood" and says "what he wants when he wants."

**Crashing the Gate**

Margaret Dee, sister of the well-known Frances Dee, broke into pictures just a few days before Christmas. She crashed the gate by the simple experiment of visiting her sister on the set, making sure that the director had a good look at her piquant beauty.

Phyllis Fraser came in through the relationship gate also by being a cousin of Ginger Rogers. But the girl has "it," and, although Radio signed her, she get her first good part with another studio.

**Dorothy's Sister**

Mary Biech, aged sixteen, telephoned from her home in Bloomington, Ill., and asked for a part in Anne of Green Gables. Because she did not get a flat refusal, she went to Hollywood and got the job.

Harry Ellerbe, who created a sensation in New York in Philip Goes Forth, went to Hollywood for a vacation, brought one foot on the train going back East, and was dragged away by an agent to play in Murder on a Honeymoon.

Marjorie Reid, sister of Virginia Reid, who was picked by a director who saw her on a set. Her first part was in Grand Old Girl.

Miss Mary Jordan, under the name of Ann Cameron, crashed through into the films by making up like a part in the script of Finishing School and meeting the director. Later it was revealed that she was a sister of Dorothy Jordan.
The Best-Dressed Woman

The best-dressed star battle goes on. It is obviously impossible to name any one picture actress and prove that she is Hollywood's best-dressed woman off the screen, in the opinion of Orry-Kelly, stylist for the First National studio, who is the latest contributor. "It's a matter of opinion, anyhow," Orry-Kelly says, "and no well-dressed woman is always the best-dressed woman in every gathering or on all occasions. One may exceed all others in wearing sports clothes, for instance, yet may be less smart in evening gowns. "No one person, even if he works with stars and the clothes they wear, as I do, can be familiar with the wardrobes and the grooming of all the feminine players of importance in Holly- wood. The most anyone can do is to pick from among those he has seen most often, the women who appear to him to be the smartest dressers off the screen. "I would never name one and say she exceeded all the others on all occasions. I have said often, for example, that Kay Francis is one of the five or six best-dressed women in Hollywood. But certainly she should be named on any carefully picked list. "Dolores Del Rio is another. So is Norma Shearer. So, in fact, are Verree Teasdale, Josephine Hutchinson, Genevieve Tobin, Claudette Colbert, Jean Muir, and probably several others. "You can't name any one of these and say she is the best-dressed of them all, off the screen. Each, in her own way, may be the 'best-dressed' on many occasions."

Kay Francis Wins

"I name Kay Francis as one of the best dressed actresses off the screen," Orry-Kelly adds, "because she makes no obvious attempt to be such. Her very conservatism, which is extreme, is also very smart. She is never overdressed." "Dolores Del Rio I mention because she is, on all occasions, properly gowned, properly groomed and because she has, I think, exceptional taste in her selection of accessories, gloves, shoes and jewels. There is only one word which completely describes Miss Del Rio and it has been worn thin—'exotic.' Norma Shearer appeals to me as a well-dressed woman. Verree Teasdale gives to clothes a glamour that cannot be ignored. She is a very smart young woman. "Genevieve Tobin takes great pains in matching her clothes to her own personality. I name her for this trait and because I respect the judgment of my friend, Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, who picked Miss Tobin as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Claudette Colbert is chic and wears smart clothes with a piquant air that many attempt but few achieve. "There are others, of course, many others. These are the names that come to my mind first. All of them rate as best-dressed women off the screen. I would not like the job of having to choose from among them the best-dressed one of all. I doubt if such a person exists—in Hollywood or anywhere else, for that matter. But if I had to make a choice it would be Kay Francis." A Husband in His Element

Mozell Britton, red-haired Broadway beauty who became Alan Dinehart's wife a year ago, has been engaged for the role of Dinehart's "secretary" in "Dante's Inferno." "It's the first real chance I've had to dictate to my wife," Dinehart remarks. Custody of the Dog

It has long been a favourite jest concerning film star divorcees to ask who was awarded the custody of the Pekinese. Now it has come true. Carole Lombard and William Powell, since their divorce, have the same trouble with their dog that some separated couples have with a child, a Hollywood of all writer records. They've compromised: Powell gets the dog on Sundays and holidays, and Carole keeps him the balance of the time. Bill is looking after the animals while Carole is on holiday. Miss Lombard, by the way, believes in getting a long little doggie. Her favourite is a daschund.

Wonderful Enlarged 48-page BEAUTY NUMBER NEXT WEEK

Continuing its 1935 programme of some- thing extra special every week, the PICTU- REGOER now publishes advance news of next week's glorious enlarged Beauty Number of THE PICTU-REGOER, a magnificent 48-page issue—at the usual price of twopence only— glowing with pictures that will make your eyes sparkle; features that will make your pulse beat faster. In this issue you will share the secrets of those whose beauty and allure has won them the adoration of millions the world over. If you admire grace and charm; if the art of looking elegant intrigues you; if you wish to know more about the power of personality; if you wish to see and read about beauty at its best and brightest, to learn its secrets and marvels, you simply must not miss next week's big PICTU-REGOER. This fine all-photogravure issue will sell out fast. Be sure to ask your newsagent to supply your copy.

Short Shots

Julie Haydon has been signed to play opposite Noel Coward in his first talkie, which has the working title of MIRACLE ON 49TH STREET—When Greta Garbo moved into a new dressing-room recently and the janitor cleared out the old one he found piles of comic papers!—Incidentally, my recent remarks on Garbo as an animal-lover brings forth the information that Greta has two cats which she calls "Olive Oil" and "Castor Oil."—Joan Crawford has a standing order at a bookshop for all new books; those she likes she sends her friends—Cecile Sorel, will probably star in that Sarah Bernhardt film.—M.-G.-M. has signed up another Swedish actress, Jutta Rolf.

"Lost Over London"

Mr. Rex Graves, producer and director of LOST OVER LONDON, writes to point out that our cameo criticism of the picture in the recent PICTU-REGOER Film Guide for 1935 might be misleading. The film, he says, was not so much an attempt to present London life in panorama (as the review stated)as the adventures of a pound note in London. We are glad to accept Mr. Graves' more adequate description. The producer adds the interesting information that he is to make Pilgrim's Progress this year. He has signed Werner Brandes as cameraman and negotiations are in progress for the services of Clive Brook as "Christian."

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
Why I Left Hollywood

by Claude Rains

Who, in an interview with Beatrice Moore, declares that the Hollywood long term contract plan makes for stale actors, and outlines his ambitions.

Once more the scene was set, the red light glowed "silence"; the cameras turned ready, and Fay Wray, as the Clairvoyant's fellow confederate, was announced to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the announcer, "allow me to introduce you to Mademoiselle..."

He appeared in Crime Without Passion which was made with an entirely unpublicised cast, and was hailed in America as among the first eight great films of the year, and received in England by an unanimously enthusiastic press.

And remember that Claude Rains is something more than a daintily delivered voice.

He arrived at the studio at 2.00 p.m. and saw "Invisible Man" Claude Rains sitting in a trance on the platform of a provincial theatre set in his new British picture The Clairvoyant.

At 4.30 he was still sitting in a trance, in the same attitude, the director was still yelling "cut".

Claude Rains smiled patiently, mopped his face and called for a mirror in order to dab on a little fresh make-up.

For the twentieth time he rose from his trance and addressed the audience in his own inimitable manner.

Having watched him the first time I can truthfully say that his gestures had lost none of their expression or his acting its artistry by the twentieth repetition.

At the twentieth shot it was discovered by the script girl that the arrangement of his beautiful black velvet cloak lined with white satin, was hanging in a different angle over one shoulder, to its arrangement the previous day. The "prop" man sprung to put it right.

"I feel like a bride," murmured Raines almost inaudibly. "Hell!" yelled somebody, "another £18 gone west!"

Since then he has also made The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, an experiment in a propaganda "peace" film, and also The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

"But that is just where the tremendous possibilities of the screen come in," said Claude Raines enthusiastically. "Laurence Olivier might be even so ambitious as to attempt it, but that is just what the actor must fight.

"He must 'get inside' that line the first time, and never allow himself to get out of it again.

"I am schooling myself to do this, and now I can so successfully become unconscious of my surroundings, that I even forget I am in a film studio.

"Of course it is a strain. By 5.0 p.m. I am finished—through for the day." Having watched him work I could well believe this. "For sheer acting possibilities," said Raines, "I believe the screen has an unrivalled future."

It is an interesting fact that Claude Raines came from a family with absolutely no knowledge of the films. He tells you modestly that he was a little ashamed of this, but no doubt this fresh outlook in film-land has played a part in his success.

He has had many years experience on the stage both in London and New York, playing in advanced modern plays and Theatre Guild Productions.

"When I made The Invisible Man," he told me, "the director began discussing films with me, and mentioning this and that star, and I had humbly to confess that I had never even heard of them!"

"Good heavens, man," said Jimmy Whale, "go out and learn something about them!" And for a month I went and saw three films a day!"

"What tempted you to leave sunny California with all its glowing prospects to come to fog-bound London and make a British picture?" I asked (this is my 'stock' question, because it never fails to draw a characteristic reply).


"Yes, but to leave Hollywood studios for British studios?" I suggested.

"What's wrong with British studios?" fenced the Clairvoyant—"come and see my dressing-room here—it's the last word in comfort."

"I'm surprised at your questions!" he continued. turning the attack on me. "British pictures are making a big impression in America now—didn't you know that?"

"But," he added seriously, "I'll give you a very good reason why I have come here. If I had stayed in America I should have become tied up."

"I wanted to free-lance, to make independent pictures like Crime Without Passion, to choose my own roles."

"But Hollywood studios tie you up under long-term contracts."

"One studio wanted me to sign for three pictures, of which I never even seen the stories; which is a dangerous thing to do."

"I don't believe in long contracts, because I think one is apt to become 'typed,' for one thing."

"And for another thing, you can very easily become stale and tired working too long in one studio. I am convinced that the public becomes tired of seeing your face too many times in one year."

When I asked him what his ambitions for the future were, he answered, "Well, I don't care for the so-called 'glamour' of stardom. All I want is to do really interesting work in the films. You know, the kind of work I've enjoyed every minute in the studio, in each one of my pictures the work has been so absorbingly interesting.

"Jimmy Whale was marvellously kind in letting me follow my own ideas if I was ever 'unhappy' in a line or action. I think it should always be like that."

"Directly an actor feels "unhappy" in what he is doing, then the thing will turn out wrong."

"We had glorious fun doing The Invisible Man. Of course it was very 'heavy' acting; sometimes, having to rely only on my voice, and occasionally to walk—yet it was well worth the experience.
John Beal

Who is an enthusiastic wireless fan as well as a keen filmgoer. John, one of Hollywood’s up-and-coming leading men, has the title role in “The Little Minister.” He hails from Joplin, Missouri, where his father owns a department store, and he served his stage apprenticeship at the Hedgerow Theatre, where Ann Harding received her early dramatic training.
EVERYBODY is going to the pictures these days! The cinema has come completely into its own as the national, democratic entertainment of the people. Celebrities mingle with the man-in-the-street in the queue. And PICTUREGOER has been finding out what many famous people who have now joined the "film fans" think about it all.

Hear, first of all, what the manager of one of the greatest West End cinemas has to say about just a few of the distinguished folk who have become pictures so fascinating.

"A list of all my famous patrons" (he says) "would fill a miniature 'Who's Who.' Almost everyone seems to be a film enthusiast now. The time when the arrival of a celebrity in the vestibule was an 'occasion' is gone for ever.

"I have many times seen the Prince of Wales slip quietly into his seat unrecognized and happy to be free from the glare of publicity. He was often accompanied by the Duke of Kent—once I saw the Duchess of York in the circle.

"Earl Beatty is very fond of films and is a frequent patron—and the Queen of Spain is as keen on a good picture as any.

"The last man you would expect to find standing quite casually in the queue, you would say, would be H. G. Wells. But that was where we found him—a little surprised and amused at being discovered.

"A Garbo picture was showing. "La Garbo, indeed, is the greatest draw of all. She certainly stirs up the Debrettites! I should need much more space than this to list the celebrities at a Garbo first night.

"The King and Queen of Siam, since they have been staying in this country, have constantly spent a quiet few hours at the cinema."

"Then there is the Prime Minister. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald likes a fine film as much as anybody. He was, by the way, presented with a gold plaque at the opening of a famous London cinema."

"Sir John Lavery delights in a good film show, too. And shortly after Scott and Black arrived back in London after their great flight I saw the famous airmen stealing unrecognized into my house for a quiet evening.

"And so I could go on.

"Mrs. Dudley Ward and her daughters, Penelope and Angela, are also keen filmgoers. Others include Queen Maud of Norway, Princess Beatrice, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Countess of Gainsborough, Sir Philip Sassoon, Lord Reading, Lord Ivor Churchill, Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Gordon Selfridge, Epstein, Lady Furness, George Bernard Shaw, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Lord and Lady Melchett, Lord Lonsdale—in fact, everybody!"

"PICTUREGOER's representative's own investigation into the film-going secrets of the celebrities proved illuminating.

Gracie Fields, for instance, goes to the movies in disguise! Popularity can be a heavy burden and she dislikes being "spotted" by the audience. Sunday is her favourite day for a visit to the "pictures."

"Prefers 'homely' pictures. Likes W. C. Fields who is not, by the way, a relation. And is a great admirer of Garbo. Favourite director: René Clair.

"Our Gracie" believes that an exchange of artists between countries is a great thing from an international friendship point of view.

Binnie Barnes and Adolphe Menjou are among the few stars she has met personally. Thanks Binnie is very beautiful.

There is one great star Conrad Veidt avoids seeing on the screen. Himself!

"It's much too personal," he says, "and I react to the feelings of the audience too much. But I do see all the films in which any of my friends have had a hand—either in the cast or direction and production."

"Pictures, he pleads, are international, just as art is international, and the cinema is a very real art."

Conrad Veidt insists that a picture should be logically directed and completed, and prefers a steady musical background throughout its entirety.

Henry Hall, the celebrated conductor of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, is a keen and fairly consistent picturegoer. Often seen at trade shows.

"But I am not keen on first nights," Henry confesses, "because I see a lot of people I don't want to see!"

Prefers musical films and considers One Night..."
of Love, with Grace Moore, one of the best yet. Charlie Chaplin is his favourite, but close runners-up for his admiration are Norma Shearer, Jane Baxter, Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

Henry Hall knows many of the Hollywood stars personally, including Victor McLaglen, Rudy Vallee, Joan Blondell and Fay Wray. Likes a large orchestra in the cinema and thinks that British pictures are really going ahead.

Henry will himself play the lead in a British International talkie in April.

Next you must meet the man who has never seen a Greta Garbo film! Billy Mayert, the popular pianist and composer. Pictures of stirring adventure, such as The Count of Monte Cristo and the rousing Lynn-Walls farces, are more in his line than drawing-room drama.

Billy, who has written the music for several films, including Brecker's Millions, feels that movies do not make the fullest use of their educational powers and value.

Mrs. Mayert, incidentally, is an inveterate film fan. She makes up for what busy Billy misses!

The Western Brothers may prefer an old school tie, but they have not much time for boiled shirts and first nights! But they went to their own—Mr. Cinders.

Both like historical pictures and comedies. Have nothing but praise for The Scarlet Pimpernel. Hand generous bouquets to Roland Young, Ralph Lynn, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman and Nigel Bruce. Admire Alexander Korda. Fond of good organ music at the cinema. And that's all for the moment, cads!

The Hon. Anthony Asquith became a keen picturegoer when at Oxford, migrated into the industry, and is now a well-known director.

"Film audiences," he says, "have developed out of all recognition during the past few years. A film first-night is now as brilliant a social occasion as at the play."

Now practically everybody "goes to the pictures." Royalty, Cabinet ministers, admirals, generals, lawyers and authors.

Mr. Asquith does not think that this is because the standard of films has improved, but he does feel that stage and screen are helping the other along.

Not all the celebrated film fans, of course, are screen and stage people.

Viscount Dunedin, the 85-year-old Scottish Law Lord, for example, is more than just a picturegoer. He is a director, producer and scenarist all in one.

At his home in Lower Sloane Street, Picturegoers found the most modern of movie equipment. With it he shows his own films to chosen friends.

He has shown striking pictures of his European travels, of the Braemar Games and of a variety of events and people at home and abroad. Their interest and appeal is enhanced by his own personal commentary plus splendid photography.

A film which Lord Dunedin saw recently, and for which he is full of praise, was Les Miserables.

"I prefer films of the classics and history," he says, "provided always that they are faithfully portrayed."

It was Lord Dunedin who presented the gold medal of honour to Alfred Hitchcock for his masterly direction of The Man Who Knew Too Much, voted to be the best British picture of 1934. And "Flying" visits to the cinema are a dashing side-light in the private life of "Jim" Mollison, the Atlantic air ace. You will find him at the "pictures"—when he is not on air expedition—six or seven times a week. Sometimes twice in one night. And more often than not well to the fore at their first nights.

"Jim" thinks English actors are at their best under American direction. Admires Alexander Korda and that other great producer, Lubitsch. Prefers a good "pangeter" film, but has a weak spot for MacDonald-Chevalier musicals. Favourite stars: Barbara Stanwyck and Claude Rains (the "Invisible Man"). "Jim" once acted in a movie himself—Dual Control.

Lord Berners, on the other hand, has a special preference for the fantastic type of film. And for this reason admires the Four Marx Brothers.

Historical films do not appeal to him because he feels that they mutilate history. Ideas of how famous people looked, as depicted in books and paintings, are sadly shattered.

But he can laugh with the rest and best when history is brilliantly burlesqued, as in Eddie Cantor's Roman Scandals.

Prefers a good all-round cast to a single star. With one exception. Greta Garbo! Sees every picture in which she plays because of her personality and peculiar type of beauty.

Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson, the famous artist, is not a frequent filmgoer, but he has made his mind up about what he has seen—and says so!

He dislikes German pictures and Russian propaganda films, but admires the French technique.

Is all for greater simplicity in films. Elaborate "sets," he feels, can never rival the real thing. And more use should be made of "cuts" from news reels.

"I am astonished," he told Picturegoer, "that the £100,000 picture is not advertised as a £500,000 picture. It would be just as true, and would then be giving the public its money's worth."

Mr. Nevinson favours an international film language and feels sure there will be one within the next ten years.

"The public," he says, "is not so stupid as it is made out to be. They learnt a language as children and should, therefore, be all the more capable of learning another one now."

And here is his parting shot: "The film industry is old fashioned and tradition-bound. Just an enormous mass of misapplied energy."
February 16, 1935

Marlene Dietrich

A striking study of the star as she appears in her new film, "Carnival in Spain." Marlene has the role of a Spanish girl, and it is stated that we shall see her in lighter mood than in any of her previous Hollywood pictures.
What Does the Producer Give to a Picture?

by Darryl F. ZANUCK

THE chief of the Twentieth Century Company tells you what it is really like to be a "movie mogul."

In almost every interview to which a film executive submits himself, the question is asked: "What does the producer actually contribute to the film?"

The producer's natural impulse is to jib at what seems to him to be a polite third degree. Then, having overcome his resentment, he will go on to justify himself humbly.

Since the impression has been broadcast that a film producer is any man with a million dollars to spend, and who spends it indiscriminately, I am going to make the attempt to dispel this illusion.

As the producer of a few hundred screen plays, several of which have cost a million dollars each, I find it necessary to defend myself and those who find themselves in a similar position.

The status of the film industry today is such that money, in itself, means nothing. Ten million dollars cannot make a good picture unless the producer knows what to do with it.

"It is a grave responsibility full of traps for the unwary. The perfect example is Clive of India, 20th Century's first million-dollar production, which we finished a few weeks ago. The job of transcribing this story to the screen was far from easy. A single oversight might have ruined the work of months."

The selection and adaptation of the story, the choice of a star and supporting cast, the right director and a producing staff—these were the routine judgments required of me.

But the responsibilities with which the public is not so well acquainted are of equal importance and prove an even greater strain.

There is, for one thing, censorship, a major item in any phase of the amusement business. The changing attitudes of the press and public to a picture or a star or a trend is something else for the producer to worry about.

And the demands of the sales organisations and exhibitors all over the world need their quota of attention.

All these factors, and factions, have their say in the making of a picture. Any one of them can wreck an entire production.

The producer's worries start before the film is made and do not end until the picture has been run in the last theatre in which it will play—perhaps years later.

Upon the favour with which one picture is received depends, in large measure, the success of future productions.

As if these burdens were not enough, the producer has both labour troubles, which occur in any industry, and temperamental difficulties which rarely crop up in other fields.

Stars, directors and writers work under tension. They must be driven hard, for delays are costly.

On Clive of India our daily production cost was over $30,000. With picture companies dependent on weather conditions and the ability to secure production items for a stated period of time, it is difficult enough to keep within schedule on the appropriated budget.

In spite of the fact that companies often work twelve hours at a stretch it is not uncommon to finish a week behind schedule. If this had happened with Clive it would have cost 20th Century Pictures exactly $200,000—and there are not many pictures making as much profit as that in these days.

While a producer is making one picture with one star he must at the same time be planning another picture with another star. He must make the final decisions on new stories while he is absorbed in the current production. And there can be no snap judgments when one is confronted with the possibility of a million-dollar mistake.

It may be said that a producer who has at his disposal such stars as Ronald Colman, George Arliss, Fredric March, Maurice Chevalier and Loretta Young cannot go wrong.

But I cannot afford to put these stars into vehicles which may impair their future value, a mistake of far-reaching consequences. In Hollywood one has to think of yesterday and to-morrow, as well as of to-day.

Screen production is a highly competitive business, and, in order to survive one must turn out pictures that, good or bad, make money. Yet, with that knowledge, producers frequently make films from which they do not expect to produce a profit. They merely hope to cover their costs, and at some later date to reap the benefits of accrued prestige.

It is a gesture toward raising the standards of mass entertainment.

If there is a loss from such a gesture, the producer is the one who takes it, either in the form of censure from the company executives, if he is a salaried employee, or in hard cash if he is using his own money.

In short, producing pictures is no sinecure. I know.
NOT since the mike unshackled the screen and put action on the leash has a picture been so eminently satisfying dramatically and pictorially as this brilliantly directed and edited adaptation of Major F. Y.aight Brown’s novel, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

Actually, it is suggested by the book rather than adapted from it, and no comparison between the two should be attempted. It is sufficient that Henry Hathaway has given us a remarkable fine story and an outstanding picture which it is difficult to imagine being equaled during the current year.

Not only has action, realistic and thrilling, come into its own again, but also there is the same sense of originality that the silent pictures induced without the aid of unnecessary verbiage; while super-added to it is the balancing note of banditage and wit conveyed by cleverly written dialogue.

In other words, pictorial expressionism—the very foundation of all screen art—comes fully into its own.

There are no women in the story, or rather only one, whose part is negligible, although her presence is vital because it is through her that an officer of the 41st Bengal Lancers is captured and the situation which leads up to the terrific climax is engendered.

The theme of the plot is the devotion of a serving soldier to his regiment operating on the North-west Frontier of India. A devotion that amounts almost to fanaticism, but which is redeemed by its nobility and selflessness.

This unwavering loyalty is represented by a Colonel Stone, a part brilliantly characterised by Sir Guy Standing, who makes it natural, sincere and emotionally gripping.

His son comes out to join the regiment and his father antagonises him by treating him as a stranger—which will not show even the slightest suspicion of favouritism and his son must earn his spurs like any other young subaltern.

He is “adopted” by two officers, Lieutenants McGregor and Forsythe, and how they extricate themselves after enduring untold tortures provides one of the most dramatic and enthralling situations ever screened.

There are certain criticisms which are bound to be made but which to my mind are swept away by the grandeur of the conception as a whole and its execution.

For instance, it is difficult to believe that Franchot Tone was an Oxford undergraduate and an officer in the “Blues” before he was posted to the Bengal Lancers, but his acting is perfect and his characterisation so alive and natural that one forgets the accent and mannerisms which are foreign to his supposed antecedents.

Equally the presence of two other officers with American accents would be somewhat disconcerting if their acting were not so eminently satis-

factory and their outlook so human and universal in its appeal.

To account for Gary Cooper’s inflections as Lieutenant McGregor he is classified as a Scottish Canadian and the Colonel’s son is justified by giving him an American mother and a long upbringing in the States.

Finally there is the Colonel’s attitude to his son, which is unbelievably severe, but it seems to me legitimate to emphasise it for the sake of the dramatic theme and, as I have said, Sir Guy Standing is so absolutely in character that he makes the attitude wholly convincing.

Gary Cooper is excellent and affords, with his bluntness and lack of finesse, an excellent foil to Franchot Tone; the witty lines and scenes which lighten the dramatic burden of the story are given to these two, who are continually sparring between themselves and with the Colonel it takes them so long to understand.

Richard Cromwell is well in character as Lieutenant Stone, whose character has its weaknesses and who, unable to stand up to the torture which is inflicted on him when he is captured, gives away a plan of campaign but later redeems himself by gallantry in action.

C. Aubrey Smith brings realism to the role of a hard-bitten Major and Douglas Dumbrille is excellent as the warring chieftain Mohammed Khan, who is depicted as suave and cruel, educated and yet barbaric by instinct.

While the acting and characterisations are alike excellent, and the theme is one which holds and interests you, the action is equally well done and the atmosphere is perfect.

When I saw the picture I sat next to a man who had spent the best part of his life in the Indian Army and he told me that he could not say for certain where actual locations or scenes were introduced.

This says a great deal for the editing, which is equally brilliant in the way it maintains continuity and an even tempo of development.

Skirmishes with the natives are produced on a realistic scale, while the final assault on a fort is one of the most stirring sequences I have witnessed on the screen.

The atmosphere of the life of the regiment strikes me as exceptionally realistic and great attention has been paid to military detail, which was under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel W. E. Wynn, O.B.E., formerly of the Scottish Bengal Lancers, and Captain Rochfort John, formerly of the Royal Engineers, and Major C. O. T. Bagley, formerly of the Bengal Cavalry—a great picture, indeed, and one of which the producers may be justly proud. I only wish that our studios had the vision to make subjects as fine and English as this. It is a queer commentary on production in this country that America should make a hit of a picture so much misused in reliance to films by certain scribes and publicity men is fully justified here—but the North-west Frontier, which glorifies the spirit of our British fighting forces while we mess about with indifferent farces and films with Continental settings which fail as a rule to capture the spirit that would have animated them if they had been made in a country they are supposed to represent.—L. C.
Let the Critics who Really See the Films Guide You

Tom Walls and Yvonne Arnaud in a new Ben Travers farce "Lady in Danger."

Warren Hymers is fairly funny as the gangster and Ethel Merman sound as his moll, but the weight of the entertainment rests almost entirely on Cantor's efforts and he appears to find it a little too heavy at times—L. C.

There may be showier performers among the more fashionable screen character actors, but I am beginning to think that few so sincerely and successfully sacrifice personal pyrotechnics to creating the character intended by the author as Paul Muni. 

As an unlettered Mexican who ruthlessly battles his way to wealth in Bordertown he gives a compelling portrayal of undisciplined ambition that brings new interest to the "success story" theme. Mr. Muni really convinces us that he is Johnny Ramirez, son of a Mexican pen, obsessed with ambition. By dint of hard work he becomes a lawyer and his first important case is against Dale Elwell, a wealthy society man whose car has smashed the truck of a Mexican gardener.

Ramirez loses in court, attacks the opposing lawyer and as a result is disbarred. Drifting across the Mexican border, he gets a job in Charlie Roark's saloon and eventually becomes a partner. Charlie's wife, Marie, falls in love with him, but he rejects her advances. She murders her husband and his death is accepted as accidental.

Ramirez now branches out by building a new and luxurious gambling resort. To it comes Dale Elwell. He falls completely beneath her spell. Marie, conscience stricken and half-crazed with jealousy, confesses the murder and implicates Ramirez. It is obvious at the trial that she is insane and Ramirez is acquitted. It is then revealed to him that Dale has merely been amusing herself.

The disillusioned hero thereupon sells his "racket" and devotes his life to good works among his own people.

Bette Davis contributes a cleverly graduated portrayal as Marie and Margaret Lindsay efficiently and gracefully represents the society girl.

The film is inclined to run to length. The development in the opening particularly is leisurely, and at the risk of sacrificing the film's bid for easy tears in the star's scenes with his devoted mother some footage might be cut here. Otherwise the theme is grippingly exploited in the acting of Muni, and Archie Mayo's forceful treatment.

—M.D.P.

Jean Muir emerges from this picture with an enhanced reputation as an actress of undeniable charm and ability; her acting makes it worth while for otherwise the story is slight and not very credible.

Desirable

She plays the role of an unsophisticated girl whose mother, a famous actress, hides her relationship as she fears it will interfere with her pleasure-seeking life, and she brings to it a wealth of naturalness and unaffected charm.

In spite of the artificiality of many of the situations, she remains convincing and sincere.

The mother, who has an admirer for whom the daughter, after an accidental meeting—he finds her in her flat, to which the actress had given him the key—feels an almost filial love, is very well characterised by Verree Teasdale, while George Brent is attractive as the lover who transfers his affection from one generation to another with remarkable celerity.

The theme resolves itself into a fight by the elder woman to get rid of her too attractive daughter, and to this end she engineers an engagement for her with a wealthy young man about town.

His parents, however, do not approve and are scandalised when, feeling miserable while stopping with them, she sends for her old friend.

The engagement is broken and a stormy interview takes place between mother and daughter which ends in the latter going away with the man whom she had suddenly realised she loved and who had managed to convince her that there was nothing between himself and her mother, who had been his first love. The girl believes his tale, but I did not find it so easy.

The picture is technically very good and has some good dialogue, although it never really emerges from its artificial atmosphere.—L. C.
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She Wouldn't Kiss Gary Cooper!

Anna STEN is so Shy — A Garbo Mistake—Dunn's Come-Back—Another Dee in Films.

Anna STEN introduced a new temperamental note to Hollywood when she refused to play a love scene with Gary Cooper because she claimed that she hardly knew him.

I had always thought that capable actresses could emote on a second's notice, playing opposite any actor that might be selected, but it appears that I am wrong!

Forgotten People

Many once prosperous film workers are employed by the SERA, a government project that aids men and women who have been handicapped by the depression. SERA workers are employed on roads, erecting buildings, and similar tasks. The SERA utilizes former studio employees to film scenes of its activities. Directors, cameramen, electricians, script girls and carpenters are given employment at sums slightly above or below $50 a month.

J. Stuart Blackton, a director who once possessed millions, is directing scenes for SERA at a salary of $52 a month. He is very cheerful and hopes that his SERA work will enable him to stage a "come-back" in the studios.

The Wrong Garbo

Great excitement was caused in the film colony when a report was circulated that Greta Garbo had died. Journalists rushed out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio where they found the Swedish star in excellent health, and greatly amused by the unfounded rumour.

"The late Garbo," turned out to be an ostrich named after the famous star. A reporter with a sense of humour heard of the passing of the bird, and sent the story out as a joke.

A Surprise for Sally

Sally Eilers is convinced that there are people in Hollywood so honest that even large sums of money cannot tempt them to be otherwise. While on a shopping trip, the young actress lost her purse containing $140, a jewelled vanity case and various other valuables. She naturally supposed that whoever found the purse would appropriate the money and possibly the other valuables, and cast the purse aside.

However, later in the day a boy rode up on a bicycle and delivered the purse to Sally with its contents intact. He received $10 for his honesty.

What Might Have Been

Except for a turn of fate, Ann Harding might have been a business woman. She was well launched on a business career with a New York insurance company. She joined a Little Theatre group, and this proved to be the turning point in her life.

Robert Woolsey might still be a jockey except for a nasty spill which ended his days on the turf.

Bert Wheeler, Woolsey's screen partner, might have been the owner of a news stand. He served his apprenticeship as a newsboy. A combination of pluck, talent and circumstances launched him on an acting career.

Back in the Limelight

James Dunn, likeable young leading man who started his career at the top in Bad Girl, his first picture several years ago, and has been trying to fight back to his position of eminence ever since, is at last coming into his own again.

Two recent pictures with Shirley Temple, Baby, Take a Bow, and Bright Eyes have served to bring him back into stellar prominence, and his excellent work seems destined to finally land him into stardom before the New Year is half over.

Dunn is sharing the featured spot in George White's second screen edition of Scandals for Fox with Alice Faye, and later he will play opposite the blonde charmer in The Song and Dance Man.

A Star's Sister

Frances Dee will have plenty of competition in her own family, for her elder sister, Margaret Dee, has been placed under contract by RKO, Frances' own studio.

A One Day Honeymoon

Josephine Hutchinson, recruit from the New York stage, who is considered a future star, recently married James Townsend, Warner producer.

The wedding took place in Las Vegas, Nevada, on a Saturday, the next day (Sunday) they visited the Boulder Dam, now under construction, and the following day they were back at work at the Warner studio!

The bride and groom, the studio heads decided, could not be spared from the lot for the time being.

A Flying Star

Gary Cooper, who has tried every thrill on earth from breaking bronchos to shooting lions in Africa, is now turning to the skies for his excitement.

I understand that the tall, lean, outdoor screen hero is contemplating buying a Douglas transport plane, similar to that which came in second in the famous London-Melbourne race recently. He was seen at the factory in Santa Monica, inspecting a ship and has been observed spending considerable time at local airports. He intends to secure the services of a professional pilot.

The plane, if bought, will be fitted like a flying bunk-room, with gun racks, cooking-stove and ice box, and will be used by the star for quick trips between pictures to Montana, Oregon, Colorado and other Western states during fishing and hunting seasons and for his transcontinental voyages.

An Odd Clause

If five-year-old Shirley Temple should sustain an accident or meet death while intoxicated, her insurance policy with Lloyds will be forthwith cancelled.

As might be expected, Shirley drinks only milk, so she and her parents are not worried over this provision.

The child star has a $25,000 accident insurance policy with Lloyds, and among the individual underwriters are seventeen members of the House of Lords!

A Frightened Actress

Edna May Oliver does not like flying, but had to appear in a scene for the RKO studio, wherein she had to climb out of a seaplane, which was supposed to have just landed at a dock.

The shot was only to show the plane at the dock with whirling propellers, gradually slowing down, and the passengers coming ashore. The director had assured Miss Oliver that the plane would not leave its moorings.

But when the pilot raced the motors, the elongated screen actress believed that she was being taken for a ride, and promptly used her "prop" umbrella to knock out a window. She was starting to climb out when an actor pulled her back into her seat, and assured her that the plane would not leave the water.

Merely Movie Actors!

California State policemen thought a new major crime was afoot when five cars bearing licences of the Michigan State police and, filled with blue uniformed men, speeded northward along Ventura Boulevard.

The five cars and occupants were herded to the sheriff's sub-station at Van Nuys, and it took a telephone call from the Paramount studios to convince the local gendarmes that they had arrested half of the company filming Car 99, a story of the Michigan State police!
In a low tavern in Hamburg, Dr. Struensee (Oliver Brook) saves King Christian VII (Emlyn Williams), who is suffering from nothing more serious than drinkenance.

Below: Dr. Struensee becomes an intimate of the Queen Caroline Matilda (Madeleine Carroll) and the power behind the throne of Denmark.

The King collapses as a result of a drinking bout.

The Queen arrives in her consort's bed-chamber—one of the film's fine settings.
Madeleine Carroll as the Queen and Clive Brook as Dr. Struensee.

Queen Caroline Matilda (Madeleine Carroll) with Queen Juliana (Helen Haye) and her ladies-in-waiting.

Clive Brook marks his return to the British screen, opposite Madeleine Carroll, in a strong character rôle as a Hamburg doctor who rose to fame at the Danish Court. "The Dictator," directed by Victor Saville, is the first offspring of Toeplitz Productions, and is one of the most ambitiously staged and expensive films ever made in Britain.
In the odd tangle of events following his officiating as best man at friend Algys wedding, two things were manifestly clear to Bulldog Drummond. One was that, in this palatial mansion, not ten minutes ago, he had seen on the divan a dead body; the other that, on the same divan, he now saw a fair, young man; drunk, possibly; but alive, certainly.

Nor were these the only facts confronting London's keenest amateur sleuth with the impression that he must have stepped from the fog of the Thames Embankment into an Arabian Nights tale. In the first place, the house where he had come upon the corpse of a bearded man about sixty, in the clothes of a sea-captain, had been empty of inhabitants. The front door at which he had knocked, thinking to summon help for a drunkard clinging to an embankment telegraph pole, had opened apparently of its own initiative.

Now, however, the room containing the divan and the fair young man was tenanted by three people as well as the policeman on point duty whom Drummond had brought to inspect the body. The most consequential of these, a stout Oriental, garbed as a European, introducing himself as Prince Achmed, delivered himself with gravity.

"A dead body, you say, you saw on the divan here—of a man who died from violence. How shocking! We must go into this. Young man, you are laying yourself open to a most serious charge. Do you imagine that I, a distinguished foreign visitor to your shores, am capable of such crime? The gentleman on the sofa is my son-in-law, an invalid, Dr. Owen Sothern. The lady playing the piano is his wife, Lady Jane. I hope the representative of the law you have seen fit to bring here is satisfied none of us is harbouring dead bodies."

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" the man in blue assured, with, in Drummond's estimation, quite uncalled-for heartiness. "I know your Excellency. Seen you scores of times. Young man, the body you saw is either a myth or you've come to the wrong house.

Aware that there was nothing else to be done, Drummond bowed, apologised to his Excellency and, quite unconvinced, followed the usher in of law-and-order into the fog, to which, after a "Good night, sir," he disappeared. For a man such as Bulldog Drummond, opportunity, however, had knocked too loudly to be ignored. Proof that he had not mistaken the house on a second entry, being the obvious next step, was quickly forthcoming.

Among the few bushes by the crazy path leading to the front door was the cigarette he had discarded on his first arrival. The stub with initials "H. D." near the gold tip were unmistakeable. He was still bending over his find when the front door opened. Prince Achmed loomed up in the fog, out of which his voice travelled peculiarly sinister. "Captain Drummond, if you value your life, forget what you've just seen here. Observe that I know who you are. Often have I had cause to admire your deductions. In this case leave them alone."

Action of some sort appeared undoubtedly called for. As a matter of form, for hitherto Scotland Yard had evinced no desire for Hugh Drummond's help in solving its problems, he called at the flat above his own, on Inspector Neilson, C.I.D. The Inspector, no longer a young man, was a lover of bed, to which he was on his way when the amateur sleuth appeared, armed with matter alarmingly like a fresh case.

"I know it," the old gentleman rapped out. "Soon as I met you at that wedding I knew there'd be trouble. I thought you were retiring to the country to grow those red what d'you call 'ems."

"Oh! I haven't forgotten the hollyhocks, sir; but Prince Achmed looks a doubtful character to me."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. He's perfectly well known; has lived in that house for years. I'm off to bed. Good night!"

He stomped out of the room. Entering the flat below, Drummond engaged the telephone, with the result a young man with the air of a forlorn rabbit, shortly seated himself on Hugh's sofa.

"Too bad to drag you away from your bride Algys," Hugh observed, "but it couldn't be helped. Old Neilson wouldn't listen when I talked about a dead bod—"

"Well, you did say you were retiring to Sussex to grow hollyhocks," Algys countered. You know, Gwen didn't at all like the idea of my coming along. I haven't even kissed her yet."

"Plenty of opportunity later. Meanwhile, there's the bell."

"It's a girl," Algys volunteered.

"I can spot her hat through the fanlight. Pity. A girl came to my flat once in January and I couldn't get rid of her till September."

"By jove, she's fainted," Drummond announced, carrying in the new arrival from the hall. But is she pretty, Algys? Is she?

Her voice, when she had recovered sufficiently to use it, multiplied her charm.

"Where is Inspector Neilson, please? I must see him."

"Asleep, anything I can do?"

"But—this is serious. I must find the Inspector. You see, my uncle's disappeared."

"Don't get agitated. Drink this brandy, Miss—"

"My name's Lola Field. Who are you?"

(Continued on page 72)
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February 16, 1935

"As your Excellence! No need for threats. Here it is.

He held out the flimsy. A satisfied smile replaced the bell’s usually immobile expression: “It may interest you to know that you have presented me with half a million pounds.”

“Really! Then perhaps you won’t mind me troubling you for a cigarette.”

Out came the Oriental’s case; no fancy, flamboyant article, but, as Drummond noted, a rather one of the telescopic type. He took out a cigarette and, as though by accident, dashed the case to the floor. Seizing a chair while the Oriental was bending, Drummond succeeded in overturning and extinguishing the fly light in the room. He saw Achmed straighten himself and make a rush for the bell. Picking up the cigarette case, Drummond felt for the radiogram, found folded, and fitted it in the slip-over top. When the walk of lights went out, the cigarette case was on the floor. Drummond felt hands on either shoulder. He was between Dr. Gwen Sothen, and Achmed’s manservant, both of whom held pointed knives. Achmed showed his fist. "The radiogram. Where is it? Give it me or I’ll kill you!"

A bang on the French windows was followed by the rattle of glass as a black-gloved hand slid in from the outside to grip the catch.

"Wot’s all this ‘ere!” came he unmistakable voice of law-and-order as a couple of caped and helmeted figures arrived at the parquet.

"Why, if it ain’t Bulldog Drummond! Sorry man’s being such a nuisance, your Excellency. We’ll ‘andle him for you.”

"Delighted!" Drummond smiled, thanking his stars that, for the first time this luck had been in his full measure. "Take me along with you. I’ll go quietly."

It was annoying to leave Lola behind. Meanwhile, Hugh might congratulate himself on avoiding too much attention from the police. The last thing he wanted was to take you in charge, captain,” one announced. "Get home and don’t break into anything more promising, that’s all.”

"Thanks, officer. Good night.”

Drummond turned back from entering his car as a taxi chugged up to the house. As he surmised, the forlorn figure of Alyg descended and paid the driver. Hugh shouted "Oh," but his companion took no notice, and half a minute later, running hung the bell, was swallowed up in Achmed’s absence. "This,” thought Drummond, “is where I need a gun. Home first.”

By the time he had reached the flat he had decided on keeping a ladder as well. Obviously Achmed would keep Lola under lock and key, probably in a bedroom.

Achmed’s house fortunately boasted balconies. Selecting one overlooking the garden, Drummond found he had hit on his second stroke of luck. Access to a small room was at once followed by sight of Lola, gagged and bound by the window. He cut the ropes and helped her down. Her weight in his arms, her smile of gratitude as he carried her down the ladder was bliss tempered by fear of pursuit.

"Don’t go, Hugh!” she begged, unconsciousness using his christened name. "I can’t bear your going back into that house alone.”

"Alyg’s in there. He’s my part-

"(Continued from page 20) "Only a private detective, but I’ll do all I can to help you. Who is your uncle?”

"He’s captain of the Bombay Girl, on which we’ve come from the East Indies. He’s here ashore this morning to see Prince Achmed.”

"Prince Achmed!" Newspaper owned the Bombay Girl. Perhaps you know him. Uncle was worried over a radiogram which had come for him at Port Said, where we stopped to let off a sick deck-hand. The message was in code and upset uncle terribly. I believe it had something to do with the ship’s cargo.

"I see. Where is the radiogram, Miss Field?"

"I’ve got it. Uncle telephoned me, ages ago, to take it to Prince Achmed’s house. I couldn’t start because of fog. Then I got anxious and telephoned the Prince. He said he hadn’t seen uncle. I’m sure that he has been able to exist to him?"

"I don’t quite know, but I’ve heard of the Prince. Now I want you to trust me with that radiogram. I’ll see if I can get it decoded. Will you?"

Hugh looked to Lola’s eyes. This unbounded relief, she opened her pochette and handed him the flimsy. "Uncle told me never to speak to anyone of this,” she said doubtfully.

But I’m in such a fix and—I don’t know what I should do truly,”

"Thanks, Miss Field. Definitely this is my lucky day. Here, Alyg, a job for you. Decode this. I’ll make you a copy of all this ‘ere!” came he unmistakable voice of law-and-order as a couple of caped and helmeted figures arrived at the parquet.

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"Don’t go, Hugh!” she begged, unconsciousness using his christened name. "I can’t bear your going back into that house alone.”

"Alyg’s in there. He’s my part-
er, you know. By the way, I didn't know you knew my name.

"Though I may be a stranger to town, I've heard of Bulldog Drummond. I'll wait for you in the car."

He kissed her and, following the police officer’s orders of entrance, swarmed up a stack pipe to the first-floor balcony. Lights snapped on. Aim ing his revolver, he found himself by Achmed, Dr. Sothern, and a manservant. Lady Jane made a fourth adversary. Hopelessly outnumbered, Drummond was forced to yield his gun. Achmed spoke with dangerous savagery.

"I may as well make myself clear, Captain Drummond. I am not a criminal by habit, but unless you give me back the radiogram, which I have reason to believe you stole from my desk, I'll hesitate to take your life." "What an engaging blackguard you are, Excellency..." "Silence!" Achmed laughs best who laughs last, remember. In twenty minutes my ship, the Bombay Girl, will have safely docked with all regulations complied with. Nothing that you can do or say then will affect me or my family in the slightest. Give me twenty minutes or tell your friend to give it to me.

"Achy, what have you done with him?"

"You'll see. Owen—Singh—take Captain Drummond to the cellar."

In the very ordinary cellar, containing, as Drummond was quick to notice, a derelict mangle and only one door, Alyg sat in top-hat and evening dress, seated on an upturned barrel. A key grater in the lock. The team was alone.

"Look here, old man, pull yourself together. Did you decode the message?"

"Took me exactly an hour and a half to find out and ten minutes to write it down."

"What have you done with it?"

"The message? I ate it. Achmed seemed to want it. I wish I had some bi-carb."

"Never mind your indigestion. What was the message?"

"To Captain Paul Field. Advise Prince Achmed immediately that deck-hand Rogers died from colic."

"But that's an infantile complaint. Wouldn't account for kidnapping and murder. Must have been something else. Well, never mind now. We've twenty minutes to get out of here."

"What do we do if we do get out?"

The deck-hand Rogers was the Bombay Girl's best mate. Twenty years old, only one arm, had a fine and singularly attractive wife. His mangle was his most prized possession. If he had no friend to return to, he would have nothing. Of course, he knew it. But he was strong enough to say it. He did not hesitate to warn his friend.

"I'd write myself a memo about it. Meanwhile, here goes."

"Say, old man, that's the house telephone. Have you seen a private switchboard before?"

"Yes. Notice I'm successively ringing the lobby, bedrooms, reception, kitchen, pantry, and bath. Oh, yes, must include the bath!"

Drummond's fingers got busy. Alyg used his to pull his ears. For heaven's sake, Hugh!"

"My dear Alyg, if you want to annoy a man, ring bells. Someone will have something to say to us personally, or I'm a Dutchman."

Hardly had Drummond wrenched the iron handle of the mangle from its pin when the cellar door opened slowly. The face of Dr. Sothern was not long allowed to register exasperation. One blow and down went the owner, open stayed the door, and out went the erstwhile victims.

"To the docks, quick! Are you all right, Lola?" Drummond, ordering and inquiring in the same breath, wrenched over the wheel and jammed down the accelerator. The car hummed, its fog-lights illuminating a pathway in the mist. The journey to the docks, nevertheless, took longer than expected. With a bare five minutes to spare, the car dashed on to the wharf.

"We're being followed!" Alyg shouted as Drummond jammed on the brakes.

"It's Prince Achmed. He's just getting out of a limousine."

"And Inspector Neilson, as I live. Something's got him out of bed, anyway. Get straight to him, Lola. The Prince can't touch you while he's there. Alyg, that code-book or we're beaten."

Up the gang plank on to the decks of the Bombay Girl was for Drummond a matter of moments. Parting company with Alyg, who, with a bow and a word, thrust his ledger of ships, made straight for the wireless-room, he descended by the first companion way into the hold.

The engine-room was all desecrated, but the fires were still alight. Snatching a whisk broom from the hands of an astonished stoker, Drummond flipped open the iron door in front of one of the stoves and thrust the head of the broom into the flame.

Igniting pieces of cotton waste in his passage down the engine-room, he threw them down to right and left. Flames were spreading over the ship as he dashed up on deck, nearly colliding with Alyg.


"You're in for it this time, Drummond." Inspector Neilson informed, at the head of an interested group.

"For one, shall get out of you every shilling you have cost me," Achmed promised.

"I'm sure you will. Can I have a cigarette, Excellency?"

Out came the Oriental's case. From the top half fell the radiogram.

"Yours," Drummond smiled, handing it to Achmed. "The inspector will be pleased to see it. I'm sure. He'll see the information, which you have been pleased to disregard, that a sailor on board the Bombay Girl died of—not colic, Alyg—the code-book will back me up, I'm sure—but cholera. Cholera, fever, and the Bombay Girl's valuable cargo of furs, deadly infectious, every hair of it. Furs, Prince, no wonder you valued them so highly. I can smell the pelts singing. Can you?"

"I have lost," Achmed replied. "I heard you were in London. I heard also that it was your intention to retire. That you elected to strike back was my misfortune."

"Shall we ring up Alyg?" Drum mond inquired an hour later of Lola, whose shoulders he encircled with one arm while using the other to lift the transmitter. "Hallo, Alyg! That you? Sorry to be such a nuisance. No, it's not your wedding night—it's broad daylight. We want you and Gwen as witnesses to our wedding... Yes... I am retiring to the country. Lola and I are going to grow hollyhocks..."
On the Screens Now

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference Index to films just released

***BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK***
William Powell as Hildegarde Drummond.

Do not take this picture too seriously and you will be thoroughly well entertained. It is really good melodrama, put over with a certain amount of punch and a due regard to pictorial values.

Actually the comedy plays as much a part in keeping you entertained as do the famous adventurer's narrow squeaks and hair-raising experiences. It is also pleasant to see Ronald Colman back after over a year's absence from the screen.

He plays the role of Sapper's character and plays the same as before. His performance is fine. He makes the character a convincing one, in spite of all sorts of incredible things.

Warner Oland is delightfully urbane and sinister as the Oriental crook. Pauline Lord is good. Sam S было excellent as the usual hide-bound Scotland Yard detective.

As the heroine, Loretta Young gets one of the few chances that seem to come that exceedingly clever little actress's way.

Oland's brother supplies us with a wealth of "silly ass" comedy as Drummond's friend and ally. His impulsive foolishness is given full effect.

Altogether a first-rate picture of the type.

****DAMES****

Ignoigniously planned comedy. Several extremely intelligent lives with a thin bit of a cousin, Arabella, saves her family which is of some social standing, from financial disaster.

The talkative but shrewd Arabella is attractively played by Marion Nixon and the strong feminine team of players includes Edna May Oliver as a modern grandmother, and the Burke as her daughter, while Grant Mitchell is excellent as her husband.

Their two daughters are also well characterized by Gloria Shea and Joan Marsh.

The folly of keeping up appearances is gaily tilted at in this story with a mother in order to please has plenty of laughs, human touches and a flavouring of romance which is both amusing and entertaining. It is very good, indeed, and it is not allowed to restrict the pictorial development unduly.

****WE'RE RICH AGAIN****

Constance Bennett emerges triumphantly after an uneven contest with a part which is basically artificial and lacking in conviction. It is her acting practically solely which provides the entertainment.

The story, which covers a woman's social success, has been an unpleasant experience for the manufacture of a woman doesn't bear his brother's ideas about a man that she has married and who committed suicide on her wedding night, the reason the fact that he had been sent to prison for an unmentionable crime—lacks in conviction.

It is presented in a jerking manner with frequent cuts from scene to scene without any connecting links and the dialogue is strained in its effect.

As I have said, Constance Bennett is very good as the daughter of a drunken and unstable father who not only sacrifices her romance with the most gentlemanly of her wastrel brother and marry his best friend, but later blackens her own character in the eyes of the world to shield that husband's family.

Herbert Marshall is inclined to be rather stilted, and walks with a nonchalance through his role as the man whom the heroine really loved, while Ralph Forbes is an unattractive colourless as the husband.

Hugh Williams is sound as the brother, a none too convincing role.

****THE DEFENCE RESTS****


The theatrical story but one which, nevertheless, carries a good punch and is noted for the performance of Jack Holt as an scrupulous lawyer who is taught the hard way and is made an attractive young secretary whom he later marries.

It is familiar stuff, but is directed in a tight-forward manner which wastes no time in getting down to brass tacks and keeps the action at a solid pace.

As the secretary, Jean Arthur gives an intelligent performance, while the strong supporting cast aids greatly to the picture's appeal. The types they represent are all interesting and effective, even if the situations in which they find themselves are not always convincing.

International new sensationalistic thrusts for fisticuffs and stunts, and with the effects of the picture's appeal. The types they represent are all interesting and effective, even if the situations in which they find themselves are not always convincing.

Good characterizations and no attempt to make mysteries for the sake of it. Turn this into a stage play into some good entertainment of its type.

Its story is a somewhat novel one which introduces the power of hypnotic influence over the subconscious mind and uses it as a method of discovering the truth in the commission of which another man is being tried.

The high light of the picture is the crowd scenes which are well produced, and are saved by well-introduced flashbacks and furnished with effects.

As the murderer, a man with an unbalanced mind, Richard Bird gives a clever character study. His connection with the final sequence is an exceedingly good piece of acting.

The prosecuting attorney is finely played by J. Franklyn Seavert and Cecil Ramage is excellent as the counsel for the defense.

A rather highly accused man, Geoffrey Wardwell is sound, and so are Lorna Storm and Lawrence Hanray as the doctor whose experiment leads to his murder by the criminal who is frightened he may be discovered. The whole thing is well staged and photographed.

****DIRTY WORK****

The Travers-Walls formula as it is. The picture is set off the cast and Gordon Harker added to
support Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare in a plot dealing with the efforts of the comedians to solve a jewel robbery mystery.

It is a boisterous farce, rather than in jokes and gags, and definitely stagery in effect. However, since Mr. Walls is an unrepentant believer in putting his plays over as if they were on a stage and since his box-office receipts support his belief. I bow to public opinion and revert to the old formula, "If you like this sort of thing this is just the sort of thing you will like."

In my heart of hearts I feel I that this team of excellent comedians, aided and abetted by Ben Travers, could produce something considerably better, and am hoping that one day Mr. Walls will see to it that they do.

**HIT ME AGAIN**


JOAN BLONDALL..........Vicki
TONY DORATI.............Tony
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON..Veron
FRANK MCMICHAEL.........George
CLAIRE DUFF...............Ann
JOAN WHEELER.............Bonnie
VIRGINIA SALUS...........Edie
LEONARD CARR..........Tilden

Directed by Robert Florey, from the screen play by Hugh Herbert and Carl Erichson. Adapted from the play by Hugh Herbert.

Joan Blondell gives one of her best characterizations in this farce, the plot of which is unfortunately thin and scrawny, though it is bright in its central idea. She plays the role of a provoking young wife, Vicki, who so infuriates her husband, Tony, that he gives her a slap.

She sues him for divorce and marries her lawyer, Tony’s friend, Vernon, but he treats husband number two in the same way as she did number one, with similar results. Once again divorce is in the air, and husband number one is reinstated.

In spite of the story's artificiality, Joan Blondell makes the role of the wife convincing, while the two husbands are admirably contrasted by Warner Williams and Edward Everett Horton.

**LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**


CARY GRANT.............. Julio de Lucas
FRANCES DRAKE......... Ada Morelle
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON..Paul Vernoit
NEIDA WESMAN.......... Susi Flamberg
RAFAEL CORBO............ Ramon Cintos
ROSETA MORENO......... Rosita Moreno
GEORGE BARRIER......... Joseph Flamberg
CHARLES BAY.............. Henri
CHARLES E. ARNY.......... Albert
CLARA LOU SHEPHARD.... Adele

Directed by Frank Tuttle, from the play by Alfred Savoy and Roy Plunkett, adapted to the screen by the latter. Pre-screen September 15, 1934.

The story of a man who gets into a tangle with three women, a vamp who wants to get an option on him if he holds on to some land in Brazil, a telephone girl who loves him without knowing it and the plain daughter of a millionaire who sees his romance in him.

How he gets out of his dilemma provides good light entertainment which is piquant in quality but occasionally inclined to be gratuitously suggestive.

As the man in the case Cary Grant is rather heavy handed, but Frances Drake is very attractive as the telephone girl and Rosita Moreno bewitching as the vamp. As the third lady Neida Wesman is inclined to be farcical.

The material at the command of Edward Everett Horton as the harassed hero’s friend who is in love with the millionaire’s daughter is slender but the accomplished comedian is quite capable of making bricks without straw.

**ELMER AND ELsie**


GEORGE BANCOFT......Elmer Bebe
FRANCIS FULDA........Elsie Bebe
RUSSEL KARNS....Rocky Cot
GEORGE BARRIER.........John Kendal
NELLA WALKER........Mrs. Kendal
CHARLEY GILSON.......George Simpson
HELENA PHILLIPS EVANS....Ma Simpson
ALBERT CONING........Barbott

Directed by Gilbert Price, from a story by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Pre-screened September 15, 1934.

A domestic comedy which sets out to show that the world is really run by women in their homes. The theme is quite bright but it lacks delicacy of treatment and its joints are often too crudely overstressed to be really effective.

George Bancroft is not too happy in his role of a tough truck driver and the part of the wife offers few opportunities to Frances Fuller who succeeds, however, in looking very appealing.

As Bancroft’s employer, who is also ruled by a diplomatic wife, George Barber is excellent as is Roscoe Karns as a confirmed misgynist.

**SHOCK**


RALPH FORBES..........Derek Marbury
GWENLISLE GILL........Lacy Neville
MORRISON OWEN........Bob Hayworth
REINOLD SHARKLAND...Cpt. Peabody
DOUGLAS WALTON......Douglas Walton
AIMEE SHARLAND...Giles Haworth
EVE McGREGOR.........Alene Neville
DAVID JOHNSON.........Dick McCarthy
BILLY BEYAN............Meadows
CLAY COOK...................
HARRIET MATTS............Walls
MARGARET OWEN.........Mrs. Mary Forbes
LADY HEATHERY....Charles Coleman
COLEMAN DEMPSEY.......Colored
COLIN CAMPBELL.........Orderly
DARIO DURADO.............Corporal
MONTAGUE SHAW.......Sergeant Matthews
FRANCES DRAKE.........Mrs. Mary Forbes
OLAF HYTTS..............Adjutant
MRS. FORBES............Lovely

Somewhat fantastic story of an officer who marries whilst on leave, gets shell shocked and rejoins as a private and whose superiors, a rival in love, tries to undermine his wife’s affection by accusing her husband of cowardice. Actually he distinguishes himself and gains a majority and after the war regains his memory through another shock. Ralph Forbes is good as the hero and his acting helps to cloak the artificiality of the story.

**WHAT’S YOUR RACKET?**


REGIS TOOMEY............Bert Miller
NOEL FRANCE..............John Ireland
MAYA CONGLEE............Maya Connolly
J. CARROLL NAISH........Dick Graves
CARL HALEY..............Cameron
JOSEPHINE CAMP........Jinnie Dear
FRED MALATESTI.........Bertie
MAJ. WALLACE............Mark Warfield
MRS. CONGLEE..............Mrs. Conlee

Directed by Fred Guiol, from the story by George E. Reneau, adapted by Harry Barringer.

Ingenious if not very plausible crook story with Regis Toomey as a likeable secret service man who runs down a gang after a robbery and wins the love of a girl who had been involved in the theft.

**THE SILVER BULLET**


TONY PATE..............Jesse Lake
JAYNE REGAN..........Trudy Fiske
LATE McKAY.............Bertie
CHARLES KING.............Arlen
GEORGE CUNNINGHAM..........
SLIM WHITAKER...........
LEW MEHAN...........
FRANKLY PARDON........
WALT WILLIAMS...........

Directed by J. B. Ray.

Commonplace Western of an obvious, ingenious order, lacking in characterization and presentation.

It is much too naive for the average cinemagoer, though it may pass muster with juveniles.

February 16, 1935

Jaffles are famous for flavour. So different! So delicious! Enjoy the health-giving, tonic juice of Jaffles, sweetened by their natural sugar content. Eat them, drink them, every day. These sun-ripened oranges are better for you than all the medicines in the world. They are the most sensible safeguard against colds and influenza.
ROUND in ONE

AND Call It a Day—Queen Bess at Elstree—Also “Bo-eem”—A Sea Cycle on the Way—A Plucky Independent Producer

COME on, let's go mad this week, and make the complete round of the studios—all in one day! What d'you say? Are you on?

Right! I have, of course, an apology to make (I've worn out two complete suits of sackcloth and used a whole tub of ashes already this year, and I've given an order to my printer for a standing letter of apology) but let that wait until we've got fairly started on this tour.

We're off! Elstree first, because Elstree has lately assumed a new importance in the world of films. What have British International to show us?

First of all, a slice of the life of Britain when the first beginnings of the conceptions of Empire were flattering the imagination of the subjects of Good (if temperamental) Queen Bess.

Drake, this one is called, or maybe Drake of England, only you never know till the last moment what label is to be tied to it. In the early stages the studios always shorten the title for convenience, Alias Bulldog Drummond becomes simply “Drummond,” Ten Minute Alibi is known as “Alibi,” and so on. That is why we shall presently visit the “Bo-eem” set.

Larger Than Life

Meanwhile, the first person we bump into on Drake is Sir Francis himself, about to board his good ship Golden Hind, which has been conveniently built in the studios so that he doesn't have to go outdoors—life-size, if you please, and indeed a little more, for this model is actually a few feet longer than the gallant little tub in which Drake and a hundred-odd heroic souls dared seasickness and the perils of the nasty deep and sailed right round the world.

Of course, it had to be made long enough to include a movie-camera, which was an item of equipment unfortunately lacking in the original.

One wonders how Drake ever made his expedition pay without selling the film-rights, and especially with Liz Regina sitting at home waiting to take commission and perq. Maybe the film will show.

Matheson Lang certainly makes a gallant figure of the great buccaneer; it's hard to realise that this famous actor will, in a couple of years, be celebrating his fortieth year on the stage; but then, he started as a boy.

All at Sea

Varner is, of course directing Dance Band, and here we have Charles Buddy Rogers doing the two things he likes best in the world—acting and band-conducting—and having what the studio calls a Buddy good time, which is a very special sort of good time, not had by ordinary people.

Here again we are afloat—on a giant pleasure cruiser, the S.S. Rhythmic. The story as the faithful among you will remember, is based on the competition between two rival dance bands, a man's and a woman's. It sounds a good story, and so long as there isn't any radio stuff in it, I promise to go and see it, and I can't say fairer than that. (There doesn't seem to be any Drake or Bo-eem, I'm thankful to report.)

Jane Baxter was originally to have been in this, but is in Drake and Thirty-nine Steps instead. June Clyde is in Dance Band. Now shall we have the apology, or go on to Cricklewood, where young John Argyle is making an Epic? Let's have the Epic first.

It's entitled Variety and described as a “Cava
cade of the Show World,” but don't let that put you off; I've frequently found that the Publicity Department's bark was worse than the film's bite.

Family Affair

I undertakes to show the decline and fall and subsequent revival of the music-hall, in this country. Not that it was axiomatic that we did a film which was made nearly a year ago at Twickenham, originally called Say It With Song, and subsequently rechristened Music Hall, directed by John Baxter and starring George Carney, make the same proud boast! I never saw that one . . . well, anyway, better let

(continued on page 28)
ROMANCES IN GLANCES

He's waiting for YOU somewhere!

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Men are all alike at heart. They admire fresh, natural beauty in a woman. That's why complexion care is so tremendously important. You can make your complexion clear and alluring if you use Icilma Vanishing Cream regularly. Icilma is unique. It contains the beautifying Natural Water from Algeria which is found in no other cream. Start using Icilma now. You'll find a thrill each day in seeing yourself grow more lovely, in finding fresh admiration. Prices 1/3, 9d. and 6d.

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To give your skin that exquisite bloom that men find so attractive—use Icilma Face Powder. Finer and more clinging than any other face powder because it is sifted many times through silk, Icilma seems to be part of your natural complexion. And the subtle perfume surrounds you with an enchantment that is all your own. Choose your own from these five flattering shades—Rachel, Brunette, Naturelle, Rosée and Sun-Tan.

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Your envelope must be sealed and bear 1d. stamp.

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

sleeping films lie, or I'll be letting myself in for another apology. "Oh, I'm gettin' that nervous... Anyway, an interesting point about this one is that the leading parts are being played by one family—Sam Liversey, his wife Cassie Liversey, and his two sons Jack and Barry. Sam and Barry played father and son in The Commandments in these very studios, I remember, but this is a far more family affair.

And now if we're going to squeeze a baker's dozen of films and that apology, we'd better be mashing on.

All Aboard

At Wembly we find ourselves again aloaf, and if you're not a good sailor you'd better not come round with me for a week or two—just read Messrs. Phillips, Collier, Lonerman, and George, Mestadams Williams, Anne, and the rest, and leave me to my fate, for anyone with a weather eye can see that a sea-cycle is setting in with the fury of a Spring gale.

Anyway, now you're here, come on board and have a look round. Fox-British are calling this one Mr. Fairweather, but Ian Hay thought of the title first, when he wrote the novel from which the film derives.

Googie Withers and Tyrrell Davis are playing the leads. It's about a young man who goes on a pleasure cruise and to attract some attention (and presumably register a success with the Belle of the Boat) the fathead pretends to be a famous author. From which I gather that it will be quite in order to expect complications.

Eating and Acting

Ealing Green is next, and there we find Wyndham Films making a Wyndham film called It Happened in Paris, most of which happens in Paris. In fact, it's mainly about impetuous artists in the Latin Quarter (see Bo-oom, only in modern dress, and with a totally different story and cast and pace and atmosphere; by all means see Bo-oom, but see this one too).

John Loder, Nancy Burne, Lawrence Grossmith, Dorothy Boyd, Esme Percy, et cetera. Bob Wyler (made in Switzerland but re-conditioned in Hollywood) is directing. He thinks that in two or three years London will offer a serious challenge to Hollywood: I think so too.

Bray Wyndham, one of the pluckiest and most enterprising of our independent producers, has bitten off a terrific mouthful in this one, but he's very optimistic about it, and full of confidence in story, cast, and unit. Incidentally it's the first production that's been spindled out over all three stages at Ealing Green, so you can imagine it's no quickie.

I saw some rushes, and can assure you that photography, production-values, and acting are first-rate. You're in for a surprise with Nancy Burne. She's improved a hundred per cent lately. And, by the way, she sings in this picture. Look out for it.

A Change of Mind

At Worton Hall, Isleworth, we draw a blank. They are doing a great deal of hammering and sawing in preparation for London Film Productions, who are hoping to produce at this studio when their new studios are built, but not for two or three weeks yet.

At Twickenham, Leslie Hiscott is just finishing Death on the Set and starting Three Witnesses, and Henry Edwards is just finishing The Lad and starting Vintage Wine. The lamps never have time to cool at Twickenham.

Twickenham Twins

The Kendall Twins are both doing well; and these, you may be surprised to hear, are not two people, but one person, and that person is Henry Kendall, who played two parts at once in Death on the Set, thus demonstrating conclusively that the part is equal to the whole.

And so on to Twickenham. And hey, E.G., what about that apology? Come on, be a man and get it off your chest.

All right, customers, I will. A few weeks ago, reminiscing, I mentioned that seven or eight years ago Monty Banks had directed himself in Adams' Apple, with Tim Whelan as Assistant Director.

Mr. Whelan has now written an angry letter to say that he was director, not assistant. Well, I find that Mr. Whelan's name appears as director, so he must be right, and I must be wrong. I apologize.

Complications

Monty is being terrifically thrown about in this present Teddington film So You Won't Talk (which William Beaudine is directing, whatever anyone says). He performs a wild dance with Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore, in the course of which he is pounded and battered mercilessly, the dance being merely an excuse for the two ladies to search him for a birthmark! This situation certainly has great possibilities.

Failure

And now we've left ourselves about a minute and a half to see Shepherd's Bush (Mr and Mrs Marlborough and Thirty Nine Steps), Gainborough at Islington (The Claroys), the Imperial Studios at Ealing (Paramount's Gentleman's Agreement), the Consolidated Studios at Elstree (London Films' Whiter Than White), Shepperton (Maria Marten, or the Murder in the Red Barn), and Beaconsfield (British Lion's The Martyr Girl), and as we can't do it, we shall have to admit failure.

Still, we have seen three costume films, three on board ship, two in Bohemian Paris, and a musical, and made one apology, so perhaps we're entitled to call it a day.
Warm as toast... throat at ease...
That's the ticket... "More fares, please...

"Go—such a ZUBE"
Slip a Zube in your mouth when you go out in the cold or fog or enter the germ-laden atmosphere of buses and trains. Zubes soothe the throat and chest and afford you instant relief from hoarseness and tick-ling. Zubes—and safety first, this winter!

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of falling Hair, spreading Baldness or hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Scurf, like so many others. Mr. J. Murphy writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in clumps until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several lotions, then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second bar, my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy looking."

Are YOU Losing Hair?
Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling sebum and poisonous and malodorous sebum, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthly circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

WOMAN'S SAFEGUARD—against worry and anxiety
Worry and anxiety remain in a woman's life just so long as she misunderstands her personal problems. She may possess money and friends; she may have all she needs on the surface and yet be in a condition of nervous anxiety which destroys real happiness.
Many women who are by no means blessed with luck in material things are yet so practical about their own inner problems that they have good health and spirits throughout the whole of life. Other women are inclined to look upon naturally good health as a rare perfection. This misunderstanding makes them afraid of themselves and impatient of others. Constipation has wrecked more good looks, charm of character and happiness among others, than any other cause.
Constipation is a problem of private and absolute importance. No one can keep a daily watch on your happiness like yourself. No one can distinguish between the natural urgency which should be the daily habit of every woman and the delayed action which is the beginning and maintenance of poison throughout the body.
One simple question every night or morning and the matter is settled. An honest answer and a dose of Beecham's Pills whenever necessary are worth ten years of struggle and unreasonable worry. This famous vegetable remedy has been the stand-by of women throughout the world for ninety years.

"Your hair has got dark. It used to be so fair."
What a pity to hear this from old friends. Had you used Sta'blond, that wonderful new shampoo for natural fair hair only, it would never have got mouse coloured, but Sta'blond will also bring back to the most faded blonde hair the golden beauty of childhood. It also corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to coal gas, dust, and lack of milk diet. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silken, and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer. Wonderful for children. Sta'blond contains no henna, camomile, dyes, or injurious bleaches. Money back if not delighted. Obtainable everywhere.

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HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
Keep your skin youthful and fresh with HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM. Just a few minutes each day smoothing in HINDS—letting it sink in and fresh the underlying tissues, will make your skin beautifully white and soft. HINDS is a complete complexion restorative—equally good for hands, arms, face and neck. Get HINDS to-day, and immediately you will see the improvement in your face and hands.
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Regain Your Slimness

But Do Not Resort to Dangerous Drugging, Drastic Dieting, Purging or Violent Exercises.

There are two ways of reducing your weight. There is a dangerous way and a SAFE way.

The dangerous way is by means of Drastic Dieting, Dangerous Drugging, Weakening Purging or Violent Exercises. Do not resort to them. They must result in in calculable harm. The SAFE way is by means of "SILF Brand Obesity Tablets. "SILF" not only reduces your weight but also makes you feel better. As it banishes Obesity so does it replace the lost Health, and Energy, controls the unhealthy condition which causes fatness, and strengthens the fat - weakened system.

SLIM WOMAN:—"Take this "SILF," my dear... It is the SAFE and CERTAIN way to Slimness. It has made me SLIM and I feel much better since taking it."

The SILF GUARANTEE

We guarantee that "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this trade and tested formula.

7 Days' Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the SILF Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3 3/- and 5/- PER BOX

From all Chemists, or post free by sending the price to:

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

THOSE SEXY STAGE SHOWS

Defeating Ends of Movie Censorship

NOW that the League of Decency has actually succeeded in exerting its influence over film production in America, and with our own all-powerful Censor ruthlessly cutting out anything which might possibly offend anyone (often with deplorable results to the continuity), it would seem that our Cinemas should be places to which we could take the entire family with perfect confidence.

On the contrary, however, the whole object of our public protectors of morals is defeated by the growing practice of many of the larger Cinemas of including a "stage show" in the programme. The shows are usually of the third-rate standard, and many of them contain more "dirt" than is ever seen on the screen.

As a typical example—on visiting a large London cinema last week I had to sit through a thoroughly embarrassing twenty-five minutes (and I'm a modern girl, and no prude!) of variety acts which consisted mainly of offensive humor* of an objectionable type which would never be tolerated on the screen.

The time at my disposal was limited, and in consequence I had to leave half-way through the picture I had come to see. I shall certainly think twice before visiting that cinema again—and with a male friend, never again.

I contend that filmgoers do not want the inclusion of the "stage show." There are always the variety theatres for those to whom such entertainment appeals, and we picturgoers take our films too seriously nowadays to be content to waste our time watching mediocre variety. Do filmgoers agree with me?—Margaret Lewis, 10 King Street, Chertsey, Surrey, winner of this week's half-guinea prize.

The guinea prize is awarded to (Miss) Lilian Grimley, 44 Rathbone Road, Warley, Smethwick, who contributes this week's unusual "Thought" illustration, and accompanies it with the following sentiments:

"In corners tight" we've seen Mae West, in dresses tight. But I am sure she looks best Rolled out on a typewriter.

There are Crooners—and Crooners

I have been carrying out a little research work on crooners. I have discovered that there are two classes—(a) the croon-when-you-have-to-type and (b) the croon-any-time crooners, alternatively known as boop-boop-a-doopers.

It was noticed that crooners of type (a) could, when necessary, sing remarkably well. An experiment which proved this was Bing Crosby's rendering of "Temptation" in the film Going Hollywood.

Others who fall into class (a)—which is, of course, the very good class—are Lanny Ross, Gene Raymond, and Cliff Edwards—and, naturally, Dick Powell.

Class (b)—the annoying type—have a peculiar property of disappearing into thin air. Phil Harris, complete with ocean wave and permanent wave, made one film and passed out. Harry Barris made about three shorts before evacuation, but reappeared for two seconds in Hollywood Party. Jack Cavanaugh told us for an hour about his "Empa-umpa," then disappeared. David Manners gave us The Crooner and went back to decent acting.

The latest news is that Les Allen, famous wireless crooner, is appearing in The Code. It sounds like a Western or a secret service drama. I'm sure he will make us fine.

Give Filmgoers a Choice

Exhibitors could do much better business if they scrapped the present system of "circuit booking."

There are almost at the stage where every big house shows the same "feature" at the same time—with consequent loss of patronage, for few patrons are really content to be "once-a-weekers" only.

In the larger towns, one sometimes has to go miles to see a worth-while alternative programme in Terrific pictures.

In London, recently, seven big Cinemas within a two-mile square showed the same programme! Suggestion to the circuits: standardise all-the-week programmes in all houses, and book several distinct series in each area, instead of one series for the whole circuit, as now. Give patrons a choice regularly, and they will probably visit your Circuit several times weekly instead of once.—J. Robinson, Hornsey.

The Teamings of Talkies

I have noticed that it seems to be a habit of the managers or booking agents to run two films together in all the first-class houses of a town. The teaming was followed round at all the best cinemas in this town by the same indifferent supporting picture.

The same occurred in It Happened One Night. The film of Mae West and Cary Grant was put with it wherever it was booked in the better-class houses, and it was only when the better film reached the lowest type of theatre that the two were parted.

Now it seems that One Night of Love is to be teamed continually by Girl in Danger.—(Miss) Roma Lansen, 61 Blatchington Road, Hove, Sussex.

Misleading Film Titles

I feel sure many good films are spoilt by bad titles. A recent case in point being the really lovely film One Night of Love. Whoever was responsible for giving it a title is a great error. From my own personal experience, I know at least six people who did not go on account of the somewhat sensational and misleading title, all of them people who would have thoroughly enjoyed it.

The title lured the kind of people who would neither understand or appreciate it and kept those who would away.

If the box-office receipts of this film do not come up to expectations, I feel sure this is the reason. For my own part, I consider it the most delightful film I have ever seen; and I only hope we shall see more of those charming people, Tutio Carminati and the talented Grace Moore.—M. A. Isom, 1 Southside, Dune Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

Ct 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.
The 7-hour face powder!

No need to keep powdering over and over again to avoid shiny nose and greasy looking skin. Now a new discovery enables you to powder once and be absolutely certain of a fresh, smooth "dull-finish" complexion for seven hours. This marvellous ingredient is called Mousse of Cream, now blended by a patent process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon stay on five times as long as ordinary powders. No trace of ugly shine in the hottest weather, after the most strenuous game of tennis, or all through a long evening's dancing. Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, girlish complexion—a fascinating beauty that hardly any man can resist. Try a box to-day and see how different Poudre Tokalon is from all other powders, because it is the only one with the "Mousse of Cream" secret.

6 Wave-sets for 6d.

If you admire the appealing "kissability" of the lips of the film stars and the girls in the West-End shows, just try their lip make-up yourself—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of Hollywood Studios! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few pence! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you to-night. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, at all chemists, hairdressers or department stores, also a generous baton at 6d.

Clazzening and radiant is the complexion refreshed by DAGGETTand RAMSDELL's perfect skin tonic

The morning application of D & R Skin Tonic is the first step in the famous Daggett & Ramsdell Beauty Treatment; used in conjunction with D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream as a foundation for make-up, and D & R Perfect Cold Cream for nightly massage, it forms the ideal way to the desired complexion. If you are contended with the creams and lotions you already use, don't change. But if you want that final touch of loveliness, change to D & R—and you won't change again.

D & R Perfect Beauty Creams, in tubes, 6d. and 1/-, and in jars, 1/3 and 2/6. Skin Tonic 1/- and 2/6.

Now May's Lips say "KISS ME"

What a relief to be able to eat and sleep normally after years of stomach trouble which caused nights of unbearable pain.

No wonder Mr. T. Cairns, of 50 Leitrim Street, Belfast, says he was fortunate when he tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"Being a sufferer from stomach trouble for years, I have tried every other remedy I could hear about, without success, until I had the good fortune of trying your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now I can eat anything without suffering ill effects. I have lain in bed at nights in a cold sweat through pain almost unbearable, but since using your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can sleep in peace and comfort, and I am recommending Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to everyone I know, and will continue to do so, as I pity anyone suffering as I did."

Get a bottle to-day, but do not accept an inferior substitute in order to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/-, 2/6, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

I'm sure you did

**MACLEAN'S PEROXIDE TOOTHPASTE**

Obtainable everywhere 6d. and 1/-

If you use a solid dentifrice, try the new Maclean's Solid Peroxide Dentifrice — 6d. per tin
Anna Neagle says "It's marvellous!"

Anna Neagle, who is now scoring her greatest triumph in the film "Nell Gwyn," says:—

"I am absolutely charmed with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. For quick make-up I think it is simply marvellous, especially to one so naturally blonde as myself. I like its fragrance, too."

Old-fashioned and laborious day and night treatments are no longer necessary. The smart modern girl has no time for them. Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream makes her keep her complexion as beautiful as that of any Princess in a fraction of the time and at nothing like the cost.

These Magical Make-up Aids FREE FOR YOU

FREE SAMPLE OF CUTICURA SOAP, TALCUM AND TALCUM

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Leave It to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, whether it is related to beauty or domesticity. Send along your query accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope if you desire a quick reply by post.

H ere is one beauty subject that would seem to be of interest to about eight out of ten women over the age of twenty-five—and that is the question of superfluous hair. It is a blemish that women take to heart very much indeed, particularly when it is on the face. They become unhappy and self-conscious, and, in fact, imagine that other people notice it very much more than is the actual case. "I want to get rid of it for ever," write my correspondents. Please send me a sure cure, and one that is not too expensive."

Replying to these letters always makes me a bit sad. I hate to disappoint your faith in my ability to send a certain cure that costs only a shilling or two. There is only one complete cure to date. That is electrolysis and unfortunately the elaborate nature of the treatment makes it expensive. It is highly probable that the cure of the future will lie in treatment by glandular extract. There is a connection between the activities of certain ductless glands and the appearance of the hair. That connection is known to medical science. As a consequence, attempts have been made to treat the condition by giving extracts. So far, the results have not been encouraging. There has been success in a few cases, but they are so few, that it is impossible to say that the method is successful. Generally, it fails.

Thus we are thrown back on electrolysis, which is certain in its effect. The treatment must be given by an expert. If it is inexpertly performed, scarring may result. It is not really painful. The little discomfort that is suffered is more than counterbalanced by the relief that the sufferer feels when the unwanted hair is banished. The current used is produced by a small galvanic battery. The patient sits in a comfortable chair, and the current is conducted to each separate hair through a fine platinum needle. The patient is asked to hold a nine plate so that the circuit is complete, and the needle passes easily to the follicle of the hair. It is held in position till the hair—by certain chemical changes which have taken place in the cells of the battery and have been passed on to the root—is assumed to be destroyed. The destroyed hair is then removed and another cannot grow in its place.

It is not always possible to destroy the hair at the first treatment. It is possible that two applications of the needle may be required, and extremely obstinate cases that need three applications are not unknown. Repeated treatment, of course, adds to the expense.

Immediately after the treatment tiny scars are visible. But these fade quickly and a smooth skin is left. Fees vary according to the style of the establishment. A fully qualified practitioner will probably charge approximately three guineas a visit.

The number of visits depends on the quantity of hair to be destroyed and its response to treatment.

I have gone into this electrolysis treatment at some length because I feel it is a question that affects intimately so many of my readers. Some there are to whom the price will be absolutely prohibitive, but there may be others who will feel that it is worth saving up and going without luxuries to be rid of a disfigurement that causes so much mental distress.

Other Means

Now what advice can be offered to those for whom electrolysis is absolutely out of the question? It depends on the thickness of the hair and how much distressing occasions. If the growth is just "downy" or if it is very fair and only noticeable in certain lights, my earnest advice is leave it alone.

Surface hair that is removed must grow again, and the tendency is for it to grow coarser. But, if the hair is creating real agony of mind and thoroughly spoiling life for the sufferer, then use a depilatory and use it often so that the skin is kept smooth. But whatever you do, don't use a razor, or you will have to shave every morning.

There are several types of delipatory advertised in the pages, cream, powder and wax. Wax has certain advantages, but readers will discover which suits best their particular purposes. Those who would prefer to have the treatment professionally can also get wax treatment from good class hairdressing establishments. The cost is low, so that the need for having it done repeatedly is not too serious a burden.

Those who do not use a depilatory should certainly establish the habit of daily dabbing with peroxide of hydrogen. This blanches the hair, and tends to weaken the growth, though it is useless to pretend that it will ever destroy it.

Depilation

Depilation means pulling hairs out by the roots. There are some brave souls who can do this despite the pain. But it is not easy. A hair completely removed by the roots is unlikely to give trouble again. But it must come right out. Too often it is merely broken off, and after a little while reappears as strong as ever.

Automatic tweezers should be used and the hair must be pulled in the direction in which it grows. It is painful, but dabbling with a little witch hazel will deaden the smarting and be antiseptic as well.

Answers to Correspondents

CEREBUS (Liverpool).—Hair ornaments are fashionable for the wear. A little paste clip looks very effective when fastened into a deep wave. You should be smoothly dressed to get the best effect.

H. THAL (Rift).—Wash the hairbrush by dabbing up and down on waxy lather. Do not allow the water to come over the back of the brush. A little borax added to the water will free brush from all grease. Rinse in cold water, shake as much water off as possible. Stand on end to dry.

ELIZABETH.—You can make your mouth appear smaller by limiting the area to which you apply lipstick. Do not take the colouring to the corner of the mouth. Sorry, cannot give you make-up suggestions as you forget to tell me the tint of your hair.

MOIRA.—Wash your face in water to which a little witch hazel has been added.

PUZZLE (Devon).—Your skin is undoubtedly normal. Wash once a day with warm water and good soap, and follow with cold cream massage. After ten minutes remove surplus cream and rinse face with cold water.

MAURIE (Kestish Town).—Your nosey friend was probably warned by the use of mascaras. I advise you to give it up. A certain amount of irritation is inevitable unless the eyes are in first-class condition.

MADIE (Newcastle).—Your description sounds like a sebacous cyst. Your doctor will open and drain this for you. It is a simple and painless operation.

M. M. (Manchester).—I am not greatly in favour of the use of ice for the complexion. Too often it results in the formation of broken veins.

Thanks...for the tip

I prefer them too

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GLYMIEL JELLY brings immediate results. Soothing rawness, whitening red hands, smoothing rough ones, and making the hardest worked hands gracious, lovely and attractive. But best of all is the permanent beauty which a little regular care with this fragrant non-greasy jelly brings your hands. Just rub a little Glymiel Jelly into your hands each night and every time you wash. Start a beauty treatment for your hands to-day.

NO MORE CHAPPED or CRACKED HANDS

Start using Glymiel Jell in Decorative Tubes 3d, 6d, 1/-
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GLYMIEL JELLY TUBES 3d. 6d. 1/-

Just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands charm and beauty, so GLYMIEL FACE CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. 6d. a tube.

An apple a day—yes... but a STAIN to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Who would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Many toothpastes fail to remove all seven—because they have only one kind of cleansing action. And all stains simply will not yield to any one action.

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, completely—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First, an emulsive action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle, polishing action, that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left. What a difference those TWO cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS
THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH
1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Sweets.
4. Fruits.
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6. Tobacco smoke.

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Try a packet of the new De Reszke with the improved filter tip, and you will find that cigarette-smoking holds a new joy for you. Blissfully cool, delightfully smooth, with nothing to irritate the most sensitive throat—to smoke these cigarettes is to realise even more fully the fine character of the De Reszke leaf.

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and love is the woman with
a skin of seductive softness
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When this fragrant, non-
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From Paris Comes The NEW MATT-FINISH POWDER

THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON

The smartest French women to-day all have "matt finish" complexion—a fresh, lovely complexion which stays free from shine all day long in all circumstances.

The secret is a new process by which the finest triple-silk sifted powder is blended with Double Mousse of Cream. This latest face powder process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—has now been patented by Tokalon. It makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. No trace of shine on nose or face even after hours of dancing in a hot room or when out in wind or rain.

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FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 329 Z), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

OVERWROUGHT WIVES NERVES ALL TO PIECES

When you consider the cares and worries of the average wife and mother, is it any wonder that many are so overstrung as to be verging on hysteria?

The housewife is too often overworked, but more devastating than her daily duties are the many worries that fall upon her. These often have serious effects, causing sleeplessness, headaches, depression, and irritability. To overcome this nervous exhaustion you need Dr. Williams Pink Pills. These pills are a powerful nerve tonic because they enrich and build up the blood, and it is through the blood that the nerves are fed.

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YARDLEY LAVENDER
Will the COSTUME CYCLE COLLAPSE?

HISTORY films overdone—
High-brows adopt W. C. Fields—Neusu-reel sued—"Gruesome" scene alleged—Meet "Marina"—Mae West goes modern—Bing Crosby gets a rise—the busiest players in films

Here are signs that before we are very much older the costume cycle will have gone the way of all screen cycles. It is true that the production schedules are still full of titles that look like readings from history and that we have yet to see some of the most important contributions, but I should not be surprised if the boom collapses before many of the studios have got through their present lists.

It is already being whispered in the trade that historical films have been overdone and are beginning to cause a pained silence at the box-office.

One reason for the popularity of the series has been the fact that it has proved a godsend to American producers during the Purify Drive. Romance wrapped in the trappings of the past is less offensive than the realities of the present as reflected in current drama and literature.

If the boom has proved anything at all, it is that we do these things much better over here. With one or two exceptions, notably The House of Rothschild, America's costume films have been a poor lot.

A £500 Bet

David Copperfield and Clive of India, which arrive here with excellent press credentials, may, however, help prolong the life of the cycle. I hear, incidentally, of an interesting bet between two well-known film colony personalities concerning these two films.

Myron Selznick, brother of David Selznick, producer of the Dickens picture, at a Sam Goldwyn party the other night wagered Al Lichtman 2,500 dollars that Copperfield will draw more money to the box-office than Clive. The bet will be decided when the figures are checked, a year from the release date of each.

Oh! Mr. Fields!

Two worthy performers, Edna May Oliver, as Aunt Betsey Trotwood, and W. C. Fields, as Micawber, are, I note, credited with honours in the M.-G.-M. picture.

And now the worst fears of those of us who have been predicting that Mr. Fields would be taken to the boom of the highbrows have been realised. Months ago, writing of the awful possibility, in a lighter moment I said: "They could call it a movie manifestation of a blundering and anguished soul in search of understanding in an un-understanding world, or modern knight-errantry in search of windmills ... or 'boloney'... or something."

This week a distinguished and usually level-headed critic records unsingly:

"Not to be aware of the tragic overtones in the work of this middle-aged, whisky-nosed, fumbling and wistfully incompetent gentleman is to be ignorant of the same tragic overtones in the comedy of Don Quixote de la Mancha."

"But to those who love him best, Mr. Fields is the great healer, taking unto himself grievous human burdens and in the same breath teaching his disciples to crucify him with laughter as his reward for purging them of their futilities."

Corpse in a News-reel

One of the most interesting and, perhaps, significant screen sidelines of the week is the news that a woman and her husband are suing Universal Pictures in America for damages for shock allegedly caused by "a gruesome and revolting" news-reel scene.

The shot concerned was one of the bullet-riddled body of the gangster, Baby Face Nelson, former "Public Enemy Number One".

The woman, Mrs. Doris Preisler, who was in a delicate condition, claims that the spectacle so upset her that her maternal expectations were ruined and that the ensuing complications required surgical care.

Mr. Preisler also claims to have been injured in health by the experiences of his wife. They are asking for 150,000 dollars.

The Movies "Marina"

I suppose it was inevitable that sooner or later we should be introduced to an aspiring screen star with the Christian name of "Marina."

Uncle Carl Laemmle has again beaten his rivals to it. The young lady whose coming debut he announces is Marina Passerovka, a Czech-Slovakian beauty, who is now busy learning (Continued on page 8)
English grammar and Hollywood glamour at Universal City.

It seems that on his last trip to Europe, a beautiful and ambitious young actress called on him at Carlsbad. She was labouring under the difficulty that she did not know English and was still unwilling to have Mr. Laemmle realise this weakness in her armour.

So she inquired of a friend, who turned out to be something of a practical joker, what she should say to him, planning to learn it by sound. The result of this was that when she greeted Mr. Laemmle, she said, politely:

"How do you do, Mr. Laemmle? I would like to bust you on the nose."

When Mr. Laemmle finished laughing, he told her that if she ever came to Hollywood, to be sure to come to see him. She came, she saw, and now Mr. Laemmle is paying for her education in English.

Miss Passerova is described as a petite and striking brunette with a beautiful singing voice.

Father of the Star System

Carl Laemmle, who recently celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday, celebrates another anniversary to-morrow. Twenty-nine years ago on February 24, he tacked up the sign "White House Theatre" outside a little hall in Chicago—and entered the film business.

The story of Carl Laemmle is very much the history of the American film industry. He helped to break the trust that controlled films at the time he became interested in them.

And he is the father of the star system, the first producer to put the names of the stars on the screen.

Mae Goes Modern

The news from the Mae Western front continues to be interesting even if there is still no official announcement regarding the date of her forthcoming visit to Britain. The title of her new picture has been changed from Now I'm a Lady to How Am I Doing?

And, more important, it seems that the Paramount Panjandrums have taken to heart the lessons of I'm No Angel and Belle of the Nineties and provided something new for their principal meal ticket.

In the latest film, at any rate, Miss West is to forswear the Gay Nineties and go entirely modern. Throughout the story she will wear the very latest models in gowns.

The "Women Haters"

If Phil Lonergan's "Hot From Hollywood"--message of a romance between Ronald Colman and Loretta Young has a sequel with a wedding-bell accompaniment, the event will mark not only the passing out of circulation of Hollywood's most eligible "eligible," but the surrender of the last diehard of the famous "Women Haters' Club."

This organisation thrived some eight years ago with such famous members, in addition to Colman, as Richard Barthelmess, William Powell, and Charles Lane. Each of these worthies had burst forth from an unsuccessful marriage.

"Never again" was the burden of their song, and they called themselves the "Women Haters."

A pipe of tobacco, a whiskey, a cosy club chair and the joys of the tennis court, the golf course, the trout stream or the duck blinds were to be their individual heavens from then on.

Many a vow did this quartette make in Richard's Santa Monica home, in Bill's Beverly Hills' bungalow, or in Roland and Charles' ample diggings on Kingsley Drive.

The Last Survivor

And as they all went ahead and prospered and built new and finer homes, each had his architect design three other rooms in his home for the three other members of the club. Their names were on the doors, and each room was sacred to the members of the "Women Haters," whose name was inscribed at its portal.

One by one they forsook their vows until now only Colman remains.

The "Frankenstein" Sequel

The "horror" fans may be interested to hear that James Whale has put The Bride of Frankenstein into work at Universal City. Karloff will be starred, and in a make-up which requires from six to seven hours to put on.

Valerie Hobson, the British star whose work in The Mystery of Edwin Drood has made her an outstanding figure in the studio, has the feminine lead.

Colin Clive will play the part of Frankenstein, as in the original, and Ernest Thesiger, who was in The Old Dark House, E. E. Clive and Una O'Connor, all favourite James Whale players, have important parts.

James Whale feels that he has made an extremely happy choice to fill the role of the bride of Frankenstein. A number of European and American actresses and screen players were tried out and considered for the role.

Among them were Brigitte Helm and Phyllis Brooks. The requirement was the quintessence of cold beauty.

Elsa Lanchester, who played Anne of Cleves in The Private Life of Henry VIII, was finally suggested, and her tests won her the role hands down.

Poor Bing!

Spare a tear for Bing Crosby (yes, here's that man again!). Bing, as you may know, works in films, sings on the radio, and makes records. But it took him more than five months to get a rise out of his own money!

All Bing's money is paid into Bing Crosby Inc., a firm, and Bing draws a salary as president.

When Bing's famous twins were born, the Paramount star demanded a rise on his presidential salary, but Vice-President Everett Crosby (brother) and Treasurer H. L. Crosby, sen. (father) with Secretary John O'Melveny (lawyer) were all against it.

For five months Bing pleaded, argued, and threatened. Then Dixie Lee, who is Mrs. Crosby, signed up for Win or Lose, with Joe Morrison.
It's all because of these dance crazes in which she gets involved. A year ago, Ginger showed symptoms of a plumpness that was increasing dangerously. Then came Flying Down to Rio, the musical romance which swept the country with the Carioca—and again the Rogers contours were magically svelte.

The "Carioca" did it—that made South American rhythm which ruled radios and dance-floors for months, Ginger danced it with the agile Fred Astaire—danced it for weeks in rehearsal and before the cameras. And its exciting acrobatics did more for the Rogers form than all the starvation in the world.

The red head emerged from the ordeal by "Carioca" beautifully slender!

The "Continental" Contour

Flying Down to Rio finished; Ginger went back into dramatic comedy, and again the tendency to plumpness showed itself.

And suddenly the "Continental" was born in the

his new picture—Greta Garbo’s next will probably be The Flame Within, to be directed by Edmund Goulding—Richard Barthelmess’s first job as a free-lance star will be in Paramount’s Small Miracle—Robert Montgomery’s Piccadilly Jim has been temporarily hailed—Katharine Hepburn will do Break of Hearts next and Francis Lederer will be her leading man.

Marion Gerth

By an unfortunate transposition of stills, a picture appeared on page 24 of our issue of February 2 purporting to be Dolly Haas. It is, in point of fact, Marion Gerth, who has a small part in the same film, Girls Will Be Boys, which marked the former’s British screen debut.

Marion Gerth was born in 1916 of a British father and an Austrian mother, and is well known on both stage and screen on the Continent.

She has worked a great deal for the famous production firm, Emelka, and has also appeared under the auspices of Rheinishardt.

Miss Gerth has arrived on the British film scene without the customary blowing of trumpets, but her European reputation suggests that it is likely that we shall hear a good deal more of this little lady in the near future.

Marion Gerth is twenty-one to-day—her birthday coincides with our date of issue, so we hasten to offer her our congratulations and best wishes for her success on the screen.

The Biter Bit

There is an old adage of the biter always getting bitten and if ever that saying was applicable it most certainly applies to Monty Banks as the conclusion of So You Won’t Talk? at Tooting.

For five weeks Monty had clawed with everybody—he always does, he can’t help it—then "revenge is sweet," croaked director Beaudine. He had a bad cold—and what a revenge! The final "shot" of the picture was of Monty on all fours getting something from a small safe. Here was the ideal opportunity to pay him back in his own coin.

Eighty synopses of soda water were procured and handed to the electricians, who were working the lights from above. As soon as the "shot" was completed, William Beaudine called for a "retake." It isn’t necessary for the purpose of getting Monty into the ideal position for the syphonic cyclone it was essential.

Everything was ready with Monty concentrated on removing things from the safe.

"Quiet, everybody," said the director. "All ready, Monty? — "O.K. Then shoot!"

And at that word the contents of the eighteen synopses were emptied on the unsuspecting Monty, with shouts from everybody of:

"So you won’t talk, eh?"

Chorus Girl Slang

Screen chorus girls are developing a vocabulary of their own. Dave Gould, who is staging the dances for Universal, which stars Maurice Chevalier, was surprised to hear himself called "Simon Legree," the other day.

"A chorus girl called me "Simon Legree,"" he says, "but it was merely the chorus’ technical name for a dance director. Further inquiry revealed the following terms in general use among the shapely toe-tappers:—"


MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS
We Set Out to Make an INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL

By JACK BUCHANAN

AM among the most staunch believers in British film production. I have always believed it possible to make pictures in this country indistinguishable in appeal and entertainment value from those turned out by Hollywood studios.

That is why I have thrown in my lot with British pictures in the last few years—because I have been anxious to share in proving that my view is correct.

I do not care to make elaborate claims about my own pictures. I am not going to say that my latest British and Dominions film Brewster's Millions is the last word in musicals, or that it equals anything ever made in Hollywood.

But I do say that it is a step in the right direction and that great efforts were expended by all concerned to give the picture the highest possible polish in all departments of production.

The policy of British and Dominions, with which I readily concurred, was to line up a team of experts to ensure that every entertainment angle should be handled by the best available men.

Thus, we had a team of first-rate writers headed by Douglas Furber and Arthur Wimperis; music was written by Ray Noble and recorded by Geraldo; dresses were by Schiaparelli; dance direction was in the hands of Buddy Bradley; and direction was entrusted to Thornton Freeland, the young American director of Eddie Cantor in Whooppee and the more recent Flying Down to Rio.

With this array of personalities we started on the production of Brewster's Millions intending that if possible it should be the best production of its kind ever made in this country and one which would reflect credit on British pictures everywhere.

I hope that Picturegoer readers will consider that we achieved a fair measure of what we set out to do when they see the finished article.

How did we set about the job?

We employed Hollywood production methods from the start. We wanted a number of beautiful girls to adorn the action of the picture.

It was decided that we would spare no effort to find a collection of girls who would be really good to look at and not merely passable. We wanted twelve and before those twelve were selected over a thousand girls were interviewed and five hundred of them given full screen tests.

The script called for the filming of a spectacular fiesta scene introducing a big dance sequence. With Buddy Bradley and Mr. Freeland I worked out a dance which we christened the "Caranga."
Then pursuing our policy of doing everything on the super scale, we proceeded immediately with rehearsals in which the dance was learned by eighty men and eighty women. I must interpolate here an explanation of my frequent use of the word "we." It covers not only my personal interest in every aspect of the production of one of the pictures in which I star, but also includes in one simple comprehensive term the director and the producers. It is easier than dividing up the suggestion and adoption of various points of production among the group of executives who discuss these things corporately.

From the point of view of technique, British production does not differ very much from that of Hollywood. We wanted big sets for Brewster's Millions and we got them. That was no startling innovation since British art direction has been at a very high pitch for a considerable time.

As far as camera work was concerned we used all the latest devices including a huge twenty-foot camera-crane which has made possible some really extraordinary shots.

I am pleased to be able to say that the art director, L. P. Williams, and the camera man, Henry Harris, are both British-trained technicians.

Where Brewster's Millions had an advantage over many pictures was in the time allowed for production. The executives of British and Dominions gave every facility for the most thorough and painstaking production.

Whatever was not satisfactory at the first attempt was done again. This is, of course, the regular procedure of the big Hollywood production companies and no super picture can be made otherwise. Naturally this introduces a time factor which means additional expenditure but the value of it emerges on the screen.

The point is illustrated by the scenes on the yacht and the fiesta sequence. It would have been possible to do all this work in the studio, but the result would have looked artificial.

Actually, therefore, we chartered a fifteen-hundred ton yacht and took the cast, production unit and chorus cruising in Southampton Water for a number of days while the necessary shots were secured.

The market-place set for the fiesta sequence was built out-of-doors in ten acres of ground available at the British and Dominions Studios. Three weeks shooting was necessary to get the various scenes required.

The "Caranga" was shot from every conceivable angle. The sequence is one of the most important and definitely the most spectacular in the whole picture.

The fact that it was shot outside the studio meant that the vagaries of the weather affected the rate of production. But by bearing the risk we secured a result which was just that much better.

There are interesting stories behind every big production and Brewster's Millions is no exception. I am not going to discourse, however, on the difficulties and the unexpected developments which we were suddenly faced with and had to overcome. They are regular occurrences in stage or screen life. I have tried to give an indication of the pains that were taken in the production of the picture.

Our endeavour was to make a musical comedy film on an international scale—one which would be first-rate entertainment on both sides of the Atlantic. Time alone can tell whether we have succeeded. I think that we can justly claim that the effort was there.

**Next Week...**

An outstanding addition to our Famous Films Supplement—"The Painted Veil." In this picture Greta Garbo is seen in a new light and in our sixteen-page fully photogravure inset, given free with next week's issue, we deal with this and with the famous artiste's future as well as giving a comprehensive survey of the production and its personnel.
Pre-Views of the Latest Films

LOY-POWELL TEAM AGAIN

It is rather a far cry from the scintillating witticisms of the irresponsible Thin Man to the hackneyed heartaches and somewhat ponderous platitudes of Evelyn Prentice, but there is one factor which remains constant to both—the brilliant co-partnership and naturalistic acting of Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Owing to their performance, Evelyn Prentice provides good entertainment in spite of its hackneyed theme and obvious development. Myrna Loy has the role of Evelyn, the neglected wife of a prominent lawyer, John Prentice, who accepts the admiration of a soi-disant poet, Lawrence Kennard, when she has reason to believe that her husband has been unfaithful with a woman he had successfully defended on a manslaughter charge.

Later, finding her suspicions unfounded, she wishes to break with him but he threatens blackmail. She goes to see him and during a quarrel draws a revolver and, in a struggle, the weapon goes off. Lawrence is found dead and his mistress, Judith Wilson, is accused of the murder. Evelyn persuades John to defend the woman, but seeing that the case is going against her, jumps upon a court and confesses to the shooting.

Whereupon John turns prosecuting counsel and extracts a confession from Judith Wilson that she shot her lover after Evelyn had fled in a panic following the harmless discharge of her revolver.

Myrna Loy manages to bring life to the mechanical situations and makes the character a vital and sympathetic one.

As John, William Powell is exceedingly good and convincing; he even manages to make the theatrically conceived court scenes appear realistic.

The necessary balance of comedy is ably supplied by Una Merkel as Evelyn's friend. She is given some good wisesracks which help to lift the story from its conventional rut.

Isabel Jewell as Judith, makes the utmost of her opening scene where she confesses, under Prentice's cross-examination, to the murder; her facial expressions are exceedingly good and she brings a wealth of feeling into her account of the affair.

Harvey Stephens is well in character as the poet who makes a habit of living on women, and a child interest, which is dragged in rather too obviously for sentimentalities sake, is supplied by Cora Sue Collins as Evelyn's little daughter.

William K. Howard has handled his material—it is an adaptation from a novel by W. E. Woodward—skilfully and by his detail and pictorial touches made the very most of it.—L. C.

I do not think that Bayard Veiller has entirely captured the elusive charm of G. K. Chesterton's brilliant "Father Brown" stories in this adaptation, but he has succeeded in making a definitely unusual and entertaining crook drama and Walter Connolly has brought the main character of the little priest to life.

There is also something of G. K.'s symbolism and imaginative fantasy which, in spite of its undercurrent of mysticism, keeps its feet firmly planted on the earth.

In brief, the plot deals with the reformation of a jewel thief by the detective-priest who is, as he tells the chief of police, after his soul rather than his body.

How he brings him to a realisation of his conduct and makes him go voluntarily to prison for his own sake, and the sake of the woman he loves, is told with a matter of fact sentimentality which is as sincere as it is logical.

It seems to me to represent the religion of the ordinary man—a sort of minor pictorial expression of Francis Thompson's beautiful poem "The Hound of Heaven" in which God seeks man. By this do not imagine it is a sort of sermon of the variety some American pictures have made so utterly cheap. Rather, this, is the religion of commonsense with, of its inevitable mysticism.

Paul Lukas is exceedingly good as the self-confident crook who seeks to rob Father Brown of a diamond studded crucifix, although he suffers a little in comparison with the masterly characterisation given by Walter Connolly as the "innocent" priest who outwits and reforms him.

Gertrude Michael is also very good as the girl for whom the crook wants to steal the diamonds; she happens, although he does not know it, to be the niece of the owner of the rest of the set of diamonds he is after, of which four repose in the priest's crucifix.

Minor characters are all exceedingly well portrayed, and although there are times when the tempo becomes somewhat slow—the main character is allowed to drift out of ken for too long a period—the picture represents something undeniably fresh and out of the way in entertainment.—L. C.

Strong melodrama on familiar lines, which depicts the friendship of two men—in this case deep sea divers, one of whom becomes a policeman—is put over with plenty of punch and exceedingly well produced under-water sequences.

The plot develops on conventional lines with one of the men eventually quarrelling with his
friend because he had joined a shady concern the latter finally commits suicide so as to avoid bringing trouble on the girl they both love.

But in spite of the rather transparent nature of the story, there is strength and sincerity in the characterisations of the two friends who are ably portrayed by Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt.

It is fresh, clean stuff with a strong moral which pleases because of its vigour and simplicity.

Earle Kenton’s direction is straightforward but great credit is due to E. Roy Davidson and his cameraman, Joseph Walker, for the handling of the diving scenes, which are realistic and thrilling.

—L. C.

Here is the old, old tale of the humble girl and the rich suitor dressed in a sophisticated manner and envied by a rather more cynical outlook than that which characterised it when it was less hackneyed.

If it were not for a certain sparkle in the dialogue and the charm and naturalness of Claudette Colbert, it would be definitely boring, but as it is, there is a pleasing romantic element and a touch of whimsicality which makes it quite entertaining.

The bare bones of the plot concern a New York typist who meets and falls in love with a noble English lord, believing him to be an unemployed man, Charles Gray. His father, a duke, insists that he go back home and break his engagement with his fiancée before he returns to marry the typist.

He leaves without disclosing his identity and the girl is heartbroken when she learns, from the newspapers, who her lover is.

A close friend of hers, Peter Dawes, a reporter, publishes a story to the effect that she, a poor American typist, had turned down an English lord’s offer of marriage and so makes her a notoriety.

He exploits this by installing her at a night club as a turn and eventually makes her into a big drawing attraction.

She still, however, loves her English lover, who has been astounded by her conduct, and eventually makes a trip to England, where she is immediately sought out by Gray and their interrupted romance is renewed.

Her friend and manager, the journalist, who has always loved her, returns to New York but the little typist discovers that Gray’s attitude towards her has changed: he is just enjoying her notoriety and a wedding is hardly contemplated.

Realising this, she leaves hurriedly to join the newspaper reporter on a bench in a park where they had so often shared a meal of pop-corn before she was sky-rocketed into fame.

Wesley Ruggles has directed the picture in an exceedingly leisurely tempo and in the opening particularly, there is much too much unnecessary dialogue. The film would benefit now by drastic pruning. On the other hand, he has handled the artistes admirably and kept the little touch of whimsicality constant throughout the production.

Claudette Colbert is wholly charming and sympathetic as the typist, while as Peter Dawes, Fred MacMurray is well in character.

Raymond Milland is very good as Charles Gray Granton and Aubrey Smith makes an effective, if brief, appearance as his father.

One of the best scenes in the picture is when the typist makes her debut as a cabaret performer. She is frightfully nervous and apologises to the audience about her singing and dancing. They take it all as part of the programme and her “turn” is an instantaneous success.

One notable point about the picture is the excellent camera work which is of unusual brilliancy.

Summing it up, I feel that while the film may pass an hour pleasantly enough it is certainly not good enough material for an artiste of the ability of Claudette Colbert. —L. C.

There seems to be every ingredient in this picture to make extremely good entertainment of a spectacular nature, but, in American phraseology—the ingredients “do not jell.”

This can be attributed, I should say, to an indifferent script and a lack of timing in the editing of the subject.

In the story of the English princess who marries King Christian VII of Denmark and is persuaded by a doctor who, by his influence over the libidinous young monarch, becomes virtual dictator, to bear with her royal husband and help him to re-model Denmark, there is the material for a finely dramatic theme.

Apart from the political and historical aspect of the plot there is a wealth of romance in the final overthrow of the dictator by the machinations of the Queen Mother, and his love affair—which terminates on the scaffold—with the unhappy Queen.

But while all the scenes the narrative suggests are carried out with technical perfection and a fine spectacular sweep, they lack vitality—or heart, if you will. You cannot, somehow, take the deep interest you should in the fate of the Queen and her commoner lover.

And yet the roles are well cast. Olave Broek is restrained, dignified, and thoroughly impressive as the doctor, while Madeleine Carroll brings dignity and grace to the role of the ill-fated Queen.

As the irresponsible, half-witted King, Emlyn Williams is exceedingly good, and really excellent characterisations are given by Helen Haye as the scheming Queen Mother, and Alfred Drayton as Count Brandt.

While the production is lavish it is restrained and effective in the magnificence of its settings, and the effects are brilliantly handled. But somewhere, somehow, in the process of production dramatic force has been lost, and it remains a picture without a heart. —L. C.

Above: Josephine Hutchinson and Dick Powell in a roller-skating romance—“Happiness Ahead.”

Right: Morning exercises for the family—Myrna Loy, Cora Sue Collins and William Powell are excellent as husband, wife, and child in “Evelyn Prentice.”
Slimness is an asset in my profession, but vitality is essential. That is why, from my early childhood I have been an inveterate bread-eater. I love bread. It has never put an ounce of weight on me, but it has certainly helped me to keep up my 'pep.' When one realises the wear and tear on one's constitution through being on the stage and the films, year-in, year-out, and that all that time one has to keep fit and well, one learns what are the necessary elements in diet, and if ever I hear of girl friends trying to keep slim by cutting out bread I give them a warning from my own experience—"DON'T"!

Follow this brilliant star's advice and

EAT BREAD FOR ENERGY AND 'PEP'
More Romance Rumours

Lupe and Johnny Reconciled—
Coleman Rumour—Jory's Joke—Navarro to Realise Ambition—Rival for Shirley?

Ronald Colman and Loretta Young appear to be very devoted to each other, and the film colony is wondering whether wedding bells are due in the near future.

The beautiful Loretta has played opposite Ronnie in several of his pictures, including Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back and Clive of India. She has an excellent chance of attaining stardom soon.

The most popular screen player among the fans would certainly meet with the approval of the fans.

Lupe Velez and her husband, Johnny Weissmuller, have become reconciled, and Lupe has stopped her divorce suit. In a recent issue I predicted this outcome. Of course, we all know that another explosion will occur in the near future, and possibly another divorce suit, with another reconciliation!

The pretty, explosive Mexican actress changes her mind constantly, but Johnny is likely to remain her permanent "boy friend."

Gold Diggers

Grace Bradley, pretty red-headed actress, who, despite her youth, seems destined to achieve an enviable position in the film firmament, inherited £200,000 upon the death of her grandfather.

The result of the windfall is interesting. Letters poured in, proposing marriage, soliciting charity, suggesting financial investments in various enterprises, and even threatening violence if Grace did not send a substantial sum of money to the writers.

Grace and her mother have become rather frightened in consequence, and are doing their best to keep their residence secret from everyone except the studios and intimate friends.

Was Her Face Red

Sheila Manners, comedy screen actress, was speeding along in her car from her San Fernando Valley home to the Columbia studio.

Suddenly a motor-cycle officer sped alongside her car and ordered her to halt at the curb. The policeman looked very grim as his eyes were concealed by enormous goggles.

Sheila was terrified as the officer accused her of driving at sixty miles an hour. He ordered her to show him her driver's licence.

Angrily and brusquely opened her purse and searched for the licence, the officer burst into a laugh and removed his goggles.

He was Victor Jory, noted actor, who was playing a motor-cycle officer in White Lies at the Columbia studios!

Now Sheila is trying to figure out some way to get even with Victor!

A Present For Baby

Clarabow and her husband, Rex Bell, had not only prepared a nursery for their baby, but they also purchased a small Shetland pony for the youngster's use.

The parents-to-be evidently did not realise that the pony would be rather old by the time their child is able to ride it.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

An Equine Tortoise

Spencer Tracy, who has a string of six polo ponies, has purchased a racehorse, "Troubadour." After making the purchase he went out to see the horse in action.

"I'm going to change his name," he told me. "Troubadour" does not fit him. From now on his name is "Wait for me."

A "Star" Director

Ramon Novarro is to realise his pet ambition to become a director, but he will also remain an actor.

While the young Mexican actor has signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he leaves shortly for Mexico, where he will direct a Mexican film, which will be financed by Mexican capital. After the completion of the story, he will resume his starring activities at Culver City.

Ramon is one of the most astute stars in Hollywood. He realises that eventually he will become too old for stellar roles and is preparing for a time when he can become a director.

Her Wedding Lace

Ginger Rogers is sending small pieces of her wedding lace to her many admirers, and her fan mail doubled when the fans heard this news.

Law Ayres' bride has not cut up her wedding gown. She bought far more lace than she needed for the dress, and the remaining material over twenty yards, is being cut into small pieces and dispatched to her many friends and the fans who write her constantly.

It is safe to say that many of Ginger's fans will be disappointed, for twenty yards is hardly sufficient to supply the demand. The Ginger Rogers clubs, of course, are receiving preference.

A Clever Boy

Freddie Bartholomew scored such a success as the boyish "David Copperfield," that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials are glad that they brought him all the way from England, instead of utilising one of the many boy actors in Holly-

wood.

The youngster looms up as a juvenile rival to little Shirley Temple.

The old saying, "Britannia Rules the Waves," suggests another slogan, "Britannia Rules Hollywood!"

A Reformed "Gangster"

Edward G. Robinson, who won fame in gangster roles, has laid aside his trusty machine-gun, and will be seen in more sedate roles.

The famous Eddie is now working in a picture called A Day in the Cem, in which he plays a pro-

prieter of a number of beauty shops.

Whether Eddie will have to learn how to give face massages and permanent waves are matters which we shall see later.

The gangster pictures expired under the barrage of church indignation, so Eddie's former roles had to be discarded.

Carlyle the Second

The name of Carlyle Blackwell appears destined to remain in the films for many years.

Carlyle Blackwell, sen., was a star in America and England. His son, Carlyle, junior, worked as an extra for a few months, but is now playing an important role in a Warner picture, with every indication that he will soon win the screen eminence enjoyed by his father.

Jackie Saunders, Junior, son of Jackie Saunders, famous actress of a generation ago, and Erich von Strombe, Junior, son of the famous director, are working in pictures, but have not yet made the strides that Carlyle Junior has done.

Miss Colbert's Guardian

Claudette Colbert has a protector, who is most efficient. He is a black French poodle named "Smoky," and he always sleeps on her bed. If any servant enters the room, "Smoky" is always ready with a watchful growl.

Burglars admit that they fear small dogs far more than they do police dogs and bulldogs, who are quartered in the yard, and can be silenced by throwing them poisoned meat.
This wonder perfume
first captivated Paris

Now.....
the whole world chooses
"evening in paris"
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This is the perfume that so impressed the gay sophisticated city on its debut—all Paris sought its exciting fragrance. To-day 'Evening in Paris' is used by the smart women of five Continents... disturbing in its sweet allure, surprising in its modest cost.—Perfume from 1/3 to 21/-. Powder 1/9. Follow Paris and be RIGHT.

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by its juice

96% juice
and sweetness

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Jaffas are famous for flavour. So different! So delicious!! Enjoy the health-giving, tonic juice of Jaffas, sweetened by their natural sugar content. Eat them, drink them, every day. These sun-ripened oranges are better for you than all the medicines in the world. They are the most sensible safeguard against colds and influenza.
Garbo Lombard

Picturegoer's Beauty Parlour
The beauty treatment
she trusts

There is no need for elaborate, expensive treatments to attain the precious bloom of youth. The secret lies in the natural cleansing of soap and water because the right soap can be a beauty treatment in itself.

This is the declared opinion of 20,000 beauty specialists. The right soap, they maintain, must be made primarily of pure Olive Oil, because olive oil is the most trustworthy guardian of youthful beauty.

Palmolive is a natural soap containing palm and olive oils, and its characteristic green colour is entirely due to these natural oils. You will find your skin will respond readily to Palmolive’s rich, abundant lather.

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Price does not apply in I.F.S.
Who are the ten most beautiful and fascinating women in Hollywood to-day?" I asked Clark Gable that question when I met him by chance the other day. Clark frowned.

"That's a pretty hard question to answer," he said at last, his natural kindness to the Press overcoming his reluctance to be interviewed, "and I might step on somebody's toes, but I'll take a crack at it anyhow." Ever since the day when Hollywood turned out its first flickering two-reeler, the world has poured its most beautiful and charming women into the ravenous maw of the cinema. No one knows how many thousands have made the pilgrimage, but where one has succeeded, thousands have failed. It is easy to believe that those who are now at the top of the picture heap might not only be counted the most beautiful and fascinating women in Hollywood, but in all the world. And who is better qualified to select them than Gable?

"But before you name them, Clark," I insisted, "tell me, what are the requirements of a beautiful and fascinating woman, as you see them?"

"Character counts most. I do not think there was ever a true beauty who did not have a fine character. A woman's features may be perfectly moulded, her skin a peach-blown dream and her body perfect, but, unless character shines through, she can never be truly beautiful. It takes more than mere perfection of face and figure for a woman to be beautiful.

"Second, she must be a good sport. That covers a wide field, I know; but remember, I'm defining a real woman. She must be willing to play the game, no matter what it is. No man can respect a woman who does not respect the rights of others.

"Third, she must be a lady, not because she has been taught to act like one, but because she wouldn't know how to be anything else. Being a lady or a gentleman, in the true sense of the word, is something natural, something which is born in us. I have seen men and women who were perfect ladies and gentlemen who never had the advantage of wealth, breeding or education and I have seen cads who were of the best families. There is a certain charm about a woman who has this inbred qualification which cannot be counterfeited. "A woman's charm must spring from a natural and unaffected manner of thinking and acting. It must not be affected. She must have an understanding mind and be capable of sympathising with others. She must have a good mind, be well read, have a good knowledge and an interest in art, music and poetry and yet not try to impress you with her knowledge. She must not be a prude and yet she must have her ideals and stick to them."

Clark paused for breath. He grinned. He tossed back that lock of dark hair from his forehead.

"I suppose you think my ideas of a charming woman are pretty big, but I admit that. But the one thing a woman must have is understanding - not an understanding and the ability to be a good companion, a pal."

After a moment's thought, he ran off the names of the following women, passing only one or two times as if in doubt:

"My wife, Mrs. Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Claudette Colbert, Greta Garbo, Grace Moore, Helen Hayes and Lily Pons."

I thought it charming of Clark that he named his wife, Ria Gable, first on that list. "She belongs there," he told me seriously, "for never in my life have I known any woman who came up to my qualifications of a charming and beautiful woman as she does."

"It's hard to say why I picked that group," frowned Clark, "except that they just strike me that way. There is Norma Shearer, in my mind one of the most fascinating women on or off the screen. She has everything, including brains enough to combine marriage, motherhood and a screen career successfully."

"The better I know Jean Crawford, the greater my admiration for her grows. I had to fight my way up, too, and I know how much more difficult it is for a woman."

Kay Francis is an entirely different type from Joan, but also a woman of great beauty and charm. Although Kay is sophisticated enough, she gives you the impression of a womanly softness which is appealing.

Jean Harlow, despite her screen characterisations, is not the personification of sex. She is essentially a good pal, a comrade to the man for whom she cares. Jean also has a good mind.

Claudette Colbert had the advantages of early culture, money and a fine education. She sparkles. There is something sentimental about her, an old world charm that fascinates all who come in contact with her.

Garbo, what can anyone say about Garbo, except that she is the one and only? I consider her one of the most fascinating women of all time.

Then there is Grace Moore, the opera star. A little girl from the hills of Tennessee, she has fought her way up to a place of world prominence. Grace puts you instantly at your ease and, although she has walked with kings, she has never lost the common touch.

"Helen Hayes is a different type from any of the women I have mentioned. She is like Claudette Colbert."

"And now, last but far from least, Lily Pons. In addition to having one of the world's great voices, she is also a great personality. She enlivens any crowd of which she is a member and has an amazing knowledge of the cultural side of life."

"Of course, there are scores of other charming and beautiful women in Hollywood whom I admire, but this group seems to strike my own ideas perfectly." - J. E. C. [Page 19]
Loretta Young is only twenty-two, to be sure, but she leads a star's nerve-racking existence. Yet—there's not a sign of nerves.

Those Hollywood girls are a source of constant amazement to me. They invariably look younger than they are. I'm not talking about the stars who, everyone knows, are "getting on" and who, by dint of constant and expensive devotional exercises before the Goddess of Beauty, manage to win that faint-praise tribute, "wonderfully well preserved." I'm not even talking about those stars, who are also "getting on," who cause us to lift our palms upward and sigh, "How does she do it!" No. I'm talking about certain of your favourite Hollywood actresses who are so genuinely lovely—with not a particle of fake or face-lifting about it—who look younger than they are and who will continue to do so for many years to come.

Some of these girls are, actually, in their early twenties. All right—so what? How many young girls do you know who are sallow, tired-looking, unhealthy of complexion and drab of hair? Some of the girls are in their late twenties—just edging thirty, perhaps, or just past that foolishly feared deadline. At twenty-five they look younger than they did at eighteen. And at thirty they look the same as they did at twenty-five.

They work all day and far into the night, sometimes. They are compelled, for policy's sake, to keep up a certain amount of social activity. They go through considerable emotional stress and strain. Yet they are healthy, slim, and fresh-looking in spite of it, when we might reasonably expect them to be old before their time.

Thinking about this one day, I reasoned that if the stars of Hollywood can achieve this, surely you and I can do the same thing. I asked five of the youngest looking and most beautiful stars in Hollywood to come and tell us how they do it.

I asked Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Joan Bennett and Evelyn Venable.

These girls gave me sensible and workable hints for you all to follow. Not one of them mentioned expensive treatments or costly creams and cosmetics.

Here's what I found out from Claudette. She gives you some excellent, practical tips. It isn't a high powered beauty doctor who keeps Claudette looking so young. It's her psychiatrist. She believes that the body is like a motor. If it is run down it cannot do its best work. She believes that the reason women age is because they do not get enough sleep and rest. But how, you ask, can a busy girl who works for her living and also wants to have some pleasure do a great amount of resting? Claudette has the solution, for she—like you and me—is a working girl.

This is her iron-bound rule. If she goes to a party, a theatre opening or some entertainment which keeps her up late, she always goes to bed the next night immediately after dinner.

She believes that her body should rest. She also believes that her skin should rest, too. Naturally, at night her skin is free of all make-up. It gets a chance to breathe. So, I hope, does yours. But Claudette does more than that. Some time during every day she takes off her make-up—the heavy grease paint, if she is at the studio, or her regular street make-up, if she isn't—and lets her skin rest for half an hour. Then she makes up her nice, clean face all over again. You girls who work in offices all day say you can't do that. Well, perhaps you can't. But you can take time to do it every evening when you get home from work. You can even steal a short while to do this if you have a date right after office hours. (Steal the time from the date, not from the office hours, I mean.)

Those of you who aren't slaves to a regular job have a better opportunity to keep your youth and beauty with you as the years advance. Oh, yes, you have. I don't care how pressing the housework is or how numerous the social engagements. Make a promise to yourself, as Claudette does, to go to bed early on certain nights. Remember the trite wisecrack, "Sit down and rest your hands and face." Well, take it literally. Lie down and rest your hands and face. The face should be free from make-up and the hands should flop limply at your sides and your eyes should close.

Joan Bennett managed to look like a child of twelve in "Little Women" and will keep that child-like look for many years to come. (It's so alluring, in a petite person!) Joan really lives, as much as the children do. She can give herself a child's mental outlook. For example, instead of bringing up her children to think of her as an adult, she puts herself on the children's level and is growing up with them all over again. It's a bit difficult to explain, but you who have children will understand. When Joan isn't working, she spends almost all her time with the children. Not as their mother, but as their playmate. Young mothers, try that. You'll profit by it and your youngsters will think of you as real pals.
Joan has another recipe for youth. She never worries. She is a fatalist and believes that good things and bad things come in life without your doing anything about them. I realise that you can’t become a fatalist to order, but you could worry less. Joan accepts things as they are. After all, why not—one can’t alter them? She isn’t a pessimist—she doesn’t mean that. The smaller things of life win her unbounded enthusiasm. And small joys are wonderful youth preservers. You can’t be an old worry when the simple pleasures of life still give you a kick.

Worry destroys the contours of the face. Keep as free from it as possible and your face will keep the illusion of youth.

Loretta Young claims that a little play-acting is a wonderful thing. She has kept, to this day, a talent which all children have—the talent for make-believe. Fifteen years ago, she loved to play “lady,” dressed up in her mother’s clothes. Now, when she puts on an evening dress, she has the same feeling. She is playing “lady.” That sense of make-believe keeps reality from becoming too important.

How can you reap any benefit from Loretta’s aid to beauty? Well, let us suppose that you have invited a number of people for dinner and that it is extremely important that everything goes properly. If you will play-act a little bit—make believe that you are a hostess in a story and try to be that hostess—you’ll have a lot better time and the party will be much more successful than if you are constantly fretting about the roast burning and the dessert spoiling.

Furthermore, you won’t be tired and hot and cross before your guests arrive and a nervous wreck after they leave.

Evelyn Venable looks like an artist’s dream of youth. Beautiful skin. Soft, rounded face, completely lineless. She has recipes for beauty which she follows religiously.

These are the things she does: she was brought up to love animals and she thinks it a sin to eat meat of any kind. That is the ascetic’s point of view. It is also her greatest beauty secret. Evelyn lives on fruits and vegetables.

She eats no meat at all—not even soup cooked with meat stock or gravy. She thinks it unnatural to eat meat and naturalness in all things is the key to her beauty.

“My advice to women who want to stay young is this: stay away from people as much as possible. I cannot stress this point too much. People sap your vitality needlessly. They take your strength and cause you every sort of worry. I have a few friends, but they are all quiet and soothing. The amount of effort it takes to be true to one’s self in a crowd shows on your face. I see so many people during the day at the studio that I must revivify myself by being alone when the day’s work is done.

“That, I firmly believe, is the best way to keep young.

I have trained myself not to worry over the fact that I cannot act or look like someone else. I try to make the best of my own advantages, be they ever so small. I have got to the point where life holds no problems for me. I have troubles, of course, but I accept them instead of fighting against them.

And that will surely tell you why her face betrays no inner unrest.

She accepts her troubles instead of fighting against them.

“I believe in utter relaxation,” she told me.

“I find that relaxation on the bridle path. I ride hours daily—but always alone. In this way I am saved from arguments, petty gossip and mental strain.

“Yes, indeed! Staying away from people is the best of all youth preservers.”

And now—Joan Crawford.

“I’ve got to have perfect freedom.” Joan told me. “I believe that to keep young, one must have freedom of mind as well as freedom of movement. Look!” She made a long, sweeping gesture with her arm. It was such a vigorous gesture that I expected to see the sleeve of her gown rip from the armhole. But it didn’t.

“I can’t stand to wear any dress that is tight around my shoulders and arms,” she said. “If you are bound in, physically, you’re the same way mentally. If I have to wear a dress with tight sleeves in a picture I have the sleeves detachable so that I can rip them off the minute I’m through with a scene. To stay young, you should stay alive. And how can you stay alive if you’re bound up like a mummy? I won’t have either my body or my mind bound.”

Physical and mental freedom, then, is Joan’s biggest youth secret. Naturally, she goes farther than this by taking excellent care of herself.

Except for a glass of wine on rare occasions, she never touches liquor.

She eats the most strengthening and non-fattening foods and she believes in eating between meals if one is hungry.

She gets her exercise by swimming, and on days when she has no time to swim she’ll have a body massage.

She washes her face three or four times a day, after which she polishes her skin with a rough towel.

So there you are. These five stars believe that there is no sense in getting old. They have given you their simple recipes for youth. I hope you find them as inspirational as I have.
Gertrude Michael, top and bottom left, demonstrates some simple exercises for beautifying the legs. Sit on a table or chair, with legs in front of you. Cross one over the other alternately, keeping the legs stiff all the time. Repeat about a dozen times every morning. Centre, left: Gertrude Michael shows you with aid of Jim Davies, Paramount masseur, a cure for backache. Take a coarse Turkish towel and rub briskly across the back from left to right and vice versa.

A simple exercise for keeping down that waistline is demonstrated immediately above by Frances Drake. Sit against a wall and touch the toes six times every morning. Centre and top: Exercises with a rod. Frances, grasping it at each extremity, swings it over the head. Above she is seen being instructed by Jim Davies.
CONVEX where you ought to be concave, and concave where you ought to be convex."

Do you remember that scathing remark made by George Arliss as The Last Gentleman to his somewhat ungainly sister, Augusta? It is also true of lots of women—and girls—off the screen.

The slim, graceful lines of famous stars, yes, and even the most humble chorines, are maintained by special daily exercises. There is a professional athlete attached to all studios. He keeps them supple and he keeps them fit. In the pictures you see Jim Davies, Paramount's gym instructor, demonstrating how it is done.

All the exercises are quite simple, but regularly performed, are marvellously effective. Let us take the line of hips and abdomen first.

That is where most girls fall short of physical beauty.

Begin by lying flat on the floor as Toby Wing is doing. Her legs are perfectly straight and her arms are clasped behind her head. She then does a diaphragm exercise, expanding and retracting the abdominal muscles, without lifting hips or back from the floor. Do this exercise in front of a mirror with a couple of light books on the diaphragm. You can measure your success by the rise and fall of the books.

For the next exercise Toby is sitting with her legs straight out in front and hands clasped at the back of the neck. Then she touches the floor with her elbows, first on the one side and then on the other side. This movement is repeated 12 times.

The last exercise for reducing the tummy is perhaps the most effective of all. Lie flat at the foot of the bed, bring feet close together, and stretch arms out above the head. Bring up the outstretched arms slowly and evenly and raising the body with them endeavour to touch the toes.

At first this exercise is extremely difficult. It makes it easier if it is performed on the floor with the feet under a piece of heavy furniture.

Having thus done our best to slim that refractory tummy, the hips must have attention, for you don't have to be middle-aged to achieve an ugly spread. First of all tie a rope loop around the leg of a heavy table. Then lie flat on the floor, arms stretched out above the head and the hands gripping the rope loop. Roll the body as far to the left and then as far to the right as is possible—all the time keeping the legs stiff and straight. Repeat this five times to begin with and when you get proficient, do it ten times a day.

Frances Drake, another Paramount actress who is known for her graceful figure demonstrates a very effective exercise for keeping the waist supple and slim. She sits against a wall, arms upraised above her head. Note that both shoulder blades and hips actually are in contact with the wall. The raised arms and body move as one, forward and downward till the outstretched fingers touch the toes.

The wand with which we did our school exercises is not to be despised as a beautifier. Frances Drake always uses one in performing her daily dozen. Grasping the rod with each hand, she swings it above her head to rest diagonally across her back. To perform this exercise correctly the arms must be kept stiff.

Gertrude Michael is naturally proud of her legs, and she does daily exercise to keep them beautiful. This is one that she specially advises. Sit on the edge of a table or a chair with legs held stiff and straight in front. Grasp the edge of the table or chair for support. Then cross the legs alternately, still keeping them stiff. You will need quite a bit of practice before you can do this a dozen times each morning.

Then Jim Davies has another leg exercise. Sit in a straight-backed chair, with right leg crossed over left knee. Let the foot dangle loosely, and then begin rotating it. Do it 20 times to the right and twenty times to the left. Repeat the exercise with the other foot.
SCREEN stars may not have a monopoly of good looks, but when it comes to achieving beauty and preserving it, you would find it hard to follow more able exponents of the art. "Picturegoer's" camera-man introduces you to some of the screen's loveliest stars and their health and dressing table secrets.

Left: Marlene Dietrich does not disdain that extra touch of makeup that means pretty pin-up. Charming Betty Grable is a fine advertisement for the "apple a day" adage.

Jeanette MacDonald keeps that elixir of youth by riding. Here she is seen in the side-saddle on her £7,000 favourite, Chita Chief.

Olivia de Havilland repays studio types with a clean type. In keeping with Hollywood's modern, masculine polish she has a stubble of hair on her chin. Opposite: Miss de Havilland is the best secret of the studio, as Britain will be able to prove.
Maureen O'Sullivan believes in golf as a means of keeping fit—and beautiful.

Claudette Colbert watches her weight to preserve the famous "bath tub" contours.

Busby Berkeley, the dance king, insists on his Berkeley Beauties keeping fit by cycling. Joan Parker and Mary Carlisle (left) are devotees of golf.
Virginia Shields, left, appearing in "Grand Old Girl," shows the front and back of a simple attractive hair dress suggested for the college girl or young debutante.

Right: Sylvia Sidney demonstrates a new fashion in which the hair is pulled off the face and coiled into the nape of the neck.

Right: Dorothy Wilson wears a slightly Grecian coiffure—the hair is brought away from the face and brushed straight back over the ears. A modern psyche of curls is arranged down the back of the head and gives a sleek effect for formal evening wear.

W HAT think you of these brave new styles in hairdressing? I call them brave because they are so entirely different from anything we have known before. It takes a little courage to get out of the rut.

The most attractive of them all is Gail Patrick's lovely coiffure. And it attracts by reason of contrast. It combines the centre parting and smooth brow of the Madonna with little coquettish curls of sheer delight. Curls nestle in the nape of the neck and then climb up to tumble over the crown of the head. This is the coiffure for the girl who has classic features and a serene expression.

The Sylvia Sydney knot, placed low on the neck, is going to be popular. For this reason bonnets are in—bonnets of the Salvation Army persuasion. Now bonnets need something to rest on—hence the knot. It is not easy to look lovely with hair drawn back as severely as this, which goes to prove how really lovely Sylvia Sydney is.

The creator calls Dorothy Wilson's hairdressing slightly Grecian. But it has something Edwardian about it, too, for have we not seen pictures of great hostesses of that day with heads remarkably like this one? A style for the graceful and the gracious—definitely.

Virginia Shields demonstrates a style of hairdressing that is at once youthful and attractive. The hair is loosely and naturally waved and drawn back gently from the forehead. At the back it takes a slightly windswept movement to the right. But it is a wearable practical style, and it doesn't take too long in the mornings.

Anne Shirley does her hair in a slight variation of this youthful fashion. Her natural waves and little curls clustering about the neck and ears are as youthful as they are alluring. Gloria Stuart shows you much the same coiffure but in more sophisticated style. The waves are a little more set and the curls are a little more precise.
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P.484

27
Be Your Own BEAUTY MENTOR byidian HARVEY

The famous international star, who is now at work at Elstree, inaugurations a series of articles on beauty by some of the screen's finest stars. Watch for the next installment of this unique feature.

BEAUTY, if not skin deep, can owe much to apparently minor details of care and cultivation. The past may have had its classic beauties, but never before have women generally been more attractive. They are learning to "make the most of themselves."

The films have played their part in making 1935 "beauty conscious," but most girls can do still more to help themselves to loveliness.

There is, in fact, no excuse to-day for anyone to be what an earlier generation was wont to describe, politely, as "plain."

There appears to be a legend that film-star beauty is some sort of unattainable phenomenon produced by devastating natural loveliness or a form of black art known only to the wizards of the studio make-up departments, or both.

Actually, of course, some stars are more beautiful than others. Some are not beautiful at all, according to accepted standards. All of them have discovered the secret of always looking their best. They have to. And in most cases that secret resolves itself merely into a few simple, self-applied rules that can be learned by anybody.

The lesson of the film stars, indeed, is that every girl can be her own beauty doctor, and that the process of modern beautification does not require the invocation of make-up magic or the possession of a Hollywood salary. One might almost say that every girl should be her own beauty doctor. Others can help you with suggestions and advice, but the main business of developing your looks and charm belongs to you.

Many famous screen actresses I know even prefer to do their own hair-waving and manicuring. They have discovered just what suits them best and after that the actual process is simple.

Care of the hair and skin is half the battle of beauty. Once you learn how to develop the best points of both you can always look well groomed without recourse to expensive outside beauty aids.

Far too often one hears from girls who could be beautiful that story begins: "Of course, we haven't any really good beauty parlours in our neighbourhood and in any case I couldn't afford it."

The smallness of the beauty bills of some of the screen's most attractive women would surprise you. The most popular skin treatment in the studios is both simple and inexpensive.

First remove all make-up with cream, then wash with mild soap and water, following with a rinse in ice-water. Jean Harlow, who has a perfect skin, uses this method, as, indeed, do most of the younger screen players. It may not, of course, suit a skin that is very thin and dry. That is, however, merely a matter of experiment. You will soon learn how to strike a balance between the use of cream, soap and water, and adjust the formula accordingly. Once the right combination is achieved there is no normal young skin that will not benefit by this treatment.

A friend of mine discovered, for instance, that she could use cream every night, followed by soap and water every other night. It is important to remember, however, when you use the cream alone to make sure that you remove it thoroughly. Personally, I use a simple test to ensure that I have removed it completely. Run your freshly washed finger-tips over the entire face; your sense of touch will tell you at once.

Once the face is cleansed the colder the water used for the subsequent rinse the better. I am a great believer in cold water as a beauty aid, provided always that the skin has been thoroughly cleansed.

There are, of course, other efficacious and equally simple skin beauty treatments. I found two very popular in Hollywood. Milk, if applied properly, will tone up and benefit every type of skin. After cleansing, pat the milk gently over your face. Let it remain until it has dried and then rinse off in cold water.

The other treatment is probably ideally suited to greasy skins and in any case should not be used more than once a week: beat up a white of an egg and apply it in the same way as the milk (having previously, of course, thoroughly cleansed the face). When it dries, wash it off in cold water.

This is a powerfully astringent treatment, hence the necessity for it not to be used too frequently, but it gets quick results and is ideal when you have a rush appointment and no time for a professional pack or massage.

A lot can be learned, too, about the use of nourishing creams. Here is an eye tip. Every film star knows that the skin under and around the eyes is very sensitive and facial movement causes it to wrinkle and line more rapidly than anywhere. A little nourishing cream applied before retiring will help to remedy these ravages.

Most of the beauty experts I know also advise the use of nourishing cream in the cases of people whose skin is dry. They consider, however, that it is unwise to sleep with it on and suggest that it should be removed after an hour. Another method is to consider the face and apply the cream before you bathe. The steam and warm water helps its work.

There is one other thing. Do not apply feeding cream to the nose. The nose skin usually has, if anything, too much oil, and it is dangerous to encourage it. Finally, a word on make-up itself. The true art of make-up is the concealment of art. That is to say, no modern man objects to a woman being made-up; he only objects to a woman looking made-up.

Probably the most misused article of make-up to-day is rouge. One sees evidence of this misuse, and nearly always on the side of over-use, everywhere.

The two cardinal rules are that rouge should be applied only as a faint flush of colour and that its edges must be carefully smoothed to blend into the skin so that they are imperceptible.

The application of rouge depends a great deal on the shape of the face. Here again you must discover how to make the most of your natural attributes. If, for instance, your face is inclined to be plump it is wise to start the rouge under the centre of each eye and coming back high on the cheek and then bringing it down well below the ears, always being careful to keep it away from the centre of the face. This makes the effect of minimising too round features.

If on the other hand your face is on the thin side, start fairly close to the nose, work it out high across the temples and make almost a triangle with the point at the centre of the cheek.

Lipstick is also a misused article. It is a safe rule to-day to make-up the lips to conform to their natural contours. Apply the lipstick to the centre of both upper and lower lips. Then with your finger-tip carefully follow the natural lines of your lips, being careful not to rouge to the corners.

I am inclined to think that the future of lip colour and space here I have merely touched on the fringe of the subject of home beauty treatment. If, however, I have done something to help you realise that it is possible to be your own beauty doctor I shall be satisfied.

The Magic of Garbo

A New and Greater Greta

Greta Garbo's new film (incidentally, her twentieth in Hollywood), The Painted Veil, is likely to be the most controversial of all the ones we have seen since we first heard "the voice the world" is waiting for in Anna Christie. The picture introducing a new and changed Garbo, who can desert the boudoir for the kitchen and girded glamour for garrison charm. It has even been said that it isn't Greta at all, but a "double."

What is the truth? The real behind-the-scenes story of Garbo and the making of The Painted Veil? We shall find out for the first time next week by PICTURESGOER in a magnificent 16-page souvenir supplement of the film. This supplement, lavishly illustrated in photogravure and containing, among many other features, new sidelights on Garbo by director arch-nemesis, and the truth about the star's future plans, will be given away free with every copy of PICTURESGOER next week.

The centre of the current demand for next week's issue. Make sure of your copy by ordering early.

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS
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“Alice, dress and get your things. Be quick darling, we’re going away”—said Philip Eden, to his little daughter.

The oldest of motives, when a woman seeks a man who doesn’t want her. I didn’t think, of course, I was being jealous of a child.”

“You didn’t know I happened to care for Alice that much. Her mother is better without me. After the divorce she married a rich fellow, but I was determined my daughter shouldn’t be brought up in that atmosphere. She’s better off with me.

“In surroundings like these?”

“Yes. Because I can teach her to laugh at life, to be happy, a thing my wife never understood.

“But I understand it, Philip. Why not let me come back to you? There’s nothing else I care about. Besides, I’ve money. It would help you.

“Sorry, Bernice, but I’ve got to tackle bringing up Alice myself. Give me a break. Don’t tell Florence. She has a right to the child and I couldn’t bear her to know where we are. Besides, I’m leaving here.”

Bernice had subsided into the room’s only chair at some distance from the stove. “You’re too late Philip. Florence is on her way here. Better take what I’ve got to give.”

“Please, dear, don’t make it harder for me.” He stood behind her, leaning over the parting of her flaxen waves, aware of the expression on her face. In a trice he had whipped up a handkerchief, holding it to her mouth. Securing her hands behind her with a tea towel, he used another to keep her in the chair, then called into the bedroom.

“Alice, dress and get your things. Be quick darling, we’re going away.”

For a child of ten, wary with lack of food and sleep, Alice was wonderfully steady. He shot their few possessions into a couple of suitcases, pulled the hood of the velvet cloak he had bought for Casino wear, over the dark smooth head and hurried her away. In the hired car she snuggled against his protecting arm.

“Where are we going, Daddy?”

“To Italy, my pet.” He held her close, thinking of the future, forgetting the gaslight beneath the saucepan in Nice. Not being clairvoyant how should he know the contents of the pot boiling up and over the sides extinguishing the flame, or the woman gagged and bound whom he had loved in Nice when she found it nasty and didn’t scold, when, trying to counteract the harsh taste, she upped her glass of water.

To his immense surprise she burst into tears. “Then you’re not angry, Philip?”

“Because you spilled a little water.”

“Mummy would have sent me to bed.”

“Listen, Alice, there’s nothing to cry about. Send you to bed, indeed! I Watch me. This musty old world says, ‘Don’t spill water.” Then we shall find the British aristocracy, a good joke, our joke on the world.

Laugh.” It was worth a fortune to draw gaiety from the little one, to win her smile on each and every occasion. Confirmed gambler that he was, he soon founds Alice’s objections to his prolonged absences from her side, with glorious word-pictures of what they would do when they were rich.

How little he thought his luck would turn; how little in fact he cared, so long as there was enough to eat and drink. Perhaps that was why Philip was enabled to race home one night, toss his evening cape on the iron stair rail, and shout towards the attic.

“Daisy . . . wake up . . . we’re rich . . . rich as I told you.”

He was on his way to her when brought up by the entrance into the lobby of a stranger, escorted by a couple of condottieri. “Signor Philip Eden,” rasped the former. “You’re under arrest for murder in Nice of a woman, Bernice Solon. Death by gas poisoning. Your wife and nurse are with your child.”

He found them in the attic.

Florence, flawless to look at as a piece of cut-glass and as hard; the avowed nurse of his wife’s engaging—rather wanting, Philip had always thought her; and Alice in her nightgown.

In spite of panic it was easy to be offhand with Florence, asking her after the new husband, Mr. Stebbins, putting off her criticisms of the novel she evidently considered unfit as a home for her daughter.

But in front of the child it cost him all he had not to break down when she clung round his neck hysterically repeating, “Where are they going to? Where are you going?”

It wasn’t mere selfishness that made him take Florence in his arms as though he was casting Alice into the sea with a stone round her neck. He foresaw how Florence would clamber and chain the child’s free spirit.

Write to me, darling,” he urged, pulling round the fringe of the tearful eyes. “Jenny will take care of the letters. Wait for me. Don’t stop loving me.”

As he was followed by the condottieri down the street he could hear her heartbroken sobs.

“Tell Jenny or two or her letters came regularly to the Provençal prison where Philip Eden, found guilty on a charge of forgery, was sentenced to fifteen years in the Penal code, was to serve sentence of fifteen years. One letter read on the stone bench under the high barred window redoubled his sense of captivity. “Dear Philip (you know I always think of you as Philip although Jenny says I ought’n’t) I am in bed to-day and my legs hurt. I tried to run away yesterday and find you but they brought me back.’”

After that the letters dropped off, presently stopped coming altogether. Eleven years of Philip’s sentence had been served when the warder unlocked his cell to admit a visitor.

“Jenny?”

He should have hugged her, and did. Before the brief interview was over he could have hit her.

Poor ‘Elen! In eleven years she had aged “gone gay” as the saying is. Fussily overdressed, she could think of nothing but her own junketings in Provence.

About Alice she was maddeningly vague. Florence’s husband had died in America, leaving her a fortune. Alice was living with her mother in New York. A young man had wanted to marry Alice, but he had gone away. Jenny, when pressed, volunteered the information that the girl was terribly unhappy. Alice followed the warder.
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out on a wave of scent to the jangle of Oriental beads and bracelets.

Inspired with a demon of love and fear, Philip that night broke gaol.

To the accompaniment of pelting rain, he knocked out his warier, clambered through a window, assaulted the guard, and accomplished the getaway. In New York he spent some of his hoarded winnings in turning himself out like a gentleman.

Taken for the most part in the right spirit, prison life had improved his physique.

With the growth of a moustache as his only asset towards disguise, he dropped off a taxi near the Park Avenue residence of Mrs. Florence Stebbins. He chose to enter from the garden and had closed the French windows behind him, when evidence of his having come to the right house cheered him from the wall. Simultaneously as though luck were charmed of letting him off too lightly, a man-servant appeared in the room with laden cocktail tray.

Philip, backing away from the wall, remarked: "Good evening. That portrait of Miss Alice is very fine ... the live pose as though she were on a hilltop with her hair blown by the wind ... who's the artist?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you, sir. ... Begging your pardon, but you don't happen to be a burglar, do you? It's usual to ring at the front door."

"Certainly not. I'm a friend of the family."

"Can I announce you to Mrs. Stebbins, sir?"

"Please do. You can say Mr. Enoch Arden's called. But I'll tell you a secret. It's not really my trade to know how that portrait speaks ... where is Miss Alice, by the way?"

Philip, having started upon the flippant tack, somewhat doubted his ability to succeed with it when Florence settled the matter by opening and calling to her man from the door.

"You can take the cocktails right in," she began. The door closed behind the man-servant and tray. Seeing by Florence's face what he was up against, Philip again decided in favour of flippancy.

"Well, my dear ... just as beautiful after all these years."

"Philip! Your time isn't up till—"

"I know. I just walked out. Where's Alice?"

"She's on a trip. Anyway, you're not going to see her. You're dead to her."

"I'm glad of that, I don't want to interfere. I want to know if she's happy. Don't lie. Tell me if she's happy."

"D'you want me to call the police?"

"And have your guests soaking cocktails in there know that I'm an escaped convict. You wouldn't do that, Florence. By Jove, the years have been kind to you! You—"

"Philip, I do wish you'd go. Alice is happy all right."

"Oh, but I can't take such much on trust. I want to see her once to make sure—to make sure that she's just as lovely and live as she is in that picture."

"Good-bye, Philip. If you won't go, I must."

"Good-bye, Florence." He watched her sweep into the next room and was considering his next move when, through another door, he caught sight of a figure that caused him to slip into the hall and mount the stairs. From somebody's wireless set, piano playing was travelling over the ether. He looked through the first open door. It was as he thought. Alice, dressed, lay covered up on the sofa.

Controlling his limbs which seemed to have turned to water, he knelt beside her. "Alice, my dear, don't be frightened."

"I—don't know you, Who—"

"Of course you don't know me. I'm Uncle John, your father's brother. You've been ill, haven't you? I saw a nurse downstairs."

"Yes. I haven't been able to walk for a long time. ... How marvellous that you're father's brother. I've tried so hard to remember Philip, as I used to call him. I can't remember what he looked like but I know quite well what he was. He was always happy and full of life. I used to be."

"At the time that picture of you downstairs was painted. Yes, I can see you were. But now you're not. Why?"

Philip thought he knew very well. Indignation surged in full flow as once more Florence intruded her unwelcome presence, capping Alice's animated statement. "Why mother, you never told me Uncle John was coming," with, "I didn't wish your uncle to come here. It's bad for you. Sorry you can't stay longer, John."

"Oh, but I can stay to dinner if you'll ask me. Alice can sit next me."

"Alice does not dine downstairs."

"But this is an occasion. She will to-night." He swept her, light as thistledown in his arms and bore her triumphant to the dinner table. Encouraged by the colour in her cheeks, the sparkle in her eyes, he swept Alice's stiff-and-starched guests into the maelstrom of his life experiences. In the midst of eager listening to his narrative Alice overturned a glass of water. Regardless of evoking dangerous memories he upset one too, after which he judged it time to make a pretence of leaving the house.

He was wandering in the garden watching the light in Alice's room where she had been banished by a censorious Florence, when a young man wearing a trilby and no overcoat joined his solitude.

"Hey, that's not the right way in, young fellow. Are you by any chance a burglar?"

"I'm not, but how do I know that you mayn't be?"

"I'm Alice Eden's uncle ... John Eden, back from abroad."

"Oh! I apologise ... you look the right sort. ... I'm Stephen Paine, a newspaper man. I wondered if I could get a note up to Alice. I know it looks fishy, but I've got to hang about this way to catch her nurse. Mrs. Stebbins doesn't approve of me."

"Because you tried to rouse up my niece, make love to her I suppose, in time?

"I'm all for marrying Alice, sir. We got as far as the City Hall once, but we were dropped. Since then I haven't dared show my nose in the house."

"I think I understand that too. What d'you say to having a drink? I've just heard of a quiet spot down the road."

Unknown to Florence, due to the connivance of his first acquaintance, the butler, Philip spent the night in his ex-wife's spare room.

"Mrs. Stebbins has sent me to help you pack, sir," the butler informed him in the morning.
"I'mgood bye to Alice first."

"Philip deserted me. Why should I care about him?"

"It wasn't his fault. If he were here now he'd laugh at you for lying on the sofa. He'd say there's nothing wrong with you. You know there isn't, Alice. You can't stand up and walk, because you won't try. You're too much of a coward."

"I'm not. Philip... Philip..."

Laugh back at him. Come on.

You're actually standing and afraid to take a step... afraid because you're weak... weak as water."

"The laziness and blase of that morally overwhelmed, but baffled by a gust of genuine anger making him say more truly, more intensely, than he intended, accomplished its purpose. Alice was walking across the room when Florence came in, in- singing on bed."

For two months, Philip as a man who sees the end of a long burrow and has voluntarily put his hand to the plough, managed to stay in Florence's house combating with skill and patience the mother's mischief.

The appearance, in due course, of a gentleman announcing himself as Mr. Connors and demanding to see Miss John Eden could not be miscon- strued. After the minutes talk, Philip looked at him and said with a twinkle, "You know, Mr. Connors, you're so dashing courteous, no one would think you were a policeman."

"Yes, thanks for coming, Mr. Eden. Here are my credentials. I'm afraid I must ask you for proof that you really are whom you claim to be—some relative of Philip Eden."

For once in her life, Florence not only appeared on the scene at the right moment, but she was correctly attired for the occasion. Philip was still grateful to her, even when having secured Mr. Connors' departure on pretext of two months' permission. John Eden's whereabouts, his ex-wife ordered him finally and firmly to leave the house. He gained permission to telephone, after which he dispatched the butler with a message and wandered into the garden

It was getting dark when he spoke to the man who had brought in respectful toward "Stephen, how would you like to go to Louisville? I've booked two tickets. Boat sails to-morrow."

"Marvellous, but I haven't any money."

"No matter. You know me well enough to take sensible advice. Will you go?"

"Better say 'Good-bye' to Alice first."

"Philip took him in the lounge hall and called her. She came, clinging to the chair, but obviously mistress of her limbs. Stephen's look of incredulity was good to see. If anything could have pleased Philip more it was the begin- ning that Alice should not be left behind. With her genius for interference, Florence, beauti- ful to behold except the set of her mouth, interrupted the meeting. 'Alice, are you sane?' she demanded. 'You told me you had finished with Stephen."

'"I know. I lied to you, because I had the courage to do nothing else. I'm going away... out of this house... to-night. Stephen and I are running away marrying."

"Alice, you don't know what you're talking about."

"I do. Uncle John has made me remember what I know what would have wished. At least father had courage to live honestly."

"Nonsense. He's known the truth about your father... a murderer... in goal... under a life sentence."

"I don't believe it. Uncle John, tell me it's not true."

He seized her cold hands in his, searching his memory, "Alice, it is truly partly; not the crime so much as the prison. All the same, so much worse, because he loved you and knew how to wait. Alice, you know him now; know why he came back to you. She was in his arms at last, clenching to him as though she would never let him go."

"Please, and I never knew at least, I think once or twice I almost guessed. Dear Philip... why didn't I go on writing to you? You must forgive me, won't you? We'll go away together."

"You must go with Stephen. I'll control him. I have so many things to do, a thousand places to see. Don't ask me any questions. We'll meet again. Be happy, my darling. Stephen will take care of you."

He saw Florence through a mist across his eyes, and the, for the first time in his life, sorry for her. "I had to do it," he said awkwardly.

"And now, Philip... must you? Don't let's say 'Good-bye' again."

"Then we won't. Here, Stephen... and so... Alice, close your eyes. When you open them I'll be."

"Has gone before the last word reached his lips, from the light of the hall, by the garden door into the shadows above the crazy painting."

"Now did you know I'd be waiting?" Inspector Connors, stepping out behind an elder bush, with curiosity as marked as it was genuine.

"Just thought you would be," Philip answered. "Dressed, gentlemen. I'll go quietly. If you want to do anything, congratule me on having won my greatest gamble."
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUROGOER's quick reference index to films just released

***CRIME WITHOUT PASSION

PARAMOUNT

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION


Elsa Landi......................Mercedes
Louis Calhern..................De Villefort, jun.
Sidney Blackmer.............Montego
Raymond Walburn............Daughters
O. P. Heggie...............Abbe Faria
William Farnum.............Captain Leclerc
Georgina Caine)...Mine, De Rosas
Walter Walker.................Mored
Lawrence Grant.............De Villefort, sen.
Lute Albritton..............Angelo
Irish Hervey..................Valentine
Dorothy Wilson...............Albert
Juliette Compton............Clothilde
Clarence Wilson..............Pontefract
Leona Phieps..................Haylie
Ferdinand Monk.............Louis XVIII
Holmes Herbert..............Judge
Paul W.ovie................Napoleon
Mitchell Lewis...............Vampa
Gina Lollobrigida...........All
John Miljan..................Prince Guerrem
Wilfred Lucas...............Detective
Tom Ricketts.................Cockeye
Edward Keane................Bertrand
Sybil Jason..................Ali Fasha
Edward Bernard..............Blacon
John Mackay.................Pellorin
Alphonse Masiell............Haitino
Ronald Florence.............Vasso
Wallace Wallace.............Albert, age 8

Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Adapted from Dumas' story by Philip Dunne and Dan Tabor.

Dumas' story of a calculating revenge lends itself admirably to screen purposes since it seems to contain all the popular ingredients of the romance, spectacular melodrama, and Rowland V. Lee has seen to it that they are all presented with the utmost effect.

It cannot have been an easy task to condense Dumas' work and adapt it to the screen, and a great deal of the picture's success must go to the screenwriters.

In addition, the acting is really noteworthy more particularly in the case of Robert Donat, who is excellent as Edmond Dantes, the young sailor of the Napoleonic period who is thrown into gaol on the false evidence of three men and who, after years of suffering, escapes, inherits riches and traces down his enemies one by one.

As the heroine, Mercedes, Elsa Landi shows both charm and intelligence, and makes the part an eminently pleasing one. The three false witnesses are exceedingly well characterised by Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer and Raymond Walburn, while O. P. Heggie turns in a splendid character study as an abbé, a fellow prisoner, from whom Dantes inherits his riches.

The plot gets going right away and enlist the interest and holds it right to the end.

Spectacular scenes include Napoleon's return from Elba, the court of Louis XVIII, shots of the battle of Waterloo, while outstanding thrills are provided by Dantes' escape from prison, his duel with one of his betrayers and his forensic battle with another.

***THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO


Robert Donat..............Edmond Dantes
Gene Gerrard and Zelma O'Neal show to advantage in a romantic musical comedy, "There Goes Stute."
I guarantee a CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN in 1 WEEK...or you don’t pay a penny.

A great skin specialist has proved that any woman can now obtain a fresh clear skin, free from blackheads and all blemishes, by the daily use of predigested dairy cream and olive oil. These are now contained, together with nourishing tonic and astrangent ingredients, in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. It sinks down into the pores and removes the deep-seated grime and dirt that soap and water can never reach. Blackheads are dissolved away. Enlarged pores soon contract. The darkest, roughest skin in a few days becomes soft, white, and smooth. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood makes face powder stay on twice as long; makes the powder spread so smoothly and evenly that it becomes practically invisible on the skin. Every woman is guaranteed a soft, clear skin and a complex of fascinating girlish beauty in 7 days with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood or money refunded.

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There’s a definite increase in ‘flu—colds—feverish complaints—sore throats and other complaints of an epidemic nature. Take heed and prepare. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, so listen to the ‘ASPRO’ message which tells you that ‘ASPRO’ will smash a ‘flu, cold, or feverish attack in one night. Used as a gargle, according to directions, it will prevent sore throat; if used as a sore throat it will rapidly dispel it and prevent complications. Furthermore, the development of many serious complaints of an epidemic nature can be definitely prevented if you take ‘ASPRO’ at their inception. As soon as you feel a bit ‘off colour’ fly ‘ASPRO’—your action will be well rewarded by benefit to your health. Do not be put off on any account.

PURCHASE YOUR ‘ASPRO’ TO-DAY

for to-morrow it may be too late to get the full benefit
COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores,
Dear Sir,
I feel that I must write and tell you that your ‘ASPRO’ has cured my cold and I wish to return the tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and get up in the morning a new man.—Yours Gratefully,
C. MAYTHORN.

Colds Go like MAGIC

Dear Sirs,

Tyrole Bleachfield

Dear Sir,

For some time past I have been troubled with severe cold in the head, but after taking a friend’s advice to try ‘ASPRO’ all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two ‘ASPRO’ tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

I am, Yours faithfully,
J. J. BURKE (Mr).

Mrs. J. M. writes from Ascot, Berks:

I feel my duty to write to you about my wonderful experience with ‘ASPRO’. Last week I had a very bad cold with a high feverish temperature. This went on for four days, and then I went down with influenza. I got some ‘ASPRO’ and took two tablets every morning. This gave me such relief that I wish you would sell my tablet to all and that I will be able to get on with my work. I am writing to you now and I got up and can truthfully say I feel fine. I cannot express my feelings about them enough. I am looking after my friend who was ill and had been ill ill as well it would have been very awkward, so you can guess how my friend and I feel about them, and I am sure that my friend and I will be able to get on with our work and all will be well. I tell everyone I meet about my experience and you may rest assured I shall always keep ‘ASPRO’ in my home and in a prominent place for I also have it at home. Wishing your ‘ASPRO’ very good luck.

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PRICES 3d. 6d. 1/3 2/6

PICTUREGOER Weekly

February 23, 1935
**CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON**

Fox, Americans. "A" certificate. Murder mystery drama. 35 mm. 70 minutes.

**THE KANSAS CITY PRINCESS**


**THERE GOES SUSIE**


**CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON**

February 23, 1935

Werner Oland....Inspector Charlie Chan
Duke Latimer....Pai Chen
Raymond Milland....Neil Howard
Mona Barrie....Lady Mary Bristol
Ala Moawery....Cynthia Richard
Midge Bellamy....Mrs. Fothergill
Walter Jones....Jerry Garton
David Torrence....Home Secretary
Murray Korven....Hopkinson
Douglas Walton....Hugh Gray
E. C. Cayley....Davidson Tucker
George Barraud....Major Jardine
John Rogers....Lake
Paul England....Bunny Fothergill
Elia Banchman....Alice
Perry Whykes....Kemp
Director by Eugene Ford, Screen play by Philip MacDonald based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers.

A mirers of the Oriental detective and his able interpreter, Warner Oland—there is no better "oriental" on the screen—will find plenty to entertain them in this conventional thriller in spite of some rather blatant incongruities in the English atmosphere and characterization.

The story shows how the famous sleuth saves a man falsely accused of murder by tracking down the real culprit at a country house party. It is also very familiar material, but well worked out with good suspense values induced by the fact that Chan has only one day to find the murderer.

The acting honours go to Warner Oland, but excellent performances come from Davna Craig as the heroine and Alan Mowbray.

**ARE YOU A MASON?**


Sonnia Hale....Frank Perry
Roberson Hale....Amer Bloodgood
Davy Bloodgood....Robertson Hale
Gwryth Lloyd....Eva
Bertha Belmont....Mrs. Bloodgood
Joyce Kirby....Lulu
Lewis Saunders....Baton
Michael Shippley....Ernest Morrison
Davina Craig....Amanda
May Agate....Mrs. Halton

Directed by Harry Edwards. Presented September 1, 1934.

The famous stage farce has been transferred to the screen in a straightforward manner, but in spite of its rather excessive dialogue and restricted action it moves at a fair pace and gives Sonnia Hale a chance to show what a resourceful and spirited comedian he is.

The plot and complications attending the masquerade of two husbands as Masons in order to deceive their wives is the other erring husband and co-conspirator with Sonnia Hale, Robertson Hare is well served with material after his own heart—the hen-pecked worm of innumerable comedies.

**THE KANSAS CITY PRINCESS**


Joan Blondell....Rosie
Gleno Farrell....Marie
Hugh Herbert....Junior Ashcroft
Robert Armstrong....Dynamic Gordon
Osgood Perkins....Marcel Dupey
Horace Cavanaugh....Sam Walker
Vincent Barnett....Quincy
Troy Barrows....Dr. Sarah Pinkel
T. Roy Barnes....Jim Cameron
Hiram Leonard....Owen
Lillian Hillam....Helen
Kenner Whiteley....Mrs. Ashcroft

Directed by William Keighley.

Thin in story and dudinous in moral, this picture relies on its high-spirited wisecracks and near-slapstick action for effect.

It is a sophisticated effort dealing with the gold-digging activities of two American business girls who finally achieve wedded bliss.

Joan Blondell is in excellent "hard-boiled" form as a man-catcher, but even her "hard-boiledness" is outdone by Glenda Farrell. Between them they make an amusing pair.

Robert Armstrong lives up to his cast name of "Dynamite," and breezes gaily through the picture, while good-guy characterizations come from Vincent Barnett and Hugh Herbert.

The action keeps going strongly and helps to disguise the transparent flimsiness of the plot, while the gold-diggers' methods of extracting the necessary from their male acquaintances is certainly original and not without humour of a broad variety.

**GAY LOVE**

British Lion, British. "A" certificate, Romantic with music. 70 minutes.

Florence Desmond....Gloria Follmers
Ivor MacLean....Lord Tony Eaton
Sophie Tucker....Sophie Tucker
Sydney Fairbrother...."Duke"
Evelyn Dunmore....Evelyn Dunmore
Efed Stemp-Taylor....Marie Hopkins
Philip Cine....Philip Cine
Hiram Ben Weldon....Ben Weldon

Directed by Leslie Howson.

A picture which is designed to exploit the brilliant mimicry of Florence Desmond and the intriguing personality of Sophie Tucker of the famous cabaret entertainer; it succeeds quite well—doing so in a lavish and tuneful manner.

There is not much in the romance, which shows how a talented revue star who is continually helping her impoverished sister who is engaged to a noble lord, eventually falls in love with him with realising his identity.

The sister's elopement with an old flame clears the way for the path of true love. Florence Desmond is good in her role as the revue star and gives extremely clever impersonations of Greta Garbo, Zsa Zsa and Mae West, while Sophie Tucker is given a well-introduced opportunity to put her act over.

Sydney Fairbrother is very good as the revue star's dresser and the cast holds well together to make quite good bright entertainment.

**THERE GOES SUSIE**


Geor Gerhard....Andre Coche
Windy Babbet....Marjorie Sartens
Zema O'Neal....Bunny
Gus McNaughton....Bramwell
Henry Weinham....Otto Sartens
Guss McLaughlin....Advertising Manager
Ralph Gerhard....Uncle Oscar
Mary Dale....Sunshine

Directed by John Stafford and S. Victor Hambery.

Greer Gerhard makes the most of his light comedy role of a wealthy soap-maker's daughter, thinking she is a model.

Complicences arise when he gets jealous and a lightly draped picture he had painted of her gets used as an advertising poster.

It is continental in theme, but rather heavy handed in treatment and lacking in the requisite piquancy its light plot needs to make it wholly amusing.

Parisian backgrounds are not too convincing, but the musical numbers are tuneful and good performances come from a capable cast.

**GIRL IN DANGER**


Ralph Bellamy....Trent
Shirley Gray....Glora Gale
J. Carrol Naism....Glora Gale
Rossan....O. Howard
Arthur Holm....Davina Craig
Ward Bond....O'Brien
C. Ellis Wall....Tollin
Franc Mcconald....Tony
Edward Keane....Thady
Pat O'Malley....Rollins


Gloria Gale, a society girl seeking a thrills, becomes a jewel thief's accomplice and gets more than she bargained for when he is bumped off and she is left holding a valuable emerald.

**SONNY HALE, GEONETH LLOYD, AND DAVINA CRAIG BRING BRIGHTNESS TO THE FAMOUS STAGE FARCE, "AREN'T YOU A MASON?"**

Three people from the world of the stage and screen bring a new vitality to the famous farce, "Aren't You A Mason?"

This is a part of the 1935 season and is a new and exciting addition to the list of stage and screen productions.

**IRISH HEARTS**


Lester Mathews....Dermot Fitzgerald
Leslie Howard....Richard
Molly Langton....Nurse O'Gara
Patric Knowles....Mr. McCaffery
Kyrle Bellew....Matron
Ferrier Thompson....Policeman
Patrick Barry....Dr. Connelly
Sara Allgood....Mrs. Gogarty
Arthur Simmonds....Farmer
Joyce Charnelle....Sister Mary Catherine Drago
Maria O'Neill....Mrs. Moriarty
Fess Parker....Finn
Tom Collins....Dr. Joyce
Ward Hare....Ward Nurse
May Warner....Ahlam Keny
Terence Morgan....Mr. Kelly
Mary Riley....Nurse Chambers
Georgina Lee....Little Girl
Iva Arby....Caustic Nurse
and the Camberford Dancers with the Champion Pipes of Ireland, Leo Rowan, directed by Brian Desmond Hurst from the story, "Night Nurse" by J. Johnson Abraham.

The main assets of this, the first all-Irish talkie, are its picturesque backgrounds and well-photographed countryside, which includes beautiful scenery.

The atmosphere, however, is a good deal better than the story, which attempts to portray life at a city hospital and in a disaccorded village without achieving much conviction. There is, however, a pleasing love interest.

The acting is fair but outstanding. Somewhat in the nature of the padding is the introduction of harp-playing Interludes and Irish dances, but both are attractive in themselves.

**GET YOUR MAN**


Dorothy Boyd....Nancy McAlpine
Helen Ferres....Agatha McAlpine
Sebastian Shaw....Robert Halben
Clifford Heatherley....Parker Halben
Kerry O'Grady....Rev. I. C. Halben
Ray Walsh....Mary Vivien
Robert Waite....Tulip
Charles Barbery....The Butler

Directed by George King. Based on a play by "The Whisperer" by Louis Fornel.
February 23, 1935

PICTUREGOER

In its quiet determination to mould the figure gently.
Never binding—just supporting and controlling

THE ADLIS BRASIERE
is the only brassiere that gives an effect of slimmness to the full figure and creates a subtly attractive curvature to the slim figure.

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On retiring don't be wheezy.
Soothe your throat—it's nice and easy.

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

Tickling throat last thing at night is a common complaint—with a simple remedy. Pop a Zube in your mouth before you settle down. These little comforts soothe your throat and chest and lull you to repose.

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ZUBES
3d & 6d in flat tins 2d. per ounce loose.
ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

He's looking for the Right Girl

Will he choose YOU?

He'll want his girl to be beautiful. Not in features, perhaps; but men always fall for a soft, lovely complexion.

Icilma Vanishing Cream is the only face cream that contains the wonderful beautifying water from the famous Algerian Spring. Use it and your mirror will soon reflect a lovelier you, ready for adventure and new lifelong happiness! Prices—1/3, 9d. and 6d.

ICILMA FACE POWDER

Icilma Face Powder gives your skin that extra touch of feminine allure that men find irresistible. Icilma is very subtly perfumed and very fine and clinging. There are five flattering shades to choose from—Naturelle, Rosée, Crème, Brunette, Sun-Tan. Prices from Sixpence.

SEND FOR THE ICILMA TRIAL BOX—only 2d.
for samples of Face Powder and three Beauty Creams. Enclose 2d. in stamps, and address your envelope to Icilma (Dept. Q3), 19 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope should be sealed and bear 1d. stamp.
If you want to know what's going on this week, shut your eyes and turn round three times and fall over. Then start again and look towards India.

And there you will find a spot of disagreement. Robert Flaherty, whose Man of Aran was chiefly important as showing how heartily sick the film public really is of its stars—or rather how sick the critics are, which is much the same thing, for the public usually goes to see what it's told to go and see, and I'm afraid that doesn't reflect very kindly on the enterprise of audiences, but it happens to be true, and I'm here, ladies and gentlemen, to speak the truth before everything, trusting in your kind co-operation to help me out of this sentence, which, I regret to say, has got itself into a bit of a jam, and that's praising it.

New readers begin here.

India is going to be a bit of a battlefield. The disagreement at which I hinted about three gasps back is between London Film Productions and Gaumont-British and Paramount.

Staking a Claim

London Film Productions have stated roundly, flatly, and categorically that Elephant Boy will be the first film made in India by members of another country. But does that mean the first film to be made partially in India, or the first to be made there entirely? If it means the former, London Films aforesaid have overlooked the Paramount picture, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, a great deal of which was shot in the Khyber Pass, and the Gaumont-British film, Soldiers Three, for which a "pioneer unit" is already in India, preparing the way for Walter Forde to walk in and do the direction—much of which, of course, will be done at Shepherd's Bush.

And if London Films mean to make Elephant Boy there entirely, the question is: will they? Bob Flaherty had every necessary facility for making films on Aran, yet some scenes were re-made at Islington. If he comes home from India bringing the bacon all ready cured and cooked, I'll eat it, and I'm a vegetarian.

Jumbo Goes Home

Anyway, my hearty and harpies, the film will be interesting, firstly, because Alexander Korda is behind it, and, secondly, because Bob Flaherty is no ordinary pot-bound conventional director, but a man of ideas, of originality, and of independence of mind and judgment.

It will be about an Indian boy who is mad about elephants and gets a job as vice-deputy-assistant-under-nahoum. He becomes very much attached to a big elephant, the granddaddy of all jumbos, who cuts loose and returns to his primitive and untutored state; whereupon the boy sets out and gets him back from the jungle.

Not, you will observe, a very complicated story, although compared with Man of Aran it's a three-volume novel. But you may have noticed that occasionally—oh, very, very occasionally—a film with practically no story, like Chang, or Hell's Heroes (to name two widely different) scores a bull's-eye. You have? Good. That saves an argument.

A No-star Cast

Like Man of Aran, Elephant Boy will have no stars. But I don't mind making a little bet with you that if the film is a great success (as I hope and expect), the young Indian who is cast for the lead will thereafter be offered (by other firms) real money to star in a synthetic picture of Indian life, to be called Gods of Kharma or The Sands of Yogi, or something equally footling and impossible, most of which will be made at Cricklewood or Shefferton or the San Fernando Valley.

Care for a bob on it? Right!

The perspicacious among you will have noticed, by the bye, that a cycle is now crashing its way incongruously through the Indian jungle. Elephant Boy, Soldiers Three, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Clue of India, The Broken Road—one swallow may not make a summer, but five films very often start a cycle, and I verily believe we're off.

So, very soon, a vast number of you Pukka Sahibs will flock to join the Knockers' Club, just for the sake of pointing out that whisky pegs are not taken with chota-haari on the Deccan and that kitmatgars seldom wear their red sashes before tiffin in the hills.

(Continued on page 40)
The Beauty that Men find so Fascinating

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Supplied plain or waved, silk or shell covered and paste set for evening wear. Also in larger size (3 ins.) particularly suitable for present day hair dressing. In black and bronze, plain only, on these smart cards from your Stores, Hairdresser, etc.

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A Young Wife rediscovers Romance

WHAT HAS SHE BEEN THINKING OF Lately?

SHALL I TELL HER MY SECRET OR SHALL I KEEP IT TO MYSELF?

TEA AT MRS. FAWCETT'S

TEA AT MRS. FAWCETT'S

OF COURSE, MY DEAR, DO ALL THE WASHING YOU LIKE — BUT NEVER FORGET TO SMOOTH A LITTLE VASELINE JELLY INTO YOUR HANDS AT NIGHT, IT'S SPLENDID, AND ONLY 4/6 A JAR

Doctor says "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is also a perfect protection for cuts, burns and abrasions. It soothes our infection. Apply after cleaning the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Victoria Road, Willesden, N.W.10.

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AT THE END OF THE DANCE

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When choking fog clogs and rasps the tender lining of your throat it lays it open to infection. Clear it and refresh it with an "Allenburys" Pastille. There is no simpler or pleasanter way of clearing away throat irritation.

Made from purest soothing glycerine and the delicious juice of carefully chosen ripe blackcurrants, they are both delicious and effective. Try a tin to-day — and carry one on foggy and murky days.

Take care of your throat — take

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant

PASTILLES

From all Chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

Cunning
A
nd then all the other Pukka Sahibs will flock to the kinemas to see whether these mistakes have really been perpetrated, and the box office will rejoice.

Did you know that such apparent errors were purposely made, to cause comment in the clubs? Fact, my dear fellow, I assure you.

By the way, you may be led to suppose by the inclusion of Soldiers Three in the current epic list that Rudyard Kipling has suddenly become a convert to moviedom.

No, sir! Is there any boy or girl in the audience who has heard of Thecla Bara?

She was the first vamp. And her name was Theodosia Goodman, which was a silly name for a vamp, so they changed it to Theda Bara, which, if you are any good at word making and word taking, will immediately rearrange itself in your mind as Arab Death.

That was in 1915, and she was called a vamp because the film in which she was playing the title role was called The Vampire.

And the author was Rudyard Kipling.

A Korda Flutter
W
ith some twenty productions staring at me from volume two of my productions book, all of which I have announced to you and none of which has ever been made or is now likely to be, dare I announce another "forthcoming" film?

I think I’ll chance it, because if Korda does change his mind maybe you’ll forget I mentioned it. It’s to be a history of man’s ambition to conquer the sky—an epic of flying—and if it doesn’t turn out to be a real epic it won’t be the fault of the subject.

Korda has the whole range of flight to play with, from Icarus of Greek mythology, with his feathers of wax, few too near the sun so that they melted, to the race for the King’s Cup.

What a subject! I congratulate Korda on having got in first with it. Also on having the wit to see that this is the kind of thing the screen can do and the stage can’t—which is the real secret of the success of films.

Jubilee Juibe
I
n spite of Alex. Korda’s decision not to produce a Juibe film (owing, as the proprietor of the real circus said, to a slight technical itch), we shall not be hard up for such films.

Pathe’, for example, are making one, for which the script has been written by two no less famous (or no less famous) people than the right Honourable Sir Austen Chamberlain, K.G., P.C., M.P., and John Drinkwater.

It is likely to be called Twenty-five Years a King. And if you are inclined to smell news reels in the air, I don’t think your nose will have missed you.

But why Chamberlain, you ask, and why Drinkwater, you inquire.

Ah?

And down at Elstree B.I.P. are launching into production of you’ll never guess it a film dealing with the history of His Majesty’s reign. But this time two B.I.P. seers, Eric Maschwitz (go on, pronounce it any way you like, I’ll stand by you) and Val Gielgud, are doing the scenario. No statesman, no minor poet—how come?

A Double Event
T
here will be two directors on this one, Thomas Bentley (who is one of B.I.P.’s best box-office propositions) and Herbert Brenon; they will each tear little bits out of the scenario and take them into separate corners of the studio and direct them.

As a matter of fact, the Juibe film nearly had far more directors than this. If you only knew. There was a movement afoot to persuade all the production companies to collaborate in making a film which would be really worthy its great object. But, unfortunately, they got the accent on the wrong syllable of "object," with fatal results.

If we had a producers’ association here, as they have in those more-or-less United States, the project would have stood a chance of realisation.

But we ain’t.

Now as to Herbert Brenon. Born in Dublin fifty-five years ago; educated in London; ran a small cinema in Pennsylvania; started direction with Carl Laemmle’s "Imp" company in New York, in 1909; directed (much later, of course) the silent version of Beau Geste, the silent version of Sorrell and Son (quite a lot of which he did in England), The Case of Sergeant Grischa (one of the best anti-war films I have privileged to see), Lamur, and Laugh, Clown, Laugh.

A fine director, with a fine record. Now he has come over to direct The Ten Man for B.I.P. at Elstree. This is a story by Somerset Maugham of a financial and social smash—and isn’t it a coincidence how frequently those two come together?

More Music
A
nd another B.I.P. activity is Lilian Harvey’s new starring vehicle, Invitation to the Dance. It will feature Weber’s "Invitation to the Waltz," and the rest of the music and the story are being written by Eric Maschwitz (how have you decided to pronounce him, by the way?) and George Posford.

The latter composed the music for Good Night, Vienna, which landed him heavily into the bin marked "Special"; he is also engaged to marry little Rene Ray some time, when they both have a moment.

Paul Merzbach will direct. When you get through with pronouncing Maschwitz you might usefully have a go at Merzbach.

Drake of England
A
lmost envy Matheson Lang the fun he is having with Drake of England? No one seems to know. He told me the other day it was exactly like being a boy again, and playing pirates! This looks like turning out a rollicking, colourful, slap-up production which I’m looking forward to seeing. I hear the stuff they are shooting on board the Golden Hind is first rate.

JACK BUCHANAN as Jack Brewster
The luckiest man alive!
Six months in which to go broke and he can’t lose!
The laugh of your lifetime, with songs, dancing, spectacle and beautiful girls besides in "BREWSTER’S MILLIONS"

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February 23, 1935
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STOMACH SUFFERERS!

AVOID SODA BICARB!

Doctors have known for a long time that bicarbonate of soda by itself isn't a good thing for indigestion. True, it often brings temporary relief, but it never cures, and it is bound quite soon to irritate the delicate lining of the stomach.

What the doctors advise everyone who suffers in the least from indigestion or any sort of stomach pain is to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the formula of which is used by hospitals all over the country even for serious gastric and duodenal ulcers.

It is amazing how quickly Maclean Brand Stomach Powder brings you relief. With the very first dose the pain goes away and quite a short course will bring a lasting cure and a permanent end to your pain, no matter how long you have suffered or what else you have tried.

Only one thing you must watch. Be careful to get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. Ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets at 1½d., 2½d., and 5½d. per bottle.

Warm

Luscious

Lips

SO SEDUCTIVE

SO KISSABLE!

 Pale lips are cold lips! Your lips to be tempting and attractive to others must radiate the pulsating colour of youth.

To-day, lovely women everywhere are choosing Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Lipstick as the ideal make-up for their lips. Indelible and waterproof, this exquisite lip stick spreads smoothly at once to the lips a thrilling, natural glow.

Outdoor Girl's colours are pure and safe; contain no harmful ingredients. Its unique Olive Oil base keeps the lips from chapping or cracking. This skin-nourishing, skin-rejuvenating Olive Oil base is the secret of all the Outdoor Girl Beauty Products—try the Powder and Rouge too.

Amazingly inexpensive. A few years ago only the wealthy could afford them, but now the identical quality is obtainable in handbag sizes as low as 6d., other sizes up to 3½d. Unless you agree Outdoor Girl is the best you have ever used, send it back and we will refund its cost plus postage.

FREE SAMPLE sent Post Free.

Send a card for a generous free sample (one week's supply) of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder in the fashionable new Everglades Shade which blends with every complexion, to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. 156), 32 City Road, London, E.C.1.

OutDoor Girl

Olive Oil Lipstick
HAVING recently seen two of Shirley Temple's films and I have come to the conclusion that the sooner a ban is placed on films "starring" juveniles, the better it will be for the film industry.

In Baby Take a Bow I thought Shirley was at times amusing; in Girl in Pawn I decided she was nothing but a precocious and at times impertinent little "brat. It was very obvious that she was merely "doped" with slang and wisecracks and is therefore to be greatly pitied.

This inevitable precocity introduced in Simplex's films only sets a bad example to other youngsters; bores grown-ups, and what of the child herself? Has she the sense to realise that she cannot be pampered all through life as at present?

As a cinema enthusiast I protest against this attempt to play on the public's "heart-strings" at the expense of young and valuable lives!—Wm. Taylor, 129 Gilmore Place, Edinburgh 3. Winner of this week's first prize of one guinea.

To the Well Too Often?

Why do some film stars make the mistake of an over-repetition of types of characterisation and films? Take Mae West, for example. Her former triumphs culminated in I'm No Angel, a film in which the "West" type of humour was put over with admirable success. In endeavouring to repeat this, she failed, as in comparison Belle of the Nineties may be termed a " flop."

Again, Eddie Cantor's Roman Scandals was a riot of mirth. But in too keenly trying to triumph anew, Eddie's Red Millions gives an artificial and forced impression.

In contrast, Harold Lloyd realised that, used to every comedian's gags and methods, fall, and The Cat's Paw was the very successful result of an experimental change.

A new role is good for all real actors and actresses, because it proves them capable of genuine acting ability.

To quote only a few, the cases of Myrna Loy, Harold Lloyd, Norma Shearer and Hette Davis, all go to show how successful versatility can be.—Miss E. Plummer, The Mungall, Evanston, Ill. Winner of the second prize of half-a-guinea.

Movie Arithmetic

JANET Gaynor plus some pep.

Clark Gable minus Joan Crawford.

Ralph Bellamy plus better roles.

Constance Bennett minus aloofness.

Carole Lombard plus long vacation.

Lupe Velez minus screaming.

Barbara Stanwyck plus more pictures.—L. K. Regan, 7 May road, Plaistow, E.13.

Those Arliss Roles

Does George Arliss really think he looks like all the great men of history? I hear he is to do a film of Richelieu and there is talk of a Postman's Rifle.

Those people who cherished ideals of past great statesmen and generals must, I feel sure, be sadly disillusioned on seeing them in the figure of Arliss on the screen.

FREE SAMPLE—Send your name and address and 1 d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept R3), 143 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

A FEEN-A-MINT is particularly valuable now, that there is an everyday risk of intestinal flu.

You can understand why FEEN-A-MINT is such an effective safeguard against intestinal influenza—the prevalent epidemic. FEEN-A-MINT's laxative content acts so naturally and thoroughly; it mixes with important gastric juices and cleanses the whole system of those poisons which render you so easily infected. FEEN-A-MINT banishes constipation in a few hours—without gripping or nausea. Thousands of people all over the world rely on it. Take the doctor's advice—take FEEN-A-MINT. You'll like the fresh, "minty" flavour. From all chemists—1/3 a package.

FEEN-A-MINT keeps me fit. No laxative suits me so well; it works smoothly and pleasantly!

The only chewing laxative

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

RAN THESE CHILD STARS!

"Wisecrack-doped Shirley Temple"

Take the Duke of Wellington. He was a soldier. Does Arliss look as if he has been drilled? Rather he carries his chest on his back. Again Withnail was reputed to possess a large nose. Arliss goes to length only in his jaw. Where will this miscasting end?—V. I. Lockwood, Goldstone Lodge, Lloyd Road, Hove, Sussex.

And . . . .

I am glad to notice that pictures like The House of Rothschild are taking the place of those wretched gangster pictures, which were doing no good to any one, adult or child. The audiences really do appreciate the wit of Mr. George Arliss, and for children, his films are an education, which was never present in the unwelcome gangster films. After all, why glorify such people?—Mrs. G. Gomersall, 52 Cumberland Road, Urmston, nr. Manchester.

Christian Names Or Not?

In regard to a recent "Thinker" letter, I can really see nothing detrimental in the use of film stars' Christian names, especially in these democratic days. Indeed it has become so accepted as to pass without comment. The use of a star's christian name is a sure sign of affection; you do not so address a person you dislike.

A film actor who insisted upon being addressed with ceremony and flourishes, would soon have his career killed—by ridicule.

V. L. Foss has not cited a good example to illustrate his or her point.—Conrad Veidt. Is not the latter known in the studios, and in print as "Connie."

It's rather a joke in that same edition you yourself call Ramon Novarro "Ramon."

And why not? Novarro is the most unassuming soul on earth and the last person to object. So why worry?

Dear, dear, Mr. Phillips—I hope you have taken the reproof to heart and that Charlie will be Mr. Chaplin to you in future.—D. Walton, 32 Claremont Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

Bouquet

I am sitting in a theatre, bored by a bad film, when suddenly somebody appears on the screen and I smile. Shall I describe him to you? A small plump figure, which seems to be brimming with everlasting happiness. A mop of black curls crown a face wearing a smile as sweet and lovable as was Tommy Adams, but the pair of eyes twinkle with continual merriment. He is very gesticulative in manner and his long lean walk (or should I say run?) is one of the funniest things I've seen. But he can also be angry when he will clutch his forehead with his hand and shake all over.

Who is he? Well, I'm not quite sure of his name, although I think it is Henry Armetta. I just call him Tony. At anyrate, he's a darned good comedian.—James W. Lamb, 43 Hill Street, Dundee, Scotland.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

15c. and 10c. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 50 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
STREAMLINERS!

NEW
LIBERTY SLEEKIES

LIBERTY ROLL-ONs
Persuasive "fashioned" garments, free from bones or wires, curve naturally and are designed to remain slender figures. Corselettes 5/11 up. Girdles 2/11½ up. Brasierettes from 1/11½ in Lentic Yarn: Girdles 5/11 up. Corselettes 8/11 up.

WEST ELECTRIC Curlers & Wavers
For Short Hair. For Long Hair.
4 for 1½; 2 for 6d.
Made in England. Used the world over.

WEST ELECTRIC Curlers & Wavers
For Short Hair. For Long Hair.
4 for 1½; 2 for 6d.
Made in England. Used the world over.

FOR BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND COMPLEXION
No sign of disfiguring chaps, roughness, or redness now that you can use Clark's Glycola. Simply massage well night and morning, and your skin will always be soft, fine, clear, and young.
Use it to beautify the face and neck also—it is non-greasy, and forms an excellent powder base. 4d., 1½, and 3½ a bottle from all Chemists, or direct from Clark's Glycola, Ltd., 140, Old Grove, London, N.W. 2.

FREE
Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting generous free bottle of Clark's Glycola.

Husky Throats
Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES
6d.

My Dentist Said
KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE
Of all Chemists and Dentists.
TRIAL SIZE 6d.

SPECIAL OFFER—Samples of Oatine Cream, Oatine Powder Base, Face Powder and 3d. Soapless Shampoo will be sent to all sending 4d. in stamps to The OATINE CO., 353 Oatine Buildings, London, S.E. 1.

OATINE CREAM
in 6d., tubes, or white jars 1½ everywhere

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Something's happened to Judy's complexion!

She's always in demand now!
All the sallowness has gone from her skin! The redness and blotches very quickly vanished. What's caused this wonderful improvement? She was advised by a friend to use Oatine Cream... and she's delighted with the result. Oatine clears the complexion, removes all roughness, cleanses the grime and dust of the City from the pores and restores the healthy and beautiful complexion with which you were born. Simply use a little every night and see how YOUR complexion improves.

OATINE CREAM
in 6d., tubes, or white jars 1½ everywhere

SPECIAL OFFER—Samples of Oatine Cream, Oatine Powder Base, Face Powder and 3d. Soapless Shampoo will be sent to all sending 4d. in stamps to The OATINE CO., 353 Oatine Buildings, London, S.E. 1.

CLARK'S GLYCOLA
FOR BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND COMPLEXION
No sign of disfiguring chaps, roughness, or redness now that you can use Clark's Glycola. Simply massage well night and morning, and your skin will always be soft, fine, clear, and young.
Use it to beautify the face and neck also—it is non-greasy, and forms an excellent powder base. 4d., 1½, and 3½ a bottle from all Chemists, or direct from Clark's Glycola, Ltd., 140, Old Grove, London, N.W. 2.

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Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES
6d.

My Dentist Said
KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE
Of all Chemists and Dentists.
TRIAL SIZE 6d.

SU-CAN
THE IDEAL SOLUBLE HYGIENE
PRICES 1½d., 1½d. and 3½d. Also in 6d. packets in cartons of 12 11d., 1½d., 1½d. and 6d.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
To Miss Haynes, 168 Old Street, London, E.C. 2
Please send me samples of SU-CAN Soluble Tonic.
NAME__________________________
IN BLOCK CAPITALS
ADDRESS________________________
5d. stamp sufficient if envelope unsalted

Vivacity... the sign of irrepressible youth. Sparkling eyes... smiling lips... hair a-glint with gold—a frame of soft loveliness that

EVAN WILLIAMS
SHAMPOO
has kept young and beautiful.
"ORDINARY" for Dark Hair
"CAMOMILE" for Fair Hair
4d. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS
FREE TO FAIR HAERED LADIES

Wonderful Double Gift

Let GEORGE DO IT!

"George" and "Anna" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTORIEGO WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-golden sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. All fair-haired ladies should try it at once and enjoy its marvellous effect. From all chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

HARLENE CAMOMILE SHAMPOO

Harlene Camomile Shampoo is the perfect shampoo for maintaining and preserving the beauty of fair hair. It is a tremendous boon to fair-haired ladies which will enable them, one and all, to possess more glorious hair beauty than ever. Not only is the shampoo super-cleansing in its power, but it preserves that NATURAL sheen and shine which is the essence of fair-haired beauty. Price 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos (Single Sachets 3d. each).

DOUBLE FREE GIFT COUPON

Send this Coupon with 3d. stamp and your name and address for Free Samples of Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash and Harlene Camomile Shampoo to Edwards Harlene Ltd. (G.S. 998), 20/26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

(Stamp your envelope with 1d. stamp.)

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

February 23, 1935

PICTORIEGO Weekly

PAIN COMPLETELY BANISHED

Nothing could be simpler than the "Cory's " treatment. No nasty physic . . . no interruption of your daily occupation. A few small, tasteful capsules every day is all you have to take. They contain a combination of proven anti-acid and microbic elements approved by British Pharmaceutical Authorities. These vital elements are carried by the bloodstream to the affected parts, and have the marvellous property of completely dissolving all the dagger-like Rheumatic crystals that cause your suffering. Swept clean of all Rheumatic poison, pain is banished, all swelling, aches and stiffness disappear, and radiant health is restored.

3200 DOCTORS ENDORSE REMEDY

The severest test that any remedy must face is medical opinion. "Curies" stand out above a host of so-called Rheumatic remedies, as the one that is receiving wide support from the medical profession. At the present time over 3,200 Doctors are prescribing and recommending "Curies" for their daily practice. No Rheumatic discovery in recent years has created a more profound impression. By their extraordinary success in banishing the ravages of Rheumatic disease, "Curies" have proved themselves beyond any shadow of doubt to be the most direct, the most rapid, and the most thorough means of eradicating the most terrible scourge of modern civilization.

Grasp This Wonderful Offer

Permanent relief from your complaint now lies within your reach. Grasp this opportunity before your condition gets worse. "Curies" have rid thousands of their suffering. Send for your FREE SAMPLE TREATMENT—it will cost you nothing. Don't delay a moment longer in taking this first big step towards complete cure of Rheumatic agony. Post the coupon now to Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Mfg. Chemists and Druggists (Dept. P.R.1), 19-21 Farrington Street, London, E.C.4, and you will receive by return a FREE SAMPLE of "Curies" Treatment, and a 32-page booklet that fully explains this wonderful remedy and gives valuable information regarding Rheumatic suffering.

SEND COUPON NOW FOR FREE TRIAL

NAME:______________________________
ADDRESS:______________________________
AILMENT:__________________________________
(4) Please send in block letters.

CURIANCES are sold by all Chemists. For Free Sample, however, post the Coupon above.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS
NOW PROVED CURABLE!
CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT,
SYNOVITIS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, FIBROSITIS,
Swollen Joints and Allied Complaints
DEFINITELY BANISHED!

PEOPLE who have endured intense Rheumatic suffering for many long years . . . people, who, in desperation, have tried countless different remedies without success . . . have come at last to "Curies" and they have been cured. Martyrs to Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism and allied suffering from the incapacitating pains of Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Swollen Joints, and similar complaints, have felt, with amazement, a big improvement in their condition after the very first dose of "Curies" . . . they have seen their suffering, in the space of a week or two, get rapidly less and less . . . and, finally, they have experienced, with profound gratitude, the complete and permanent cure of their Rheumatic ailments.
Leaving it to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

A TTING in tubes and boxes, I often marvel at the amazing number of bad complexes there are to be seen. The more so, because in these days all women are complexion conscious. Never was so much thought given to faces, and never was so much money spent on aids to beauty:

Why then beneath the make-up, can one discern pimples and blackheads and other blemishes. There are two reasons, I am inclined to think. First faulty diet, and secondly considerably less care in removing the make-up than is bestowed on applying it.

The secret of the perfect complexion is (a) simple food, and plenty of water, (b) the thorough cleansing of the skin before sleep.

Coarse greasy skins, blackheads, blotches, open pores, are all due to neglect in any girl over the age of 18. From 14 to 18, most young people suffer from a certain amount of skin trouble. But these troubles should pass with adolescence.

Wrinkles, too, seem to affect quite young women. They are due generally to allowing the skin to become too dry, the use of the wrong kind of soap, hard water, cheap powder, or eye strain.

Wrinkles

Wrinkles should be dealt with as soon as they appear. They are much more difficult to eradicate if allowed to become deep. After bathing the face with lukewarm water and a good supersaturated soap, it should be patted dry with a soft towel. Then cold cream or a good feeding cream such as turtle oil cream should be smeared on while the skin is still warm.

With the tips of the fingers, the cream should be worked in an upward and outward direction. It should never go up and down the line. In treating the lines from nose to mouth, the tongue may be used as a massage beneath the cheek. This makes the massage more telling.

A rubber patten is an excellent aid to beauty and five minutes patting should follow. Like the massage the patting should follow upward and outward lines. If you are convinced that you are trying to uplift muscles that tend to sag.

After the patting, take a comfortable chair to the dressing-table, patting the elbows, and give ten minutes systematic treatment. With the tips of the middle fingers, and beginning at the outer corners of the eyes, pull gently towards the nose, pause, and then continue along the line of the brow, until you are back to the starting place. Remove the fingers with an upward lift. Repeat 10 times.

Remember that the skin under the eyes is extremely fine and very easily stretched. Next treat the forehead. Hat brims are going to show considerable uplift in the spring so smooth forehead will be a great asset.

Place the fingers of the right hand on the right temple. This holds the skin firmly in place. With the creamed fingertips of the left hand, move firmly from a place above the nose across to the left temple. Repeat ten times. Reverse and do the other side of the forehead.

With the second and third fingers of each hand, begin on the cheekbones close to the side of the nose and work with a circular and upward movement towards the temples. Return to a point a little lower down the nose and work in the same way towards the ears. Continue in this fashion, starting a little lower each time, until the line of the jaw is reached.

Then place the hands so that the fingers meet below the chin. Press and smooth upwards and outwards towards the lobes of the ears. Clench the fist lightly, and with the knuckles lightly knead underneath the chin and the front of the throat. With first finger and thumb gently pinch the line from beneath the chin to the ear.

Place the fingertips behind the back of the neck, with the pads of the thumbs administer a rotary massage all over the neck. Remove any surplus cream or oil with a tissue, and repeat.

Next morning time probably will be precious so omit massage, but give three or four minutes with a rubber patten and cream, rinse in cold water (unless your skin is super-sensitive—when use tepid water) and then apply your make-up.

Golly! I'd rather have this sort of daily dozen every time!

AND the great thing is that my sort of 'developers' are grand to eat and keep me a whole lot fitter." Here is the secret. Spratt's Ovals keep a dog in tip-top condition inside and out even if he can't get as much exercise as you'd like to give him. And does he spring to it when the meal's ready—you watch him and see. Spratt's Ovals are marked with an X—the guarantee of goodness. Buy in sealed packets and cartons from 3d. upwards. Also in bags from 1½d. upwards.

Spratt's Ovals

EVERYBODY'S DOG. The greatest dog book ever compiled on dog owning, rearing and management. Containing 80,000 words, 126 pages in rich gravure and 250 illustrations. 1/- from newsagents or at the same price free of postage (for one month) from Spratt's Patent Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, E.C.3.
Chapped hands become CHARMING HANDS

Red, sore, chapped hands are soon made white, comfortable and soft with HINDS LIQUID Cream.

Smooth a little Hinds after washing—at intervals through the day—and the pain will be relieved, the roughness disappear, the soft white beauty of a flawless skin return.

Make and keep your hands immaculate with

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

6d., 1/- and 2/-

NEW! HINDS VANISHING CREAM

To make your Powder stay on longer, use this soft, satin textured Cream. It is non-greasy and leaves a perfect matt surface. Use Hinds Cold Cream to cleanse the skin. In extra large tubes and pots. 6d. and 1/2.

*Crescent LIPTSTICK SUPREME

A Great New Beauty Aid from a famous house


To introduce Crescent Lipstick Supreme we will send a free sample of Crescent Eyelash Grower to all purchasers. This offer closes on March 16th, so send your order to-day with P.O. 3/6 direct to Crescent Preparations Co., Ltd., Dept. P.G.) 27, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

* Look for the Crescent cards on your toilet counter

The Ideal Face Powder MUST...

1. be scientifically made with strictly MATT components to guarantee that your complexion shall have the rosy bloom of youth.
2. leave no patches, no visible make-up.
3. last for hours, through sports and dancing, although itself an imitable film, just lightly dusted on the skin.
4. suit both dry and greasy skins, as a TONIC and not clog the pores.
5. have that faint elusive fragrance which attracts and yet makes your own personality so distinctive.
6. have nine shades, to suit all types of beauty on all occasions... ONLY

Poudre MATTEVER

The original and ever-matt finish powder combines all these qualities and has No Equal and No Substitute. Recommended by the medical profession.

Cream MATTEVER

DAY-CREAM for a perfect MATT foundation.
NIGHT-CREAM — an indispensable aid to MATT beauty.

ALSO MATTEVER PERFUME, SHAMPOO, LIPSTICK, LOTION, TALCUM, ETC. SAMPLES FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS OR FROM:

L.T. PIVER PARIS

CREATED BY MATTEVER

9 Shades 1/3 Per Box

Here is a Real BEAUTY TIP...

To secure the loveliness which only belongs to a perfect skin, a few drops of D.D.D. Brand Prescription should be occasionally applied to the face. Free samples of the same prescription delivered to your door for 3d. each.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 30 SECONDS

FREE OFFER. To Dept. 4468, Euthymol, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send me a free sample of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which I have not yet tried.
Miss DOROTHY BOYD
THE FAMOUS BRITISH FILM STAR
finds that SHREDDED WHEAT is an ideal food.

"I've always preferred a light breakfast, but it must be nourishing to keep me fit for my trying work before the camera. That is why I always have delicious Shredded Wheat. It's nice to eat and I find it gives lasting energy."

Work of any sort comes easier when you start the day with a warming, sustaining breakfast of Shredded Wheat. There's nothing like whole wheat to keep you bright, alert, and full of energy and Shredded Wheat brings you rich wheaten nourishment in its finest and most digestible form. With hot milk, butter, honey, or banana it makes the quickest-served breakfast—delicious, handy, and economical. Everybody's everyday Health Food. Get a packet to-day.
Free Inside
16 Page Souvenir Supplement of Greta Garbo in The Painted Veil
The PICTUREGOER's WONDERFUL "FILMSTAR" GIFT PRESENTATION for every reader

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both "The Picturegoer" reader and the friend who is introduced.

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "The Picturegoer." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified and the friend referred to as a person who has NOT purchased "The Picturegoer" for the past three months.

Six Volumes—either the "Golden Treasure Album of the Screen" or the "Autograph Album" whichever chooses—will NOT be awarded until applied for on an official "Picturegoer" Voucher. Vouchers are sent unawarded for friends upon receipt of the Reservation Form and labeled in the opposite year. The particular volumes chosen must be clearly indicated on such Reservation Form. The label, bearing the name and full postal address of "The Picturegoer" reader, must be sent at the same time.

Each applicant must complete his or her "Picturegoer" Voucher by affixing to it four unreservedly numbered tokens cut from consecutive current weekly issues of "The Picturegoer." Tokens eligible are Series numbers 1-8, and their supply expires on the 18th of each month. Vouchers should be sent with the current issue of "Picturegoer," placed in the back cover of "Picturegoer." Applicants may start with Voucher No. "A1" from the issue. No tokens prior to "A1" and no other set of tokens will be accepted.

When the four Vouchers are completed—that is, after the four weeks and NOT before—they must be sent to the address given on the back of the completed Voucher. No tokens may be forwarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friends'—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 2½ (two and a half) shillings, to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc. on the volume, which is despatched at its own risk.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first five applications. No person may qualify for more than one gift Volume and no Volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "Picturegoer" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer is limited to residents of Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

Applications from the Irish Free State will be limited to two per reader that may be changeable.

PICTUREGOER Weekly
March 2, 1935

FREE

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Film Favourites BIRTHDAY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

POST FORMS AT ONCE
ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR YOUR FRIEND

Two Magnificent Gifts from which to choose

THE GOLDEN TREASURE ALBUM OF THE SCREEN

or

FILM FAVOURITES BIRTHDAY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

This week "The Picturegoer" announces a splendid new Gift Presentation to every reader. You are invited to select and accept ANY ONE of two of the most famous films ever published—"The Picturegoer's" "GOLDEN TREASURE ALBUM OF THE SCREEN," or The FILM FAVOURITES BIRTHDAY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

As part of its wonderful 1935 programme of surprises, "The Picturegoer" in this great Gift Presentation is departing entirely from the usual presentation terms and is making a Gift to its readers of any one of these two beautiful books.

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL! In order that as many film lovers as possible shall benefit, "The Picturegoer" offers a copy of either of these two magnificent volumes free NOT ONLY TO YOU, BUT ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AS WELL.

All you and your friend send is 1/- each, to cover cost of packing in special carton, insurance, etc., and carriage to your homes!

You and your friend send no money now. You each choose whichever volume you like—reserve them at once on the forms below, and post to us at once. On receipt of these forms, "The Picturegoer" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify. At the same time the respective volumes chosen by you and your friend will be specially reserved.

To qualify for a Gift Volume all you are asked to do is introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader of "The Picturegoer." All that your friend has to do is give "The Picturegoer" a trial for four weeks. In return we present to you the Gift Volume you select and to your friend whichever volume he or she has chosen. The only other thing to do is to make certain the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader—i.e., has NOT purchased "The Picturegoer" for the last three months.

Now about the books themselves.

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FILM FAVOURITES BIRTHDAY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM. Here is the unique alternative Gift which you may choose if you wish. It is a magnificent Autograph Album for your own personal use—already enriched by the inclusion of the most complete collection of real autographs ever published in one volume.

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To fill in by reader of "The Picturegoer" who is introducing NEW READER.

The Picturegoer Reader MUST completely label on left.

Add leaves pages many times in own pride, and send with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address in block letters.

To The Picturegoer, Dept. G, 3 Arns St., London, W.C.2

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve the volume indicated below in your name in return for introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "A" and understands to give "The Picturegoer" a trial for four consecutive weeks.

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GOLDEN TREASURE. Autograph left. You MUST cross out BIRTHDAY ALBUM OF THE SCREEN.

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In accordance with your special offer, please sign and return this form to "The Picturegoer,

GOLDEN TREASURE. You MUST cross out BIRTHDAY ALBUM OF THE SCREEN. You must receive the ALBUM.

GOLDEN TREASURE. You MUST cross out BIRTHDAY ALBUM OF THE SCREEN. You must receive the ALBUM.
This fine De Reszke leaf is too good to waste. That's why so many people are regularly smoking D.R. Minors. They keep their large De Reszkes for the more leisured occasions; but for the ten-minute intervals they favour the blissful brief-time smoke.
Why NOEL COWARD "WENT TALKIE"

NOEL COWARD is now at work in New York on his first talkie, tentatively titled The Miracle in 49th Street, and admits that he might be terrible.

Mr. Coward approaches the films as a matter of fact, with rather more modesty than some of the lesser lights of the theatre who capitulated to the screen earlier.

He is frankly out for the experience. Fame he has already in both worlds of drama. Popular report puts his bank balance at something in the neighbourhood of a million pounds.

"I always like to learn things," he explains in a New York interview. He is, however, not quite satisfied with his first screen tests. "I don’t think I’m quite at ease yet in front of the cameras," he confesses.

"It will be awful if I go stuttering about when they first begin shooting. But I don’t think I have any real stage fright in front of the ‘mike.’ I’m too old a hand at acting—I’ve been at it since I was ten—although I’ve never got over first night stage fright.”

Studying Technique

Coward’s appearance as a screen actor of course will probably herald his entry into the field of film writing. One hopes so.

He himself hopes in The Miracle in 49th Street to study the technique and formulae of films. At present, he says, he has no "movie sense."

The trouble with most of our movie writers is that they haven’t any movie sense and they don’t know it, so Mr. Coward has made a promising start.

There is a note of originality, too, in his reasons for not tackling the talkies sooner.

"The reason I’ve never played in pictures before is because I didn’t want to tie myself up to a long contract with a producing company in Hollywood—it’s too much of a slice to take out of life," he says. And I feel, too, that my name doesn’t mean anything to any one outside of New York or London, so that it’s not quite fair to the producer, who is spending a million dollars on a piece to sign up for just one picture which may flop on him.

"This way I expect to be able to learn a great deal during a single picture, and I can work with men who are experienced in the craft and whose ability I admire.

A Keen Fan

Our most talented dramatist-actor, incidentally, reveals himself as a keen filmgoer, with a weakness for gangster drama. Among his favourite talkies are The Thin Man, One Night of Love, Scarface and Enemies of the Public.

And unlike most dramatists, he declines to regard the screen as an inferior development of the theatre. Pictures, he believes, rightly, are an entirely different artistic form and should be approached from a different angle.

"The trouble with pictures is that they cost too much," he adds, however, "and that the companies have to guarantee so many a year. It’s a terrible fault.

"If each one cost, say, a quarter of what it does now, they could afford to make more of the marvellous kind they turn out occasionally—productions with an intelligent, psychological story.

“Like the Theatre Guild, they could gradually build up an audience for pictures sophisticated and subtle in plan.”

Jack Ahoy!

So Alias Bulldog Drummond has become Bulldog Jack, for the further glorification of Hubert.

The title, one imagines, will not be used in the States in view of (or should it be despite?) the recent Shepherd’s Bush Big Push to make America British-comedy conscious.

I am not at all sure that, however flattering it may be to the vanities of the star, Jack is wise in persisting in the policy of having his name incorporated in the title of his pictures.

(Continued on page 6.)
grandson of "Strongheart," the first dog screen star, owned by Larry Trimble and Jane Muriel. Thus a real dog dynasty now exists in Hollywood.

"Rin-Tin-Tin" followed "Strongheart" in the public heart, and many a human actor made a good living supporting this dog star in his long series of pictures.

"Peter the Great" was another four-legged thespian who was headed for the heights, but a dose of poison cut him off untimely.

"Lightning" is owned by Earl Johnson, of Hollywood, and has already been in pictures for two years. A Dog of Flanders, however, is his first really big picture, and he is expected to demand a special studio kennel, with chintz curtains, from the Radio people any day now.

That Talent Shortage Again

Once again the old heart cry is going up from the Hollywood studios of an acute shortage of screen talent.

The latest producer to take up the chorus is Clarence Brown, who has been having difficulty in finding an actor for Ok, Wilderness.

The present crisis, he declares, will make necessary a series of training schools supported by the film industry.

Delays of weeks in the filming of productions so that suitable players can be borrowed, discovered or developed are costing producers hundreds of thousands of dollars each month, he declares.

In five years talking pictures have drained the stage of all talent developed during the last fifty years, and the latter is jealously guarding what few players it still possesses.

Can You Decide on a Title?

Shirley Temple is to star in a musical picture in which she will figure as an orphan in a Daddy Long Legs type of story.

With the baby star will be John Boles and Rochelle Hudson.

William Conselman, author of the screen plays for Bright Eyes and The Little Colonel, is writing the scenario. Suggested titles for the new Shirley Temple picture are Curly Top and Little Miss Cupids.

Which of these titles do you prefer? The studio cannot quite make up its mind and asks the public to decide. If you have a definite opinion on the subject, you are asked to drop a line to the Publicity Department, RKO-Film Co., Ltd., 13 Bemers Street, London, W.1.

Will Shirley Go West?

There is a possibility that Shirley will alter her characterisation somewhat in her coming films. Little Miss Temple may go Mae West.

Until now the matter has never been given consideration. When she made Bright Eyes her mother was greatly concerned over her wardrobe, and while Shirley played a waif in the home of a rich girl, Mrs. Temple didn't want Jane Withers, the other girl, to be dressed so well that she would eclipse the star.

But when she was assured that Jane was enacting the role of an "ornery" child, Mrs. Temple saw no evidence of competition.

Naughty, but Nice

When the picture was released, however, so much attention was attracted by Jane as an impish and thoroughly disagreeable brat that it caused Shirley's mother to wonder if, perhaps, her daughter wasn't putting it on a bit thick.

So Mrs. Temple now is endeavouring to convince Fox that perfection isn't a 100 per cent box-office attraction and that Shirley's appeal might be greater if she were just a little more natural.

If she wins, it is possible that the child star will walk up to someone and kick him in the shins—being careful, of course, to centre this abuse on some worthless and ill-mannered character.

Hollywood via London

The quickest way to crash the portals of Hollywood is to go to London, says Mary Boland, who is appearing with Charles Laughton in Paramount's Ruggles of Red Gap.

"Young actors and actresses seeking a career in films should first spend at least a year in London," she says.

"Not only does Hollywood have a sneaking reverence for the English-trained player, but England is the best place in the world to cultivate the proper accent and diction for both the stage and the screen."

I heard, incidentally, of another way to get into films, the other day. An actor was signed by a big...
March 2, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

There will be a first prize of half a guinea and four half-crown prizes.

 Shall we give it a try? Submit your entries on a postcard addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre. Envelopes cannot be opened.

Short Shots

Ronald Colman is sans moustache in Clive of India for the first time since his early acting days—Anna Sten has moved to a glass house on a hillside overlooking the Pacific, but she doesn’t practise stone polishing—Mr. W. E. Harker, who is married to Frank Wooldy, calls her baby son “Tug”—Bing Crosby, Charles Laughton and Jack Oakie prepared competition in battle for title of Hollywood’s worst-dressed star—Carole Lombard was one of the few Mack Sennett bathing beauties who knew how to swim—Ida Lupinosnake is a playwright—Janet Gaynor will be seen next in The Farmer Takes a Wife—Wendy Barrie’s first Hollywood film will be It’s a Whirlwind, with Spencer Tracy opposite—Cary Grant collects the autographs of the stars with whom he works.

Kisses That Embarrass

It takes about forty people to consummate one screen kiss, which should be some sort of consolation to those who envy the romantic work of screen stars. Director Frank Tuttle, who has just finished All the King’s Horses, with Carl Brisson and Mary Ellis, is an expert on studio kissing. The players’ feelings of privacy are often a little less respected,” he says. “Rather than risk embarrassing them I send most of the people off the set, leaving only the twenty or so electricians, the cameraman and assistants, the assistant director, the sound mixer, and microphone man, the prop boy, the still man, and ten or a dozen others.” Farther embarrassment is avoided by never filming a kiss on the first day of production and never before the kiss and the kissers have been properly introduced! When everything is ready the technical men get down to work with a cold calculation. Camera angles, lighting, trials with the stars’ “stand-ins,” finding out the exact sound the kiss is going to make—are everything is worked out. Then the stars are allowed to get busy. The seconds are ticked off and the distribution of their earn as soon as they have consumed enough footage. A few months later thousands of women sit dreamy-eyed in their cinema seats and yearningly murmur: How romantic she is writing her letters.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

After the Party was over...

How many times have you rebuked yourself after one of your little home parties —blamed yourself for the things you forgot to remember and things you didn’t know; things that would have made such a difference?

The ABC of giving a successful party, whether in a small flat or a large house, will be found in the wonderful March number of the “Ideal Home,” the magazine that makes home life happier.

The bachelor and the bachelor girl, as well as married couples, will find something of everything to interest them in the March "Ideal Home."

Furniture, books, cooking, the garden, and lovely pictures of other people’s homes—pictures that will make you more than ever interested in your own.

Who is on your houseworthy of an extra shilling, get the March “Ideal Home.” Once you have seen this superb magazine, you’ll always want it.
Margo

The dancer, who, discovered by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, sprang to overnight fame in "Crime Without Passion." The surprising new coiffure she is wearing is called the "Sensational." And it is.

It requires a strand of brown hair, one of black and one of platinum blonde. These contrasting locks are braided together and twisted into rosettes over the ears, with a fringe of curls outlining them. Another tri-coloured braid serves as a coronet.
Being FUNNY is a SERIOUS BUSINESS
by LEONARD HENRY

The famous radio comedian, who recently made his bow as a film

H

AVE just completed my first attempt at a full length talkie comedy, and it has been a chastening experience! It has left me with a wholesome respect for the difficulties of being funny on the screen.

In the course of my career I have tried to be funny in concert parties and on the concert platform, in theatres and music halls, in cabaret and on the air, and I was beginning to think I had learnt my humorous A B C.

But in talkies one just starts over again—right at the beginning!

Myself, when young, was meant to be an analytical chemist. I soon grew out of that—or, to be strictly accurate, I was blown out—but even now traces of the analytical part still cling.

I like to ferret out the whys and the wherefores of things. I hate just being funny and hoping for the best. I like to know why a particular audience is going to laugh and how I can best help them on their way.

So, while cheerfully admitting that so far as films are concerned, I am the rawest of beginners, I may be the one of the things that struck me during the filming of The Public Life of Henry IX will interest those who know a lot more about the job than I shall for a long time to come.

Although I am a comparative stranger in the talkie studio, many of my friends have done talkie work for a while, and from them I have heard something of the actor's outlook on talkies. It seems to me that very few people have realised the overwhelming importance of what may be termed the mechanical side of film production.

We hear so much of So-and-So being a great actor or an inspired comedian. In the sense we have been accustomed to using them in the theatre, I don't think the terms exist in the film studio.

A great actor can walk on a bare, badly lighted stage in his ordinary day clothes and by his art, technique, genius, personality, call it what you like, he can sweep his audience off their feet.

Put the same man in a film studio and if the lighting experts don't care if he is seen or not and the cameraman dislikes his face and the producer is bored with him, that actor will register the world's greatest flop.

Therefore, the first new thing the film actor has to learn is to subordinate himself completely to the mechanical side of the production.

To the old and experienced stage artiste who is accustomed to being the most important person in the theatre, this is naturally a bit of a blow and perhaps explains why so many really gifted artistes have failed on the screen. If the stage artiste couldn't stand it, he made a buck at the box office and away he went.

They just don't know how to play second fiddle to anything—leave alone a box with a lens and a handle on it!

Many explanations are given for these failures. Their faces aren't 'photogenic' or they can't get accustomed to the different tempo of film acting or they need an audience to inspire them.

The best one of all is, of course, that films aren't art and real art cannot flourish in the sordid commercial atmosphere of a film studio. But I like my own solution better.

It is with the greatest regret that I include the producer in the mechanical side of film work. A producer is a great creative artist, painting his pictures on the broad canvas of the screen and using human bodies as his pigments. All the same, the producer doesn't appear on the screen and as he is making the picture in exactly the same sense that the lens of the camera is making it, so he must be reckoned as part of the machine—at any rate so far as the actor is concerned.

You can't make a good picture with a bad producer, any more than you could make it with a bad camera or bad lighting. But I've seen some very good pictures made by damn bad actors—thanks to the producer!

On the stage, a comedian may be pardoned for getting a slightly inflated idea of his own comic powers. The rest of the cast may act, but he is there to be funny. He gets his job because he has a most unusual talent for being funny, and so long as he continues to produce yells of laughter he can, within reason, do anything he likes.

Therefore, he tends to regard the art of acting with a certain degree of pitying contempt.

He has a sad awakening when he walks into a film studio. His brilliant impromptus are unwanted. His irrepressible grimaces become hidden distortions. His comic clothes are robbed of half their effect because their violently contrasting colours come out in black and white. In short, he finds that he has to act.

It is not more coincidence that the world's greatest film comedians are clever, serious people who could hold their own as actors even if deprived of their comic powers. It is because lasting success as a film comedian cannot be won without genuine acting ability backed up by the intelligence necessary to think and live the part one is playing.

I am forced to the conclusion, therefore, that an actor must be high on the list of the qualities of the film comedian.

Nature must have endowed him with the right kind of voice—though the make-up man can do a lot to rectify Nature's omissions.

He must have been born with the gift of being funny and must have perfected his powers by long practice, preferably before those best of all teachers, actual audiences.

But, above all, the talkie comedian must have the right kind of voice and be able to use it. In my humble opinion the voice has, up till now, been the chief stumbling block of the talkie comedian.

Chaplin himself is afraid to use it; Harold Lloyd uses it as little as possible. Edgar Cantor is a trained stage comedian of long experience, so the voice presents no difficulties to him, but all those artistes who were first and foremost film actors have had to exercise endless ingenuity to avoid and overcome the difficulties and complications introduced by speaking.

That is why radio work ought to be an admirable introduction to the films—providing, of course, the other qualities are there.

The man who has been brought up on radio has no fear of the microphone just because he happens to find one in a film studio.

He has had to learn to be funny with nothing but his voice to help him and, believe me, that is infinitely harder than being funny when one is helped by all the resources of the camera.

And what of the pitfalls of film comedy? It is early days yet for me to talk about them, but there is one discovery I think I have made already. It is always a great temptation for a comedian to rely on some special trick of his own for producing laughter.

It may be a funny walk, it may be a particular grinning, but whatever it is, a stage comedian comes to depend upon it to produce a laugh whenever one is badly needed.

In the theatre he can go on doing it successfully year after year, because he is only appearing before a few thousand people per week.

On the films he is seen by hundreds of thousands in a day, so his pet gesture rapidly becomes too well known and consequently wearsome. This really comes back to what I have already emphasised about the vital importance of genuine acting.

That, then, is my personal attitude towards film comedy! First, absolute faith in the mechanical side of the work and complete subordination of myself to it. Second, the paramount importance of perfect self-control. One must sit tight and do as one is told. Doesn't sound very comic, does it? Perhaps you have visualised a film comedy as a spontaneous exuberant thing, full of that careleus joie de vivre which is the true soul of humour.

That, I hope, is how it looks to the audience.

To the comedian, however, it is a very serious matter!
HOLLYWOOD is about to demonstrate to its ecclesiastical critics that it knows as much about the forces of good and evil as they do, and perhaps knows a trifle better how to make the lessons and legends of such things into popular entertainment.

Hollywood is making a film about Hell and is titling it Dante's Inferno.

Harry Lachman, chosen by the Fox company to direct this picture—"Because," one smart American cracked, "he got his early training at Elstree"—is working day and night with trick photographers, special effects wizards, past masters in the ancient art of pyrotechnics (fireworks to you!), art directors, experts in screen symbolism, and choreographers; the latter, according to my dictionary, being experts in the "art or notation of dancing."

I suppose we may expect to find dancing in Hell; there's that saying about the "cat dancing on hot bricks."

I feel sure none of us ever saw one, but we all believe it is feasible because it sounds right.

Anyway, the choreographers in this case have the satisfying, if somewhat sadistic, task of arranging groups of lightly clad Hollywood beauties in all kinds of fascinating and fantastic postures, as they might be discovered dancing the hot-chal in the domain of Old Nick. Some are to be seen bathing in lakes of fire, almost as free of clothing as the Mack Sennett mermaids, yet not so enthusiastic.

Others will be trapped on fiery mountains doomed to do an eternal skip to and from like the goats and sheep on the Mappin Terraces.

Still others will be shown encased and interwoven in the branches and trunks of trees where they form a living writhing mass of humans in perpetual torment. The tree of living death, I believe.

The lovely girls taking part in these scenes were specially selected from Hollywood's army of "extras," and were glad enough of it because they were to be paid from £5 to £25 a day instead of the usual £1 or £2.

Those of you who think that £25 a day is good pay may like to imagine your own physical form very slightly adorned, being moulded by Hollywood's art wizards into plaster imitations of trees.

How do you think you'd feel as the plaster began to set around you, and you settled down to the realisation that for some hours at least you'd got to stay put, your arms and legs, like your body, describing the twining outline of some great vine, growing close to a gnarled old oak?

Your hands and arms, unless you were exceedingly lucky, would not be free; and I'll guarantee that before you'd been "made-up" that way for five minutes, you'd have a little battalion of flies buzzing around your nose or two black smuts in each eye.

When Harry Lachman was choosing his girls for these Hades scenes, he addressed each one something like this: "You're wanted for Hell stuff, and you've got to be frozen or burnt; which do you prefer?"

Some of those who plumped for the flames, because they felt the fake would be so perfect that the most they would have to put up with would be a little of the usual film smoke, turned a deep red when they were handed wisps of flimsy draperies to wear.

"These have been dipped in a fire-resisting solution of salt saline," they were told reassuringly, "and if you figure it will help you, go take a bath in the same stuff."

Actually, of course, the girls were not seriously imperilled; but they were certainly nicely warmed up!

Those who preferred to be seen undergoing the punishment of eternal freezing found themselves waist-deep and over in decidedly cold water. You might argue that is carrying things too far; why not warm it a bit?

The answer is that it had to be cold because on the surface was a thick layer of "ice and snow" made in Hollywood from a special kind of wax and some finely ground granite.

"Some people in Hollywood," said Spencer Tracy, who plays the star role in the film, "are so cold from the heart outwards that it wouldn't be necessary to freeze them; and if you chopped them right into those flames over there, they wouldn't thaw. Yet because the story says they must be easy to look at, they couldn't be used up in these scenes. What a pity!"

Claire Trevor, who plays his young wife in the picture, deplored his cynicism; while H. B. Walthal, kindly old fireman, who in the story runs a small side-show based on the Inferno idea, grinned non-committally.

I said "Hear hear... and all that kind of thing"

Just then, Director Lachman, who only caught part of Spencer's lament, walked up, and said: "I've been told to go there plenty of times, but never before did anybody tell me outright to make my own Hell before I might go to it."

Altogether, twenty odd scenes will be staged in the symbolic part of the film representing the Inferno.

The producers are not pretending that Old Nick has only twenty odd different horrors to offer his disciples throughout all eternity, but Hollywood quite believes that these will be enough to give the public a fairly adequate idea of the nethermost hereafter.

Of course, since no kind of Hell could pass for
Harry. II he am had Hollywood's so has the
desecrated volcano, feet below to it ingenuity.

I prefer a Hell conjured with relentless ingenuity in the pursuit of realism, or a real bonfire filmed without any attempt at deception?

It seems to me that your answer will be "We prefer a show—a real show." You cannot get a real film show without the three major ingredients—story, human interpretation, and audience. And on the studio set the camera is the audience, by proxy.

Whatever catches the eye of the camera will come to you as the finished film, and it will be just that which will entertain or bore you.

If you were in an ordinary theatre indulgently watching a stage interpretation of Dante's Inferno, you'd know the fire wasn't real enough to endanger life; it probably would not look real enough even to endanger the thought.

In the film it will look real; such is the fuller glory of the screen. Risks were taken, too; not during, but before the filming.

It took a party of experts three days, for instance, to discover how to produce a screen effect of a thunderstorm of fire. They burnt nearly two tons of wood and 150 gallons of kerosene, to say nothing of trouser bottoms and odd fingers here and there, before they found out how to do it effectively.

I am sworn to secrecy on this and many similar interesting processes, because Hollywood hates more than anything else to have its "fake work" exposed.

Tell the public all you know... and dare, about its domestic indiscretions and nobody cares; but give away one of the studio secrets, and your name is mud.

As a matter of fact, nothing would be more likely to set me typing wildly all the secrets of the fakers, than to know I had them hot under the collar; but I am not sure the public likes to know "how this and that is done." Many people have told me it completely spoils the fun.

For inspiration in building this Hell upon earth, Hollywood has looked beyond her own experience; odd, but true.

It was impossible to appoint anyone "official technical adviser" for the reason that no one claimed to know the subject first-hand.

Nobody had been nearer to Hell than Hollywood—not even Lachman, who had started at Elstree. So they had to trust largely to such books as "Gods and Devils of Mankind," "The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil," "The Devil's Advocate," and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Doré, said to be the only artist effectively to attempt a complete series of paintings of Hell, also was consulted; to be illuminative on the subject of Hell surely is to be eternally bright!

Hollywood aims to show that Hell is a state of mind, but the real moral of the film, in my opinion, is that man can make on earth anything he will—for the movies.
With "Duke" and "Wellington." Randolph, who has for some time been one of the stalwarts of Western drama, makes his bid for fame as a "straight" hero in "Roberta."
THE lovely Hollywood star who is now appearing with Buddy Rodgers in "Dance Band" at Elstree.

The women of yesterday were as beautiful as Nature made them. The women of to-day take matters into their own hands; improve, groom, and enhance till Mother Nature would scarcely recognise her own handiwork.

Take a comfortable seat before a mirror. Turn on a light of pitless power and give yourself a candid quarter of an hour to note of your good points, and frankly admit your bad ones. Maybe your head is a beautiful shape, but your hair lacks the sheen that comes from continuous attention. Experiment with the parting. Perhaps you would gain loveliness from a centre parting. Or, if your ears are delicate, a backward sweep of the hair, to show them, may give you distinction.

To ensure a graceful neck, the head must be carried well back, but without conscious strain. This not only gives poise but ensures firm and plastic muscles. As a matter of fact, it is far more comfortable to hold the head well than to let the muscles of the neck sag.

If you have fallen into unguinely habits simple massage with a suitable cream and some exercises will help you. First, the skin should be cleansed with pure soap and hot water. Then an application of skin food should be smeared on, and the cream rubbed in with a rubber-bristled brush. The soiled cream should be removed with a face cloth wrung out of hot water, and another layer of cream put on. Then begin massage with the fingers, using an upward and outward movement, working from the base of the neck towards the ears with gentle pressure. Lift the fingers at the ears and begin again. Never use a downward stroke. After the massage remove the surplus cream and apply an astrigent. A cupful of cold water to which has been added 10 drops of simple tincture of benzoin. Pat on and allow to dry. Then practice these two neck exercises:

Thrust the head backwards till the muscles of the throat feel tight. Then bring the head back to an upright position. Repeat several times slowly and evenly. This not only makes the neck supple and of good contour, but benefits and stimulates certain nerves.

This head-turning exercise is splendid. Very slowly and evenly rotate the head up to the right, and keeping it well back, down to the left, and then round again. After several repetitions reverse and rotate the other way. There should be no tense muscles while doing these exercises. A slightly open mouth will relax the facial muscles.

Now we return to the mirror. Perhaps it has revealed ugly salt cellars, pimply arms and a back that looks rather seedy in a backless gown. Massage with warm olive oil will help to fill out the salt cellars, and massage with almond oil will give beautiful rounded arms free from skin blemishes. After washing the arms, the skin should be spread with a generous amount of warm almond oil. This, too, should be rubbed in with a massage brush previously softened by soaking in hot water. Allow the oil to remain on for five minutes, then bathe arms with warm water and apply a good lather of soap, rubbing in with the brush. Rinse off, dry and apply your favourite hand lotion. This treatment, given daily, will soon improve the texture of the skin.

Here is an exercise that will improve arms that are too thin: Stand erect, arms at sides. Extend the arms on a level with the shoulders, palms uppermost. Clench the fists and slowly bring them to the shoulders. Return to first position. Repeat ten times. A reducing lotion will improve arms that are too fat.

If you are going to beautify your back, you will need to call a little help, for you cannot reach it yourself. Most backs are slightly greasy and have occasional pimplies. After the skin has been washed in warm water, make up a mixture of equal parts of toilet oatmeal and tincture of soft green soap.

Work this up and then get a friend to massage it well into the back. It will greatly improve the appearance of the skin. Rinse, first, in tepid water and then in cold water, pat dry and apply your favourite towel deodorant. This will kill any blemishes. A nuisance, bathe frequently in hot water and apply the following lotion: Spirit of wine, 1 part; calamine lotion, 10 parts.

Now for the revelations of the long mirror. Does it show a thick waist, spread hips, unruly diaphragm? If it does then the daily dozen are indicated.

The Waist.—Lie flat on your back on the floor. Roll the lower part of the body as far to the right and then as far to the left as possible. Repeat twenty times each way.

Hips and Diaphragm.—Sit on your heels on the floor with shoulders well braced. Bend backwards till the head touches the floor. This is difficult at first. A chair so placed that it will support the head midway will help till proficiency is acquired. Repeat ten times, returning to original position after each backward bend.

Legs.—Sit in an upright chair with right leg crossed over left knee. The foot should be straight out in front, toes pointing upwards. Rotate the foot twenty times to the right and twenty times to the left. Repeat with the other leg. Legs that are too fat should be massaged with a reducing cream and a roller.

Few women have beautiful feet—a glance at any seaside beach in the summer reveals that. But the girl who will take the trouble to give herself regular pedicure at least will not have crippling corns and callouses, and ugly ankles.

Ill-fitting shoes are the cause of more than half the foot troubles. From the rub comes corns, and from the lack of balance, bunions. When choosing shoes, see that there is ample room for the large toe joint, that the heel fits well, that the arch of the foot is well supported, and that the base of the heel is wide enough to support the body weight without wobbling.

Toenails should be cut straight across, and level with the toe. This prevents in-growing. Then soak the feet in warm water with a foot cube added or a handful of Epsom salts. Ten minutes will soften all hard skin so that it may be rubbed off without straining. Rub the rough towel around the cuticles, apply some cream, and then press back the skin with an orange stick.

Wipe off the cream, rinse the feet in warm water, dry, and then give a good, brisk frictioning with toilet eau de Cologne. If you like varnished toe-nails—and they are considered very smart—use the varnish in the same way as for finger-nails. When the varnish is dry dust the feet with talcum powder.

There remains the finishing touch of make-up. Make-up should be suited to type. If you are an English rose, don't experiment with arched eyebrows and carmine lips. It is rose-tinted cream and natural lipstick that you need. Too many girls set to work to copy a star whom they admire. The result is a travesty of their own type and the complete loss of their own personality.

Be yourself. Do not use this or that cosmetic because someone else uses it. Experiment and find the aids to beauty that bring out your own good points, emphasise your own personality, and give you that little air of distinction that belongs to you alone.
OME ten years ago a body of legal bigwigs became dissatisfied with the existing divorce laws of the country. All very interesting and doubtless of great benefit to the unhappily married of the period, but hardly an item likely to cause any noticeable excitement among filmgoers, you will say. But you are wrong.

Were it not for the fact that our divorce laws were a bone of contention a decade ago, the screen would probably never have had *A Cuckoo in the Nest*, *Rookery Nook*, *Thark*, *Plunder*, *Turkey Time* and other works of the choice Aldwych vintage.

It happened this way. At the time those sage and learned luminaries of the law were picking holes in the procedure by which two people turn "I will!" into "I won't," a certain English novelist, burning with the zealotry of a reformer, decided to do something about it.

Retiring to the seclusion of his rustic Harpenden retreat, he wrote a book in which he pointed out how, by force of circumstances, two people of the opposite sexes could spend a purely platonic night in the same bedroom. Being a bit of a humorist, the author wrote his subject up in comedy fashion, although his basic idea was to pour scorn on the then existing laws of divorce.

The title of that novel was *A Cuckoo in the Nest*—its author’s name, Ben Travers. When ("April the Fifth") Walls, seeking something to read, happened to buy the book, saw in it a grand idea for a play, and the rest is history.

What manner of man is this Ben Travers, whose facile pen has launched ten thousand quips, whose comedies have; conquered the British Empire from Wigan to Woollamalo, and whose ingenuity in the cause of mirth and merriment have earned him the Lonsdale Belt of Laughter?

I found him at the Gainsborough studios in darkest Islington, where he has been busy on *Fighting Stock*, his latest piece of light-hearted lunacy, which, incidentally, re-unites Walls with Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare. (Loud cheers.)

Middle-aged, shortish, inclined to stockiness; hair carefully brushed; quietly dressed. Looks as though he might be a town councillor or chairman of a local Conservative association. Eyes are dominating feature—they are large, heavy-lidded, yet elfin.

When in the throes of an interview Ben tours the room, sitting a few minutes in all the available chairs. Should meet pressmen in an empty theatre auditorium, for every change of seat seems to give him a fresh viewpoint.

After he had delivered himself of the history of *A Cuckoo in the Nest*, Ben quickly, and with characteristic modesty, pointed out that Walls, Lynn, Hare, the late Mary Brough and Yvonne Arnaud were all at the Aldwych before he appeared on the scene, which reminded me irresistibly of the time Coogan senior, in the course of a variety turn, informed his stellar offspring that his name was Coogan before Jackie was born, only to receive the retort, "Yes, dad, but it didn’t mean anything then!"

From the time of *A Cuckoo in the Nest*, nine Travers farces held the Aldwych stage in succession, and the famous "gang" of Walls, Lynn, Hare, Mary Brough and Winifred Shotter was firmly established in public favour.

A number of these pieces, with several "origins," have been filmed—in fact, Travers has been responsible for no fewer than fourteen talkies, "lock, stock and barrel," which is his quaint way of stating that the idea, script and dialogue were all from his pen.

 Writes an act of a play in a week—takes twelve days to turn out a picture treatment. But it’s not as easy as it sounds, for Ben admits that he spends months grooping about for a good story.

"Set the average kinegagoer a cross-word puzzle," said the writer, "and give as a clue, ‘a five-letter word signifying something of supreme importance to film production.’ Make the first two letters S and T, and the fourth R. ‘Ninety-nine people out of a hundred will unhesitatingly give ‘stars’ as the solution, but the correct answer is ‘story.’ Both here and in Hollywood the majority of film-producing concerns have still to learn this important fact.”

Ben has other equally decided views on picture making, as I quickly discovered when I chanced to mention the Tom Walls method of presenting Aldwych farces in screen form, with dialogue preponderating over action.

"There are two kinds of film," he said, fixing me with a challenging glance. "One appeals primarily to the eye, and the other primarily to the ear.

"Tom Walls is just as capable of making action subjects as he is those in which the spoken word is of paramount importance.

"A laugh is a laugh all the world over, whether it is caused visually, by the sight of a man receiving a custard pie full in the face, or orally, by a funny remark."

Regarding laughs, Travers asserted that the most side-splitting comedy scenes are those that are played "dead serious."

In this connection he evidenced a favourite piece of his own work, the Scotland Yard scene in *Plunder*.

"Tom and I went to the Yard and made copious notes," he told me, "with the result our presentation was most accurate, right down to the minutest detail.

"We had actors made up to look like genuine police officials—to have burlesqued them would have been to defeat our object—for when Walls and Lynn were brought in, apparently guilty of a technical murder (it had to be murder, or the effect of the scene would have been weakened), their antics were made ten times funnier when contrasted to the grimness of sober officialdom."

Meet Ben Travers, the man behind the Aldwych farces, who tells you in this interview with Randolph Carroll Burke how he writes the comedies that have won him the Lonsdale Belt of Laughter.
"In addition to this, any heavy-handed satire would have ruined the dramatic values. The reaction of recognisable human beings is recognisable human situations is the whole secret of the comedy game. One must never go beyond the point, although, of course, my characters are always a trifle exaggerated in order to throw them into relief.

Remember how in Rookery Nook Mary Brough as the charlady said, 'Half-past eight's my time and earlier than that I cannot be?' Why did people laugh at that? 'I will tell you. Because every charlady in the world has said those words or their equivalent, at some time or another, and will go on saying them until charladies are extinct.

"Audiences recognised and sympathised with the character because they knew her. Men and women like nothing better than to see prototypes of themselves on stage and screen, for they can so easily understand themselves.

"The really funny things in life are the everyday things of which is comprised. Lose that human touch and you lose true humour.

"In other words, it's the 'near to life' touch that counts. Why, my most treasured movie memory is that of a shot in Matchen in Uniform, in which one of the schoolgirls broke down and cried bitterly, and was shown afterwards with a shiny nose!"

"This honest-to-goodness reflection of everyday life helps to achieve that illusion of reality every picture should give."

Curiously enough, Travers has never yet founded a fictional situation on any episode that he has witnessed in real life! Every idea and its subsequent development have sprung from his fertile brain. Ben shifted chairs again, and, leaning forward, reverted to his pet theme. "Comedy," he said, "is the most important factor in any film. I go so far as to say that the day is not far distant when every studio will employ a man specially to discover and extract the humorous element from every story scheduled for production. Even the most sombre dramas of the screen should have a saving grace of comedy."

"I don't care how tragic a theme may be, it needs a levening of laughter. In fact, tragedy is heightened by contrast to humour."

He went on to single out One Night of Love as one of the great successes of the season, attributing its great popularity to the strong vein of humour which runs through the development. He pointed out how easy it would have been for the picture to have been made "dead straight" as a musical romance, and how much it would have lost in entertainment had this course been adopted. If you imagine Ben Travers delivers his scripts and goes off to enjoy a life of ease until a new one is wanted, you've got another guess coming.

With the final dotting of "t's" and crossing of "t's" the author's work starts in earnest. He can be found on the set every day, scenario on his knee, listening intently as his lines are delivered, interpolating suggestions, discussing knotty points with director Walls—in fact, almost directing the picture.

"Sometimes a line just doesn't fit; on these occasions Ben substitutes fresh dialogue there and then. The day I watched him at Elsting he quickly interrupted a feminine player when she put over a line. "Pause after your first remark," he said, "and you will get two laughs instead of one."

And he was quite right, too!

For his associates, the "gang," he has nothing but praise. "They help me immensely," he averred, "contributing ideas and gags. Very often, too, funny business springs naturally from the development, and we keep it in."

Mr. Travers frankly admits that he is concentrating on films because they offer greater financial rewards than the stage, although he genuinely enjoys the celluloid medium.

"The cinema has changed public taste beyond all recognition," he said. "I find it enormously interesting to cater for the vast public that attends picture houses, week in, week out."

"You must not play down to them, but, at the same time, the thing to do is to entertain, and not to try to educate your patrons."

"They go to the pictures to enjoy themselves—to worship beauty—and I don't mean mere beauty of appearances but that of talent, which is infinitely greater."

"It may be directorial, acting, or writing talent, but the fact remains that those people to whom the screen is the most acceptable form of diversion are quite capable of enjoying, and, in fact, actually revel in anything that is cleverly done. Superficial beauty matters little, for although it may momentarily attract, it is very soon forgotten, while the memory of more intrinsic things remains."

This Mr. Travers has definite views and is not slow to air them when given an opportunity. He left me, rushing off for a holiday somewhere in Somersetshire, where it is on the cards a glimmering of an idea for further film foolishness may come to the man whose genius for laughter-making tunnel the Aldwych from a street into an instilation.

NEXT WEEK
GLAMOROUS
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Just as all the world loves a lover, so will you love this great issue of "The Picturegoer" next week. Order you copy to-day.

Above:
Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn in "Rookery Nook." They are a great deal to Travers' forces.

Lynn again, this time with Lilian Bond in "Dirty Work."
**The Packet**

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**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

**You Don’t Always Have BERGNER**

by **Hugh Sinclair**

Here is the most revealing Bergner story ever written—by her leading man.

**By Hugh Sinclair**

My acquaintance with the casual glance, is in reality the most perfect vehicle for dramatic expression possible.

She herself in moments of despondency—she is temperamental enough to have these moments—has complained to me that she could never hope to look as beautiful as Garbo. I agree.

Nor as languorous as Dietrich, nor as superbly groomed as Shearer. But all her imperfections of face and figure combine to make up the very extraordinary being which is Bergner, and, as I have discovered, there is only one Bergner.

It was by no means easy at first to reach common ground with her. She is a genuinely shy creature, who, away from the footlights of the stage or the arc-lights of the film studio, is as elusive and as incalculable as any human being possibly could be. But once I had won her confidence I discovered her to be absolutely and refreshingly frank, not only in her likes but in her dislikes.

Indeed this “difficulty” and mystery which people usually associate with Bergner is simply due to the shyness of an artiste who is first and last an actress. She is a genuine case of an artiste who cannot talk about herself or her work; who simply “dries up” when these topics are introduced.

I have seen this process happen on dozens of occasions when people have come to see her. Instead of the great actress they meet a woman whose large brown eyes play on them nervously, and whose tiny figure expresses, in spite of herself, embarrassment in every line.

It is an aloofness which in my opinion is quite different from that of Garbo, who has always struck me as being out of her element and at odds with her environment in a film colony.

Bergner, on the other hand, has been practically brought up on the stage and in films—she made her stage debut, I believe, at the age of fourteen—and her shyness is simply that of an actress who is so absorbed by her art that she has little time or energy for the ordinary social contacts.

Yet if you talk to her on general topics; on dogs, or books, or music, all of which she is passionately fond, you will find her a brilliant and witty conversationalist. Indeed, one of the paradoxes of her genius is that while facing the camera and shut off from the rest of the world by the reality of her own acting, she is capable of dominating any scene, but at the word “cut” she relaxes once more into a shy and elusive creature.

To see her dominating the spectacular scenes, say, of *Catherine the Great*, and to see her off the set is to see two startlingly different persons. Shock number two was meeting the Bergner style of acting, and becoming aware of the effect it had on my own style. To put it briefly—and perhaps cruelly—you do not act with Bergner. She herself breaks practically all the rules, and an actor has either metaphorically to creep away into a corner and blow soap-bubbles, or else follow her lead.

What I found myself doing almost unconsciously was the latter—following her lead. I began to forget all the rules, and drop all the tricks that an actor naturally affects, and just as she flung herself right into her part of Gemma until she became actually Gemma, I began to feel my part opposite her as something more real than a stage role.

Her devastating sincerity, in short forces you either to surrender the stage or studio floor, or else become equally sincere. In that sense, acting opposite Bergner has been a revelation to me of what acting can be.

I had plenty of examples of her concentration of purpose, and sincerity during the making of the film version for British and Dominions. Her methods differ very little, as a matter of fact, in a film studio from on the stage.

To see her standing in the wings is just the same as seeing her in the studio waiting for the word “action,” her face set and expressionless, as though she were in a trance and her whole being ready at an instant to leap into life.

As an example of her sincerity I might mention a little incident which occurred on location in the Dolomites.

As Gemma, Bergner, as you probably know, has to tramp over the mountains in company with Sebastian and Caryl, carrying her child.

For one of these shots it was impossible to use a real baby, so a dummy was rigged up—and a very good job of work it was.

Bergner, however, wouldn’t think so. As soon as she saw the dummy in her arms she jibbed. It was not the correct weight of a baby, and until it was the correct weight she couldn’t “feel” it as a baby and could not act. So the dummy was made up once more.

Another insight into the character of Bergner. This time in the studio, where, in spite of the fact that she now speaks beautiful English, she always has her teacher ready to correct any tiny fault of speech or intonation.

“It must be very boring for you when I pull you up for every little fault,” said her teacher.

“It would be boring if I did not,” replied Bergner with her flashing smile.

Her last day in the studio on *Escape Me Never* gave another illustration of her whole-hearted talent.

Despite her frail physique she worked strenuously for a stretch of twenty-four hours in order to finish her scenes in time to catch the boat for New York—and without a word of complaint.

Once through, she went back to her dressing-room and promptly collapsed, utterly exhausted.

What is the secret of the tremendous power of this frail creature? She has a most exact knowledge of the business of acting both for the stage and screen.

She is, indeed—though one is in danger of forgetting the fact in the impression she creates of other-worldliness—a practical woman of the theatre.

Backing this technical equipment is an overwhelming spiritual intensity, and a quality of simplicity and earnestness which in addition makes her lovable—a feeling you can sense from the gallery down to the genuine house, and even among the hard-boiled hands in the studio.

It is this lovable quality more than anything, in my opinion, that makes Bergner unique, and that sets no limit to her power over an audience.

**MEET THE AUTHOR**

Hugh Sinclair was born in London on May 19, 1903, and is the son of a vicar.

He was educated at Charterhouse and studied for the stage at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

He had his early theatre experience touring the provinces with the Macdonia Players and also spent some years with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre.

Sinclair made his West End debut in “Charlot’s Revue.” He “understudied” Jack Buchanan.

The new star is married to Valerie Taylor, the well-known actress.
Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

The Amazing Garbo

Charlie Chaplin's Romance—Claudette's Pluck—Anna Sten Turns Milkmaid—Stars Achieve Greatness with Columbia—Nighties in the "Nineties."

Greta Garbo caused a veritable sensation when she visited the Trocadero Café, noted night rendezvous for Hollywood film celebrities.

The film colony had grown to believe the legend that Garbo's idea of a repast was a nocturnal raiding of her own ice box. I personally believe that the Swedish actress, who has several clever advisors, decided that coming "out of her shell" would be as good publicity as her former life of seclusion.

It also was reported, and denied, that Garbo and Marlene Dietrich were rather distant to one another.

A Romantic Mystery

Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, leading lady in his next picture, do not even attempt to deny that they are engaged or secretly married.

However, Paulette recently took the two Chaplin boys, Charlie and Sidney, to Lake Arrowhead, where they enjoyed a several days' outing in the snow.

Another Accident

Rushing in front of the cameras for a scene in her new film, Private Worlds, Claudette Colbert was struck by the flying body of an extra player and was hurled to the floor with such violence that she was knocked dizzy.

The studio physician was summoned, and after administrations of iodine and a short rest, the star was able to continue her work.

Prior to the accident, Claudette refused the services of a double for this scene, which pictures a rebellion in a hospital for dangerous mental cases.

What Was the Reason?

Constance Bennett was in the Trocadero Café, where her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, entered with Joan Marsh. The spectators waited for fireworks, but nothing happened.

La Bennett visited the table where the Marquis and Miss Marsh were sitting, and shortly afterward the French nobleman and Miss Marsh departed.

Your guess is as good as mine.

A "Star" Milkman

Gary Cooper's training among cows and steers on the ranges of Montana came in handy recently.

A Famous Dressing Room

They are redecorating the famous dressing room at the Columbia Studios, which is numbered No. 1, preparatory for the occupancy of Grace Moore.

The cubicle, which served as a dressing room for such stars as John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Edward G. Robinson, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, and other screen notables, will be completely "re-done" before Miss Moore's picture starts.

Tiny Movies

Blissa Landi plans to film a series of small movies featuring a number of Hollywood's celebrities.

The stories will be of a comedy type, and the characters will be portrayed by Miss Landi, Frances Drake, Countess Landi (Miss Landi's mother), Mary Ellis, and other noted personages in Hollywood.

Off to Europe

While Lilian Harvey will make three pictures for British International in England, she will return in the summer to make another film for Columbia.

Lilian's Columbia picture, Let's Live Tonight, is highly acclaimed, and those who recall how she scored in it will realise that Columbia knows how to put over stars.

Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Grace Moore, and other celebrities all rose to great heights when appearing for Columbia.

A Noted Triangle

Despite stories to the contrary, Alice Faye and Rudy Valen appear to be very devoted to one another. While Alice has done very well on the Fox lot, she still likes Rudy from all accounts. But Miss Faye refuses to drive through Santa Monica, where Rudy's father-in-law, father of Fay Webb, who is chief of police, is still in authority.

Gloria the Philanthropist

Despite all the stories of Gloria Swanson's numerous marriages, the charming star has a good heart.

Very few people know that Gloria has contributed for several years to the "Bide-A-Wee-Home," which cares for mothers without funds.

Gary Comes Back

After the magnificent performance by Gary Cooper in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, all the studios have been bidding for his services.

I hear that Gary is slated to play the leading role in Peter Ibbetson for Paramount.

Hollywood thought that Gary was not likely to "click," but his work in the Lancers convinced everybody that he has the ability if he has the proper stories and directors.
The Public Life of Henry the Ninth

The plot shows the radio star as an unemployed street entertainer, who is secured a position as a potman at a public-house known as "The Henry VIII" by a sympathetic policeman. He gets christened Henry the Ninth, and when business is bad hits on the idea of brightening it up by introducing impromptu vaudeville entertainment.

He also makes the landlord and his wife take a pride in their personal appearance and turns a dumb barmaid into a potential vamp. His talent is spotted by a music-hall agent and he secures a contract for himself and his associates.

Bernard Mainwaring has developed the story in a pleasant and wholly unpretentious manner, but it lacks the slickness and good timing which would have made it really good and novel entertainment.

Leonard Henry's songs are fair, but he is apt at times to force his comedy.

Willy Patch is exceedingly good as the landlord, as is Mai Bacon as his wife; while Aileen Latham is amusing, though also inclined to over-exaggerate her comedy as the dumb barmaid.—L. C.

Dick Powell is in good form as the hero, and puts over his songs extremely well. Frank McHugh scores laughs in a character rôle, and a strong supporting cast includes Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly, Dorothy Dare, Marjorie Gateson, and Gavin Gordon.

Altogether, a picture which contains a full quota of sincere sentimentality and tunefulness, and one which the whole family will enjoy.—L. C.

A dull murder story which apparently attempts to point the moral that a child brought up under severe surveillance will break out at some time. That is what Anita Louise does in this picture, as Mariette, the daughter of parents rather more in old-fashioned restrictions for their daughter.

She breaks out to such good effect that she murders a matinée idol who had tried to molest her after she had fallen under the glamour of his spell.

The drama is derived from the fact that the mother tries to confess to the murder and pose as the murdered man's lover in order to shield her daughter.
It is, however, all very slowly and painfully developed in what purports to be a Viennese atmosphere and which, in point of fact, more nearly resembles a sort of high-toned Bowery. Anita Louise is suitably girlish and ununsophisticated as Mariette, while Verree Teasdale is good as the mother.

Lionel Atwill is very restricted in "opportunity" as the father, and Ricardo Cortez as the actor is unfortunately murdered all too soon. Why is it that this fine actor gets so few real breaks? It is pitiful to see him wasted on parts which amount to little more than "bits."

C. Aubrey Smith is certainly dignified and convincing as a chief-of-police; his quiet methods have more dramatic force than the usual hurricane that represents law and order in American films, whether he is meant to be a native or a foreigner.—L. C.

A nother addition to the Chan series, which will find as much favour with its admirers as its predecessors have done. Once again it is Warner Oland's performance that holds the thing together rather than any intrinsic plot merit or realism of atmosphere. He is on the screen most of the time and his fascinating manner of portraying the well-known character keeps one's interest from flagging.

In this instance, he is investigating the wholesale forgery of bonds in Paris—somewhat synthetic—and saves a young girl from the charge of murdering a man who was blackmailing her as well as tracking down forgers. It is all essentially ingenious stuff, although somewhat complicated in development: the ending is somewhat for this by being satisfyingly unexpected.

Murphy Kinnell and Eric Rhodes are commendably disarming as the crooks, and Mary Brian puts quite a good deal of emotion into her portrayal of the heroine.

Other artists who appeal to good advantage are John Miljan and Henry Kolker, and this is in spite of the fact that their pronounced American accents are rather incongruous in the circumstances.—C. K.

Whimsical romantic drama, much on the lines of Lady for a Day, in which May Robson once again gives a character and vital performance as a drunken old lady who is "adopted" by a fan dancer as a publicity stunt.

Lady by Choice

The story values do not amount to much, and the picture relies for entertainment on the acting of this fine character actress who is given a lion's share of the proceedings and who is able in some measure to cloak the artificiality and naiveté of the plot.

Carole Lombard is fair as the fan dancer, and Roger Pryor makes an adequate hero. Walter Connolly stands out in the supporting cast as his characterization of a kindly old judge.—C. K.

Quite an ingenious murder mystery, treated in a light manner which disarms criticism anent its credibility. If it had been handled rather more subtly it would have been a very good picture indeed, but as it is it passes an hour in an entertaining manner.

In order to make the man she loves, Bob, a district attorney, come to her flat, Sandra Rogers phones a bogus confession of murder of a certain Myles Crawford to police headquarters.

Bob arrives and arrests her . . . it transpires that the man really has been murdered. Eventually, Sandra convinces Bob that her message was a ruse to get him to her apartments, and he sets out to prove her innocence, although evidence piles up against her, including incriminating hair from a fox fur dress she was wearing that night.

The solution is arrived at in an unexpected and logical manner.

Chryst Cabanne occupies much too much footage in the opening, developing the background for the murder. Much of the action takes place at a modistes where the proprietress sells two versions of an "exclusive" model—one to Sandra and one to another woman.

As a matter of fact, the sale of the two identical costumes is a "red herring" trail, but it is a legitimate one and certainly puts you off the scent.

However, directly Sandra makes her bogus confession of guilt, the picture holds the interest and the way the evidence against her accumulates is convincing.

Characters are well drawn. Ralph Bellamy is good as Bob, and Valerie Hobson, the British artiste who makes her first considerable appearance in the picture, creates a very good impression.

Leonard Henry joins the "brighter public-house movement" in his first film feature, "The Public Life of Henry the Ninth."

Eva Moore, Davina Craig, and Morton Selten in a new British farce, "Annie, Leave the Room."

Catherine Doucet is really amusing as an affected and mannered modiste, while Irene Ware is attractive as one of the mannequins.—L. C.

It is a spite of rather crude production values, this broad farce, dealing with a noble lord who is instrumental in getting a servant on the films has many amusing situations.

The whole story is staged in rather a haphazard and theatrical manner, but there are really good farcical touches cropping up everywhere now and then which score the laughs. The "shooting" sequences in an old mansion which his lordship rents to a film company, are well done, and even if the continuity is ragged and the scenery somewhat restricted the action is kept on the move.

Dialogue is good, but at times very near the knuckle. Once a joke, though, seems bound to be hilariously received, oversteps the bounds of decency.

The story deals with a certain Lord Spendlove who suffers from a mother-in-law who holds the purse-strings. He sees a way of escape when a film company offers him a thousand pounds to lend them his baronial mansion. He puts up the leading artistes, Adrienne Ditmar, with whom he flirts, and John Brandon, who later wins his daughter's love.

The advent of the film company leads to many amusing situations, but the crux of the story is the way in which Lord Spendlove gets a screen test of himself taken with his dumb servant, Annie. By mistake, a big film executive sees this, and promptly contracts Annie as the funniest thing he has seen. Lord Spendlove's hopes of getting rid of his mother-in-law are dashed when he discovers that she is a director of the company which has hired his mansion.

Morton Selton, in spite of a tendency to over-emphasise the comedy, is nevertheless very amusing, and Davina Craig scores decidedly as the dumb servant.

As the American actress, Adrienne, Jane Carr is exceedingly good, and Eva Moore gives a sound and unforced characterisation of the mother-in-law. Arthur Finn shows to advantage as a film director, and Ben Weldon is good as a cameraman.—L. C.
Luisa straightens things out between her two suitors, the wealthy Konrad and the impoverished Dr. Sporum.

Frank Morgan as Konrad and Herbert Marshall as Dr. Sporum, an unsuccessful lawyer, who is employed by the former as a result of Luisa's influence.

Luisa visits the dance-hall where she meets Konrad. To resist his advances, she pretends she is married to Dr. Sporum—actually having chosen the name from the telephone directory.
ET SULLAVAN is the stage heroine in a remarkable starring vehicle, a romance set in the 18th century. The film has antic interest for fans of the screen team of Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall, who have been married since Wyler, the film's director, first cast her in the title role.

Right: Miss Sullavan breaks new dramatic ground as Lucia—a role totally different from her two previous characterizations.
The Private Life of Don Juan
The Story of the Film
by Marjory Williams

Don Juan puts the duke's—
Antonia's lover—out of joint.

forgotten your promise to meet Dona Dolores for supper?"

"My promise, Leporello? I like that! You arranged this rendezvous if not yourself? You saw Donna Dolores this morning, not me."

"Oh! Sir, your wife is a very clever woman. She talked to me in the garden, while swinging herself so high that I had hard work to catch her words. She is literally above you. She has called in all your friends to be present, unless you return to her. Otherwise she will have you thrown in gaol. You are aware that she has half the justices of the city in her pocket."

"Quite, but why should a man return to his wife unless he loves her? How was Donna Dolores looking?"

"Very pale and dignified, but beautiful, sir. She loves you and is willing to be patient... but not too patient."

Don Juan's pulses throbbed with renewed youth for good reason. As she made her entrance on the stairs, Antonia's every gesture proclaimed triumphant charm and artistry. From her eighteen-inch waist the sweep of wide black skirts Sparkled with scintillating sequins in contrast to the exquisite slenderness of arms and neck, as she reached the platform.

Alone in her dressing-room by special invitation, Don Juan, prince of hearts, paid court to the ingenuous beauty, forgetting that an address was employing (though she did not know it) words that he had employed twenty years back.

"What divine hair! And those eyes like two stars... but looking a little frightened. Gazing into them I too am frightened and am become just like a child..."

"You wouldn't be, Don Juan. All my life I've wanted to meet you. You're wonderful... wonderful."

Never had woman failed to take his cavalier's arm with delight, as he claimed the homage of her lips, he felt elation less than he had expected. Could it be the years he had sought to conceal were already mocking him?

In defiance of the thought, he must see Antonia home. Alas, her apartment was on the far side of the city. Emerging at one a.m., long after Leporello had been dispatched to soothe an injured Dolores, Don Juan descended the balcony with much less than his usual grace, and surveyed the empty street.

"I ask myself, is it worth it?" he repled, finding the answer to be "No" until (most benignant fate) round the street corner rumbled a market cart complete with driver who obligingly hoisted the disillusioned lover on to his pile of cabbages.

Thus the weary, surviving, somewhat stiff, at his own house, saw lights on the stairs. Mounting the patio steps he arrived at two doors leading to his bedroom.

"Leporello, scoundrel. A nice way to keep up after partners tanks. What are you doing with my new hose?"

"Even a gentleman in gaol has"
Kay Francis, the lovely Star of Warner Bros.' Pictures, never allows herself to be tempted to buy cheap and inferior preparations, and that is one of the secrets of her lovely complexion. Her skin is kept soft and lovely, every little roughness is healed and only a delicate refined matt powder finish remains.

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TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

March 2, 1935

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

Daphne gets her chance
DON JUAN — Continued

...she observed a roguishly settling the kiss-curl on either cheek. "I have a wonderful little business here, between the inn, the farm and the dairy. How would you like to settle here? I am a widow. You are a bachelor. I feel we would come to an understanding.

"By heaven, this is too much," roared Don Juan, and started shouting for Leporello and Pedro, who appeared dressed in breeches, the other in night-shirt, at the head of the stairs.

"Pack up at once," their master bellowed, his words ringing through the rafters till the cocks started to crow. "I shall read if I stay here.

But if his retreat from Valencia was partially due to a desire to contradict with his own person the unamiable caricature of himself that posterity had provided, Don Juan was destined to be disappointed. The town of Seville was en fié. Banners and masks carried high above the heads of swarming citizens gave a diabolical impression to the thronged streets. No one in the motley gathering recognised the famous lover. Tired after shouting and jostling, the two added their toils to that of a long journey, Don Juan found the café where Antonita had charmed him with her touch on the castanets.

She had gone. She was Seville's première danseuse. That night he saw her in the stellar dressing-room of the city's foremost theatre. A duke was with her, bearded, perfumed, and a wonderful peacock in the disguise of Don Juan instantly recognised. He swept the lady a low bow.

"Antonita! I know you remember me . . . the man who saw you dance . . . the man who was thought dead. Well, here I am, very much alive . . . at your service. Don Juan." He had thought it impossible for lovely eyes to look so cold.

"Who are you, pray, intruding into my room with this nonsense? Don Juan, indeed! Why, he was a much younger man in Don—whichever you are—are too fat . . . too wrinkled. I'll trouble you to leave.

Twenty years since it would have been an occasion for a duel. Staggered as much as he was humiliated, Don Juan took an exit without resource to the foils. He found Leporello, faithful if not always approving, staring at the bills plastered on the Comedy Theatre's door.

"The Life of Don Juan. A comedy in three acts. Opening Night," said Don Juan over his servant's shoulder. "Can't playwright any more than public leave the fellow alone? Book me a couple of seats. Leporello. Let us see if there is an author decent enough to do justice to his material!"

The appearance of the house five minutes before the rise of the curtain was a sop to Don Juan's threatened temper. Not only was the stalls and boxes but the gallery, too, was crowded, while hundreds stood in the back of a length surrounded. "This is better . . . just as well I am not recognised,—yet," Don Juan commented. The curtain rose on a country cottage exterior scene. Don Juan, played by an actor of polish, entered in a satin shirt, gay jerkin, knee breeches and striped stockings, with wide-leaved hat, strutted on to the stage and declaimed in the Shakespearian manner. Two country wenches with panmiered skirts approached

coly, eagerly. The actor burst into extravagant praises of their eyes, lips and hair, accompanying his words with stylised gesture. The inference was too much for the real Don Juan to remain passive.

He rose. He strode down the gangway and by the steps in the o.p. corner to the stage. "This is absurd," he shouted, facing the galvanised audience. "You are wrong . . . the author of this miserable play is wrong when they all believe that Don Juan was a clown, a clown who made love to two women at once. I am Don Juan. You think me dead, but I can prove that I am alive, and I tell you on my word of honour that never have I made love to two women simultaneously. Clear the stage. Stop the action. I'll not stand it!"

Meanwhile the actors with creditable presence of mind attempted to incorporate the interruption into their speeches. Don Juan's impersonator tugged the real Don Juan by the elbow, declaring him to be a scurril fellow who sought to spoil a good scene. The real Don Juan's personal tragedy by now had risen to commanding heights. "Light the candles," he implored.

"Let me be seen for who I am. The man you thought to be Don Juan was an imposter, Rodrigo by name, killed by—"

"Certainly I killed Don Juan." By the light of the hastily illuminated candles, a bearded, bearded man, rich garb of merchant, leaned from his box. "Certainly I killed Don Juan," he maintained. "This fellow on the stage is no more like him than I am!"

Leporello, who had been struggling with conflicting feelings, speaking from his miserable master's side, indicated in an adjacent box a charming woman of middle age, whose black mantilla was lined with traditional white. He addressed the theatre manager.

"Sir, there is one who can identify Don Juan if he is alive. His—his—Donna Dolores."

In self-condemning silence Don Juan gazed at the still beautiful woman whom he had married and neglected, but who as he now realised held him in the hollow of her hand. Would she stand by him? The bitterness of years was in Dolores voice as she addressed the manager, while the crowd hung on her words. "Sir, I do not know this man. I have never seen him. If I carry any weight you, let him be arrested for an impostor."

From the gloom, out stepped the others and other horrors which his hedonistic soul abhorred, Don Juan, after forty-eight hours' wait and a long summer injured. He chose to be conveyed to his wife's house. Her voice was low as she greeted him.

"You would come to me and other women will not receive you!"

"Because I love you, Dolores. It took me last night and bread and water to find out . . . and I believe in spite of everything you love me."

"Perhaps."

"My darling . . . what divine hair . . . and those eyes like two stars."

"Hush . . . that's what you've been saying to every woman you've made love to for twenty years, Juan." Don't you know that women like to hear things from a man that he says to no one else?"

His lips had closed on her in the familiar passionate way before the bedside candle was extinguished.

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Jaffas are best for

WINTER HEALTH

March 2, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

25
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUROGER’S quick reference index to films just released

***FORGOTTEN MEN
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN
LADY IN DANGER
RETURN OF THE TERROR
MISTRESS CINDERS


Also suitable for children.

Lydia Roberi and Joe Frenner supply the comedy in "College Rhythm."

Jean Parker is appealing as a crippled girl heroine in "Have a Heart."

***FORGOTTEN MEN
Wardour, British. (No certificate.) Documentary war film. Runs 50 minutes. Directed and arranged by Norman Lee, assisted by George Black, jun., David Consauld and Don C. Hammond.

Never have the horrors of war been so starkly presented as they are in this documentary film, which pictures the fighting on all fronts in authentic pictures taken on the spot.

It is a film you should see if you feel you can bear its grim reality and horrifying illustrations of death on land, sea, and air.

It will impress in your mind, more certainly than any febrile pacifist propaganda, what war really is.

The commentary is delivered by Sir John Hammerton, the famous war historian, and he introduces famous war veterans, including Peter Laidlaw, V.C., Sergeant Kenny, V.C., and Captain Holland, V.C., where stories are fitted into the scheme of the production to synchronize with the war scenes.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN

DOBES—Dolores
MELVILLE COOPER—Leporello
HENRIE BARNES...Rosita—a peasant waitress
OWN STAFF...The Actor Don Juan
PATRICIA HILLARD...The Girl in the Castle
CLIFFORD HATHBURY—Sir Archibald
GINA MURPHY—Peppita—a dancer
JOAN CARPENTER—Teresa
DOROTHY MACKAY...Roderigo
HEATHER THOMPSON—An Actress
CLAUDE ALASTAIR—The Duke
DIANE NAPPER...A Would-be Wife
LAWRENCE GROSMITH—a Guardian
BRENDA WINTER—Cafe Manager
EDWARD WILLARD—A Prisoner
ANNIE STEWART—Miss Treva
THERESA—Diana
GIBSON GOWLAND—Robert
DONALDO—Carmon's Husband
EDWARD BREON—An Author
HELEN EDWARD—A Husband
FLORENCE WOOD—the Cook at the Inn
ANNIE EDMOND—Dolores' Landlady
MURRAY GRANT—The Cook in Don Juan's Kitchen
HAY PETRIE—Captain
OLIVER GORDON of "The Golden Phasmat"
WILLIAM HUGHMAN—the Statue
N ATALA HALL...A Wife
VERONICA EDWARDS—One of Don Juan's Early Lovers
BETTY HAMPTON...An Actress
TOWN KNOT—An Actor

Good pictorial composition, excellent camera work, well-pointed dialogue, and a story excellent in ironic content make this an interesting essay in film satire. I'm rather afraid, though, that many people will go to see it expecting romanticism and come away disappointed when they discover only cynicism.

The picture's main fault, which debars it from the very good class, is a lack of soul.

In the process of debunking the world's greatest lover, Korda has not been able to bring his characters to life; they remain always artificial puppets.

He has lost a certain amount of the point of the satire, too, by over-prolonging key scenes; for instance, a good deal of the ironical humour of the funeral sequence where Don Juan attends his own obsequies—a case of mistaken identity has caused another man to be buried in his name—is missed because it is too spun out.

As Don Juan, Douglas Fairbanks fails to make the role really vital, but he is good, nevertheless.

Benita Hume is not well served with material as his wife, Dolores, but Merle Oberon is effective and seductive as the last of his conquests, Antonita, a dancer.

A very clever little character study comes from Binnie Barnes as a serving wench, while Melville Cooper is good as Juan's confidential secretary, as is Athene Seyler as the landlady of an inn.

The picture is beautifully set and notable for its imaginative camera work and costuming.

LADY IN DANGER

TOM WALLS...Dexter
YVONNE ARNAUD...Queen
LAO MIO...D'Orville
ANN CERY...Leida
HUGH HEPBURN—King
MARIE LOUE...Lady Brockley
ALFRED DRAYTON...Quill
LEONORA COMBE...Marcella
O B. CLAYMORE—Nelson
CECIL PARKER—Piper
HAROLD WARBURTON—Gee
HUBERT HARREN...Majesty
CHARLES LAYTON—Hotel Manager
DOROTHY GAFFE...Mrs. Quill
JANE CORNELL—Assistant in Shop
Directed by Tom Walls from the play by Ben Travers.

As is normal in most of the farces that Ben Travers adapts for the screen, the humour of this picture lies in the dialogue and breezy innuendoes rather than in the action.

It is, however, quite smartly developed by Tom Walls, who does not indulge in any subtleties, but is content to let the farcical plot run a somewhat stereotyped and straight course.

The story concerns a business man's efforts in a Rut Transit country to smuggle a queen, deposed by revolution, to safety.

The task is congenial, but he finds it embarrassing to have to conceal her from his friends and explain to his own fiancée and the queen's husband that his interest in her is purely impersonal.

I still maintain that Tom Walls would be well advised not to duplicate the roles of director and leading player, and this in spite of the fact that he could always confront me with his list of bookings and an argument for the continuance of his policy.

Why I disagree with that policy is because I believe he could do something of dramatic betterment if he let himself be directed in a more kinematic manner.

Tom Walls rates the weight of the entertainment as the business man, but he is exceptionally ably supported by Yvonne Arnaud as the fiancée.

Her gay and provocative manner is wholly delightful and makes one wonder again why she has not been given greater opportunities on the screen.

Leon M. Lion is good as a dictator, and Anne Grey and Hugh Wakefield as the fiancée and king respectively show to full advantage in the few opportunities they are given.

Town, country, and Rut Transit sequences are all well set and photographed.

RETURN OF THE TERROR

MARY ASTOR—Olga
LYLE TALBOT...Dr. Goodman
DICK HALLIBAY—John Hulladay
FRANK MCLURE...Joe
Irving Pichel...Burke
FRANK KIRCHER...Reinhardt
A. C. CARROLI—Stella
HAROLD WURTZ...Virginia
ROBERT BARRY...Pudge
GEORGE E. STORKE...Sam my
ROBERT C. CONDRON...Brady
ETHEL HART...Mr. Tattle
GEORGE COOPER...Cotton
CHARLES CROPP...J immy
GEORGE HUMBERT...Tony
TOM WADE...Mr. Elysey
CECIL CUNNINGHAM...Miss Doullie
FRANK COOPER...Administrator
Directed by Howard Bretherton from Edgar Wallace's story, "The Terror." Premiered September 15, 1934.

Somewhat naïve and obvious story, which relies more on its comedy than its dramatic element, which is well produced and acted.

Frank McHugh—sober this time—showing up as detective. In the story, which seems more like a study of a not too dumb murderer, who in his blundering way succeeds in spotting a murderer for whose crime a doctor friend of his has been locked up in a lunatic asylum.

(Continued on page 28)
Tea-time—Yes, that means staining time for our teeth. Even such a simple thing as a cup of tea leaves its mark on the teeth. Sounds unbelievable, doesn't it? Yet it's a scientific fact proven over and over again. Everything we eat and drink and smoke every day puts no less than seven different kinds of stains on our teeth.

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after a plea of insanity at his trial.

How the doctor escapes and goes to the West, and how his supposed friend, Dr. Goodman, where his fiancée is stopping, and how suspicion of the owner of the household, forms the basis of the conventional plot.

As Dr. Goodman, Lyle Talbot is vociferous, and John Halliday is excellent as the wrongly accused man.

As his fiancée, Mary Astor has not a lot to do, but what she has she does with charm and sincerity.

Two comedy crooks are most convincingly portrayed by George E. Stone and Robert Barrat.

The settings are good, the action brisk, and an eccentric atmosphere is well introduced, which forms an effective background for what is, as a whole, a good example of the comedy-thriller.

**MISTER CINDERS**


Clifford Mollison... Jim Lancaster

Billy Birk... Earl Williams

Henry Wilcoxon... Lady Lancaster

Edward Beauregard... Sir George Lancaster

Walter Kellogg... Chief Beuregard

Lammar Currie... Mr. Kemp

Lorin Stetson... Mrs. Kemp

Edward Chapman... Gaunt

Sybil Laine... Miss Patsy

Reynie Houston... Mrs. Philpops

W. V. Hug... Charles

Henry Mollison... Cross

Vilma Brevis... Cleveland

Mabelle George... Sarah

Directed by Frederick Zueblis. Adaptation, screenplay, and direction by Frank Miller. Additional dialogue by Western Screenplay Unit.

A n adaptation of the Hippodrome success which, while rather long-winded and has a bit of a handicap in construction, provides plenty of opportunities for ingenious fooling, mixed with a soupcon of romance, comedy, and music.

The story is a revival of the "Cinderella" theme, with Clifford Mollison as the poor relation who eventually wins the "princess"—in this case an oil millionaire's daughter.

Before he does so, however, he is suspected of robbery, but is able to prove an alibi by the finding of his ship—a sunken ship—at a dressy-dress ball he had attended. He also rounds up the real crook.

Clifford Mollison works hard as the male "Cinderella" and tempers his fooling with a welcome touch of sentimentality.

As the "princess," Zelma O'Neal displays a good sense of humour, and the Western Brothers, as a poor relation, who "wicked cousins," contribute their famous "old-school-tie" songs.

The stage is a strong one and contains many well-known stage names. The team work is good.

The picture is apt to drag a little at times, but is kept going fairly well with the aid of catchy tunes and attractive interior and exterior settings.

**THE DUDE RAMSEY**


George T. Smith... Doc Ramsey

Robert Sittingbull... Joe Ramsey

Irish Harvey... Anne Hepburn

Boston Derry... J. W. Hepburn

Henry Hall... Sam Hepburn

Jackie Hale... James Halpin

Dave Taylor... Nebraski Kemp

Sid Jordan... Hank

Alma Chester... Martha

Levy Long... Ralph

Directed by Edward F. Clune, from the story by Zuni Grey. Premiered November 24, 1934.

Incredibly ingenious organization of a hopelessly novelistic order, which tells the love story of a cow-boys-made-to-order and a ice-cream salesman. To make matters more difficult, the ice-cream vendor is gunned down by a crook, but is bailed out by the crippled girl with the money which with which he made his operation—without his knowledge, of course.

The usual misunderstandings follow, and end up with a successful operation and a reconciliation. However, the racketeer is enough appealing, but the slushy material hardly gives her a chance.

James Dunn is a suitably bluff, hearty Irish lover, and Una Merkel struggles with a comedy role which lacks humour.

Two has one or two good scenes with Stuart Erwin as her dumb fiancé, who has ideas of becoming a racketeer, and eventually joins the police force.

The direction is correct, but everything is so artificial and overdone that the characters never really live.

**COLLEGE RHYTHM**


Jack Oakie... Finesque

Larry Ross... Banker

Lydia Roberti... Mimi

Helen Mack... Irene

George Barrie... J. P. Stacey

Mary El авг... Glenda Van Duyam

Joe Penner... Joe

Frank Pangborn... Robert Wade

Ralph Waddell... Herbert Whipple

Directed by Norman Taurog, from a story by Gene Marson, presented by Paramount. 1925.

I have never seen Jack Oakie perform in anything so flagrantly American as this ingeniously medley of American football and American public methods as represented by the antics of a footballer in a big store.

He is cast as a self-confident football star who falls on evil days, but eventually gets the job of running a football team for a big store. The part simply smocks both his humour and his personality.

As his rival in love, Lanny Ross croons his way through the picture, while Joe Penner supplies the feminine allure.

Alleged humour is supplied by Lydia Roberti and Joe Penner; the latter is quite the funny comedian I have yet seen on the screen.

The good characterisations come from George Barrie as a shop proprietor and Franklyn Pangborn as a shopwalker.

Most of the footage is taken up with football matches and spectacular dance numbers in a store; these latter are ingeniously staged with tuneful numbers.

**BLIND JUSTICE**


Eva Moore... Fluffy

Frank Vosper... Dick Chester

Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville and William Gaxton in a scene from "Aftersword.

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How to get a Clear Healthy Skin

To every woman who suffers from distressing pimples, enlarged pores, blackheads, 'muddy' complexion and coarse rough patches and blemishes Cuticura presents the most simple and economical way to clear the skin.

Place the care of your skin in Cuticura Soap used with Cuticura Ointment. The treatment is simple. Wash the skin with Cuticura Soap twice a day. Its luxuriant lather cleanses and purifies the pores, softens and beautifies the skin. To clear away and heal pimples, skin out-breaks, rashes and irritations apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part before washing with the soap.

Cuticura is endorsed and recommended by Specialists throughout the World.

Cuticura

Soap to cleanse and purify. Ointment to soothe and heal... And to complete the beauty treatment use Cuticura Talcum, the ideal powder. Exceptionally fine and pure—delightfully perfumed.

Pond's

NEW FACE POWDER

Leading Society women praise Pond's New Face Powder. "Its colours, perfume and texture are just right," they say.

Pond's Face Powder clings evenly to the skin because its texture is so fine—it has been six times sifted through silk—and its perfume is exquisite.

Try this beautifying powder for yourself by sending to-day for a sample.

How to Avoid Grey Hair

Grey hair is usually due to starved roots or to root-destroying dandruff. In either case the roots fail to supply the necessary colouring matter to the hair. To restore and preserve the natural colour and beauty of the hair, rub Lavona Hair Tonic into the scalp every night. This remarkable preparation not only destroys the dandruff germ, but also feeds and strengthens the hair roots, so that they supply the hair with its natural colouring matter. Moreover, where hair has already fallen out, a new growth is promoted, and the hair is wonderfully improved, becoming softer, glossier, more beautiful and more luxuriant than ever before. Get a 2/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic from your chemist to-day—there's a money-back guarantee with every bottle. Use it as directed, and you'll be delighted with the results.

A Slim Form

Do you wish to slim yourself of unhealthy extra curves? You can reduce 2 to 8 inches and have a lovely skin figure in a few weeks, simply rub in LINCREAM, the remarkable Vegetable Reducing Cream. Guaranteed harmless. Wonderful testimonials. Write for Free Booklet and privately, LINCREAM, Depts. 9 & 10, 81 Lime Road, London, N.W.1.
TRAFFIC in TITLES

Why Studio Correspondents Go Grey—The Next Toeplitz Film—Glorifying the "Small Man"—Jane Baxter's Round Tour—Hitchcock Busy.

One of the things chiefly responsible for bringing the grey hairs of the Studio Correspondent with worry to the ash-can is the horrible habit indulged in by the film industry of changing the titles of its films.

It's difficult enough to keep track of productions anyway. Last week, for instance, there were nearly twenty British productions in progress, including a few on location.

If several of these are to have two or three titles each, how can you possibly hope to work up any interest in them in advance?

The answer, of course, is noshow.

The way it works is this: A studio buys a play or a novel that has run for a year or into ten editions, altering everything about it except the title. Then it decides that the title is not a "box-office" one, and changes that too.

Then someone awakes to the fact that the title is the only thing they have paid out good money for, so it's changed back. Then the distributors (who have to sell the darn thing) say: "But my dear fellow, we can't possibly sell a film on a title like that!" and think of another one.

And by that time I don't care what happens.

Overdoing It

For instance, a recent film produced at Twickenham was adapted from a novel called Spend-Love Hall, and by this name the production was known in the studio for some days.

Then it decided to be The Call's Whiskers, and I duly announced it as such, only to find a week or two later that its final title was to be One Crazy Week.

And then it burst on to a grateful world as Annie, Leave the Room! All I can say is, Twickenham, leave the room!

But Twickenham is not the only offender in this respect. Far from it. For example, the Anna Neagle and Cedric Hardwicke starring vehicle which British and Dominions are preparing as a triumphant follow-up to Neil Gwyn was originally announced as Peg Woffington, and is now to be called Peg of Old Drury.

Personally, if it's all the same to B. & D., I'd rather have a peg of old brandy than another Costume Cocktail.

I certainly enjoyed Neil Gwyn, but the question arises, is La Neagle a sufficiently versatile actress to present two totally different historical characters, both Drury Lane actresses, but in different dynasties?

Jacking It Up

Perhaps we are getting a little tired of history lessons. However, you can't go out to play till I've told you that Peg Woffington flourished in the reigns of the first two Georges, playing opposite Garrick at Drury Lane, and afterwards in Dublin and at Covent Garden.

Will Cedric Hardwicke play Garrick? I believe he could get away with that. Grand actor, Hardwicke.

Some time ago a successful radio play was broadcast, called Charing Cross Road. Fine! When the Americans make a "musical" they give it some such title as Forty-second Street, thereby glorifying one of their own institutions and advertising their own capital city.

So is this title seized upon with avidity when it comes to making a film of that radio play? It is not. Instead it is re-christened The Roadway of Romance—a sickly musical-comedy kind of label that means nothing at all—except, perhaps, crooning.

We are certainly not strong in titles. Take a dekko at the recently announced Fox British for future production at their Wembley studio—Old Roses, White Lilac, and The Summit Way. Would you, having perhaps seen Dark Red Roses, Lilac Time, and The Great White Way, go across the street to see these, on title alone?

Aw, fergeddidd! These titles will probably never reach the screen, anyway, so why worry?

Another "Life"

Signor Ludovici Toeplitz de Grand Ry's faith in costume films does not seem to have been shaken by The Dictator. In fact, his next effort will be The Life of Edmund Kean.

Edmund Kean, my dear pappus, was an English actor who flourished in the days of Bad King George the Fourth. This, you will agree, is the period immediately following that of The Scarlet Pimpernel.

The Dictator was a film of Danish life, and there—(Continued on page 32)
The Perfect Permanent Wave

and the Perfect Process...

The perfect wave looks as though only Nature assisted in its birth; the perfect process preserves this illusion, submitting one to no discomfort; without the rather frightening experience of being held fast in the grip of a soulless machine.

Superma achieves this. The wonderful little Superma Cassettes, once adjusted, leave one free to read and move about at will. And all the time one has the comforting knowledge that nothing can go wrong; that the most perfect of natural waves is being gently steamed into one's hair; tight little curls and long luxurious waves that neither run nor wind, nor even sea water can impair.

Superma is the only system of permanent waving in which no machine or electrical apparatus whatever is used. Your own hairdresser can give you a Superma permanent wave. Send for your copy of the wonderful new book.

PICTUREGOER

SUFERMA MACHINELESS—WIRELESS
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Trust your Lips to
L'ORLÉ

The long-lasting lipstick

Lips of healthy youth—lips that have been rejuvenated by the soothing qualities of L'ORLÉ—are possible for all women.

L'ORLÉ is a better lipstick—better in its new transparent, lasting colours—better in texture—better because it acts as a balm to the most sensitive lips, while it adds to their charm.

Then trust your lips to L'ORLÉ as all these stars are doing.

L'ORLÉ SHADES
1. Dulcevi
2. Marigold
3. Flamme
4. Scarlet Pimpernel
5. Cerise
6. Carnation
7. Cinema (Photo red)

Diseases CURED IN A NIGHT

SKIN DISEASES

We have a Room full of Testimonials

Many may promise a wonderful cure
but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Obtainable without prescription.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruelest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Scars, Abscesses, Erysipelas, rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthly to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvelous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a bay of Zee-Kol and rest assured that all skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy.
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

fore directed by an American (Al Santell) followed by an Englishman (Victor Saville). 

The Life of Edmund Kean (why not "private life," by the way? What a daring innovation!) is about an actor as English as steak-and-kidney pudding, and will therefore be directed by Kurt Bernhardt, a German director whom Hitler doesn’t . . . precisely . . . oh, well, it’s a long, sad, and political story.

Bernhardt, who is 36, assisted the various directors who dictated to The Dictator. He also (but this was quite some time ago) gave Marlene Dietrich her first leading part, in a film called Die Frau Nach der Man Sich Sehnt (search me!), and directed Conrad Veidt in the fine silent film The Last Company, and Louis Tenker and Vilma Banky in The Rebel. Altogether a notable career.

Small and Thin

Baxter and Barter, too, seem a little uncertain about the title of the film they have just begun at Crocklewood. It’s about the small shopkeeper of to-day and his fight against the chain stores; and they want to call it The Small Man, but unfortunately a very successful film issued forth from Hollywood not long since called The Thin Man, which rather crabs it.

However, they are carrying on with production and hoping for inspiration.

George Carney, of course, is playing the lead. That’s become almost traditional in any film that John Baxter is directing. And in addition to Minnie Rayner and Mary Newland there is the whole of the Baxter Gang, including Edgar Driver, Johnny Schofield, John Turnbull, Rodney Hughes, Haydon Wood, Ernest Butcher, Stanley Kirby, Wilson Coleman, and Denier Warren. Also a juvenile who has not hitherto penetrated my aura—one Ian Colin. Also Albert Sandler, the violinist, making his film debut.

The story is by Con West, who is guilty of writing some of the Leslie Failer comedies; he is one of the bravest men I know—doesn’t even wear a bullet-proof waistcoat.

Universal will distribute this offering to the grateful world I referred to some paragraphs back.

Filling the Gaps

Not only film-titles, but casts also have been in a state of flux lately. Down at Islington, in particular, they have had to have a last-minute switch-round for The Clairvoyant. First of all, Anna Lee, who was to play the lead opposite Claude Rains, contracted pains under her pinna as a result of drinking unncensored water. Also, in Rekfort when the Carnels were coming, and had to enter a nursing-home.

Of course, I don’t suppose she did it on purpose, but . . . well, her husband to whom she had been married only two or three weeks was in the same nursing-home with appendicitis, so you’ll admit it was very nicely timed, anyway; however, it put the kibosh on Anna for The Clairvoyant, and they had to chivvy round and secure the services of Jane Baxter, who, having been announced in the cast of Dances Band for H.I.P. and been put in Drake instead, was announced for the cast of Thirty-nine Steps, and has now been put in The Clairvoyant instead.

Quite a nice little round tour for Jane. She’ll be glad to get back to the comparative quiet and old-world seclusion of Hollywood.

Not So Invisible

There has been a fanfare from the Gaumont-British publicity department about the Invisible Man becoming visible at last—in a Gaumont-British picture.

Now let’s get this straight. Universal, when they were setting about production of their highly-diverting and brilliantly-produced Wellsian film The Invisible Man, wanted that Englishman to play the lead whose voice was not known by the great American public.

Rains happened to be there, and got the job. But, bless your heart, anyone’s voice would have done—once Mr. Rains became visible in the film he was dead and didn’t have to talk.

The whole film depended on trick work, and there was no acting for Claude Rains to do. But in England we have known him as a fine actor

Jack Hulbert found wife Cisely Courtmudge in character for “Me and Marlborough” when he visited the set the other day. That is the script for his next comedy he is chiseling so closely.

(not as a disembodied voice) since 1911. It’s rather a pity that we should have to wait until he had appeared (or rather not appeared) in a Hollywood film before finding him something to do on our own screens.

However, we are always like that.

Fay Wray is playing opposite Rains, and is his partner in a supposedly fake mind-reading act. Then there were to be also Ben Field, Sidney Fairbrother, and Margaret Davidge. But poor Sidney fell ill at the last minute, and they had to do another very hasty chivvy round and get hold of Mary Clare.

A Chain of Theatres

Maurice Elvey is directing this one. There’s a theatre in it, in which the mind-reading act is performed. And there’s just been a theatre at the Stoll studios at Crocklewood, where Argyle Productions have been making Varsity, and another at Shepherd’s Bush, in Alfred Hitchcock’s Thirty-nine Steps.

Talking of Hitchcock reminds me that not only do films change their names, but the studio personnel do also—according to fans.

For instance, two fan letters recently reached the studios from fans abroad, addressed respectively to “Monsignor Alfred Hotspot” and “Sonor Don Sir Kodrick Hardlywick.”

“Hitzy” is well into his new thriller, which is chiefly concerned with the flight of a young man from the law when he imagines he has killed someone. (Pity that Leslie Fuller’s last film, Stetely Illegal, should have the same basic ideal!) Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll (both known in Hollywood) are co-starred, and there is a magnificent supporting cast, including Godfrey Tearle, Frank Cellier, Kate Cutler, Peggy Ashcroft, John Laurie, Lucy Manheim, Ivor Barnard, Wylie Watson, Peggy Simpson, Frederick Piper, Helen Haye, Patricia Brett, Elizabeth Inglis, and Pat Haygate.
‘What a pity your Fair Hair is getting so dark.’

Yes, a pity. What beautiful blonde hair little Betty has, but it is getting dark. But it need not. You can keep it fair and golden always with this wonderful new secret formula shampoo. Sta-blond, for natural hair only. Sta-blond not only prevents fair hair from darkening, but it brings back, even to the most faded fair hair, that golden beauty of childhood. It also corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to coal gas, dust, and a string diet. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silker, and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer. Wonderful for children. Sta-blond contains no benza, camanile, dyes or injurious bleaches. Money back if not delighted. Obtainable everywhere.

STÁ-BLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

A Stomach Sufferer’s Marvellous Cure

Wouldn’t you think that wonders had been worked if you had suffered two years of stomach trouble, despite even hospital treatment, and then found immediate relief from just one bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder? Yet this is what happened to Mr. W. C. Harvey, of 23 Beech Hall Road, London. In his own words:

‘I have been in hospital and X-rayed twice, having been a sufferer for two years, at times completely doubled up with pain. I was recommended by a friend to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and it has worked wonders. After taking the contents of one bottle, I obtained great relief. In future I shall never be without it and shall highly recommend it to all stomach sufferers.’

And if you suffer from stomach trouble of any sort, you can get just the same relief as Mr. Harvey, but do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence; be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature ‘ALEX. C. MACLEAN.’ It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the low price of 6d. and 1/- a box. If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

5000000
WOMEN
CAN‘T BE WRONG
in choosing this
FACE POWDER

A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth ‘matt’ finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. ‘Mousse de Cream,’ a marvellous new ingredient, is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin, causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the low price of 6d. and 1/- a box. If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

LASHTONE adds that quality of distinctive beauty to women. The beauty of alluring, magnetic eyes—the envy of all women who see them.

OWELY eyes obtain their beauty from long, dark lashes, and perfect lashes are the proud possession of all users of LASHTONE. Remember, the eyes are the centre of attraction, so why not let yours be perfect, fringed by glorious lashes.

ASHES of quality and distinction are yours if you use LASHTONE. A colourless, scientific cream. Price 2/- per tube from Harrods, Boots, Selfridges, &c.

Cut out and send this advert, with a ½ P.O. for a sample tube direct to N.A. HINDON, Escon House, High Street, Newmarket.

Silvikrin

Three Weeks’ Treatment FREE

Send coupon for your three weeks’ hair-conditioning course to-day.

Silvikrin Laboratories,
165 Sydney Road, London, N.10.

Please send your 3 WEEKS’ HAIR-CONDITIONING COURSE.

I enclose 4/½ in stamps to cover postage and packing.

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P.484

natural hair culture goes to the root of hair trouble.

ASHTONE adds that quality of distinctive beauty to women. The beauty of alluring, magnetic eyes—the envy of all women who see them.

OWELY eyes obtain their beauty from long, dark lashes, and perfect lashes are the proud possession of all users of LASHTONE. Remember, the eyes are the centre of attraction, so why not let yours be perfect, fringed by glorious lashes.

ASHES of quality and distinction are yours if you use LASHTONE. A colourless, scientific cream. Price 2/- per tube from Harrods, Boots, Selfridges, &c.

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Silvikrin

Three Weeks’ Treatment FREE

Send coupon for your three weeks’ hair-conditioning course to-day.

Silvikrin Laboratories,
165 Sydney Road, London, N.10.

Please send your 3 WEEKS’ HAIR-CONDITIONING COURSE.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

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natural hair culture goes to the root of hair trouble.
You can taste the fruit

Rowntree's Fruit Flavours taste at fruit tastes when it is picked in the garden. When Rowntrees say 'Blackcurrant' it is blackcurrant—with the blackcurrant virtue of soothing your throat. Rowntrees bring their delicious real-fruit flavours to you in three delicious consistencies in

ROWNTREE'S CLEAR GUMS (Hard)

JUICY-FRUITES (Soft)

FRUIT PASTILLES (Medium)

SOLD LOOSE, 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS.

ASSORTED PACKETS, 3d. and 6d. Rowntrees offer these special packets to introduce you to all three consistencies in a wide range of real-fruit flavours. Buy one to-day.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

STARS ARE DOOMED

Overshadowed by the Director

I am convinced that the day of the star is over.

Once upon a time the public saw a film and remembered it afterwards by the star or stars who acted in it, whilst the man who directed it was unknown.

In recent years, however, such names as Lubitsch, Clair, Sternberg, Pabst and Capra have become known to the public. Stars, having lost a lot of their glamour, are seen now as ingredients of the skilled director for one end, namely the portrayal of the film itself.

As an instance, take the film *The Merry Widow*. The name of Ernst Lubitsch will be connected with it long after those of Chevalier and MacDonald are forgotten.

I am not blind to the fact that many films to-day are "box-office" because of stellar-pull, but the star is rapidly being overshadowed by the director.

This is the transition period. I predict that in a few years' time the director of a film will be all-important to the public, whilst those who act in it will be remembered as the subject of *Tiland*, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 6, who wins the first prize of £1 5s. 0d.

Should Gracie Get Her Man?

I have noticed in nearly all Gracie Fields' pictures that she almost invariably loses the man she loves.

Surely this seems awfully unnatural with such a heroine as Gracie.

And consequently her films nearly always end on a sad note.

Let's have a more cheerful, luckier Gracie in the future!—(Miss) D. Ridgwell, 512 Fairfax Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.

British Films in Canada

Here are some of the questions that are being asked over here: Why can't the British film industry get its own ground? Why must they use an American trademark to sell their product? Will British production never be known under its own name?

We wonder why a British company must subordinate itself to the American one when it wants to make a name for itself throughout the world.

Recently, The Scarlet Pimpernel was advertised here as a United Artists' production, which, of course, it is not. No word is mentioned of London Films, and as long as this is allowed to continue, London Films and other British companies will be unknown in Canada. To call a film a United Artists' release is another thing, but we feel that the British companies are very slow in boosting their product under their own trademark.—G. Underwood, 4961 Queen Mary Road, Montreal, Canada.

Stage and Screen

I was very interested to read Mr. Malcolm D. Philp's candid comments on Mr. St. John Ervine, and only hope that the next time Mr. Ervine is tempted to express his views, he will do so with a greater knowledge of the world. It would be as well to remind him that the powers that be have succeeded in convincing such outstanding artists as Diana Wynyard, Leslie Banks, and Elizabeth Bergner, that their appearance in one good film may do more to enhance their reputations than any amount of stage successes. Few people, outside of London, knew anything of Diana Wynyard until she played in *Cavalcade*. The present-day films have the cream of professional talent at their disposal for the ultimate entertainment of the masses, and as these people show their ready appreciation at the box office, I think we can safely ask Mr. Ervine to draw his own conclusions.—H. Tilmas, 72 Marlborough Road, South Woodford, Essex.

Just For a Change...

For the sake of novelty I would like:—

Some visiting star to say our policemen were a pain in the neck.

A newly divorced star to say that her late hubby was the worst skunk that ever infested the film colony.

Some star who is going to Hollywood to pass the remark that he or she is going for the money. The improvement-to-art gag is badly worn.

Provincial newspaper film reports to say when a film is bad and not have all films on one standard—excellent. There are a few bad ones.

Lupe and Johnny to keep every tenth quarrel a secret.

Newspapers not to mention Chaplin and Mary Pickford for a time.—and a few of the First National Productions introduce their casts.

They give the names of the players, and also their faces, which is indeed a great help to people who are not familiar with the lesser stars.

I suggest that other studios adopt this method.—(Miss) A. Alben, "Stanhope House," Rock Road, Peterborough, Northants.

Kiepura and Grace Moore

The increasing vogue among film companies of exchanging or loaning popular stars has conjured in my mind's eye a perfect gem of future entertainment—the "teaming" of those two superstars, Jan Kiepura and Grace Moore.

After thrilling to the melodies of the singer in *Tell Me To-night* and *My Song for You*, and sampling the great accomplishments of Miss Moore in *One Night of Love*, what delicious heights of sheer enjoyment the co-starring of these two artistes in a musical setting would be. I promise you—John Brandon, 1 Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland.

Good For Benita

May I, with the aid of PICTUREGOER, pass my compliments to Benita Hume, for objecting to play a part in the film *Belissi*, of a person described as "the Mae West of her time."

Good for you, Benita; one Mae West on the screen is one too many. I'm glad you had the courage to do it.—(Miss) Alice Bullock, 12 Burghley Road, Kendal Town, N.W.S.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The PICTUREGOER Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
IMPORTANT TO EVERY WOMAN

A woman will stick to the important details of her life, once she has been convinced of them. No one knows better than she that some of the smallest things are the most important, especially in matters which concern herself.

But many women become very poorly before they make any attempts to solve a problem which has never before challenged them. Constipation becomes part of their life in a dangerous and unnoticeable form, robbing them of their natural character and charm. This is also true of men, but a woman's constitution is more delicately built. The peculiar charm which her good health holds for others makes it important that she should give that daily attention to her life which can prevent the beautiful fall that will spoil her happiness.

Constipation in its more obvious form is well-known—but constipation which is characterised by a delayed action rather than the natural daily urgency is a matter for private and personal control.

No one can keep a daily watch on your happiness like yourself. A simple question every night or morning and the matter is settled. Keep clear of danger by taking Beecham's Pills whenever you feel the need. For 90 years this famous vegetable remedy has been used by healthy women all over the world for this very purpose.

COMPLETE YOUR SPRING OUTFIT WITH GAYDAY SHOES

Spring is on the way, and in the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—well, shoes as well as other items of outfit. Buy your new shoes now, and select them from the spring range of smart Gayday models. You couldn't buy smarter ones and you certainly couldn't buy better ones.

Mellow voices Zubes assure us...

Here's our solo—join the chorus...

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

When you start to croak like a frog—even if you are not a singer—something has got to be done about it. Let that something be a Zube. Zubes soothe your throat and chest—help you to reach your top A with ease.

ZUBES

3° & 6° in flat time

21/2d. Per ounce

ZUBES WILL CLEAR YOUR THROAT AND CHEST
One powder only for her beauty

YARDLEY ORCHIS POWDER

Exquisitely groomed and gowned, the crowning triumph for her beauty is the Yardley Orchis Powder.

Invisibly and with caressing touch, it gives her complexion that softly-blooming, compelling loveliness for which the radiance of jewels and silks, of lights and flowers, furnish a perfect setting.

You who value your own loveliness can find no better Powder for your complexion than this. Discover for yourself the clinging fineness of it—its glamorous Orchis perfume. Choose from its seven tints your own; a fashionable shade is English Peach—warm, youthful and becoming to most complexions.

The Silver Box Powder is issued in four perfumes: Orchis, Jessamine, April Violets and Freesia.


Inquisitive.—Address, Cyril McLagled c/o Paramount.

Fan Club Notice.—The Imperial Film Club are holding a Grand St. Patrick's Dance, in honour of Mr. Gordon Harker at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Square, W.C.1 on Thursday, March 19th, from 7.30 to 12.0 p.m. Tickets 2/6 each member, 3/6 each non-member, can be obtained from The Secretary, 106 Dalston Lane, London, E.8 or at the door.


CRAWFORD FAN (Jamaica).—Art Plate of Jan. Crawford: March 12, 1932, May 27, 1933; July 1, 1933; Dec. 16, 1933; Jan. 26, 1935; Front Cover, Sept. 16, 1935; March 25, 1933; Dec. 2, 1933; Jan 5, 1935.

FILM FAN.—Addresses: Wendy Barrie, Clifford Mollison, Tamara Denni, Zelma O'Brien, Jack Hubert c/o G.B. Alice Faye, c/o Fox.


B. H. (Midstain).—Address, Otto Kruger, c/o M.G.M.; John Boles, c/o Fox.


A JAN AND MARTHE FAN.—ANNOUS FAN.—(1) Jan Kuypers and Marthe Eggerth are engaged to be married. (2) Jan Kuypers has signed a contract with Paramount. (3) Marthe Eggerth, b. April 17, 1912.

CRAWFORD-GABLE FAN.—(1) The rumour you have heard is incorrect. (2) Photographs of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford can be obtained from the Picture Postcard Salon.

PHYLLIS.—Address, Ginger Rogers, c/o Radio.

PARKER FAN.—Jean Parker, b. Aug. 11, 1915, Deer Lodge, Montana, real name Mae Green, 5 ft. 1 in., 105 lb., dark-brown hair and hazel eyes. Address, c/o M.G.M. Latest films.

CROSBY FAN.—Bing Crosby, b. May 2, 1904, married to Dixie Lee, and has three sons. Gangs of All America, Lend Me Your Ear, Parade, High Society, Long Lang and Dennis Michael, twins, b. July, 1913.

A NEW FADER.—Addresses Lee Ayres, c/o Fox; Bing Crosby and Jan Kuypers, c/o Paramount. (2) Photographs can be obtained from the Picture Postcard Salon, for 3d. each.

Fan (New Ferry).—Ralph Bellamy's films include: The Secret Six, The Magnificent Lie, West of Broadway, Forbidden, Disorderly Court. We Homies, The Woman in Room 13, Almost Married, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Armitage, Salomy Jane, Illegal Driver, Pansy Girl, Picture Seating, Below the Sea, Narrow Corner, Flying Circus, Ever in My Heart, Aces of Ace, in which before One Night of Love, Miss Moore, b. Dec. 5, 1901, Jersey, Tennessee, married to Valentian Parera. Address, c/o Columbia.

Inquisitive.—Address, Cyril McLaglen c/o Paramount.

Fan Club Notice.—The Imperial Film Club are holding a Grand St. Patrick's Dance, in honour of Mr. Gordon Harker at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Square, W.C.1 on Thursday, March 19th, from 7.30 to 12.0 p.m. Tickets 2/6 each member, 3/6 each non-member, can be obtained from The Secretary, 106 Dalston Lane, London, E.8 or at the door.

VERA (Warac).—(1) Gene Raymond unmarried. (2) Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov 15, 1919. (3) You can obtain photographs of Richard Cromwell and Gene Raymond from the Picture Postcard Salon.
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

"... Course I did"

MACLEANS PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE
Obtainable everywhere 6d. and 1/-

If you use a solid dentifrice, try the new Macleans Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—6d. per tin.

Jane Baxter, b. Sept., 1910, England; blue-grey eyes, brown hair, 5 ft. 5 in.

British; Leslie Howard, c/o London Films; Frank Lawton, c/o Universal Pictures, Film House, Wardour St.; John Galsed, c/o The New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

L. S. (Hounslove)—Anna May Wong, b. Jan. 3, 1907, Los Angeles, California; 5 ft. 4 in., black hair and brown eyes; unmarried; hobby golf. Latest film, Linehome Blues. Address, c/o Paramount.

Joan (b) and D. J. S. (Walsham—Know)—They are absolutely unfounded.

GRACE FAH.—Miss Fields has just signed a contract with M. F. and will shortly start on a film, scenario written by J. B. Priestley.

A CAUFEY FAH.—The amount charged for photographs varies so I suggest you write and ask each star before obtaining your money orders.


(2) Address: c/o Missu Shearer c/o M-G-M.

SEVENTEEN (Survey).—You have done the right thing and I hope you will be successful.

THINKER.—(1) Chart Gable, b. Feb. 1, 1901, Cadiz, Ohio, 6 ft. 1 in.; brown hair and grey eyes; married Rita Langham; hobbies, riding, golf, swimming and reading. Address, c/o M-G.-M.; (2) Donald Cook, b. Sept. 1, 1902, Portland, Oregon, 5 ft. 11 in., brown dark hair and eyes; 150 lb.; hobbies dogs; address, c/o Columbia. (3) Richard Dix, b. July 19, 1894, St. Paul, Minnesota; 6 ft.; brown hair and eyes; hobbies, golf, fishing and his ranch; real name Ernest Brimmer; married Windred Coe. Address, c/o RKO Radio. (4) H. B. Warner, b. Oct. 26, 1876, St. John's Wood, London, 6 ft. 1 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; hobby athletics; married Marguerite Stanwood.

A SCHOOLBOY FAH.—Claudette Colbert, address, c/o Paramount; latest film, The Old Lady; making One Woman.

SHARKES FAH. (Oxford).—The Barretts of Wimpole Street was a 1934 film.


AKENES (Q).—(1) Otto Kruger, b. Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 6, 1895; 5 ft. 9 in.; brown hair; grey eyes. He did not act in silent films; came from New York stage. (2) Ramon Noataro speaks English.

ANONYMOUS (1) John Bales, b. Oct. 31, 1900; (2) Jean Harlow, b. Kansas City, Mar. 3, 1911, real name Harlow Carpenter; 5 ft. 21 in.; platinum blonde hair; blue-green eyes; married; address, c/o Universal. (3) Paul Bern (dec.); (4) Hal Rosson (mar.); address, c/o M-G.-M. Latest films: Reckless, China Seas. To make Wife Versus Secretary.

ROGERS FAH. (W.C.2).—Write to Ginger Rogers, c/o Radio Studios.

CANTAR.—(1) Ida Lupino, b. 1917, Address, c/o Paramount. Films include: Her First Affair, Daughters of Today, Money for Speed, High Finance, I Lived With You, Chat Camera, Prince of Arcadia, Search for Beauty, Come on Marines, Ready for Love. (2) Anne Shirley, b. 1919, New York City, real name Dawn Paris. First appears in pictures under the name of Dawn O'Day. Address, c/o Radio. Films include: Morningside Valley, Mother Knows Best, City Girl, Rich Man's Polly, Rupert the Mat Man, Finishing School, Anne of Green Gables. (3) Toby Wing, b. Virginia, U.S.A., July 14, 1913; real name Martha Virginia Wing. Pictures include: 22nd Street, The Kid from Spain, Too Much Harmony, This Day and Age, Broadway Singer, Search for Beauty, Come on Marines, Murder at the Venetian, One Hour Later. Address, c/o Paramount.

WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN FAH.—(1) Henry Wilcoxon, b. Sept. 8, 1898, Dominica; c/o Paramount. Making The Crucader. (2) Maureen O'Sullivan, b. May 19, 1911, Boyle, Ireland, making Cardinal Richelieu. Address, c/o M-G.-M.

INQUISTIVE COWBOY.—Address, Tim McCoy, c/o Universal.

D. B. (Glen).—(1) Anthony Bushell, latest film The Scarlet Pimpernel; address, c/o London Films. (2) John Mills latest film Dandy Dick; address, c/o R.P.; (3) Leslie Howard; latest film The Scarlet Pimpernel; address, c/o London Films.


P. W. (Welling).—(1) Ginger Rogers above Chart Gable on front cover of Jan. 26, 1934 issue. (2) Cast: Dame—Mabel—Joan Blondie; Jimmy—Dick Powell; Barbara—Ruby Keeler; Matilda—Zasu Pitts; Horace—Cum Kibbee; Ezra Stunce—Hugh Hubert; Bulger—Arthur Vinton; Song Writers—Phil Regan and Sammy Fain; Maid—Lalla Bennett; (3) Joan Crawford is divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, jun. Her latest film is Fashching All Others with Chart Gable and Robert Montgomery.

FILM FAH. (Halifax).—Judy Guinn took the part of "Kitty Beverley" in Lilies of the Field.

P. T. (N. Ireland).—Cast: Freedom of the Seas, Smith—Clifford Mollison; Phyllis—Wendy Barrie; Jenny—Talma O'Neal; Harcourt—H. F. Malby; Cavendish—Tyrrell Davis; Gilman—James Carver; Bergstrom—Cecil Ramage; Wallace—Henry Warren; Jackson—Frederick Penley; O'Fly—Frank Atkinson; Gamp—Charles Paton.
Leave IT to ANNE

AST week I tried to impress on my readers how very important it is to remove all traces of make-up from the face before going to bed. No matter how weary you feel, or how late you come home from the dance, this cleansing should not be omitted. If powder and cream are left on all night, it must result in coarse open pores and blackheads. Warm water should be followed by ten minutes massage with cleansing cream, will wash skin from make-up and impurities collected from the atmosphere. A sulphur steam bath is a very good treatment for blackheads. It is prepared this way: Take a level tablespoonful of flowers of sulphur, mix this to a cream with about three tablespoonfuls of warm water. Fill the handbasin with boiling water, and then add the sulphur cream.

Protect the front of your hair with a make-up band, throw a towel around the head, and then hold the face over the basin using the towel to keep in the steam. A soft handkerchief tied around the eyes will protect them from the effects of the heat and steam. After five minutes the skin will feel soft and relaxed. This is the time for pressurizing blackheads. It may be done with the fingers if they are persistent. The extractor must be sterilized before use by ten minutes in boiling water. If the instrument is still warm, the blackheads should be extracted.

The basin should be refilled with hot water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of simple liniment of benzoin. After another three minutes steaming of the face, the water should be cooled down and the face washed first with the tepid water, and finally with cold water. Finally the place where the blackheads have been extracted should be dabbed with a little pure alcohol. The latter may be bought from the chemist.

While occasional steaming is beneficial, this must not be repeated too often, or the skin will become relaxed. While the blackheads persist, the steaming may be done once a fortnight. After that once in six weeks should be sufficient. It is often enough till the blackheads have disappeared for good.

Girls in their teens must remember that blackheads are incidental to adolescence. The trouble will pass in a year or two. Diet plays as large a part, in the cure as outward treatment.

Food must be plain and low in starch and sugar. Fried foods, cakes, and pastries, white bread, puddings, meringues, eggs (other than fried ones) salads (except broad beans), clear soups, and simply grilled meat and fish, with wholemeal bread. A good healing lotion is made from the following. Sulphur (precipitate) 1 part. Calamine 3 parts. Eau de Cologne 100 parts. Where the general condition is low the blackheads will persist if they are surrounded by an area of inflammation. Obviously the health needs building up. Anemia and indigestion are often responsible for this aggravation of the original trouble. Moreover acne is very often accompanied by dandruff. This is specially noticeable when the acne is on the shoulders and back. It is practically impossible to clear up the acne, unless the dandruff is treated at the same time. The combined treatment is perhaps too involved for description here. If any of my readers are suffering from the two troubles, I shall be glad to help them by letter, and suggest a line of treatment. Enquiries should enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Really severe acne persisting over a long period, is of course, matter for medical advice. The longer the trouble lasts, the more likely is the face to be scarred. A doctor may use in his discretion one of the many up-to-date methods for curing acne, not possible in home treatment.

Betty Brood (Uppminster)—Cut down the sweets, and treat the blackheads as advised above.

Molly Birk (Wolverhampton)—All the products you mention are excellent. I would advise you to continue with the perfume. Cheap scents are always a mistake. Use a little less. Your powder should be Naturelle. Worried (Lisburgh)—Impossible to give you standard measurements for your face. You must consult your own chemist. Read the article on blackheads above.

B. Hewson (Grahama)—Electrolysis is probably the only method of permanently destroying unwanted hair. A lemon bleaching cream will whiten your skin. Sold by all chemists. Massage the legs with warm olive oil.

Worried Nancy (Newton)—Cream the blue satin dancing shoes with white carbolic acid. Buy it from the chemist. Apply with a pad of cotton wool, changing the surface as it becomes soiled. Rub with a circular movement.

March 2, 1935

Miss Barbara Geach, of Streatham, who was chosen as "Miss Ireland" at the "Miss Lucan," receiving first prize from Miss Judy Kelly (centre) the film star.
TWO SECONDS to be sure of your Hair

‘DANDERINE’ insures your hair for a penny a day.

Less than a minute—less than a penny—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

When you’ve had your hair shampooed ‘Danderine’ will keep it from getting out of place. When you pay good money for a wave, ‘Danderine’ will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings and oily tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

With all the care a woman gives to her hair, it is a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It’s no trouble. Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and delightful as ‘Danderine’ could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy ‘Danderine’ at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3d., 2/6d. and 4/6d.

‘Danderine’ FOR THE HAIR

A Word to the Wise—Woman

Women who, by some slight derangement, or by reason of a delicate constitution, suffer some distress on certain occasions will find perfect ease of mind and body in Cephos, the original prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician. I learnt just before and during these trying occasions, Cephos compensates for the natural loss of energy which occurs, and has a wonderfully soothing effect on the whole system. Irritability and exhaustion vanish and no sign of physical distress as felt.

Cephos suits even the most delicate constitutions, and is taken by thousands of women regularly. It is a perfectly harmless remedy, free from all injurious drugs. It is safe and certain, and does not affect the heart. Recognized by medical authorities everywhere. Cephos is also invaluable for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds and ‘Flu. In powder or tablets 1/3d. and 1/6d. Single powders ad. each.

Supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all Chemists and Stores.

FREE Sample sent on receipt of p.c. giving name and address to the Lady Supervisor, CEPHOS LTD., Dept. 100, W., BLACKBURN.

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A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.

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"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and..."

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ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that bad circulation, muscular weakness, varicose veins, rheumatism, and leg troubles in general, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

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Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort to all within the system of a new health force; overcoming the system and increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature’s own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the body.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto cures bad circulation, varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosias, muscular weakness, heart troubles, swollen legs, rheumatism, eczema, lupus, erythematosus, phlebitis, psoriasis, varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, lupus, arteriosclerosis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

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March 9, 1935
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a single breasted styled costume in twed,
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That is my advice to all who have to go out (as I do) in treacherous weather. The tried and homely remedies in Zubes safeguard the throat and chest in germ-laden atmospheres. They are also very soothing in cases of throat-tickling and huskiness.

Don't let other girls win all the favours.
You, too, can have alluring eyes that coax and thrill the man you want—eyes that are framed in rich, long, lustrous lashes. It's so quick, so easy to do. With a touch of Delica-Brow, Hollywood's long-kept secret, beautiful eyes can now be yours. Delica-Brow is water-proof—in cake or liquid form—in black, brown or blue, 6d.

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT says: "Men adore a beautiful complexion, and it's so easy to keep skin exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap." Here are the facts that explain why.

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JESSIE MATTHEWS for HOLLYWOOD?

£15,000 offer—Janet Gaynor in "Way Down East"—Mae West's "Children's Hour"—and a New Story—British films encounter U.S. Censorship Troubles—England's reply to "Bengal Lancer."

There is little doubt that Jessie has made a bigger appeal to the great American public than any other of our feminine stars. Her screen personality has a vivacity and warmth that more nearly approaches Hollywood ideas of stellar material than that of most of our static heroines and stagey comedienne.

Since Evergreen was shown in the States, Miss Matthews has been inundated with offers from the Californian studios. M.G.M. is, at the moment, likely to win the scramble. The company has offered her £15,000 a picture, with options for more.

Sonnie Hale may accompany her.

Gish Role for Gaynor

So Janet Gaynor is to be starred in the talkie version of Way Down East. The film, as made in 1920 with Lilian Gish, was one of the most memorable events in the career of D. W. Griffith.

The silent version cost a little under 500,000 dollars, which was regarded as a neat sum in those days, and grossed in excess of 2,100,000 dollars, also a commendable figure.

It was regarded at the time as a very daring picture, and it is interesting to recall that certain aspects of it were credited with starting one of the early censorship drives.

Toddle up and See Auntie Mae . . .

Now even Mae West is wooing the Puritans— a strange role for the "gal that no man noes."

"I always think of the kiddies, that is one of the reasons for my success," Mae says in almost the best West wisecrack yet.

The kiddies like me," she continues, with a coy nod in the direction of the cleaner-uppers. "That's because I always think of things to put in my pictures to please them."

She has a quite touching story about it, too. "I was at the fights one night and a little fellow passed me several times so I spoke to him," Mae relates. "He came over and began talking."

"Did you get in the cage with those lions?" he asked me and I said did.

He wanted to know if I was scared, and if I really put my head in the lion's mouth, and if I cracked the whip at the animals, and I told him yes.

"Now the kiddies like that kind of stuff, so I always put it in my stories."

"In Now I'm a Lady I lasso a man and shoot through his hat, and the kids are going to get a great kick out of that."

"I'm sure they will. Anyway, that's a new kind of Mae West story."

The New Picture

Mae, however, throws some interesting sidelights on her new picture as well as on the somewhat unfortunate Belle of the Nineties. Like all film stars, she is certain that the new opus will be her best yet. Perhaps she has some justification.

"I know now what they want and what they don't want," she points out. "I've found out that all things that the censors think are bad I think are all right, and I've learned that there are a number of things that I shy at that they see nothing wrong in.

"Belle of the Nineties was not a good story, because they made me make it three times before I found out what they wanted.

"When I wrote this one I got all the difficulties straightened out before I began and the censors approved it.

"So now all I have to do is follow my scenario."

The Public Wants her "Wicked"

Even if the cynical have been unkind about her claims to literary distinction, Mae has very definite ideas as to the necessary ingredients for her pictures and a keen appreciation of the public's reaction to her screen roles.

"I'm not supposed to be a good woman and my fans don't like to see me in those kind of parts," she has discovered. "I get letters all the time that say, 'Oh, Mae, we don't want you like that. We want to see you in the other kind of pictures.'

"I had some portraits made where I looked kind of, well, sweet. I sent those out to my fans, but they didn't like them as well as they did the others. They wrote me about it.

"I never take a man away from another woman. You've noticed that, haven't you? I always say uh uh if some other girl has the man. Of course, I don't always, either.

"Sometimes I joke about it, like if a woman came to me and begged me not to take her husband, I'd say, 'Aw, that's all right, honey. You've had him long enough.' My women fans don't mind if I do it that way."

(Continued on page 6)
Unlike some of Mae West’s previous efforts, Now I’m a Lady has been completed well up to schedule. The circumstance has brought to light a good story concerning Miss West’s first—and still best—film, She Done Him Wrong, which was directed by the late Lowell Sherman.

Friction, it is now revealed, marked the filming of the picture.

When the Star was Late

Mae, it seems, could not be prevailed upon to get on the stage early in the morning. Finally, the director warned her that on the following day she must be on the set at the time called.

Nine o’clock came and the star was absent. So Sherman had virtually every piece of movable equipment placed around the door and told his crew that he would fire any one who moved so much as a cable.

Miss West arrived and peered through the lamp stands, flats, parapets and furniture. No one moved.

Mr. Sherman sat in his chair chattering with friends. Finally, gingerly, trying to manipulate her adequate costume, she squeezed through to the set.

She wasn’t late again.

British Films and U.S. Censors

In the meanwhile, the League of Decency is creating difficulties for British producers. It is an unfortunate situation in view of the fact that at the moment English films are just beginning to get a firm footing in the American market. "The Hays office is finding itself in a tough spot on the question of British pictures and whether to let them in," records "The Hollywood Reporter."

The fact that history long ago glorified that gal, and in no mean terms, has nothing to do with the case . . . such things happen to be verboten in this country, and 'Sweet Nell,' dead these many years, is a menace to the best interests of our noble youth to-day. They admit that there's nothing really censorable in the English picture except the subject matter in the first place, and the reason they must reject it is because they cannot allow the English any privileges an American producer cannot have.

"If an American producer were to go to the Hays office with the idea of making a picture about poor Nell, the Hays office would tell him immediately to drop the whole thing, because the Decency League wouldn't stand for it."

"How then, can they allow an English picture to be exhibited that would get away with something Hollywood can't touch?"

Tell it to the Judge

And this week we raise the Phillips Fedora to Mr. John W. Holland, Plymouth's probation officer, who turns the searchlight on another aspect of the children and films problem. Mr. Holland admits frankly that he does not consider the kinema to blame for juvenile crime. "Very rarely," he says, "does a juvenile offender connect his crime with anything that he has seen at the pictures. He may unconsciously be influenced in the wrong way, but it does not appear any marked degree.

"He does not usually steal money to go to the pictures any more than he steals money to buy sweaters and other things."

Mr. Holland goes on to declare that the kinema is a strong ally of the cause of temperance. If picture halls were emptier, he says, the public houses would be fuller, and many would seek solace in them more frequently, it were not for the cheap form of entertainment provided in a warm kinema.

Mickey in Colour

Mickey Mouse, as was exclusively predicted in The Bandmaster, Picturgoer, is to be seen in all the glory of colour.

The rodent star’s first colour offering, The Band Master, will begin life this week. It will be seen here, I understand, sometime in June.

In it will be all the favourite playmates of Mickey and Minnie, none of whom has ever been seen in anything but black and white.

Memories for Maurice

Playing in Folies Bergere de Paris must have brought back memories to Maurice Chevalier. It was in “the Folies,” with Mistinguette, that he first made his name. And it was Mistinguette who, when she made him his partner, persuaded him to adopt the sleek dinner jacket, straw hat and suave manner that were later to sweep the film world.

Together they were once the toast of Paris. The association had a melancholy ending. The War separated the stars. They came together again after Maurice had escaped from prison camp in Germany.

There were clashes of temperament, open discord and, finally, they parted. But today they are on friendly terms.

In the film the clash of temperaments between Chevalier as a Folies Bergere star and his dancing partner provide the humour and the drama. Chevalier, incidentally, sings "Oh, Valentine," the song that made him famous in his early "Folies" days.

Gaumont-British Empire Conscious

Gaumont-British bravely announces that the screen version of Kipling’s Soldiers Three is to be "re-told to The Lives of a Bempered Lancer."

Under the direction of Walter Forde, the interior sequences will be shot in the Shepherd’s Bush studios, while a production unit under Geoffrey Barkas has gone to India to secure large spectacular scenes of troops on the Frontier and other “atmosphere” material which will be sent back to be incorporated into the finished film.

It is particularly pleasing to hear that news has just come through from the Delhi headquarters of the unit which stresses the admirable co-operation they are receiving from the military authorities in India. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has appointed a liaison officer between army headquarters and the G.-B. unit who will advise on all military matters.

Scenes to be shot in the Far East will show back in general and a typical Frontier incident in which a strong Pathan tribal force attack a battalion column in which are marching the "Three Soldiers" of the story.

80,000 Feet of Film

In order to ensure complete accuracy of detail on this production, intense research work has been undertaken by the studio experts. Hundreds of contemporary photographs have been collected showing every detail of military and civilian life in the period of the war.

Many people who served in the Army in India during this time have been consulted. Drillbooks and routine charts of the period have been obtained. As an example of the scale on which the film is being made, it is interesting to know that 600 complete sets of military uniforms, topees, and full akeem equipment have been taken out to India. Rifles and bayonets of the time have been gathered together and scores of civilian dresses copied from contemporary photographs. The amount of production baggage brought from England and transported across India amounts to almost 80 tons.

Jeanette MacDonald is a favourite with the child players appearing with her in "Naughty Marietta."

Here she is admiring their pet goats.
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Upwards of 80,000 feet of film will be used on these Indian scenes alone and five complete camera equipments will be employed in photographing the gigantic natural canvas on which the thrilling scenes will be enacted.

That Rhodes Picture

News also arrives of that imperial, but much embattled screen subject, Cecil Rhodes, which is now apparently to be undertaken by the G.-B. company itself. At any rate the Indian unit will leave for South Africa as soon as the Soldiers Three scenes are finished, to film atmosphere and background for the Rhodes film. In the meanwhile the props men at Shepherd's Bush are busy assembling assaigas, head-dresses and shields for the English-made sequences.

An Interesting Newcomer

Among the screen's interesting recent newcomers is Ross Alexander, who, I am told, scores a tremendous hit in Flirtation Walk. I found him an impressive possibility in Maybe It's Love, his British debut. Alexander had one of the leading roles in a play that inaugurated New York's history, The Ladder. It's a strange tale, the saga of The Ladder. It was produced by a multi-millionaire oil magnate, Edward Davis, and dealt with reincarnation. When it opened to extremely unflattering notices, Davis declared The Ladder would break all long-run records, whether the public attended or not.

So a cast of first-rate New York performers enacted the reincarnation drama for two years, often to a audience of a dozen or two. Seats could be obtained all over New York without paying a penny! Ross Alexander was in the original cast, and he remained with it some twenty months.

Marlene's New Screen Lover

I wonder if Cesare Romero will turn out to be the long-sought ideal screen lover for Marlene Dietrich.

Cesare, in a small part, did not impress me unduly in British Agent, but great things are expected of him in the Dietrich picture. He has come through one ordeal with flying colours. The young and tall and handsome Colan was at his wits end for a moment or two to fathom a difficult order from director Josef von Sternberg; The order was to kiss Miss Dietrich for '40 frames' and not even an atom of a frame over.

Poor Romero was nonplussed. And then Von Sternberg explained very carefully that there are 16 frames, or separate divisions to each foot of film and that, therefore his kiss should last no longer than two-and-a-half feet.

So the kiss lasted only for about two seconds after all! However, his technique was much admired by the experts on the sidelines.

Our Awkward Girls

If Busby Berkeley could have his way about it, every girl's school would devote a certain amount of time to the business of teaching young girls how to walk and sit and stand and come through a door properly.

"School girls learn a lot of things that are of less use to them in after life," declares the Burbank dance king. "Ninety per cent. of the girls of to-day are awkward in carriage, walk improperly, sit ungracefully and can't dance a figur without giving the impression that they have been pushed in," says Berkeley. "Regular courses in posture, stance, movement, would add immeasurably to a girl's future happiness, to her chances of success in any business and to her claims to beauty and charm."

Greek versus Grace

Berkeley, who works with upwards of a thousand young girls a year in staging his musicals, and who interviews and passes judgment on at least ten times that number, finds that nine out of every ten women who are tested for his choruses are deficient in grace of movement.

"They have been taught ancient history and Latin and subjects they will have precious little tryout, it's too late to teach them the fundamentals of grace."

"There 'ought to be a law'-or something!"

Berkeley lists asactresses whose ability to walk and stand and sit properly is notable, the following: Ethel Barrymore, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Dolores Del Rio, Katherine Cornell, Jean Muir, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Margaret Lindsay, Gloria Stuart and Shirley Temple. He names Shirley Temple, he says, because she is

Next Week's

THRILLING "PICTUREGOER"

Special News Reel Number

BEHIND the news reels that flash daily and night across the silver screens of Britain lies a story of speed and courage, vision, and enterprise, glory, and sometimes death that you, quiet and comfortable in your plush armchairs, have never realised.

PICTUREGOER is going to tell you all! Next week's issue will be a Special News Reel Number—a slice of screen journalism as different as chalk from cheese. In it will be pictures and features pulsating with drama of how the world's peoples, topics, and events are captured and brought to the eyes of all.

Warms and revolutions, weddings and funerals, flights across the world, dives beneath the sea, the fall of governments, the rise of kings, cardinals, and ring champions—they all come the same to the news reel men. Risk and distance is nothing. Time is everything. The public must have the pictures!

This special number will take you right behind the scenes. For interest and action; for fascinating facts about "it how's done; you must see next week's News Reel Number.

This great issue of The PICTUREGOER will, of course, contain all its usual fine features and glamorous pictures of the stars, and it will be in great demand. Make certain of getting your copy by asking your newsagent to-day to supply it for you.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

still a child and perfectly natural in everything she does. Many of the others he would send back to school, if schools taught the fundamentals—such as the proper way to come through a door.

Kinema Codes

This week's titles in the kinema codes competition are:

A nnie, Leave the Room
The Biography of a Bachelor Girl
Wings in the Dark
Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back
Are You a Mason?

The competition is based on the idea that much money is wasted by the movie magnates in casting business transactions relating to films with long titles and that code words could be profitably employed.

For instance, instead of putting the four words "Sing as we go" in a cable, the code word "Carol" might be arranged. Or for "One Night of Love," the word "Eccstasy."

Select any of the five titles given above and attach a code word. There is a first prize of half-a-guinea and four half-crown prizes.

Submit your entries on a post-card addressed to me c/o THE PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre. Envelopes cannot be opened.

Short Shots

Frank ("It Happened One Night") Capra is to direct Valley Forge for Columbia—It is now definitely announced that Francis Lederer is to play D'Artagnan in Radio's all-colour version of The Three Musketeers—As a result of the success of The Lives of a Bengal Lancer Paramount is again considering making Beau Geste—Jean Acker, former wife of Rudolph Valentino will be seen on the screen in Columbia's Let's Live To-night—Five-year-old Coral Sue Collins bought her mother a motor-car the other day.

MALCOM D. PHILLIPS.
One of the most successful "pairings" of the year is that of the famous dancer and Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorce." They were first teamed in "Rolling Down to Rio" and are to be seen shortly in "Roberta."
A GREAT LOVE LIVES AGAIN

by Wilson D'ARNE

"Miss Margaret Maskelyne, of London, is sailing to-day on the East Indiaman, 'Carnatic,' for the company's trading post in Madras, where she will be united in wedlock with Mr. Robert Clive, a factor."

O might have read a social note two hundred years ago, concealing, as betrothal notices to-day conceal, the underlying romance, the heartbreaks, and the joys of the two young people concerned.

It remained for Darryl F. Zanuck, producer of Twentieth Century Pictures, to revive the love story of Robert Clive, one of Britain's greatest soldiers, and Margaret Maskelyne, a story that the academic historians have buried in a few cold dismissing footnotes.

In Clive of India just released is finally done to as interesting a love story as has ever been told.

Robert Clive, the twenty-one-year-old bookkeeper with the military instincts of a Napoleon, the youth who created and ruled over India, is played by Ronald Colman.

And the role of his betrothed, the delicate beauty, Margaret Maskelyne, is in the hands of Loretta Young.

With history as a basis, the picture unfolds not only Clive's story, but also the story of Margaret. She left England on the arduous and dangerous voyage to India in order to marry a poor clerk, and arrived to discover him the idol of every Englishman in the East, a national hero.

She was quite prepared to relinquish her claims upon him. Surely the man who was being honoured by the Governor, and for whom a great ball was being prepared, would never hold fast to a troth plighted when he was a poor and insignificant bookkeeper in the services of the East India Company.

But Clive insisted upon carrying her to the ball, to share the glory that was now his. Tradition insists—and this tradition is faithfully followed in the film—that Clive fell in love with a picture of Margaret Maskelyne, shown him by her brother, his only friend at the time in all India.

He immediately wrote her a letter proposing marriage, and through the formal phrasing of his letter, Margaret detected a message that prompted her without hesitation to take passage for India.

How difficult her life was with a man who lived only for the smoke of battle, who brooded and sickened when he was forced to lay aside his arms, is a story that may be found in the pages of actual history. Romancers could not possibly improve upon this tale and do complete justice to her love and loyalty.

The love story of Robert Clive and Margaret Maskelyne has been called the greatest romance of all the ages, evoking the names of Dante and Beatrice, Hero and Leander.

The bitter, bloody wars and complex intrigues of the Indian rajahs separated them again and again, as Clive left his home and dying child to rush to the service of his country. But in an age that was notorious for the looseness of its morals, Clive remained austere and faithful.

Margaret Maskelyne was his first and only love.

Clive's story is one in which it was not necessary to manufacture or insert romantic interest. A biography, film, or book of Robert Clive, Baron of Halsley, is unthinkable without the story of his love for Margaret Maskelyne, his only faithful companion when all England had deserted him.
OME years ago, when Al Jolson was first singing that "mammy" song and the more fervent fans were clamouring for real wedding bells for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, a young actress who had once danced in prologues at a Hollywood cinema had acquired some sort of footing in the casting offices as a "stock Oriental exotic," and a not-quite-so-young actor was struggling out of the obscurity of minor movie villainy.

They were known to a growing following as Myrna Loy and William Powell—to-day undoubtedly the most valuable "love team" discovery since talkies.

I am not at all sure, in fact, that in many ways the achievement of Loy and Powell is not the greatest of any of the "great lovers" of screen history.

Gaynor and Farrell idealised youthful sweethearts. Garbo and Gilbert, aided by every artifice of bunk and ballyhoo, glamorised romance. In either case we had the last, long lingering, happy-ever-after close-up before the church door was reached, or, at any rate, before wife Greta discovered that hubby Gilbert snored 'o' nights or hubby Charlie found out that wife Janet was an excusable cook and had extravagant tastes in clothes. Loy and Powell, in one unheralded talkie, produced in record time for any big movie money-spinner of recent years, succeeded in glorifying the happy marriage—the highest form of human partnership.

The fact that for every disaster there are woman and a divorce court scene just around the corner.

Now Myrna and Bill have not only shown us how to be happy though married, but have shattered all the sacrosanct screen conventions by making it interesting. As in the case of most film teams, the discovery of their possibilities as a combination was largely accidental. Powell had but recently moved to the studio and was drawing a good salary on Friday nights. He had been associated with the character of a famous screen private detective. They had a job in The Thin Man for an actor who could play a private detective. They put Powell to work.

Myrna Loy owed her presence in the picture to "Woody" Van Dyke, its director, who had been interested in her career for some years. He, in fact, gave her the role in Crooks in Clover that finally broke the "vamp" shackles in which she had previously been tied. With her success in The Thin Man and Evelyn Prentice, she has become one of the most popular actresses in films.

Off the screen Myrna and Bill are the best of friends. Their friendship has even survived a recent interview in which William was quoted as saying, somewhat tactlessly, if not ungrammatically, that he and Myrna Loy were "about of an age." The record books give Mr. Powell's first birthday as July 29, 1892. Work it out for yourself.

The names of both stars are prominent in current romance rumours, but not in association with each other. Miss Loy, it is reported, is interested in a gentleman not connected with the film industry, while Powell spends his spare pocket money on flowers for one of her most famous rivals on the lot.

All of which brings us to another intriguing new "love team" of 1935. Mr. Powell has something of a genius for screen team work. It has always been a matter of regret to many fans that his departure from the Warner studio broke up the screen firm of Powell and Kay Francis, which reached its greatest heights in One Way Passage.

Now Powell is to be "teamed" with Jean Harlow in Reckless—one of the most unique casting arrangements of all time. Plans had been completed for Joan Crawford to play in the film. About that time William and Jean were seen about together frequently in Hollywood's show places. The columnists had a field day and the M.-G.-M. maestros an inspiration. Joan was taken out of the cast and the Harlow, who is by no means regarded as her bosom friend, substituted.

The studio, moreover, admitted, with engaging frankness, that it was deliberately "cashing in" on a providential situation.

Miss Crawford's own real-life romance has also been transferred to the screen frequently of late, although, unfortunately, owing to the presence in the same cast, of the film's most valuable male meat ticket, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone has always had to lose the gal.

However, Franchot is making such rapid strides towards major stardom that we cannot afford to overlook the possibility of the Crawford-Tone partnership reclaiming the screen marquises as one of the "great lovers" teams of the coming year.

And while Joan emotes for Franchot in Hollywood, ex-hubby Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has found new screen (and need we whisper it?) screen inspiration in Gertrude Lawrence at Elstree. Their appearance in the romantically rich La Vie de Bohème should give us one of the most interesting teams of "great lovers" produced by the British industry in 1935.

The English studios, incidentally, have been less prolific and successful than America in the discovery of screen lovers who can fire the imagination of the fans. At one time it looked as if Edna Best and Herbert Marshall would supplant Gaynor and Farrell in the hearts of the British public, but that is another story.

And what has become of Joan Barry and Harold Huth, who a year or so ago were probably the most popular combination in British films?

Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard, however, have helped to maintain the love team tradition in The Scarlet Pimpernel. There have been stories, and not all of them circulated by the publicity departments, that by the time the film was completed, their interest in each other was not confined to the script, but then there always have hundreds of men and women who have found supreme and lasting happiness in matrimonial comradeship has hitherto been overlooked by the movie moguls.

Marriage has, as a screen subject, always moved, like a certain well-known feminine star, in the best triangles. There was always another man or

Claudette Colbert and Warren William make love in "Imitation of Life," but . . .

Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel!"
been stories about the co-stars of successful love teams.

As a matter of fact, of course, it sometimes happens that the screen's "greatest lovers" are not on speaking terms with their movie Big Moments once the director has called "cut."

I have not heard of any cases recently of a leading man eating garlic, with malice aforethought, before going into his love scenes with his leading lady, but I wonder if you will notice any coldness between Claudette Colbert and Warren William in Universal's *Imitation of Life.*

Claudette and Warren had a short time before worked together in *Cleopatra.* Soon after shooting started on the Fannie Hurst story at Universal City it was apparent to those on the set that the picture's co-stars were labouring under some sort of strong emotion—and that it wasn't passion. Talking of Claudette, when are we going to see that long-promised reunion with Clark Gable?

Carole Lombard and George Raft were "great lovers" in *Bolero.* They were to be great lovers again in the sequel, *Rumba.* When last I heard, George had walked out because he thought Carole was getting too much of the best of it in the matter of camera angles (she had imported her favourite photographer from Columbia).

By no means the least important of the screen's "love teams" we will be welcoming in 1935 will be Al Jolson, the "daddy of the talkies" himself and his wife, Ruby Keeler. After steadfastly refusing for years to appear in the same film they are to co-star in *Go Into Your Dance.*

Various reasons have been advanced for their previous hesitancy for carrying their famous real-life romance into the studios. They may, however, have been influenced by the fact that the record of husband-and-wife screen lovers has been a melancholy one.

Many people still hold to the view that the walls of "Pickfair" first began to collapse when Mary and Doug went to work together on *The Taming of the Shrew.* There were inevitable differences of opinion, and the heated atmosphere of film production is not the best place for adjusting them. The romance of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent did not survive the series of screen romances into which they were rushed before the ink was dry on the marriage certificate.

Al and Ruby, however, are daring the jinx. We wish them luck. Evelyn Laye is in love with Frank Lawton and is proud of it, but it will be with Ramon Novarro that she will be launched from M.G.M. as one of the screen's great lovers of 1935. Their first, *The Night is Young,* should be ready for inspection shortly. And I had almost forgotten one of the greatest combinations of them all—Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. Aline MacMahon is not everybody's idea of Juliet and Mr. Kibbee does not, I am sure, aspire to play Romeo, but as the representatives of mature romance they stand supreme. They have, moreover, been elected to permanent co-stardom.

There are others, of course (I would, for instance, like to see Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett, and Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati together again), and there is always a possibility that in 1935 chance will bring together a new Gaynor and a Farrell or a new Loy and a Powell.

Producers dream of it....
Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery

A new and very well-matched team of lovers is provided by the co-starring of Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl." The latter has the best chance for showing her ability since "The Woman in His House" and she makes the most of it. A full criticism of the picture appears on page 14.
March 9, 1935

WELL-GROOMED head is the hall-mark of the smart woman. It is not sufficient to pay a regular visit to the hairdresser. Hair-grooming consists of daily scalp massage and daily brushing. There is a mistaken idea that thorough brushing disturbs the set and the waves. The reverse is true. After good brushing, waves will appear more deeply set than if they were lightly gone over with the comb.

The brush must be perfectly clean. Indeed, two brushes should be the ideal, so that one may be washed or cleaned every day. Don't economise in buying a hair brush. It should be made of pure bristle and set in a rubber cushion, and rightly treated it will last for years. Brush from the roots upwards and outwards so that the hair is aired.

Massage of the scalp with a strengthening tonic improves the circulation and stimulates the glands. On these two things depends lustrous, healthy hair. Use the fine-tips with a rotary movement, and knead and lift the scalp so that it may be felt moving over the skull.

Hair, unless exceptionally dry, should be shampooed once a week. Buy a good shampoo powder or insist on it being used at your hairdressers, and you cannot go wrong. Modern shampoos contain just the right ingredients to nourish the hair and preserve its natural beauty. Colour rinses are a new aid to hair beauty. They bring to light beauty of hair that is apt to get overlaid with the grime and fumes of crowded cities. Whether you are blonde, brunette, or red-haired, there is a special rinse for you.

A well-dressed head does not necessarily need any adornment, but the Duchess of Kent has set the pretty fashion of wearing a jewelled clip in the hair.

Eyes

If you have been blessed with eyes that are strong and lovely, take care of them. Regular bathing with a cleansing and strengthening lotion is absolutely necessary for eye health and beauty. There is a well-known proprietary lotion which cannot be improved upon for this purpose. Each eye should be treated separately. If an eye bath is used there should be two—one for each eye. If wool is used for bathing, a fresh piece should be taken for each eye and separate bowls for the lotion. This seeming fuss is necessary as it is very easy to spread infection from one eye to the other.

Sparkling eyes come from good health. You cannot have those enviable blue-whites if the liver is sluggish, if elimination is faulty, or if the digestive system is working badly. Get out into the open air, tone up your digestive system, drink plenty of cold water, and take a saline aperient first thing in the morning, and you will quickly acquire eyes that sparkle.

Do you need glasses? This seems to be a sore point with many girls. They would rather go about with eyes that are puffy and strained-looking—and therefore wholly unattractive, than submit to wearing glasses.

Modern horn rims are becoming to most women. Carefully chosen and fitted to suit the wearer and her complexion, they can be an added attraction rather than drawback to good looks.

Mouths

Always remember that your thoughts are moulding your mouth. Bad temper, impatience, petulance will so shape and line a mouth that all the beauty aids in the world will not eradicate the blemishes.

A little rinse and a little make-up. The lipstick must match the rouge. In applying it, begin in the middle of the upper lip and work it out towards the corners. Use the tip of the little finger and clean off any smudging afterwards with a tiny bit of muslin.

Teeth

Reddened lips inevitably call attention to the teeth. You cannot have good health unless your teeth are in perfect order. The first step towards dental health is a six-monthly visit to the dentist. There is no need to shudder. The girl who visits her dentist so regularly doesn't know what it is to feel a twinge of pain.

The daily care of teeth consists, of course, of thorough cleansing. Choose your toothbrush carefully. The brush should not be straight, but shaped with a slight concavity in the middle, and the centre bristles should be longer than the side ones.

A good dentifrice not only aims at cleansing the teeth, but provides antiseptic treatment of the gums, thus helping to keep at bay that deadly disease of the gums, pyorrhoea. A mouth wash, of which there are several excellent ones on the market, is also a wise precaution. Occasional massage of the gums with salt and water is a good astringent and the teeth may be silkened with dental floss. If this silk is passed between the teeth it prevents tartar accumulating.

Chins and Neck

Chins and necks benefit just as much from daily massage as faces. Do not stop short at the chin when applying your favourite skin food. A wrinkled neck will entirely belie a youthful face. Winter, with its fur collars and scarves, is apt to make the neck discoloured. A good whitenising treatment is to soap a flesh glove wrung out of hot water, sprinkle with borax and then apply to the skin.

Care of the Complexion

Wash your face with soap and water once a day. All skins need this, however sensitive they may be. If the water is hard, soften it, and be sure you use the very best soap. After warm water, rinse in cold water to tone up the skin and act as an astringent.

Choose your creams and your complexion lotions to suit your own particular needs, according to whether your skin is dry, normal or greasy. If you feel you are looking slightly faded and wrinkled, try a little internal sunshine in the form of cod-liver oil or halibut-liver oil. The latter, you know, is taken only in drops—not spoonfuls. I guarantee it will take five years off your face in as many weeks.

Buy a patter for use after ordinary massage. It sends the nutrient qualities of your skin food right down into the pores, and stimulates the skin in the way that amateur fingers never can.

Whenever you use the fingers for massage, remember that you are trying to uplift muscles that want to sag. Let the movement always be upwards and outwards. Never describe a downward movement. When you reach the ears or the brows, lift the fingers and start again from where you began.

Remember that the skin under the eyes is the most delicate: that it is easily stretched, and once stretched it is almost impossible for it to regain its elasticity.
THE pairing of Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery in the adaptation of S. N. Behrman's play, *Biography of a Bachelor Girl*, has points of great interest. It provides something out of the ordinary in the matter of screen lovers.

Here you have the ebullient, hot-headed, intolerant type, bitter against life, as represented by Montgomery, falling in love with the sincere, tolerant, though outwardly Bohemian type, getting the best from life, as personified by Ann Harding.

Her love is not a passionate, glamorous, overwhelming emotion, but rather an expression of the maternal instinct which would guard and protect the object of its affection against the inhibitions which are destroying its happiness.

This mating of contrasts is both effective and interesting, and provides the main point of attraction in the cleverly written but, nevertheless, too wordy romance.

It is another example of the conversation piece—a very good one—which owes more to the stage than it does to the screen.

The story, while sincerely acted, is a trifle artificial, though new in conception, and it owes all its success to its well-written dialogue, which is made the most of by an exceedingly capable cast.

It deals with an enthusiastic young editor, disgruntled with the social scheme of things, who, in the process of trying to extract a love story from a notorious woman artist, falls in love with her and ends by agreeing with her that the diary should never be published.

How he fights against the wishes of one of her early lovers and his prospective father-in-law, who fear that the publication will ruin the former's chances in the senatorial election and will also wreck the happiness of the latter's daughter, forms the basis of the comedy with its underlying hint of drama.

It resolves itself into a discussion in ethics liberally sprinkled with wisecracks and waxes ironic at the expense of politicians and publishers.

In spite of its worldliness, I found it very intriguing and one thing is at any rate certain—Ann Harding has not been better cast since her brilliant performance in *A Woman in His House*. She manages not only to give a convincing characterisation of a difficult part, but also to convey irresistibly charming without recourse to theatricals.

Robert Montgomery is excellent, too, as the obdurate young man who tries hard to stifle the love he bears for a woman who offend against all his accepted canons of life.

Edward Arnold is very well cast in the small part of an Austrian musician, a Bohemian who understands the heroine and would like to share his life with her, while Charles Richman is very good as a Southern publisher, Horton's prospective father-in-law.

Una Merkel, however, is lost and miscast as his daughter.

Edward H. Griffith has made little attempt to give the stage play pictorial treatment, but his direction is polished and efficient within its limitations.—L. C.

If you like Cagney and good rough stuff—and I must confess I do—you will enjoy this high-speed, screwball comedy with its exciting "rescue-the-girl-at-all-costs" climax.

It concerns a fiery Irish tramp who is continually getting into trouble and who finally lands in court for assaulting the head of a milk trust.

To extricate them from their dilemma the Irishman up and denounces the milk trust and the worthy magistrate, a disgruntled dairyman, dismisses them, and, fired by the prisoner's words, starts a farmers' strike.

Things get really hectic and the Irishman finds himself gaoled and accused of the murder of a farmer, which is actually the work of a gunman hired by the milk trust. His only alibi is a girl whom the murderer has kidnapped. He breaks gaol and, after an exciting chase, runs the villain to earth and rescues the girl; follows a free-for-all fight—and wedding bells.

It is all played at lightning speed in a broad comedy vein, and Ray Enright, the director, has seen to it that there are no dull moments.

James Cagney is in great form as the truck driver, and Allan Jenkins, in his slow-witted manner, forms a perfect foil.

Patricia Ellis makes an attractive heroine. Altogether a very enjoyable hour's entertainment which does not neglect to present human characters and develop them in spite of the farcical vein in which it is played.—L. C.

Whatever the faults of Hollywood pictures may be, they do try at times to get out of the rut and present you with original settings and situations.

A case in point is *Wings in the Dark*, which introduces a new slant on aviation—stunt flying at fairs and for advertisement, and long-distance record-making hops.

The story into which these elements are woven is quite a good one, with a strong love interest and sound dramatic situations, but it has been developed in too obvious and mechanical a manner to be wholly effective.

It is, in fact, one of those films which just misses being in the "very good" class and yet provides enjoyable entertainment.

Myrna Loy appears as a stunt flyer, Sheila Mason, who works fairs and advertising ballyhoos through the offices of her manager, Nick Williams.

She gives a very good, natural and well-balanced performance, but I must utter a word of warning on her behalf.

*Picturegoer* was first in the field to point out the potentialities of the new Myrna as she emerged after her performance in *The Woman in His House*—that is the actress as contrasted with the "oriental menace" for which she had been almost exclusively typed hitherto.

Now Myrna Loy again is in danger of becoming a type—the quiet, cool woman impregnated with sincerity and avoiding all excesses of emotion. The reason is, I think, that she is being overworked in parts which demand these qualities.

It would be better for her and for her numerous admirers among whom I number myself, if she were given fewer pictures and more variety of type. She is certainly no one-part actress, which is what they are in danger of making her.

Cary Grant gives the best performance of his career opposite her, as Ken Gordon, a keen aviator who is concentrating on blind flying—making experiments which will make aviation simple even in heavy fog.

The pair meet through an attempt by Sheila's manager to engineer a publicity boost for his protegee. Ken had projected a blind flight across the Atlantic and Nick had determined to get Sheila to accompany him.

The early breaking of Ken's intentions in the news sheets makes the authorities refuse him permission to leave, and consequently the relations between the two flyers start in none too friendly a fashion.

However, Sheila urges him to go without permission, but just as he is about to leave the explosion of a gas stove blinds him.

He cuts himself off from the world in a backwoods retreat, but is rescued by Sheila and before long he is experimenting hard on a new instrument with a sound-directional attachment which would enable a blind man to fly.

Money difficulties are overcome by Sheila's work at the fairground, but Ken despoils once again when the company who had lent him a machine on which to experiment, takes it away without doubting his ability to achieve anything commercial.

In his agony of mind he breaks with Sheila and she goes on a long-distance flight which she had thrown up at his instigation—a record breaking attempt to fly from Moscow to New York.
She has nearly completed her flight when she gets lost in a heavy fog. Ken hearing of it steals back his machine with the new directional sound devices and guides her safely down.

Then comes a very banal touch; it is suggested that a landing crash has restored his eyesight.

In fact, although there is quite a thrill in the final sequences, they are rendered artificial by a melodramatic wireless conversation between the two pilots, who discuss their love affairs while circling to land, and by the conventional cure climax.

Cary Grant is particularly effective in his assumption of blindness—a difficult thing to get over with conviction.

What humour the picture contains—and it could have done with rather more—is well supplied by Roscoe Karns as Nick, while Hobart Cavanaugh gives a good characterisation of Ken's faithful Scottish mechanic.

A clever and sincere sketch is given by Dean Jagger as the government supervisor of an aerodrome.

Aerial camera work is exceedingly good, and altogether James Flood has done a workmanlike job, if not outstanding, but with his interesting material. — L. C.

Certain of the screen symptoms manifested in the offerings of this and recent weeks are distinctly disturbing.

They reveal with painful clarity that under the ministrations of the Purity "cranks" the films are suffering a serious mental relapse.

The standard of intelligence of screen entertainment is, in fact, being forced back to the point it occupied in the darkest days of Hollywood hokum.

The fairy tale, always considered an innocuous, if not mentally stimulating, form of entertainment, has, definitely come back into its own. In Grand Old Girl, for instance, you will, if you are good children, be permitted to see May Robson "glorifying" the American schoolmarm in one of the most incredible and bathetic stories of the year.

May is the head of a country school, whose ex-pupils even include the President of the United States.

She is at war with a wicked man who lures her children into gambling and drinking in the back room of his cafe.

For some reason or other (I cannot imagine that a tuck shop gambling den comes under the heading of a major racket), the proprietor has the backing of the town political bosses. Through their influence May is removed from her position. The President of America (presumably wearing his old school tie) arrives in the nick of time, however, and we are lead to infer that everything is going to be sweetness and light in future.

One cannot, in justice, blame the Radio studio. Within its limits the film is efficiently produced and acted. It is Hollywood's gesture to the cleaner-uppers. It should delight them. It does not offend the church, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Oshkosh Mothers' Club or the Pudgcombe-on-Sea Society for the Presentation of Pink Bassetbitches to the Heathen Chinese. It doesn't offend anybody.

The only thing it does offend is the intelligence.

—M. D. P.
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**“ALL GOOD PALS . . .”**

Chevalier says his piece—
Mystery of Chaplin’s new picture—Producers prefer blondes—Shirley Temple becomes a colonel—The "Awful Child."

**MAURICE CHEVALIER,** whose latest film, *Folies Bergères de Paris,* is about ready for presentation, wants the world to know that his heart is still intact.

With a bland smile, the genial Maurice denies emphatically that he is engaged or married to any film star—or that he is contemplating any such event.

"It’s just an old Hollywood custom that the rest of the world has adopted," he told me the other day. "You are seen with a lady once, twice . . . and pouf! you are engaged to her."

I mentioned the names of Kay Francis, Jeanette MacDonald and other glamorous ladies with whom his name is linked from time to time. Chevalier and Miss Francis have been seen together a great deal of late. There are those, too, who whisper the name of Merle Oberon.

"Rather Nosey"

Ah!" Maurice parried, "you want me married or divorced or engaged or something. That makes a story, eh?

"The fact is, all those charming ladies are pals of mine, good pals. But nothing else, I assure you.

"I go to a show with a girl, I go to lunch with a girl—and boom, I am going to marry that girl!"

"If I were thinking seriously of marrying a girl and a friend asked me about it, I would think him rather, how you say, nosey."

"But with your reporters I know it is a job. You’ve even got the European newspapers doing it."

They never used to ask me about marriage or divorce, but the last time I was in Europe they shot the same questions at me. So I’m getting used to it, you see."

It is a good thing that Dame Rumour is notoriously a lying jade, or Maurice would be the world’s champion bigamist.

**BRISON’S USEFUL PRESENT**

Carl Brisson—whose next picture is *All the King’s Horses,* with Mary Ellis—has just been sent a walking cane with a light in the handle by an admirer in England.

A twist of the hand lights what appears to be a horn cap on the handle.

in the early autumn, when the public will be able to solve the mystery for itself.

**A Knight on Wheels**

Sir Guy Standing, British actor-knight, whose stock has risen considerably as a result of *The Lone Ranger,* owned and drove the first Ford car introduced in Washington in the year 1908.

He was then being featured in a play there called *Mrs. Leffingwell’s Boots,* and his trips to the theatre each evening almost caused a riot.

He still has this chariot and apart from the fact that it has for years consistently refused to go it is in quite good condition.

He has recently bought the filming of *The Letters of a Bengal Lancer,* Sir Guy did use it. He sat in it, hitched to the back of a studio lorry, and was towed out to the location site!

**A Hair-raising Idea**

You can’t get away from blondes—at any rate, not in Hollywood. That would be the opinion of anyone working in any studio in this town.

The latest story on blondes comes from Mona Barrie.

Mona was getting parts, and good parts, but she wanted to play leads, and she never got any further than being the third woman in the case.

She had asked Sol Wurtzel, the Fox producer, for these roles, but he had shaken his head and said that he was sorry, but he could not see her in a sympathetic lead.

But Mona, who is a determined sort of a girl, went away and had her dark hair made blonde.

She came back the next day, and again saw Mr. Wurtzel. The result was so satisfactory that she got the lead opposite Gilbert Roland in *Mystery Woman.*

But the repercussions of Mona turning blonde were far-reaching. Fox executives had nightmares, among which were the thought of Alice Faye turning up in *Jack the Foxette* in *George White’s Scandals,* or Rochelle Hudson appearing a blonde in *Life Begins at Forty.* Something had to be done, and quickly.

So now any rate, not in Hollywood. That would be the opinion of anyone working in any studio in this town.

**THE ROSE OF THE “AWFUL CHILD” ACTOR**

Talking of prodigies, the signing of Jackie Searle to play the part of the child in *Great Expectations,* with Bretaigne Windust as Mr. Jaggers, makes one think of the Withers in a new picture, may start a vogue for naughty screen children. A story is now being specialized for a child who should not behave.

She made Shirley Temple’s screen life a misery to her, she annoyed her uncle, she decapitated dolls, played innumerable scissors just to annoy, and in spite of this she was a real success and the audience loved it.

Perhaps parents like to sit at a distance in a comfortable seat and realize how patient and long-suffering they are with their own children.

It was their approval of Jane which decided Fox to try the recipe again and throw in Jackie Searle for good measure.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

Villagers of Thrums hear whispers of the association existing between Babbie and Gavin the new minister.

"The Little Minister" is one of the best loved James Barrie's stories. It is a successful book, as a play it has been revived time and again. It made the reputation of one actress. It was made in

Gavin, the minister (John Beal) brings Rob Dow (Alan Hale) to the village and asks him to give a masterly sermon from the pulpit of the kirk.

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a silent picture and now comes to the screen with Katharine Hepburn in the part of the elfin-like gypsy girl, Babbie. John Beal plays opposite Miss Hepburn, supported by one of the strongest casts ever assembled in Hollywood.
The storm held them prisoner a long time in the greenhouse on that Easter Night.

The STORY OF THE FILM
by
MARJORY WILLIAMS

March 9, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

We Live Again

Freely based on the Film "We Live Again" by permission of United Artists Corp., Ltd., Film House, Wardour St., London, W.1. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 24, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of the film.

DON'T want to be a soldier. I don't want to be in the Czar's army just because father was. I don't like killing."

Thus Dimitri Nekhlyudov, Prince in his own right, barely twenty, very boyish under his peaked military school cap, delivered himself to Aunts Marie and Sophia, erect under their parasols in the best seats of the horse-drawn Victoria. A premonition that life was not the gorgeous plaything his early imagination had pictured it, a touch of gloom inherent in the Russian temperament, vaguely shadowed his arrival at the ancestral home.

The very peasants from the estate crowding up to the column portico with offerings of fruit, vegetables and garlands, increased the frown that had settled on his forehead by the time the horses came to a standstill.

"For heaven's sake, Aunt Sophie," he demanded aside, "why do these people bring us food? We have plenty. Half of them are starving."

"Hush, Dimitri! It's traditional. You wouldn't like to break it. Don't be bothered with them if you'd rather not. Tell the tenants to leave what they've brought on the steps."

"No. I must stay and thank them."

He said a few words, noting the best bodies, the careworn, bearded faces of the sons of toil, noted the ugliness of the majority of women, the low-type faces of their progeny. It was a relief to disappear into the cool, spacious hall, to have a girlish figure in flowered gingham, with honey-coloured plait, push something into his outstretched hands—something that squawked and grunted.

"Katusha! The smallest pig in the litter! For me! Thank you. Why, you've turned into a woman! How long is it since I saw you?"

"Six years, Dimitri Nekhlyudov," said Katusha.

"Katusha is a good girl," Aunt Sophia submitted. "So useful in the house and farm."

How about her getting tea at this moment? "Aunt Marie put in and took the trouble, as her nephew was going upstairs, to point out: "I warn you, Dimitri. Don't be too familiar with Katusha. After all, she is our servant."

"What does that matter, Aunt Marie? Men and women are equal. At least, all should have equal rights."

"And where do you get these ideas from, may I ask?"


A weak answer, no doubt, to drop over the banisters to a spindly prop of the Tsarist Imperial regime of 1875. Nevertheless, the subject of Dimitri's latest perusals had to be discussed with someone. Next morning he started upon Katusha, forgetting the delicate immaturity which prevented her from entering into his mind. "Don't you realise, Katusha," he scolded while she milked the black-and-white cow with steady, caressing fingers that brought a ready stream into the pail, "the author Simonov is right when he visions a new Russia governed by men who share their possessions with those under them? Land, water, and air are needed by all. Why should some have to pay for them, while others, like myself, have plenty and pay nothing?"

"But, if everyone were equal, who would do things like looking after cows?" Katusha ventured.

"You miss the point. A man should be able to do something he wants to do, not because he's told to. Stand up! Stand up, I say! Kiss me! There!" he almost shouted, oblivious of her blushes. "It's infamous because you're a peasant. You should be forced to kiss me when you're unwilling."

"I wasn't unwilling—not altogether, Dimitri."

"Anyway, you were wrong, Katusha, to kiss me when I told you. Now you're crying. Poor little thing! I didn't really want to kiss you, you know. There—there—don't cry."

With masculine obtuseness, he caressed the honey-coloured hair unconscious of treading on Katusha's dreams. For weeks he was so far from getting the works of Simonov and his ilk off the chest that Dimitri's departure as a full-fledged officer for Moscow, at the end of the summer, was no more to his taste than the summons he shortly received to the C.O.'s room.

"Lieutenant Nekhlyudov," observed the C.O., flourishing a yellow pamphlet, "I notice that at the General's dinner party last night you failed to take notice of his wife."

"She is married, sir."

"All the more reason for gallantry, my boy. A soldier requires other qualities than pugnacity in the field. Learn to mix, to flirt with women. Else you will never advance in rank. You read too much. This, for example: I found it on your table. "Land and Freedom. Pah?" He threw the torn pages into the fire. A mixture of anger and bravado drove Dimitri that night to accept the advances of the General's wife at a regimental banquet. He did not really admire her dark, piquante beauty, set off by a frilled tight-fitting bodice, cut to reveal plump, dimpled shoulders; nevertheless, her femininity quickened pulses lighthearted still.

While peasant musicians set strings throbbing to a love song he yielded by degrees to the witchcraft of her onyx eyes, which he tasted after her ungloved hand had masterfully lifted a wineglass for him to drink.

"My poor boy, don't look so shy," she murmured. "No one will notice us; others are doing the same."

From the nervous awkwardness of calf-love making to the experienced touch, gesture, and word of the more mature article was an easy progress for Dimitri. Women liked him. His private rooms soon became the rendezvous of the most attractive ladies of the city. Since informal teas and suppers filled his leisure as an offset to practice bayonet charges and cavalry manoeuvres, ideas of social equality and freedom faded from his mind. Simonov's pamphlets likewise vanished, more often than not as cigarette lighters for Dimitri's guests.

Easter approached. Dimitri, on leave, galloped the short distance from army headquarters to the ancestral home for the midnight mass on Easter Eve. With what added gallantry he held the ringing hands of Aunt Marie and Sophia and kissed their faded cheeks. Katusha, standing in the background, hardly appeared to notice. Yet it was her shrivel heart-shaped face of wide-apart blue, limpid eyes had an added beauty. Two rope-like plaits swung to the waist of her new muslin bodice and flowing skirt. He found and opportunity to follow her to the garden. Katusha, you haven't spoken to me. Have you forgotten me? Why, Dimitri, how did you get them so early in the season?"

"In the greenhouse. I picked them specially for you. I wondered if it was you who had forgotten, Dimitri. You never wrote to me."

He made up for the lapse, looking at her, during the chanting and prayers at mass, more often than at the frescoed saints with inclined necks or the crucifix above the many candles of the altar. When, following her employer, Katusha saluted him, after the service, on the cheek with the traditional greeting, "Christ is risen, Dimitri," his voice held a deep note of triumph as he answered: "He is risen indeed, Katusha."

That night he did not undress. For some time he walked his room above the portico, but at the broad window and ikon decked with flowers; then, slinking to the back of the house, behind "Katusha's" window. For a man of the world, his heart beat fast as he saw her by the window. One lentil eye, two mooned casting a shunning mantle over her draped shoulders. He called to her twice. The call was echoed from within. She came to the window.

"Hush, Dimitri! That's Matrona Pablona. She sleeps in my room."

(Continued on page 25)
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"I can't sleep. Come in the garden, Katusha. I'll lift you out. There!"

"With his arm about her, he glanced upwards. "There'll be a storm before long."

"We must be quick, Dimitri."

He had barely tasted the sweets of renewed companionship when thunder rumbled. Rain fell in torrents. "Quick—the greenhouse!" he advised. Water poured from glass sides and roof as they shut themselves in its exotic warmth. The subtle sweetness of violets hovered between their lips so very close.

"Katusha—then you didn't forget. Those violets were picked for me."

"For who else, Dimitri?"

"You love me?"

Her lips, touching his, were suddenly withdrawn. Surprised by her modesty, he lured them back. For a long time the storm held them prisoner. Next morning he was up an hour sooner than he had intended, as the start of his return to barracks. For spring made the wire weaver. He guessed Katushka would be anxious to see him off and he wished to avoid sentiment. "Kiss and ride away," a fellow officer's rule of life, from henceforth was to be his. In Katusha's case, Dimitri thought it best to soften the blow of parting with a hundred-rouble bill, which he enclosed in a note to be given by Matroma, whom he found cleaning the portico.

Two hours later he was in the fullizing his Colonel by a super-punctual appearance. For two years he neither visited nor wrote of Katusha to his aunts. He was looking forward to completing his army service and to becoming a lawyer, with an eye to the office of judge. His early love of books thus took a new trend. Thankfully, when army regulations had been completed he threw his uniform in a cupboard, acquired a frock coat and a beard, and cultivated the legal clique in Moscow, becoming, in course, engaged to marry Missy, daughter of Judge Kortchagin.

Petite, dark, with beautiful shoulders, Missy reminded Dimitri of the General's wife who had taught him all the art of love; but she was infinitely more intelligent. There were moments when he thought he might have married her even had she not been Prince Korthagin's child.

"Really, people will think we're in love," she teased. Dimitri, though not swept her one night from her father's brilliant ballroom to a peaceful amber chamber. "Aren't we?" he questioned, carelessly holding a glass for the waiter to fill with champagne. Prince Korthagin, the incident, was cut short the Ile-a-lite with the reminder:

"Don't forget you're on a jury to-morrow, Dimitri. You do good. Improve your legal training."

With moderately aching head, increased to violence by the stuffy court room, Dimitri took his place among the jurors. Three prisoners were ushered, after due formalities, into the dock. Two, husband and wife, were of the peasantry. Kortkinkin, the man especially appeared to have less intelligence than the species of age he resembled. They appeared on the charge of having robbed and murdered their employer, a merchant, Smelkoff, by administering poison in a cup of tea. A third peasant, sitting a little apart
and was appalled at the sight of prisoners clawing at, shouting themselves hoarse behind, a grille, struggling for communication with their friends. There was small consolation in the thought that only his rank enabled him to see Katusha alone for five minutes in the warden's room. Her hardened expression struck him more cruelly than her wasted body, shrunk inside her common coat, or the hiding of her hair under a coarse cotton veil.

"Katusha—a child! Where is it now? I never thought—never knew—"

"He's dead. Matrona and I buried him in a coffin in the churchyard, without a priest to say a word over him."

"Because—he had no acknowledged father. Was the reason? Then you didn't tell the priest about him."

"How could I talk of my love? It was beautiful among the violets, but now it's dead and finished. I didn't even want to see you again. You hurt me. You make me remember things I want to forget.

Go back to the estates, and your soft bed, and your fine rooms. I want to be alone." She eluded his arms and fled, leaving the returning warden to the door.

For a month Dimitri moved heaven and earth to free Katusha from the clutches of blind justice. He was met with refusal, from judge after judge of the higher courts, to reverse the sentence passed by Prince Korchagin.

During dinner, Missy's father spoke to his future son-in-law.

"Seriously, Dimitri, you're worrying yourself for nothing. You say old Nicolas Kissevitch guffawed over your appeal. Why, on earth, should he think it valid? One would think you were personally interested in this peasant!"

"I am, sir—more than interested. Because I am responsible largely for her tragedy. Katusha Maslova was a servant in my aunt's house. I was the father of her child."

"Really. Dimitri—in front of ladies—my wife and daughter! However, there's nothing so very heinous—young men will sow their wild oats. The girl knew her place, evidently, and didn't try to enforce marriage."

"Alone, after the interrupted meal, with Missy, to whom he was grateful for suggesting a move from the table, Dimitri tried to meet her eyes. He need not have been afraid. Calmly she withdrew her hand, with its solitary ring, from his."

"Dimly, I understand now. I daresay you've guessed for some time I've been jealous. I was, I thought I was up against my career. Now I know it's another woman. It's different. You do love this peasant girl, don't you?"

"Never before had he admitted it, even to himself. If Missy was yielding, moreover, with Katusha there was no such complaisance to meet his wishes. Hopelessly he tried, for a second time alone with her in the warden's room, away from the terrible stampeding horde, from which she'd come, to which she must return, to win her heart.

"Katusha, I want you to marry me. Don't send me away. I want you to be my wife."

"You don't want me. You can't want me. I won't listen. I'm dead—dead to all that. Do you hear?"

On the brink of a decision, he rode that night to the Neklyudov estates and had his bag taken to the portico room. The ikon, bare of Easter gift flowers, still remained. He fell on his knees in front of it. Memories of Katusha interrupted his prayers, her gift of violet, her laughter, her voice, her clinging arms, her whispered, "Dimitri, I thought it was you who had forgotten."

At breakfast he ordered the tenants to appear on the veranda. On the stone portico, to which they had brought gifts, he handed each and all a simple document, explaining in simpler language that he was allotting to them a portion of his land to be unequivocally theirs, to be handed on, if they wished, to their children.

 Tears of gratitude, rolling down bearded and furrowed faces, were still wet upon his hands as he set out on the return to Moscow. He was not too soon. At the station, a convoy of the condemned were preparing for the journey to Siberia—two days earlier than originally intended.

The chains of the last convict in the waiting line had been clamped on and the links welded together at the forge—one poor wretch lying dying on the stones unheeded—when Dimitri, using his title for the last time, made a request to the guard which was granted. Katusha had not spoken for two days when she was brought to the guard-room. Desolation was stamped on her motionless face. For some minutes Dimitri talked and she would not answer.

He knelt to her, clasping her knees. Then it was as though bonds had burst, the frost of ageless winters began to thaw, the dead to come to life. Her whole frame shook. Her anguished hands sought his. She sobbed. "Dimitri, it isn't possible! I can't believe it! You are a Prince, and I—"

"Hush, Katusha! You and your kind are holy—you the oppressed ones. I'm a Prince no longer. I've given away everything I possess. I only ask to share your life, to help you bear the burden. More, I need you, too. I long for you. Help me to live again."

His arm was about her as the file of suffering humanity moved on.

There is one tonic that doctors not only prescribe, but take themselves at this time of the year, Jaffa Orange and Grapefruit. The juice of Jaffa is equalized by nothing in the world for keeping you and your children free from colds and influenza.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

***THE PAINTED VEIL

Grete Gabro .... Katrin
Herbert Marshall .... Walter Fans
George Brent .... Jack Townsend
Warner Oland .... General Yu
Jean Muir .... Henri Koerner
Bogart Renoing .... Peau Koerner
Katharine Adams .... Mrs. Townsend
Cecilia Parker .... Olga Soo Yung
Ahna Forrester Harvey .... Waddington
Directed by Richard Boleslawski from the novel by W. Somerset Maugham.

Previously January 12, 1938, Special supplement.

There is an allure about Gabro which can cock, to a very large extent, any story difficulties in pictures in which she appears—at any rate so far as her admirers are concerned, and their name is legion. So in spite of the fact that the adaptation of Somerset Maugham's play resolves itself into quite a conventional piece of drama, the star somehow manages to invest it with a glamour and distinction that is peculiarly her own.

As in all Gabro pictures, the technical work is excellent, and there is much elaborate Oriental ceremony which adds to the beauty of the settings but action is slow and there is a super-abundance of dialogue.

Gabro is really softly and subtle in this film, and she is given some lighter sequences, but otherwise her performance exploits that elusive personality which has made her famous.

The young English scientist who marries her and takes her to his home where she meets a man with whom she becomes infatuated is ably played by Herbert Marshall, but he is inclining more and more to over-emphasise his manly manner. As the lover who fails her, George Brent is also well in character.

It is, however, almost entirely on the fascination of Gabro that the picture relies for its entertainment value and it is, thus, obviously not a picture to miss.

***BADGER'S GREEN

Frank Moore .... Dr. Wetherby
David Horne .... Major Forrester
Sebastian Smith .... Mr. Twigg
John Tullwell .... Thomas Butler
Valerie Hobson .... Molly Butler
Horace Luttrell .... Dr. Goddard
Wallis Patch .... Mr. Rogers
Eva Irving .... Mrs. Wetherby
Directed by Adrian Brunel from the play by E. R. Shackniff.

I have long held that America excels in producing pictures of its rural and small-town life. We have had few counterparts of it on British screens although there seems to be an exceptionally wide scope for it.

I therefore welcome all the more heartily this exceedingly well-characterised and ably directed adaptation of R. C. Sherriff's play which deals with English rural life—and cricket.

As far as I can remember, cricket has not played any part before in a British film, although there was a cricket match in the American version of Raffles.

That by the way. The plot of the picture is as simple as it is effective. It shows how the intrusion of a speculative builder is combated by a conservative village ruled over by a triumvirate consisting of a major, a doctor, and a mutual friend.

How they defeat his plans for transfiguring their beloved village into a bungalow growth is told with a wealth of humour not unmixed with a touch of pathos.

A love interest is supplied between the doctor's son and the builder's daughter, while the cricket match is made the occasion of the dramatic climax; if the village side wins against a neighbouring team, the builder promises to decamp; if it loses he will go on with his plans.

I lose, but the builder is so struck by the heroic efforts of the doctor who, in spite of a bad heart, turns out for the side, that he capitulates.

As the doctor, Frank Moore gives a notable characterisation, but the crux of the picture is David Horne's vivid portrayal of the fiery and obstinate major.

Sebastian Smith is very good as their mutual friend, while the performances are given by the well-chosen cast.

Rural atmosphere is exceptionally good and natural, while village pictures are made realistic and amusing.

A most refreshing, delightful picture which is redolent of the charm of the English countryside.

***WE LIVE AGAIN

Anna Sten .... Katinka Maslov
Frederic March .... Prince Dimitry Neklyayev
Jane Baxter .... Missy Kortchak
Ralph LUther .... Prince Kortchak
Mary Forbes .... Princess Kortchak
Evelyn Graeff .... Aunt Marie
Gwendolyn Logan .... Aunt Sophia
Helen Rath .... Matrona Pavlova
Sam Jaffe .... Simonov
Celia Coshland .... Theodora
Frieda Ridgeway .... The Red Head
Jesse Arnold .... Korkalova
Morgan Wallace .... The Colonel
Davidson Clark .... Tikhon
Leonid Kinskey .... Kartinkin
Dale Fuller .... Botchlova
Michael Vardorff .... Judge
Edgar Norton .... Judge

Directed by Rowland V. Manning.

"Quoted from the novel "Resurrection," by Leo Tolstoy, adapted by Maxwell Anderson, from "Resurrection," by Leo Tolstoy, adapted by Maxwell Anderson, from "Resurrection," by Leo Tolstoy, adapted by Maxwell Anderson.

Previously November 17, 1935.

For story, freely based on the film by Marjorie Williams.

Anna Sten, the German star who made a name for herself with Emil Jannings in The Tempest, appears to far greater advantage here than she did in her first Hollywood picture, Lady of the Boulevard.

In fact, she gives a really brilliant piece of acting which is so sincere and well characterized that it helps to bring conviction to a story that has been overloaded with pretentious symbolism to the point of artificiality.

In the opening reels she suggests the young, unsophisticated Russian peasant with the same facility and naturalness as she does the disillusioned prostitute of the later stages who has been driven on to the streets by the desertion of her aristocratic lover.

As the prince who seduces her, the thin side, that gives this to the extent of going to Siberia with her when she is sent there, having been convicted of murder, and Fredric March gives a characteristically polished performance.

As the Prince's fiancée, Jane Baxter possesses, while good characterisations come from Gwendolyn Logan and Ethel Griffies as his two aunts who had practically adopted the tragic little peasant girl before her seduction.

Indeed, the acting as a whole is good, but in the minor roles there are some American intimations which militate against the conviction that is the impetus and atmosphere, which is neither too realistic in spite of elaborate settings and really beautiful camera work.

I think the real reason why Anna Sten's acting does not make this the outstanding picture it had promise of being is because we are given melodrama, complete with obvious symbolism of the D. W. Griffith order, rather than stark tragedy which is the keynote of Tolstoy's story.

***PECK'S BAD BOY

Jackie Cooper .... Bill
Thomas Meighan .... Mr. Peck
Jackie Earle .... Horace
D. P. Heggie .... Daily
Dorothy Peterson .... Aunt Lila
Charles Evans .... Minister
Lentich Howard .... Mind
Larry Wheat .... Master of Ceremonies
Harvey Smith .... Spectator

Directed by Edward F. Cline.

Previously November 3, 1934.

It is not the story, which centre on the boy who finds himself in a nameless, boy who finds his place in his father's affections being usurped by a cousin.

Attactive Gertrude Michael gives a good performance in "The Notorious Sophie Lang."
March 9, 1935

The final blow comes when his cousin tells him he is only adopted, and he decides to run away. But, on the advice of his friend, a handyman, he stays and fights for his rights.

In spite of a little theatricality, Jackie Cooper gives a noteworthy performance while Jackie Searle is excellent as the interloper.

O. P.'s Heggie is pleasing and well characterised as the handyman.

**FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY**


Directed by Edward Ludwig.

Based on the novel by Elmer Davis.

Quite an amusing story of a weak-kneed journalist who is able to hold his own after having sustained himself with a liberal helping of Dutch courage.

It is really Charles Ruggles's clever drawing of the timid journalist who is brow-beaten by his sanctimonious employer that keeps the entertainment going.

As his irresponsible college friend, who is responsible in some measure for the wild party at which the journalist finds his courage, Eugene Pallette makes an excellent foil, while Ann Dvorak is responsible for the pleasing love interest as a secretary.

The complications of the plot are rather conventional and by-play has a tendency to hold up the main theme at times, but it is all very human and wellemblished with laughter-provoking situations.

**I GIVE MY LOVE**


Directed by Frank Howard. Script by Frank Howard from a novel by Vicki Baum. Presented September 1, 1934.

Hollywood's favourite mother-love story made palatable by a very good performance by Wynne Gibson as a woman, married to a worthless art student, who runs the gamut of feminine suffering and sacrifice, including imprisonment for accidental killing and self-negation to ensure her son's happiness.

It is all very obvious and the loud pedal is used much too frequently on the sentimental note.

As the woman's faithful friend, Paul Lukas is polished and sincere, and John Darrow effectively suggests the selfish husband who is accidentally killed by his wife. A little relief is well supplied by Sam Hardy.

**THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG**


Directed by Ralph Murphy from a story by Frederick Irving Anderson, adapted by Elmer Rice.

Something rather novel in detective drama. A light-hearted, somewhat far-fetched affair with neatly devised situations and bright comedy of an amusing if ingenious nature.

As Ugo Lang, an international jewel thief who turns the tables on another crook who is anxious to get the better of her and eventually kills her, she enjoys the comedy with him, Gertrude Michael acts very well, and is ably supported by Paul Cavanagh.

Arthur Byron is good as an inspector and Alison Skipworth turns in a polished characterisation as Sophie's assistant.

Leen Errol provides good comedy as the inspector's right-hand man.

—**I'LL FIX IT**


Straightforward, machine-made drama which presents good, honest "hard-boiled" material in a popular, robust manner.

Jack Holt plays the role of a tough political grifter who has one redeeming trait, the love for his young brother, and who is shown the error of his ways by the boy's school-mistress.

He brings to it human qualities which conceal some of the story's incredibilities.

Mona Barrie is attractive and intelligent as the school mistress, while Jimmy Butler makes a typical and pleasing schoolboy.

Winnie Lightner and Edward Brophy supply the comedy effectively.

**THE ROVER ROAD**


Directed by J. Walter Ruben from the play by John M. Milne. Presented October 29, 1934.

Very little action, a space of dialogue and heavy-handed treatment make A. Milne's light fantastic romance rather stodgy.

The irony of the experiment is that one is indulged in by a wealthy eccentric who stops eloping couples on the Dover Road and diverts them from their romantic ideas by cold logic and hard facts is almost lost in the absurdities of a place that is created.

As the eccentric, Clive Brook is ponderous and lacks the whimiscal touch the role demanded, but Diana Wynyard is wholly charmed, Mrs. J. is a woman eloping with a married man who eventually falls in love with her eccentric host.

As the pompous lordling with whom she is running away, Reginald Owen is inclined to burlesque his role as does Vernon Steele as a pugilistic butler.

Billie Burke gives a good study of an affected woman who also makes another compulsory guest by the eccentric, Mr. Latimer.

There are some very well devised comedy situations, but they lose force because of the slowness of development and lack of pictorial action.

**DESIREL**


Charles Starrett and George Brent as rivals for the hand of Jean Muir in "Desire".


A very slight and incredible story dealing with a theatrical mother who tries to get her daughter married to get her out of the way of her own romantic inclinations, and finally discovers that she loves the man who has been paying her court.

The main point of interest in what is at best a very artificial theme is the performance of Jean Muir as the unsophisticated daughter. She is attractive and displays a wealth of natural ability.

Vere Teasdale is good as the mother and George Brent does well as the lover who transfers his affections very rapidly from one generation to another.

**CITY PARK**


Three old-timers make the most of the roles of the elderly gentlemen: Henry B. Walthall, T. Lawrence, and Wilson Benge, while Sally Blane is quite good as the girl they father.

It is an ingenious piece of work which relies on the simplicity of its humour and drama for its appeal.

—**THE RADIO STAR**


Story of an entertainer who gained fame but found it more difficult to retain than he had anticipated.

Ray Walker gives a good characterisation as a radio-tune railway porter who wins recognition, gets swollen headed, sinks to obscurity, but is brought back by an actress whom he had dropped to impress. Jacqueline Wells is fair as the heroine.
SHOPPING WEEK in the STUDIOS

The Small Man’s Case—Playwrights Turned Film Story Writers

—The Mancunian Film Corporation—Still More Dickens

ALL very well for you! If you don’t want to go shopping you can just turn over a couple of pages and hob-nob with George or Anne. But me, I have to go shopping whether I want to or not.

The answer is that there is a minor shopping boom on in the studios at the moment.

First, regard The Small Man at the Stoll studios, Cricklewood. Here we have the case for the independent shopkeeper against the big chains of stores that are threatening to overwhelm and crush him out of business. John Baxter, directing it, has a knack of getting hold of important subjects, and this is certainly no exception.

And the facts of the case are well vouched for by Johnny Schofield, who is playing the part of a small shopkeeper.

Johnny is a man of double life. One half of it he spends flickering about on the screen; the other half in running a small shop just behind the London Hippodrome. And he tells me that he has had exactly the same experience himself (though to a lesser degree, perhaps) as the character he is playing in the picture.

Now, Kirstie McGraw, of Inverntloch, you’re always advocating “casting for type.” How does that strike you?

Full of Drama

Turn (well, I know it’s the other side of London for me, but it’s only just the next paragraph for you) to Twickenham, and there Leslie Hiscott is launching out on a film called Johnson’s Stores, which, he tells me, has a strong dramatic story of life in a large department store.

Okay by me, Brother Hiscott! The two main centres of drama in everyday modern London are the law courts and the department stores. Did you ever see an enthralling play called Nine Till Six? Yes, I know there was a film made of it at Ealing Green, but that was comparatively unimportant.

The play showed something of the romance, the adventure, the intrigue, the fears and hopes and heart-throbs and alarms and excursions that take place behind the calm exterior of a high-class business. The film missed fire, as it is still open to the Twickenham people to put something of all that on the screen.

Of course, the story itself has no resemblance to that of Nine Till Six, but the central theme, I gather, is similar.

Two Large Men

So far, only two members of the cast have been selected—Garry Marsh and Sebastian Shaw. I don’t know what parts they are playing, but I tip Shaw as the hero and Marsh as the villain.

“I’ve been missing Garry on the screen lately, not that he hasn’t been continuously employed, but I haven’t happened to see his pictures—except Widow’s Might, of which the least said is the kindest. But that was Garry’s fault.

This store story is by H. F. Maltby, whose enormous frame I occasionally encounter in the studios, and when he is made up I am sorry, because in my humble opinion as an actor he is a very clever playwright.

Did you ever see The Rotters? One of the slickest plays that ever reached the stage. He wrote it. ‘Nuff said.

A little while ago Comrade Maltby was playing in The Morals of Madame in these same Twickenham studios; then I met him down at Ealing Green giving Bray Wyndham a leg-up with the dialogue of It Happened at Paris. Now we have him in his role of film-story writer. A versatile mountain of man.

A Full Bag

And, speaking of playwrights who turn film-story writers, turn back to Cricklewood for a moment and take a deko at Con West, who wrote the story for The Small Man. He is reported to have written 200 plays, among the most successful, being Sons o’ Guns, which, you may remember, British and Dominions were toying with a year ago.

Did you know there were as many plots as that? I only know of eighty-three.

And now turn, if you please, to Beaconsfield. I won’t even trouble you to step into a fresh paragraph. Here we have a human dynamo—buzzing—one of the most incredibly energetic people we have ever had in our studios, who works harder to achieve his laughs than any three other comedians I know, and never fails to get them.


English—as English as a cut off Sunday’s joint.

Three hearty British cheers! And three more! And . . . Eh? Who is it? Don’t be silly! Sonnie Hale, of course.

All Hale!

Did you see him in My Song for You? Well, there you are, then! And My Heart is Calling. Well, in my view, customers, he fairly and squarely out-acted Jan Kiepura at every point in both those films. His amazing energy, his perfect timing, his unusual versatility, his—what, me? A Hale fan? Ha! Don’t be silly.

I’m a fan of only one person in British studios, and her name . . . and when we do arrive in Beaconsfield we are thinking of making Marry the Girl (he continued rapidly), what do you suppose we find?

A department store!

Yes, you see! I earn every penny of my money and a couple o’ bob besides.

Whacking fine cast here, by the way. Winifred Shotter, Judy Kelly, Hugh Wakefield (hope you’ll see his character-sketch in My Heart is Calling; very clever), Denier Warren, Amy Venness, Wally Patch, Lawrence Anderson, John Beverely, Kenneth Kove, Cecil Parker, Sybil Grove, Mike Johnson, Maidie Hope.

But a bit about Marry the Girl, what? It’s an Aldwyn play, and as such was announced last year for production by Gaumont-British at Shepherd’s Bush, to be directed by Tom Walls.

Connie and Winnie

Then next thing we hear it’s a British Lion production, being made at Beaconsfield, with P. Maclean Rogers directing. It doesn’t seem so long ago that Mac was an assistant director for British and Dominions at Elstree. Now he’s rapidly making his way into the front rank of British directors—and good luck to him.

Goodness knows we need ’em.

By the way, talking of Shotters, Winnie’s little sister Connie is also in the film news this week. (Continued on page 20)
"You must not get upset," I said. "This happens to many young girls. They often make matters worse by doing the wrong thing." She knew I had guessed the secret of her shame. Enlarged pores, blackheads and a muddy, sallow complexion made her feel like an outcast.

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued from page 26

Ee, lads, ah like that lass—I and I haven't seen her since For the Love of Mike.
She's as pretty as a picture, though she hasn't the acting ability, or experience either, of Sister Winifred.
She's all gone Lancashire on us in her new part, which is a thing called Off the Dole, in which she played opposite a comedian with the honoured name, George Formby. This, however, is George Jun., who has not as yet swum into my ken, though I hear he is regarded in his native north as a worthy successor to his famous father.
The other two familiar names in the cast are those of Wally Patch and Clifford McLaglen—familiar to me, that is. Of course, those of who live above the Mason-Dixon line, so to speak, will probably know about the others—a music-hall "dude" named Ira Jan Sample? Stan Bell? They ring no bells in my memory, but I haven't been north for some time.

North Comes South

W hy all this north? you very justly demand. Simply because this picture is being made by Northerners—a grately lad named John E. Blakeley and his chums, banded together under the title of the Mancunian Film Corporation.
The director is Arthur L. Mertz, whom I presume to be a Lancastrian, too, despite his "2. By the way, don't confuse him with the American director, O. Netz. Different gelum altogether.
My spies have not yet been able to discover where this film is being made, but it's somewhere in London, and I'm on their track.
There are a quarter of a dozen Blakeleys in this unit. John E. is the producer, his father attends to the business details, and his son is second cameraman. I don't know another case of three generations working in one studio; it must be just about unique.
In case it means anything in your young lives, Arthur L. Ward and his Band have been especially engaged for this production. In passing bands always seem to be "specially" engaged. Won't some producer break the tradition by just engaging a band? I should be so grateful.

More Iron

W ell, so much for shopping—unless you'd like to do a little shopping round for your future entertainment? You would? I was afraid so.
Starting with Twickenham, then, two films are scheduled to take the floor after Vintage Wine and Johnson's Stores. (How well those two titles go together, by the way) The first is The Iron Woman, and in case you are inclined to jump rashly to conclusions, let me hasten to inform you that it is not a companion picture to The Iron Duke, neither is Mrs. Artie playing the title role. It's the story of a strong-minded woman whose iron will nearly ruins the lives of her children, until in desperation they break away from home and she is brought to her senses.
George Pearson is scheduled to direct this one; I don't yet know whom he has in mind for the title role, but it's a whale of a part for some lucky character actress.

—And More Dickens

T hen we have Inside the Room also threatened at Twickenham, but I'm very much in the dark about that, except that it had a short run as a play in the West End. And in a few weeks Henry Edwards (at present directing S. Hicks in Vintage Wine) is to direct Seymour Hicks in Scrooge; and he tells me that he is quite an adaptation of Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol? No, I should hope not, indeed.
It's all right. Hicks knows the part. He played it in 1901. It's difficult, looking at him, to believe that he turned sixty-four last January; he can still act most other people off the stage, both in skill and energy.
They seem to be getting along very nicely with the picturisation of Vintage Wine, which is absolutely made for Hicks. Maybe you don't know that France has a wine-growing establishment, a light-hearted youngster of sixty named Popinot, whose two grown-up sons consider that he is too lavish in spending the money that should, they think, be saved up to leave to them. The story is con-
cerned with their efforts to restrain him, and it's said to be one of the wittiest trifles brought to the screen for a long time.

One Way In

T he two sons are played by Miles Malleson and Edmund Reeves. Curiously enough, these two played brothers in the first film Reeves was ever in, The Sign of Four. As far as I can remember, Reeves was supposed to be dead when discovered in that picture; there's nothing like taking things slowly to start with.
Want to know how people get into pictures? Right! Consider the cases of Medsamed Stella Nelson, Hayley Bell, and Sonia Summers. As far as I know, the screen career of these three ladies started with this production of Vintage Wine. But they were all three in the stage version playing respectively the roles of a nurse and two maids in the Chateau Popinot. And so there you are! And I'm willing to bet you the whole Popinot vineyards to an empty bottle that, having once tasted blood, you won't be able to keep 'em out of the studios with a meat-axe.
There is a bathing-pool sequence. If you want some tips on the latest in natacion wear, see this film. They're all here.

Danger!

E v a Moore, loveliest of stage mothers, is the grandmother in this film. I'm all for that—I don't see her near often enough in pictures. Let me tell you something. In the very last day's shooting of Three Witnesses, Henry Kendall had a narrow escape from injury when a lamp burst near him and he was actually scorched by the heat and his clothes cut by splinters of flying glass.
Dangerous? Yeah, you said, but—"but!" it's all in the day's work, only in this case it came very near to finishing the day's work for Harry Kendall. But for really dangerous sets, commend me to the one representing the interior of the Chateau Popinot. Why, it's dangerous even to breathe in it.
You take two steps forward, and a prop man calls out, "Hi! That Aubsson carpet's worth £500!" You sit down and—"Excuse me!" says an assistant politely. "Those Bergere chairs are worth £100 each." You move to the right and it's "Dear me! I those malachite desk ornaments cost £700!"
To the left and, "Those Pomfrey vases will cost you £150 the pair to break!" 

Greatest Treasure

A together, I'm told, the furniture, ornaments, carpets, and hangings on this set were worth quite a bit over £7,000. And yet the most precious article was not included in this list and is more valuable than all the rest put together.
It is Seymour Hicks' genius for comedy.

NEXT WEEK

A NEW star has appeared on the horizon and makes her auspicious stellar debut in Anne of Green Gables. She is Anne Shirley, who used to be known in juvenile roles as Dawn O'Day. She took her present nomenclature from the part she plays in this delightful, sentimental romance.
Next week we present to our readers the first instalment of the story freely based on the book by Maryl Williams. It will be completed in two parts and will serve to introduce you to the star who has a brilliant career predicted for her future.
The demand is sure to be large, so to avoid disappointment, place your order for our next issue early.
PICTUREGOER

March 9, 1935

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LONDON-W
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

THOSE WICKED WOMEN
Are Synthetic Sin Roles Ruining the Stars?

BAD women have been the blight of the screen, and the death knell of stars, and yet, despite the purity of broadside, producers still consider them the ideal subjects in which to launch their prize discoveries.

Mady Christians is the latest victim. She makes her debut in *A Wicked Woman*, a turpid affair that offers little scope for that delightful quality that carried her to fame in *The Walls Dream*.

Ruth Chatterton was artistically murdered by cheap-woman parts, and Barbara Stanwyck's prestige considerably lowered for the same reason. Dietrich and Anna Sten are still wading in the shallows of synthetic sin, with no advantage to either. The scarlet woman has served the movie moguls faithfully and well. Let them bury her decently, and give their actresses a chance and the public a rest.

—William Burgess, 33 North Drive, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs, who was awarded the first prize of £11 0

A Bouquet For Us

In recent years the cinema-going public has developed a film sense, but producers have failed to realise it. Distributors and cinema managers, however, are more alert to the public's greater interest, but they treat it as a resistance rather than something to be studied; an excusable attitude in view of the scarcity of good films.

Kinema managers complain to me that however much a bad film is boosted to-day, the public will not respond. They are loud in their condemnation of *The Picturegoer* as being responsible for the changed outlook of picturegoers.

The Picturegoer is to be congratulated upon having developed, by fair criticism and logical dissection of films, this new film sense in the public and so destroyed that gullibility on which the cinema industry has too long imposed.

Now rests with the producers to make films according to the public demand, and upon distributors and managers to be honest about the entertainment they offer for sale to the modern discerning public.—R. D. White, 62 Hillfields Avenue, Hillfields Park, Bristol, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

... and a Brickbat

Malcolm Phillips is not a bit fair. He says that unless Bing Crosby's name is accompanied by words of praise, etc., everyone he mentioned we fans write hysterical letters to him. I know he doesn't credit the Crosby fans with much sense for having a crooner for an ideal, but would it hurt him to look back a bit and count the number of times he has praised Bing. Maybe then he will realise that it is not sense we need, but just a wee bit of fair play.

Surely Bing is not as black as he is painted; but if you think so, why not ignore him altogether.

Perhaps, if Mr. Phillips takes my advice, his postman will change his mind about resigning.—Miss E. Allen, 57 Allens Road, Soko, Birmingham, 18.

Give Harlow a Break

Since we are told at every turn that acknowledged sirens like Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, and Joan Crawford must live down their purple screen pasts and remodel themselves discreetly to fit in with the ideals of the upholsters of the "cleaner cinema," why can we not see Jean Harlow once again in a suitable comedy role?

Blonde Bombshell proved her to be a really talented comedienne, and it is for her brilliantly amusing performance with Wallace Beery in *Dinner at Eight* that she will be remembered, long after her glamorous treatment of the somewhat outworn "tarnish" theme in *The Beast of the City* is buried and forgotten.

Hollywood typed her a siren; she proved herself an actress—give her a "break."—R. M. Fraser, 61 Alpha Road, Cambridge.

Why Call Them British?

Surely we are sailing under false colours by calling some of our films British? The finance perhaps is British, and the crowd artists come from Naylor's Yard Club; but the real brains, the production unit heads and stars, in several "British" films made lately have not been of our blood.

A year ago, a magnificent film was hailed in the States, and elsewhere, "as a great British film"; yet its producer was Hungarian, director and leading lady German, and leading man American, as well as others.
The other production concluded last week had German director, cameraman, and star; and also two American leading players.

Since returning home last summer after assistant directing for a Spanish film company, I have played in crowd scenes in some twenty films, and I have particularly noticed the many important positions held by individuals other than British.

Therefore I ask, if we are to have foreigners to make our pictures, why call these same productions British?

Why not Cosmopolitan?—Phillip C. Petri, 279 Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park.

Writ Sarcastic

My Picturegoer tells me that the screen spanning season is commencing. I am not surprised. But if screen spanning, as it would seem, is to become an established thing, would it not be well to put the matter on a businesslike basis?

I have already seen Clark Gable plant a resounding pin on the nether portions of Claudette Colbert, and again in Forsaking *All Others* apparently friend cinema producers similarly mishandles (via a hair brush) Joan Crawford.

Is it not time there was formed an "Official Order of Screen Spankers"—in which we would gain advantage Gable first place?—R. W. L. (Devon).

Heart Cry

Every time I see one of Eddie Cantor's pictures I leave the theatre hungry—hungry for longer looks at the close-ups of the beauties in the various scenes.

My graces, I'd like to feast my eyes, but I am not given a chance! A second or two and those dream girls are rushed off, heaven knows why! We don't want only to see a beautiful face, too.

I should be a director! I'd give the males of the ensemble what they like. We want longer close-ups of those unbelievably beautiful chorines.

—D. T. Wijemannes, No. 39 Belmont Street, Hulstorf, Colombo, Ceylon.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1, 2s., and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C. 2.
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PICTUREGOER Weekly

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HINDS is a complete complexion restorative—equally good for hands, arms, face and neck. Get HINDS to-day, and immediately you will see the improvement in your face and hands.

6d. 1/2 & 2/6

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product bearing the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

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The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleansed for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends, advise them always to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN.‖ and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/6 and 5/6 in Powder and Tablet form.
THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY

If you could see Lady Stanley of Alderley dressed for the evening, her red-gold hair gleaming in the lights, her shoulders white against a topaz gown, how you'd exclaim at the beauty of her skin! You'd think that rough winds, dust and sunshine never had a chance to reach her face.

You'd say: "She must spend pounds on beauty treatments to keep her skin so fresh and lovely."

But Lady Stanley of Alderley is wiser than that. "I'm too busy to spend hours in beauty parlours," she says. "You see, I sail a lot. And I find that with Pond's Creams I can keep my skin in perfect condition — on the yacht or ashore."

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"Always before powdering — and whenever I make up afresh during the day — I smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream over my face and neck. I find then I never worry about getting rough and chapped and lined, after a day's sailing." Pond's Vanishing Cream puts back into the skin the natural freshness which sun, winds and heated rooms tend to dry out. It's a protection as well as a powder-base.

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March 9, 1935

Mary — Belle Christly; Clerk — O. B. Clarence; Mr. Lightfoot, in the Park — Robertson Hare; Agent — wife, Martina Hunt; Doxy — Lomond Smith; Millie — Non-stop Variety Girl — Jessie Matthews; Schoolmaster — Ralph Richardson; Hugh Nichols — Donald Calhoun; Dancing instructor —ever McLean.

CRIBBY Fan (Sussex).—(4) Bing's films: The King of Jazz, The Big Broadcast, College Humour, Too Much Harmony, Going Hollywood, We're Not Dressing. She Loves Me Not. Here Is My Heart. (1) Release date of Mississippi not fixed.


H. G. W. (Sheffield).—Write to Maureen O'Sullivan c/o Majestic Studio; photographs can be obtained from the Picture Postcard Studio, 65 Long Acre, W.C.2.


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Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Address: Mr. Stephen, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Address: First National Studios, Burbank, California.


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Hair Grower and Tonic
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If simply infuses new life and vitality into each hair follicle and revives the weakened tissues. To Men it restores the Well-Groomed Appearance so essential in Social and Business Life. To Women it gives that Added Allure and Attraction so rightly desired. Take care of your Children's hair. 'Harlene' preserves, strengthens and invigoration it. 1/12, 4/9, & 4/5.

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Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, superbeneficial creamy lather, removing the silken sheen and lustre so much demanded. Complete with FREE Burning Rinse. All chemists. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d each).

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PICTUREGOER Weekly

March 9, 1935

Do IT!
Leaves it to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more in a letter than I can be spared on this page.

HIGH winds and cold spells play havoc with good looks. No girl can feel at her best when she has a cold nose and a pinched expression. Noses are great enemies. So many of my readers write to me in despair about them. Some are red by reason of the weather, some by reason of indigestion, and there are others that are always red—seemingly out of sheer cussedness. What is to be done about them?

Let us take the digestive ones first for they are—or should be—the simplest to cure. Extremes of heat and cold—both in temperature and food, always affect them. Very hot tea should always be avoided and so should very hot water for washing. All condiments are bad for red noses, and so are pickles, sauces, greasy fried foods, nuts and all hard and indigestible food.

A diet that helps to cure the condition contains plenty of milk, eggs, chicken, well cooked vegetables, and fruit. Adequate rest and plenty of outdoor exercise are good. Cigarette smoking should be cut to a minimum and alcohol is taboo. If spectacles are worn, the frames should be an easy fit. Pince nez which compress the bridge of the nose should never be worn.

The face should be washed frequently with tepid water, and a little toilet vinegar added. A cooling lotion will contract the blood vessels and a complexion milk should be used in preference to a cream. A little zinc ointment may be gently rubbed into the nose at night, and then calamine lotion napped over it after washing.

Circulation

If the digestive apparatus is in good order, then we may assume that the red nose comes from a sluggish circulation, aggravated by cold or wind. Keeping the feet warm is one method of attacking this. A hot, well coloured understockings or even two pairs of silk stockings will often make a world of difference to the colour of a nose, and so will warmly lined gloves.

A little pinching and tapping exercise on the organs itself will also do good. Try patting the sides of the nose with the pads of the fingers, and finish up by pinching the nose systematically from its tip to the bridge. Return to the tip and begin again. Repeat five times. It is also helpful to bathe the nose in warm water to which a little alum has been added. Use a tablespoonful of alum to a pint of warm water.

After washing in the morning, the nose may be finally rinsed in cold water and then given a finishing massage with toilet eau de Cologne. Weather proof cream is a good stand-by for chilly days, for it preserves the complexion from the effects of wind and cold. It contains a highly protective powder.

Complexions

Winds dry out the natural nourishment in the skin. That is why the skin becomes chapped, blotched and rough after a spell of inclement weather. We need to compensate for this loss by giving the complexion an extra generous dose of nightly skin food. The best time for this treatment is before going to bed, and after a good wash with warm water and a superfatted soap. After the massage the surplus cream should be wiped off. Leaving the cream on overnight is seldom to be recommended. It makes the average skin heavy.

In addition to the ordinary massage, windy weather treatment should include the pinching treatment recommended for the nose. This stimulates the circulation and counteracts the blue look that develops in cold weather. Use the first finger and the thumb. The pinching should begin at the chin, travel along the jaw to the ears and then up to the temples. The fleshly parts of the cheeks may be pinched quite decidedly, but the skin immediately under the eyes should be avoided. It stretches so easily. The lightest tapping with cold cream will suffice for that.

Next take your rubber patten in to use and having applied a mild astrigent, pat the face for five minutes. No complexion can do without soap and water once a day, but if the skin is very sensitive, the washing during windy weather should be restricted to once, using cream or oil for other cleansing. The washing should not be done too close to going out. In fact it is best performed at night before retiring.

Claire Trevor believes in milk as an aid to health and beauty

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PICTU'REGOER Weekly
March 9, 1925

NEW
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THE LONG-LASTING LIQUID POLISH
AND EVERYTHING FOR LOVELY NAILS

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Of all chemists. Zee-Kol Ointment at 1½ or a large tin 3½.
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30 FOR 1/2 — 'they fill the bill and fit the bag.' SAYS JANE

AND WHAT THEY ALL SAY IS: 'D. R. Minors — they’re a blissful brief-time smoke. They last ten minutes — and that’s just as long as I want a cigarette to last. From leaf to pack, true-blue De Reszkes!'

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5 FOR 2d. 10 FOR 4d. 20 FOR 8d. 60 FOR 2/- FLAT TINS
MARY ELLIS

The well known American stage star who, reversing tradition, made her screen début in a British picture "Bella Donna" and was then "discovered" by Hollywood scouts. She is making her second screen appearance in "All the King's Horses" with Carl Brisson.
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Your own hairdresser can give you a Superma Permanent Wave. Send for your copy of the wonderful new book.

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... one simply has a Superma Permanent Wave. No tedious waiting in the grip of a soulless electric machine. No hot irons, no discomfort. One just reads, or moves about at will. And in an incredibly short time those wonderful little Superma Cassettes—generating nothing but pure steam—have produced the most perfect of natural waves and tight curls ... a really permanent wave that will definitely last longer than any other, and that neither sun, wind nor even sea-water can impair.

And more... one's hair acquires new lustre, greater elasticity, new strength... for the Superma process acts as a tonic, a beauty treatment and a permanent wave in one.

Superma is the only system of permanent waving in which no machine or electrical apparatus whatever is used.
THOSE NEWS REEL COMMENTARIES

Something Should Be Done—The Academy Awards—The Busiest Man in Films—New Screen Faces—How George Arliss Keeps Young.

The news reels are in the news again—unfortunately under circumstances that are not exactly likely to be helpful to the Cinderella branch of our film industry.

The sensational shots of the Hauptmann trial have done more than convince the film critics that we have been wrong for years in denouncing Hollywood’s version of American court-room scenes as “improbable.” They have focused the spotlight once more on the present immunity of the news reel from censorship.

All the newspapers that employed their trousered—and other—sob sisters to slobber and drool over the details and personalities of the kidnapping cause célèbre, from the chronicling of the Hauptmann baby’s morning exercises to the glorification of a reasonably pretty but otherwise unimportant nursemaid with a keen sense of publicity values, are now raising their hands in horror at the idea of the news reels presenting a true, plain, and unvarnished pictorial record of the proceedings, and yelling for Mr. Shortt.

Search for Sensation

Personally, I have doubts as to the suitability of the spectacle of a man on trial for his life as a subject of entertainment, but the news reels are surely entitled to as much freedom in this connection as the newspapers.

Certainly the screen glimpses of the Flemington affair were no more harmful or offensive than the columns of tosh written about it in the press.

They had at least the effect of ensuring that the British public will never permit American methods of court procedure to be adopted here.

PICTUREGOER has repeatedly warned the “topical” editors that unless they themselves exercise strict good taste and judgment, they will leave the gates wide open for the busily bodies and the cranks.

And how well, in the main, they have operated their own censorship is obvious, when you compare their reels with the highly sensational American product.

No. 199 (New Series) Vol. 4 March 16, 1935
Editorial Offices: 93 Long Acre, W.C.2
Advt. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southernwood, Rand, London
ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY 2d.

One recent highlight in the U.S. cameramen’s search for sensation, incidentally, was the application by a news-reel company for the film rights of the shooting of the bandit Raymond Hamilton when it was announced that the police forces were closing in on that “public enemy.”

Dull Commentaries

While on the subject of news reels, we might deal with some of the minor aspects of a very vital part of our cinema programmes.

I have long since given up the crusade against the unimaginative monotony of the stock news-reel material, the eternal parades, processions and laying of foundation stones.

However, something at least might be done to make the subjects more attractive. An hour in the news theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue the other day brought home to me forcibly how badly the majority of topicals are commented (if that is the word).

I do not know which is worse—the breathless dramatics of the American commentaries or the feeble dullness of our own.

The U.S. also inflicts on us its “anything-for-a-wisecrack” school of commentator, while their Wardour Street confères seem unable to distinguish between brightness and facetiousness. Somebody ought to tell them (and Andrew Buchanan is the worst offender in this respect) that the pun is the lowest form of wit.

No Supreme Difficulty

An even more serious fault is the inadequacy of the spoken explanations of the shots shown.

On this occasion for instance, there was a pictorial record of a team winning “the bobsleigh championship.”

No information was vouchsafed as to what championship it represented. We saw various shots of the sleigh in action, but we were not told the length of the course or the time taken to cover it. The “crew” were shown making adjustments, but no explanation was given of their significance.

An intelligent commentary could have made that sequence twice as interesting as it was.

I have quoted, not an isolated, but a typical case. There is, moreover, nothing supremely difficult in achieving an adequate commentary. All that is required is that it should be light, to the point, and informative.

The Academy Awards

So Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable have won the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best acting performances of the year. It Happened One Night was, of course, the film.

Norma Shearer, winner of the last PICTUREGOER Gold Medal, was runner-up in the feminine department, for her portrayal in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, and Grace Moore secures third place with One Night of Love.

William Powell is rated second among the men for his Thin Man characterisation, followed by Frank Morgan, with Affairs of Cellini.

The ballot for the PICTUREGOER medals for the best acting performances of 1934 will begin next. It will be interesting to compare the results.

Capra’s Triumph

This year’s Academy awards are a triumph for Frank Capra, the director, who has emerged as Hollywood’s Box Office King.

It Happened One Night was selected as the best picture of the year. Capra took the statuette for the best direction and Robert Riskin won the award for the best adaptation, for the same film.

I think that Claudette, Clark and Capra would be the first to acknowledge what they owe to Riskin’s script.

The director has, in fact, already done so. The success of It Happened One Night was due as much to the adaptation as it was to the acting and directing. In fact, it was a

(Continued on page 6.)
With regard to a paragraph which appeared in the "On the British Sets" feature of a recent PICTUREGOER, we feel it our duty to rectify the mis-statements contained therein.

"Firstly, we do not know what Mr. Cousins wishes to insinuate by his remark that the period of Edmund Kean follows immediately the period of The Scarlet Pimpernel; however, as it concerns our picture, we would like to inform your readers that the Reign of Terror in France lasted, to be exact, from October 29, 1793, when the Revolutionary Tribunal was first instituted, until May 31, 1795. This is the period of The Scarlet Pimpernel. After the Convention came the Directoire period, then the Consulat, and then the first Empire.

In 1814, the year Napoleon was exiled at Elba, we first hear of Edmund Kean, when he made his debut at Drury Lane as Shylock. This year marked the beginning of Kean's romantic and adventurous career, which ended in 1833.

"Secondly, the writer of your article reproaches us with the fact that The Dictator, the story of which is laid in Denmark, has been directed by an American and an Englishman. He further reproaches us that a German director is to make the English subject based on the life of Edmund Kean. Never in the history of the kinema has ever nationality had any bearing whatsoever on any aspect of production. This was not the typical English Henry VIII directed by a Hungarian, the Swedish Queen Christina based on the Russian stories, Catherine the Great and The Scarlet Empress, by two Australians.

"Also, was a Spanish war story, directed by the Englishman Victor Saville. Who, then, in the opinion of the writer of your article, should have directed the Esquimaux picture The Wolf of the North?"

Thirdly, Mr. Cousins intimates that Mr. Bernhardt "assisted the directors" of The Dictator has not been the case.

"Finally, if Mr. Cousins had as much knowledge of films as the average reader of the Picturegoer, he would not have said that Mr. Bernhardt directed Conrad Veidt in the silent picture The Last Company, as this picture marked Conrad Veidt's debut in talking pictures.

"There is, however, a particle of truth in Mr. Cousins's article: Mr. Bernhardt is thirty-six years of age, and can look back upon a "notable career.""

Henry's Wives in Hollywood

So "Henry VIII's" second wife, Jane Seymour, is the last of his procession of five spouses to go to Hollywood.

Wendy Barrie is appearing in her first American picture, It's a Smal World, opposite Spencer Tracy.

The others who preceded her were Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Merle Oberon and Kathleen Grieg.

Wendy Barrie, by her own admission, went to Hollywood without even a letter of introduction to anyone, to say nothing of a contract.

But she was selected for a screen test and won out by sheer ability. She was awarded her contract after being in Hollywood only a few weeks.

Wendy's first stop was at Palm Springs, where friends had told her she would meet most of the film stars and most of the English players whom she had known in Europe.

She stayed in the desert for more than three weeks, but failed to recognise anyone, so went on to the film capital— the rest is history.

Wendy's Romance

The publicity boys are already cashing in on Wendy's romance with Willie Donahue. Hollywood's latest bulletin is-- "Giving Cupid a hand isn't strictly within the duties of a director, but far be it from Irving Cummings to stand in the way of romance. "Wendy Barrie gets at least one New York phone call a day from her fiancé. Sometimes this message arrives right in the middle of a scene, and Cummings, with rare understanding, always stops work and permits his leading lady to dash to the nearest studio phone."

"Why not," asks Irving. "When she returns she really enacts romance, and not merely plays it. It's great psychology. I only hope they don't have a row some day."

New Faces on the Screen

Two new faces will soon make their appearance on the screen for your approval.

Mrs. Sheehan, the Fox general manager in charge of production, has signed Frances Grant, a very talented American beauty who dances and sings, and actress Rita Rubiho, an Irish-Spanish girl who is already being described in Hollywood as a new Dolores Del Rio.

Another girl, whom you should know by now, has been handed a brand new contract by Fox. She is Rochelle Hudson, the dark-eyed ingenue who has played opposite Will Rogers and Warner Baxter.

The Busiest Man in Hollywood

The proverbial one-armed paperhanger with the hives has nothing on Jack Pierce, head of the make-up department at Universal City studious, who admits that just now he is far busier than a bird dog. Each day of the week Jack Pierce has to meet Karloff at the make-up studio before daylight. It requires almost four hours to apply the actor's grotesque make-up for his role of the monster in The Bride of Frankenstein. This is a day's work in itself. As soon as he finishes with the monster Jack Pierce has to start on Elsa Lanchester, to make her up and build her up for the role of the monster's bride. This requires three hours' work, and when they are in the scene together, it is impossible for James Whale to start shooting on it until afternoon.

As if this were not sufficient, Jack Pierce has to put a make-up on Henry Hull for the title role in Universal's Werewolf picture, which requires from three to five hours' work, the time dependent on the actor's state of transition in his change from a man to a wolf. On certain days, when Hull is supposedly going through these changes, his face is covered with hair, his ears are becoming pointed, a snout has taken the place of his normal nose, and hair is even growing in the palms of his hands.

In addition, Pierce is constantly at work with his corps of assistants on the dozens of less grotesque make-ups which are required each day in a motion-picture studio.

"The Life of Edmund Kean"

The Editor has received the following letter from Toepiltz Productions, Ltd.:

On the same train travelling to Hollywood from New York—Sylvia Sidney and Fred Stone, the well-known stage star who has just signed a contract with Paramount.
Experience Unnecessary

Enter a musical and dance director who had an entirely new slant on this business of producing musical screen extravaganzas. He is Bobby Connolly, the successful Ziegfeld producer and director whose first big screen effort is Flirtation Walk, the new First National opus which stars Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.

It was Connolly who directed the lavish Hawaiian sequences of the film.

And at least half of the gorgeous young beauties who appear in the musical sequences of the picture are girls with no previous stage or screen experience. It is Connolly’s idea that inexperienced girls are often far easier to direct and more spontaneous than girls who have appeared in other musical comedies or films.

Before Connolly started casting for the picture, he let it be known that experience wasn’t strictly necessary for a girl to get a spot in Flirtation Walk. And although the ensuing rush was one of the largest ever seen on the First National lot, the dance maestro signed a number of girls whose lack of theatrical knowledge might have kept them from being cast with other directors.

College to Chorus

At least half a dozen of the girls were Los Angeles college students. There was a waitress, whom Connolly had spotted in a Santa Barbara restaurant. She was the sixteen-year-old daughter of a studio electrician, whose father had heard of Connolly’s call for inexperienced girls. One of them was a visitor from Texas, who had succeeded in getting a pass to “see the studio,” and who had had no definite idea of going into the movies. They all took to direction like the proverbial duck to water, according to Connolly.

They were too new to the movie industry to have had much chance to figure out camera tricks,” or to become self-conscious and "uptight.” And they were all happy and proud to become “Bobby Connolly girls.”

George Arliss on How to Keep Young

George Arliss, nearing his sixty-seventh birthday, claims to be the hardest working star in pictures, and can submit statistics to bear him out.

In the past year he has made The House of Rothschild and The Last Gentleman in Hollywood, and The Iron Duke in England.

Stars of Mr. Arliss’ caliber make one, at the most two, such big pictures annually. In order to complete his three assignments he had to make two crossings between London and Hollywood.

“Work and keep young,” is his motto. He believes in hard work, moderate habits and plenty of rest.

“By working hard I keep my enthusiasm, which is the secret of youth,” said Mr. Arliss. “It is only when you lose enthusiasm, the source of freshness and vigour, that you grow old. It is quite true that the number of hours I work each day is limited in my contract. But I make every minute of that time count, and by such intensive effort accomplish more. One of the most beneficial things I find, as I advance in years, is a twenty-minute nap after lunch. My man Jenner stands guard outside my dressing-room door to see that I am not disturbed during that rest. I try always to take it at the same time every day, just as I try to retire each evening at the same hour and arise each morning promptly at six.”

“Tell me to work hard as you grow older you also must put less strain on your system, therefore be careful and sparing in what you eat. I am a vegetarian. But whether you eat meat or not be moderate, I mean just what you need, and be guided by that need rather than by your appetite.

Before attempting the rôle of Cardinal Richelieu Mr. Arliss delved into more than a hundred books written around the cleric who was the power behind the throne of France in his time. He read more than two dozen tests in experimenting with his make-up. He also took part in the settling of all the technical details and research problems in connection with the production.

Crawford—Gable—Montgomery

Next Week’s Free Supplement

The Picturegoer has done it again! Next week it presents Free to every reader yet another scintillating all-photogravure Souvenir Supplement that will be one of the most popular successes of modern screen journalism. Forsaking All Others is the film that has been selected for this signal honour. All the glittering wit and glorious fun of this remarkable picture is captured in the sparkling pages of this Souvenir.

You will see Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery in page after page of pictures that you will be proud to treasure for a long time to come as the happiest of all souvenirs of a great movie. You will read what Clark Gable has to say about “success” and who should know more. You will spend a typical day in the company of glamorous Joan Crawford. You will discover the secret of why these two great stars are the screen’s greatest lovers.

You read irresistible anecdotes about members of the wonderful supporting cast—Charles Butterworth, Billie Burke and Frances Drake.

You will be taken behind the scenes and see for yourself how this—one of the pictures of the year—was produced. You will learn how they evolved that remarkable spirit of mingled humour and pathos.

The demand for next week’s Picturegoer is certain to be unprecedented. Film lovers all over the land are being attracted to The Picturegoer by its wonderful weekly value for money and they will all want this new Free Souvenir.

Make sure of your copy by ordering it to-day.

Kinema Codes.

This week’s first prize in the kinema codes competition is awarded to D. G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne. For: She learned about sailors Spliced.

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to the following:—

N. G. Walters, 382 Wherstead Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, for: The Man who knew too much.

Miss E. Blakey, 7 Gordon St., West Hartlepool, Durham, for: Such women are dangerous.

Mmes M. G. Brown, 56 Rowallan Road, Fulham, S.W.6, for: Murder on the runaway train.

Mary Pearson, 7 Osberton Road, Lee, S.E.12, for: What everywoman knows everyday.

The kinema codes competition is based on the idea that much money is wasted by the movie moguls in cabling business transactions relating to films with long titles and that code words could be profitably employed.

For instance, instead of putting the four words, Sing as we go in a cable, the code word “Carol" might be arranged. Or for One night of love the word “Ecstasy”.

Select any of the five titles given below and attach a code word:

The private life of Don Juan.

The call of the wild.

All the king’s horses.

The farmer takes a wife.

The lives of a Bengal lancer.

Submit your entries on a postcard addressed to me, c/o Picturegoer, 93 Long Acre. Envelopes cannot be opened.
JOAN BENNETT

Wears this smart panama hat, with a medium brim and dented crown; the grosgrain band is in two tones of green and ties at one side. Joan has completed her latest role in "Mississippi," opposite Bing Crosby.
NOT long ago—at one of those cocktail parties which summon the Press to gather delicate pearls of wisdom from the inspired lips of a visiting star—I chanced to fall into conversation with a director. He was proud of two films in a long record of commercial success and his reputation as a Business Man. True, his middle name is reliability. His sobriquet should be "the producer's delight." Never a day behind schedule, never a penny over estimate. Never temperamental, always prepared to shoot any story the producer wants at twenty-four hours' notice.

I was just telling him what a grand job one of his rivals had made of a recent film when the imperative necessity of being polite to another acquaintance across the room took him from me. She was charming and no one could blame him. But, when he had gone, it occurred to me that although he had directed dozens and dozens and dozens of pictures, I could only remember one—which I had seen a month ago. It wasn't my memory—that is my sole virtue. Could it be that all films lacked something?

If you pause to think about it, most first-rate films, the films which stick in your mind, have been either by Constance out of Trouble. René Clair once spent an hour in describing to me the difficulties, financial and psychological, which had to be surmounted before Sous Les Toits came into being. You already know the story of Korda, Laughton and Henry VIII. If Ben Hecht and his partner had not fought the Powers of Hollywood there would have been no Crime Without Passion. Hissing and ridicule preceded the birth of All Quiet on the Western Front. Four years passed before Bengal Lancer was complete. These are a few random examples.

Behind any honest work of art—and still, after five years of film criticism, I look on films as an Art (capital A, please!)—lurks a quality of passionate creation. A clumsy phrase, but 'twill serve. The easily achieved seldom gives universal satisfaction. Now there is such a thing as making a director's job too soft for his comfort.

Take the case of Victor Saville. When he chooses his own subject, Victor can make a grand film. Think of the solid work behind his Good Companions. The selection, the rejection, the concentration of a diffuse wordy novel within screen limitations.

But when he is "sallied" to an Iron Duke which did not fire his imagination and is then rushed across to Ealing and a previously prepared, Dictator at a week's notice . . . what happens? Empty majesty, "faulty faultless, icy null."

Both films were handed to him on a plate.

Thus, not long ago the director of an "interest" short was offered an idle studio belonging to his company. Tired of cramped surroundings, he accepted. He made inquiries about the set he wanted for a sequence. It would cost £75, he was told, "overhead, you know." Money being a serious matter to producers of "shorts," he retired to his previous quarters and, with the aid of a tame carpenter, made what he needed for 3s. The big organisation had not heard about shillings.

When the Perfect Film, the Screen Classic, is made, it will not come from a £15,000-a-year director amongst his technical experts, advisers and assistants. It will be made by a fanatic who writes his own story and dialogue, who designs and builds his own sets and handles his own camera.

He will spend all his money on the first four reels. He will blill and bully his actors into working for an improbable percentage on problematical receipts. Half-way through the film his wife will elope with him to two children full of mumps. He will fall from the camera crane, break a wrist and develop neuritis—but that film will go on, because he must make it. Could anyone have stopped Shakespeare half-way through King Lear? I don't think so.

This distrust of enthusiasm holds us back. It gives Americans the advantage. True, they take their losses, but they come back with a Bengal Lancer.

Our producers call for original stories. When they get one (and they are prone to confuse success with originality) they pass it on to the scenario department which neatly excuses anything original and rewrites the chief part for some stage star. They deplore the scarcity of young directors and laugh at the suggestion of trying a new lad. "What, trust a boy with £50,000! Not on your life."

Film production is universally acknowledged to be a crazy business. Excellent; why not be logical and give the fanatic his chance. Enthusiasm, fanaticism, genius, who shall mark out the boundary which separates them? The kinematic definition of genius might be lunacy sanctified by success.

FILMS and FANATICS
by Donald Sutherland

March 16, 1935

...
When knights were bold they were never bolder than the modern knights of the newsreel camera — the news hounds who hunt the four corners of the world for facts and thrills on land, on sea and in the air.

The public must have the pictures. That is their creed. No risk is too great to achieve that end, no hour too late, no journey too long.

The Public must have the pictures. That is the creed of the "journalists of the camera." No risk is too great to achieve that end, no hour too late, no journey too long.

When knights were bold they were never bolder than the modern knights of the newsreel camera — the news hounds who hunt the four corners of the world for facts and thrills on land, on sea and in the air.

The public must have the pictures. That is their creed. No risk is too great to achieve that end, no hour too late, no journey too long. No obstacle is unsurmountable.

You have seen thrilling films of the adventures of news reel men. These have not flattered them. They have not paid them too rosy a tribute. No pen can draw, no scenarist visualise dramas more gripping, thrills more hair-raising than the real and reel-life ones of living cameramen.

Meet, before we go any farther, Joe Gibson, a Universal camera "ace" — the man who strapped himself to Gar Wood's "Miss America" and "shot" his film as that craft flashed across the water at the do-or-die speed of 110 miles an hour.

The same Joe Gibson who turned his camera on the Cuban riots even as a machine-gunner swung round to rake them with bullets.

Still Joe cranked the handle; still the gunner fired. Before he fell there were eighteen bullets in his legs. . . but Joe had got the pictures!

You didn't know that, did you, when you sat in your comfortable seat watching those riot films?

And here's George Krainikov, who joyfully took his camera into the front line trenches during the Sino-Japanese warfare, and, with bullets whistling around him, did some "shooting" himself.

Then think of the courage of the fifty cameramen who faced the stampeding crowds when "Lindy," on his epic lone flight, arrived in Paris. They were crushed and trampled on—a dozen of them had their cameras smashed to smithereens. But the "boys" got the pictures.

And how about Norman Alley? Here's a cameraman for you. When the giant airship, "Shenandoah," broke her back, he crashed when flying to the scene, hired another 'plane, crashed again, but carried on until his lenses had captured his "scoop."

"Taxi" Purnell, eager to "shoot" Hazel Wooton, the parachute girl, "on the way down," calmly jumped out of the "plane in a parachute himself and calmly turned his handle as he descended. Nerve, eh!

And just imagine the courage of Russell Muth, who flew over the smoking mouth of Vesuvius.

So near did he come to disaster that one wing of his 'plane touched a mass of white-hot lava and he was almost choked by fumes. Eventually he crashed—but he got his pictures!

A different sort of courage was needed when Huth, with Sir Alan Cobham, decided to "shoot" a British Fleet review against the orders of the Admiralty.

There was quite a "spot of bother" afterwards. Lord Beatty and the Powers that be had a few words to say—but, in the end, the forbidden pictures were very sporting success for presentation.

Fred Wilson is a cameraman whose stories would fill a fat volume. Fred is one of the grand veterans of the Movie Reel game.

"Chasing news with a ciné-camera," he says, "is the greatest fun on earth! It is a game which never suffers, even though it means working 24 hours a day, missing meals and sleep, and forgoing wife, home and family at any odd moment of the day or night."

It all comes the same to Fred. A shipwreck, a revolution, or a big fire. A dash across London or a trip over two continents.

His assignments have varied over many years from filming the return of King Albert to his capital after the Germans had been driven out of Belgium to the recent arrival of International troops at the Saar.

His camera filmed the whole noble, yet terrible, drama of the R101. He "shot" this giant airship as she was being built, as Lord Thomson, Air Minister, his companions and crew filed aboard the ill-fated monster, as she rose in stately fashion for the Empire cruise to India.

Only a few hours later he was "shooting" the twisted, smoking mass on the hill at Beauvaison— all that remained of that Leviathan of the skies that a few hours before, had left Cardington.

Once Fred gained admission to a Cup Final (from which rival cameramen were barred) disguised as a parson! A girl companion carried a kind-camera in her handbag.

A delightful little "scoop" of Fred's was a Royal one. Anxious to film the baby Princess Elizabeth, he waited for days in a taxi outside the residence of her parents. The sixpences tumbled away into pounds, but he held his ground. And eventually his patience was rewarded.

In his exciting, dangerous, amusing . . . the man with the newsreel camera never knows how his mission will end.

At the launching of the Queen Mary a photographer perched himself for nearly three hours on the tip of a crane 200 feet high. And it was blowing a gale!

Two cameramen casually set out with $10,000 worth of equipment to cover the coronation of the King of Abyssinia. They found themselves appointed to be the Royal photographers and were obliged to do their work in full evening dress, despite the intense heat.

So next, by way of variety, they dragged seven cwt. of outfit many miles into the jungle to "scoop" some hippo hunting adventures.

Now let us take a long jump of wild animals to Spiritualism! And here's a story which just goes to show how news reel results are often obtained by a fluke.

On one occasion, when a Spiritualistic seance was recorded for the first time, a remarkable incident occurred in the presence of Lady Costan Doyle and other distinguished personalities.

Everything went well to begin with, several hymns were sung and the medium, going into a trance, stood up to deliver her message.

Suddenly, while the spirit was speaking, one
THRILLS of the microphones suspended from the ceiling fell with a crash to the floor.

Till this day the cameraman has never been able to decide whether the "spirits" objected to being filmed, or whether it was a pure accident.

There was a big surprise in store for another cameraman who had been "shooting" both a famous prima donna and a child protegé. Somehow or other the sound tracks were muddled, with the result that, at the first screening, the prima donna was singing in a sequence of comparatively terrible squeaks, and the child in the sweet, rich tones of genius.

And so back to thrills. What a "kick" the news reel men who "shot" Scott's arrival in Australia must have got when their pictures were flashed across land and ocean to England!

It was the very first time that a film had ever been wirelessed. Each of the pictures in every foot of film was transmitted separately and many were sent over time and again to defeat the atmospherics.

The whole transmission took three hours less than the time occupied by the historic flight.

But a news reel man's life is packed with excitement. Who does not remember that wonderful Cup Tie "scoop" in 1932 when there was considerable controversy as to whether the ball went out of play before Newcastle's second goal was scored.

The camera saw it all, proved the point beyond dispute and the Cinemas were besieged by the public when the film was shown.

The assassination of King Alexander provided what was probably the greatest news reel sensation of the century.

Many complained of its realism! It was too true! From the flashing blade of a French officer across the scalp of the assassin, to the latter's dreadful end at the feet of the mob, it covered the whole tragic story.

Many were critical, too, of the actual court scenes of Hauptmann, the Lindbergh baby murderer, fighting for his life on the witness stand.

You saw this cold, marble-faced German confronted with the accusing finger, the bitter, ironic tone of prosecuting counsel. You heard his shout back his angry protest.

Strong meat this, but news just the same.

The wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina gave the news reel men a thrill of a different order. They snatched out of it every possible inch of romance and glamour. They made a real-life fairy story of it.

The bells, the Life Guards—more like "chocolate soldiers" from a picture-book than living men—the surging crowds, Princess Margaret Rose waving from the Palace balcony . . . the news reel men made a wonderful job of work out of that unforgettable pageant.

The Spanish revolution, the Paris riots, the sinking of the Takiti, the bombardment of the Vienna Socialists, the Dartmoor Mutiny, the flight across the Arctic—these are but a few of the events that have brought the cameramen into the zones of danger and death. But what do they care? They must get the pictures.

Whole issues of PICTUREGOER could be filled by the tales of their courage and achievement, their toil by day and night, their enterprise, their unquenchable enthusiasm.

A breed of marvellous men. We take off our hat to them!
DICK POWELL

This young man, considered by many to be the most engaging of the crooners, is knocking at the door of major stardom. Dick follows up his success in "Dames" with another hit in "Flirtation Walk." He was once a master of ceremonies at a Pittsburg theatre when a talkie talent scout offered him a small part in "The Blessed Event."
The Importance of Hands and Feet

by June Clyde

A word on rings and gloves may be opportune before leaving the question of hands. One well-chosen ring sets off a beautiful hand far more effectively than several. It need not be a priceless jewel. The day for that kind of thing is past. But it must be in good taste even though it only costs a few shillings. There is nothing like an old silver ring with a rich coloured stone for enhancing the beauty of a slim and tapering finger.

Let your gloves be unobtrusive and immaculate. Stitchings, embroidery, and cut-work fashions may come and go, but the well-dressed woman knows that gloves should merge into the general scheme, and never call attention to themselves. And so with stockings. They should merge as well. The eye should travel gradually from the dress to the hose. If stockings are too light or too dark, the eye is presented with an abrupt transition. Good stockings are always worth their price. They last longer and have that appearance of quality that cheap makes can never imitate. It is an economy too, for many of them are guaranteed ladderless up to a certain period. Moreover a good stocking will stand the strain of being well suspended. A cheap one goes pop the first time you bend your knee.

And now to the legs they clothe. Sheer silk stockings demand legs that are smooth and unblemished. And more than ever is such smoothness necessary for the bathing beach where legs are so much seen. Use a good depilatory and use it often. After the bath each day, rub the legs with a well soaped pumice stone. Treated in this way the skin will always be absolutely smooth and attractive.

If the legs are too fat for beauty try massage with a reducing cream. It must be deep searching massage, during which the flesh is gripped with the fingers, kneaded and pummeled. But it will reduce them. If the legs are too thin, try this exercise. It is the simple one we most of us did at school.

Take a standing position. Raise both arms above the head, rise on the toes, bend both knees forward and descend to a squatting position. It is no exaggeration to say that a girl is as young as her feet. Corns and callouses put more lines on faces than any other disability I know. True we are too sensible to crowd number five feet into number four shoes in these days, but we still pay insufficient attention to accurate fitting. Buy your shoes from well-known makers. Your feet will be measured carefully, and fitted accurately, and you will be shown that the fit is accurate by means of the X-rays. Shoe sellers of the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow type do not care whether the shoes they sell fit or not.

If you suffer from foot troubles, it is better to have skilled advice than to try to deal with it yourself. There are at least two firms of high repute who set out to cure foot ills, if not to cure, at least to alleviate them. They have appliances which will ease bunions, and help fallen arches. They supply cures for corns and callouses that are hygienic and sure, with no risk of blood-poisoning—a trouble to which mishandled feet are specially prone.

Tired feet may always be relieved by soaking in hot water to which a foot cube or foot salts have been added. After drying, the feet should be massaged with cold cream. Next morning a good friction with eau de Cologne will make them fit to go through another day.

Another way of resting tired feet is to lie stretched out on the bed with a pillow under the heels. This is a good tip for the business girl who comes home almost too tired to dress for the dance.

Next Week

June Clyde writes on grace and posture.

March 16, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

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Night Life of the Gods

Once I imagine there was some central idea behind this piece of nonsense which deals with a scientist’s discovery of a way to turn human beings into stone and who uses it—in a dream—to turn the statues of the ancient Gods in a New York museum into living creatures and invites them to make “whoopie” with him.

As I see it, the idea of Thomas Smith’s book was that the twentieth-century American “whom we love too much” even for such a veteran of the bottle and table as Bacchus, but if I am right, the picture entirely fails to imply it.

What it actually resolves itself into is a series of slapstick situations, not without a certain novelty value, but entirely lacking in that subtle something which makes sense of nonsense; as, for instance, happened in Million Dollar Legs, or, in literary form, in Lewis Carroll’s books and poems.

The late Lowell Sherman has succeeded in putting some amusing sequences on the screen, but has not succeeded in giving his humorous conception any real form or continuity of humour.

As the scientist who, having injured himself in an explosion, dreams that his invention of transmute flesh into stone has succeeded and who proceeds to petrify his money-grubbing relations as a start, Alan Mowbray is very good. He depicts the crazy character well and gets the utmost out of the situations which evolve from his idea of inviting the Gods to a party.

Florine McKinney is also very good as the gardener’s daughter who, in his dream, becomes one of “the little people” and who urges him on to wilder excesses before killing him and letting him turn her and himself into stone to avoid the police who are on his track for a series of acts of riot and assault.

The rest of the cast is strong, especially George Hassell as the re-incarnation of Bacchus.

Actually, not nearly enough has been made of the resurrection of the Gods. Certainly Neptune plays pranks in a swimming bath by prodding unwary bathers from behind with his trident and has an argument with a fishmonger about the ultimate ownership of fish; Venus finds her arms and looks for someone to love and Diana proves as tiresome with her bow and arrows as Cupid with her continual demand for more arrows. But otherwise the possibilities of the idea seem to have been very poorly exploited.—L. C.

Something fascinating attaches to the life story of a man, whom history has labelled Abdul the Damned—something fascinating in psychological studies for his cruelty and in his obvious attempt to convince you, from sheer fear and utter loneliness. Just as there is fascination about such a character study, so there is an element of pathos, and Fritz Kortner brings out all the beauty in this brilliant piece of acting in the title role of Karl Grune’s first British picture.

It is a picture of contrasts and it has one fault common to a great many others—it is too long and at times too leisurely developed. It

Jean Parker and Hardie Russel supply the love interest in "Sequoa," the story of the friendship of a deer and a puma.
March 16, 1935

A most interesting nature film which will charm you with its depiction of wild life, its scenic beauties, action shots and outstanding photographic qualities, becomes—one at any rate capable of being remedied.

Sequoia

There is a remarkable length for the strength of the story and indifferent acting and characterisation by the human actors in this interesting and well-produced picture of a forest home.

If, instead of running the sixty-nine minutes it does now, it were cut to run fifty it would be a much more attractive, much more convincing picture, and one that the tendency it has now to let one's interest wane.

The central theme concerns the friendship between a deer and a puma which are found destitute and brought up by a man and the daughter of a novelist living in the Californian game reservation.

They are about year old when she is forced to let them go because a neighbour, a guide to tourists, complains the puma has been raiding his hens and pigs and styes.

The friendship is continued between the two wild animals in their primeval state, even to the inevitable rescue of the deer by the puma. The latter even offers the guide a first-class lunch down with a gun. This sequence is pictorially excellent even if somewhat naive.

The interest grows between the novelist's daughter and a ranger and there is sound propaganda for the protection of wild life, deer in particular, a topic that should be-decoration inflicted of them by would-be sportsmen.

But none of these interests compares with the brilliant intimate shots of animal life in natural surroundings which concern the animal novel, but also something exceedingly fascinating.

Jean Parker plays the novelist's daughter and Pauline Lord the girl who is the guide who offends against the game laws by luring snares and traps.—L. C.

Not so long ago I reviewed the first Czechoslovakian drama to be shown in this country, a charming pastoral comedy. Now I wish to mention the first talkie comedy from that country, Hey Rup!—which has been accorded a special presentation at the Forum, Villers Street, London.

I cannot recommend it to audiences who have no knowledge of the language. It deals, however, with the fact that it has fertility of idea and is well acted, because of the spate of dialogue which has not been given sufficient sub-title. These two do make it intelligible.

But even if it had it could not have captured the spirit of the dialogue, which may be exceptionally amusing—the facial expressions of the lead players seem insincere.

The theme behind the comedy is novel. It deals with a bankrupt canned-milk millionaire who takes up with an unemployed man and who, after seeking all sorts of work, manages with a sort of communal nucleus of out-of-workers to get going again and crush the rival who had put him out of business.

It is a curious mixture of long dialogue sequences intermingled with scenes in silent technique. Its clumsiness in its transparent simplicity of idea and execution and the human note underlying the whole proceedings.

Extra work in very good and comedy sequences depicting a runaway steam-roller and a visit to a dosse house—not without its touch of pathos, this—suggests the film.

I understand that both the stars of this picture, Jan Werich and Jiri Voskovec, speak fluent English and I like to think that even through the fact that it is in another language they will come in some measure to the British audience.

As a matter of fact, I was informed that they intended to go to South Africa to produce a comedy version of Bohemia which the director of the picture under review, Mac Fric.

Jan Werich and Jiri Voskovec were law students in Prague before their graduation and started a show which has proved tremendously successful. They have appeared in Paris, too, and are giving a French version of Hey Rup!—Incidently, they sing a song or two in this picture, including one bearing the film title, which is catchy and tuneful.—L. C.

Josefine accepting the inevitable and agreeing to the divorce demanded by the Emperor.

Talleyrand, the French minister, having finished his part in the royal game, Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, appears and informs the Emperor of Austria that it would be well for his daughter, Marie Louise, to become Napoleon's affianced bride. The Duke of Modena, her cousin, is sent to break the news gently to her.

Marie Louise has had a childhood passion for the Duke, and when he arrives she shows it in such an innocent way that it captivates his heart. It takes all the diplomacy of Metternich to persuade her that her duty lies in marrying Napoleon, while the King of Austria undertakes the same service to the Duke. The love story ends with Marie's marriage by proxy to Napoleon.

Exquisitely set with a grandeur that gains by simplicity, the story is developed in a smooth-running continuity which gives one a convincing drama of historical events.

Although the story concerns Napoleon, he is never shown except in a vision that Marie Louise has of him at the wedding ceremony—one of the finest pieces of spectacular production we have seen for a long time.

The love interest is pictorially beautiful and handled with restraint and delicacy, and the cutting and editing are models of conciseness and dramatic construction. I am of the opinion, however, that it would have been even more effective if the scene of Napoleon's escape from Elba had been shown from the former point of view; that is, if the political intrigue had been of greater importance than the love interest which in essentials is not strikingly dramatic, and rather too obvious.

However, the characterisation throughout is perfect.

Paula Wessely is attractively unselfconscious yet dignified as Marie Louise. Willy Forst is exceedingly good as the ducal lover, while Gustav Groendissig is brilliant as the scheming, diplomatic Metternich. All the other roles are exceedingly well cast.

Incidentally, it is of interest to note that Willy Forst played opposite Marlene Dietrich when she first began to appear on the screen.

He had a small part in Atlantic and is the director of those two brilliant productions—Unfinished Symphony and Maskerade.

This is the first time that he has played a serious role.—L. C.

A brilliantly acted and finely produced German historical drama which deals with the love affairs of Princess Maria Theresa of Modena, a love she had to sacrifice in order to serve Austria and marry Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria. It is somewhat lacking in personal feeling, but there is a sweep of majesty about it that is original.

The picture opens with a tensely dramatic and poignant scene depicting

So Ended a Great Love

Adrienne Ames, the American actress in the British picture, "Abdul the Damascene," with Fritz Kortner, who gives a wonderful performance in the title role.
March 16, 1935

The news reel cameraman mingle with the mighty. Here he interviews the Pope, who is being "directed" by Signor Alberini, of Paramount News in Rome.

—

The news reel cameraman talks pictures, thinks pictures, lives pictures. His working hours are twenty-four hours a day. Everything that happens anywhere, from a revolution in Cuba to a dart championship at the Clock and Pistol interests him. He's a news reel man, and it's news, news, news with him all the time.

Do you ever think, as you sit back luxuriously in your padded one-and-three or two-and-four, of the miracle of it all? Of the perfect organisation that has made it possible for the events of the world to be flashed across the silver screen before your eyes?

Third Down goes the champion in the ring, Crack! A King is assassinated. Scott speaks to you from the other side of the world at the end of his epic flight. A blazing liner drifts helplessly in the smoke-fogged English channel. Beautiful brides bathe luxuriously in the Pacific waters. Everything that happens anywhere is news. The editor of the News, the editorial staff, are the eyes and ears of the world.

Behind the magic of it all are men and women you have never seen and never will see. They are working day and night to get the pictures—to sift, sort and shape them, to "put them over" with that pep and punch that we know so well.

The News Department is the nerve-centre of it all. Here, in control, is a news editor, assisted by a live-wire staff of contact men whose job it is to fix facilities for the cameraman, arrange interviews, keep a cautious eye tilted for the events, not only of the moment, but of the future.

Next comes the Production Department, probably the most significant of all, for it embraces the cameramen, the sound engineers, the electricians and all those actually concerned "on the job."

And then the Editorial Section, at the head of which is the News Editor himself, the final "Court of Appeal," the man who makes the big decisions.

On the editorial staff are title-writers, librarians and film cutters—up-to-the-minute men of tireless energy, vast resource and astounding enthusiasm.

The cutter is a wizard who is able to reduce a mass of 1,000 feet of film to as little as seventy feet—and still have "everything in."

Each subject, of course, must be treated on its merits. Some demand greater length of film than others. A few feet will suffice, say, for a famous Statesman's arrival in England. Twice or three times as much is needed for the Trooping of the Colour, or a Test Match.

And although only two issues of a news reel are issued weekly, there is as much "eleven-hour" rush as in a newspaper office when the shoot is "going to bed."

Team-work, the loyalist of co-operation, is essential to achieve news reel perfection. The Editor, of course, must and does aim constantly at topicality and variety. Originality of treatment, too. And he is out to beat the other fellow every time. The Production Manager is everlasting evolusiong new methods of shooting and treatment, the News Editor for ever in quest of something new. And every member of the rank and file in every department shares the determination that their reel must be first and best.

Let us imagine for a moment that there is a Royal procession to be covered. What happens? The News Editor has discovered the a-to-z of the event and has, through his contact men, obtained all possible permission and facilities for filming. His assignment goes to the Production Manager.

He, in his turn, decides just which of his many cameramen (whose life and adventures are dealt with elsewhere) are suitable for the job. Some shine at "stunts," others at interviews; others specialise in pageantry such as this.

At the appointed day and hour the cameramen are on the job. Stationed at different points on the route of the procession they take their "shOTS," which are immediately rushed back to headquarters by fast car or motor-cycle. The beginning of the event is in the studio long before the end has even been filmed!

Speedily developed, the film is flashed on the screen in the private theatre for editing and cutting. A commentary is written, rehearsed and then the sound track is made.

Finally, it is screened again, passed as "O.K." and printed copies are rushed to all parts of the country.

The commentator, by the way, has grown to be one of the most vital factors in the success of news reels. His voice, his personality, his force and drive, his power to grip and hold the audience is essential and invaluable.

R. K. Jeffrey, of Universal Talking News, is one of the pioneers, and probably the most popular of the men whose voices you have come to know so well.

Jeffrey has told over 5,000 news stories to millions of film fans. Only once has he been absent from parade in four years or more.

"Once or twice," he says, "influenza has nearly got me by the throat, but it has not tightened its grip enough to stop my chatter! Occasionally, a famous throat specialist has had to spend an hour or two on my vocal chords before they could relax sufficiently for a noise to come through."

"When a man knows that ten million people a week pay to hear his voice, his reputation and his money, he treats his voice like a mother treats her first born—gives it the right sort of milk, wraps it up, and takes no chances that harm should come to it. That's no mollycoddling. That's horse-sense."

Jeffrey, whose warm, rich tones, whose happy, human outlook is inimitable, says that the three golden rules for a good commentator are: "Be yourself; be natural; be yourself and be natural!"

What of the future of the news reel?

The progress of the past four years has been so sensational that almost anything can happen. It seems like only yesterday that we saw those pioneer talking pictures of the Derby and the Trooping of the Colour. Now we are literally gape at such things could be.

What part will television play? Mr. G. Thomas Cummins, Editor of British Paramount News, is of the opinion that it will not vitally affect news reels for the next ten years.

The technique of television, he feels, has reached the standard attained by films in 1910. One thing is obvious. There must always be photography. Direct presentation will be limited to those events to which it is best suited, such as an attempt on the land speed record or a short interview.

Lengthy happenings will still be filmed, edited and cut before being presented through the medium of television.

But whatever the future of the news reel, it is to-day fulfilling a great need and carrying on a great work. The men behind it move, with the times. They are in the van of progress.
LISTER'S REAL LIFE Adventure

F RANCIS LISTER, British actor, who is hailed as one of Hollywood's future stars, had a thrilling adventure on a recent evening when he was driving to Santa Barbara. About 1 a.m., Lister pulled up at an eating stand, and ordered a sandwich and coffee. He had hardly started to drink the beverage when he felt a gun in his ribs, and a voice told him to put up his hands. Lister whirled around, threw the contents of the coffee cup in the bandit's face, rushed out of the store, jumped into his car, and sped away. He stopped at a petrol station and left word for police to be sent in search of the robber. The bandit would undoubtedly like to meet Lister on a dark night!

Rewards of Film Fame

G inger Rogers has received word from two elderly spinsterwives, telling her that their entire estate, value not given, had been bequeathed to the actress. They said that their mother was dead, and, while they have distant relatives, they are the sole survivors of their immediate family. The star has not yet indicated what course she will pursue.

Popular film players are constantly receiving valuable gifts from fans whom they sometimes have never seen. Johnny Mack Brown and his wife received the gift of a luxurious home in Hollywood from a wealthy Boston man who admired Johnny's work on the screen. Whenever the Brown's benefactor visits Hollywood he receives a most effusive welcome.

The Sport of Kings

S ince the Santa Anita race track opened, not many miles from Hollywood, screen stars have been flocking there, expressing their appreciation of their favourite mounts, either by applause or by the posting of liberal bets. Among the film celebrities who attend the races at this track are Ronald Colman, Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Bing Crosby, Warner Baxter, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and other admirers of fast horses.

How to Get Your Man

R uby Keeler received a horde of letters from girls who desire to learn how to snare the men of their affections. Evidently Ruby’s success in captivating Al Jolson and leading him to the altar has convinced the young ladies that she has the desired technique. Poor Ruby is rather bewildered! She believes that the romance came about because she fell for Al, and Al fell for her.

The feminine fans will not be convinced. They are sure that the pretty actress has a clever system.

So that’s that.

Influenza Dangers

E veryone in Hollywood believes that the death of Lowell Sherman was due to his neglecting a cold, which developed into pneumonia. Sherman was so loyal to his associates and the film Becky Sharp that he would not retire to his bed, despite the warnings of physicians. Edward Sutherland was directing Mississippi when he was taken ill with a similar cold. The stars, Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, and Joan Bennett, told the director that they would leave the set unless he immediately returned to his home. The stars won. Sutherland is receiving proper care, and Wesley Ruggles is “carrying on” in his place.

A Hollywood Scandal

H arold Lloyd and his wife, the former Mildred Davis, recently celebrated their twelfth wedding anniversary. Harold and Mildred have a boy and girl of their own, and another girl whom they adopted. The famous comedian has always been noted as a devoted husband and father, so none of his fans need be surprised to learn that he is a 100 per cent. family man.

She Craves Seclusion

A nna Sten, pretty Russian star, hates Hollywood parties. Instead she has her close friends, including Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford and a few others to her modernistic home overlooking the Pacific Ocean and entertains them with Russian string music and with her favourite strolling accordion players.

Stars of Yesterday

I n a recent production, Hal Roach, the producer, had a cast of supporting players including Alice Lake, Vera Steadman, Pat Somerset, Gertrude Astor, Howard Truesdale, Jay Belasco and Charles K. French. All of these players received weekly salaries of not less than 1,000 dollars for many years. Father Time and the sound pictures contributed to their professional decline, but they still find work, although at greatly reduced salaries, for they are grand troupers.

Ruffled Feelings

I magine workmen having the effrontery to tear down a portion of Connie Brown’s fence, and deposit rubbish thereon. Connie says this was done, and sent her attorney to the city prosecutor’s office to file a complaint. The workmen declared that they did not touch the fence, nor did they throw rubbish into Connie’s backyard. So the complaint was dismissed. This little drama could be appropriately titled, “Connie and the Rubbish Man.”

A Large ”Family”

G race Bradley, the pretty young actress who recently inherited a fortune, had her troubles by an onslaught of marriage proposals and those seeking financial assistance. Recently Grace found a friendless cat on the Paramount lot, and issued instructions that the animal be supplied with milk. The cat returned with fourteen other felines, which I understand are his brothers and sisters!

Tenderhearted Grace is supplying milk to all the cats.

A Grand Old Man

F rederic Warde, famous English actor, who won fame on the stage in the days of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Sir Henry Irving, died just recently in Brooklyn, New York, at the age of 83.

While he is usually associated with the fine portrayals of Shakespearean roles, he also starred in the silents years ago for the pioneerThanhouser Company, which ceased operation shortly after the commencement of the World War. Mr. Warde was always a courtly gentleman. In his later years he confined his activities to lectures before women’s clubs and civic organisations.

He was a generation too soon for the films, otherwise he probably would have been a film rival of the great actors.
This church setting, compared to the Cruikshank drawing (centre right) shows strikingly how faithfully the Dickent scene and atmosphere has been reproduced in the film.

"David Copperfield" is claimed to be the Dickens film to prove that Dickens can be filmed. Months of research, during which Director George Cukor came to England and examined every house, shop or inn that boasts a Dickens' memory, preceded its production, with a largely British cast and under the supervision of Dickensian authorities. Shots from the picture, shown here in comparison, with the Cruikshank drawings, that originally illustrated the book reveal with what fidelity they have carried out the task.

Above: David Copperfield (Freddie Bartholomew) in Mr. Peggotty's home. Right: The Peggotty home as the artist created it.
Great interest attaches to the performance of W. C. Fields as Micawber. Compare this scene from the film, with the Cruikshanks conception of the character.
THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARJORY WILLIAMS

Anne of Green Gables

Freely based on the film “Anne of Green Gables” by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd., 1-4 Dean Street, London, W.1.

BUT, Mr. Cuthbert, don’t you ever imagine things?

“Not,” she replied, with a shake of her head.

With which emphatic negative, Matthew Cuthbert drove the horse and buggy down the Prince Edward Island road, leading from Bright River, as though Anne Shirley, sitting beside him, didn’t exist. Not imagine things! When all the time he was picturing only too clearly what his sister Marilla would say to him for bringing home a girl from the orphanage in Nova Scotia instead of a boy. Of course, it was Mrs. Spencer’s fault; not his. Mrs. Spencer, capable commandant of the “Ladies’ Aid,” had been asked by Marilla to negotiate for a boy. He, Matthew Cuthbert, couldn’t be blamed because, instead of a youngster wearing dungarees, a girl of fourteen in a short dark blue frock, buttoned up to the neck, and a cup-and-saucer shaped straw hat, had been waiting for him on the station platform. She had looked so pathetic, sitting there, that he had been obliged to put her and her faded carpet bag into the buggy. Since when she had never stopped talking. Even that nervous, rapped-out “No” of his hadn’t silenced her.

“It’s a pity you can’t imagine things,” she was saying. “Though I’ll admit it’s difficult sometimes. My hair, for instance. What colour would you call it?”

He was obliged to remove his eyes from the road to take in one of the two plaits she held out for inspection. “It’s a sort of red, isn’t it?”

“Then, you see. Now I know I’m skinny and freckled and have green eyes; yet I can imagine I’ve a rose-leaf complexion and starry eyes, but I can’t imagine away my red hair. It’ll be my life-long sorrow. I read a novel once about a girl who was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it must be like to be divinely beautiful?—no, of course not—you just said you didn’t. Well, which would you rather be, angelically good or dazzlingly clever or just divinely beautiful?”

“I don’t exactly know,” Matthew hazarded.

The buggy rounded a corner, bringing the Cuthbert homestead into view. In the garden the peach and almond trees were in blossom. Anne looked over the gate up at the white-timbered house with dark red roof as Matthew helped her down.

“Isn’t that lovely?” she breathed.

“All the way I was thinking I’d never seen such beautiful country, and now I’ve never seen a more wonderful house. What do you call it?”

“It hasn’t got a name.”

“Then I shall call it ‘Green Gables,’ because they’re so fascinating.”

“Come now, I rather like that,” Matthew said half to himself as he held open the gate. He certainly was in need of a little comfort. Marilla was not at the door to welcome them, and when he called her from the kitchen, where she had been half the morning, polishing brass and scouring pans, she was obviously in no mood to be trifled with.

“Who is that?” she demanded, having closed the hall door and looking over her long nose and ample bosom at the slip of a creature in dark blue, clutching her carpet bag as though for protection.

“You don’t want me because I’m a girl,” Anne said slowly, having already grasped Matthew’s brief explanation of Mrs. Spencer’s shortcomings. “I might have known it was all too beautiful to last. This is the most tragic thing that’s ever happened to me.”

Marilla twisted her ample apron.

“Well, don’t cry about it,” she advised. “What’s your name?”

“Anne Shirley—Anne-with-an-e. But won’t you call me Cordelia? Anne is such a feminine name. Cordelia’s so perfectly elegant.”

“Certainly not. You’ve no reason to be ashamed of a good, sensible name like Anne. Not that it matters to us what you’re called.”

“Then you don’t mean to keep me?”

“If I were never to be beautiful with nut-brown hair, would you?”

“I should not. I’m expecting a boy, and a boy I mean to have. However, now you’re here, you must stay the night. Everything will be settled in the morning. You can get ready for supper.”

“But I couldn’t eat. I never can when I’m in the depth of despair. You see, it’s all so wonderful here. I did want to stay.”

Very pathetically Anne looked in the morning, dressed, ready with a tightly-clasped carpet bag to climb after Marilla, who took the reins, into the buggy. “Dear Green Gables,” she called softly and astounded Matthew, who was hanging about like a whipped dog, by adding: “Good-bye, Mr. Cuthbert. I shall never, never forget your kindness.”

Tears blurred the dawn green-grey eyes during the drive. Even Anne’s love of chatter was quieted away by the time she was called on Mrs. Spencer and driven her to a small house standing stark, without creepers or gay borders on the road from Bright River. A smell of soap-suds and drying clothes greeted them from the poky living-room. Mrs. Bluett, a weary, unctuous woman, with a baby on her arm, excused herself for leaving to mind the stove before the question of taking over Anne. Anne looked round. Dingy furniture, broken toys, pulling toy cart with a missing wheel—how different from her surroundings of last night. Anne loved dolls, but she had smiled at them for years at the orphanage. At fourteen she was training for a heroine, almost one. Admitted that one had started in the gutter, then, by all the rules of the game, she should rise from, not sink below, it.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bluett, with the baby still on her arm, had returned from the kitchen and slipped stock of her prospective helper.

“Um—you look a bit skinny! Still, one day, if you’re a good girl, smart and respectful, I don’t see why I shouldn’t take you,” she decided.

Desperately, Anne tried to catch Marilla’s eye. Matthew Cuthbert’s sister had, in contradistinction to his blue one, a black eye. So far, Anne had not seen it soften, but she was not going to leave a stone unturned.

(Continued on page 22)

March 16, 1935
"Why couldn't we get a powder like this before?"

LEADERS OF SOCIETY DELIGHTED WITH POND'S NEW POWDER

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Lo-52e
now. The look she gave that lady, from eyes that seemed infinitely large in so small and pale a face, was such as might have melted the heart of a Neo about to throw another Christian to the lions.

Marilla was no such callous empress. She said, coldly:
"You’d like to take time deciding, Mrs. Bluett. That’s quite all right. Mr. Cuthbert and I haven’t actually decided to part with Anne. Suppose we leave it till the morning?"

She was to be a heroine, after all.

In that ever-present imagination, Anne instantly pictured herself living at Green Gables, charming its owners till she married or was a grey-haired woman; all of which romantic flight took place while Marilla, was apologising to Mrs. Spencer for having troubled her and getting herself, Anne and the carpet bag out of the somewhat startled Mrs. Bluett’s door.

Nevertheless, the life which Anne had so unhesitatingly chosen was not so wholly ecstatic as she had planned. None of the house duties troubled her an atom, but next morning brought an enlargement of her little world. Marilla, calling from the living-room, told Anne to say "How d’you do?" to a tall, rather forbidding woman with bony hands, introduced as Mrs. Barry.

"So this is your Anne Shirley," the lady remarked acidly, sitting upright on a chintz-covered chair.

"Well, I don’t think you’ve benefited by not having a boy, Mrs. Barry. Girls are never as good—not so trustworthy. And I must say they didn’t pick you for your looks, child. Skinny, aren’t you? And did ever anybody see such hair—carrots!"

This was too much for an embryo heroine. "How dare you!" Anne stormed, proceeding with what she considered an admirable control of words, an unfeeling, impolite, rude woman. "How’d you like nasty things said about you?"

Running she didn’t care where, she found herself by the elm and girls at the end of the lawn. Spring was putting forth its buds, birds sang, but she never noticed until Marilla’s ample form beside her on the wooden seat was visible through tears. "A nice way for you to behave, Anne Shirley. You would pick on Mrs. Barry. She was sharp, I admit; but she’s your elder, a stranger, and my visitor—three good reasons why you must apologise to her."

Oh, I couldn’t do that! You can punish me any way you like—shut me in a dark dungeon inhabited only by toads, feed me on bread and water—and I shall never complain. But I cannot—I cannot ask Mrs. Barry to forgive me.

"If you expect to stay under my roof you will!"

Then I’ll pack right now. Send me back to the orphanage."

Meaning every word of it, disregarding Matthew Cuthbert, who, crossing the lawn with his scythe, stopped to look at her. Anne dashed into the house and to her room. Resolutely she opened drawers for the last time, stuffing their contents into the carpet bag. Matthew came in, thoughtfully stroking his chin.

"Well, if you’re leaving, Anne. Praps it’s for the best. It’s lonely here for a girl of your age. You’ll be better among your friends at the orphanage—or, if at last you wanted to see me sometimes you could go to Mrs. Bluett."

Anne, searching the bed for her cashmere nightdress, looked at him.

"I’d—I’d just rather die than tell Mrs. Barry I’m sorry," she declared.

"But it needn’t be as bad as that.

Bent on doing the thing hand somely while she was about it, Anne followed Marilla without a tremor across the country road. Mrs. Barry, sewing on the porch, found herself listening to a speech which for sheer contrition and self-abasement took even her carving soft by storm. She Becker, unhesitatingly, condensed to apologise in turn for her ill-timed criticism, remarked on a case she knew of red hair turning into a handsome auburn, and called herself her Diana to show Anne the garden.

Anne surveyed a well-grown girl of about twelve for whose mass of fair waves and curls she experienced an instant admiration.

"My name’s Anne Shirley—Anne-with-an-e," she informed, a trifle breathless. "I’ll be delighted if you’ll be my bosom friend."

The pact was sealed and Anne’s remaining at Green Gables thereafter, for Matthew’s satisfaction, though he was wise enough to add nothing to Marilla’s complacent remark that if left alone, she’d come round."

Marilla’s excellent common sense soon spotted the gap in Anne’s life of washing dishes and attending to the dairy. In due course, Diana put in an appearance, shortly after breakfast, with an unfeeling, ready, gracious smile to initiate her bosom friend into a school career. Never shy, Anne had no hesitation when told, in front of the waiting class, to go to the dais. Mr. Phillips, a kindly pedant ready to install a new pupil, obviously had no terrors for her.

Ordered to share a double desk with Diana, she had a good look round while Mr. Phillips started a geography lesson. A well-set-up lad with a dark thatch hiding a broad porched, sitting in front of her on the far side of the narrow gangway, gave her a longed stare.

"That’s Gilbert Blythe," Diana whispered, "Isn’t he handsome?"

Anne couldn’t quite echo this. Her presence added a male hero included blue eyes and Noseman’s hair. But she was not prepared for Gilbert to sink so low in her estimations as he did when, taking advantage of Mr. Phillips’ preoccupation with the map of Europe in attempting to define the Serb boundary, there issued forth the one audibly whispered word: "Carrots."

With face whiter than his sister’s vegetable, the turnip, Anne did not speak until, having got up and smashed her slate over the youthful Adenie’s head, she congratulated: "You mean, hateful boy!"

Mr. Phillips started mildly, removed his spectacles, summoned Anne to the dais where she was told to write "Anne Shirley must not lose her temper" a hundred times. The girls carded, the class trooped out. At the cloakroom door stood a somewhat shame-faced Gilbert. "I’m awfully sorry, I made fun of your hair," he volunteered, "hon—honest, I am.

Silence and the turn back of two plasts as their owner went her way.
Potter & Moore's Michel Lavender Powder-Cream

4 Hair Beauty Treatments FREE!

You will be delighted with Nestlé ColorRinse. It imparts a beautiful colour sheen to every shade of hair, and helps to set the waves, restoring life to hair that has become dull.

Cut out and post this coupon, together with 3d. stamps, for two twin packets of Nestlé ColorRinse. Select the shade nearest to your own from this list—Black, Henna, Light Auburn, White, Dark Brown, Platinum, Silver Grey, Chestnut Brown, Warm Brown, Ash Blonde, Light Golden Blonde.

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream brings out your hidden beauty. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the pores and cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads and large pores are made to disappear. Complexion is then beautifully clear, velvety and soft.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUROGER'S quick reference Index to films just released

***A WICKED WOMAN
***THE IRON DUKE
***THE HUMAN SIDE
***LADY BY CHOICE
***THE HOUSE OF DOOM
***THE MOONSTONE
**READY FOR LOVE
**WAGON WHEELS

What the asterisks mean—*** An outstanding feature. ** Very good. * Average entertainment.

Gail Patrick acts excellently in a good Western story, "Wagon Wheels."

Norma Varden is good as the Duchess of Richmond, the English General's great friend, and Allan Ayensworth is effective as the puppet King Louis XVIII.

As the Duchess of Angouleme, Gladys Cooper is too static, but she does invest the character with some sense of tragedy.

The best acting comes from Ellaine Terriss as the Duke's understanding and patient wife. She cuts a charming figure and one in which you can believe.

***THE HUMAN SIDE


Directed by Edward Buzzell from a play by Charles Amis, adapted by Frank Craven and Ernest Pascal.

Good, somewhat novel domestic comedy, in which Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a theatrical producer, who is divorced by his wife, with polish and conviction.

Henry Kolstons, who takes the four children with her, but is eventually reconciled to him, Doris Kenyon is very appealing.

The children are well characterised by Charlotte Henry, Dick Winslow, George Ernest, and Dita Grandire.

The charm of the picture lies in its simple, homely touch, while the reactions of the children to their father's promptness, which is essentially of an innocent order, makes the whole thing human.

Continuity is smooth, the atmosphere convincing, and the dialogue bright and well-pointed.

***LADY BY CHOICE


Not a convincing story, but one which provides a role for Mary Astor much on the lines of her famous one in Lady For A Day. It is her performance which helps to cloak the intrinsic miasma of the plot and brings a definitely human touch to its ingenuous sentiment.

The way deals with a drunken old lady who is "adopted" by a fan dancer and reforms. She then proceeds to help her "daughter's" love affair with a wealthy youth run smoothly in spite of parental opposition.

Next to Mary's, the best performance comes from Walter Connolly as a judge. Carole Lombard is rather artificial as the fan dancer, but she is definitely attractive.

As her lover, Roger Pryor is adequate.

THE HOUSE OF DOOM

Boris Karloff, Pelage Bela Lugosi, Dr. Verdegast David Manners, Frank Jacqueline Wells, Joan Lucille Lund, Karen Egon Brecher, Majordomo Anna Dunham, Man Herma Hunska, Nurse Allan Karloff, Train Conductor Louis Alberini, Train Steward Harry Cordell, Thamal George Daves, Bus Driver Alphonse Martell, Porter Tom Marlowe, Border Patrolman Paul Weigel, Station Master

Directed by Victor Saville from an original script by H. M. Harwood. Pre-released December 22, 1934.

I dealt very fully with this picture in our issue of December 22 last, and I would refer readers to it who want a fuller criticism than I have space to give it here.

Briefly, the conception is good, but it does not come to life, and we are once again presented with an elaborate production which lacks soul and is unforgivably dull.

As Wellington, George Arliss is not well cast, and he cannot make either a convincing or really gripping character of the General who defeated Napoleon and then entered politics.

The story covers the year 1815-1816 and shows how Wellington, having defeated the French at Waterloo, crossed swords with the Duchess of Angouleme, the niece of Louis XVIII, who still remembered that her mother, Marie Antoinette, had met her death at the guillotine and was in consequence bitter against the "molly."

Contrary to her wishes, he forced Louis to sign the Treaty of Paris following the execution of Marshal Ney, whom he had too late to save from the firing squad.

Incidentally, he turned the tables on the Duchess when she tried to create a scandal about his relations with a young married woman, Lady Frances Webster.

Finally, we are given a brief impression of Wellington's efforts to stop France from being unnecessarily and fully crushed financially by the Allies.

Lesley Wareing is artificial and simperingly simple as Lady Frances; incidentally, it is difficult to believe in her infatuation for Arliss's Wellington.

Pat Paterson appears with Nils Asther in "Lovetime."

Mady Christians, the clever little star of one of the most famous of the old German silents, The Wall's Dream, makes her Hollywood debut in a part totally dissimilar to the one which brought her world-wide fame.

She appears as the wife of a drunken rum runner, whom she shoots when he tries to take her son away from her, and the story shows how she provides for her children, brings them up, and then offers to expiate the crime she committed so many years ago.

It is a simple story and not particularly original, but Mady Christian's characterisation makes it extremely interesting and holding, except for the somewhat forced ending, where she is melodramatically acquitted on the murder charge for which she had given herself up. Psychologically realistic and well acted, and all the characterisations strike a sincere and human note.

As the man who loves her in middle age, Charles Bickford is exceedingly good, and the children are extremely well portrayed by Jean Parker, Betty Furness, and William Curtis.

Ellaine Terriss and George Arliss as husband and wife in "The Iron Duke."
Unfortunately, the idea is not too well worked out and is hindered by a typical piece of Hollywood howdunit which forms the basis.

The small-town atmosphere, however, is good, and Ida Lupino puts in quite a good performance as a small-town truck girl who is the victim of the bigotry of the inhabitants.

She is another, who tries to exploit the sensation caused by her daughter beingucked for an im-
mense. She had never committed, Marjorie Rambeau is adequate.

Richard Arlen plays the role of a young country journalist who is in the audience and who I prefer quiet married life to a stage career and brings a good deal of simplicity to the character. The townspeople are well portrayed by a competent cast.

**WAGON WHEELS**

Paramount, American. "U" certificate. Western. Runs 60 minutes.

Fredric March, Robert Young, Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck, William Prince, Alexander Kirk.

Wagon Wheels is a cowboy story, but it is put with plenty of enthusiasm and well acted by a strong cast, headed by Randolph Scott and Patric Knowles.

It contains something of every- thing: Humour, music, child interest, spectacle, and pictorial beauty are all there and put over with excellent effect.

It is a sort of miniature Covered Wagon which subplot has the right with it. It should delight juveniles and please every Western lover.

**AMONG THE MISSING**


Richard Diamond, Jean Parker, Nina Foch, Jack Wilson, Sidney Fox, George Zucco, Patricia Morison, Wally Patch, Richard Leech.

The cast, which has a big sprinkling of British artists, acquits itself well.

David Manners makes a thoroughly sound figure and whilst Phyllis Barry isattratively feminine as the heroine. An excellent character study comes from Erlephane Dugadin as a kindly old miser.

**READY FOR LOVE**


Richard Arlen, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Ralph Bellamy, Melville Cooper, Gertrude Michael, Helen Westley, John Miljan, Helen-typean, Norah O'neill, Marjorie Main, William Farnum.

A crime career justified by a last minute repentance seems to be the moral angle of this polished but machine-made "sob-ber," which a dear love re- forms a young jewel thief in the approved conventional manner.

In this film, Richard Arlen gives a very sincere and attractive performance, but Henrietta Crosman is almost too sweet an old lady to be true. Hers is a good part of acting, but it tends to be "stagoey." Billie Seward, as the ingenuous who supplies the love interest to her birth. Her acting is natural and shows promise of a worth-while career for the girl.

As the big shot jewel thief who employs our hero, Arthur Hohl is well in character in a suave and sinister manner.

There is a thrill or two, but other- wise the reformation theme is treated in a rather familiar, sentimental and romantic side issues.

**LOVETIME**


Pat Paterson, Virginia Bruce, Robert Homans, Louis Nye, Howard McNear, Charles Halton, Dick Wessel.

Boris Karloff and Lucile Lund in a scene from the new "horror" film, "The House of Doom."

HERBERT MUKHIN — CARL GEBECK — HERB B. WATRALL

LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD — WILLIE OBENHEIMER — HERBERT KELLER

ALBERT CONTI — NICHOLAS HERKMAR BING — ROGER INWOOD — JAMES BURKE — JOSEPHINE WHITTELL — MRS. OBENHEIMER

CARL KITE — GEORGE CAINE — COUNTESS Bertha EASTON — MARY BLACKFORD — Charleath Directed by James Tinling, based on a story by H.

Another musical based on the life of Franz Schubert. Pic- torially attractive, it has a certain amount of unostentatious charm and contains, of course, many of Schubert's melodies. It lacks, novelty however, and a vocalist, and the ending is forced in effect.

Nils Asther is badly cast as Schu- bert; nor is Pat Paterson happy as Valerie, a village girl who turns out to be of noble birth and who loves the composer.

The supporting cast, too, find difficulty in getting conviction into the roles they are given.

**WOMANHOOD**


LESLIE PERRINS — Richard Bress

Eve Gray — Lilla Mason

EMILY KNIGHT — Jack Morton

CHRISTINE AKIRAN — And Norton

L. M. ACHAR T GORDON — Bolton

CASAULTA — Kate

Directed by Henry Hughes.

A nuptial and artless production which attempts to be witty at the expense of the alleged im- sincerity of Socialists during the course of a romance between the daughter of a soap-box orator and the son of a noble lord.

George Carney is quite sound as Joe Smith, who spends his Sunday mornings in Hyde Park running down the Capitolist.

One day, his daughter, Mary is knocked down accidentally by Bill Lenbridge, the son of Lord Len- bridge, and the accident starts a friendship between the pair.

Joe sets out to let his daughter marry an aristocrat until Bill hits on the idea of presenting him with 10,000, which he makes him believe is a legacy from an aunt. This changes Joe’s political outlook and leads to wedding bells.

Charles Carson is well in character as Lord Lenbridge, and the love interest is adequately provided by Eve Lister and Barry Clifton.

**ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN**


JOHN GARRICK — I Nicholson

RAYBURN — Kits Daniels

GERARD— MARTIN WALKER — Kenneth Waring

AUBURY MATTHEW — D. J. WILLIAMS — Brown

ALBERT WHEELER — Strickland Directed by George A. Cooper, from the novel by Harrold Barlow.

A story of mistaken identity complicated in its development and overloaded with dialogue.

John Garrick struggles with the triple role of a reformed crook Nicholson, who is unofficially employed by the police to solve a murder mystery: Rayburn, another crook, who is the former's double; and also spends his spare time impersonating Gibbon, a man employed to bump Nicholson off.

25
BRITISH studios almost had a clean sheet this week—no new perpetrations. For years I've been hoping for that to happen, so that the Clerk of the Court could hand me a pair of white gloves and I could declare the innings closed and we could call it a week; but no! Every week, just as I'm sitting down to pass a few clean white sheets through the old typewriter, I hear about some new offence which has to come up for trial.

This week the clean slate is spoiled by my old friend Redd Davis, who is committing a comedy at Walton-on-Thames, for Radio Pictures to disseminate. (Or do you prefer promulgate or propagate? They're both included in the twopence.)

Title? Search me! Call it what you like... why not Production 478, as though it were a giant liner or a brand of eau-de-Cologne? It will probably run through a gamut of titles before you see it, anyway.

A Familiar Figure

In it you will see a Jimmie Finlayson. Is the name familiar to you—or is it? Me, I must confess I had to scratch the old frosty pow for a minute or two to remember that he is the guy who has for years appeared with Laurel and Hardy in their comedies—always as the enemy. You get him now? Baldish head, cast in eye, swivelling moustache—yeah, I see you got me, buddies.

Well, there he is. And the Young Lovers, and there always have to be Young Lovers or you wouldn't pay your one-and-three, are Jack Hobbs (don't be silly, of course I mean the actor! Would I be calling the cricketer a Young Lover?) and Molly Lamont.

They will have to treat Molly better than she was treated by the Teddington folk in Murder in Monte Carlo. If there was any murder in Monte Carlo, it was of Molly Lamont. You would certainly never believe, to see that picture, that Molly is one of the half-dozen really beautiful girls in British studios. (Send for list of other five in plain van. You won't get it.)

Well, and then of course there is Vera Bogetti, a clever American comedienne who always figures in Redd Davis' films because she's a swell actress. I wish there was always such a good reason.

A Bagatelle

And then there is Margaret Yarde, who has been coming very much to the fore on the screen lately as a character actress; she has enjoyed a proud place on the stage for years. And there is Tonie Bruce, who, however, seems to be getting herself called Tonie Edgar-Bruce these days.

Tonie figured in the news lately by selling the Prince of Wales Theatre, Coventry Street, London—which was left her some years ago by her papa. The sum mentioned, quite casually, was £200,000. Not quite a quarter of a million, you see. Arghh—no, bring up the bagatelle board and shovel away that money.

Tonie is a minor mystery of the film industry to me (the major mysteries all concern stories). Why she only gets what she calls "tatty" parts, appearing, in each picture she's in, for about two minutes, passes my understanding. She's capable of very much better than that. Producers, please note.

Redd Davis tells me he also tried to get Garbo, but Twickenham beat him to it by a couple of noughts. Did I mention that Redd was a gagman before he became a director? I nearly said "gagster," but some kindly composer might have apologized again. When they've fixed on a title for this I'll let you know.

Striking a Rock

Speaking of Messrs. Laurel and Hardy, a man who has contributed much to their success, viz., to wit, and namely Joe Rock, the producer, has taken an ugly rap on the by-pass road which leads to and from Elstree, and which is something of a death-trap for studio people.

Just as his new Leslie Fuller comedy, The Stoher, was being launched, poor Joe had a most unholy motor accident, which resulted in his being so completely mashed up that he has been in laths and plaster ever since—for weeks and weeks.

However, from his little white cot in the nursing home he has been carrying on with the production, which proves him to be one of the pluckiest as well as the most popular Americans who have found their way to our shores.

Meanwhile, the unit has been out to Tangiers and back, and I hear they have made excellent progress with the film, which promises to be a worthy successor to Strictly Illegal. Joe Rock's first Leslie Fuller picture.

Gaumont at Elstree

Incidentally, Joe is making history. He has taken over the Halfton Studios at Elstree (where the old Ideal Film Company used to operate just after the War) and renamed them the Rock Studios; and the significance of this is that it gives the Gaumont interests (who are behind Rock in this enterprise) a foot in Elstree.

Many of us thought some time ago that Gaumont (Continued on page 28)
A sandwich to you
but a STAIN
to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Perhaps you have noticed that sometimes your teeth remain dull—cloudy... even after brushing. Here's why! The things you eat and drink and smoke leave seven kinds of stains on teeth. And all are a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking all stains. But all stains will not yield to any one way. Some stains can be removed by emulsive action. Others respond only to polishing action. Colgate's removes all stains because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. Then, the polishing ingredient in Colgate's removes the more stubborn stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean, lustrous—sparkling!

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Mears and other proteins
2. Starchy foods
3. Beverages
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Vegetables
7. Tobacco smoke

END UGLY SKIN TROUBLES

Have a lovely NEW SKIN in a few days!

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Beauty Goes MARCH-ING ON

March is a trying month for beauty. The first rays of revealing golden sunlight catch us unprepared. Complexions look faded, even the youngest woman finds that her skin is rough and darkened. Not only does this apply to faces, but necks, too, call for attention, for wearing fur collars all through the winter months has a disastrous effect, leaving the skin coarse and grimy in appearance despite the most scruptulous soap and water cleanliness.

Now is the time for a thorough Beauty Spring Clean if we are to lay the foundations for beauty during the coming months. Discard those faded, shabby complexions with the same ruthlessness as you shed your shabby clothes. Here is a simple and inexpensive home treatment which will banish complexion blemishes and pimples, enabling you to challenge the sunny days with a new complexion, radiant with youth and beauty. Get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist. Smooth a thin film over face and neck nightly and while you sleep this beautifying wax works its magic, removing the faded outer tissue with all its sallow-ness, wrinkles and blemishes. A brief ten-day trial will suffice to transorm the most neglected complexion to new beauty.

You, too, can have a lovely skin

Your skin will always be youthful and fresh if you use HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM. Just a few minutes each day smoothly in HINDS—letting it sink in and refresh the underlying tissues, will make your skin beautifully white and soft. HINDS is a complete complexion restorative—equally good for hands, arms, face and neck. Get HINDS today, and immediately you will see the improvement in your face and hands.

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
NEW! HINDS VANISHING CREAM

To make your Powder stay on longer, use this new skin cleanser, Cream. It is non greasy and leaves a perfect matte surface. Use Hinds' Cream to cleanse the skin. In extra large tins and pots, 6d. and 1/2.

‘What a pity her Blonde Hair is getting so dark’

Yes, a pity. What beautiful blonde hair little Betty has, but it is getting dark. But it need not. You can keep it fair and golden always with this wonderful new secret formula shampoo. Starblond, for natural fair hair only. Starblond not only prevents fair hair from darkening, but it brings back, even to the most faded fair hair, that golden beauty of childhood. It also corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to coal gas, dust, and lack of milk diet. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silker, and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer. Wonderful for children. Starblond contains no henna, camomile, dyes or injurious bleaches. Money back if not delighted. Obtainable everywhere. Starblond Lab., Ltd., London, N.W.10.
ON THE BRITISH SETS — Continued from page 26

would be appearing in Elstree before long, but through an amalgamation of the Gaumont and British International interests. Now they are in
by another door.
In other words, "Gaumont moved in as Korda moved out."
Jee Rock's many friends are hoping he will soon be his habitual, hearty, cheery and bustling self; meanwhile, the show goes on.
Leslie Pearce has been brought specially from Hollywood to direct it. If I knew anything else about Leslie Pearce, I'd be delighted to tell you. But I don't.

Right on My Beat
As to Korda, instead of building his £300,000 studios (tut-tut, must we handle all this small change?) in Elstree, he has now decided to build them in Denham, which is just off the Oxford road after you've struggled through Uxbridge.
It's in Buckinghamshire, and about fifteen miles from London; anyway, this is on my beat from Beaconsfield, which is about nine miles further out, so it might be worse. For instance, he might have decided to build at Prestatyn or Mablethorpe. If there wasn't no clouds, there wouldn't be no silver linings, as Cardinal Wolsey remarked to Perkin Warbeck.

Meanwhile, Korda is going ahead in his temporary lodgings at Morton Hall, Isleworth—the studios that Dumb Pan Keaton failed to find when he was supposed to be working there. He all but starved to death about two blocks away, I'm told.
Lexicon Films are already carrying on with the H. G. Wells opus Whiter Mankind? and now I hear they are plunging into the Queen Elizabeth film. It seems they are following most recent news and in these columns about change of title, you may be interested to hear that it is now to be called neither Queen Elizabeth nor Elizabeth of England, but Gloria.

Why Not "Margot"
This should be a dangerous rival to Pollyanna, which I hear is about to be filmed somewhere or other.
Flora Robson is still to play Queen Elizabeth. Don't ask me why. For one thing, Flora is tall and dark, whereas Bess was shortish and fair, which may be one reason; and you can think of the other reasons for yourself.

It's all your fault—well, I've heard the stars say it, and you must put up with the consequences.
What I should like to see, of course, would be another Asquith, who is directing the picture, in these columns about change of title, you may be interested to hear that it is now to be called neither Queen Elizabeth nor Elizabeth of England, but Gloria.

A Kushy Job
The other Kipling film in production at the moment, Gaumont's Soldiers Three, has got well under way in India. The Gaumont-Brand British publicity wallahs are whooping with jubilation because some of the battle scenes are to be filmed in the famous Khyber Pass itself, and they are very proud of snow-topped Hindu-Kush. If that doesn't make it authentic, nothing will!
Yes, but what a pity that Paramount have already declared that some of the battle scenes in Lives of a Bengal Lancer were filmed in the famous Khyber Pass itself, under the very same snow-capped and authentic shadow! Why, by all that is slavish, must we always limp along a lap and a half behind Hollywood? Positively, we are me.

At any rate, we can at least hope with a fair amount of justification that the Cockney dialect and mannerings of Private Stanley Orkithers will be right, and not the horribly exaggerated affair that we so frequently encounter in Hollywood films dealing with our poor English.
I hope, devoutly, that this will indeed prove to be England's answer to Lives of a Bengal Lancer, and not just a bad answer. But I suggest that when it comes off there will be plenty of occasion for jubilation.

A Quarter-Century
And speaking of jubilation brings me by easy stages to the Jubilee.
Easily the most ambitious of the jubilee films (five, we are threatened with altogether) is taking shape very nicely down at Elstree, where B.I.P. are making Royal Jubilee.
It will attempt to show, largely by reconstruction in the studio, the main features of the twenty-five years of our King's reign, and the various incidents will be linked together by two means—by the "Destiny" waltz in the earlier sequences and later by the introduction of a George V. portrait. Incongruous as actual historical incidents are, we have been promised a number of one-twelfth scale, and a number of one-twentieth scale, we have been promised a number of one-twentieth scale.

For instance, a young couple are sheltering in an Underground during an air raid—a Tommy and a Tommy with their baby. To assure the child, daddy gives it the penny to play with. The Tommy, by the way, is played by Billy Watts, who only the other day was playing a Tommy in the reign of Queen Anne in Me and Marlborough. His young wife is played by Judy Kelly—who appeared to great advantage, I thought, in Things Are Looking Up.

Then in another part of the film John Mills, as a recruit embarking at Dover in 1914, is given a penny (the same penny) as a keepsake by his girl, Jane Baxter. But that doesn't save him.

A Magnificent Moment
Personally, I think in a film of this kind it's the proper place to mention of actual historical incidents that we are likely to find most interesting. For instance, one of the most inspiring events in British history is repeating itself down on the Essex coast. In the B.I.P. lot—the moment when Capt. Bates, of the Scott Antarctic Expedition, walked out into the snow to die in order to give his companions a sporting chance of survival, this proved beyond any possibility of contradiction the truth of the words "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

Austin Trevor plays Oates; Frank Vosper will be Scott.
If this film turns out as good as I think it's going to be, everyone in Great Britain and her colonies and Dominions will want to see it—and the rest of the world too.

A good deal of it will be concerned with the War; after all, that was not merely the biggest event of the reign, but the biggest (in point of magnitude) in history; but there will be plenty of other events as well. The King's first Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, the Coronation, the first Command Variety Performances, to mention but one, which has been announced the "Dying Swan"; we shall see Pear! Argyle doing that in the film.

The Suffragettes fighting for the Vote in pre-war days... the cinema of 1911... the arrest of the murderer Crippen by means of wireless... the beginnings of Jazz... the Black Bottom... the Charleston...

An Exciting Museum
We whose hair is either silver o'er or given to going grey, whose heart-strings tugged a bit by this picturisation of what was happening when we were young and foolish and life was our oyster. You who still have your own schoolboy-complexions will regard it as a kind of a museum of antiquities... but a fascinating one, or I miss my guess.

The story of Johnson's Stores, now being directed by Leslie Hiscott at Twickenham?
Yes? It turns, as so many films do, on a case of mistaken identity. (How is it I never get mistaken for Lloyd George or the Pope or anybody? It's always happening to these film heroes.)

Anyway, two young men come to work in Johnson's Stores; one is an ex-convict (played by Jack Melford) and the other a nephew of the ex-convict. The rascally manager (Garry Marsh) mistakes each for the other, and spends all his time trying to geld the wrong man the secret of his deprivations.

What happens? See it, see it.
SMARTER . . .

because Cutex shades are perfected by the world's manicure authority . . .

WOMEN have been asking, "Why are the lovely Cutex shades so 'right'"? The explanation is that all Cutex shades are developed and perfected by the World's Manicure Authority.

Cutex Liquid Polish is in a wide colour range, so it is easy to choose the correct shade for each costume. You'll enjoy working out your own individual colour combinations. And, of course, this is the whole point of nail tinting — to vary your nail tint with your gown.

Never once will you find Cutex Liquid Polish streaking or fading, like ordinary polishes. It goes on more smoothly and easily, and gives you a lovely, lasting lustre. Always insist on Cutex.

NINE LOVELY CUTEK SHADES—
NATURAL PINK PEARL PEACH • CORAL CARDINAL RUBY ROSE WHITE PEARL COLOURLESS

VARY THEM WITH YOUR GOWN!

For the perfect manicure: Cutex Cuticle Remover. Your favourite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish — Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Lastly, a Cutex Nail White Pencil. Cutex preparations are obtainable at chemists, stores and hairdressers.

THE LONG-LASTING LIQUID POLISH

CUTEX

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

No more laddered stockings!

A 6d. packet of PRUFOSE will make twelve pairs of stockings absolutely ladder-proof. Prufose is easy to use and invisible on the stockings. Try it for your silk underwear, too. Send 6d. direct to Prufose Ltd. (Dept. P.), Carlton House, 11d Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1

Guarantee If you are not satisfied with the results of using Prufose return the envelope (with the remainder) to us and we will refund your money.

THE PERFECT SETTING MEDIUM FOR YOUR LOVELY WAVES AND CURLS

Camilatone LUSTRSET • from Hairdressers and Chemists Everywhere •

THIRTY-THREE SETTINGS IN EVERY 1/3' TUBE • TWO KINDS: 'LUSTRSET' FOR GREASY HAIR • 'LUSTRSET HIGH GLOSS' FOR DRY HAIR

VICK LOZENGES

Much better—lasts longer.

KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE

Of all Chemists and Stores — UNQUESTIONABLY!

for HOARSENESS

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.

6d.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

IMPROPER FILM BILLING
Unfair both to Fans and Stars

Joan Crawford minus mouth, mouth, and more mouth.
Paul Lukas minus foreign accent.
John Barrymore minus the eyebrow quirk.
Constance Bennett minus that "kneel before me, slave" look.
Miss L. Scott, 43 Robert Street, Plumstead, S.E.18.

In Defence of Shirley

Wm. Taylor seems to me to be making a mountain out of a molehill.
Can he save one out of Shirley Temple being a "bad example"? How many adults do we know of, personally, who have been bored? I feel that Shirley Temple is being, or will be, pampered.
Myself, I think that this child is a new and refreshing personality, one who has been welcomed and who is loved by children and adults alike. It is a change to see small boys and girls, who jip up and down with glee at the spectacle of men being mown down with machine-guns (see any war film), who eagerly ask the first-comers: "Is it a gangster?" now bounce with delight when she appears, and who whistle excitedly: "Oh, Shirley Temple! Shirley Temple!", when the name magic appears. —Temple Bell, 47 Cumelyon Road, Blaina, Mon.

How on earth Mr. Taylor managed to award a Wm. Taylor's Shirley Temple letter first prize rules were that the "Little Miss Marker" is being, or will be, pampered.

After 2 Years' Baldness

NOw THIS NEW THICK GROWTH

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Koltalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I have a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since." —H. A. White.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new heads of hair by using Koltalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling sweat and poisonous and malodorous gases, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

Koltalko TRUE HAIR GROWER

Koltalko is supplied by Boots, Timothy White, Taylors, and all Chawki and Stores. For box, 2/6 and 1/12/6. Koltalko Soap, 1/6.

TEST BOX COUPON

To John Hart, Brittain, Ltd., 9 Percy Street [MAP] London, W.1 Please send me, post paid, Testing Packets of Koltalko and Koltalko Root with directions, for which I enclose fivepence in stamps.

Name...

Address...

March 16, 1935

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1, 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting entries to 'The Thinker' and also one letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "The Thinker", "The Picturegoer" Weekly, 34A Acr. W.C.1.
"DANDERINE" insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings and oil tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness.

When you have had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place.

Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean, but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's no trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it.

You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Verse GOER every 31 days, wave its magic to save your hair. Be desirable. And romance will come your way.

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM

D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, used regularly, gives that delicate soft bloom of youth to your skin. Clean the pores with it thoroughly each night, and your skin is rejuvenated while you sleep.

Does your present cold cream do this for you? If it does, don't change. If it doesn't, change to D. & R.—and, after that, you'll never change.

D. & R. Beauty Creams in tubes, 6d., and 1/- jars at 1/-d. and 2/6. Skin tonic 1/6, 2/6d.

SAMPLE OFFER
Send 1/-d. in stamps with your name and address to Stemco Ltd., (Dept.A13) 126 Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1, for sample D. & R. Beauty Creams.

New loveliness for your hair is born in the foaming lather of Macdonald Shampoo—a beauty all the more wonderrful since you never dreamed it was there.

For years, "tired tone" (loss of texture) has robbed every precious strand of its right to beauty. Let Macdonald Shampoo bring a gleaming vitality to your hair, with the promise that your next Permanent Wave will last much longer—because Macdonald does what no other Shampoo can do, IT POSITIVE-LY INCREASES THE CURLING POWER OF THE HAIR.

THE FIRST PERFECT AND COMPLETE SHAMPOO
Macdonald Shampoo with its new constituents discovered by brilliant Macdonald Chemists, cleanses perfectly and gives you a country sheen to your hair. Get a packet to-day from your chemist or hairdresser... 6d. No special rinse is required except cool warm water.

12 YEARS' TERRIBLE PAIN WITH GASCRISIS

What must a man think who, after 12 years of terrible gastric pain and after trying everything else, takes a 1/- bottle as a "trial" only to find it cures him completely! Just read this quite unsolicited letter from Mr. C. Windes, of Titchfield, Hants.

"During the past twelve years I have suffered very badly from Gastritis, sometimes having to nearly starve myself for as much as a month at a time, only to start suffering again as soon as I started work. After trying nearly all the remedies shown in shop windows, a chemist advised a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, 1/3 size as a trial. I feel it my duty to let you know that it was not only a trial but a cure. I can eat more for one meal now than I could eat in any week during the past twelve years and do a hard day's work as well. I shall never fail to recommend Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to anyone who suffers with gastric trouble as I know what a terrible pain it is."

Get a bottle to-day, but do not accept an inferior substitute to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold alone, but only in 1/-, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.
Let GEORGE DO IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your inquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any question regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTCRUGER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired, a stamped-address envelope must be enclosed.

March 16, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Trust your Lips to L'ORÉLÉ

The duo-lasting lipsticks

Lips of healthy youth—lips that have been rejuvenated by the soothing qualities of L'ORÉLÉ—are possible for all women.

L'ORÉLÉ is a better lipstick—better in its new transparent, lasting colours—better in texture—better because it acts as a balm to the most sensitive lips, while it adds to their charm.

Then trust your lips to L'ORÉLÉ as all these stars are doing.

L'ORÉLÉ SHADES

1. Delusive
2. Mariquid
3. Flammé
4. Scarlet Pirnpemmel
5. Cerise
6. Carmene
7. Cinema (Photo red)

Price
2/6 5/-
Obtainable at all Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.


All the latest effects in Crochet are shown photographically in "Crochet To-Day." With this new instructive leaflet you will find it easy to make the smartest collars and cuffs, gloves and handbags. Send for your copy now! 2d. post free from Dept. R.A.19, J. & P. Coats Ltd., Paisley, Scotland.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

...and so are the other artists in the famous film "The Scarlet Pirnpemmel."...
Her first—and last job

MOTHER - I'VE GOT THAT JOB IN LONDON

DARLING - I WISH YOU THE VERY BEST OF LUCK

YOU SHOULD USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE - IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

I LIKE LONDON - BUT THIS STUFFY OFFICE IS ALREADY SPOILING MY COMPLEXION

THAT NEW GIRL IS VERY SMART

YES - IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE HER ABOUT

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

MOTHER - THE OFFICE MANAGER HAS ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM

I'M NOT SURPRISED - YOU LOOK LOVELIER THAN EVER - AND I HOPE HE'S NICE

It's the people who live in cities and spend their days in stuffy offices whose complexities really need the help which Knight's Castile can give. The freely creaming lather of Knight's Castile has the same effect on the skin as the pure air of the country - it revives and stimulates the vital beauty glands. Without this the clear glow of true skin health soon fades as the skin becomes "tired." But Knight's Castile - costing only fourpence a tablet - will guard your skin against air, and give you a lasting lovely complexion.

Knight's Castile
TOILET SOAP
JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED - SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

KC 1594-468
Leave it to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

LOCAL fat can be just as much of a nuisance as general overweight. Perfect proportions are rare, and so many suffer from just a few superfluous inches here or there.

Fat legs and ankles are a great blow to one's self-esteem, for they cannot always be hidden under a long skirt. Reducing them is easy, but it can be done with great patience and persistence — that is if the inches are due to mere excess and not to blackness of bone. In the latter case, there is nothing to do but grin and bear it, and, of course, wear dark stockings for camouflage.

The methods of reduction are three. Massage with a reducing cream; the application of a reducing lotion; exercises. Whether one or all of them are employed, the treatment must be persistent. It is impossible to bring about a reduction in a few days.

Choice of shoes is of great importance. Many ankles and legs are not so fat as strained and swollen from the wrong type of footwear. Extremely high heels nearly always mean thick ankles. The foot is forced into an unnatural position and the flexibility of the ankle is reduced, only low heels will often have the same effect. Try to secure the happy medium with a heel of reasonable height, broad enough in the base to support the body and allow the ball of the foot to rest comfortably on the ground. A heel with too great a slope is also a mistake, and places a great strain on the ankle, which all the time is trying to adjust itself.

Weak ankles which turn over easily are also subject to swelling. In such cases the greatest care should be taken, and the shoes the are repaired the moment they show unsweneness of wear.

Weak ankles gain their benefit from nightly bathing with sea salt and water. A cold compress placed around the ankles while the feet are placed in a cushion is both a relief and a means of reducing. After wards the ankles should be given a friction of olive oil and a sponging.

When the better weather comes there is nothing like barefoot exercise on the lawn or bare feet on them. Skipping is the simplest form. If you do not like to do this with absolutely bare feet, wear heel-less slippers. But the action of sun and air on the feet is necessary. Our feet have far too little of both.

Reduction

When a reducing cream is being used, it must be spread over flesh, then the ankle should be grasped with both hands, thumbs inside, fingers outside. The massage should be really searching, the fingers kneading deeply.

Next, massage the calves, the hands being drawn upwards towards the knees, the thumbs lying side by side on the shin. Again let the fingers search the flesh, wringing and kneading it.

The movement begins as the last one, with drawing the hands up towards the knees, using consider- able pressure. Then the hands should be brought down again with pressure relaxed. All the movements should be repeated on each ankle alternately.

Weak Arches

Weak arches tend to give the ankles an unshapely contour. In successful cases, it is most of them constitutional. Obviously, these causes must be dealt with — and they are subjects for a doctor and not a beauty correspondent. But puffiness that comes from over-tiredness and strain may be relieved by bathing them, which some witch hazel has been added. This has an astringent effect. Where the puffiness is less, putting on ankle a smart patting massage will do good. Take one of those cheap shoes trees that are sold in the draper shops. Pad the toe and allowing the metal part a certain amount of springiness, smartly tap the flesh.

Puffy Ankles

Puffiness of the ankles arises from several causes, most of them constitutional. Obviously, these causes must be dealt with — and they are subjects for a doctor and not a beauty correspondent. But puffiness that comes from over-tiredness and strain may be relieved by bathing them, which some witch hazel has been added. This has an astringent effect. Where the puffiness is less, putting on ankle a smart patting massage will do good. Take one of those cheap shoes trees that are sold in the draper shops. Pad the toe and allowing the metal part a certain amount of springiness, smartly tap the flesh.

Answers to Correspondents

Regular Reader (Margaret).—Massage your legs with warm olive oil. Then soap well and rub in the latter with a rubber-bristled brush. Rinse, dry, and apply bawdy and almond cream. Regular treatment will soon improve the texture of the skin.

Dawn.—So sorry, your letter is far too lengthy for reply here. Send a stamped envelope for a postal reply, repeating your query.

Margaret (Hall) and Darnall (Sheffield).—Please send an envelope for reply.

Peggy (Sharkey Wood).—Have you tried Smartwear? I can strongly recommend their styles and materials. You can get an account with them and draw really well on ten shillings a month. They do not ask for references. Write to them at Smartwear, Ltd., 267-271 Regent Street, London, W.I.

Esther (Cardiff).—Here is the recipe

Black velvet with a gold metal stripe is used for this gown worn by James Baxter in "Enchanted April." Note the tiny detached sleeves and velvet cape lined with gold cloth and fastened with a diamond brooch. See and read all about the screen's coming fashions in our March 30 issue.

5/- ALBUM FREE

On joining the Club you are presented with a magnificent Album to hold 300 cards. The cover res-embles hand-coloured and the oval given piece of hand-coloured and the oval given piece of hand-coloured and the oval given piece of hand-coloured art work is a perfect finishing touch to your Club Scrapbooks. Complete list of these and other postcards are on request.

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John Syron
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Henry Smith
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Sally Elston
Carl Emanuel
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Earl Evans
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CHOICE YOUR "PICTUREGOER" Postcards from this list—real photographs, glossy finish, hand-coloured: Ss. each, 3s. 6d. dozen. Available to members only. (Postcards Club for free). Complete list of these and other postcards are on request.

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Katharine Hepburn
Anna Nelligo
Richard Barthelmess
Boris Karloff
June Foster
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Sybil Sidney
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POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY


Please enclose as a number of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and you will receive the free postcard. Card and full particulars of discount, etc., in January orders. A member for one year only. Send name and address to "PICTUREGOER" Postcards, glossy finish, 10 for 1s. 6d. with name.

Please include with your order any new 5s. Free Postcard Album, and we will send you name to cover of postage and postage on my gift.

NAME.
ADDRESS...
P.O. No.-----------------

Amount.

Overseas readers should enclose 2s. 6d. extra to cover packing and postage.

Create 7s. 6d. and make payable to "PICTUREGOER."

N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be admitted to the Club on any new card, but it may be chargedable.

March 16, 1935

NEXT WEEK

Another Fine Free Supplement

"FORSKING ALL OTHERS"

A magnificent sixteen-page souvenir supplement of the M.G.M. master- pieces, "Forsaking All Others," will be printed Free to every reader inside every copy of next week's "Picturegoer," out, Thursday, March 21.

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable have already proved themselves the screen's greatest team. With the addition of Robert Montgomery the greatest triumvirate of all has been created.

This grand Souvenir is packed with lovely pictures and tells you all about Crawford and her screen co-stars. It gives a wealth of little-known information about the film itself and its making.

Make sure of next week's "Picturegoer" by ordering your copy at once.
The Picturegoer’s” Great £1-1-0 Jubilee Presentation to every one of its readers

The SILVER JUBILEE BOOK

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS RESERVATION FORM

It must be received by NOT later than first post Saturday, March 30

THE SILVER JUBILEE BOOK
The Story of 25 Eventful Years in Pictures

The Label below will be used for sending you your Presentation Voucher. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in Block Letters and affix halfpenny stamp to space provided.

PICTUREGOER, S. L., 47 GREAT EUSTON ST, LONDON, W.C.1

I apply, in accordance with your offer, for “The Silver Jubilee Book”—The Story of 25 Eventful Years in Pictures. Please reserve a volume in my name and send me an Official Presentation Voucher. I have indicated below the Edition—Ordinary or De Luxe—I require.

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ORDINARY EDITION—DE LUXE EDITION

A MARVELLOUS PICTURE PAGEANT

THE NATION’S LIFE

from

1910 to 1935

POST FORMS ABOVE AT ONCE

A beautiful double-page frontispiece and photograph of the King and Queen, and contains a vast and valuable collection of intimate studies of the Royal Family taken during the past 25 years.

An outstanding feature is the section devoted to the World War, which is graphically described by a unique collection of War pictures from the Imperial War Museum.

The book measures 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide, and weighs nearly 3 lb. There are two beautiful Editions, The Ordinary Edition is produced in stiff covers bound in magnificent Scarlet Art. Leather. The title is embossed in REAL 22 CARAT GOLD on the spine. The front cover is richly embossed. This Edition is enhanced by the addition of coloured dustproof top edges. For this superb De Luxe Edition you send only 3s. 6d., plus 1s. to cover packing in special carton, carriage, insurance, etc.

Both Editions have specially designed end-papers printed in Jubilee Blue and Silver.

All you have to do now is to fill in the Reservation Form above and send it in at once, together with the Label, bearing a halfpenny stamp. BE SURE TO INDICATE WHICH EDITION YOU WANT—DE LUXE OR ORDINARY—THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY NOW WITH THE FORMS.

Upon receipt of your Reservation Form and Label, “The Picturegoer” will send you your Jubilee Voucher entitling you to take advantage of this Presentation; you then send in your remittance, and your volume—now on the press—will be dispatched to you the moment it is ready. ACT NOW! POST FORMS ABOVE AT ONCE.
FANCY AFGALAINE
FROCK BARGAIN
K.400. This charming Frock
is made in fancy check weave
Afghan lace with braided
in front to give a soft effect.
The 5 dress buttons down
center in every size offer
a stage further, and the dainty
Organza collar, with frilled
edging, finishes a well-made
and attractive garment.

Send now and judge value
at home.

Sizes: SW. 44, 46; W. 46, 48,
40; X. 48. (W. X. extra.)
Colours: Tomato, Sage, Martina
Green, Light Navy, Cedar
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Full Price: K.9.11
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1/2 deposit.
Monthly instal-
ments of 2/-
WITH ORDER.

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for the Bargain you want enclose with
Full Name (Mrs. or Miss) and Address and
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Ordering and Irish Free State full cash only.
Please use P.O. Stamps if in doubt. Write
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Waist...

(Hips)...

AMBROSE WILSON LTD.
273 AMBRO HOUSE
60, VAXHALL BRIDGE RD.
LONDON SW1.

Sally was afraid of losing Romance

Coming to tea next Sunday, Mum and Dad want to meet you.

A friend's advice: Jack's mother kept looking at my rough hands when I was there. She said:

People do, you know. Why don't you smooth on a little 'Vaseline' jelly every night? It keeps them soft and white, and America uses 4½ a jar.

3 weeks later:

I do love to see you children, so happy!

Vaseline Petroleum Jelly

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

THE soft olive-green colour, so characteristic of Palmolive Soap, is due entirely to the olive and palm oils from which it is made. Palmolive is a pure vegetable oil soap, containing no artificial colouring. That is why 20,000 beauty specialists have recommended the daily use of Palmolive as the best form of natural cleansing.

They all agree that natural cleansing with soap and water is the only way to preserve that youthful skin which everyone admires, and Palmolive, of all soaps, is best suited for that purpose on account of its purity.

Expensive beauty treatments are not necessary, for a tablet of Palmolive provides a beauty treatment every time you wash. Bathe your skin in Palmolive's rich, abundant lather and give it the full benefit of its beautifying oils.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream is an ideal foundation for your powder and make-up. It leaves the skin unbelievably smooth.

D. & R. Perfect Beauty Creams, in tubes, 6d. and 1/-. and in jars, 1/3 and 2/6. Skin Tonic 1/- and 2/6

SAMPLE OFFER

Send 1/- in stamps with your name and address in sealed envelope for sample tubes of D. & R. Beauty Creams to Stenco Ltd., Dept. A13, 128 Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

Camilatone: of course!

The finest medium for setting your lovely waves and curls from Hairdressers and Chemists Everywhere.

Thirty-three settings in every 1/3 tube. Two kinds: 'Lustrset' for greasy hair. 'Lustrset High Gloss' for dry hair.
A MEDICAL DISCOVERY of Vital Interest TO WOMEN

Freedom from the periodic feeling of illness and discomfort that most women have to endure is now assured. Days in bed, inability to work or play at this time, are now eliminated from feminine life by the discovery of a German Scientist. His prescription, which is a combination of vegetable derivatives, has produced results which can only be described as amazing.

It is available under the name of KLX Brand Tablets.

KLX Brand Tablets are not a secret remedy. The formula was communicated to the medical profession before the tablets were manufactured. It will be found on every box.

KLX Brand Tablets are supplied by Chemists in boxes of twelve, which constitute four days' normal treatment, and the price is 2/6d.

Rutherford, the cost of relief (administered in the form of injection) has been so high that only wealthy women could afford it.

Now every woman can benefit.

Many who have tried remedy after remedy and despair of ever finding real relief have found it in KLX Brand Tablets. Be sure to ask your chemist about them.

KLX BRAND TABLETS
REGISTERED

TRADE MARK
British Made
British Owned

MICHAEL HART & COMPANY LIMITED
21 Cavendish Square, London, W.1

KLXI-P-30

PICTUREGOER Weekly

MOST MEN DETEST

A Painted Lock

Nobody likes a girl to look painted and artificial. The way to be popular and sought after is to take care of your skin, to make it radiate the truest tints of natural youth.

It's easy—if you follow the Outdoor Girl 5-minute Way to Beauty. For Outdoor Girl Beauty Products are in every corner of the world bring you an age-old secret—Olive Oil! Olive Oil to rejuvenate your skin, to keep it smooth and wrinkle-free, to give it the satiny texture men adore.

Get a box of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder to-day. Even a 6d. box will convince you that it's the smoothest face powder you ever used, yet it clings and clings and clings. You are as immaculately fresh at night as when you start out in the morning.

Try Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick, too, for the perfect harmony of makeup, and Outdoor Girl Nail Polishers to be the finishing touch.

Outdoor Girl Beauty Products are amazingly inexpensive. For the past few years only the wealthy could afford them, but now the identical quality is obtainable in handkerchief sizes as low as 6d., other sizes up to 3/-6. Buy a small size and be convinced. Unless you agree it is the best you have ever used, send it back and we will refund its cost, plus postage.

FREE SAMPLE sent Post Free

Send a card for a generous free sample (one week's supply) of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder in the fashionable new Everglades shade which abounds with every complexion, to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. 205), 32 City Road, London, E.C.1.

OUTDOOR GIRL BEAUTY PRODUCTS

CARL CUTS A DASH!

New Hand Coloured Portrait

"Have you seen my Colourgraph Postcards? That is the question of the hour when postcard collections are being examined for something 'extra special'! "Picturegoer" Colourgraph Postcards are expertly coloured by hand, real photographs, glossy finish. Particularly dashing and handsome is Carl Esmond in his blue uniform slashed with gold. "Colourgraphs" make every star a picture. Get them without delay. Not only are "Colourgraph" Postcards a class by themselves, but they are actually cheaper provided you are a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club. To join, all you need do is to send an order for less than one dozen Colourograph or other Postcards, at the regular price of 2/6 dozen, Liberal discounts on all subsequent orders.

5/- ALBUM FREE

On joining the Club you are presented free with a magnificent 5/- Album to hold 300 cards of all types, in all classes, in all price ranges, in all classes of merit, and all classes of cost. The handsome pages are a perfect background for your cherished treasured collection.

Choose your "Colourgraph" Postcards from this list; real photographs, glossy finish, hand coloured. 3d. each, 2/6 dozen, available to members and non-members. Complete list of these and other postcards on request.

Hustler J. (Paddock, Head of the) Ley Fern Leaf Lettuce Head Lorry

Bobby Moore Head Paddy Lingo

Elizabeth Besinger Head kids Kit Finger

Bob Hope Head Olive Green

Carl Esmond Head Janet Gwynne

Cherri Brook Head Charles Dansdoes

Nancy Carroll Head Harry Brown

Patricia Thompson Head Daisy Wyton

Bruce Cash Head Mayo Minor

Burt Macklin Head Harry Brown

Ronald Colman Head Zinnia Light

Gladys Cooper Head Dulcy Joy

Pat Rice Head Evelyn Joyce

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Tom McCoy Head Robert Morgan

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March 23, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

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March 23, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly
Who is ANNE SHIRLEY?

See her in L.M. MONTGOMERY'S EVERGREEN CLASSIC 'ANNE OF GREEN GABLES'

*AT THE CAPITOL· HAYMARKET

* Turn to page 7 for details of Grand £50 Competition
The Gangster Cycle Revived

"Public Enemy" Series

Those of us who rashly imagined that the screen gangsters had been finally "bumped off" will have to think again.

There are, as a matter of fact, distinct signs of a revival of the cycle.

The new series will, however, differ from its predecessors in that they will glorify the policeman.

Most of the stories will deal with America's recently late and unlaunched "public enemies." One of them, Dr. Socrates, is based on the disguising of a criminal by a face-lifting operation, and one producer has even gone so far as to test players who have a physical resemblance to John Dillinger.

Cagney Goes Back to Crime

It is expected that over twelve pictures with similar themes will be offered within the next three months.

James Cagney goes back to gangsterdom in The Farrell Gag at Warner's. Jack Holt is to be featured with him.

It was the Columbia studio that restarted the cycle with The Whole Town's Talking. Paramount retaliated by buying Federal Dick.

United Artists have scheduled Washington Correspondent, a similar type of story, and Radio and M-G-M are also in the market for crime themes.

Garbo's New Leading Man

So Basil Rathbone is to be Garbo's leading man in Anna Karenina. Or is it to be Gyles Isham after all? There is still some mystery. In the early days of talkies Rathbone looked like becoming the Valentino of the new medium. He played opposite Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer among others.

Also cast in Anna Karenina is young Freddie Bartholomew, for whom Metro is planning to do big things.

Freddie is in a less enviable position than the average child actor. While few of them lead natural lives, even the limited normalcy of a screen child is denied him. It has been found that an English child of Freddie's age quickly drops his British manner of speech if exposed to outside influences.

During the making of Copperfield the lad was closely guarded so that he would not come in contact with the neighborhood children and change his accent.

His aunt and the State-appointed welfare worker and tutor were about his only associates, and an assistant director was instructed to keep him always in view and away from the other youthful performers in the picture.

British Humour and U.S.

Jack Hulbert is now being billed in the States as "the greatest comedy find since Chaplin," but I wonder if we will ever be able to educate Americans into liking British screen comedy.

Some of the New York critics have been far from kind to Jack Ahey, which has only just reached the transatlantic screens.

One of them, Andre Sennwald, of The New York Times, devotes a couple of columns or so to analysing the whole question of what he describes as "the low estate of British comedy."

"The British film-makers have created definite if somewhat minor dents in the American market with their straight-forward dramatic and costume pictures, but their earnest efforts to retail the English brand of screen slapstick in this country have not, to phrase it delicately, been successful," he writes. "The grim and dogged refusal of American audiences to be dumped into the aisles by the buffoonies from Blighty is perhaps the most conspicuous phenomenon of the Anglo-American cinema situation.

"Apparently the American barbarian can be led to British screen comedies, but he cannot be forced to laugh."

(Continued on page 6.)
"Ancient Nifties"

Gettmg down to brass tacks as far as Jack Ahoy is concerned, Mr. Sennwald makes a complaint that has frequently appeared in these columns. We have, in fact, been warning British producers for years against allowing their leading comedians—and comediennesto do their stage acts instead of legitimate comedy characterizations.

"Beginning at the beginning," says the eminent New York critic, "I noted the comic gaps that made up the humorous skeleton of Jack Ahoy.

In approximate order, up to the moment I signed and put up an anecdote in the book, I discovered these ancient nifties: (1) The episode in which Mr. Hulbert, during the business of shaving the admiral, brandishes his razor so recklessly that the admiral becomes convinced that the fellow really is an escaped lunatic and attempts to pacify him; (2) the item in the same scene wherein Mr. Hulbert knocks over a bottle of ink, accidentally places his hand in the mess, and subsequently, during the process of shaving the admiral, places his smudged hand on the admiral's shining bald pate, which, when turned to the camera, reveals the imprint of a human face; (3) the episode in which Mr. Hulbert slips on a cake of soap, crashes to the deck, and slides overboard; and (4) the episode in which the sinister Chinamen force Mr. Hulbert and his companion to inhale doped cigarettes, with elaborate business thereafter intended to suggest the exotic effects of the narcotic on the victims.

Back to Sennett

"The kindest remark you can make about humour of that vintage is that it was still rather amusing when Harold Lloyd employed it ten years ago, although it enjoyed its major efflorescence on the screen when Mack Sennett first dug it up for the new-fangled motion pictures just before the war.

"The most striking feature of British screen humour, as it has been vouchsafed to American filmgoers, is its total absence both of personal style and of what, for lack of an equally inclusive word, we may call a soul."

"When Jack Hulbert or Sonnie Hale, the two English comedians, have been presented most frequently to American audiences, take the floor, they create the principal impression of two law-abiding gentlemen who are making a very honest and very willing attempt to be as funny as possible. You may dissect their behaviour in vain for any semblance of personal character or universal truth. "Instead you encounter a slapdash blur, a slightly hysterical desperation, an embarrassing sum of foolish noise.

"The only perceptible theory or quality of understanding resident in their work is the principle that the merriment of an audience multiplies in direct proportion to the labour of the performer. In short, the louder the funnier."

Hulbert and Huston

Mr. Sennwald, incidentally, tells a story, in which he sees some significance, of Jack Hulbert's recent visit to America to acquaint himself with the reasons for the local apathy towards British screen comedy.

At one of the film gatherings he attended, Walter Huston recited a humorous anecdote about a pair of American vaudevillians in London.

"When Mr. Huston concluded his story, the gathering burst into spontaneous laughter, with the single exception of Mr. Hulbert, who looked about him with profound astonishment at the hilarity of his American friends," the writer relates. "It is probable that Mr. Hulbert still believes that the laughter was a sort of practical joke intended to puzzle the visiting Englishmen."

Love Insurance

The height of something or other seems to have been reached by Bette Davis' new contract with the Warner studio. Bette has signed an agreement not to seek a divorce within three years. Miss Davis is married to Harmon O. Nelson, a musician.

We seem to remember not so long ago when one of Bette's options came round that she solemnly agreed not to lose any weight or change her coiffure or something of the sort.

However, the idea seems to have possibilities.

Character Actors' Prosperity

Lack of sufficient leading men in pictures is making the present a boom time for character men; never in the history of movies have character actors been able to command such high salaries, reports Variety.

A weekly salary of $1,500 is not unusual, on at least a two weeks' guarantee at that figure, for such players as C. Aubrey Smith, Dudley Dugges, Arthur Byron, Eugene Palette, Lumsden Hare, J. Farrell MacDonald, J. C. Nugent, Donald Crisp, Reginald Owen, Frank and Ralph Morgan, O. P. Heggie, Henry Stephenson, Robert McWade, Warner Oland, Joseph Cawthorn, Lionel Atwill, Sidney Toler, and others.

The highest salary paid to any free-lance player is to Adolph Menjou, who gets $5,000 weekly.

Edward Everett Horton and Ned Sparks, who receive an average of $3,500 per week, must have

a two-week guarantee on all pictures and are seldom "between pictures."

The studios claim that shortage of male leads make it necessary to build up character parts both for the screen and the theatre marquee.

Why Francis Left

The new screen team of Katharine Hepburn and Francis Lederer is among the major casualties of the week.

They were to have co-starred in *Break of Hearts*. However, after a few days of production, Mr. Lederer "walked out."

The Czech-Slovakian sex-appeal king is by way of being a pacifist, but not when it comes to lines and camera angles.

Miss Hepburn, as the undisputed queen of the Radio lot, was, be considered, getting all the advantages. George Raft was recently engaged in a similar martial enterprise in opposition to Carole Lombard, his co-star in *Rumba*.

Kinema Codes

The Kinema Codes competition was tried as an experiment, and it has not proved to be a successful one. I am afraid that we will have to give it best. The response, in comparison to kinema couplets, was very poor, while duplication of codes has made judging almost impossible.

I will have to think of something else. In the meanwhile with the Anne Shirley contest, announced in this feature to-day, and the Gold Medal Ballot coming off shortly you will have something to keep you busy.

---

**OVER £50 IN PRIZES**

Select an Anne Shirley Slogan

With the West End pre-release of *Anne of Green Gables*, a new star is born.

Anne Shirley, formerly Dawn O'Day, who took her *nom de screen* from the principal character of the famous Montgomery story, is a young actress plus a little something that other young actresses haven't got. In *Anne of Green Gables*, Anne has turned in the most ingratiating characterisation since the golden days of Mary Pickford as "the World's Sweetheart."

Not beautiful, or pretty, according to publicity "stil" standards, she has personality, acting skill built upon considerable experience, despite her age, and an ability to photograph a great deal younger than her sixteen years. Her *Anne of Green Gables* is a charming portrayal.

Because PICTUREGOER Weekly believes in Anne's future, we are co-operating with Radio Pictures, Ltd., in finding a slogan to describe the studio's newest star.

Over Fifty Pounds in prizes are offered in this competition.

Write your Anne Shirley slogan on a postcard and address it to: "Anne Shirley Competition," PICTUREGOER Weekly, 83 Long Acre, W.C.2. Here are examples:

*The New World's Sweetheart.*
*The Ugly Duckling With It.*
*The Girl With The Winning Ways.*

PICTUREGOER offers a first prize of £25.

A second prize of £10.
A third prize of £5.
Twenty prizes of £1.
Fifty copies of the book, "Anne of Green Gables."

Here is this week's prize list in the kinema codes contest:

First prize of half a guinea:—
D. Mahoney, 5 Craig Street, Pontypool, Glam., for:
*The Biography of a Bachelor Girl Annals.*

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
Miss D. N. Barker, 3 Green Walks, Prestwick, Manchester, for:
*Annie Leave The Room*
Annex.

L. G. Charrett, 40 Strathmore Road, Horfield, Bristol, 7, for:

Anne Shirley enacts a scene from the future. The sixteen-year-old Radio Pictures' star has started a Green Gables Boarding Club Fund, to which she intends to add each week. The club will be for deserving child film players.

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back Knock-out.

PICTUREGOER Reader, 51 Rokey Terrace, Heaton-on-Tyne, for:
*The Biography of a Bachelor Girl Ego.*

Mrs. S. Ellison, 26 Bransford Road, Higher Openshaw, Manchester, for:
*Are You a Mason?*

Lodging.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
An informal study of the talented young Irish colleen who acquits herself with credit in the brilliantly acted "David Copperfield." Brown, loose woven wool creates the smartly tailored shirt waist dress Maureen is wearing. A brown beret and bag and brown and white shoes complete the ensemble.
Hop on an aerobus with "Picturegoer's" British studio correspondent and take a look at the British Hollywood of twenty-five years hence.

Here's an opportunity no one should miss—a double trip, to Elstree and to the future.

Who's coming to see the British Hollywood in 1940? Everybody? Right! We'll need a whole fleet of aerobuses, but there's plenty of parking-space there.

We embark, of course, on the Thames at Charing Cross Pier; in thirty seconds we're clear of the water... and in seven and a half minutes we are circling above the 3,000-acre estate which the National-Conservative-Liberal-Socialist-Communist Government set aside for film-making fifteen years ago—in 1929.

As we descend, take a bird's-eye glance at this town that has sprung up and developed and matured in the last fifteen years. The enormous concrete block of buildings in the centre comprises, of course, the studios themselves. Not far away, are the laboratories and workshops; and round about are the blocks of residential flats, the streets of shops, the swimming-baths, the football and cricket grounds, and the kinemas which serve this self-contained community of film-makers.

We are landing now—vertically, of course. You didn't realise the engines were shut off; The modern aero-engine is so silent that you wouldn't notice it. Anyway, it wouldn't do to have it otherwise, for the aerodrome is right in the centre of the factory-area, and a film-factory is no different from any other in its insistence on absolute silence. Fifty duchels is the greatest volume of sound permitted here. This, of course, is to protect the nerves of the workers and eliminate strain and fatigue.

You find it uncannily quiet; you'll soon grow accustomed to that. In our rubber-soled shoes, we cross the enclosure to the reception-office, and are met by the greeter on duty, who takes us down a long corridor to the studio.

Come right in; there is no red light to enjoin silence, for the simple reason that microphone and camera do not work together any more. We'll see why presently. Meanwhile, you'll notice that though this building is, of course, air-conditioned, it is not sound-proofed; in fact, we've gone right back to the "silent" days, as far as the actual shooting is concerned.

"Notice those people 'doing their stuff' in front of the camera?" our guide asks. "Recognise any of them?" For a simple reason that they are all new to the screen. It's against modern practice to employ the same player more than once—it destroys the illusion. Besides, we don't call them 'players' any more. They're 'types.'"

"You see, in 1943 film actors' salaries went up to such an outrageous figure that the film producers of the world took a united stand against them. There was a strike of actors, which resulted in the experiment of using 'types' instead. This was followed by such an enormous increase in film-going that the practice has been continued ever since. Notice we don't use grease-paint; The idea is to put human beings on the screen, not puppets."

"And what happened to the actors?" we ask.

"Oh, they all returned to the stage. There was such a boom in the theatre following the introduction of cheap television in 1939 that there's room for all of them. Come along and I'll show you something that didn't exist in your days—the Sonnarium.

We accompany him into a long, light, airy room, where men and women are watching strips of silent film passing slowly through microfoles, and as they watch they make careful notes on writing-pads.

"They are noting the speech and incidental sound required," our guide explains. "Watch what happens to their notes."

One of the women "sound-trackers" slips her note into a clip on an endless band, and it is carried to a girl who sits in front of a machine like a huge typewriter, through which passes a long strip of white paper.

She clips up the note where she can see it easily and begins to play a solo on her weird instrument, but when she strikes a key, instead of a letter or a figure appearing on her paper a curious zigzag mark appears, making a continuous but irregular zigzag line along the paper, similar to the sound-track on a talking-film.

Each one of those peaks and valleys represents a sound, our guide explains, "some music, some the human voice, and so on. These will be greatly reduced in size, and transferred to celluloid, to be combined with the pictures to make a talking film. "Background noises," such as cheering crowds, railway trains, and so on, are taken from stock."

"But surely," we object, "these peaks and valleys are infinitely variable? The machine must need more keys than those thirty or so?"

"It's a rarefied science, and quite a cunning device to cope with that," our guide explains. "The second keyboard is designed to regulate the paper strip, which can thus be moved to left or right, one zigzag for a whole second at a time, so it does make the keyboard practically infinite—anyway, providing over a thousand variations—and there are certain combinations of keys which produce certain words in certain voices, and certain tones."

"It's highly specialised work; this young lady is only a beginner—she's had about two years' experience. Some of the others are specialists in dialogue, and in certain instruments, and our Sound Research Department is always evolving new and simplified combinations of sounds.

"You see the advantages of this method, of course. For one thing, production on the set can be speeded-up very considerably when there is no microphone to trouble about, and for another thing, exactly the right type can be chosen for each part, on appearance alone, without having to bother about his or her voice. For instance, for the part of an opera-singer they can cast a truly beautiful woman, even if she can't sing a note.

"There aren't such things as star's dressing-rooms now, of course?" we ask him.

"No, but the 'types' all have very comfortable quarters while they're here; of course, no one thinks of writing 'fan-letters' to them, any more than you would write to a model from whom a magazine-illustration is drawn. Nowadays, it's the directors who receive the fan-mail . . . " And what's that empty building?" we ask.

"Oh, that's the old Affirmary—not used now, of course. It's going to be fitted up as a visitors, rest-room shortly."

"Affirmary?" we venture to suggest.

"No, no—affirmary—where the yes-men lived, you know. A couple of years ago the general 'yelling' became so acute that it had to be organised, but within six months the directors, producers, and executives were so sick of being followed about by a squad of men saying 'Yes, Mr. Schiltz' in that the corps was disbanded."

"The building next door is the Puritarium, where films intended for children and young people are passed for public exhibition; a special audience of children sees each picture, and attached to each child are instruments recording blood-pressure, pulse, and so on. If the average exceeds a certain figure, the film is classified 'Not fit for children.'"

"Here we are, back at your aerobus. I hope you've enjoyed your visit. Of course, you must realise that films are in their infancy. Come back here in a few years, and we'll be able to show you something interesting!"
THE Hollywood film director, Ernest B. Schoedsack, describes in the following article how he visited the historic Khyber Pass and secured, at great risk, pictures of the wild tribes and their secret rifle factories, for inclusion in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Filming Adventures on the Khyber Pass

March caused the Afridis to move. As the herds were being driven down from the hills along the Pass and for some time practically besieged the town, their snipers lay concealed in the high standing crops and fired on the cantonments. True, their shots were mostly at random; but occasionally such shots got home and someone was wounded or killed. The most maddening part of such warfare was the difficulty of distinguishing their enemy, and it was over four months before the Afridis were finally driven back into their hills.

The Afridi had no special grievance; he is a hillman whose only business, sport, or relaxation seems to be fighting. He is wonderfully impartial as to whom he fights, but he feels the need of some shooting or stabbing as a sort of tonic.

Peshawar is divided into two parts—the cantonment, where all the Europeans live, surrounded by barbed wire and walls, with gates at intervals and the city itself, a picturesque huddle of mud-brick buildings, where the narrow streets are lined with tiny open-fronted shops, and all sorts of people coming and going on traffic jams of bullock and donkeys, goats and bicycles, and tongas.

All sorts of people are not accurate. You will scarcely see a white man, and as for a white woman—anything outside the barbed-wire enclosure of cantonments is strictly out of bounds for them. The British authorities are taking no chance on the occurrence of an incident involving a white woman; the police are Sikhs, very smart in khaki shorts and dark blue turbans with splashes of bright red. No white man enters the city without an escort, and after six in the afternoon no white man enters the city at all.

This does not sound very promising for picture-making, but we were able to do whatever we wanted, partly because of being involved in dragging a bodyguard wherever we went outside the cantonments. We wanted to see scenes in some of the bazaars, colourful streets of the city, so we arranged for rent, for one morning, a shop in the bazaar. It was the size of most of the shops, about five feet, six inches in height, in which the owner dealt was flour. At seven we arrived, hastily shoved our cameras inside, and closed the shutters. After a while the excitement of our advent died down, and everyone grew tired of staring at a blank shopfront, all except the usual cluster of small boys, who waited hopefully for something startling to happen. In the meantime we covered the inside of the shutters with black cloth and set up, all by flashlight, as the closed shop was a sort of studio. With a glint in his eye, the small boys gave it up, and then cautiously we levered up a shutter till there was an aperture just big enough for the lens. With a hole just the size of the lens cut in the black cloth, there was nothing to attract the attention of a casual passer-by.

As the shops are raised a foot or two from the ground, the camera had to be set very low, and we lay flat on the floor, which was deep in dirt and flour. There was no ventilation, no temperature, and so we were. More than anything else, we must have resembled a machine-gun gang advancing on an open field. And when we got what we wanted—natural street scenes, with no self-conscious gapers. But when at noon we staggered out, covered with dirt and sweat and flour, we caused a real sensation.

Since then we have twice repeated the performance, once from a fez shop and once from a second-story window. We also worked inside and out at Bala Hissar, the ancient fort of the Moguls that commands the city, from the walls of which a British Tommy vigilantly watches with a telescope for signs of suspicious activity in the crowded streets.

The first day we were in Peshawar, we did not realise the stringent precautions that have been found, by sad experience, to be necessary. We went forth in a state of bland ignorance to drive through the city in an open car. It happened to be the day for a big meeting of Red Shirts, the revolutionary body that is helping to trouble this already troubled place. In the course of our sight-seeing, we drove placidly straight through the meeting no less than three times, gazing with mild curiosity at the swarm of red-shirted agitators and their sympathisers. Drums were beating, flags were waving, speeches were being shouted, of which we understood not a word.

Each time as we slowly rolled through the mob, the Red Shirts who seemed to be in special authority elaborately cleared the way for us and there were no hostile demonstrations, but when the police heard of our idea of a pleasant afternoon drive, they mopped their brows. Since then, we have carefully complied with regulations.

From an ordinary map you would think that India and Afghanistan are countries directly bordering on each other. Between them, however, there are a number of odd-shaped areas known as Tribal Territories, where dwell the fierce and warlike border tribes—the Afridi, Mahsuds, and Wazirs. They have their own code of honour, and nothing pleases them so much as a good long war, whether it is about anything or not. There are always feuds between individuals, families, or villages, while besides they are naturally against any sort of government, especially one which interferes with their right to shoot or be shot at.

Everyone has heard of the Pass-made rifles, the almost perfect duplicates of the British military arms which the tribesmen make by hand, or with the crudest machinery, in their mud-walled mountain strongholds, but few have had the opportunity of seeing these factories. By a stroke of luck, a fortunate political situation, and the kindness of the British Political Agent at Kohat, we visited and photographed one of these establishments.

Between Peshawar and Kohat, a long narrow peninsula of Afridi territory extends into the British-controlled North-West Frontier Province. The railway between the two towns passes around this in a stretch of over a hundred miles, while by road, across the independent Tribal Territory, it is only forty miles. For the privilege of maintaining this road through Kohat Pass, the British Government pays the tribes 10,000 rupees (about £750) annually. This subsidy works for good in several ways. First, to keep the Pass open by force of arms would be an expensive affair, both in terms of lives and money; second, the barren tribal ground is not productive enough to support the population of the Pass and the tribesmen would be forced to raid outside, were it not for the subsidy; and, third, the fear of losing the subsidy is a good argument for keeping peace with the British.

However, there is nothing in this arrangement...
North-West FRONTIER

The author and cameraman Rex Wimpy are snapped as they take a scene from the top of the huge fort at Peshawar, on the northwestern frontier of India for use in the film.

Filming Fort Maud, one of the small block-houses which extend throughout the length of the famous Khyber Pass. This is one of the many interesting spots visited by the expedition for authentic atmospheric shots.

The Political Agent at Peshawar communicated with the Political Agent at Kohat, and both these gentlemen communicated with certain headmen of the tribes. We were accompanied from Peshawar by two heavily armed Afridis from the body-guard of the Political Agent there. Here is another odd situation; the only armed Afridis allowed in Peshawar are a number who constitute this body-guard, and they are chosen from among the very people who caused all the trouble last year and who are set out with the Government about it. Perhaps on the principal of setting one thief to catch another, these men live on the premises of the Political Agent to keep him from being murdered by their friends or relations.

About twenty miles from Peshawar is the last fort and a garrison leading into Tribal Territory. There by appointment we met the native representative of the Political Agent at Kohat; this man's duty is to deal directly with the tribesmen in the Pass. He had explained our intentions to the people of one of the walled villages, and they helped us to get all the pictures we wanted in the rifle factories.

First, however, we were invited to mid-morning cakes and tea and fruit with the chief. He looked as如果你省略了1935年3月23日的日期和“PICTUREGOER Weekly”字样，那么纯文本内容会是什么？

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First, however, we were invited to mid-morning cakes and tea and fruit with the chief. He looked as if the heat and dust had been too much for him as he smiled, but like all good fighting Mahometans, in the role of host he was courteous and kind in a personal way, but he didn't say much about himself. Some time ago the Chief Commissioner of the North-west Frontier Province made an official visit to Khyber Pass. He was met at the tribal line by a crowd of tribal dignitaries, all decorated with wreaths of flowers. They welcomed the Commissioner, hung wreaths all over him, and preceded him for the second time in less than three hours, along the road. Suddenly a rifle cracked in the rocks above, and one of the chiefs fell dead. A count of noses showed that our present host was the only man of the region missing, and he was known to have been the sworn and bitter enemy of the dead man. When he was rounded up, he immediately confessed to the shooting. So far as.

which interferes with the tribes' wars among themselves. It is only specified that they shall not interfere with nor fire upon vehicles on the road between 6 a.m. and 5 p.m., after which the barricades at each end of the Pass are closed; that they shall not fire across the road at each other; and that they shall not destroy the telegraph wire which runs through the Pass. Aside from these provisions, they are absolutely independent, and if you step one foot off the road, you are under no law but that of the tribes.

It is in this Pass that most of the native rifles are made. Nearly every village makes a few of the parts, and some make complete rifles. The remarkable thing is that though everything is done by hand, and with the crudest machinery, a man may still buy a barrel in one village, a breech mechanism in another, and the balance of the gun in a third, and that though there are evidently no standard gauges nor fine measurements used, they can all be assembled into a very accurate and serviceable rifle.

Arrangements for our visit were quite elaborate.

British jurisdiction went, his only crime lay in violating the treaty which forbids shooting on the Pass Road, and he was accordingly fined 20,000 rupees (about £1,500). Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out 20,000 rupees in cash, and smilingly announced that he had been saving the profits of his rifle factory for five years, and as he had no other opportunity in all that time to kill his enemy, he considered this to be money well spent.

A good specimen of rifle costs about 100 rupees, or £6. We were somewhat taken aback to have our interpreter gravely explain that "before the depression" a rifle brought three times this sum, and we decided that the well-known "world-wide slump" had really been extensive. However, the factory we saw employed about 300 men, all busily working, and turning out about thirty rifles a week.

Naturally, the British authorities are not too pleased with all these doings, but they can do nothing about it except to try to prevent substitutions of native-made rifles for genuine ones among the frontier police, and to guard carefully all ammunition and spare parts against theft.

Each village is a small fort in itself, surrounded by high mud-and-stone walls, surmounted by a watch-tower with rifle families may live inside, but each family's courtyard can be entered only through one very low hole in the wall, so that they can be economically defended. You may live in a very disadvantageous position. It is hard to imagine the lives of these people, for untold generations they have existed in this unceasing warfare, feud, and suspicion, not only with outsiders, but among themselves. Not one of them knows what a moment a rifle may be taking deadly aim at him from this watch-tower or that. But a man has been known to lie in ambush for days, weeks, or even months, his food brought secretly to him by an ally, all for the purpose of getting a neighbour with whom he has quarrelled.

When we wanted to visit another village a few hundred yards away from the first one, one of our guards, evidently a neutral or a character, had to go a long way ahead, explaining in a loud voice to the watchman in the tower who and why we were. Here at noon we lunched with the headman on vast quantities of chicken, thick coarse Afridi bread, and fruit. This feast lasted till nearly two o'clock, and at three, just as we were leaving for Peshawar, a message was relayed to us from a third village that we were expected there for tea. We had been up since the first streak of sun, hours, a whole chicken was placed before each of us, we could scarcely disguise our feelings. The interpreter and our sub-overseer, after a hurried whisper that it would be a mortal insult to refuse to eat, so there was nothing for us to do but choke it down mouthful by mouthful. That was the last we saw of the rifle factories, for we had been making it our bit to preserve peace.

The climax of the meal was a box containing fresh grapes from Kabul, carefully packed in cotton, in the best housewive style.

As soon as we decently could, we started for Peshawar, dreading that another meal would be insisted upon by another village. To visit one of these was a good way to finish the consoling round of the courtesies and have to fight your way out would not be unheard of, but we had never anticipated having to give it out.

The only untoward incident of the day was while we were taking a scene, and Rex Wimpy started to enter an adjoining courtyard to set a reflector in the sun. This yard happened to be the mosque, the only place, aside from the women's quarters, where we must not go. However, all that happened was that a dozen men yelled and rushed forward to bar the way, but no offence was taken at our ignorance.

Of course, we found all this amusing and interesting; we were there for a little while, and had no stake in the discredit of affairs. But for the men who spend the best part of their lives in trying to control and administer this turbulent and life is a long grind of anxiety, and often something more serious.

We experienced the effect of one small but illustrative detail. British jurisdiction had been made to turn out the whole regiment of Lancers at seven in the morning to do scenes for us. At midnight came an orderly with a hastily scribbled message that the sub-overseer had been kidnapped, taken off the road by tribesmen, and no trace of him, dead or alive, could be found by our native acquaintances. Before midnight the Lancers went out to demonstrate that kidnapping is an unpopular and unhealthy amusement.

When the Bengal Lancers rode off into the night to rescue the sub-overseer, we accepted it as just another one of those tough breaks one experiences in film work.
BEAUTY and good health go hand in hand. It is impossible to have the one without the other. For on good health depends clearness of skin and eyes, lustre of hair, and grace of carriage.

E

VERY girl needs a few daily exercises to keep her body lithe and supple. She should also pay great attention to correct posture.

Ask a friend to judge your posture. It is correct, if when standing erect, a vertical line would pass in front of ear, shoulder and hip, and continue down just behind the knee-cap and the ball of the foot.

It may be tested by tying a weight to a piece of cord and suspending it just above the head to a point within an inch or so of the floor.

A graceful walk is the next step towards beauty of figure. It is good practice to walk heel-less slipper along a chalked line, placing the weight of the body on the ball of the pointed foot, and gradually lowering the heel to the ground, while still keeping the weight forward, before changing over to the other foot.

Each movement should be deliberate and exaggerated. This will discover defects in balance.

Film stars must needs walk well. They use the time-honoured exercise of walking round the room with a book balanced on the head and a stick passed behind the back and in front of the crook of the elbows.

It is as important to sit well as to walk well. Correct sitting—which means that the base of the spine touches the back of the chair—ensures the bracing of the waist and the muscles on either side of the diaphragm.

Lolling in a chair places strain on the internal organs and restricts breathing.

Modern armchairs encourage ease, but without lounging. They are scientifically designed to give the base of the spine the support it needs. Do not sit forward on the edge. Get right into the chair as the designer intended and you will not spoil your figure.

And so with beds. On a cold night there is a terrible temptation to curl up and tuck in one’s toes. But it should be resisted. Perfect rest means complete relaxation, and you cannot relax in a huddled position. Linens should be loose and the position easy.

A modern mattress with its numberless pocketed springs is an excellent beauty investment. It never sags and it induces relaxation and a straight spine.

June Clyde is justly proud of her well-shaped legs. She gives you some exercises in this article which are an aid to beautifying the figure.

The average woman needs eight hours sleep. Fewer hours than that spell tired eyes, sallow skin, and a complete lack of buoyancy. Keep your windows open and let the bed clothes be light and warm. A nightcap in the form of a tonic beverage will ensure sleep for those who rest badly and still better sleep for the perfectly healthy.

Those who smoke will find a good cigarette rounds off the day with pleasure. Smoking, like other pleasure, should be taken in moderation.

Too many cigarettes spoil the complexion.

Internal health should be watched carefully. Faulty elimination can nearly always be corrected with wise dieting and the use of a reliable aperient.

Strong purgatives should be avoided in favour of something that is gentle in action and may be taken in decreasing doses till good habits have been established.

After a good night’s rest, it should not be difficult to get up a quarter of an hour earlier each morning to do some exercises. Open the window wide and wear a woollen bathing suit. It gives freedom of movement without chill.

While still on the bed it is good to do a stretching exercise. Extend each leg in turn, first with foot in line with the leg and then with foot vertical.

Next the arms should be stretched and the hands rotated from the wrists.

Then the arms should be relaxed and the hands flow the fingers over the palms.

Now get up. Place your back to the wall, with the backs of the hands against the wall too, and the shoulder blades. You will feel the abdominal muscles retract and the shoulders straighten.

Practice this position till it becomes your normal posture.

Here is another exercise to strengthen the abdominal muscles and reduce the hips: Lie prone on floor with bent knees, and feet flat on floor. Raise the right foot level with left knee. Do a circling movement with right knee. Repeat five times and change to left knee. Raise both knees together and rotate five times each way.

See that you breathe correctly. Keep the mouth closed and breathe through your nose. You cannot perform even ordinary physical jerks if you are not adequately using your lungs.

An excellent aid to physical jerks is the stirrup exerciser. This consists of a pair of stirrups into which the feet are placed, and a long length of flexible rubber fitted with a handle.

It not only gives support when exercising but ensures that all parts of the body are evenly exercised and without undue strain.

The price is very modest and it is supplied complete with exercises.

A

fter the exercises, the order of the bath. A daily bath is necessary to keep the pores working well. The body gets rid of a lot of impurities through the skin.

If your water supply is hard, soften it with a bath cube. It refreshes the bather as well as makes the water pleasant.

Let your bath soap be of the finest quality, use a friction sponge or a loofah, and good talcum powder to finish. A depilatory and a perspiration corset are only needed to use them on the same day—enure personal daintiness.

The question of corsets is purely a personal one. The athletic girl with her well-trained muscles will need but the lightest of suspender belts.

The girl who leads a more sedentary life will require something at once more supporting and confining. The woman who is heavier than she cares to admit can get a lot of help from a modern reducing corset.

These are so designed that with every movement of the body they exert a kind of massage effect, and so rub away some of the superfluous pounds.

Every girl needs a brassiere—even though she may be a 32-inch bust.

The heavier figure is also improved and given support. The brassiere should be cut on the cup-shaped uplift pattern. The old straight brassiere is not only out of date, but it is abominable.

Quite young women—particularly those who do a lot of standing—suffer from varicose veins and swollen ankles. They are very painful and completely spoil the line of the legs.

They should not be tolerated, for corrective hosiery can do much to mitigate the condition. Modern corrective stockings are invisible when worn beneath silk ones.

Of course, your undress will be beyond reproach.

There is no possible excuse for dowdy lingerie, when such delightful garments are sold at such marvellously modest prices.
Don’t miss this gripping tale of human passions!

MEN NEVER KNOW
by
VICKI BAUM

A young and beautiful wife is bored by her husband ... a handsome young American comes into her life ... they fall madly, romantically in love ... she runs away to him in Paris.

Brilliantly ... graphically ... with dynamic power, the famous authoress of "Grand Hotel" tells this story. She lays bare the secrets of a woman's heart ... explains what "men never know."

Don’t miss this wonderful serial ... It begins in the Daily Mirror on Monday, March 25th.
IT is the era of "great discoveries" in Hollywood.

New stars, new tricks of technique, new methods of mechanics are being brought to light every few days.

But of all the "discoveries," none is more significant than the discovery of the works of Charles Dickens as potential motion-picture material.

Over six thousand miles of land and sea, after a lapse of almost a hundred years, the England of Charles Dickens' day has been reconstructed spectrographically in Hollywood, and the Dickensian characters that have become immortals in the century have been brought to life as flesh-and-blood personalities, depicted by the famous stars of the films.

David Copperfield is generally considered the greatest of Dickens' stories. It is the one which Dickens, in his lectures, frequently referred to as "my favourite child." By many authorities it is considered to be largely the story of the author's own life. Certainly, the adventures of David Copperfield as a child closely parallel the childhood of the novelist himself.

The story of the filming of David Copperfield is a true saga of the films. It is a tribute to the persistence and determination of the film-makers, and a laurel wreath for the brow of David O. Selznick, who produced it. Selznick, incidentally, is the man who started the vogue for "worth-while" films from old books by producing Little Women two years ago. He has since produced Viva Villa among other spectacular hits.

The idea for filming David Copperfield originated with Selznick in the latter part of 1933. He had been seeking a well-known and well-loved story as a successor to Little Women. He had considered hundreds. Finally, he decided to make David Copperfield.

That afternoon he sent a telegram to the legal department of the M.-G.-M. company, asking the lawyers to look into the availability of the screen rights. That telegram set into motion a great international machine that has turned a vast amount of human effort into a dozen reels of celluloid in the many months that have elapsed.

There were those well-meaning friends in Hollywood who tried to persuade Selznick that it was folly to film a book as old as David Copperfield, but to all of these the producer gave the same answer.

So the preparatory work for the filming of David Copperfield went steadily forward. The producer gathered round him George Cukor, who had directed Little Women, and Howard Estabrook, the scenarist of Bill of Divorcement, Cameraman, and many other successful photo-plays. They began to write the scenario. The entire scenario was written and re-written seven different times before it was considered finally satisfactory, and in this work the famous British novelist, Hugh Walpole, collaborated.

One of the most active departments of the studio organisation during this long period was the research department, headed by Mrs. Nathalie Bucknall. Under her direction, experts on styles and customs of the period were summoned.

Although the great libraries of America were combed for any and all statistical data on the period, it was found insufficient. So one day a cameraman went to England by aeroplane and fast boat.

He visited every hundred-year-old house and public building he could find, and photographed everything of interest. He made pictures of door-knobs and wallpaper, of the carving on old furniture and the patterns of old silverware, of stairways, window-sills, lamps and lanterns, fireplaces—anything and everything that might have the slightest bearing on the film version of the story.

For months this cameraman wandered up and down Great Britain on his mission. What could not be photographed or reproduced successfully, he purchased and shipped to the studio.

Bales and packing cases by the dozens began to reach Hollywood. In the end, some 700 antiques had been purchased outright, some 73,000 photographs had been classified and filed, and several hundred old books had been gathered.

Among the books, incidentally, were original copies of all the works mentioned in David Copperfield, the books which David read in his lonely childhood.

In Hollywood, work went steadily forward on the scenario; but at length it was decided that a trip should be made to England, a pilgrimage to Dickens' shrines. It was during this tour that Walpole was induced to leave his home in Cumberland and go to Hollywood.

But when the party returned to Hollywood from their British excursion, the work went forward with added concentration. Gradually, the scenario began to take definite form.

Then began a problem of "casting" that is without parallel in motion-picture history.

From the hundreds of English players in Hollywood, a few were selected for some of the "key" roles. But for Mrs. Micawber an urgent call was sent to London, and by fast boat and plane it brought to Hollywood Miss Jean Cadell, a brilliant comedienne from the British stage.

The long arm of the film reached Basil Rathbone at a farmhouse in New England, where he was cosily settled for the autumn. He was assigned
the role of Mr. Murdstone in the picture.

From a current Broadway stage show came Frank Lawton, brilliant young English actor, to play the adult David. By slow degrees and after hundreds of screen tests, twenty-six stars and featured players were assembled for the most important parts, and some fifty other film favourites had been tentatively chosen for the supporting roles.

But where was the boy David?

In Hollywood, seventy-eight "sets" had been built, some in the studio and others at "locations" within a two-hundred-mile area. In England, a camera crew was already filming background scenes. In Hollywood, twenty-six stars and features players had completed their wardrobe and make-up tests, and were sitting by, waiting for "David." The whole machinery of a great international organisation was virtually at a standstill while the search for a boy continued.

The end was as dramatic as the search. Looking up one day at a timid knock at his office door, Producer Selznick saw a manly little chap with a mop of curly hair.

"Who are you?" asked Selznick.

"I'm David Copperfield," said the boy, and so it was.

He was little Freddie Bartholomew, an English boy who, with his aunt, had crossed the ocean and the American continent in the firm, child-like faith that he should be the boy to play the rôle. Tests quickly established his ability. Filming began.

Above: David Selznick, the producer, who made the film against the advice of the wiseacres. Right: Freddie Bartholomew, the English boy who dramatically won the coveted rôle of the young David.
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Adrienne Ames and John Stuart in the B.I.F. historical film "Abdul the Damned."
March 23, 1935

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

KAY FRANCIS
THROWS A PARTY

—and goes to hospital—Garbo becomes fluffy—Post Office problems—Hollywood's soldiers.

KAY FRANCIS, shortly before she planned to leave for New York, gave a party for 300 guests at the Vendome Café, a favourite rendezvous of film celebrities.

The star spent money with great prodigality, hiring the restaurant for the evening, and transforming the front so it looked like a great ocean liner. On the hull was the inscription, s.s. Francis. The guests, as a rule, wore sailor costumes. Miss Francis was dressed as an admiral.

Among the guests were Fredric March, James Cagney, Maurice CHEVALIER, Richard Barthelmess, Joan Blondell, Fred Astante, and Joan Bennett.

Sad to say, Miss Francis contracted a serious attack of influenza the day after the party, and instead of departing for New York, she was taken to a hospital, where she is now convalescing.

Poor Mae

Mae West is the star who probably receives more begging letters than any other player in Hollywood.

The blonde charmer was recently pining over a missing wife, and in the Middle West, who claimed that he wished to divorce his wife so he could marry another lady, but his wife refused to consent unless she received $5,000. The husband asked Mae if she would donate the necessary money.

Mae paid no attention to the letter. She learned that similar appeals had been sent by the same person to other stars.

Changing Her Type

Cretta Garbo is wearing very fluffy gowns in Anna Karenina, a distinct change from the severe dress heretofore affected by her.

The studio officials appear to have decided to destroy the "aloofness" of the Swedish star.

Personally, I would not be a bit surprised if Garbo made an early appearance in a musical comedy; of course, she can sing!

A True Soothsayer

You may not believe in fortune-tellers, but Frances Dee rather thinks she may in the future. Visiting one the other day, she was told, among other things: "I see a man in uniform. He is near your automobile. Something will happen that will cost you money."

Frances left, thinking perhaps her chauffeur was going to be in a wreck. Fancy her surprise to discover a police officer leaning against her car, waiting to give her a ticket for parking too long!

A Mail Clerk's Woes

"Sherlock Holmes" has nothing on Thomas A. Shipman, a mail clerk at Post Office, whose duties include deciphering freak addresses.

Mr. Shipman coms over envelopes which contain pictures of an exploding revolver, a cross, and a bumble bee. He sighs wearily and sends it to Bing Crosby! Mae West's mail is often addressed to "Belle of the Nineties, Hollywood" or "Come On Up and See Me Sometime."

One problem which was very hard to solve was an envelope showing a picture of a shivering polar bear. Shipman finally wrote "Claudette Colbert" on the envelope—and he was right!

This tall young Texan considers these problems as all in the day's work, and is not at all annoyed by these people who add so much to his labours at the post office.

A New Army

The American government is not likely to have a shortage of cavalry, for Hollywood has gone "military" in a big way.

For quite a while, mounted cavalry units included Victor McLaglen's California Light Horse, Lewis Stone's California Lancers, and the South-west Mounted Patrol.

Gary Cooper is one of the active members of the recently organised Hollywood Hussars, which is headed by Colonel Arthur Guy Empey, formerly a captain in the California Light Horse.

If Douglas Fairbanks, sen., were in Hollywood, he probably would organise a regiment of his own.

Of course, in the next few months more military-movie outfits will bloom out, for Stone and McLaglen set the vogue.

A Clever Idea

William Powell recently received a proposition to head a private detective agency. The ambitious promoter figured that Powell's reputation as a screen sleuth would put the concern over with a bang.

However, the agency would have to make plenty of money to equal the princely salary that Bill receives in the movies, also the clients would expect the actor to solve the most baffling mysteries.

Needless to say, the star is not considering the offer.

She Likes Hollywood

Margaret Sullivan, one of the most tempestuous actresses ever brought to Hollywood from the New York stage, has done an about-face in her attitude toward the film capital, and after declaring for two years that she "hated Hollywood," now announces that she likes it!

She gives as the reason for her change of heart her recent marriage to William Wyler, her director, with whom she eloped during the filming of The Good Fairy.

Previously she has driven about in a cheap roadster, which she rented by the month so that she would have no incumbrances in case she decided to run out on Hollywood, which she did on several occasions.

But now Margaret announces that she and her husband will build a home there.

Taking No Chances

Claudette Colbert has ordered all brickwork in her new home to be of a new earthquake-proof type, that is said to be strong enough to withstand the most violent tremors.

Each brick contains a vertical groove through which passes a steel rod. A layer of horizontal rods at each fourth course of bricks is clamped to the vertical rods, tying the entire mass into a solid unit.

Anna Sten's Menagerie

Anna Sten, for quite a while, has had chickens, a goat, a cat, and five dogs at her modernistic Santa Monica home; but she recently acquired a transient homing pigeon. The pigeon flew into her garage at night and roosted in the rafters.

The cat, an Angora, was acquired through a sad accident. Near her home is a steep hill, and one morning she found the cat, badly battered, whining outside her window. It had lived through a terrific auto crash, in which its mistress was killed. The dead woman's family asked the star to keep the cat, which has remained with her ever since.

Hollywood Says That

— Nancy Carroll planned to become a school teacher, but decided acting was more profitable and interesting.

— Lionel Barrymore made his first stage appearance when less than a year old.

— Marion Marsh was born in Trinidad, British West Indies.

— Leo Carillo was a cartoonist on a San Francisco newspaper.

— Jean Harlow's bathing suit is made of cellophane.
Something HAS Turned Up

LIKE Mr. Micawber, I was confidently expecting "something to turn up" when M.-G.-M. decided to pictureise David Copperfield, and induced Hugh Walpole to adapt it for screen purposes, and I am not disappointed.

Looking at the film is like turning over the pages of the novelist's book and seeing all the creations of his fertile imagination come to life, so faithfully has the director, George Cukor, dealt with his subject.

Hugh Walpole has had a difficult task in the matter of selection and rejection, and in my mind he has succeeded admirably in presenting the whole atmosphere and the spirit of Dickens' favourite novel.

 Naturally, it runs to length and equally naturally it is episodic in construction; there has been no attempt to make it a kinematic interpretation.

But, nevertheless, the picture it presents of the period is marked by the utmost sincerity and fidelity in detail and the production is one which cannot fail to interest you deeply, whether you are an admirer of Dickens or not.

In fact, I consider it high praise to emphasise how much I enjoyed it myself since I cannot profess to any particular love for the Victorian novelist's works.

I have said it has of necessity run to length—
you cannot put a quart into a pint pot—and some of you may find that there is a tendency for it to drag during the second half, which concerns David's adolescence. Personally, I found the types so vividly portrayed that my interest was unfailing to the end.

The casting is high perfect and it is a somewhat delicate task to differentiate between the performances given by the highly talented artists who were chosen with the utmost care.

Perhaps the most interesting—and, indeed, the most perfect—characterisation is given by Roland Young as Uriah Heep. It was a daring experiment in casting, but it is more than justified by the brilliant performance given by the actor, whom we mostly know as a blase and usually inebrated man about town.

Next, in order of my own preferences, there is W. C. Fields as Micawber. The part fits him like a glove; it might have been written for the pompous yet pathetically ineffectual figure of fun which the erstwhile music-hall artiste has made so widely popular and so vastly diverting.

Edna May Oliver is brilliant as David's stern, unbending—yet, at heart, sentimental—aunt, Betsey Trotwood.

These three between them seem to me to share the acting honours in a piece which is notable for its display of historical fidelity.

Freddie Bartholomew was undoubtedly a very good choice for David as a boy. The young English actor has moments of real brilliance, even if there are times when there seem to be traces of conscious acting.

He enlists your sympathy and makes the task very difficult for Frank Lawton, who has to follow up the characterisation in adolescence. He acquits himself excellently, however, and makes the part sincere and vital.

I particularly liked, too, Jessie Ralph's interpretation of David's faithful nurse, Peggotty, but Florence McKenzie's Little Em'ly—the artiste wears a blonde wig—was not so satisfactory.

Her faithless lover, the handsome Steerforth, David's idol with feet of clay, is made thoroughly convincing by Hugh Williams.

As David's first wife, Dora, Maureen O'Sullivan expresses ably the child-like qualities which made it impossible for her to be a grown-up wife, and she puts a wealth of pathos into her death-bed scene.

Madge Evans' portrayal of David's second wife, Agnes, the daughter of Mr. Wickfield, who is tricked by Uriah Heep and saved by Micawber—struck me as being the best performance of her career. It is not a large part, but she makes every moment of it tell.

At the risk of making this criticism look like a catalogue of artistes, I must, in justice, mention the rest of the cast; they deserve it thoroughly.

There is Lionel Barrymore as the seaman Peggotty; Elizabeth Allan as David's mother who dies; starved of love and affection, through the cruelty of her second husband, Mr. Murdock, a role admirably characterised by Basil Rathbone.

Jean Cadell strikes just the right note as Mrs. Micawber, with her numerous family and optimistic outlook; while, in contrast, there is Violet Kemble-Cooper as Jane Murdock's forbidding sister.

That fine old character actor, Lennox Pawle, ambles amiably and vacuously through the picture as Mr. Dick, Miss Trotwood's half-witted charge, while Herbert Mundin, with his almost one-line part as Barkis—"Tell her that Barkis is willin'—manages to create a little cameo that remains in your memory.

While George Cukor has attempted no flights of pictorial imagination, his direction is polished and his scenes are presented with a flowing continuity which helps to disguise the generally episodic nature of the adaptation.

He has let himself go, pictorially—perhaps rather unnecessarily—with a storm at sea, in which the betrayer of Little Em'ly, Steerforth, is drowned. For, in spite of its being well done, it is of considerably less

PRE-VIEWS of the LATEST FILMS

Let Our Critics Who Really See the Films Guide You

Charlier (Maurice Charlier), a music-hall artiste, stages a hit on the famous baron, bon vivre and financier, Cassini, whom he is later to impersonate in "The Man from the Folies Bergère."

You have read more than enough about the cast. It is, I am sure, sufficiently interesting, but there are other aspects to the picture: its handling, its adaptability, its direction, its direction, its direction.
importance than some of the more simple situations which it is inclined to overweight. The Dickensian atmosphere is notable and
I found something wholly charming in the shots of the London and Yorkmouth of the period and also in the presentation of a ballet, the Peggoty
home built out of an old half, and indeed the settings and camerawork generally: they often had the quality of an old print in their simple
effectiveness.—L. C.

Maurice Chevalier may be the man from the Folies Bergere, but he is the only Parisian touch that remains in this not wholly satisfactory
mixture of comedy and spectacle. I found the most pleasing thing in the picture the fact that Maurice was allowed to sing, right at the
beginning, one of his first successful songs, "Valentine," which is, to my mind, the type of thing which suits him admirably and of which he
has been most lauded to be reserved.

For the purposes of the comedy part of this production, Chevalier has to play a dual role —
that of a well-known financier, the Baron Cassini, and a famous music-hall performer, Eugene
Charlier, one of whose turns consists of an imitation of the Baron.

It is obvious that some time or other he will impersonate the other in real life and surely
enough he does, and it is on this impersonation that the whole hokum and the picture rests.

You see, the Baron has a wife, and if
Charlier is called in to pretend to be that
gentleman for a day the complications
that arise are, say the least of it, delicate.

Aileen Marson, Vio-
let Lorraine, and
Gordon Harker in
the screen adaptation
of Walter Hackett's
play, "Roadhouse."

Above: Margo, the Hecht-
MacArthur find, appears
with George Raft in her
second picture, "Rombo."

Left: Ramon Novarro,
Charles Butterworth, Una
Merkel, and Evelyn Laye in
a scene from the Viennese
romance, "The Night is
Young," which will be fully
reviewed next week.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

As the Baron's wife, Merle Oberon is good—but it is not a part to which she is particularly well
suited, and she did not seem altogether happy in it. "Ann Sothern throws a temperament" all over
the place as Charlier's stage partner, and throws them very effectively.

The picture is worth seeing if only for the spontaneous gaiety of the star.—L. C.

Before Walter Hackett's play was adapted for
the screen it presumably had quite a good
murder plot and sound characterisation.

What has been evolved from it is a wholly
unimportant one of the banal and obvious wrapped
in a cloak of complete artificiality.

It is difficult to see
Violet Lorraine struggling with the role of a
badman who graduates to music-hall fame, marries
a baronet who is killed in the war, and is eventually
instrumental in saving her daughter—brought in
the belief that her mother was dead—from a
murder charge.

They have even given her the famous "Let the
Great Big World Keep Turning" number to do,
and with amazing unoriginality have made her
during an air-raid to calm a panic-stricken crowd and also cow the mob immediately
after the report of the death of her husband in the
old "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" tradition.

Gordon Harker is again "typical" as a Cockney
public-house proprietor who is used by crooks
as a blind to their burglaries—they turn his "pub"
into a roadhouse and get the owners of the
houses they intend to rob to go there.

It is time Harker was given a part really worthy
of his ability.

As the barmaid's daughter, Aileen Marson is
most attractive, and Anne Grey is good as one
of the gang of crooks.

The unfortunate Emlyn Williams is again cast
as a villain—a murderer this time—and in his
case, too, the opportunities are not commensurate
with his ability.

The whole thing is lavishly set, but no amount of spectacle at a music-hall or bathing-pool can make up
for the poorness of the plot nor conceal the
weakness of development and characterisation.—
L. C.

There is a good deal of ingenuity in this murder
story, based on a novel by Victor McClure;
but, as in most cases of plots depending on the perfect
doubt, it lacks full conviction and has some
rather naive sequences.

Death on
the Set

The story deals with Caley Morden, a film director, hated
by the players and studio staff, who plans to murder his
insignificant wife, Blanche, and take her place. He arranges an alibi by persuading one of
Marsh's molls to say he spent the night with her,
and then shoots Marsh in his office, so arranging it
that suspicion falls on his principal actress,
Lady Blanche, whom he has been attempting to
blackmail. Inspector Burbford, who has been
warned by the American police about Morden's
past, takes up the trail, but cannot prove what
he believes—that the dead man is Marsh and not
Morden.

Secure in his alibi, Morden laughs at the police,
but he changes his tune when he discovers that his
woman witness has been strangled. Actually,
Marsh had accidentally killed her when she had
threatened to expose him. Morden is, therefore,
faced with the alternative of being accused of
killing Marsh—or if he insists on his other identity—of having killed the girl.

Henry Kendall is very good in the dual role of
Morden and Marsh, the villain and the well—
known artist. Garry Marsh is convincing as the
inspector, while a very good comedy created situation comes to see him.

Jeanne Stuart is quite effective as Lady Blanche.
But Eve Grey is weak as another of the studio players who are suspected of the crime, as in
Lewis Shaw as her fiancé.

Direction is sound, but there is at times rather
a lack of Polish and subtlety, which arises from
poor characterisation of minor roles and some
indifferent dialogue which striking a distinctively
bathetic note.—L. C.
Abdul (Fritz Kortner) contemplates the beauty of Therese, the Austrian actress (Adrienne Ames), whom he has inveigled into his harem and who is the only person he has ever loved.

Alone, haunted with fears, suspicious of everybody and unloved, Abdul finds solace in music and the company of his Austrian cat.

A brilliant study of Sultan Abdul and his downfall, the film is 'The Damn Sultan' and is a leader of the Young Turks' revolt, plights his troth to Therese. It is to try and save him that the actress gives herself to Abdul.

A striking study of Adrienne Ames as Therese, the Austrian operatic star, who is destined to play so large a part in the Sultan's life.
The last phase. Revolutionaries enter the palace and seize the Sultan. The man they find, however, is the double employed by Abdul to guard against assassination.

Kadar Pasha, Chief of Police (Nils Asther), who knows just how far to go with his royal master in order to further his own ambitions.

Therese discovers that the Sultan has a double. (Also played by Fritz Kortner.)
March 23, 1935

Anne of Green Gables

Concluding THE STORY of the FILM

by Marjory Williams

WHAT HAS HAPPENED—

A N N E  S H I R L E Y, an orphan, adopted by Matthew Cuthbert and his sister Marilla, of the house on Prince Edward Island, called "Green Gables," has a vivid imagination. But even she is nonplussed when two days before a much-anticipated treat, the annual hay-ride, she is obliged to admit to having been the last person to handle Marilla's amethyst brooch, which cannot be found.

TANDING by the sink, the bread-knife, which she had taken up on hearing Marilla's peremptory call, dropped weakly back beside the loaf, Anne failed entirely to imagine away the wrath of her accusor. Marilla's eyes were twin points of steel. Even her comfortable size seemed to threaten. On the kitchen draining-board still remained the card-sized box. Matthew had brought from Bright River. Half in and half out still stayed the wonderful gift trock of dainty pink check and the coveted puff sleeves which a moment before had transported Anne into quite heavenly joy.

Before her mental vision that frock lay rained at her feet, as for the second time in her life, she felt completely tongue-tied.

"Anne Shirley," Marilla demanded, "Did you take my brooch and lose it?"

"No, I didn't."

"That's a falsehood. Go to your room. You'll stay there till you confess, even if it takes a month of Sundays."

Nemesis had fallen, but Anne was not going suppose even fate immovable.

"Please, please, Marilla, let me just out for the hay-ride. I'll stay in my room cheerfully for as long as you like, but I've just got to go to the hay-ride." I was no use. In the seclusion of the lavender-scented bedroom she so proudly termed her own, she found two satisfactions. One was in sending Marilla away with a tray of untouched food, a feat Anne could hardly hope to accomplish more than twice at most; the other was an unofficial visit from that most faithful of bosom friends—Diana.

"How much longer d'you think you'll be there?" Diana inquired, having closed the window through which she had climbed.

"For ever. Don't you see I can't let Marilla think I took the brooch?"

"But you didn't, did you? I want you to do it. Why, am I wrong?"

"I'm not, Gilbert. I--"

"I thought you meant to compliment me, will you? It's too bad, but I wouldn't worry too much. I hear Gilbert Brythe's Walter- ing. You were a bit too horrid to him, you know, never forgiving him for calling you 'carrots.' After all, you did smash your slate over his head for saying"

"I'm glad I did. Gilbert's too stuck up for words. I wish I could go to the hay-ride, only to show that I can make him eat right out of my hand."

Never a very tardy thinker, Anne, not long after Diana had gone, was on the stairhead calling to Marilla, who was in the hall.

"Marilla, I'm ready to confess."

"I expected you would be. Come downstairs and let's hear it."

"I've got my guardian into the living-room, where Matthew, in the armchair, was going through seed catalogues, Anne, pushing herself up to look as tall as possible, began: "I took the amethyst brooch."

"I didn't mean to, but, it was so beautiful, I was overcome with an irresistible temptation. I was imagining I was Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald. It was so much easier to do that when I had the brooch on. So I strolled down Lovers' Lane, and when I got to the bridge I took the brooch off to have a look at it. I leaned over to see my reflection in the shining waters ... the brooch slipped through my fingers and went down, out of sight forever."

"So absorbed had she become that Anne was unaware of herself, small and skinny, with plaits of the desecrated red hair, or the look in the green eyes that transformed her child-like face with a beauty that drew Matthew from his catalogue.

In the second's pause that followed the declamation, Anne became herself again. "Oh! Please, please, now I've confessed, I may go to the hay-ride?"

"Certainly not! How dared you steal my things? I'm very displeased. Mrs. Barry warned me against taking strange girls into my house. Now I know why."

"But, Marilla, you promised I should go if I owned up."

Dismayed overcame Anne. Matthew, who had been staring fixedly in front of him for some seconds, touched her sleeve. "Marilla, look!"

Marilla obeyed. Caught by its marqueterie setting, on the fringe of her handsome shawl, was the amethyst brooch.

"Anne! What d'you mean by telling me you took it?"

"Well, you said I should stay in my room till I confessed; and I thought I'd better make it as interesting as I could." With which dual confession the subject being dismissed, Anne was free to enjoy herself. Alas, as so often happens, the much-wished-for event did not turn out as happily as she had hoped! True, the setting was all that could be wished. The evening was fine, and the evensong, the men of the party with lanterns and the big cart piled high with warm, sweet hay, as means of transport, was in all conscience thrilling.

Anne, wearing the puff-sleeved dress, waited until Gilbert Brythe, who was at the bottom of the step-ladder helping the girls climb on to the cartload, was free, to speak to her. He had been very polite and pressing to the other girls, Diana amongst them, for the full benefit of her smile, Anne prepared to ascend the bottom rung. "Good evening, Mr. Brythe! I'll be sure to speak to you."

"I'm ready to forgive you," she said pointedly, but, even then, Gilbert continued to stare through her until, one line of Gilbert's coming up with her basket of provisions, he warmed into animation. "Good for you! I thought you were never going to get here. Hurry up, and I'll sit beside you."

Gone for Anne the sweetness of the hay and the romantic light of the lanterns. With pricking eyelids she scrambled on to the cart, ready to make the worst of a spoiled evening.

It was small consolation to have Gilbert waylaying her in the lane the following day with an attempt at compromise. He also replied with becoming dignity. "Come off it, Anne," he entreated. "I only took--"

"You see, because you're a character," she conceded. "Mr. Phillips is a character, Matthew's a character, and so are you."

"You read too much," he grumbled; but, somehow, after that the sunshine had been brighter for both. Little did Gilbert know, however, how soon his claims of being a bouche were to be superceded. Afternoon school provided excitement in the shape of a bespectacled junior college student, introduced as Herbert Root. Mr. Phillips, without his usual pedantry, announced, simply and with satisfaction, that the first prize for a recent essay contest had been won by his former pupil. Herbert Root, rising to acknowledge the award, expressed his willingness to tell the class his choice of angle on the selected subject for composition—Tennyson's poem, "The Lady of Shalott."

Mr. Root's slicked-back hair and gold-rimmed glasses, were too much for Anne. Seizing her opportunity, she passed Gilbert a note indicating that she and the college student had not gone beyond the subject with some zest during recess. When the class reassembled to listen to an account of how he won the prize, it was common knowledge that Anne and he corresponded.

Rather alarmed at the enthusiasm she had stirred up, Anne rested her head on her arms and paid profound attention to Herbert Root's speech. "I chose for my problem," he said, "that presented in the poem of unemployment, but that the Lady of Shalott loved Lancelot, although it is doubtful whether Lancelot's passion was concentrated, therefore, on the lines where Tennyson's immortal heroine lay down her broom and leading up to Lancelot's memorable line: 'She has a lovely face ... the lady of Shalott.'"

The student ended by reading some excerpts from the poem. Anne

(Continued on page 24)
Children just love “Palm” Toffee. Thick, ‘creamy’ and luscious—with real honest-to-goodness toffee flavour. Let them have plenty of “Palm” Toffee. Every bit they eat does them good. It’s full of rich ‘creamy’ milk, “Palm” butter and pure cane sugar—with a balanced proportion of energy-producing Glucose. Next time you give your kiddies their pennies—tell them to go and buy “Palm” Toffee. Four ounces for tuppence! The world’s record value in delicious nourishment.

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sat entranced. She was far from glad when Mr. Phillips, dismissing the class, announced a few minutes' respite for personal contact with the prize-winner.

"Aren't you going to say 'How do you do, Anne?"' Diana inquired with a nudge. Gilbert's mocking "Or maybe you'd just like to correspond with him," set the match to the tinder of Anne's indecision. Marching up to the dais where a half-dozen embryo co-eds clustered round the hero of the hour, she said boldly: "Hello!" "Oh—er—how do you do?" Mr. Root returned, not unnaturally vague. The salutation, wanting nothing in politeness, was not good enough. To make matters worse, the spokesman abruptly turned away from Anne.

Under cover of audible giggles and Gilbert's positive hoot of mirth, Anne, laying her hat from the cloakroom peg, started to run home. She was pulled up at seeing Matthew poling himself in a punt up the river to the jetty. She watched him tie up the boat in silence. "Anything wrong, Anne?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"I've come to the conclusion that a good imagination is a bad thing—and there's no romance in the world—none."

"Come, you mustn't think that way. Romance is true enough." Then "Well, if it comes my way I'll give it up."

She didn't look at the man of three years who had waited in vain for the girl with whom Gilbert Blythe's father had eloped, but his voice sounded unusually gentle, as though he were speaking to himself.

"No, Anne, don't give up romance. A little is a good thing—an excellent thing. Waiting for Diana, aren't you? Then I'll be getting along."

She watched him go, glad, for the first time, that she had not a rival in his company.

Overcome by a marvellous thought, she stepped into the punt and, loosening the painter, allowed herself to drift in midstream. Her mind was full of Tennyson's poem and of herself, the magnificent actor-interpreter of it. She said aloud the rhythmical lines:

"Down she came and found a boat Beneath a willow left afloat And round about the prow—she wrote
The Lady of Shalott."

She was drifting gorgeously now. Little ripples shimmered beneath her as she lay in the punt at full length. The wonderful sensation of being borne, just as the poem said, on the broad stream, filled her with exaltation.

"And ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the waterside, Singing in her song she died."
The Lady of Shalott.

Suddenly her limp hand touched water. She sprang up. The punt was leaking—leaking horribly. This was real, and imaginary-death. With thumping heart, more frightened than she had ever been in her short life, she started to bale out with both hands. There was no scoop and the leak was winning the race when the punt made for a half-submerged tree stump. She felt the shivering impact and baled feverishly as the punt swayed this way and that. The stern went under. Scrambling to the bow, she realised the limb of an outgrowing tree extended above, just out of reach. With a desperate jump her hands touched wood. Could she grip? She achieved it, but the result was almost as frightening as if she had failed. Ready at any second to drop to the swirling brown waters, she heard a voice.

"Hang on. Don't drop. Work your way along. Try to get your foot over the trunk. I'm coming."

Scrambling, struggling, she must give up when a hand seized her. Half pulled, half by her own effort, she attained the trunk and relaxed with closed eyes in someone's arms.

"Oh, it's you!" Funny how, the second one was out of danger, one could have room for disappointment:

"Yes, ma'am, it's me, Gilbert Blythe. Now you can call me a hero. I saved your life, you know."

"Then you'll guard my secret to your dying moment and never breathe a word about this to anyone?"

"On my honour."

"Good. Then I can thank you and be terribly grateful. No, I can't. I forgot. You've hurt my feelings exquisitely. You made fun of my hair."

"That's because I couldn't keep my eyes off it. I tried to tell you, only I didn't say it right, I guess." "You really mean that? Then I shall relent. You saved my life. You shall have your reward."

"A boyish embarrassment he felt at the touch of her lips on his cheek rapidly wore off as the boundary between the Cuthbert and the Blythe property became an acknowledged rendezvous."

Three years went by, during which Anne's pigtails arrived at being coiled round her ears and Gilbert's taste veered towards more than socks and ties. A hat of his choice hung round Anne's neck, visible only when Marilla was out of the way. Anne, for her part, treasured Gilbert's gloves which he always kept in a little box marked "Anne Green." She was not only rich in pleasant memories but also, at last, was ready to let them come.
one of the Blythe farm-hands brought her a note. Gilbert's intelligent handwriting quickened her heart-beats. His words—brief, forced, and decidedly puzzling—cut her to the quick. "We cared for each other, but, of course, you have a right to your own mind. But I wish you hadn't let Marilla tell me. Couldn't you have said so yourself?"

With a hurried glance up the deserted garden, Anne turned to the brinker of the note. "Tell Mr. Gilbert's something's wrong. There's been a misunderstanding. I'll come the first minute I can get away." "It wouldn't be any use, Miss Anne. He was all packed up and ready to go when he gave me this, and he left no address."

Sick at heart, Anne re-sought her packing. With the resilience of youth about to embark on new adventure, she managed not to spend the night crying. She was up early to complete an arrangement by which she thought to lessen the trials of leaving.

Even so, it was bad enough to come upon Marilla and Matthew, looking suspiciously red-eyed, putting a lunch basket with chocolate layer cake and the strings of a new suitcase.

Matthew brought round the buggy and Anne put her hands on the lapels of his coat as he got down to help her in. "You're not to come to the station dear. I've been seeing Eddie Grant. He'll drive me. You see, I was afraid I might cry or something."

"Getting emotional over nothing," Marilla commented tartly. "There, I'm sure you might as well kiss Matthew as well as me." A

Anne had been two years at Normal School and was about to take her final exam, when a letter from Prince Edward Island, announcing that Diana was to be married, was followed by a visit from the writer herself.

"Why, Anne, you've grown pretty!" was Diana's warm comment in admiration of the combination of grey-green eyes, creamy skin, and bobbed hair, subtly growing into natural waves that had darkened to a definite auburn.

"I might return the compliment," Anne laughed. "Are you really and truly happy, Di?"

"Truly and really. Did you know, by the way, that Gilbert Blythe's passed his finals and Dr. Tatum's taken him on as an assistant?"

A shadow crossed Anne's face. "I didn't know. Fancy, Gilbert, the ambitious, being content to stay in the Island I don't let's talk of him. As far as I'm concerned, he's a closed book. Did you see Matthew and Marilla before you left home?"

"Only for a few minutes. Matthew's too ill to have visitors. Therethought to have told—told didn't want you worried before your exam."

"Oh, Di, and I never realised why Matthew didn't write? How beastly of me. I must get back to Green Gables. I'd never forgive myself if anything happened. Never mind the exam—I must go. I owe them so much."

Shadowed by life's first real anxiety, Anne thought the long journey would never end. The shabbiness and general degradation about the well-loved house struck her as she entered the ever-open hill door. Marilla, in the kitchen, did not hear her, but she plainly heard the family practitioner, Dr. Tatum, and another man talking on the landing. She caught the words: "Everything mortgaged to the hilt, I'm afraid; but if you think a second opinion necessary—"

The two men were on the stairs. Dr. Tatum saw her. "Why, Anne—Are Shirley!"

"How is he, doctor?"

"Matthew's not out of the wood yet. I must talk to Marilla. There's a specialist in Nova Scotia, Dr. Frederick W. Terry. He understands the type of case from A to Z, but things are so bad here financially—"

"Oh, Dr. Tatum, I never knew! But I can guess why. Matthew and Marilla have been denying themselves, starving themselves, to keep me at school. The money must be found somehow. It must. Dr. Terry, did you say?"

"Finest doctor in Canada, Anne. Are you just going out? Can we keep you anywhere?"

"No, thanks. I'm going quite close."

Pride was subdued in a vast longing as Anne hurried down the road. She could hardly believe her luck when the Blythe maid told her that Mr. Gilbert would come and take her to see her. Next minute and his hands held both hers while his eyes dwelt on her fondly.

"Anne—it's good to see you. I know what you've come about—Dr. Terry."

"How did you know? Oh! Gilbert, Matthew's so ill and he's so poor because of me, and I know he'd hate it if he knew I was here."

"Never mind. We've grown up since those days. Come to the window, Anne. I thought so. That is Dr. Terry coming down the road. You see, I know him slightly, and I thought he would be wanted, so I sent for him."

"Gilbert—darling!"

"Two days later Matthew, raising himself on the pillows for the first time since the crisis had been successfully turned, allowed his eyes to wander from Anne to Matthew's sister, who was abruptly making for the door. "Where are you going, dear?"

"Marilla's answer, delivered with triumphant certitude in a far from bedside manner, nevertheless proved entirely satisfactory to the occupants of the sick room."

"To fetch Gilbert Blythe and bring him in here right now."

---NEXT WEEK---

Picturegoer Gold Medal Award

Next week we publish the conclusions of voting for the award of "Picturegoer"'s gold medals to the actor and actress who in our readers' opinion have given the most worthy performance of the past year—that is, in films released during 1934. A special article deals with the outstanding films and players, and will recall to your minds many of those who have a definite claim on your affections. If you are interested in showing the realization of the above, will you order your copy now, and thus give more satisfaction to the artistes who have given you so much pleasure."

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JEAN PARKER makes an attractive gypsy girl in "Caravan."

ELISIE HOWARD's claim to a position right in the forefront of the screen's leading men is further strengthened by his performance in Of Human Bondage, a study of a man who is bound by a love which ruins his happiness.

He is perhaps the most sensitive artiste in films to-day, as witness his fine characterisation in Berkeley Square, but that he is equally versatile is proved by his acting in The Scarlet Pimpernel.

Of Human Bondage also gives Bette Davis a chance to show that she can act a character role as well as be just glamorous.

The Cockney accent demanded by her part in the picture may not always be wholly convincing, but generally she manages to suggest the coarse, London waitress she is supposed to be with conviction.

***OF HUMAN BONDAGE***

Leslie Howard...........Philip Carey
Bette Davis.............Mildred Phillips
Fredric March...........Ray Collins
Kay Johnson.............Nora Reynolds
Reginald Owen...........Griffiths
Alan Hale..............Miller
Reginald Denny...........Spencer Hume
Reginald Owen...........Albertny
Reginald Sheppard........Dunnefield
Desmond Roberts..........Dr. Jacob
Directed by John Cromwell from Somerset Maugham's novel. Premiered December 1, 1934.

There is no actor who could have been more happily chosen for the part of the artist of Somerset Maugham's novel who is chained by love to a woman who is incapable of regretting it, than Leslie Howard. He brings out the sensitivity of the man—he has a club foot which heightens his super-sensitiveness—and also invests him with a most appealing sympathy.

As the gypsy coquette Cockney waitresses on whom he lavishes his love and who leaves him only to reappear from time to time to spoil his happiness, Bette Davis proves that she is not just a "glamour" actress. Hers is a finely characterised performance which is thoroughly convincing and finely detailed.

The story is smoothly constructed, although somewhat slowly developed and the main theme of the picture, the helplessness of the man in bondage to a worthless love, is most poignantly brought out.

As the woman of his own rank who eventually brings him happiness with the love and sympathy he has always craved, Frances Dee presents a straight, competent ingenue role, while minor parts are well etched in by Reginald Owen, as the artist's eccentric but good-hearted friend, Reginald Denny and Alan Hale.

Particularly noteworthy is the way in which the director has subtly suggested the gradual transformation of the artist's love into a loathing for its object and a contempt of himself. It is a most effective piece of sex psychology.

***EVELYN PRENTICE***

William Powell...........John Prentice
Myrna Loy..............Evelyn Prentice
Una Merkel.............Amy Dimsley
Rosina Russell.........Mrs. Harrison
Harvey Stephens........Lawrence Keasbey
Isabel Jewell...........Judith Wilson
Edward Brophy.........Delaney
Henry Wadsworth........Chester Wylie
Cora Sue Collins........Dorothy Premiere
Jessie Ralph..............Mrs. Blake

It is purely on the brilliant acting of Myrna Loy and William Powell that I have included this picture in the three-star class. I feel that you cannot help but be thoroughly well entertained by them in spite of the hackneyed and obvious nature of the novelistic theme in which they appear: they manage by their exceedingly well-drawn characterisations to cloak the familiar plot's intrinsic artificiality.

Myrna Loy makes Evelyn, the neglected wife of John Prentice, a lawyer, who thinks she has killed a man who is attempting to blackmail her, vital and sympathetic.

As her husband, who defends a woman for the murder of which her wife believes herself guilty and who, eventually—Evelyn having made a confession in court—turns prosecutor and proves that the defendant is the real murderer, William Powell is at his best.

He even manages to make the theatrically conceived court scenes convincing and makes the marital love interest sincere and natural.

The direction generally is very good, and William K. Howard has made the most of his conventional material.

Light relief is provided effectively by Una Merkel as Evelyn's wise-cracking friend, while a child interest—dragged in by the feet for the sake of sentiment—is adequately supplied by Cora Sue Collins.

***CARAVAN***

Charles Boyer............Lauritz Melchior
Loretta Young............Curtis Crampton
Jean Parker..............Tilda Johnson
Theodore von Tokay........Louis Fernandez
Miss Opal
Eugene Palette............Gipsy Chales


The entire cast is uniformly good, and the film's success can be attributed to the fact that it is a perfect vehicle for Charles Boyer, who has given a memorable performance in The Prisoner of Zenda, who is as brilliant in the gypsy role as he is as squeaky-clean gentleman.
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ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

Edna Best makes her long- awaited Hollywood debut as the wife of a British intelligence officer stationed in Ireland who falls in love with a rebel leader, but discovers in the end that it is her husband for whom she really cares. She is inclined to be a little stagey but invests the character with sympathy and vitality.

Colin Clive is fair as the husband, but the real weight of the acting is carried by William Powell as the rebel leader, who plays it in his own inimitably polished style and succeeds in making the character pleasing in spite of its somewhat unethical behaviour.

An excellent supporting study comes from J. M. Kerrigan as an Irish intermediary.

The picture is good, technically, and the engagement between comedy and drama well maintained.

*WAKE UP AND DREAM*


Those who are grooming will find entertainment in the late Russ Colombo's interpretation of three songs hits, "Too Beautiful for Words," "Let's Pretend," and "When You're in Love," which are excellent of their kind.

Otherwise the picture is a very disjointed affair dealing with the adventures of a vaudeville trio who, after various adventures, reach Hollywood.

The whole thing is played in broad comedy vein, a romantic element being introduced by the love of the two male members of the trio for their pretty partner.

Otherwise, it is a fair but somewhat colourless.

On the other hand, Roger Pryor gives a very enjoyable performance as the "brains" of the trio, whose wild schemes for securing engagements lead to all sorts of trouble.

Henry Armetta gives a broad comedy characterisation of an Italian—a musical friend of the trio. Some of the situations are well devised, but the production fails to keep one interested because of its extremely weak continuity.

*NOW AND FOREVER*


The patter of little Shirley Temple's footsteps in the hall redeems Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper from a life of crime.

Shirley, who always seems to fall among thieves, is at least the most engaging of the screen's infant prodigies as Penelope, daughter of Jerry Day, a polished crook. The latter brings her to the somewhat strange message presented over by her partner in crime, Toni.

It is never quite clear whether Toni is wife or mistress. At any rate, as a result of the child's influence both decide to "go straight."

The father's incurable extravagance, however, leads to a lapse from grace. Penelope forces him to see the error of his ways and although punishment is waiting for the quarry, the film ends on a note of nobility and sacrifice when Jerry allows the little girl to be adopted by and brought up by man who can bring her up in a less unconventional environment.

Now and Forever is mainly for the Shirley Temple fans. If you are still under the spell of the Infant It Girl you will enjoy it immensely. Otherwise, there is very little in it, apart from a delightful performance by Sir Guy Standing as a jew thief with engaging manner, which can bring her up in a less unconventional environment.

Gary Cooper, as Jerry, and Carole Lombard, as Toni, are for the most part made to be "stooges" for Shirley Temple.

*MONEY MEANS NOTHING*


Familiar story with a judicious mixture of heart interest, thrills and humour in a pleasing domestic and homey atmosphere. The story deals with Julie, heiress to the Whitney millions, who falls in love with Kenneil, a clerk in a motor accessory establishment.

He marries her, but soon after loses his job, having been accused of being in league with hi-jackers. Poverty makes them lead a hard life, which is rendered harder by the fact that Julie is an expectant mother.

When everything is at its worst, however, Kenneth finds a job. He is employed by the hi-jackers with whom he was suspected of being connected; and spectacularly brings about their arrest.

The simple and none too probable plot is quite well handled, especially in the matter of domestic detail. Gloria Shea is natural as Julie and Wallace Ford displays a good sense of character as Kenneth.

Two amusing sketches are given by Edgar Kennedy and Maidel Turner.

*THAT'S GRATITUDE*


Frank Craven...Bob Grant. Doris Maywell...Arthur Byron. John Buckley...Charles Rait. Delia Maxwell...William North. Helen Ware...Mrs. Maxwell. Franklyn Panabaker...Photographer. Directed by Frank Craven. Directed by Frank Craven from the story and screen play by Helen Fisher.

Pleasant entertainment with a domestic and show-business atmosphere which has a somewhat original theme.

The story concerns an unprincipled theatrical producer who sponsers on a family and falls in love with the elder daughter. He gives her a part in a show of his and proudly displays what he had made of her to her family, who had turned him out on the grounds of ingratitude. He also tells them that he is going to marry her.

He is forestalled, however, and receives a telegram to the effect that his protege had eloped with her leading man.

Frank Craven is good as the producer, as is Arthur Byron as the man on whom he sponges. It is the bickering between these two that provides the best part of the point of the story and the comedy.

Sela Mannors is sound, too, as the cowdy daughter who is transformed into a prima donna.

The situations are well planned, but the picture remains in effect a photographed stage play.

*LEAVE IT TO BLANCHE*


Henry Kendall...David OLIVE. Blanche...Blanche. Mark...Mary. Polk...Ida. Griffith...Gives. Philip Amos...Emery. Ray Bristow...Dorothy Rahn. Leon...Brewster. J.C. Brown...Rex Harrison. Late...Kenneil. Elizabeth...Blair. Edward...Blinn. Mervin...Molly Clifford. Milton...Mrs. Mannors. Phyllis Stanley...Bibs. Singer Harold...Harold. Directed by Harold M. Young from an original story by Roland Brown. Premiered September 15, 1934.

David and Doris Mannors are happily married until a bash body, Blanche, suggests to the latter that she should pretend to be having an affair with a film actor to cure her husband's of his fondness for the golf club.

David sees through his wife's prudence and, to teach her a lesson, arranges with the film actor whose name she has used to stage a shooting scene.

It goes off well and his wife is duly terrified until she discovers blank cartridges in the revolver and gives them for real ones; then it is hubby's turn to be frightened.

In the end, the matter is cleared up and Blanche ostracised for the future.

There is little sparkle in the comedy situations and generally the affair is flimsy and pedestrian in effect.

Henry Kendall does his best with the indifferent role of the husband and the supporting cast is fair.

*OUANGA*


Drama clumsily built around "Voodooism," a form of hypnotic suggestion practised by the natives of the British West Indies, is circuitously produced and badly acted, and although the settings are authentic, they are not exploited at all effectively.
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ON THE BRITISH SETS
by E. G. COUSINS

be, but maybe because the only picture I saw him (Mutter in Monte Carlo) left me a little saddened and disillusioned. It proved we had great potentialities—in a less nit-witted part.

Anyway, he took a sea-voyage; and what then?

Enter Patric

Not the Warner Brothers (with a dash of First) but rather in 20th Century, trying to complicate matters are up on the roof again, telling us about Patric Knowles. Six-foot-two! Hefty! Good-looking! An actor! A swell dresser! Charm! Intelligence! All the doing! An all-round athlete, excelling in boxing, swimming and horse-riding! A fine horseman!

He is to play his first part under his Teddington contract in Crime Unlimited (how the Thames Valley does breed criminals!) and then what?

Please, Hollywood, let us have Mr. Knowles a few weeks longer! Amen.

Then there is Richard Ritchie, but he reversed the usual method by hitting Hollywood first. Actually he was pitched into it out of the saddle of a mustang—so called, of course, because you mustang on if you want to go the whole distance. Our Richard didn’t. He fell off, and broke some bones (which is not unusual in a Texas cowboy) and went to Hollywood, of all places, to recuperate.

Maybe he wanted to see some cowboys. They squat in silver on the edge of the pavement on Hollywood Boulevard, hoping the occupants of the rubber-wagons will take them for Gary Cooper.

Fox Got Him

Anyhow, someone saw him instead, and bunged him into Murder in Trinidad and Hollywood on Parade.

Then he came to England and played in the Ernie Lotus picture Smith’s Wives for Fox British. We shall be hearing more of Mr. Richard Ritchie, I fancy.

And now Twickenham are offering a Mr. Colin Leslie. Six-foot-one! Hefty! Good-looking! An actor! And so on, up to “doings.”

Personally, at the moment, I am afraid I rather have to ask you to take Colin Leslie on trust. I haven’t seen him yet, either on the screen or in the flesh; in fact, I have no absolute proof that he exists; but the Twickenham people evidently believe he does, or they would hardly have given him an important part in The Iron Woman.

Watch for Colin Leslie. Watch for Richard Ritchie. Watch for Patric Knowles. They may be part of the solution to the Great Problem which is keeping British producers awake o’ nights and causing their wives to worry about them. (What’s that, Johnny Jones? You thought producers’ wives only worried about blondes? Why bring that up?)

Dairy Produce

The current Teddington opus is The Lutier and Egg Man. This is one of the currently popular type of film about film-making.

Claude Hulbert, who is on contracts with Messrs. Warner Bros. First National Productions Ltd., plays the title-role—a somewhat simple-minded young man who is persuaded to put his money into film-production, without knowing anything about it.

Of course, anyone who does such a thing just forfeits all my sympathy right from the start; but does Hulbert Minor need our sympathy? No, sir! All comes right for him in the end, you’ll be relieved (and astonished) to learn.

But not before there has been a cabaret burlesque in a farmyard. These producers think of more things! Well, we, who’d have thought of a cabaret burlesque in a farmyard?

Bab! I’m an old grouch. Don’t pay any attention to me, I’m off, thoroughly whole-heartedly, doggone sick and tired of screen cabaret shows that you could hardly hire me to go and see one.

(Continued on page 34)
Nine charming Cutex Shades

Cutex is not only the best Liquid Polish, but it comes in nine separate shades selected by the World's Manicure Authority. There are flattering light tones — which go with every dress — Natural, Colourless, Rose, Pink Pearl, White Pearl, Peach and Coral — and the clever deep tones — Cardinal and Ruby. How these lovely Cutex nail tints add to your smartness and charm! Cutex preparations — everything for lovely nails — are MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly
March 23, 1935

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Nit Wit

In the cabinet sequences there is a coloured singer named Johnny Nit. And do you hope, dear Mrs. Higginwallow, that this gentleman will not be relied upon for the rest of the film? Yes, I also hope that, dear Mrs. Higginwallow.

So much for butter and eggs. The other new film in that neighbourhood is two-three miles away, at Twickenham, calling itself The Iron Woman.

I warned you before, I think, that it makes no attempt to furnish a mask for The Iron Duke, in the manner in which a mate is being furnished in Hollywood for the Frankenstein monster.

Recapitulating briefly, let me mention that it's about a strong-minded woman who is so darned strong-minded that she becomes a permanent pain in the neck to her children. They stick it as long as they can, and then combine to teach her what's what.

Cast, sir? Certainly, sir! Coming, sir, coming! Betty Astell, Hope Davy (these two were together in Jizzer on the Farm, but let bygones be bygones), Michael Shepley, Mark Daly, Wally Patch, Richard Cooper, Margaret Yardie, and that Colin Lestlsee I mentioned a piece back.

The Gang's All Here

He wasn't at the studios the afternoon I arrived on the Iron Woman set, but Betty and Hope were, and Michael Shepley, and Wally Patch, and Dickie Cooper, so all was well with me. How Betty Astell has come on in the last few months! Since she shed her glittering golden locks and her curves and became a slim brunette as I first knew her, she's a hundred and three percent more attractive.

Now a hundred and four.

Hope Davy first appeared at Twickenham in River Wolves. Remember it? Me either, but George Pearson directed it, and he's directing this Iron Woman one.

These people are night-birds—not from choice, but because there isn't a room to stand up in the studios by day, since the floors are full of Vintage Wine (the Seymour Hicks comedy) and Johnson's Stores.

Johnson's Stores

Before the new large studio was built, they had to have one production going at night because there was room only for one by day. Now that there is room for two in the daytime, they still have a certain overflow at night. And in years to come, when they have a huge multiple-floor studio on the lot, I can still see them with one more production on hand than they've room for.

Well, it's all good for business.

A Twickenham Twist

Johnson's Stores, with Garry Marsh, Eve Grey, and Sebastian Shaw, was drawing to a close when I turned up, and Leslie Hiscott, directing it, was getting his muscles up to Guide the Room, which was to follow immediately.

The Twickenham Trumpeters describe it as "one of the cleverest mystery stories ever written, containing an ingenious twist to the solution which should intrigue and delight cinema audiences." I hope it will; but if there isn't a murder in it I won't pay my one-and-sixpence. I always insist on a murder in the Thames Valley.

Except, of course, in an all-in comedy like Vintage Wine. Hope the wit of the film British comedies as sheer murder (I think I've mentioned it once or twice, haven't I?) but not this one. Here we have one of the masters of comedy, Seymour Hicks, doing the stuff he does better than anyone else.

And his settings are right. In one of the coldest days of this so-called Spring I went shivering into the studios, straight into what seemed eternal Summer, with a bunch of luscious girls (they're all in a moment. They're... pickers... at... Twickenham. Got it?) lobbingly about in the sparkling green swimming pool, under a blazing sun—in fact, a whole battery of blazing suns, each controlled by a blazing hot electrician.

Whoops, Dearie!

Lobbling? Why, surely you know lobbling?

Vachel Lindsay uses it to describe the whales of California, which

Rally and roam in the lobbling foam.

And whoop that their souls are free.

These damsels weren't whooping, because (a) the mask doesn't like it, and (b) it isn't the whooping-cough season. It's the influenza season. Poor Robert Donat has been bowled over with it. Of course, he's playing the lead in Thirty-nine Steps, so they can't get a substitute, as they might in the case of a minor player.

This quite often does happen. In fact, if anyone asked me the two most valuable factors for pushing one into a film career, I might be inclined to say Influenza and Influenza. Only, the Influenza must be someone else's—and, for the matter of that, so must the Influenza.

Bit tough on Donat. He's urgently required in Hollywood to play the lead in Captain Blood. And, to come to think of it, two factors in this case really are rather exasperating.

All Wet

One is that, although he caught "flu" while scrambling through peat and heather and splashing in and out of a Highland burn (with Madeleine Carroll handcuffed to his wrist), the peat and the heather and the burn and the Carroll were all in the studio at Shepherd's Bush, and there were whole battalions of dry socks and hot coffee and hot air and air within a few yards if anyone had thought of them.

And the other thing is that, if he had been working in his own studio instead of at Shepherd's Bush, he would probably never have caught "flu" at all, for the Chief Electrician has installed an apparatus which injects an antiseptic fluid, by means of a drip-feeder, into the giant airplane. The fluid, bliss its busy little heart, drips at the rate of two drops a second into the filter chamber of the plant. Powerful fans then blow it into the studios, and air ducts all round the sound stages distribute it equally and evenly.

One would have told poor Robert Donat about that!

Enter The "Toastmaster"

"Mr. Lord Chairman, Your Grace, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—pray silence for Mr. Maximus!"

With these words, Ernest Poynter, one of the most famous of London's toastmasters, made his initial appearance in British films for the Gainborough film, The Clairvoyant.

Resplendent in superb cut toastmaster's "uniform," he stands soldierly and erect, his bearing reminiscent of his long and distinguished war-service. On the lapel of his magnificent scarlet coat, three miniature medals—one being the Military Cross.

Mr. Poynter, whose profession, of course, demands correctness at all times, is amazed at the accuracy and detail of film-studio production.

He has met, in the course of his duties, almost every member of the Royal Family, and has frequently stood behind the chairs of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other members of the Royal Family.

His clear, vibrant voice is familiar to millions of radio-listeners whose sets have been tuned to broadcasts of big social functions.

Promisingly at ten o'clock he has to leave the studio, to prepare for the evening's engagements. He has been working as toastmaster continuously every evening for three months.

Even during the summer, he is busy at coastal resorts and in the provinces; and, this year, the Silver Jubilee will keep him more than fully occupied.

Mr. Poynter's is a noble and dignified profession, and carries with it a very fine tradition which remains unalloyed and essentially British throughout the world.
"Surely that's not DIANA?
She used to have a very poor Skin!"

"By Jove! she's Lovely now!"

You see what a world of charm a perfect complexion can give a girl! Diana hasn't altered—except in her complexion, and yet everyone envies her now! Oatine Cream has cleared and cleansed her complexion already! The sallow, blotchy skin has already gained that rose-petal bloom that is the very secret of loveliness. You can prove the wonderful effect of Oatine Cream for yourself. Use it daily and within a week you'll see the difference. Oatine Cream restores the natural and lovable complexion you had when you were a baby—and keeps it safe from the wind and rain of Spring and the dust and grime of Town. To remove surplus cream use the new silky Oatine Cleansing Tissues.

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SODA BICARB IS BAD FOR THE STOMACH

Though a dose of bicarbonate of soda will often bring temporary relief to stomach pains, doctors say it is a bad thing to take by itself. In the end it only aggravates the trouble and in time may actually injure the delicate stomach walls.

What doctors recommend is the Powder which has revolutionised the treatment for all sorts of stomach trouble, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. All over the country hospitals are using this formula for curing even things like gastric and duodenal ulcers, and it is just as effective for the simplest case of indigestion.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly

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AT THE END OF THE DANCE

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The CHARM OF NATURAL LIPS!

Give your lips alluring natural colour ... without a trace of paint

To keep your lips most alluring, you must use lipstick as other women do. So the thing to do is to use the lipstick especially made to colour lips beautifully ... without causing a painted look in the slightest! There is a lipstick that does this; it's called Tangee. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't painted. Instead, it contains a colour-change principle that enables it to intensify your natural colouring and become a very part of your lip!

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TANGee
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

HOLLYWOOD'S "BRITISH" PICTURES
Why does America Do These Things Better?

It is passing strange that Hollywood should constantly have to show us how to make films with purely British themes, filmed which by birthright we should be making.

How truly British, in everything but the manufacture, was Cavalcade. Now they give us a perfect production in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

Hollywood certainly seems to have the knack of making better British pictures than we can, and I've no doubt Clive of India will be another example.

David Copperfield, by all perfect in Dickensian Victorian atmosphere, and it will be interesting to compare this Hollywood offering with the British-produced Dickens story, The Old Curiosity Shop.

which, to my mind, is exaggerated in its characteristics and blatantly theatrical.—H. Berne, 1/co Frank Heath, "Draper," St. Mary's, Bedford, who is awarded the second prize of 10/6.

In Defence of Shirley

In your correspondence columns, a certain Wm. Taylor, of Edinburgh, suggests that child stars should be banned. Why should he seek to deprive millions of cinema-goers all over the world of the pleasure of seeing such a delightful little personality as Shirley Temple?

He rashly uses words such as "precocious," "brat," and "doped" and virtually snivels over "an attempt to play on the public's heart-strings at the expense of young and valuable lives."

Presumably this precious William rates himself above the finest acting, producing, and artistic branches of the British Hollywood industry. Recently, I received a cable saying that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (at their annual banquet, during which they make awards for the greatest contributions to the screen) have made a special award to little Shirley Temple.

The Academy, then, "Because she has brought happiness to more children and adults than any child of her age in the history of the world."

Irving Cobb, the toastmaster, said: "When Santa Claus goes down Creation's chimney, he brought the loveliest Christmas present ever given to the world. This is the first time any child has been awarded an honour by the Academy. And now listen to Mr. Cobb again. "There is one great towering figure in the cinema game. One artiste among artisans, one giant among troupers—Shirley Temple!"

When I was in Hollywood, I met Shirley Temple, I assure you the aplatided William that she is not precocious or pampered, or spoiled, or in the slightest danger of being any of these things. She is the sweetest little girl you could possibly imagine—sunny-tempered, smiling, innocent, natural, and utterly charming.

May I suggest to the perturbed William that he spends a few barbews on seeing Bright Eyes when this picture is shown in his town?

He will change his mind about Shirley then.—Nov Simmonds, Publicity Director, Fox Film Co., Ltd.

Stupid Titles

When will the practice end of giving stupid and irrelevant titles to worthwhile films? There are a number of people who refrained from seeing that fine musical One Night of Love, because of its cheap title. You never have this trouble in the theatre. Even the most nondescript play is dignified by its title.

The film industry resents the snipes and jibes periodically thrown at them by the intellectuals, but they do everything in their power to alienate the support of thinking people.

The latest film to be handicapped in this way is Lilian Harvey's Let's Live To-night. Why could not Columbia have left this as Once a Gentleman, which is an interesting title and definitely has some relation to the plot:—R. Deere (Miss), 234 Munster Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

The Rubaiyat of Pictures

Wake, for talkies almost overnight Did cast a stone that put the stars to flight But lo, the microphone at least has caught The voice of Arliss, much to our delight.

The Extra

What without asking hither hurried whence; And without asking, whither hurried hence? Ah, never mind. This one-pound-one of mine Will drown the memory of that insouciance.

Short Cut

Up came a show-girl through the studio gate I rose, and on the throne of stardom sat Though many may have travelled a long road Not me, for beauty fades, and it grows late.

The Cutting Room

"This is all a cheery sound of shots from plays Where destiny lies of film stars sways Hither and thither helps, destroys, betrays, Then one by one down on the carpet lays.

Opinion

Why if a girl can sing her clothes aside And naked on a motion picture glide She should win fame—is 't not a shame for her Too long in any suburb to abide!

The "Quickie" Maker

Come, light 'em up, what boots it to repeat The schedule's passing underneath our feet Finished to-morrow, started yesterday, Why fret about them if the dog be sweet.

Location

Here with my melting make-up 'neath the bough An empty flask, a book of script—and thou Stroking back in the wilderness. Location is a hell on earth how.

Old Age

The deadly critic writes, and having writ, moves on Nor all thy talent nor thy girt Will him back to cancel half a line Nor all thy years wash out a word of it.

The Screen's Beloved Dead

And those we loved, the loveliest and best The great director of their vintage press They've played their parts, and vanished from the floor And one by one crept silently to rest.—June Arliss, 29 North Villas, Camden Square, N.W.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1 12.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two longest, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 50 words. Address to "The Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.
Look at Your Skin

Pimples, spots, coarse blotched skin now easy to avoid—say specialists.

Thousands of women are now relying upon Cuticura alone as their external aid to skin health and beauty. Pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, irritations; ‘muddy’, coarse rough skin all yield to this scientific treatment which every woman can carry out daily at little cost.

Place the care of your skin in Cuticura Soap, used with Cuticura Ointment. In just a few days you will see your skin improve—note with delight its softness, smoothness and clearness. All trace of pimples, blackheads, coarseness disappear, the complexion becomes lovelier, clear and radiant.

The treatment is simple. Wash the skin with Cuticura Soap twice a day. Its luxuriant lather cleanses and purifies, washes-away pore-deep dust and grime and softens the skin. And for pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations, apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part before washing with the Soap. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes and heals and quickly clears the skin.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Soft, white skin IS Charm

How do busy Society women keep their skin beautifully white and soft? The answer is on their dressing table—Hinds Honey & Almond Cream preserves the youth of skin. When Hinds is smoothed into the skin, it feeds the underlying tissues, preserving its smoothness and restoring its youthful freshness. Start using Hinds to-day and see the immediate improvement in your face and hands and skin generally.

HINDS
HONEY &
ALMONDO

NEW! HINDS VANISHING
CREAM

To make your Powder stay on longer, use this soft, satin textured Cream. It is non-oily and leaves a perfect matt surface. Use Hinds Cold Cream to cleanse the skin. In extra large tubes and pots, 6d. and 1.5.

The Glory of Beautiful Hair
DUART RINSE

The first and best of all Hair Rinses, restores as nothing else will, the natural colour of your hair, enhancing its lustre and beauty. Use with rinsing water after a shampoo. Made in 12 shades to match any colour hair. Not a dye, but a harmless colourative.

2 RINES FOR 8d

For best results use also
GLORIA Soapless Shampoo Powders
PRICE 6d. EACH.
From Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

SPECIAL

Two RINSES & SHAMPOO

OFFER

(Stale Colour of Hair)

Direct from ROSEMURD BROS (Dept. P.G.),
17 Noble Street, London, E.C.2

Look at Your Skin

Pimples, spots, coarse blotched skin now easy to avoid—say specialists.

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Cuticura
For Clear Healthy Skin

Soap to cleanse and purify. Ointment to soothe and heal. And to complete the beauty treatment Cuticura Talcum the ideal powder. Delightfully refreshing and fragrant.

Don't be Anaemic Pale, Breathless Girls.

Nothing is more characteristic of the anaemic girl than her pallor and breathlessness; the least exertion distresses her; she is always languid and depressed; she has no appetite, and headaches and backaches often trouble her.

Remember this, you pale, anaemic girls, mere stimulants are no use for anaemia, only one thing can banish it—now, rich blood. The one medicine that can be relied upon to provide this is Dr. Williams Pink Pills. These pills really do create new blood—the rich, healthy blood that imparts strength, cleanses the system, and restores womanly charm, with the bright eyes and rosy lips that tell of perfect health.

Read the statement of Miss G. Spurr, of 10 Midland Avenue, Hundlebury, Leek: "When 19 years of age I began to suffer acutely from anaemia. I grew weak and depressed, could not eat, and was very pale and languid. I took all kinds of medicines in vain, until at last I tried Dr. Williams pink pills. The second box brought relief; and before long all traces of anaemia had disappeared, and I was enjoying better health than ever I had done." You, too, can feel the joy and vigour that new blood will infuse into your system by taking Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills. Of all chemists, 1. 6d. a box (triple size, 3s.). If these pills fail to benefit you, the proprietors will refund your money.

'WARE 'FLU

High temperature. Bad enough if it should be a cold. Worse still if Influenza. So much of it about now. Take precautions.

Take a ZOX POWDER—AT ONCE.

Time is important, you know. Zox is invaluable for reducing the high temperature, relieving bad Headaches, Neuralgia, and Nerve Pains. Being in powder form it is more effective. Over 30s. reputation.

ZOX FREE

Zox Powders, 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box of Chemists and Stores. Send 14d. stamp (cost of postage) for two powders now.


HEAD WON'T ACHIE IF ZOX YOU TAKE

Tickling Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with

VICK LOZENGE

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1/- stamp for postage. Address: Cuticura (Dept. 41/2), Newbery and Phillips Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

WARBURG'S

COCONUT

CREAM

The winter treat for your skin.

If you are tired of skin problems, try WARBURG'S COCONUT CREAM.
HEAT RESISTING YARN MAKES THESE UNDIES LAST LONGER

Gone are the days when long wear meant dowdy wear. Now you can buy durable daintiness. For CONLOWE, which looks lovely, does last. No ladders! No rotting threads or danger from hot ironing for CONLOWE is made from heat-resisting viscose yarn. Yet CONLOWE costs the same as ordinary underwear. You can't wash the wear out of CONLOWE UNDERWEAR.

FREE Write for CAMPHOR Talc and Harlene Camomile Shampoo.

HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. All fair-haired ladies should try it at once and enjoy its marvellous effect. All chemists, 1/3, 3/4 and 5/- per bottle.

HARLENE CAMOMILE SHAMPOO is the perfect shampoo for maintaining and preserving the beauty of fair hair. It is a tremendous boon to fair-haired ladies who will enable them, one and all, to possess more glorious hair beauty than ever. Not only is the shampoo superb-cleansing in its power, but it preserves that NATURAL, Sheen and Shine which is the essence of Fair-Haired Beauty. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (Single Sachets, 3d. each).

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former end every reply to answer any query regarding films, the latter any thing connected with household or beauty hints. Write to him both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

HILBERT ADZMER.—(1) Write to Jack Holbert and Gaily Courromaud, c/o G.B. Studios. (2) Centre Spread of Jack's the Best of 1935. Copies can be obtained from Publishing Dept. 8, Endell Street, W.C.1, for 3d. each, post free.

R. S. (Barry)——Address: Gracie Fields, c/o Associated Talking Pictures; Lilian Harvey, c/o B.P.I.; Madeleine Carroll, c/o G.H.B.; Dame Edna Lame, c/o M.-G.-M.

NUPLEEN (Blackpool).—Addresses: Leslie Howard, c/o Warner Bros.; Merle Oberon, c/o M.G.M.; Anna Neagle, c/o British and Dominions.

EAGER.—Scenario writers are employed by the studio and very few stories accepted from outside members of the public. You can send a neatly typed synopsis to the major British studios, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.


A REGULAR READER.—Ben Weidman's latest film was Gay Lone. Write to him, c/o British Lion Studios.

GABIE FAN, (N.W.),—Write to Clark Gable, c/o M.G.M., Hollywood. Latest film, After Office Hours, with Connie Bennett.

BURLINGTON GIFT.—Photographs of Johnnie Weismueller from Picture Postcard of "Camomile, Rendezvous to CONLOWE LTD., Greatingley, SINGHAM Centre.

A.G.C. (Kent).—Write to Nova Pilbeam, c/o G.B. Studios, making Passing of the Tha's.

A MAX WEST FAN.—Write to Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, c/o M.G.M., Hollywood. Max West, c/o Paramount Studio. Advise you to enclose an addressed envelope and London Money Order for the return postage when writing to a star, to ensure a reply.

BE A STAR IN YOUR OWN PICTURE! Glamorous Free Photograph Offer to every Reader

HOW would you like to see yourself in a glowing, glamorous "close-up" film star portrait? A photograph that brings out all the high points of your face, mirrors your personality as the ace cameramen of the studio would mirror it.

Next week PICTUROGGER will make this dream come true for every one of its readers. It is one of the biggest and brightest surprises ever prepared for film fans. You will be offered FREE a glorious full-size head-and-shoulder portrait in rich tones, mounted up a handsome folio, the last word in photographic art.

All you have to do will be to send in a photograph of yourself, from which your film star "close-up" will be made. You can send a postcard-size photo of your head and shoulders, all the better, of course, but any snapshot, provided that it is crisp and sharp, will suffice if no other is available. Our star cameramen will do the rest.

You may, if you prefer, send the photograph of wife, husband, sweetheart, brother or sister, or the picture of some child you love. The same glamorous "close-up" will be made—so you would have like to have the same glamorous "close-up" made from a postcard photograph of your own favourite film star instead of your personal portrait—so it shall be, just as you prefer.

Just imagine! You can see yourself in a beautiful portrait just as YOU would appear if YOU were Myrna Loy or William Powell or any great movie personality.

You must have a splendid good photograph of yourself, a relative, a friend, or a film star that would come out very well as a "close-up" portrait. Look for that picture now so that you will be able to accept the PICTUROGGER's unique offer with a month's delay.

It will cost you nothing—and will be a joy to behold. An ideal present, or a charming, intimate possession of your very own.

But you must make certain of next week's PICTUROGGER, in which full particulars will appear showing how you can secure one of these beautiful "close-up" portraits Free.

The demand will be enormous, so order your copy of THE PICTUROGGER at once.
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Ah! I see you did

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d. and 1/-

If you use a solid dentifrice, try the new MACLEANS Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—cl. per tin.
**TWO WONDERFUL BARGAINS!**

**AMBRON NU-STYLE CORSELETTE BARGAIN**

Perfect fit, style and finish, a rarity of comfort in colour, made in the tone that suits well with extended range or bend and returns with stylish smoothness. Shoulder font of soft web net supports bust and an underlined side lending, complete "up and" correct diaphragm control. Four strong elastic suspenders.

**BUST (for Corselette).**

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**HOW TO ORDER**

Post 8d. in the Coupon for the Bargain you want and enclose with Full Name (Mrs., or Miss) and Address and postal order for amount of deposit and postage.

**OVERSEAS and IRISH FREE STATE Full cash only. Please cross P.O. thus / in Ink. Write very plainly and post without delay.

**THE ROLLON BARGAIN CORSET**

Bngle one of these lovely undergarments, a smashing undergarment, with breasted Loretto effect, perfectly suited for figure and figure with efficiency. The one-piece effect of a very nifty appearance and will be trim and well fitted. It is on different length of body, and is therefore blue and all round, especially for slim or extra-tall sizes.

**BUST (for Corset).**

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**BARGAIN COUPON**

Please send me on approval, Garment as requested at present Bargain price stated above. I enclose 1/- deposit together with postage and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by 3-4 monthly instalments. If I return the article unworn at once you will refund my deposit.

Garment:

Bust (for Corset). . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ..
This is what she used!

Even her Brother paid her compliments!

(From a letter to Dixor, Ltd.)

"Thank you very much for the samples of Velouty you sent me. I have never found anything so marvellous for my skin. Last night I put a little of your wonderful preparation on my face at six o'clock, and at twelve-fifteen it still looked as fresh as ever... Other make-up has always hidden my natural colour, but Velouty seems to make it clearer... Even my brother, who is very slow with compliments, says he is glad to see my face look natural without paint and powder. Velouty maintains that perfect dull finish all evening, and never shows a trace of shine."

Send the coupon below to-day!

At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, Tubes: 4d., 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, Pots: unbreakable, for the handbag 1/3, as illustrated) de luxe 4/6, glass 2/9.

Don't be caught napping!

Colds, 'flu and rheumatism are about. Just how much you will be involved depends on your own action to protect yourself. 'ASPRO' banishes sore throats and prevents the development of serious complaints, as it also smashes the most severe cold or 'flu attack in one night and dispels rheumatic pain, it will be a wise action on your part to KEEP 'ASPRO' HANDY. Whether for protective purposes or for banishing quickly the complaint itself, you will find 'ASPRO' the quickest acting, most efficient remedy it is possible to have. As 'ASPRO' harms neither the heart nor the stomach, it can be taken by all, at any time, anywhere. Its price is within the reach of all. Its great variety of uses is due to the fact that 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, is an anti-pyretic and anti-periodic, a solvent of uric acid, a germicide, an internal antiseptic and a fever reducer.

So when illness afflicts you, take 'ASPRO' at first signs & nip it in the bud

Read this convincing testimony

KEEP FREE FROM RHEUMATISM AND COLDs

Mrs. Whitehead, of 26, Kay Street, Middleton writes: Last winter I was never without a cold which at last turned into rheumatism and I was in bed for weeks. When I started getting up I thought I would try 'ASPRO', as I had taken them for headaches and they had always banished them. It was not long before I was feeling myself again and this year I am glad to say I have never had one cold. I take two 'ASPRO' tablets every night and they keep me free from rheumatism and colds. Twelve months ago I thought I would never walk again, and now I am better than ever.

S I R, 22, Southgate, Chorchester, Sussex.
I should like to tell you that until a month ago I had never taken 'ASPRO' but they have saved me from influenza. I am recommending them to all my friends. They are wonderful. We have bought quite a stock of them.

DOROTHY V. SALTER

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Dear Sir,
Hillside House, Layford, Essex.
I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man. Yours Gratefully,
C. MAYTHORNE.

Try 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOITR
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC TOOTHACHE
AFTER-EFFECTS
ASTHMA

All Leading Chemists & Stores Stock & Display 'Aspro'

Prices 3d. 6d. 1/- 2/6

'ASPRO' contains the purest Acrystallistic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:

GOLLIN & Co., Pty. Ltd. ('Aspro Depot'), SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.
No proprietor, right or claim in the method of manufacture or the formula.
Made by ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, England.
Out Friday, March 22nd

The Passing Show's Great
SPRING & BIRTHDAY DOUBLE NUMBER

"The Passing Show"—out Friday, March 22—a marvellous B-I-G Spring and Birthday Double Number to celebrate "The Passing Show's" 20th Birthday. N-I-N-E-T-Y - S-I-X sparkling pages—printed in rich photogravure and COLOURS, too. NEARLY 100 MARVELLOUS PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS!—A SPLENDID LAUGHTER SECTION BY FAMOUS HUMORISTS!—a new mystery thriller "ROOM NUMBER FOUR" by Will Scott. OTHER ENTHRALLING STORIES by Warwick Deeping, Joan Conquest, Luigi Pirandello, to mention only a few. POWERFUL ARTICLES by the Right Hon. George Lansbury, Berta Ruck, and other men and women in the public eye. Mr. Hore Belisha and Mr. George Bernard Shaw discuss "Safety First." REAL LIFE STORIES, etc.

This Number of "The Passing Show" is shilling value but costs only THREEPENCE. It's out to-morrow, Friday, March 22. H-U-R-R-Y, go to your newsagent to-day and ask him to supply your copy.

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!
£50 FOR A SLOGAN

Gracie Fields
FREE!

Lovely June Clyde, who is starring in the R.I.P. screen triumph "Dance Band."

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both "The Picturegoer" reader and the friend who is introduced.

The object of this scheme is to obtain the "Close-up, Film Portrait" from "The Picturegoer." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "The Picturegoer" for the past three months.

A "Close-up" Film Portrait Fulfilled to a person who has submitted a properly completed Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Token on the opposite page; accompanied by a clear photograph (preferably pasted on—once sent your photograph cannot be returned unless accompanied by a fully completed Voucher). Each photograph must have the name and address of the owner clearly written on the back, very clearly in ink and in block letters. The label, bearing the name and full postal address of "The Picturegoer" reader must have a halftone stamp applied to it.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it the consecutively numbered tokens cut from successive current weekly issues of "The Picturegoer." Tokens eligible are the plain series, and they appear every week in the LEFT HAND bottom corners of the back cover of "The Picturegoer." Applicants are requested to send their Vouchers within three weeks of the date printed on the Voucher. No tokens prior to "171" and no other types of tokens will be accepted.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the six weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in both together to: "The Picturegoer," "The Picturegoer," 111 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher, your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal order for 3s. (thirty pence), to cover the cost of surface, packing in special photographic carton, insurance, etc., on the photographic portrait, which are dispatched separately to your respective addresses.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 50,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one (1) Enlargement and one enlargement will be awarded to no more than one member of the same family living at the same address. In the event of equal score under this scheme must see if his or her newspaper holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "The Picturegoer."

Copies of "The Picturegoer" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer is limited to applicants in the United Kingdom, Repub. of Ireland, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

Would you like a Superb "Close-up" Portrait of Yourself?

You can obtain a beautiful close-up Film Portrait Enlargement from your own photograph and one for your friend from his or her own photograph. Full details of "The Picturegoer's" wonderful Gift Offer are on the opposite page. ACT AT ONCE!
GLAMOROUS "CLOSE UP" FILM PORTRAITS

FOR YOU
One Big Studio Enlargement
OF YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPH

FOR YOUR FRIEND
One Big Studio Enlargement
OF YOUR FRIEND'S OWN PHOTOGRAPH

This week "The Picturegoer" announces a wonderful new gift for every one of its readers that will arouse tremendous enthusiasm.

**WILL YOU LIKE A BIG GLAMOROUS "CLOSE-UP" FILM PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF—FREE?** A wonderful opportunity to possess from one of your own photographs, especially enlarged by "The Picturegoer's" experts and enclosed in a beautiful ART FOLIO.

For you've admired the big lovely portraits of stars, of the type that "The Picturegoer" publishes every week, and now you can have one of yourself, endowed with a charm and glamour only to be obtained by specialists in this style of portraiture.

And here's another surprise! An opportunity for you to do a friend a good turn. "The Picturegoer" not only offers you a big "Close-up" Film Portrait enlargement from your own photograph, but is extending this great gift to your FRIEND as well.

All you and your friend send is 6d, each to cover cost of special photograph packing, insurance, etc., and postage to your home. YOU AND YOUR FRIEND SEND NO MONEY NOW.

You simply look up all the photographs you have of yourself, and choose the very best one of your head and shoulders or head only. Get your friend to do the same. Send one photograph each, only. You then both write your name and address on the back of your respective photographs and you post them to us in the same envelope, together with the Forms below properly filled in by YOU AND YOUR FRIEND.

In receipt of these Forms "The Picturegoer" will send YOU Two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify. At the same time your respective "Close-up" Film Portraits will be handed to our experts for special enlargement.

In this great Gift offer, you and your friend are not obliged to send in portraits of yourselves; you may, if you wish, send in a photograph of sweetheart, brother or sister, some child you love, wife, husband, or even a photograph of a favourite film star.

**But here is a very important thing to remember; whatever photograph both you and your friend send in to be enlarged, IT MUST IN EACH CASE BE A GOOD HEAD-AND-SHOULDER, OR HEAD ONLY, portrait, noi a full-length picture. If possible, it should be of the ordinary studio type, but failing this an ordinary snapshot will do provided it is really sharp and clear and not too small.**

**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO**

To qualify for this unique Gift, all you are asked to do is to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader of "The Picturegoer," and who will promise to give "The Picturegoer" a fair trial for six weeks.

Be sure to make certain that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, i.e., one who has NOT purchased "The Picturegoer" for the last three months.

The best quality photographic paper is used for these "Close-up" Film Portraits. Each Picture measures 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide, and is enclosed in a beautiful Art Folio of attractive Brown mottle-finish board, with an Art Print design on the front cover. The Art Folio measures 9½ in. deep by 7½ in. wide.

**OFFER LIMITED—BE FIRST**

First read the simple "How to qualify" conditions on the opposite page. Next, get the Reservation Forms below filled in, together with the Label, which should have a halfpenny stamp firmly attached, and which MUST BE YOUR OWN NAME AND FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written. Then YOU post the Forms and Label, together with your own and your friend's photograph, to "The Picturegoer" at once.

**HURRY—**all applications from this announcement MUST be received by NOT LATER than Monday, April 8. Find your friend and then get the Forms below filled in and posted immediately.

**POST FORMS BELOW, TOGETHER WITH YOUR OWN AND YOUR FRIEND'S PHOTO, AT ONCE**

**YOU MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS**

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**RESERVATION FORM "A."**

To be filled in by reader of "The Picturegoer" who is introducing NEW READERS.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________

To The Picturegoer, Dept. G.E. 3 Arne St., London, W.C.2

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Please write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

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How Anne's wish came true

“NOW WISH, DARLING—WHY, I BELIEVE THE CHILD’S CRYING!”

“NO, I'M NOT AUNTIE. BUT—OH, IF ONLY MY WISH COULD COME TRUE! BUT THERE ISN'T A SINGLE NICE MAN WHO....”

“MEN WORSHIP A LOVELY COMPLEXION—YOUR UNCLE STILL PRAISES MINE—BUT YOUR SKIN'S TIRED—LOOKING!”

THREE MONTHS LATER

YOUR COMPLEXION'S A DREAM COME TRUE, DARLING.”

“AND YOU'RE MY WISH COME TRUE”

If you live in a crowded town and work in a stuffy office, you'll have to do something to avoid the unattractive, drab complexion that comes from “tired skin.” And the best and safest thing to do is always to use Knight’s Castile. Its generous, soothing lather feeds the vital beauty glands and stimulates them just as country breezes do. Knight's Castile—at only fourpence a tablet—is the cheapest and surest beauty treatment possible.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

A Modern Girl

MODERN in ideas and ways she smokes quite a lot and never questions whether anything will stain her teeth or not. But she does not neglect them—Night and morning she uses Eucryl.

EUCRYL Tooth Powder being a powder unhampere

by any "pastry" or clogging substance, cleans thoroughly, removes all stains, and makes teeth white and sparkling. Eucryl is so very fine and soft that it cannot possibly scratch.

The Lancet says, "...a properly compounded powder is preferable as a cleansing agent to a paste.

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER
BETTER MADE BETTER OWNED

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER

UNIQUE ADVERTISING OFFERS
by the

Rexall CHEMISTS

One for 1/-
Two for 1'1

One for 1/-
Two for 1'1

In celebration of Rexall's 32nd Birthday, dozens of popular lines are being offered on the above basis. You get two 1/- packages for the extra penny—as an advertisement.

Write for full list to United Drug Co. Ltd, Nottingham.

March 28th to April 6th!
FROM ALL
Rexall CHEMISTS
HUMANISING
Hollywood’s HEROINES

Janet Gaynor as a “Menace”—to Small Children—Lunching with “Henry the Eighth”—Constance Collier and Dressler roles—Hepburn as a Fashion Queen—Mae West drops her Famous Line.

The Mystery of Henry King

Mention of One More Spring, incidentally, gives me an opportunity to pay a long overdue tribute to Henry King.

King has been turning in first-rate pictures for more years than I care to remember, but for some reason or other he has never achieved the ranks of the “fashionable” directors as represented by Frank Capra, Lubitsch, and, more recently, W. S. Van Dyke.

Once in a circus, he started picture work as an actor with the old Lubin company.

As far back as sixteen years ago he made one of the most successful pictures of all times, Tol’able David, and set Richard Barthelmess’ feet on the road to fame. Among the other silent “winners” he directed were The White Sister (which did for Ronald Colman what Tol’able David did for Barthelmess), Stella Dallas and The Winning of Barbara Worth.

His record in talkies is equally impressive.

Lunch with Laughton

I wish I could tell you all the stories Charles Laughton told me at lunch the other day; but he prefaced his best with “off the record,” which meant they were not for publication. Some day I’m going to persuade him to write the story of himself and Hollywood—not forgetting Estree. It will be great fun.

I can tell you, however, that he is tremendously fond of his work in Hollywood and of the people with whom he works.

“They’re fine folk,” he said. “Otherwise they would not stay at the top.”

He considers his work in Ruggles of Red Gap as his best to date. “I enjoyed every moment of it. Charlie Ruggles and I had a great time. He’s a real trouper.”

Talking of British pictures in U.S.A., he laughed at the idea of there being any prejudice against our product. In fact, he became very angry about some of the silly stories in circulation. “America wants every good film, no matter where it is made.”

We agree. PICTURGOER has said that for a long, long time. The world is the market for any top-line film.

Dressler Roles for Constance Collier

When months ago PICTURGOER exclusively announced that Constance Collier was to be “built up” as a picture name by the studio that had just lost Marie Dressler, the report was denied.

I said at the time that while there would never be a second Marie, Miss Collier, one of the most distinguished stage artists of her day, was an ideal choice to carry on the great Dressler tradition.

Now Constance has scored a success in her first Hollywood picture, Shadow of Doubt, and it is reported that M.-C.-M. is dusting off the scripts it had in stock for Marie at the time of her death. The first of these may be Tish.

(Continued on page 6)
OVER £50 in PRIZES

Select an Anne Shirley Slogan

The Radio Studio is looking for a slogan to describe its newest star, Anne Shirley, who, in *Anne of Green Gables*, gives the most charming child characterization since the days of Mary Pickford. The sixteen-year-old Anne is not beautiful according to accepted standards, but she has personality and she can act.

Over Fifty Pounds in prizes are offered in this competition.

Write your Anne Shirley slogan on a postcard and address it to: "Anne Shirley Competition," *Picturegoer Weekly*, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Here are examples:


*Picturegoer* offers a first prize of £25.

A second prize of £10.

A third prize of £5.

Twenty prizes of 10s.

Fifty copies of the book, "Anne of Green Gables."

Shocked by Film Beauties

Only three women in motion pictures to-day, Anna Sten, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, really deserve the title of "exotic," according to Count W. J. D. Sobieski, the well-known portrait painter, who has some shocks in store for screenland's beauties.

The nobleman-artist, arriving in Hollywood recently to paint the three women he has chosen, declared that the overworked word "exotic" belongs to Miss Sten, Miss Garbo, and Miss Dietrich for definite reasons.

"Anna Sten has one of the most expressive faces in the world," says the Count. "She has not only great beauty but a face that shows character and a knowledge of life. I place her in my list of exotic women because she has an aura of mystery, of extreme beauty, of character—and, in my opinion, as an artist who has been trained to look beneath the surface, she has more chance of donning the mantle of Bernhardt or Duse than any other woman of the stage and screen.

Garbo has one of the most symmetrical faces in the world. She seems restrained, yet capable of great emotion. And a face that is just made to be painted, being modelled beautifully in flesh into definite planes."

Dietrich versus Garbo

Marlene Dietrich, too, the Count believes, has that intangible aura of mystery, but I wonder whether she has the German blonde more beautiful than Garbo and more intriguing.

"Of Miss Garbo," he adds, "I would call Miss Sten the most beautiful, Miss Dietrich a close second, and Garbo the third, in actual beauty.

I find, in studying Hollywood's faces from a portrait-painter's standpoint, that while most of them have the beauty of symmetrical features, few of them have character reflected in the face."

It is proposed to exhibit the Sohieski motion picture star portraits in Europe next year, if present plans materialise.

Hepburn Steps Out

In the meanwhile Katharine Hepburn is preparing a shock for screenland's "best dressed women." Katie, who has included the wearing of overalls among her repertoire of amiable eccentricities, is out for the title.

The inspiration behind the move is Bernard Newman, Radio's stylist.

"Katharine Hepburn," he says, "has the good breeding to feel comfortable in the proper clothes; she has the poise to carry her clothes and she has the type of figure that a designer loves to dress."

"I predict that when Katharine Hepburn appears on the screen in modern clothes she will immediately be acclaimed as the best dressed woman in pictures.

"Miss Hepburn has the figure for clothes. She has height and enough breadth of shoulder to set off her costumes. She has a sprightliness that gives life to garments."

"The reason for Hepburn's apparent disregard for clothes," he explains, "is that her interest in her work is so great that it has dominated her to the exclusion of all other interests. She brushed clothes aside as of no importance when judged beside her art."

Older Player in Films

Who is the oldest player in pictures—in terms of actual length of service before the cameras?

The claim to the title is, I see, being advanced on behalf of Milla Davenport, who plays Anna Sten's grandmother in *The Wedding Night*, and recently celebrated her twenty-fifth year as a motion picture actress.

She saw them all start—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Mabel Normand, Chaplin, Pickford. She was a star, with five years' film experience when in 1914 Charlie Chaplin arrived on the Sennett lot.

She watched his first day's picture work. "My boy, you're doing everything wrong!" she told him. "You won't get a week that way. You're breaking all the rules!"

Chaplin politely thanked her—and went on as though she had not spoken.

Milla shook her head again. "Such a nice boy, too," she murmured sadly. "He'll be out of pictures in a week, sure!"

37 Dollars a Week

Old-timers may remember her as the mean-faced matron in Mary Pickford's *Daddy Long Legs*.

Milla has been kept busy for the full quarter of a century, and she has probably earned more money in the long run than most stars whose names have become household words.

"It was hard to get an actor when I first started," she says. "My first picture was a Spanish one-reeler directed by Wilfred Lucas in a barn in 1909."

"I got thirty-five dollars a week, big money, because I had experience—one day's work in the Baltimore Knickerbocker Film Company when I played there in vaudeville."

Menjou's Salary

My remarks last week about Adolphe Menjou being the highest-paid free-lance actor in films appears to have aroused some interest.

Menjou must be one of the wealthiest players in pictures to-day. As a "femme rabe" he had a long innings in the very big money and his earnings are still considerable.

Adolphe, moreover, has the reputation, like Chaplin, of being a careful spender. I do not know about that.

I do know that when he was making *Two White Arms* over here he invited me to interview him at the studio. As he was busy on the set, he suggested lunch time. He duly led the way into the canteen, ordered his own lunch and proceeded to enjoy it while he regaled me for the next hour or so with the interesting but limited topic concerning why Chaplin considered him one of the greatest actors of all time.

---

Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney in "Sanders of the River," which will have a gala premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre, in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund, on April 2.
As, in my position as a visitor to the studio, I was unable to make use of the canteen myself, and the food for thought provided by Mr. Men jou’s conversation was somewhat inadequate, it was a rather hungry newspaperman who started the long trek back to town.

I hope Mr. Men jou will come and have lunch with me when next he is in London.

Mae West has dropped the line that made her famous.

"Come up and see me sometime" will not be heard once in her new picture, How Am I Doin’?

Instead, as a wealthy society woman she sends out engraved invitations reading: "Mrs. Fletcher Colton requests the pleasure of your company at a garden party..."

The Paramount star has just received a commission as Honorary Colonel of Company 1968 of the Californian Civilian Conservation Corps, and at the request of the commander, she sent the other colonels an autographed portrait.

Miss West is already one of those famous Kentucky colonels. "Pretty soon," she says, "I’ll be able to have a colonel’s convention all by myself."

Incidentally, have you noticed how the Mae West smoking-room stories have fallen off lately. One seldom hears one now. I wonder if it is significant.

Last of the "Silents"

Now that the Sun Picture House, Newcastle, has closed its doors for the last time there remains only one silent kinema in the British Isles. It is Manchester.

This fact was revealed in an official report recently issued by the Western Electric Company.

The report shows that in October last year there were six picture houses running silent films out of a total of 4,897 kinemas in Britain.

Colour Complications

The coming of colour is already providing complications for the studios.

In Becky Sharp, for instance, the script called for a scene in which strawberries are eaten. Strawberries are out of season in California so a rush order was sent to Louisiana for some, and they arrived the next morning by plane, at a cost of $5.80 dollars.

Mamoulian insisted on real berries because the tri-colour process, under which the picture is being made, detects all artificiality in colouring.

In the same picture the script called for pearls to be worn by Miriam Hopkins, the star.

Any one might be forgiven if they thought imitation pearls would have been used, but Mamoulian demanded the real thing, his reason being that imitation pearls photograph with a pronounced yellow tinge in colour film.

Shirley Temple, by the way, seems likely to beat Miriam Hopkins to it as the first feminine star to be seen in all the glory of modern colour. The Little Colonel, which has colour sequences, may be here before Becky.

The Stars’ Spring Fashions

A thing of beauty, a blaze of loveliness, a revelation to every girl and woman with an eye for charm and colour...that is next week’s glorious 48-page Spring Fashions Number of PICTUREGOER.

There are pages and pages of pictures in glowing photographe showing you what the stars of the screen will be wearing in the sunshine days of April, May and June.

Many of the designs are just the very thing for which you have been looking...ideas too good to be missed.

It is an issue packed to overflowing with fine features that must make an instant appeal to every picturegoer.

Janet Gaynor’s Life Story begins! It is one of the most tender and moving human documents that has ever been presented in the history of screen journalism.

And — what a thrill! — there is a whole page devoted to Ginger Roger’s trousers. And Pauline St a ck tells you how “to turn your glad rags into plaid rugs.”

Dorothy Dickson lets you into many intimate little secrets about her daughter, the beautiful Dorothy Dyson, and there is a magnificent art plate of Constance Bennett.

The demand for next week’s PICTUREGOER is going to be colossal. Don’t risk the newsagents’ "Sold out." Order your copy to-day.

"Jo" Goes on Holiday

Josef von Sternberg, having completed Marlene Dietrich’s latest film, is going on holiday. He needs one, for during the making of The Desi is a Woman, he:

Helped to paint the scenery;

Composed some incidental music for the film;

Wrote several lines of additional dialogue;

T ook a part in a crowd scene;

Directed the photography himself, and

Conducted a 60-piece symphony orchestra.

He directed the picture, too, of course. On his vacation he is to “relax” by painting. He has bought about £20 worth of paints.

Kinema Codes

Here are the final awards in the kinema codes contest:

First prize of 10s. 6d. goes to D. Lynott, 31, Belmont Road, Wallington, Surrey, for:

The Call of the Wild Waitress!

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Mona Menzies, 44 Croham Park Avenue, South Croydon; F. G. Sutton, 8 Seymour Road, Luton, Beds.; Miss Joan Byrne, 20 Wakefield Road, New Southgate, N.11; G. H. Mathews, 15 Brae side, Beckenham, Kent.

Tail Piece

Won’t Joan Crawford be jealous when she sees the mouth on the new Epstein sculpture?

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS
THE greatest cast of comedians of all times assembles here to entertain you.

"Un with the motley! The people pay you and want their laugh, you know." It's very serious, all this funny business of the screen, not to speak of being hard work.

You'd be surprised if you knew all the effort, all the ingenuity, all the subtlety, all the brilliant thinking that comprises the general process of making you lie back in your "one-and-three" or "two-and-four" limp with laughter.

Many incidents that make the audience roar in the cinema merely give the artists in the studio a pain in the neck. Pieces of fooling that are a flop from the box-office point of view, on the other hand, make the cast themselves scream with mirth.

One thing, however, is very certain. Almost without exception, the comedy stars of the silver screen are delightful personalities off as well as on the set. And they are every inch as clever--very often more so--than their colleagues of the drama.

All the "grooming" in the world will not make a successful comedy star if the genius for fun is not there. Only Walt Disney can do that with his paper puppets.

There is, for instance, only one Ralph Lynn. There can never be another. His art is unique and the only pity is, being human like the rest of us, he cannot go on for ever.

Behind the screen Ralph is a thoughtful, courteous, happy type of chap, with a sparkle of mischief in eyes that, off duty, are minus a monocle.

He confessed to the Picturgoer that he finds it more difficult being funny on the screen than on the stage, particularly when scenes are 'shot out of sequence and the end of a joke is reached before the joke has begun.

Ralph Lynn sees his own pictures only once--"to pick out the faults"! His own favourite comedy stars are Stanley Lupino and Cicely Courtneidge, and he would very much like to co-star with Jessie Matthews. What a team they'd make! The suggestion passed on, with compliments--and hope!

"My best audience is Tom Walls," he says. "He has a marvellous sense of humour, and sometimes he will laugh so merrily at something I say or do that he actually holds up production!"

Ralph never hesitates to improvise humour on the spot. "Ben Travers lets me do it," he says naively. Ben, of course, is the author of many of his greatest successes.

For low comedy Hollywood, he thinks, has the British studios well beaten. "But the Americans simply cannot be funny in evening dress." Which is a darn funny remark, Ralph, when you work it out!

The funniest thing that ever happened to "Silk No. 1" was when he was watching a group of girls rehearse on the stage and remarked to a man at his side that all were doing well except "that dark-haired, long-necked girl on the left."

"That," said his companion, "is my daughter!"

Crestfallen, Ralph replied, "No, not that one--the one two away from her!"

"My wife, you mean?" was the reply, and thereupon there fell a great silence.

Yes, fellow, Ralph Lynn, and the perfect artiste at his job.

Gracie Fields goes in disguise to see her own pictures. It's a lot at times, but--they're usually cynical! They bring back memories of jokes and difficulties met with in the course of their production.

W. C. Fields is "Our Gracie's" favourite comedy star--and that's not because they are related because they aren't.

The one thing that has happened to Gracie while on location was the episode of the revolving barrel, at Blackpool during the making of Sing as if I was Pip. Gracie suggested that her director, Mr. Basil Dean, should himself get into the barrel and demonstrate what he wanted done. He did! And was he funny? He was!

The trend of film comedy in the future, according to Gracie, will be towards the subtle. There will be so much slapstick stuff as now. More epigrams will be hurled about than custard pies.

One of the greatest comedians of the day, Edgar Cantor, is also one of the greatest 'thinkers' in the industry. He was actually called into conference by the President of the United States to assist with the National Recovery code as it affected the talkie business.

Pop-eyes Eddie was born in the East Side Ghetto thirty-eight years ago. At twelve he was selling newspapers in the streets. At seventeen he was a singing waiter in a beer garden. By 1927 he was a star.

Eddie lost a fortune in a Wall Street crash, but made more money than he lost by writing a book about it all!

Laurel and Hardy with Mr. Sam Beckman, Jun., M.G.M.'s London chief. They are reported to have parted, but our tip is to wait and see.

"Comedy is the only thing we can't get along without," says Eddie Cantor.

The early struggle to survive, his associations with all classes and creeds of people has given Eddie an intimate understanding of human nature that is reflected in all his films.

"Comedy," says Eddie, "always has been and always will be. We need it. It's the one thing we can't get along without."

The only trouble is that a lot of people have the mistaken notion that jokes are bad. Jokes aren't bad. Bad jokes are bad. Comedians should learn to develop a situation that's funny and let the central idea naturally create the jokes.

"It doesn't matter so much if the jokes are old. Dress 'em up and they're like an old girl in a new hat and lipstick--they'll get by.

"A dearth of good comedians? Certainly there's a dearth of good comedians. There always has been. But somehow there always managed to be some good ones and they'll keep coming up in just the same old way.

George Robey's life and interests have been bound up with the stage for so long that, when acting for the films he misses the audience very much indeed.

But he is always happy on the set—and always pulling someone else's leg, always thinking out little jokes and surprises of his own.

An infectious laugh, unforgettable features, and a jovial personality that were once the life and soul of Westminster and Caius College, Cambridge, these are big factors in the success of Jack Hulbert.

He has done more, perhaps, than anyone else to put British film comedy on the world map. The Ghost Train, Sunshine Susie, Love on Wheels, Jack's the Boy, Happy Ever After, Falling For You, Jack Aboy and The Camels Are Coming have humour, life and movement that make them the ideal tonic for depression.

Walter Forde, who has directed Jack so often, finds no difficulty in getting the star into his stride. It is as easy for Jack to be funny as it is for Garbo to "tank she go home"!
Art must weep when ZaSu Pitts plays a comedy role.

"She should not be in comedy, for she is the greatest of all the tragediennes."

She certainly gave amazingly accomplished performances in dramas of such power as "Greed" and "The Wedding March."

But Hollywood decreed that she should be linked with comedy—and comedy it is now and probably for the rest of her career.

Did you know that ZaSu played the role of Lew Ayres' mother in the film version of "All Quiet?" She gave a tender, moving performance, but at the pre-view the audience tittered and the panic-stricken producers re-took all the scenes in which she appeared, using Beryl Mercer in her stead.

On with the motley . . . ! There can be, you see, a really sad side to this comedy business.

The name of Charles Chaplin is still magic. So amazing is the personality of this prince of comedy stars that, if he never made another picture in his life, he would never be forgotten. He would still be news.

Charles is a genius. He is not merely an actor. He expresses every emotion in the comedy of life. Sometimes he is unhappy. Always he is temperamental. He has had many disappointments, but he will achieve immortality as the screen's greatest clown.

Sydney Howard, another great comedian, once said of him: Chaplin's humour is basic, fundamental. His is the art of the pantomime—the art of being understood without words. For the talking pictures, although it was considered a form of progress, was a definite setback to the universal humour.

"With the introduction of dialogue the elaborate gesture faded from the screen—but we shall get it back; you'll see."

Sydney Howard, by the way, is an artiste in sheer contrast to Charlie. He takes life more or less as it comes. He is happy, easy-going and in no way complex.

"Sleep does it," he has confessed. "I can sleep anywhere at any time. And I do. I like to get my coat off and my boots, too, and put the old feet up to rest them. It's hard work being funny."

When he was in Hollywood the early-morning start was a change for our Sydney.

As a fighting soldier during the war, as a touring comedian, as a concert party artiste, as a big comedy star, Sydney Howard has always been the same natural, likeable good fellow.

Max Miller has struck a new note of comedy in British films. After his brilliant performance in "The Good Companions" he was quickly in demand. Max can pack a wealth of high-speed humour into two minutes.

Max is clever. He can write his own cameos. He can think up a wisecrack in a flash. He knows how to put them over. His timing is perfectly timed. He is the British Edward Everett Horton.

Once a scene in which Max appeared in was shot eight times. And, believe it or not, but each time his monologue was spontaneous and different! Bobby Howes has a boyish charm that wins all hearts—and he gets the laughs every time.

Much of his success as a comedy star is due to the happiness of his private life. His two bonny children, Sally Ann and Peter, are the "apples of his eye." No one in films is more happily married. You should see him with the family at the seaside! Stanley Lupino, behind the screen, is almost the reverse of his film self. His hobbies are writing and painting.

As a boy he sold papers, toured public houses giving imitations, minded costers' barrows, worked as a proof reader and even tried his hand in the Ring at Hoxton. Stanley ought to know what the public wants! And he does.

"Keep it." That is Sonnie Hale's belief. "You can't work up tremendous laughter with a liver!"

"I have no patience," he says, "with those people who imagine that a popular actor spends most of his time in garish night clubs, lands home with the milk every morning, and in some remarkable manner straightens himself out in time for his next performance."

Sonnie himself is happiest when he spends a leisure day out driving, playing tennis, walking the dog or doing a little gardening.

Cicely Courtneidge, by the way, collects old furniture. She can be as charmingly serious as she can be funny.

Space forbids the mention of all the great stars of comedy on the silver screen, but they are a battalion of nice people.
Beauty and the Open Air
by June Clyde

HEALTH, loveliness, and exercise are almost interchangeable terms, declares the beautiful American star, now making "Charing Cross Road," in this week's installment of this exclusive "Picturegoer" series.

JUDGED by the standards of to-day, the languishing lily is no beauty. The girl who is beautiful and popular is the one with the lithe limbs of the sports-woman and the tan of health and outdoor life on her cheeks.

Parlour tricks count very little in these days. It is considered far more important to be able to ride, swim, play tennis, and look fresh and smiling after a ten-mile walk. This is all to the good, for radiant health and outdoor exercise are almost interchangeable terms.

I suppose that walking is the best of all-round exercise any woman can have. It brings all the important muscles into play, it encourages deep breathing, it takes its devotees away from the streets and the crowds, and it costs next to nothing.

When you walk, let your outfit be sensible; but please let it be becoming, too. Any large railway station on Sunday mornings will furnish examples of the unprecedented in walking kit. Shoes, of course, must be broad of heel and thick of sole, and stockings of substantial quality. But the rest of the costume should show some regard for smartness. Few women look well in walking shorts, and the bare knees are not practical. They get scratched with thorns, and red and chapped in the spring winds. Most girls will find that a well-cut sports skirt, with a kick pleat, or a wrap-over, will give all the freedom desirable and still remain smart at the end of the day. A well-cut woolly and a mackintosh that will fold up to small compass give warmth and protection when needed.

Your professional hiker seems to take a perverse joy in a heavily laden rucksack, which to my way of thinking is to make a burden of pleasure. Walk as lightly as you can; if it is a walking holiday, send a change of clothes and whatever else may be needful to the Post Office "To be called for." Slip a local bus time-table in your pocket, too. Never be too proud to ride the last few miles if the walk looks like being more than you bargained for.

Tennis is, of course, the most popular pastime of the summer. Clubs abound in every town and village, with subscriptions to suit all purses; so no one need be deprived of this healthful exercise.

While it should be the aim to play well, I am all for remembering that tennis is a game. Girls who play it only in the do-or-die spirit are apt to put lines on their faces and get that set tennis expression.

Spend as much as you can possibly afford on your tennis kit. If you have nice legs, tennis shorts are extremely becoming; but if they are not your good point, be discreet and stick to a well-cut dress. Whenever you choose, let it be of good quality. It has to stand up to strenuous wear and repeated laundering. And, wherever you play, your tennis kit is going to be in the public eye. There are always people to watch the match.

A good racket is always worth its price. If you are not sure of your own judgment, it is best to place yourself in the hands of the expert attached to one of the large sports outfitters. All the best known firms have experts who act in an advisory capacity. They will do the picking for you, and say how the tennis game is being played. Picking up the game from a friend is never a satisfactory method of learning to play and will never enable you to join fellow club members.

Girls who envy a well-developed chest and a graceful rounded bust have a simple means of achieving their ambitions. It is to learn swimming. There is nothing like the breast stroke for bringing about this result.

In the last year or so, riding has become increasingly popular among women. It needs to be considered the pastime of the leisureed and the moneyed, but that is no longer true. The prices now charged by riding schools for lessons and hacks are very reasonable, and I know many business girls who get up early and have a cantor before going to their offices. The girl who rides never suffers from a sluggish liver and as a consequence her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle in a way that no cosmetic could induce. Providing you are not excessively modest, the riding outfit is not an unduly expensive affair. A few pounds will cover the outlay, and the kit lasts a long time.

But supposing none of these things are to your taste or inclination, what exercise remains? There is always dancing. Too many late hours and stuffy halls are by no means health-giving, but dancing in itself is splendid exercise. Perhaps there should be a qualification and it should be graceful dancing.

It is for this reason that it is best for every beginner to take dancing lessons. The beginning of all dancing lessons is the walk. You must walk gracefully before you can dance gracefully. Walking gracefully implies correct posture. Correct posture induces good health and a graceful figure.

Lastly, there is the question of daily physical exercise. Every woman is better for it—of that I am convinced. But many find the daily dozen a bore. Performed alone, perhaps they are. And if the exercises are done unwillingly and with bad grace, they are not likely to prove of much benefit.

Exercise in good company and to music is in all ways preferable. This is not difficult to obtain. There are branches of the Women's League of Health and Beauty in practically all the large centres throughout this country. Subscriptions are very modest and the classes provide a cheap and easy means to beauty of form and carriage.

Now that the turn of the year is here, we shall soon be looking forward to sun-bathing again. Some girls benefit more readily than others from the sun. The olive-skinned brunette takes far more kindly to it than her red-haired cousin. Great discretion is needed in sun-bathing. If you feel serene and buoyant after exposure, all is well. But if you feel tired and niggly, with skin that is reddened and sore, either you have taken too big a dose or you are not the type for sun-bathing at all. Tennis is, of course, the most popular pastime of the summer. Clubs abound in every town and village, with subscriptions to suit all purses; so no one need be deprived of this healthful exercise.

The outdoor girl needs special cosmetics to appear her best. There is an exception. Supposing by any chance you are away from the crowd, taking a holiday where there is no one to bother whether your nose shines or not. Seize the opportunity and give your face a rest from all make-up. If you are entirely alone, remember special outdoor beauty aids will be required. Certain face powders are made to provide protection when out of doors. Other preparations are specially valuable when the skin is subjected to extreme heat.

On the other end of the scale are the weather creams that give protection against wind, dust, and cold. Those who play tennis or any other active sport, suffer from damp and cold. Such skins will need complexion lotions to counteract this effect. A vigorous rub with one of these lotions keeps the pores quite free from shine and suspicion of greasiness.

After the games are over, the skin mostly needs soothing and refreshing. An emulsion that is soothing and cooling will be in the hands of the girl looking cool and soignée, and ready for the more sophisticated pleasures of the evening.
Una Merkel

The comedy queen who was once a Sunday school teacher, Una has saved nearly as many films as Zasu Pitts. She is seen, in inset with Charles Butterworth, one of the busiest of Hollywood's funny men. Butterworth carries on the "dead pan" comedy traditions of Buster Keaton.
Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," which won them the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Jean Harlow pays one of her most notable performances in "100% Pure."

F

OR the third year in succession we ask our readers to help us award the Picturegoer Gold Medal for the best acting performance of the year. This award which is given on merit alone has become internationally famous and the previous recipients have expressed their thanks and the honour they feel has been done them in no unmeasured terms.

Unlike other tributes paid to screen artistes both here and in U.S.A., this one is not limited by nationality. Artistes of all nations are eligible and we ask for your votes solely on the grounds of merit, irrespective of nationality or fame.

Last year over 30,000 readers helped to judge the outstanding portrayals of 1933, and this year we hope the response will be still greater.

The same conditions of voting that prevailed last year will be observed in adjudicating this award. They are as follows:

1. One gold medal will be presented for the finest individual performance by an actress in 1934 and for the finest individual performance by any actor.
2. The most important stipulation to remember is that only pictures that were generally released in 1934 are to be considered.
3. Write on a post card the name of the two artistes of your choice and the names of the pictures in which they gave the performance you consider establishes their claim, and address it to "Award of Merit, "Picturegoer," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Many readers last year made the mistake of sending in the names of their favourite stars with a list of all the pictures in which they had ever appeared.

The Award of Merit is not a popularity contest. Its aim is the acknowledgment and honouring of acting performances that gave us pleasure and contributed to screen art in 1934.

It might be interesting and helpful to recall the "first ten" in each section in the 1933 ballot. Here they are with the actors given first, and in order of votes:

1. Clive Brook in Cavalcade.
2. Ronald Colman in Gwydir.
3. Gary Cooper in A Farewell to Arms.
4. Conrad Veidt in I Was a Spy.
5. Paul Muni in I'm a Fugitive.
7. Walter Huston in Gabriel over the White House.
10. Edmund Gwenn in the Good Companions.

And the Actresses:

1. Norma Shearer in Smilin' Through.
2. Diana Wynyard in Cavalcade.
3. Madeleine Carroll in I Was a Spy.
4. Greta Garbo in Grand Hotel.
5. Marlene Dietrich in Blonde Venus.
6. Anna Neagle in Bitter Sweet.
7. Katharine Hepburn in Christopher Strong.
8. Kay Francis in One Way Passage.
9. Cicely Courtneidge in Soldiers of the King.
10. Sylvia Sidney in Madame Butterfly.

I do not want to influence you in any way in your choice, but it may prove helpful to you if we recall some of the more notable performances in the releases of last year.

Let us look at some of the work contributed by the stars chosen by last year's voting.

Clive Brook has a fine piece of acting in Gallant Lady to his credit. In this picture too, Ann Harding contributes a character study which is worthy of consideration.

Gary Cooper has a strong claim on your votes for his acting in what was perhaps the most important picture of the year, Design for Living and also in One Sunday Afternoon, in which Frances Fuller also scored a personal success.

Then just to show his versatility, Paul Muni gave us an outstanding comedy characterisation in Hi! Nellie and a powerful dramatic study in

Three candidates for the highest honours: Fredric March, Charles Laughton, and Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
Margaret Sullavan made her screen debut with John Boles in the successful film, "Only Yesterday."

Some people claim that Katharine Hepburn's best performance was in "Morning Glory."

The World Changes, the acting honours of which he shared with Aline MacMahon. What more delicate characterisation can you find than Leslie Howard's in Berkeley Square, one of the greatest pictures of last year; nor can Heather Angel's contribution in that film be overlooked either.

George Arliss has The House of Rothschild to his credit, and John Barrymore, Twentieth Century and Counsellor at Law. As a matter of fact, brother Lionel, who was not in the first ten last year, has a wonderful record of outstanding performances to offer for consideration, Stranger's Return, Service, Christopher Buan, One Man's Journey, The House of Connelly, and also his characterisation in 100 Per Cent. Pure, which is also notable for the performances of Franchot Tone and more especially Jean Harlow.

The latter's other notable contribution was Blonde Bombshell. Neither of these two artists was placed in the first ten by last year's voting.

Norma Shearer's chief claim to your support are Rip Tide and The Barretts of Wimpole Street. In the latter, artists who were unplaced last year also merit consideration, Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Sullivan. The first mentioned has other claims in The Affairs of Cellini, that notable satirical comedy, and Charles Laughton's memorable Private Life of Henry VIII will doubtless have wide support.

But, referring back to The Affairs of Cellini, there will be equally strong admiration, I expect, for Frank Morgan's clever study of the Duke of Florence and a good deal for Constance Bennett's artistry in the same picture.

Remember too, Frank Morgan's performance in the back stage vaudeville story Ring up the Curtain.

Take, for instance, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in It Happened One Night, Wallace Beery's robust characterisations in Viva Villa, The Bowery and Dinner at Eight, and Jean Harlow's equally brilliant role in that star spangled picture.

Amongst the British claimants is Jessie Matthews in Evergreen, Ivor Novello in I Lived with You, Matheson Lang in The Great Defender, Winifred Shotter in Lilies of the Field, Victoria Hopper and Brian Aherne in The Constant Nymph.

In talking of Claudette Colbert's notable contributions to the year's acting I overlook Three Cornered Moon, although that picture's honours should by rights go to Mary Boland.

Another character actress who has a notable record is May Robson. Consider Lady for a Day. What a strong appeal William Powell and Myrna Loy made in The Thin Man. These are performances which merit careful comparison with other claimants to the medal award.

Myrna Loy too, has another string to her bow in Crooks in Clover, in which she broke from her traditional oriental vamp role.

Child aspirants to the award must naturally include Shirley Temple for her work in Girl in Pawn and Baby take a Bow, and Nova Pilbeam for Little Friend.

A while back I mentioned Design for Living and Gary Cooper's acting in that picture. Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March also contributed to that feature's greatness. Recall, too, Elisabeth Bergner's "tour de force" in Catherine the Great, in which picture Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. will also have a number of supporters.

Merle Oberon's acting in The Battle calls for your attention, as does that of Charles Boyer. In the not quite so "glamorous name" class there is Spencer Tracy's brilliant characterisation in Power and Glory and The Show Off, also George E. Stone's performance in Enemies of Society; Berton Churchill in half a Sinner and Paul Graetz in The Red Wagon and Paul Robeson in Emperor Jones.

The newer Margaret Sullavan makes a strong bid in Only Yesterday, while Loretta Young's Man's Castle must not be forgotten. The ever popular Janet Gaynor's best performance was undoubtedly in The House of Connelly, which I have already noted for Lionel Barrymore's characterisation in it.

That charm too, it is hard to find anything better than Dorothea Wieck's characterisation of a nun in Cradle Song or Evelyn Venable as the adopted child of the convent.

No, I'm not forgetting Mae West in I'm No Angel, it certainly provides a vivid contrast. I'm afraid this brief recapitulation is somewhat in the nature of a catalogue, but it cannot be otherwise. It is only meant to refresh your memory and is not in any way indicative of my own preferences.

Please, when you are casting your vote, dismiss all question of "big names" and "film favourites" from your mind. Give your vote real. You honestly consider to be the year's best performance, irrespective of the importance of the picture or the player.

Do not listen to what your neighbours say, stick to your own opinion and help keep the PICTUERGOER Gold Medal an award for real merit.

Write the names of your candidates for the PICTUERGOER Gold Medal for 1934 on a postcard with the names of the films concerned and address it to "Award of Merit," PICTUERGOER, Long Acre, W.C.2. It is important to remember that only pictures released in 1934 are to be considered.
Let Our Critics who Really See the Films Guide You

Janet Does the Hat Trick

Without committing this department to anything in the nature of slavish adherence to the policy of permanent star-director partnerships, it occurs to me to suggest that the maharajas of Movietone City make a New Year resolution to assign Henry King to direct at least a definite quota of Janet Gaynor's pictures.

Mr. King, who made State Fair and The House of Connelly, Janet's two best films since the arrival of talkies, has now done the hat trick.

One More Spring is a bright and at times whimsical (in the best sense of that dreadfully misused word) talkie that sticks closely enough to the Gaynor formula to please the most fervent Gaynor fans and gets sufficiently far away from it in the direction of more general entertainment to please the majority of filmgoers.

The story, it is true, shows distinct evidences both of Hollywood's present preoccupation with the depression and the apparently immovable Fox conviction that, kinematically, Janet is destined to be a homeless orphan. Nevertheless the piece's more obvious sentimentalities are so skilfully cloaked in comedy and directorial subtility as to be, except on occasion, unnoticeable.

It serves also, incidentally, to restore Miss Gaynor to the bosom of Warner Baxter, who apart from Charles Farrell has been the most permanent and most successful of the screen Cinderella's Prince Charming. Baxter is seen as Otka, an easy-going antique dealer whose business has failed. All he has left after the bankruptcy sale is a bed that once belonged to Napoleon; nobody wants to buy it.

He joins forces with Rosenburg, an out-of-work musical "genius" whom nobody wants to hear, and they set up the imperatorial bed in the park. Through the offices of a park-keeper who wants to learn the tune "Macushla," of all opera, on the violin, they are able to make a home in a stable.

Later they are joined by Elisabeth, an actress nobody wants to see.

Here they battle through the winter, sharing both a common home and a common overcoat and even feasting occasionally as when the resourceful Otka manages to steal some meat from the park zoo lions. It will be all right when spring comes...

In cunning contrast we are introduced to the opulence of Sheridan, the millionaire banker. Sheridan, in fact, is facing ruin. In desperation he tries to commit suicide by throwing himself into the river, but changes his mind when he finds how cold the water is! Otka rescues him and takes him off to his stable. They persuade him to face and fight the situation and he discovers that things were not so bad as he had thought.

The happy ending, that was always in sight, arrives somewhat precipitately, but it is by no means unreasonable. Rosenburg, denied the applause of the world, goes back to his country town orchestra. Elisabeth and Otka are assured of a future bright enough to enable them to get married and, not least, Sweeney the park-keeper learns to play "Macushla."

The plot is patently thin and the film relies for its entertainment mainly on its cunning intimate touches and its polished, unfurled comedy, of which there is plenty. In this it has moments of sheer delight.

And although it is for the most part froth and improbable, it achieves a certain amount of depth, particularly in its lesson of optimism in the face of disaster.

Robertson Hare, Leslie Henson, Frances Day and Alfred Drayton in an adaptation of the stage farce "Oh Daddy."

artistic genius always provides a ready-made acting part, but Walter, working with admirable restraint, gets the most out of it. Warner Baxter again reveals himself as a polished and ingratiating actor in the role of Otka, and that dependable performer, Grant Mitchell, is excellent as Sheridan. Roger Imhof maintains the high acting standard of the film as Sweeney. — M. D. P.

It was with some trepidation that I heard that Charles Laughton had been cast for the role so brilliantly played by Edward Everett Horton in the silent version of Harry Leon Wilson's story. I could not visualise him as a "gentleman's gentleman" transplanted into the "wilds" of American small-town life where he finds his independence and blossoms forth as a restauranteur.

It is certainly a tribute to his versatility that he gives such a commendably good humorous characterisation—not lacking in the human touch either—as the imbecile valet, Ruggles.

In its way it is as great a performance as his Henry VIII, and one can be duly thankful that there are no signs of Charles Laughton being typed.

But this is one of those pictures where honours are easy—the entire cast is excellent in every respect—and the director, Leo McCarey has brought out to full advantage the rich humour inherent in both characters and situations.

It is not fair to say that any one of the distinguished cast "steals" the picture; they work as a team which is one of the essentials of the really satisfactory production. As Ruggles' employer, the Earl of Burnstead, who loses him at poker in Paris to an American tourist, Egbert Foul of Red Gap, Roland Young is admirable. The only regret one has is that his part is not bigger than it is. Charlie Ruggles' Egbert is a masterly comedy
manner the loose ends of the plot, but otherwise there is not a dull moment.—L. C.

Constance Collier’s scene debut is of particular interest since it has now, it is reported, been decided to give her the role for which she had been planned for the late Marie Dressler.

Shadow of Doubt

She plays here the role of an ex-crimson dame, a recluse, who takes a hand in a murder mystery in which her nephew and his actress fiancée, whom she had viewed with distaste, are involved.

It is a dignified performance in which the great dramatic actress, adopting a lighter vein, shows to excellent advantage, although she has not, rather naturally, divorced herself entirely from stage mannerisms; she is, however, usefully employable in her exits and entrances and in certain mannerisms which are designed to prove effective when played before an audience.

Constance Collier, however, seems to be well in the way of making a second reputation on the screen as great in its way that she achieved on the stage. The story actually is not very credible, but it is an ingenious and entertaining “spot the murderer” affair treated in a light manner.

Its novelty arises from the fact that an old, dominant woman, who has not left her home for twenty years, turns detective and succeeds in trapping the real criminal whose identity is skilfully hidden till well towards the end.

George B. Seitz has given it a good pictorial treatment with a good sense of action and has neglected to give full value to the interplay of characters.

The nephew who is suspected of the murder of a man who has tried to steal his fiancée is excellently played and naturally played by Ricardo Cortez; his polished manner is more effective especially in the sequences where he is alone with his aunt and also where he is cross-examined by the police chief, a role played with the utmost effectiveness by Edward Brophy.

Cortez’s actress fiancée, against whom circumstantial evidence is very strong, Virginia Bruce is fair, and Isabel Jewell is excellent as a detective with not much importance but which she renders distinctly noteworthy.

Joan Simpson gives a very good study of an old retainer while Paul Hurst presents a humorous impression of a blustering police officer.

Betty Furness, too, is quite effective as the fiancée of the murderer who is suspect.

Altogether this is a very good example of its type and very well worth seeing.—L. C.

A book by Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell has been made into a highly ingenious and extremely well developed murder mystery by Basil Mason, and it has been both imaginatively and intelligently directed by Reginald Denham.

Death at Broadcasting House

The mystery not only consists in the ingeniousness of the detection of the crime, but also in the brilliant way in which the atmosphere is created and brought to the screen. There is camera resourcefulness in every foot of the film. The basic idea is "the house" story with the mystery extremely well concealed and more or less logically—and certainly surprisingly—elucidated. The murder victim is being radiated, the victim being one Parsons who is playing the role of a man being strangled. As he reads his part hands appear behind him and he is strangled to a group.

The main suspect is Leopold Dryden, a popular actor of a temperamental order, a part well played by Duff. This is his wife, who also is an actress, and whom it transpires is being blackmailed by Parsons, Mary Newland is also very effective. Parsons is effectively played by Donald Wolfit.

As the detective in charge of the case who refuses to believe that Dryden is guilty and who stages a reconstruction of the crime to find his man, Ian Hunter is well in character.

Henry Kendall is good as a playwright whose work is being performed at the time of the murder.

S H I N E L I K E A S T A R!

A Glamorous Film Closeup Portrait for you—free.

O n pages 2 and 3 of this issue of The Picturegoer is one of the happiest opportunities you have of seeing yourself as a star in your own picture.

To every reader and to every reader’s friend are offered large, beautifully finished film closeup photographs—free.

You simply send us your picture—and the star photographer does the rest in a big way.

You will be astounded at the beauty of the glorious full-size head-and-shoulder portrait. It is rich glowing color in a handsomely folio, that will reach you in returns.

You may, if you so choose, send the photograph to your wife, your brother or sister, or the picture of a favourite child. Or you may prefer the postcard of your favourite film star to be made into a "close-up." Send, if possible, a postcard-size head-and-shoulder picture, but any snapshot, provided that it is crisp and acceptable. Pick your picture now! Somewhere in your possession is just the very one that will make the ideal "close-up."

Turn right away to pages 2 and 3 and grasp this opportunity before it is too late.

See yourself the film isana "close-up" way!
Elected by Press & Public -
THE NEW STAR!

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"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

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Have you entered the Anne Shirley Competition?

Turn to Page 6
VICTOR McLAGLEN’S ARMY


VICTOR McLAGLEN answered the challenge of the newly organised Hollywood Hussars, by a statement which shows how deeply he is determined to be the dominant militarist of the film colony.

Arthur Guy Empey, an American who served in the British Army during the World War, was a captain in McLaglen’s California Light Horse, but he resigned to become colonel of the Hollywood Hussars.

McLaglen is opening a nine-acre sports centre near the Breakfast Club on Riverside Drive, where his organisation has hitherto held its drills and meetings.

The new location will serve as a drill ground for McLaglen’s California Light Horse, which, it is said, will soon number 1,000 horsemen, and will also include a swimming pool, a soccer field, and tennis court, as well as club rooms for the members.

McLaglen’s eighty-four-piece drum and bugle corps will enter the national championship contest at St. Louis in October.

Incidentally, McLaglen—who, as we all know, served in the British Army during the World War—has been made a member of San Gabriel Post, No. 442 of the American Legion, and presented with a gold plate, because of his services in promoting good citizenship through his Light Horse organisation.

It’s Hard To Believe
I have had the pleasure of meeting Kay Francis a number of times, and have always found her a most charming lady, far superior to many of our feminine stars, some of whom lack the breeding which distinguishes this charming brunette.

So it is difficult to believe that Kay had a gate-crashing reporter, who represented a powerful chain of American newspapers, ejected from the Vengtome Café, where she was giving a party for numerous film celebrities. The actress leased the place for the evening, and had the front transformed into a replica of a steamship.

Several newspaper men told me that Kay appeared to resent the presence of scribes.

I sincerely trust that these stories are not true, but I have heard them from several sources.

The press is all-powerful, and newspaper men have long memories!

A Famous Dressing-room
Dressing-room No. 1 at Columbia Studios is being redecorated, preparatory to the tenancy of Grace Moore, when she returns shortly after her European tour. Mrs. W. C. Fields used to be a juggler. Here he demonstrates that his hand (or rather his foot) has not lost its ancient cunning, to make her new picture, On Wings of Song. The cubicle, which has served as a dressing-room for such stars as John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Edward G. Robinson, Claudette Colbert, and other screen notables, will be completely “redone” before Miss Moore’s picture starts.

Up to his old tricks!

Another Denial
Jean Harlow, who has been married three times, declares that she will never go to the altar again, despite reports that she and William Powell may decide to become one.

As I have said before, the more stars deny romances, the more likely they are to happen. Journalists are a bit weary of these disclaimers, and cast wary eyes toward Yuma, Arizona, where the weddings usually occur.

News from Home
A clever method of reminding a star of home ties was discovered by Franchot Tone, who received, two reels of film from his parents.

Franchot, who appears to be Joan Crawford’s “big moment,” borrowed Joan’s theatre (located, as we know, in Joan’s home) and ran off the film in the presence of a few friends.

The actor was highly gratified as he saw his father, mother, and other members of the family in the picture.

It was rather a clever way of “keeping the home fires burning.”

A Star Connoisseur
Edward G. Robinson has added two paintings to his collection, which is now hailed as the greatest in Hollywood.

The actor recently acquired Grant Wood’s "The Daughters of the Revolution," most talked of painting of the present day; at least, so far as the States are concerned. It has been exhibited at the New York Museum of Modern Art, and at the Chicago Art Institute, and will be exhibited again at the Institute this year, after which it will be shipped to Robinson in Hollywood.

The second canvas is "Place de la Trinité," by Renoir, most noted of the modern French school of painters, who died in the early part of the present century.

He won world fame with his "American Gothic," which was hailed as a masterpiece.

The above simply shows that stars like Robinson, who play “hard-boiled” characters on the screen, are often more intelligent than those who do not essay such roles.

Back to the Wilds
Bruce Cabot, handsome leading man of the screen, who is married to the beautiful Adrienne Ames, has purchased a half-interest in a cattle ranch near Carlsbad, New Mexico, where his parents live, and where he spent most of his life.

He intends to build a big ranch house, where he and Adrienne will spend their holidays from the films, and, when the movies do not want them, he and his wife will settle down and enjoy life.

Bruce and Adrienne will have plenty of cattle to look after, for the actor and his partner are starting operations with 1,000 head of animals.

Such is life on the range.

Taking No Chances
Before he left with his father for a trip around the world, Bud Eichellerberg locked a beautiful gold bracelet on Rochelle Hudson’s wrist, and put the key in his pocket.

As he will be away from Hollywood four months or more, Rochelle will not be able to remove it unless she employs the services of a locksmith or of some person with a saw.

She refuses to admit it is a "slave" bracelet, but when asked when the wedding bells are to ring, smiled and asked: "Who can tell?"

Hollywood Says That
— Mae West, who admits she is superstitious, will not permit race horses to be named for her, declaring that she fears she would be a "jinx!"

— Nancy Carroll originally decided to become a school teacher.
CHARLES LAUGHTON is seen—and to good advantage—as a comedian in this bright talkie adaptation of the famous Harry Leon Wilson story of a "gentleman's gentleman," who, won from his titled master at poker by an American parvenu, goes to the wide open spaces and becomes a disciple of Lincoln, liberty and practical democracy. He is ably supported by Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Roland Young and Zasu Pitts.

Laughton is the perfect "Jeeves" at Ruggles.

Mrs. Floud, determined to make a gentleman of her wild and woolly husband, puts him and his moustache in the hands of the barber.

Charles Ruggles (Charles Laughton), having found his independence, decides to launch out as Red Gun's restaurateur and is encouraged by Mrs. Judson (Zasu Pitts).

Mr. and Mrs. Floud (Mary Boland) arrive to give Ruggles' restaurant a send-off, and duly impress Egbert Floud (Charles Ruggles) unexpectedly meets a home town buddy in the Gay City to the astonishment of the Parisians (opposite).
Mrs. Judson, Ruggles, Egbert Flood, and Ma Pettigill (Maud Eberne) try to find a name for the proposed restaurant.

Lord Burnstead (Roland Young) startles the rustics by announcing his engagement to the local dance-hall proprietor (Leila Hyams).

Ruggles, sent out to supervise Egbert's studies in Paris of the higher arts.
L O V E M E?

"You, and no one else. Never has been. Never will be."

Hush! What about the girl you met in Paris last year—Connie—Connie Barnes?"

"Experience, Mary mine. To every man his Connie or his Susie. Makes him appreciate the real thing."

"Meaning me," Mary Clay put up a face to be kissed, just as though she weren't a twentieth-century heiress of Park Avenue, New York. For all she was a thorough child of the age, Mary was in love with Dill Todd. She was going to marry him tomorrow. What did the details of the wedding matter?

Whether the bridesmaids wore pink or puce, whether there was champagne and caviar at the reception, wedding cake, or no wedding cake at all—such things could safely be left to Paula, wife of three husbands before she was forty and who had mothered Mary since a child.

Meanwhile, Mary, unabashedly holding her bridegroom's hand, could parade the house inspecting presents and admire the products of the florist's window banked up in the gala chamber ready for the morrow's ceremony.

"Cornflowers, hundreds of them... Oh, Dill, how dear of you! Fancy remembering!" The dozen or so pots making a brave show among the frilled orchids and other exotics, matched the depth of colour in Mary's eyes as she flung her arms round Dill's neck.

He received the embrace as he did most of life's good things, with complaisance, and Connie was forgotten.

Four o'clock. Bella's due. See you later," Mary said. Not for worlds could she have gotten to the altar with a waist a sixteen of an inch larger than it had been three months ago. She was relaxing under the sheet after the percussion of Bella's palms had run the gamut of the spine, when the 'phone rang.

Lazily, Mary lifted the receiver. Her voice became crisp, vital.

Jeff... Jeff Williams? Is it really you? I thought you were in the wilds of Spain. How marvellous of you to come home at the very right minute. I've got great news. Come over. Where are you now? At the docks. Then it won't be long.

Only a half-minute conversation but the crowning touch of to-morrow's ceremony for all that! Dear Jeff, whom she had known since wearing a school blazer, and his insepable pal Shep, could turn any function into a party. Hurrying to dress, Mary never gave a thought to the fact that Jeff also had intimated over the wire that he had news. If she had, she would have supposed the information concerned the civil engineer's job on which he was keen as mustard. Jeff was the type of man to be interested in things rather than people.

Fifteen minutes later, Mary delightfully lissom in black and silver, saw the wisp of nothing that was Paula disappear into the arms, by which she was raised near to ceiling height, of an athletic figure with dark hair and moustache. Now it was Mary's turn to be gathered into those same arms while Dill looked on tolerantly in the background.

"Jeff, you priceless old thing! You're just in time," Mary gasped, literally scan of breath. "Congratulations on becoming Mrs. Dillan Todd."

Back on her feet, her candid eyes searched the blue ones enquiring of hers, searched them with the unseeing glance of pure happiness, or surely she must have noticed the swift obliteration of joy in Jeff's face.

"Jolly fine seeing you, old man. I suggest you support Mary and me to-morrow by losing the ring at the critical moment," Dill put in. He shook hands with Jeff. Mary thought how much the younger of the two Dill looked, though his air of good-humoured nonchalance had something sophisticated about it at times.

"Oh I—er—I'd be glad to," Jeff agreed. The bridesmaids, mostly childhood friends, turned up claiming his attention, but Mary was determined to have him to herself for five minutes. "I'm taking Jeff to the library," she announced.

"If he's to be my best man, he'll be going with Dill to the stag party to-night, and I've just two thousand questions to ask him."

But after all, when they were alone with only a desk and photo of herself wearing a middy blouse on a bicycle between them, it was Jeff who put the real question.

"Happy, Mary?"

"I guess so."

"In love?"

"Really truly."

Sustained by that high note, she saw Jeff, Dill and the somewhat lugubrious-looking Shep, playing the fool as usual, off to the stag party, and went early to bed.

She was all in white after hours of secretly hated preparation, and, if it must be admitted, a tripe shaky, when Jeff with a smart knock on the door, interrupted Paula's deid touches to that of the Maltese veil.

Mary, veering from the mirror, was instantly aware of tragedy, but even she had not thought to hear the blank statement that left Jeff's drawn lips.

"She hold on tight, dear. Dill's just wired me. He and Connie Barnes were married last night."

"Something in Jeff's strong personality saved Mary on that occasion, the first in her life, on which the spoken word could terrify her into near fainting. Thanks indeed to Jeff's rapped out "Stop it, Mary, that's enough," she did not stave off collapse by going in for hysterics.

Once those first few dreadful moments were over, Mary, as usual, concentrated on essentials, leaving Paula to deal with the tremendous task of the indefinitely postponed wedding. Had Connie turned up at Dill's block last night? Mary wanted to know.

Jeff supposed that must have happened while Dill was dressing for the stag party which broke up at a normal hour. Neither Jeff nor Mary had been present at that scene where Connie, using every weapon in her feminine armoury, had suggested drinking with Dill to the past and ended in toasting the future.

A consuming desire to meet Connie grew strong in Mary as she spent the ensuing days in Paula's Adirondack lodge, chopping wood, cooking, diving in the lake, anything to combat mental torture with physical exertion.

By the time at last, she succeeded. When, under a fortnight from the date of the tragedy, Jeff turned up at the lodge with letters and parcels from Paula's Adirondack Avenue, wearing short-sleeved gingham, her fine hair curling exuberantly, appealed to him with Shep as the epitome of health.

After supper chiefly cooked by Jeff, who showed a surprising handiness in culinary matters, there by saving Paula's tenth fingernail from breaking, Mary, sorting her mail, gave a chuckle.

"Listen, Jeff. We're giving a party on Tuesday the eighth, at nine o'clock, and should like to have you with us. Connie and Dill Todd. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"Don't you ask me. The woman only wants to humiliate you."

"Then she shall have her chance, but she won't succeed. You and I are going to that party, Jeff, Paula and Mary, and have the time of our lives with Connie and Dill all right—dance, drink, throw flower pots on the terrace."

"Suppose you were to meet Dill?"

"I've thought of that. Watch me at that. I was in a very last year's hat." Not that she meant what she said. Mary, like all candid people, was incapable of telling a truth as yet in her own mind unborn. To see Dill, to be aware of his round boyish face and slightly

(Continued on page 21)
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superbly, was what her heart wanted more than anything in the world. A hairdresser's appointment was forthwith booked and Mary, the backwoodsman's daughter, was transformed back to New York's young society leader. Very lovely she looked with a bright bandeau on her dark hair, bracelets on her bare arms and a pleated silk gown that only a Park Avenue dressmaker could have achieved to look smart, worn with a matching pochette.

Little she cared for Jeff's suppressed admiration as she sailed into the Dillon Todds' hall on the night of invitation, without a flicker of embarrassment. Connie; a worthy rival-in-love who knew how to use her claws! "How do you do, Miss Clay?" was Connie's calm observation. "Dill has often spoken of you."

"And of you, too, Mrs. Todd. Dill married you in Paris last year, surely?"

"No, I only met him in Paris."

"Indeed. Everyone seemed to be assuming you were married then. Must have been a silly rumour.

Wicked, of course, but Mary couldn't resist the sally. With Jeff's barely concealed grin as her reward, she led him away from Connie, who seemed disinclined for talk, to a group of cocktail drinkers.

Presently a hand was laid on hers. Dill, immaculate, boyish, dear as ever, calmly led her out of earshot. "Look here, Mary. I've got to talk to you. First and foremost, asking you here to-night was Connie's doing. You know I wouldn't be capable of such a thing. All I can say is I'm sorry—sorry if I hurt you that day, too... I've been wretched about it ever since."

"Don't tell me you're not happy, Dill."

His eyes weaned her away from the lights on Hudson River, and she knew that he had been the playing of that serpent-woman in her glittering lame. His lips were seeking the old allegiance when Connie stood back of them on the narrow balcony, speaking in a voice that cut like a whip lash. "Well, you two... rehearsing for a play, I see. Rubbish! Let me tell you, Mary Clay, the woman doesn't live who can get the better of me."

It was Jeff who came to the rescue of what looked an ugly scene, soothing Connie's malice with a cloud of small talk. Every time she opened her mouth to be vicious, he had something pregnant and over-sounding to say about the life history of his grandfather, of the coloured slave trade. Finally, pleading that his feet hurt, he requested Mary to take him home.

In the car, she took his hand. "Thank you a lot, Jeff. You were marvellous. It was going to be nastier than I thought. Anyhow, the party's done me one good turn. I can cut Dill out of my life as if he were a bit of rotten apple... I know I don't love him any more."

Quite suddenly she burst into tears, an uncontrollable attack, through which she was conscious of Jeff's arm across her shoulders, of his patient voice in her ear. "You're lying, Mary. You know you are."

Jeff was right. A week later Mary was obliged to come into the open. Having played escort for the past seven days, Jeff and the inimitable Shep turned up in Park Avenue just as she was dressing to go on.

For some time she carried their intention of taking her to the "dogs," then that afternoon. Tired of argument, she caught up the receiver. "That you, Dill? No, I won't be late. I'm starting now."

"You're not."

She whisked from the mirror, the matching hat to her linen ensemble half on. "Who's to stop me?" Jeff went white.

"Mary, you're insane. How can you crawl round then? He's not just Dill; he's married. You're flinging your self-respect in the ash-can."

"Let me tell you I'll keep my self-respect where I please. I don't care if I get a gold star for behaviour this or any other week. Take that."

Shame at having slapped Jeff's face, faded before the physical sensation of being whipped and laid across his knee. Shep, on request, produced an enamel-backed brush from the dressing table. It was a gay affair, part of Paula's present on Mary's "twenty-first," and never intended for the trouncing at which it assisted. Tingling mentally and bodily, the sufferer seized her gauntlets and left the house. Beside Dill at the wheel of his roadster, leaving the city of skyscrapers, she grew calmer. As a character or things went right, Dill was nearly perfect.

For a long, golden day they exploited the glories of Westchester, ragged the owner of a wayside sandwich bar, chartered a couple of bicycles and generally behaved like a couple of imaginative school-children. Evening shadows brought the inevitable sequence. For hours Mary had been staving off Dill's kiss. When it came, he grew reckless and the car, which he had rashly chosen as witness of a happiness that both feared and suspected went deeper than the surface, all but overturned.

For one frantic moment Mary, who knew he was seared under her head, thought Dill was hurt. In realising that his skin was whole, she failed to realise how badly his temper had been frayed. It was nothing to her to discover the engine was incapable of restarting. A moment in the Adirondacks had been as good as a course of Swedish exercises to her youthful muscles.

"Buck up, Dill, there's a garage." She encouraged after three miles of hiking, during which Dill, having hardly spoken, had broken his shoe-lace, stubbed his big toe against a dead tree branch and lain at full length in a puddle. The discovery that the defecit car could neither be fetched nor repaired until next day, was not exactly cheering. Mary, studying the garage map, grew brisk.

"Dill. This is Phoenicia. Paula's week-end cottage can't be much more than a stone's throw. We can pick up the key at the estate agent's and wait for your turn to bring out a car. 'Phone him right away. Over there!""

She pushed Dill, who appeared more concerned for his big toe than for their plight, into the call box. Who was it said that men at heart were babies? During the next hour Dill certainly acquitted himself more like a sulky child than a human being. Mary took charge at the agent's, explaining who she was and extracting Paula's key from the woman in charge. On the short way to the house, a rainstorm with unexpected petulance, descended
up on them, drenching them in ten seconds. Soaking chilled, famished, Mary turned the front door key to penetrate into what felt like a death chamber.

"No light on. How jolly!" she murmured, vainly clicking wall switches. Growing dusk showed the deserted lounge furniture swathed in dust sheets. The dogs in the open hearth were rusty. For the first time Mary felt irritated at Dill's attempt to key open the door. "Get upstairs," she ordered. "We shall be down with pneumonia if we don't change. Paula's got clothes here. I know.

Emerging from a bedroom in a pair of her friend's more practical pyjamas, Mary shouted at her bumptious, gushy little, adored mother. "Natural chiffon. Lord, I've got to be practical."

"I hadn't open them," she said, "so I turned on the tin and curled them up in the kitchen and put them on a tin and curled them up."

She caught sight of the fire which suddenly began to look businesslike. Dill, whatever it is, it's the spinning wheel. Paula's 'artiest' antique. She tramped over Greenwich village, thinking it. What possessed you to—?

Well, you said get the fire going. How was I to know the thing was valuable?" Dill demanded. In getting out Paula's treasured wheel, he burnt a couple of fingers, then proceeded to cut a third, opening the sardine tin, which slipped away from the scene of slaughter to the floor. Before he could administer cold water, a cat, appearing from the unknown, darted across the kitchen and made a meal of the supper.

"Don't, Dill. I'm not going to kiss you. Besides, oughtn't man to be turning up with the car?"

"Johnson. Mil. Lord, no. I told him not to turn up this morning. You know what the rain'd be like, besides, I love you, Mary. I love you, you love me."

Nothing could have unmasked Dill's selfishness more completely than his remark, but, being in love, Mary was still fighting not to notice the egotism wrat large on his injured, innocent face. Suddenly that face was contorted into a snivel. "Atishoo!"

Thenceforward the question of compromise might not be. A suspicion in her heart, in fact, had only begun, but the question of love-making was. Leaving Dill to stand in the hall, Mary retired to Paula's room where she slept the sleep of the genuinely worn out.

She woke, physically restored if somewhat stiff, to hear voices in the living-room. Dill, speaking entirely with blockaded nose, could be heard expositulating with none other than Sara. Hardly knowing whether she was pleased or sorry, Mary dressed at lightning speed, running downstairs into the arms of Paula, who soothed her like an anxious, motherly chicken.

"Dear child. Whatever's happened? The woman at the end office phoned me, but I couldn't get our here till I got hold of Jeff to drive me."

Jeff, appearing from the lounge, cut short Paula's lament with a brisk "Hallo, Mary!" Attempt better to be getting along? Dill seems to have a brutal chill. Astonishingly cheerful, he hustled the party off, putting Dill, cold or no cold, next the driver and himself between Paula and Mary on the back seat.

The car had barely started when they passed a stranded limousine. Mary caught a glimpse of an unforgettable figure seen by her but once and then in evening dress.

Connie, the very tilt of her hat shouting defiance, glared at them through the door which Jeff had politely opened.

"A nice family party, I must say," she commented. "It took me most of the night to make out Dill's message to his man, so I thought I'd better come along and see for myself. From what I gather, I've material to spread your name, Miss Clay, over the front pages of every New York scandal sheet.

"Just what I wanted to discuss with you," Jeff amended. "Jump in. Take my place between the two ladies. I'll sit facing you. Now the question is, are you willing to drive with Mr. Todd?"

Connie narrowed her eyes. "That depends."

Of course it does... on the financial arrangement," Jeff agreed, and proceeded to consult Dill by means of the speaking tube.

Yet even when terms were finally settled and Connie, accepting a suitable proportion of Dill's considerable fortune, ceased to become Mrs. Dillon Todd, Mary was not altogether happy.

Jeff's decision to make tracks for Spain on the s.s. Dakota, leaving New York the night before Mary's wedding, did not please her, either. Slightly she tried to look in the whites of the eyes when he called to say "good-bye." "Dill's a darling," she parried, "so thoughtful in little things. Remember the cornflowers he sent me... the last time?... he knows I adore them."

Jeff nodded. Ten minutes after he had gone, Shep appeared. For all there is left, he seemed deadly serious.

"You've never let him go like that, Mary. Jeff's been in love with you for years. Meant to propose to you the very day he came home. I know. He sent you cornflowers. He's sending some too—tomorrow, and by George, I think he deserves better treatment than you've given him."

She stared at the little man as though seeing something for the first time. "Shep—Shep—tell me again."

"Jeff sent cornflowers?"

"You bet he did. If Dill took credit for those he's a liar."

She was on board the s.s. Dakota in the double suite, allotted to Jeff and Shep, but shortly to be reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Williams, when Jeff knocked. The door opened, revealing a familiar object thrust up to meet his astonished gaze. It was an enamelled-backed hairbrush.

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**THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK**

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On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

March 30, 1935

Barbara Stanwyck gives a brilliant performance as "Marian" in "Courageous." **FORSAKING ALL OTHERS**


Joan Crawford .... Mary
Frank Lawton ....... Tony
Mikl Hursky ........... Tony
Molly Campbell ....... The Butcher
Jane Wyatt ......... The Butcher's wife
Colin Clive ......... The Butcher's son
Reginald Owen ....... The Butcher's brother
Aubrey Smith .......... The Butcher's father
Henry Stephenson ............ The Butcher's uncle
Marchett Du Barry .......... The Butcher's daughter

**OVER THE RIVER**


Diana Wynyard ....... Nell
Willard Mack ....... Benjy
Ivan Simpson ....... The Butcher

**BACHELOR BAINT**


Stuart Erwin ....... Dick
Rochelle Hudson ............ Mary
Peggy Hamilton ............ Mother
Seris Gallachers .......... Father
Van Dusen .......... Brother
Helen Broder ............ Sister
Grady Sutton .......... Daub
Don Belden .......... Brother
Clare Collier .......... Calm

Directed by George Stevens

**THE OLD CURIOUSITY SHOP**


Barbara Stanwyck ........... Marian
Frank Morgan ............ Mr. Lawton
Richard Cotter .......... Mr. Lawton's son
Ralph Morgan .......... Mr. Lawton's father
Helen Menken ............ Mrs. Lawton
Samuel Levenson ............ Mr. Lawton's partner


There is no great novelty in this story of a woman who, ill-
treated by her husband in Ceylon, comes to America and finds, with another man after the said husband has brought a successful action for divorce, but it is nicely
ently acted and finely characterised.

Actually, it is another example of the conversation piece and relies more on the carry of its pictorial development, although the technical qualities of the production are extremely good and the perfect English atmosphere is obtained.

Diana Wynyard is in splendid form as Clare, the woman who is haunted by her husband and is involved in a scandal which upsets her aristocratic father.

Frank Lawton is very good, as is her husband, whose only fault is to be indiscreet and so give her husband the suspicion which to bring an action for divorce.

Colin Clive strikes a very melo-
dramatic and artificial note as the husband. C. Aubry Smith and Kathleen Howard are good as Clare's parents, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Irmin Stephens are also excellent as her understanding uncle and aunt. Jane Wyatt gives a good performance as Clare's sister.

The highlight of the picture is the divorce-court sequence, which is brilliantly handled, with Alan Mowbray and Lionel Atwill at their best as opposing counsel.

The whole point of the theme—the unfaithfulness of divorcees—is brought forcibly and dramatically to the front in this forensic duel.

**BACHELOR BAINT**

Smart dialogue and excellent team work combine to make this enjoyable comedy, with well-handled humorous situations based on a somewhat novel theme—the matrimo-

Stuart Erwin is exceedingly good as a simple, conscientious youth, Wilbur Fess finds an idealized version of the original, and the roles are well-

However, Stuart Erwin is ever involved with a millionaire, his ex-wife, a gold-digger, and Wilbur's secretary, who is proposed shall marry the millionaire. Actually, the said millionaire is a detective in disguise, and he lays the facts of the matter before the district attorney.

Meanwhile, Wilbur, tired of the whole thing, sells out to Barney, who, taking possession, finds the district attorney has wrecked the place.

Wilbur finds happiness with Linda, whereof Little Nel all along.

Rochelle Hudson shows to advantage as Linda, while Pert Kelton scores with a number of bright wisecracks as the gold-digger. Skettes Gallagher is good, too, as the millionaire.

**THE OLD CURIOUSITY SHOP**

What the asterisks mean—*** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. * Good. + Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

Diana Wynyard is splendid as the heroine of "Over the River" in the screen version of John Galsworthy's book.

Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted from Villa Caller's novel "A Lost Lady." Previewed November 17, 1934.

In spite of a commonplace story dealing with a woman who, believing romance is dead, marries an elderly man and then meets the grand passion of her life, only to be dis-

Directed by Thomas Bentley. Adapted from Dickens's novel by Margaret Kenneth and Ralph Nade.

**MY HEART IS CALLING**


Jan Kiepura ....... Mario del Monte
Maria Tallchief ....... Anna
Sonnie Hale ....... Alphonse Rose
Hugh Wakefield ....... Director
Desire Madelle, of the Monte Carlo Opera

Ernest Thiericke ....... Pianist
Jeff George ....... Baby
KARTEXT STUART ....... Margot
John Singer ....... Rose
JANET BEAVERS ....... Member of the Alphonse Rose Opera Company
FRANK JONES, ANTHONY HARRAN
Mickey Brabant, Frederick Peasley

Hilde von Stoll, Anton Ibsen

Directed by Carmen Gallone. Previewed February 2, 1935.

Jan Kiepura is given plenty of opportunity to exploit his voice in this slight romantic story, dealing with the vicissitudes of a touring opera company stranded in Monte Carlo and the love affair of the opera singer and a fair stowaway who has come from the company with South America.

It is all rather drawn-out and artificial, but there are some bright moments, and one particularly effective scene where Jan Kiepura, singing outside the opera-house, draws the audience from the theatre to hear his version of Tosca, which is also being played inside. Crowds are well handled and the settings are good, and these, added to Kiepura's rendering of Tosca, Twanwao and a bit of two, provides the entertainment.

Marta Eggerth has nothing to do,
but looks attractive as the heroine, while Sonnie Hale gives a broad comedy characterisation as the company's mayor.

**THE GREEN PACK**

British Lion, British, "A" certificate, Crook melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.


Directed by T. Hayes Hunter from the play by Edgar Wallace.

Straightforward, robust, melodrama, rather unimaginatively produced, but with plenty of action and competent acting. It is, in brief, a photographed version of Edgar Wallace's stage play. John Stuart, Michael Shepley, and Garry Marsh are quite good as three prospectors who are tricked by a millionaire and cut cards to see who is to shoot the man. As the millionaire who makes one of the prospectors his new mistress, Hugh Miller is excellent, while Aileen Marson is adequate as the girl, as is J. H. Roberts as her father, who takes a hand in the game and saves the prospectors from becoming murderers.

**MENACE**

Paramount, American, "A" certificate, Murder mystery. Runs 75 minutes.


Directed by Ralph Murphy. Adapted by Chandler Sprague from a story by Philip MacDonald. Presented December 8, 1934.

Conventional story of the find-the-murderer type, which has certain novel features, but is lacking in conviction and is inadequately supplied with comedy relief. The story starts with a man being killed in an aeroplane crash in East Africa (Hollywood version) and with his brother, a madman, threatening to kill all who were with him before he started on his fatal flight. Whereupon all the characters assembled in a house in California, where the vengeance starts to take concrete form. The interest consists in trying to spot the killer. Acting generally is of a high standard.

**FOSSER ON THE FARM**

Fox, British, "A" certificate, Bread comedy extravaganza. Runs 63 minutes.


Ernie Lotinga puts over his music-hall character and provides a one-man show with somewhat crude, if robust, humour of the slapstick order. Adequately produced, it will appeal to admirers of the popular stage comedian more particularly.

**THE AIR PATROL**

Pathé, American, "A" certificate, Romantic melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

Ray Walker, Nick Terry, Clarice Wallesh, William Parnell, Sergeant, Noah Berry, Major Terry, Hyram Hooper, Pete Taylor.

The story of a man who goes to war and comes home a hero and then has to fight his personal battles before he can be happy with the girl who is waiting for him.

**THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND**


Directed by R. M. Hall. Adapted from the play by Maxwell Gres.

The main point of appeal about this very ingenious melodrama, of a clergyman who allows his best friend to go to gaol, wrongly convicted of murder, and then suffers conscience pangs for the remainder of his life, is the interesting glimpses of Australian life and scenery.

The story itself is very heavy emotional going, with John Longden as the unhappy cleric and other characters adequately characterised.

**WISHES**

Pathé, British, "U" certificate, Comedy extravaganza. Runs 65 minutes.

Wally and Barry Lupino, Hal Gordon and Gus McNamara.

Directed by W. P. Kellino.

Wally and Barry Lupino appear as two tramps who discover a scarab which is reputed to give the wishes of its possessor in this obvious piece of slapstick fooling, which is very destitute of real humor.

The stars work hard, but neither the material nor the way it has been produced give them much help.

**ADVENTURE LIMITED**

Paramount, British, "A" certificate, Adventure comedy-drama. Runs 60 minutes.


Directed by George King. Based on the play by Cyril Crampton.

Musical-comedy type of adventure plot, a mixture of burlesque and the serious, which is very indifferently acted and produced. A good performance comes, however, from that sterling player, Hugh E. Wright, in the dual role of a South American president who is deposed and sent to prison, and a character actor who comes to his rescue.

**"EVERY EVENING IN PARIS"**

"The glamour of Paris is in this wonder perfume. The very spirit of Paris at night-time lives again in this perfume. Subly it mingleth the sophistication of the Rue de la Paix with the artistic verve of Montparnasse—the diablerie of Montmartre with the fragrant breath of the Bois. You have but to close your eyes and—lo! it is—"
ON THE BRITISH SETS
by E. G. COUSINS

Let's Talk About Girls

AND why not?—Two Youngsters Make Good—Lead for ex-
Cochran Young Lady—Will Hollywood get Rene Ray—
Directors in the News—Grete Natzler's New Film.

WELL, boys and girls, last week it
was boys; this week I'm giving
myself a little holiday from he-
men, and talking about girls; and
you nee-dn't pretend you aren't
interested. Personally, I find the subject an
growing one.

We were discussing, I think, when Sunday
interrupted us, the new young British heroes
who are cropping up here and there in our
midst, only to be cropped short and shipped
as a whole crop to Hollywood.

Now for the heroines, bless their little
hearts.

My old idol, Rudyard Kipling, once wrote
a poem (not one of his happiest efforts) which
included the line "It is good to walk a little
in the files." No, Daphne, he didn't mean
nail-fies; he was referring to newspapers—and
I now propose we should take a stroll into
the PICTUROGRAFI file for 1935, and stop at
September 9.

Bogged

Got it? Right! Turn to page 28 and in "On
the British Sets" you will find your devoted
Studio Correspondent remarking "Another comely
lass—a vivacious brunette—made the mistake of
being in the crowd at all. She is capable of
better things, but once in the crowd it's next to
impossible to get out, as many a promising
youngster can testify to her cost.

"If ever this girl does wriggle free, I'll tell you
her name. Meanwhile, it wouldn't be fair."

Well, it's taken a long time, but she's wriggled
free at last, and bow! And now, being a bloke
as always keeps his promises when quite con-
venient, I'll tell you her name.

Oliver Melville.

For eighteen months and more I've been keep-
ing my eye on her, watching her getting better
and better "bits" to do, watching cameramen
and directors taking more and more interest in
her and more and more trouble with her, and now
she's arrived, in a "juvenile lead" in the current
Leslie Fuller picture, The Stoker.

Watch for her, boys and girls. I think she's
going to be important.

Jean, Too

And so, I think, is little Jean Gillie, who was
a Mr. Cochran's Young Lady not so long ago.
I first saw Jean in a film they made down at
Wembley, in the Fox British studio—His Majesty
and Co.—in which she played a smallish part as
a friend of the heroine. She stood out in that.
Then, down at Ealing one day, Bray Wyndham
showed me some rushes of his new film It

Happened in Paris, and there was Jean in a
cheery little part as an artist's model.

And more recently still I attended the premiere
of Bremner's Millions, and there, in what to me
was a somewhat dreary wilderness of opening
and closing doors, Coriscans dancing the Ketchupa
or something, and pretty girls giving physical
jerks on a yacht, I found Jean Gillie as a silly,
charming, featherbrained little chit of an
Efficiency Expert.

She was very good—as you'll agree if and when
you see that film.

And now Jean has a lead ... in a quota film,
certainly, but, nevertheless, a lead, which should
result in her being yanked out of the "bit" class
once and for all.

It's in Paramount's School for Stars, which may
be a lucky augury for her.

Peggy Novak is in this, too, and that sound
actor, Ian Fleming.

A Successful Function

By a coincidence, I encountered two more of
the up-and-coming youngsters at once the
other night—and far removed from the studios.
It was at the Seventh Birthday Dance of the
Henry Edwards Film Club, and the two girls
were Rene Ray and Joyce Kirby, both of whom
are giving the stage a flutter "between films."

The dance was a great success, by the way,
despite the absence of "Tedwards" himself, who
has beenconvalescing at Brighton after a sharp
attack of 'flu. The fact of the matter is that
Tedwards is tired. He has been working much too
hard, and easily succumbed to the first germ
that came along.

Stanley Lupino was there, and Gene Gerrard,
Henry Kendall, Gibb McLaughlin, Ben Weldon,
Judy Kelly, many other well-known players, and
hundreds of their supporters; in fact, yourselves
I'm telling you!

The energetic committee is already going ahead
with arrangements for the Club's Jubilee Dance
on May 25. See you there!

Going—Going—

But to return to Rene and Joyce. The former
has been gaining golden opinions for her
work in the stage play The Dominant Sex, and
when she returns to the screen it will be with
added importance. In fact, between you and
(Continued on page 18)
Miss Dorothy Hyson chooses

Anchor & Tricoton

-The New, cool fast-color yarn
-for her Spring and Summer knitting and crochet

She says:
"It used to be so maddening when clothes that really suited me began to fade! That's why I am now making my knitted and crocheted things for the Spring and Summer in ANCHOR TRICOTON. It's beautifully soft and ever so cool in warm weather. And it's such a relief to know that TRICOTON won't shrink or fade. It looks so stylish, too — I love it!"

Miss Hyson is wearing the smart new jumper "Rainbow's End" worked in Anchor Tricoton. Instruction leaflets for this and two other charming designs—"Dusk" and "Laughing Lady"—cost 2d. each at your needlework shop—or use the coupon.

IN 50 GRAM BALLS AND HANKS
Use also Milward's crochet hooks and knitting pins

COUPON To Messrs. Clark & Co., Ltd., Dept. R.E.19, Paisley, Scotland. Please send me leaflet(s) "Rainbow's End," "Dusk," "Laughing Lady" (strike out those not required) for which I enclose 2d. each in stamps (or 7d. the three, post free).

Name
Address

Issued by J. & P. Coats Ltd.

Many a mickel mak's a mickel-

with

6d. per bottle
Family Size 9d.

SAUCE

Another delicacy — MASON'S MUSTARD SAUCE

Incomparable!
For setting your lovely WAVES and CURLS Camilatone
LUSTRSET

THIRTY-THREE SETTINGS IN EVERY 1/3 TUBE • TWO KINDS: LUSTRSET for GREASY HAIR • LUSTRSET HIGH GLOSS for DRY HAIR

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY of a
NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

French chemists, after years of research, have discovered a new face-powder formula which completely ends shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives a perfect 'matt finish' which lasts for 8 hours. Neither rain nor perspiration can spoil it.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

The secret is a new ingredient called 'Double Mousse' now contained in the New Poudre Tokalon. This makes the powder moisture-proof. Prove it for yourself by this simple test. Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon, then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out, and notice your finger is not shiny and wet but perfectly dry and 'matt.' The powder withstands the moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse'.

The same thing happens on your face. Your skin cannot become shiny when using New Poudre Tokalon. You can dance for hours in a hot room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. Try a box of New Poudre Tokalon to-day and see how amazingly different it is from all other powders because it is the only one with the 'matt finish' secret. This fascinating, girlish beauty it gives you will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. 6d. and 1/2 a box.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS
Will be yours now and always by regularly using

Lants Crème

IMMEDIATE RESULTS—GUARANTEED TO RESTORE RED OR ROUGH HANDS TO SILKY TEXTURE

Send now for:
SEVEN DAYS FREE SUPPLY

To LANT'S RESEARCH LABORATORIES,
Dept. P. 38 E1, Andrews Hill, LONDON, E.2.

Suggest 5th in efforts to cover these products.

HOW TO DRESS WELL—
Open a Credit Account with Smartwear. No references required even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M—244 for Ladies' Spring catalogue, also Gentlemen's catalogue.

SMARTWEAR, LTD.
The difference between a strawberry flavour by Rowntrees and 'strawberry-flavour' is like the difference between the real fresh strawberries you put with cream and the 'strawberry' in landlady's strawberry blanmange. In short

**ROWNTREES**

*You can taste the fruit in*

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SOLD LOOSE. 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS

6d. ASSORTED PACKET. (1-lb.) Rowntrees now offer 6d. as well as 3d. Assorted Packets to introduce all three consistencies in a wide range of real-fruit flavours. Buy one to-day.

(Content 4-lb. net.)

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**ON THE BRITISH SETS**

--- Continued from page 26 ---

me, I'm afraid we'll be losing that girl for a while.

As my auld friend Gavin Muckletoorie, the electrician, remarked to me the other day, "She's a brau bit lassie, yon, an' we'll be losin' her yet, or Hollywood's no as fly as I jadeous it is!"

Which seems to put the matter precisely.

Joyce, as you know, was one of the Gaumont Junior Stars, or whatever they decided to call them—the baker's dozen of maidens who have spent three years or so in being groomed for nothing in particular.

Before that she 'tripped the light fantastic on the boards' as they say at the Chit Chat Club's sociables, her last appearance before her total immersion in the waters of Shepherds Bush being in *Rowntree's* at the London Hippodrome.

Now she has gone into the new show at the Windmill Theatre with a chance to sing and dance and do her stuff generally; and good luck to her.

If you can't remember off-hand what she looks like, take a dekko at *Are You a Mason?*, in which she played the part of Lulu.

**A Fine Record**

A few directors are in the news.

For instance, Lothar Mendes has gone over to the Korda Kamp, and will in future make films for London Film Productions. *Jew Suss* may not have been everybody's meat, but Mendes has a fine record, including—*The Four Feathers*, *Dangerous Curves*, and *Payment Deferred* (this last easily the best Charles Laughton film I have seen). He was director at UFA in the days before Hitler started to hittle.

And, while we are on the subject of directors from Hollywood, I have gleaned a little information about Leslie Pearce, who is directing Leslie Fuller and Georgie Harris in *The Stoker*.

He has directed seventeen Christie-Crampton shorts and also *The Carnation Kid* for Paramount, *The Delightful Rogue* and *Bulldog Drummond* for United Artists, *Falk Guy for Radio*, *Meet the Wife* in Columbia, and nine two-reel specials for Mack Sennett, and why bring them up?

Anyway, you can't say I'm selfish with my information.

**Camera to Meg**

Next gentleman, please! Ah, Mr. Kautrek! Step this way, Mr. Kautrek.

Mr. Kautrek (Otto to his associates) is the brilliant Czech cameraman who was responsible for the photography of *Blossom Time* and *Abdul the Damned*. Now he is to direct a film for the same company, B.I.P. There are well-established precedents for a cameraman becoming a director, but not many. It will be an interesting experiment on B.I.P.'s part.

The most consistent film in filmland's lost-property office is Hearts. They are always being lost, but not entirely indiscriminately. That is to say, there are certain rules as to where they may be lost. Dixie is one place; Monterey and thereabouts is another; and a very favourite place is Old Heidelberg, because it gives an excuse for the wearing of uniforms, a drinking song or two, and a spot of duelling.

I predict that the new B.I.P. vehicle for Grete Natzler will conform to this prescription fairly faithfully. And its sponsors can't be accused of trying to deceive anyone in the title, which is "I Lost my Heart in Old Heidelberg."

Gosh, what a title! Can you imagine it in use in the studio? Can you direct me to the "I Lost my Heart in Old Heidelberg set, Sergeant?"

"Certainly, sir—down the corridor and turn to the left for 'I Lost my Heart in Old Heidelberg."

But bet you that before production even starts it will be known throughout Elstree as 'Eldestree. Otto directs.

**Filling in Time**

This Grete Natzler (Gretel to her friends) is the lass who has been carefully preserved in—no, not in oil, but in London—to play the Du Barry in the film of that name which B.I.P. have been threatening to make for months and months.

Now she is to play in 'Edelberg first. But as I (at least partially) Lost my Heart to Grete Natzler, that just about balances things up.

It's all about a young student (of course!) and the daughter of a local prince, and you'll hardly believe it, but they fall in love. In *The Student Prince*, I think, the positions were somewhat reversed—Ramon Novarro was a student as well as a prince, and Norma Shearer was the daughter of a publican. Sort of a King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid...

And speaking of Norma, the rumours of her approaching visit to these shores to star in an M.G.M.-British film are growing in intensity and credibility. And Dick Barthelmess is practically on the way. Why, in a year or two when Garbo and Chaplin decide to co-star in a quickie over here it will hardly cause a flutter.

**Polishing 'Em Off**

They have been busy finishing up one or two productions and tucking in the ends here and there. *Vintage Wine*, for instance, has ended in a blaze of glory, with Seymour Hicks, as the 69-year-old Monsieur Popinot, falling off a "penny-farthimg" bicycle into a ditch.

Even if I were not so keen to see Mr. Hick's performance in this, I should be intrigued by the description of Claire Luce's beach outfit—which, unfortunately, I missed seeing in the studio. It amounts to a brassiere and shorts in spotted waterproof silk, with the sauciest of briefs, skirts tied bandanna-fashion over the shorts.

**Some Bodies**

Now, at Twickenham, *Inside the Room* has taken its place. And you'll gather that it is well in the Twickenham tradition when I tell you that it opens cheerily with a couple of deaths. A visitor from some country where films are unknown might be excused for thinking that all our films are made in a mortuary rather than in a studio.

Unless a film is the lightest of comedy productions, bodies seem to be strewn about most carelessly.

---

*Has he forgotten something? This haircut Seymour Hicks gives Maritza Hunt is one of many amusing incidents in "Mr. What's His Name."*
Will he be PROUD of you?

Make your complexion beautiful with Icilma's unique aid.

Men like to be seen with girls who look attractive. Make the most of your beauty by the daily use of Icilma Vanishing Cream. This dainty cream, with its natural spring water from Algeria, is a wonderful tonic to the complexion, making the skin firm and youthful and protecting it from wind and rain. Icilma Vanishing Cream as a base for powder makes it "spread" evenly and stay on longer. In Jars 1/3, 9d., Tubes 6d.

Don't let your hair get 'DOWDY'

Keep your hair soft and lustrous by giving it an Icilma Shampoo every week. Icilma shampoos thoroughly cleanse the hair and give it a sheen that adds definitely to your charm. 3d. each. Box of seven, 1/6.

SEND 2d. FOR SPECIAL TRIAL BOX

Send for the Icilma Trial Box, only 2d., for Rachel Face Powder and three Beauty Creams. Enclose 2d. in stamps and address your envelope to Icilma (Dept. O7), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope should be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp.

Lemon squash—how refreshing—yet a STAIN to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Many people blame fate for dull and dingy—unattractive teeth. What a mistake! Fate does not dull your teeth—but food, drink and tobacco do. Everything that passes your lips leaves its mark on your teeth.

Surprising as it seems, your daily diet leaves seven different kinds of stains on the teeth. Most toothpastes, because they have only one cleansing action, fail to remove all these stains, for all stains simply will not yield to any one action.

Colgate's cleans teeth completely—gets off every stain—because it has TWO cleansing actions. First, an emulsifying action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle polishing action that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left. What a difference those two cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH
1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

NIGHTS OF AWFUL STOMACH PAIN

What a relief to be able to eat and sleep normally after years of stomach trouble which caused nights of unbearable pain.

No wonder Mr. T. Cairns, of 50 Leitrim Street, Belfast, says he was fortunate when he tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"Being a sufferer from stomach trouble for years, I have tried every other remedy I could hear about, without success, until I had the good fortune of trying your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now I can eat anything without suffering ill effects. I have lain in bed at nights in a cold sweat through pain almost unbearable, but since using your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I can sleep in peace and comfort. I am recommending Maclean Brand Stomach Powder every opportunity I get, and will continue to do so, as I pity anyone suffering as I did."

Get a bottle to-day, but do not accept an inferior substitute in order to save a few pence; ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C., MACLEAN."

It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

STYLES THE STARS WEAR

Single samples sent on FREE APPROVAL NEW! DIFFERENT!! FASCINATING III

12¢

Wear the type of shoe that Hollywood's Armeecd for an appeal to the public. They are new, original and interesting to play you that air of style and smartness so much desired by the smart woman. The Hollywood Shoe Co., after you a wide and wonderful range to choose from, and specializes in the newest and smartest american style. The shoes are well made, retail, sell on money—just a P. I. D. filling, style, colour, and height of ideal desired, and we post to your home a range of samples for you to choose from at your leisure time.

HOLLYWOOD SHOE CO.
110 NORTH ST, LEEDS
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

QUART SPECTACLES on PINT STAGES
Or is Berkeley Talking Through His Busby?

I HAVE just seen Dames, one of those mighty spectacular films where a stage as big as Hollywood would be necessary to accommodate the spectacle that we are expected to believe takes place on a theatre stage. We see in this film, motor-cars by the dozens, thousands of people, moonlight and rain—all in one scene, and when it is all over we see a small theatre audience applauding. It is all too absurd. Incidentally, why spoil a good story by cutting off our interest at intervals by giving us those crazy spectacles that may last from ten to fifteen minutes. If Hollywood must give us these photographic wonders then let it do them off screen, where others can walk out. I don't see why they should be mixed up with a story any more than the news gazette or women's fashion films—R. D. White.

Gracie's Salary

This reader chanced to read quite recently of the plans to star Gracie Fields in three films this year and was amazed at the huge figure that she will receive for these films. I do not dislike Gracie but prefer to see her on the stage, which is her proper sphere, as her personality does not "get over" so well on the screen. Also she really only appeals to one class of people. Instead of squandering money like this why don't producers use their intelligence and set up "schools" for coaching our up and coming youngsters, instead of giving them one or two mean little roles and then letting them sink into oblivion.—Miss E. Munro, 5 Sedgwick Street, Ferndale Road, S.W.4.

Making Bobbies of Our Bobbies

Being off work as the result of an accident. Third month in bed about four times a week, and have seen the majority of the better films screened during the last twelve months. The only grousie I have is against British pictures depicting the police in the murder cases as rude, uncouth and practically illiterate persons.

The producer seems to take a special delight in showing the -man in blue—a laughing-stock of the world. Comedy is all very well in its proper place, but why pick on a "Bobby" to supply it? With his manly physique and smart uniform he should be a credit to a picture, not the comedy element as shown.—Emid Graves, s/o 59 Northumberland Avenue, Fountain Road, Hull, who is awarded the second prize of 10s.

New Teams for Old

I! was a film king and had the picking of the cast, girls to the boys would be my choice. First, Clark Gable opposite Kay Francis in a strong jungle drama, directed by Frank Capra. What a sensational film that would make. Second, Garbo with that great German actor Conrad Veidt—two dominant figures—under the direction of Richard Boleslawski.

Third—and one that would meet with the biggest success—Jan Kiepura opposite Grace Moore, directed by Ernst Lubitsch.—Patricia Roberts, 86 Nightingale Lane, Wanstead, E.11.

Doing Right by Our Tea

Will the Movie folk, both here and abroad, please be reminded that they treat England's pet corn; I mean our tea. I have noticed several fairly recent instances where they do not.

Diana Wynyard caused a derisive laugh from the audience that quite drowned her words when pouring out what must have been water, from a tea-pot.

Even our own Jack Hubert in The Camels Are Coming, was obviously handed an empty cup. You could see into it. After all, the next best thing to having a cup of tea yourself, is seeing someone else enjoy one. So an empty cup is sheer farce.

To try to deceive an English person about tea is like trying to teach a professional footballer how to kick. I think I'll bet Miss M. Pagen, 35 Hogarth Road, Earls Court, S.W.5.

Cut the Thunder?

I feel sure that there are many picturegoers who, like myself, would appreciate the originality of a murder or mystery drama which did not largely depend upon role, date, thunder and lightening in order to produce an effect of eeriness.

The violence of screen storms leave me cold and unamused, though such a stupid repetition of them in mystery films stirs me to criticism. I wait hopefully for the time when some master brain will conceive a drama which will be equally as thrilling when enacted under the cloudless skies of a calm summer day.—Cecil F. S. Hill, 163 Malemplot Street, Catbys, Cardiff.

"Sez He!!"

Why does my cinema manager—a typical Englishman born and bred in the locality—use an idiom, in writing a synopsis of his forthcoming attractions, which suggests that he spent his childhood on New York's East Side?

"Coffe House"—it doesn't mean "starts me," starts with a bunch of co-eds trying to break in on the love racket. A phony aviator out of gasoline lands on the campus, and the girl Highball falls for him, at which JackRalston, who is crazy about Helen, lands the airman one on the snozzle.

The scene changes to the Ralston home, where old man Ralston is doing chores himself, because the hired help has got fresh with the ice-man.

So my manager rambles on. Of course the person to blame is the Wardour Street man who thinks because we like the Yankee pictures we also enjoy the Yankee vernacular.—(Mr.) W. Pickett, 44 Fairfield Avenue, Netherton, Liverpool.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly, 1s. 11d. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.

March 30, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

EVERY WOMAN A MODERN VENUS

For centuries upon centuries Venus has been acknowledged the perfect standard of Feminine Attractiveness and Charm. To-day, every woman who is burdened by too much fat may, through the aid of the wonderful modern boon—"SILF"—become Slim, Graceful, and Healthy—a veritable modern Venus casting off the letters of Fatness...regaining figure perfection in a natural and healthy way!! "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets have already counted thousands Slim and Healthy. You may take them with absolute confidence, for they contain a wonderful, purely vegetable substance, which renews the General Health whilst removing the Surplus Fat!

Are you anxious as you look upon the Figure Beauty of this wonderful statue of Venus? Do you wish YOU could possess the slim, trim figure lines, the attractiveness and allurement which has made Venus—Queen of Love and Beauty—the very embodiment of grace...the acknowledged standard of feminine charm?

Nature's Way to WEIGHT REDUCTION and WEIGHT CONTROL

No matter how fat YOU are, start taking "SILF" to-day! Without Drastic Dieting, Dangerously Drugging, Weakening Purging or Body-straining Exercises, it brings about an amazing transformation in the figure. SAFELY and with ACTUAL BENEFIT TO HEALTH those excessive pounds or STONES disappear.

Once "SILF" has restored the Youthful, Slender proportions consistent with your size, it exerts thereafter only a controlling action, keeping in check that tendency to put on weight and continuing to maintain your new-found health.

Begin AT ONCE to take these wonderful "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets and GAIN and KEEP the beautiful, alluring, slim proportions which everyone by natural right should possess.

7 Days' Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the SILF Company, Ltd., 80, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3
3/1
5/- PER BOX

From all Chemists, or post free by sending the price to:

THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 635)
39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

New proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.
After your Amami Shampoo — do this. Damp the hair with Amami Wave-Set, press in the waves, pin the little curls and slip a cap over the hair. For 5 minutes' care you will have a setting to be proud of - entrancing waves, crisp little curls that last for days . . . each setting costs just one penny.

Behold the well-groomed beauty of your hands after you have used Glazo. This new loveliness of your nails is due to the new lacquer in Glazo, giving a sheen and lustre never previously achieved with such perfection. And yet—in spite of the fact that Glazo lasts 50% longer— it costs only 1/3 for a standard sized bottle.

You have six fashionable shades from which to choose. The Colour Chart Packet shows them — each exactly as it looks on your nails, and there is a new-type soft camel-hair brush which makes application far easier and prevents streaking . . . neither brush nor hair can come loose. And mark this: Glazo helps to prevent nail-britleness owing to special oil in the new Glazo Polish Remover, which prevents drying of cuticle and nails, leaving the cuticle soft and pliant. Glazo Polish Remover contains no Acetone. It comes to you in an extra size bottle, ample to last as long as your polish.

The morning application of D & R Skin Tonic is the first step in the famous Daggett & Ramsdell Beauty Treatment; used in conjunction with D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream as a foundation for make-up, and D & R Perfect Cold Cream for nightly massage, it forms the ideal way to the desired complexion.

If you are contented with the creams and lotions you already use, don't change. But if you want that final touch of loveliness, change to D & R — and you won't change again.

D & R Perfect Beauty Creams, in tubes, 6d. and 1/2., and in jars, 1/3 and 2/6. Skin Tonic 1/- and 2/6.
"Good Bread won't fatten anyone says lovely Evelyn Laye"

The famous British film and stage star

"Bread and butter, toast, rolls—I enjoy them all. No starvation diets for me. I value my health and vitality too much. No bread won't fatten anyone who leads a normally active life."

I eat bread, not only because I like it, but because I really need it to put back the energy I use up in my work. Nobody leading the strenuous life of an actress can afford to go in for slimming cresses.

Sensible, balanced meals at regular times—that's my slimming secret—and believe me, the baker calls every day at my house!"

Take Evelyn Laye's sound advice and eat plenty of Bread. Above all others ittis those people who work hard and strenuously who need Bread to renew their lost energy.

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former is happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter any thing connected with household or beauty hints, Write to them both c/o THE PICTUERGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

PICTUERGOER Weekly
March 30, 1935

LetGEORGE


ANN STEN FAN (London).—Anna Sten is 23 years old and a native of Neum Frenke. Add. c/o United Artists Studios.

CHUCK.—Write to Max Barz for a signed photograph c/o Paramount-Publix Studios.


JOAN AND CLARK CRAZ.—(1) Joan Crawford, whose next picture is A Little Honeymoon, with Robert Montgomery. (2) Clark Gable's most recent picture is After Office Hours, with Constance Bennett. (3) Release dates; Forsaking All Others—April 11, 1935; New and Forever—Mar. 25, 1935.

MUSIC NOTER (London).—See Two PICTUERGOERS (D.W.) for cast of Un-finished Symphony. (2) You can obtain a photograph of Jan Kiepura from the Picture Post Card Salon, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d. each.


Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS
Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Associated Picture Studios, Eating Green, Wapping. British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Euston, Middlesex.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Euston, Middlesex.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
British Lion Film Corporation Ltd., British Lion Studios, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire.
Fox Film Studio, Rodean Gardens, Wembley Park.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Ealing, London, N.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
Twitchen Studios, St. Margaret's, Twitchen, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS
Columbia Studios, 701 Sawtelle, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Columbia Studios, 4349, South Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Columbia Pictures, 2520 Sunset Boulevard, Burbank, California.
David O. Selznick, Movie City West, West, California.
Gloria Swanson Golden Studio, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Metro-Auch-town-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
United Artists, 6600 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
United Artists, 1416, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, 1314 Vine Street, Hollywood, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
United Artists, 1314 Vine Street, Hollywood, California.
DO IT!


INTERESTED IN SHIRLEY.—Shirley Temple, b. April 23, 1929, fair hair, blue eyes, two brothers George and Jack. Latest Film The Little Colonel. Address, c/o Fox Studios. J. H. (Paine), and J. L. F.—(1) Jan Kiepura, b. May 16, 1902, Poland, fair hair, grey eyes. Address to him, c/o Paramount Studios, where he has a new contract. (2) My Heart's Reward, released April 1, 1936. (3) The Tenor Aria from Act 3 of II Trovatore. Address, Jan, M.Y. 66. (4) Art plate of Jan Kiepura in October 6, 1934 issue, Universal Studios.


INTERESTED (Arboretum).—You Will Remember Viennese last year in House of Pomegranates, and Just Ones for All Time and Lirn Laugh and Lice, in Congress Dance.


Mary and Mary—Ramon Navarro, b. February 8, 1897, Durango, Mexico, real name Ramon Gil Sameniegos, black hair, brown eyes. Married an unacknowledged hobo, movie. Address, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, last Film The Night is Young, (to make) Love While You May.


H. M. (N.W.C.).—Ida Lupino, b. 1917. Neither mother nor Ida Lupino are engaged to marry similarly.

A. W. (Copie).—Carl Riesen, married. Write to him, c/o Samuel Goldwyn Studios.

CURIOUS.—Jessie Matthews, b. March 11, 1907. She did not play lead in Maid of the Mountains.

PICTUREGOER (Suffolk).—Address Lilian Harvey c/o Paramount. Latest Film: The Light of Life. Evelyn Lays, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Also advisable to enclose International Reply Coupon when writing to American stars to ensure a reply.


A Gargo Fan (W, 4).—(1) Clark Gable, b. February 1, 1901, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lb., latest films: Parachute: The Aftermath, After Office Hours.

Miss Merle Oberon, the famous star of London Film Productions, Ltd., says:—

"I am delighted with Potter & Moore's novel combination of Powder and Cream in one. It reduces time spent on make-up to a few seconds, and gives such a lovely finish that you can face the world confident that you are looking your best."

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream brings out your hidden beauty. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the pores and cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads and large pores are made to disappear. Complexion is then beautifully clear, velvety and soft.

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM Will impart a perfectly natural bloom to the complexion. It is absolutely pure and semi-permanent. Sold in glass containers, 6d.

Your Hair Restored to ITS NATURAL COLOUR FREE

It is easy to regain the locks of youth by the use of Evan Williams Tunisian Henna. Let us prove it to you. Send a clipping of your grey hair to Evan Williams Co., Ltd., Dept. P.W., 14 Union Street, London, W.1.
March 30, 1935

To make beautiful hair
still more beautiful—

... one simply has a Superma Permanent Wave. No tedious waiting in the grip of a soulless electric machine. No horror, no discomfort. One just reads, or moves about at will. And in an incredibly short time those wonderful little Superma Cassettes—generating nothing but pure steam—have produced the most perfect of natural waves and tight curls ... a really permanent wave that will definitely last longer than any other, and that neither sun, wind nor even sea-water can impair.

And more ... one's hair acquires new lustre, greater elasticity, new strength ... for the Superma process acts as a tonic, a beauty treatment and a permanent wave in one. Superma is the only system of permanent waving in which no machine or electrical apparatus whatever is used.

SUPERMA
MACHINELESS—WIRELESS
SUPERMA LTD, 93-97 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1

Have you written
for the
corot spring fashion guide?

this magnificent portfolio contains about 80 illustrations of new spring models in frocks, coats, suits, ensembles, etc., which may be paid for by monthly instalments.

Post the coupon below to-day for your copy, or call in at the corot showrooms and see the new spring range personally.

"don't be late"

right up to the minute, and ready for any smart affair—that's the sort of coat and skirt in fewire that you can wear time and time again, note the effectiveness of stitching. coat lined throughout. new season's shades.
cash 4/- gas. monthly

33 old bond street,
london, w.1

free please send the corot fashion guide of new spring models and full particulars of instalment plan.

name
address

P. 563

Leave IT
to ANNE

HIS week we are to con-
tinue our discussion with regard to sensitive skin. Fair and lovely when it is in perfect order, it can be the devil's delight when winds are cold and water is hard.

Most girls who have dry, sensitive skins are at a disadvantage when they live in towns. So often the water is hard. Washing in hard water affects any skin, but it plays havoc with fine skins. What are the alternatives? Some people will tell you to give up washing the face altogether. Don't listen to them. The skin collects a great deal of grime and dirt out of the day and it must be cleaned with good soap and water at least once in twenty-four hours.

If you collect rain-water that is free from soot, your problem is easy. But clean rain water is unlikely in a city. The next best thing is a water softener. For toilet purposes only, one of the tiny models that fixes on the tap will give a sufficient supply for all the women in the house. These small models are not very expensive.

Unscented toilet oatmeal comes next on the list. You should put the meal in a muslin bag and tie it up, squeeze the bag in the water till the latter becomes cloudy. The bag may be used several times. Borax, too, will soften water, but some skins find it irritating. Glycerine added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint of water will also take away harshness.

Daily Care

The last with the delicate skin should use lukewarm water and a mild soap. Take your choice from one of the many advertised brands. Never be tempted to buy cheap lines in soap. Having washed the hands, make a lather of soap in the palms and cleanse the face. Be gentle and be quick, thoroughly rinsing off every trace with tepid water. Dry with a soft face towel.

The skin is now ready for its nightly application of cold cream, skinfood,

Leave IT
to ANNE

AnF tells you in this article about a complexion like Toby Wing.

special pack

Face packs of ordinary type are absolutely taboo for the dry skin. While they work wonders on a normal or a greasy skin, they will leave the dry skin with a tightened and cracked appearance.

A well-known firm of beauty specialists—realising this, have recently introduced a special cream pack. Unlike all others, this pack does not dry hard on the skin, and does not abstract the natural oils. It has the added advantage of being simple to use. The pack is first cleansed with complexion milk and then dried with cotton wool. The cream pack is then gently smoothed over the face and neck, and allowed to remain for 10 minutes. It is removed with skin-tonic or even with water, and the result is a fair skin with a perfect set matt finish. The facial muscles are braced, and the circulation is toned up.

I tried out this pack the other day before a dance, and found it excellent. A complexion that is suffering from that slightly sallow mid-winter look, revives remarkably under this treatment. The pack is 1/6, 5/6, a jar, and a set will last a long time. Readers who are interested may have the name of this preparation on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Answers to Correspondents

Red Nose (Winchester).—Why not ask your doctor to give you a full diagnosis. They are often successful in helping sufferers from colds, most of whom you can diminish the watery discharge from your nose by sniffing benzedrine or carbonic acid.

A.P. (Liverpool).—For ordinary purposes the temperature of a warm bath should be approximately 100 degrees Fahrenheit. It is unsuitable to exceed 100 degrees. Frequency very hot baths are dreadful for cool sponging before getting out will counteract the tendency.

T.S. (Brighton).—Your hair is too thick for one pins. Have you tried Kibhapie? They are made by the same firm as Hairbeads. Scientific Needs and Commando Safety Pins.
ROMANCES IN GLANCES

AT THE PARTY

While they danced, Jack could not tear his eyes from Betty's eye-sparkling, alluring...

And now, Betty's honey-colored eyes are fixed on Jack. It is a moonlight scene.

LTD.

preparation

Liquid enclose

commonest indigestible of eliminated.

For added interest, for example, the system.

FaTEX

March

Some unsightly filterings of waste can be kept away. If you have oily skin, don't forget to filter oil. It is a matter of interest for you, because you can keep your scalp, and kidneys, and keep these important organs so healthy and active that indigestible waste material will be completely eliminated, thus overcoming one of the commonest causes of surplus fat.

I always use

KOLYNOS Tooth Paste

of All Chemists and Stores

TRIAL SIZE 6d.

NAIL BITING

Free booklet sent under plain sealed covers explaining how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No name, no date-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage.

NAIL CHIC FOR 6".

Sold everywhere: Liquid Polish (6 shades), Cuticle Remover, Polish Remover. British Manufacture.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER!

Have you found a preparation which imparts a really perfect and lasting matt finish to your skin? Here is an opportunity to try Velouty de Dixor, the wonderful combined cream and powder. Send this coupon with 3d. stamps to Dixor, Ltd. (Dept. F.3), St. Leonards Works, Morningside, S.W.14, and three trial tubes of Velouty will be forwarded to you. Be sure you select three shades only.

PROMPT AND OFFICIAL

FOR THE LAW

Prompt and Official in every legal matter. Highly recommended by the Bar.

Send 3 trial tubes of Velouty—white, ivory, natural ochre, and soleil doré (sungold) (strike out 2 not required). 3d. stamps enclosed.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

FREE SAMPLE OFFER!

Have you found a preparation which imparts a really perfect and lasting matt finish to your skin? Here is an opportunity to try Velouty de Dixor, the wonderful combined cream and powder. Send this coupon with 3d. stamps to Dixor, Ltd. (Dept. F.3), St. Leonards Works, Morningside, S.W.14, and three trial tubes of Velouty will be forwarded to you. Be sure you select three shades only.

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Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

March 30, 1935

ROBINSON'S WEEKLY
Yet a further reason why—

'Mine's a Minor'

Cork-tipped 'Ivory'-tipped or Plain—

... I can get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-.

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

5 FOR 2d. 10 FOR 4d. 20 FOR 8d.
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

"Right—so did I"

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d. and 1/-

If you use a solid dentifrice, try the new Maclean Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—6d. per tin.

Snowfire
VANISHING CREAM

"I adore you"... words of romance... whispered often to the girl who so happily possesses a lovely skin. Snowfire Cream can help you to gain this charm. Fascinatingly perfumed, it brings smooth, soft loveliness to your skin... gives you an appeal that men can't resist.

Chic new Cases, 3d. Tubes, 6d. Opal Jars, 1/3d. (Except in I.F.S.)

FOR WAVES THAT NEITHER SUN NOR WIND NOR EVEN SEAWATER CAN AFFECT

No other permanent wave lasts quite so long as Superma, or is so indifferent to the effects of rain and wind and hot baths. And no other brings out so splendidly the textural beauty of the hair.

No heated metal clamps; no machines; no harsh electric heat to make the hair brittle and dry. Instead the famous Superma Cassettees generate a pure steam which penetrates to the delicate inner membrane of each hair—strengthening, revitalising and coaxing your hair into the most delightful arrangement of waves and curls. Superma is the only system of permanent waving which is absolutely machineless, wireless and non-electrical throughout. Send for free booklet of this wonderful new Superma method.
Announcement
of a

NEW PRICE POLICY

A last minute change
To satisfy the demand for lower prices, with no reduction in quality, corot suddenly decided, in the middle of compiling the new spring catalogue, to reduce the price of every model to be shown this spring by quite considerable amounts.

New developments in our workrooms have enabled us to introduce this new price policy, which will show

Reductions in all departments
from a half-guinea to three guineas on the already modest prices for which the house of corot has become famous. Visit the corot showrooms now and see the new collection, or post the coupon below for the latest fashion guide containing 80 illustrations of the newest designs in two and three piece ensembles, costumes, coats, afternoon and evening gowns.

Extended credit as before
The well-known corot system of deferred payment is still available if desired, and any model may be paid for in seven equal monthly instalments.

corot
(Dept. P.G.152)
33 Old Bond Street,
London, W.1
Regent 0234

This model is one example
A dashing costume in double-breasted style, with cape sleeves and a semi-fitting back. The skirt has two inverted pleats in the front; jacket is lined. Made to measure in smart checked woollens.

Old policy price 6 guineas
New policy price 4½ guineas
or 7 monthly instalments of 13/6

free Please send, without obligation, the corot fashion guide and full details.

Name.................................................................
Address......................................................................
.............................................................................. P.G.152
Of such is Pleasure

Younger Every Morning!

Try This Recipe To-night

Thanks to this marvellous discovery, wrinkles can be made to disappear and the skin regain its youthful beauty.

Science has long known that it is the loss of certain vital elements from the skin which causes wrinkles and faded skin. These precious substances can now be restored by the amazing, recently found method of Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna.

Extracted from the skin of carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal, "Biocel" the active principle of living cells is contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. By its use an aged, faded skin can quickly be nourished and rejuvenated — sallow complexion made clear and fresh. Try Tokalon Biocel Skinfood to-night. Even by to-morrow morning you will see an amazing difference in the clearness and freshness of your skin. After one month's use, you will look at least ten years younger.

MODERN SHOES FOR MISS MODERN

The 1935 Gayday Shoes are up to the minute in style and smartness, and are designed to please the most discriminating Miss Modern.

For just the right final note to your new Spring outfit select your shoes from the Gayday range of Fashion Footwear—their prices also strike just the right note.

14/9

Model No. 136. Matt Kid Bow Court, Med. Span Heel.
Model No. 137. Tan Glace Bow Court, Med. Span Heel.

FOOTWEAR OF FASHION

Get a copy of our illustrated styles brochures from your shoe-shop, or direct from GAYDAY, Shoemakers, Norwich.
THE GUARDIAN OF HER LOVELINESS...

the

Olive Oil in Palmolive

WHAT is the best way of all to preserve the natural fresh bloom of a youthful skin? 20,000 beauty specialists give the unanimous answer "simply by natural cleansing with soap and water—so long as you use the right soap." And the right soap, they say, is a pure Olive Oil soap.

There is no purer vegetable oil soap than Palmolive, which is made only from the natural beautifying oils of the olive and the palm. These oils alone lend it its characteristic green colour—no artificial colouring whatever is used.

That's why you can give your skin no better treatment than the regular daily use of Palmolive with its rich, soft and abundant lather.

3d PER TABLET

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

New, Beautiful, Healthy Hair Free from Dandruff

Miss D. Bell's hair was falling out very rapidly and was becoming terribly thin. She had tried several different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then she heard about Kotalko—the True Hair Grower. She started using it, and her hair soon stopped falling and coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Healthy Growth developed, fine from Dandruff, also her hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour. There are many other wonderful cases on record.

Kotalko is for men's, women's, and children's scalp and hair. For dandruff, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

TEST-BOX COUPON

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
5 Percy Street (104A5), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
NAME
ADDRESS

TERrible PAINs AFTER EATING

To have terrible pain after every meal; to dread eating for fear of the inevitable indigestion; to be, in fact, a confirmed stomach sufferer—such was the unhappy lot of Mrs. A. E. Broady, of Monks Road, Coventry, until she began taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Read her own unaltered letter:

"I am writing to thank you for the happiness Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has brought to me. It was a great sufferer from stomach pains after the simplest of meals. I never dared to eat any ordinary meal without terrible indigestion pains. For years this has been the case, but thanks to your wonderful powder I am now able to take my food without the fear of those terrible pains—my only regret is not knowing of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder before.

Again thanking you for the joy you have brought to me.

You can obtain just as great relief as Mrs. Broady, but be sure you get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. So be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1½, 2½, and 3½ bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

A SLIM FORM

Do you wish to tone yourself or make a frank contribution towards the funds of Miss May Gowan? You can reduce 5 to 8 inches in a few weeks. Study the receipt at the bottom of the advertisement.
Creator of
Fougère Royale,
Quelques Fleurs,
Le Temps des Lilas
and of so many other
universally appreciated perfumes

Houbigant

maintain unaltered
the supreme quality which has
established their world-wide
reputation.

All HOUNBIGANT preparations are manufactured exclusively in FRANCE in the model laboratories at
NEUILLY-sur-SEINE, near PARIS, under the direct
and personal supervision of the creators.
The Laurel and Hardy split—Marlene says good-bye to Von Sternberg—New £100,000 contract—1935 will be dancing year—Fred Astaire starts a boom—"Hank" as producer—Joan Crawford in famous silent revival

This year of grace 1935 has made an excellent start towards becoming the year of broken film friendships. I am even beginning to fear for that beautiful affinity that marks the relationship between Mr. George Arliss and his screen characters. I do not, however, take the reported separation between Laurel and Hardy too seriously. Stan and Ollie have been out of the big headlines of late.

The casualties, it is true, have always been heavy among the comedy teams. Professional funny men, who are notoriously lacking in sense of humour, are the most temperamental inmates of the studios.

Quite the most embattled picture of recent years was not one of the celebrated all-star scrimmages featured so handsomely by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—but a Paramount comedy, *Six of a Kind*.

Members of the cast were continually rushing to the front office. Executives became so tired of it that they gave most of the picture to George Burns and Gracie Allen, who had not complained at all.

**Wheeler and Woolsey Precedent**

Laurel and Hardy, who are now singing that "I'm Gonna Wash My Hands of You" duet theme song, hitherto managed to preserve their off-screen friendship better than most teams. I am sure that both Stan, who, in contrast to his status in their comedies, is really the senior member of the firm, and Oliver are far too astute business men not to realise that, divided, their future is, to say the least of it, problematical.

Wheeler and Woolsey, who work in a strained atmosphere of professional jealousy and eternal vigilance, decided they couldn't stand it any longer and dissolved partnership not so very long ago.

When, eventually, they woke up to a realisation of the consequences, they got such a fright that they hurried off to the lawyers and formed themselves legally into a company so that they cannot part professionally again even if they want to.

**Claudette Colbert wears this charming hostess gown of blue velvet with a silver thread running through the fabric. It was designed by Travis Banton, Paramount's famous stylist.**

We may yet see "Laurel and Hardy, Inc." but I do not think there is very much danger of our losing the screen's most popular comedy combination.

**Dietrich Parts with Von Sternberg**

This month's other major dissolution of movie partnership is likely to be more permanent.

With the completion of *The Devil is a Woman*, the firm of Dietrich and Von Sternberg is no more. There have been rumours in film circles that Marlene would move her make-up box over to Metro, which is known to have been bidding for her services. And, indeed, it would have been very interesting to have had Dietrich and Garbo working on the same lot.

The star, however, has decided to stay where she is, believing, it is stated, that it will be better to place her future in the hands of the company she knows than try her luck at a new studio.

Perhaps the fact that Paramount gave her a brand new two-year contract helped her to make up her mind. The salary involved is over £100,000.

**Studio and New Picture**

Any speculation in regard to the future of Josef Von Sternberg on the same lot has apparently been settled by a pre-view of his latest opus.

*The Devil is a Woman* was to be the picture to end the criticism that Joe's artistic aspirations were handicapping Marlene's career, but the studio executives, who are not always the best judges, are not exactly ecstatically pleased with it.

Personally, I should not be surprised if "Von" comes to Britain to "meg" for Alexander Korda.

In the meanwhile, Marlene's first picture under the new contract will probably be *Josephine*. Those of us who have for long cherished the ambition to see her directed by Lubitsch, had our hopes raised by strong rumours that Ernst would be in charge of the megaphone.

The old maestro announces, however, that he will not direct in future. It will be something approaching the criminal if Lubitsch's appointment as director-general of Paramount production is to rob us of our most polished director of sophisticated comedy.

**Boom in Screen Dancers**

The boom in screen dancers, inevitable after the phenomenal success of Fred Astaire, has arrived.

All the variety "hoofers" are dusting off their pumps and rushing to the test studios.

Hitherto, dancers have been a drug in the movie market, with their opportunities limited to odd production number or "doubling" for stars who are not too dainty on their tootsies.

Now they are having parts built up for them. Fox already has Bill Robinson, one of Broadway's best-known performers, on the Movietone lot. M.-G.-M. has signed up Eleanor Powell (which will, incidentally, make three prominent Powells in pictures and two at the same studio) and Ray Bolger.

Paramount may bring back Sally Rand, if they can afford her salary demands. Sally, since we (Continued on page 8)
ANOTHER WONDERFUL SUPPLEMENT FREE

A FILM which has taken some four years to produce is the subject of the scintillating 16-page Souvenir Supplement presented Free in next week’s PICTURESQUE.

Seguota, an epic of animal friendship, contains some of the finest photography that has ever been shown on the screen and some of the silhouettes in the forest will beclassed amongst the most beautiful of 1935 cinematography.

The star of the picture is Jean Parker. You will be enthralled at the amazing patience required to obtain some of the scenes. Scenes that, because of their touching intimacy, cannot fail to move the hearts of all who love animals.

This magnificent insect also contains the story of the film and reproduces many of the most beautiful pictures from the film.

The demand for next week’s PICTURESQUE is certain to be tremendous. Make sure of your copy by ordering it to-day.

“What,” he demanded, bursting precipitately and indignantly into the interview, “do they mean by calling you a female Shylock? Do they mean a woman Shylock Holmes?”

Connie, at great length and with great patience, explained the difference between Conan Doyle and Shakespearean heroes.

Robert’s Robin Hood

So Robert Donat is to star in a talkie version of The Adventures of Robin Hood. It was one of Douglas Fairbanks’ biggest triumphs.

After The Count of Monte Cristo, Donat returns to Hollywood like a conquering hero. When he left, after completing his work on the picture, hardly anyone in the film city had heard of him. Hollywood is still apparently determined to revive the silent successes.

One of the most interesting is a remake of The Garden of Allah as a starring vehicle for Joan Crawford. It will, it is announced, follow Joan’s current picture, No More Ladies.

“The Miracle” Again

There is also news this week of another tough old favourite. With Max Reinhardt on the lot, the Warners are taking The Miracle script down from the shelves again.

Josephine Hutchinson is being mentioned as the probable star.

The Miracle is one of filmland’s hardest perennials. It has been the subject of production announcements for several seasons, being originally intended for Lorenz Hart, young, when she was the favourite white-haired girl at the Burbank lot. It was even voiced out that Loretta’s contract prevented her from playing the part again for three years, a chaste and noble abstinence calculated to increase her value for the role of the nun in the eyes of the public.

Jean Muir has also been considered for the role, and, if anybody cares, happens to be my personal selection.

Spare a Tear for the Extra

You want to be an extra? Of the 4,000 crowd players in Hollywood, only twelve earned a living wage last year.

The figures are those of the Central Casting Bureau, which should know.

A living wage in Hollywood, where costs are high, is defined as $500 a year. Of the twelve people who achieved it, only one was a woman.

Under the new N.R.A. “code,” extras receive seven and a half dollars a day—only slightly more than the British rate.

The Chorus Girl of 1935

In the meanwhile, Larry Ceballo, the Fox dance director, steps out and tells you what you must have to be a chorus girl in 1935.

The 1935 “chorine,” he says, will be slim and graceful and graphically unlike the average girl.

The physical proportions of the screen chorus girl are substantially the same to-day as they were seventy-five years ago when musical pictures were inaugurated, he has found.

“Averaging the heights and weights of the hundreds of girls appearing in current musicals, you will find that approximately five feet four, for height, and eight stone for weight is the proper yardstick,” Ceballos says. “This may vary, of course, in individual cases. Also, within the range of five feet two to five feet six, and in weight by some ten pounds.”

This does not mean, however, that any girl who fits these requirements and can sing and dance is eligible for pictures. She must have beauty, a personality, and real ability,” he emphasises. “In this respect, the qualifications have changed.”

Zasu’s Secret

Zasu Pitts, now at work in Spring Time, has broken down and confessed that the flattering hand gesture that has become her trade mark is a plagiarism.

She copied it from a schoolteacher she once had.

“She was highly nervous and excitable,” says Zasu, “and whenever anything out of the ordinary happened, her hands would start flattering about futilely. They fascinated me, and when I became an actress I copied her gestures.”

Film Unit Changes Hands

Universal Pictures and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have arranged the most remarkable arrangement ever effected between two moving-picture companies. By this arrangement, the entire production staff, story, director, steps out of Max Ziegfeld, which Universal has had in production for the last year, will be bodily transferred to the M.G.M. studios.

This transfer comes through two causes. One was the impossibility of getting a starting time for William Powell, who was to play the role of Ziegfeld. He is under contract to Metro for three pictures. Metro can allot his time when Universal couldn’t.

The other was the disagreement between the Universal officials and William Anthony McGuire on the production plans and the huge estimated cost.

Carl Laemmle gave McGuire the privilege of selling the production and all of the preliminary work on it to another studio, reimbursing Universal for its expenses. The McGuire unit has moved into the Culver City plant.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
CONSTANCE
BENNETT

"If we hear less of Connee as a fabulous money earner these days, the queen of the Bennett clan is still among Hollywood's half-dozen best-dressed women. She blends the spectacular with the simple in this striking gown which she wears in one of her recent pictures."
JANET GAYNOR, so it is said, is plotting another matrimonial venture, hopeful that this time she will be able to erase her name from the list of Hollywood actresses who have sacrificed their hearts on the altar of fame.

Dr. I. S. Veblen, youthful, good-looking New York dentist, will tread the church aisle with her before next summer, and Janet’s mother has announced her daughter’s betrothal to friends or so it is rumoured.

And thereby hangs this tale—the story of a beautiful girl who in the past has put her career ahead of all else, including love.

When the childlike Lolly Gainer—she of the reddish-gold hair, the big brown eyes and the wistful smile—first planted her tiny feet on the bottom rung of the ladder to movie fame, she kept her gaze fixed on that goal, and convinced herself that there lay contentment. But now, at twenty-eight, after half a decade of full stardom and its accompanying wealth, Lolly—Janet to you—has awakened to a realisation that S-u-c-c-e-s-s, even though the S is capitalized, doesn’t necessarily spell Happiness!

Enthroned in a golden chair, her gorgeous tresses encircled by renown’s glittering halo, Janet Gaynor to-day surveys her empire, and sighs for what might have been.

Believe it or not, Janet, in all her glory, is a lonely and disconsolate young lady!

Several times since she began her upward climb, Janet has weighed man’s love against fame, only to choose the latter when it...
HERE, for the first time, Wilson D’Arne tells you the true facts about the career and romances of Hollywood’s Cinderella of real life.

Laura adored the and "Jonesy" who wielded such a broad and beneficial influence over her girlhood.

She was "Jonesy," more than anyone else, who instilled in Laura the urge to develop her inbred histrionic talents—the keen sense of the dramatic, the inability to mimic, the flair for exaggeration and emotion, which she had been demonstrating almost from infancy.

Laura was five when she made her debut as an actress by appearing in a playlet in the First Methodist Church of Germantown. At six, she had memorised long passages from the Bible, had mastered their meaning and was able to give gripping dramatic expression to them.

Spurred on by "Jonesy," Janet was heading for a goal—the movies—even while attending Graeme Stewart school in Chicago.

Forced by illness to spend a year with relatives in Florida, Janet returned to the Illinois metropolis and showed her mettle by covering twenty-four months of learning in twelve.

Moreover, there was an entertainment at Graeme Stewart, the other children would cry out: "Let Lolly recite! We want to hear Foolish Questions!"

That was the piece her mates liked best. That is until Memorial Day, 1917. On this occasion, what with America already plunged into the World War, the school had arranged a very elaborate patriotic programme.

As the exercises got under way, the pupils began yelling for Educating/Sisters, but Lolly had another idea. She asked permission to do "Kaiser Bill's Birthday." Laura recited, dramatised to the utmost, brought down the house, and tossed Lolly into the limelight. Work of her portrayal reached the offices of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station at North Chicago, where Lolly was summoned to repeat her hit, not once, but on many occasions, before the thousands of future gobs being made ready for duty abroad America’s battle fleet.

None was more elated over the wild applause showered on Laura than was her step-father, "Jonesy.

"It’s Hollywood for us just as soon as you have finished school," Harry Jones used to tell her.

"You’ll be a sensation—a great star—out there!"

From the Westward move—not direct to Filmtown, yet not far from the dreamed of destination—came sooner than either Janet or "Jonesy" had expected.

"Jonesy" returned from his office one evening, gathered his flock about him and broke the news.

"The company is making a change in the San Francisco branch," he said, "and we can go out there, if we decide it’s the right thing to do. Frisco is closer to Hollywood, where we hope to land some day, and that’s the advantage of seizing the opportunity. The disadvantage is Lolly’s schooling!"

"Let’s go to San Francisco!" cried Laura, already well advanced in High School. That settled it!

Harry Jones, his wife and his step-daughters were in California a month later.

It was in 1922 that Laura entered San Francisco’s Polytechnic High, immature, of course, and with a parade of little freckles across the bridge of her nose. She was quiet and reserved, then, as now, but she possessed a fund of real humour and a capacity for keen enjoyment.

Lolly’s closest friend in that era was Hazel Addicott, daughter of the school principal—a friendship that has endured through time.

Laura graduated from Frisco Polly in June, 1923, and Hollywood lay ahead. That was what "Jonesy" had promised, not once, but many, many times.

"Jonesy’s" situation, though, wasn’t such that he could make the move then.

NEXX WEEK

How Janet met her first "boy friend" and made her debut in Westerns followed by the leading role in "The Johnstown Flood" makes one of the most romantic stories of the screen.

Jones with Charles Farrell in the picture that made both their names—"Seventh Heaven."

ROBERT CLIVE'S romance and domestic affairs play the major part in this adaptation of W. J. Lipscomb and W. R. J. Minney's successful stage play Clive of India which represents more particularly a personal triumph for Ronald Colman; it is the most polished and well characterised role that he has ever played, and for that reason alone the picture is worth seeing.

He makes Clive a vital and sincere character and gives a finely sensitive suggestion of the conflicting emotions which made the career of the young five-pound-a-year bank clerk one of the most notable in English history.

Quite by the way it is extraordinary how much—with his moustache—he resembles Lewis Stone; he even seems to have acquired that actor's pose and natural bearing.

But apart from Colman's performance, which is in the nature of a tour de force, the production as a whole is not entirely satisfactory.

It tends to have dull periods, induced probably, by the fact that generally speaking, it resolves itself into a series of duologues, a large number of which take place between Robert Clive and his wife Margaret Maskelyne.

The historical background therefore is vague and shadowy and the Indian atmosphere unimpressive and this, in spite of the fact that the costumes were designed by a man who rejoices in the sound Oriental name of Omar Kiam.

Almost inevitably a comparison springs to the mind between the atmosphere achieved in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer and that of the picture under review much to the detriment of the latter.

As is always the case in a picture covering a long period of a man's life there is a weakness of continuity. It is aggravated here by a superfluity of sub-titles which explain major incidents in the life of Robert Clive.

These one feels could have been in many cases avoided by pictorial bridging.

There is no attempt to overload the romance on which the plot concentrates with spectacle, indeed a little more would not have been amiss.

There is one brilliant sequence of Clive and his troops crossing a river swollen by the monsoon followed by a battle scene in which elephants play an active part. This latter seems to lack sense of spaciousness but it has nevertheless been cleverly and imaginatively presented by the director, Richard Boleslawski.

Actually the technical qualities of the production are very good and mention must be made of a scene in the House of Commons in the closing phase where Clive faces those who have accused him of bribery and corruption and delivers a speech in his own defence.

Ronald Colman enact this scene with real brilliance and makes it a memorable one.

The bare outline of this story shows how the young clerk in the employ of the East India Company falls in love with a sister of a colonel whose face he has seen in a miniature.

She agrees, fascinated by his boldness, to come out East but, by the time she arrives the clerk who recognises himself that he had a destiny to fulfil, had saved the British colony from the French and become a great civilian soldier.

He marries Margaret who returns home, but is called out to another uprising. Margaret accompanies him although her son is dying.

He restores order but only after he has forced the name of the ranking naval officer to a treaty which the latter refused to sign.

He also accepts presents from Mir Jaffar whom he had put on the throne of the rajah responsible for the terrible "Black Hole of Calcutta" incident.

It is these facts which are used later by the incompetents he clears out of India to blacken his fame and honour.

Clive then returns home to the peace of the country but is again recalled to suppress a rebellion, a fact which estranges Margaret from him; she had hoped for a peaceful life in the future.

Again successful he returns to face his accusers. In his agony Margaret returns to him and after a terrible ordeal his honour is vindicated.

Loretta Young gives an attractive study of an American girl as Clive's English wife. Her performance is a sensitive one, sympathetic and appealing, but the fact remains that she cannot convince you that she is an Englishwoman of the period.

The bulk of the acting rests with her and Colman. There is a very long cast, all of which acquires itself well although limited in scope.

Most notable are the performances given by Francis Lister as Margaret's brother and Montagu Love as Governor Pigot.—L. C.

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story of Vanessa, the youngest scion of an old Cumberland family, the Herries, who falls in
love with her harum scarum cousin, Benjie.

On the eve of her wedding her home is burnt down and Vanessa, rescued by Benjie, accuses
him of leaving her father to perish in the flames. As a matter of fact he had died previously of heart
failure.

Benjie goes off, gets drunk, and marries a bar
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to happiness is barred. The unfortunate girl then
marries another member of the Herries family, Ellis, who is regrettably insane.

Meanwhile Benjie had gone out to Egypt as a soldier and lost his arm. On his return he per-
suades Vanessa to leave Ellis whose conduct has been unbearable. Finally Ellis turns her out of his house and she and Benjie go to Cumberland where they find the villagers' sense of morality so
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On the eve of their departure—last-minute
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news that Ellis is dying and asking for Vanessa.

She goes to him. He takes an unconscionable
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The PICKTUREGOER Weekly

Ronald Colman's

Pre-Views of the latest Films—
Let Our Critics Who Really See The Films
Guide You

Edward J. Robinson in "Passport to Fame," which will be fully reviewed next week.

The bulk of the acting rests with her and Colman. There is a very long cast, all of which acquires itself well although limited in scope. Most notable are the performances given by Francis Lister as Margaret's brother and Montagu Love as Governor Pigot.—L. C.

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happy one for Vanessa and Benjie. Robert Montgomery is not too happy in his serious role in spite of the fact that he is given leave to be a scapegoat; he does not for one minute suggest an English ancestry.

Helen Hayes gives a very good, convincing performance which is 'marred only occasionally by a slight American intonation, but somehow she does not enliven the heartfelt sympathy which the role should create.

Otto Kruger is excellent as Ellis and May Robson gives a fine character study of a centenarian, the head of the Herries family. She makes the most of every line of dialogue and brings a wide range of expressions to her exceptionally well detailed portrayal.

Lewis Stone as Vanessa's father is once again most unfortunately killed off in the early stages of the story. The rest of the cast is efficient without being particularly noteworthy.

The settings of Victorian England and London with glimpses of the Queen's Jubilee are excellent, and the camera work and atmosphere—except for one dreadfully jarring note when Vanessa and Benjie appear under the shadow of Skiddaw and sing a verse of 'D'y ken John Peel'—is first rate.—L. C.

It is problematical how long the beautiful island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies with its finely proportioned and intelligent type of native will remain unspoiled now that America, following in Charlie Chaplin's footsteps, has "discovered" it.

Legong

The dance of the virgins in "Legong," a native romance of Bali presented in technicolour, fills with pious horror at the thought of such exposure if they be white.—L. C.

Ronald Colman gives the best performance of his career in "Clive of India." He is seen here with Loretta Young.

The traditions, dances and general life of the natives have been introduced in a simple little story which tells of the love of a Bali maid for a man who prefers her half-sister. According to tradition the wrath of the gods will fall on a woman who, having chosen a husband, finds that he does not love her.

So when Poutou realises she has been jilted she takes her own life and is cremated by her father on a magnificent funeral pyre.

As Poutou, Poetoe Aloe is wholly natural and attractive and she enlivens full sympathy. Sjorman Saplak is also good as her half-sister while Nyong is entirely free of camera consciousness as the hero.

Several native dances are finely performed and fascinating in their grace and rhythm while the scenic background holds a charm that makes one want to visit this earthly paradise.

Just a footnote I would like to know the workings of the censorial mind which conceives that it is perfectly right and proper to show the breasts of women if they be brown, but which marries only occasionally by a slight American intonation, but somehow she does not enliven the heartfelt sympathy which the role should create.

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NEW AND THRILLING . . .

Daily Mirror
FASHION WEEK

What a week of thrills is coming! And what a lot the Daily Mirror will do for you!
Experts on clothes of all sorts will be combing the fashion centres of the world for all that is latest and loveliest ... while others will be searching the London shops ... finding you the newest things at sensible prices ... so that you can be as up-to-date as to-morrow, as well dressed as the most beautiful Society women. What a week it will be, and many of the biggest thrills will involve the smallest of bills ... this wonderful week will be as kind to your pocket as it is to your wardrobe.

Would you like Peter Russell—one of the foremost dress designers of to-day—to design you a dress and cape to go with it? Well, that's what he has done! And you will be able to get a FREE pattern for it through the Daily Mirror during fashion week. Another day, you will be able to get a free pattern for a summer washing frock—easy to make, yet with the unmistakable lines of expert cutting. Another day, there will be a free pattern for a holiday outfit consisting of an intriguing Sports Shirt with combined "pantie," and skirt. Another day—but you mustn't know all the secrets yet—Remember Daily Mirror Fashion Week starts on April 8th ... and don't miss this splendid opportunity of getting Free Patterns for your summer outfit.

All these patterns FREE
DOROTHY Dickson reveals the luredown on "Miss Hyson" in this frank interview with F. Leslie Withers.

Mother DOROTHY tells YOU something about Daughter DOROTHY

"Well, she wasn't. Oh dear, no. She was, if I may say so, a very frank talker—able little nuisance. "In fact, she invented a new game for me—keeping her out of the theatre. I'm afraid I wasn't very good at that. "Oh yes, I acted true to stage tradition 'No stage career for Miss Hyson!' I vowed. Ah! I never allowed her inside my dressing-room or even backstage in case a whiff of grease-paint or the sight of 'OPS 34' on the back of some scenery might start her off thinking. "All went well. Very well. There was one occasion, of course, when I wished her good-night, saw her safely tucked in bed and dashed away to the theatre. "After the show some people said to me, 'Oh Miss Dickson, we've just seen your daughter—isn't she lovely?' I gave her a lovely longer thought, I wondered what had happened. The next morning I said, 'Oh dear, so gently, 'Where were you last night, by the way?' Rather nonchalant touch, that 'by the way,' I thought. 'At the theatre,' says Miss Hyson, saucily, 'Oh, you were! And may I ask, that is, if you don't mind, what did you wear?' 'Your new evening frock,' quoted Miss Hyson, 'isn't it lovely?' 'Yes, wasn't it just lovely!' "Well, killing two birds with one stone—that is, completing her education by keeping my frocks out of harm's way—off went Dorothy to Paris. But it wasn't very long before she came back, begging, beseeching, reminding me to send her to the Academy of Dramatic Art. "I suppose I must have been expecting that, but not admitting it, for a long time. Of course, "Well, after she had been at the Academy about—oh, some time, anyway, there came a remarkable demand in British studios for pretty, charming girls of about 17. That seemed to apply to Miss Hyson and off she started in 'Soldiers of the King,' Lucky girl! "So you see, there's no romantic tale about baby Dorothy trying to eat lipstick while still in her cradle and running about at the age of four clutching stage managers' coat-tails (that is, if they had any). "No, here I had drummed into her what a grand place the stage was for those at the top and how miserable for those at the bottom, and naturally wouldn't like to see anyone start at the top and she wasn't going to start anyway, and there I suddenly found her adorning a million cinema screens. "After that I gave up. I realised the urge was there and no amount of coercion could remove it. "And who would want to anyway, when a youngster has proved herself possessed of enough grit and determination to reach a goal—or shall I use a baseball expression and say 'first base'? "But here's a little secret. The world thinks that 'Soldiers of the King' was her first film but they're only half right. When she was four I was making a film for Paramount called 'The Piper,' and the script called for a brief sketch of me playing myself and playing me, her young son. The director said 'Why not let me use little Dorothy?' (we have always looked extraordinarily alike) and after much consultation and assurance that no publicity should be made of it, I consented. This younger me was supposed to cry for a close-up. Oh what a time we had—and I mean me because I had the job of trying to persuade the joyous little Miss Hyson to weep. I believe the cameraman almost fell asleep during the experiments we made. Eventually the director, George Fitzmaurice got the bright idea of telling her she was terrible and couldn't do anything. They would, be added, have to get another little girl. Then the tear appeared, they started the camera and caught the tragic look of failure. Tears were, in fact, pouring down her cheeks—which was just what they wanted." I pointed out that Dorothy's smile (Miss Hyson this time) had since captured a thousand hearts all over the country, so she had well made up for her gamp début that never saw the screen. "Ah, and that's another thing," exclaimed Miss Hyson "that smile of hers—it's likely to be her undoing, almost. She seems to have smiled so well in her films that she has been in danger of being typed as a pretty feminine lead. And that's not what Miss Hyson wants. "I may as well tell you that her heart is in the theatre—she's not at all thrilled with screen work. But I believe she would definitely dislike it if she were not given the chance to set. "She has been gaining experience and now wants to get a part with something in which to get her teeth in. "And, looking at it as dispassionately as I can, I think she can do it. "One thing I can guarantee—she won't be Hollywood bound. She's had many offers during the last few months but, besides being satisfied with the film and stage parts she is securing over here, she shares my dislike for the long contract that so often means being pushed into eminently undesirable and ill-fitting roles merely because you happen to be under that contract and, therefore, not to be wasted—or so they think. As you know, Miss Hyson recently finished her role in Basil Dean's version of 'Song As We Go,' and has had on the London stage in 'Touch Wood,' a part that does perhaps for the first time, test her dramatic qualities. "A nyhow, whatever becomes of her, I can vouch for this—she has never been the spoilt, adored one of a stage star, all doors opened for her. She has definitely learned, on her own, that the top of the tree, achieved by what some call 'The Divine Spark,' is really arrived at by maybe 30 per cent. talent and 70 per cent. hard work. Dorothy—mean 'Miss Hyson—has her faults but—" "—but who could remember them once she turns on that smile?" I finished.

NEXT WEEK

"Sequoia" strikes: a new note in animal films and is a remarkable example of screen-craft. Next week we present a vivid account of how the pictures were produced, together with a full story in a sixteen page fully photograghure Famous Films Supplement. Free of course.
THEY TELL ME

my skin looks sixteen “SAYS LADY SMILEY

I remember how thrilled I was one Christmas to receive an invitation to a very exciting party. I wasn’t ‘out’ then (I was only sixteen) and as all the other girls were of débutante age, I just had to look my smartest.

At school it wasn’t ‘done’ to use beauty aids. But for all that I knew what was good for the skin! For days before the party I anointed my face every night with Pond’s Cold Cream to make it beautifully soft for the great day. And what a marvellous time I had!

Today I still use Pond’s Creams. I’m sure that’s why I’ve kept my skin free from dryness and little worry lines.

People tell me my skin still looks as young as it did at sixteen! This is my daily beauty care, which I follow at home and abroad, however late I go to bed!

Last thing at night, I spread Pond’s Cold Cream all over my face and neck, working it in until my skin feels soft and relaxed. Then I gently wipe off the cream — and with it all dust and dirt and make-up.

Always before I powder — and especially if I’m spending my day out-of-doors, I smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It keeps my skin fine and supple and prevents it from coarsening through wind and sun. Pond’s Vanishing Cream is a perfect powder-base, too. Why, I can dance all the evening without needing to repowder!"

Trial jars or tubes of Pond’s Creams are only 6d.

FREE. Write your name and address here. Attach a 1d. STAMP, and post in 1d. sealed envelope to Dept. 1797, Pond’s Extract Company Limited, Perivale, Middlesex, for samples of all five shades of Pond’s Face Powder:

Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

Name _____________________________________________________________

Address ___________________________________________________________
A NEW GARBO MYSTERY

WILL she go home?—Democratic Dietrich—Spencer Tracy knocked out by Wendy Barrie—Hoot Gibson's Romance

I have my doubts about the yarns now being circulated that Greta Garbo is about to depart from Hollywood. The old refrain, "Ay tank ay go home," is generally discredited, but the latest story is that the Swedish star will depart from California after she finishes Anna Karenina to reside in her castle in Sweden.

Personally, I think it is the usual "hooey," as Americans express it.

Taking No Chances

Mr. Richard Dix is awaiting the arrival of her baby, but Dick has already made preparations for the "blessed event!"
The bath for the baby rises from the floor at the touch of a button, and later an automatic crane lowers a canvas cradle into the tub. Of course, all these accessories cost money, but Mr. Dix, as we all know, is a very wealthy man.

A Budding Romance?

Hollywood is wondering whether Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will take a trip to the altar.

Gossip for months has had it that Mary and Buddy were quite devoted to one another, and it would be scarcely surprising if we heard that Mary decided that she would unlike a third husband. Owen Moore was the first, and Douglas Fairbanks the second.

No Wedding Bells

Jean Harlow denies that she has any intention of marrying William Powell, but the film colony is speculating as to whether a romantic secret is being concealed.

The platinum charmer has been married three times and evidently likes welded bliss.

I would not be at all surprised if Jean and Bill hied their way to Yuma, Arizona, and had the knot tied there.

Kaye Francis also says very emphatically that she has no intention of marrying Maurice Chevalier.

So that's that!

Shunning the Stars

Setting an example for studio democracy, Marlene Dietrich recently ate lunch at the horseshoe counter in the Paramount studio restaurant monopolised by labourers and extras.

Avoiding the section of tables where most of the stars eat, the blonde actress sat down between an electrician in overalls and a French gendarme.

A Treat for Film and Animal Lovers NEXT WEEK—16-page SOUVENIR of "SEQUOIA" FREE
WHERE'S GEORGE?

GONE TO SEE

THE GAL

FRED ASTAIRE

GINGER ROGERS

The King & Queen of Carioca

FROM MON. APRIL 8 WHEREVER THE BEST PICTURES ARE SHOWN
FASHIONS BOX OF TRICKS

The ingenuity and resources of every fashion-minded girl are strained to the uttermost in these weeks between Christmas and Easter with winter clothes suddenly taking on the sad, neglected appearance of poor relatives and new spring outfits progressing little beyond the fitting stage.

Indeed, it is by strategy alone that the majority of us manage to face the sun and our next-door neighbours with any measure of success. That ace of jokers, old King Sol, heralds the transition when at his first pale, smiling salute, we scuttle from the snug comfort of our winter furs to gaze with critical and disparaging eye upon the sorry array of last season's wardrobe.

Is it to be wondered, then, that accessories assume almost magical significance? Moreover, in these days of grace, accessories are as much a part of your costume or gown as the line and material. A buckle, a clip and a belt have as much significance in holding together a gown as a button and a blush in grandmother's day.

There are gaily coloured scarves to encourage last season's frock to serve yet another term of office. An unusual belt with matching buttons was surely invented to cheer up a treasured suit that simply won't wear out, though goodness knows you've tried hard enough. And as for evening wear, no longer need you stuff pride along with a hanky in your pochette and brave your best enemy in a frock you know full well she'll recognise just as soon as you put the tip of your slipper on the dance floor.

The solution lies in trimmings—trimmings of every conceivable variety and colour. A little thought, a very little outlay and inspiration gathered from your favourite film star or fashion shop and lo! milady's transformation is complete.

Thelma Todd, whose smartness is a byword in the city of fashion and films, has a novel rejuvenation idea to offer that is as modern as it is simple and effective. On a shimmering black satin afternoon gown she has fastened a cup collar and elbow cuffs of shell pink taffeta. Both collar and cuffs are finished with a narrow ruching of tucked taffeta in the same shade of pink. The upstanding collar lends a flattering note to a gown that is as modern as to-morrow's front page story.

If you have that dauntless stand-by, a suit that will not be consigned to the past, why not try Judith Allen's renovation scheme. Judith's suit of dark green wool is trimmed with a collar and deep cuffs of antralope. The collar is shaped into a mammoth tie, kept in place by two large fancy wooden buttons in a matching green. Similar buttons fasten the cuffs, continue up the three-quarter sleeves and form a clip for the waist belt. Another idea for trimming a frock or suit comes from Janet Gaynor, who is wearing a cunning round collar of leopard skin on a soft brown woollen frock. Similar fur is used for one of those small, round muffs Dame Fashion has borrowed from the past. Like the well-groomed little person she is, Janet has completed her outfit with a hat, gloves and shoes of a darker brown.

One of the most enchanting accessories for evening wear is donned by the lovely Karen Morley. It is a cowlbib of silver sequins, fastened high at the neckline and worn over an evening gown of pottery blue velvet. There is a graciousness about this gown that is calculated to please those of you who appreciate the true meaning of elegance.

But if this isn't disguised enough for you, Karen, who appears to have a host of ideas, has yet another suggestion to offer. This takes the form of a cowlbib by the little ruffles of black horsehair mounted on flesh-coloured chiffon. A similar effect could be obtained with tucked black tulle. The only ornaments are two jewelled shoulder clips.

Pat Paterson uses jewelled clips to accentuate the modernity of her evening gown of black ring velvet. Silk shoulder straps of jet are fastened to the deep decolletage with jewelled clips. A matching waist buckle, bracelet and hair ornament complete a sparkling ensemble.

Hollywood has adopted the accessories craze as wholeheartedly as it does most new things. And not only for renewal purposes (although in spite of an enviable pay envelope, film stars are probably much more practical and economical than many of their poorer sisters), but as an expression of individuality. They will "makeover," as they put it, a perfectly plain, well-cut gown to suit their own particular personality and thereby accentuate it.

Helen Vinson obviously had her essential femininity in mind when she chose frilled mouseline de soie for the sleeves and ravishing little muff to characterise her peach coloured lace evening gown.

And Dolores del Rio, who appreciates the value of simplicity as a foil for her perfect southern beauty, affects a large black hat, black kid gloves, black pumps and handbag to complete her black, white and red street dress.

Among their many accessory fads, Hollywood has taken to its heart the idea of lacing as a fastening. Anne Shirley, for instance, has just bought herself a pair of the newest low-heeled sports shoes with an unusually wide strap. Instead of the customary buckle, a leather cord laces this strap to the shoe. Another lacing supporter is Irene Dunne, probably one of the most immaculate of off-set dressers, who has invested in a spring suit the coat of which boasts the new laced effect instead of the usual button or buckle fastening.

And now, my friends, I consign you to the tender mercies of your ingenious mind and nimble fingers. Get to work and help yourself to a new wardrobe. It's yours for the faking. —P.S.
THE charming young star who scores a hit in "Breuster's Millions" gives some invaluable advice to the woman who wishes to be well groomed.

MOST women use make-up. In fact, when we meet a girl whose face is entirely innocent of rouge and lipstick we get the impression that she is somewhat unfinished.

All the same, make-up should bear some relation to Nature, and also be in harmony with the particular clothes that are being worn.

If you have ever seen a girl with cherry lipstick, tangerine rouge, and a pink dress, you know exactly the sort of jolt it gives.

There is no need to go astray on the question of make-up. If one's own instinct is not to be trusted on the subject, most of the well-known cosmetic manufacturers publish make-up charts. These give reliable guidance.

Broadly speaking, here are the first principles: they need a little adaptation to individual needs and to the colour of one's clothes.

Blondes, and those with clear light skins, should choose the pale shades of rouge, a flesh-tinted pink, palest tangerine, or a faint orange. See that the pink has no trace of mauve in it. If the rouge is faint orange, then for the daytime the lipstick must be tangerine. At night time, when electric lights detract from the brightness of colour, a geranium lipstick would be the better choice.

If the rouge is bluish pink, lipstick should be rose for day and cherry for evening. The pale cream and ivory tinted skins always look well with a tangerine or a coral rouge by day, and the brighter geranium shade by night. Brown hair and brown eyes are best suited by coral rouge and lipstick for the day and the brighter orange shades in artificial light. Capucine is a good evening shade for the brown-haired who normally use a Rachel powder. The very dark should look best in a deep rose shade with raspberry rouge and lipstick for the evening. The dark and glowing type can generally take, successfully, Spanish red or poppy.

The red-haired beauty is generally a consideration to herself, for most beauty specialists make "special red-head" preparations. They are generally coral with a hint of tan.

So much for matching your type. What of adapting it to the colour of your spring suit? If your suit is a delicate grey or one of those pastel blues or greens that are to be so much worn, see that lipstick and rouge have a yellowish foundation colour rather than a bluish base. By the blue shades I mean anything that approximates to carmine, which always has blue in it.
Nancy O'Neill has gone again to Marshall & Snorgrove for the evening gown shown at the extreme right of this page. It is made from mauve cyclamen shot taffeta with a cyclamen sash. The almost Victorian line to the shoulders is unusually graceful.

The white panama hat is most becoming. It has a navy veil and navy ribbon and bow.

Below, Miss O'Neill is seen wearing the same frock as is depicted on the right, but in this picture she has donned the smart little cape designed to go with it. Note the butterfly-bow effect at the neck.

Then you will need a warm tinted powder to counteract the somewhat cold shade that blue clothes always cast over the face.

If your colours are vivid, see that the rouge and lipstick match, but on the other hand, the powder should be somewhat pale by way of contrast.

Powder should be a matter of most careful choice, for the wrong one can be terribly ageing. Most skins, except the fairest blondes of sweet seventeen, have a trace of yellow in the skin. For this reason all face powders need just a touch of yellow to supplement it. Fair skins therefore are likely to find the pale peach shades most becoming. A slightly brighter version of the same tint is best for artificial light.

Pale, cream and sallow skins will find the right tint among the many shades of Rachel. There is ivory tinted for the cream skinned, a peach shade for the sallow, and Rachel Foscoe and peach for the really dark complexioned.

The red-head will look best with a powder that is pinky tan and both the very pale and the woman with too high a colour should never be without a box of pale lettuce powder. This is for use in the evening. It gives pale complexions an ethereal transparency and tones down red faces. When on the skin, it does not give the slightest hint of green.

If your skin is delicate, choose the finest powder available. If it is slightly coarse and inclined to be greasy, experiment till you find the finest powder that will look well on it. Remember too heavy a powder always makes the skin look dead.

Needless to say, however well the face is made up, it will be effort wasted if due attention is not given to the hair. In this connection it is most important that a thoroughly reliable shampoo be regularly used, and I think there is a lot to be said for the excellent shampoos now being sold with little or no soap in them.

Not that I consider soap harmful to the skin; in fact, to wash the face and hands with a really good toilet soap prior to making up and manicuring, I always find a sound practice. But do see that it is a good soap and not too highly scented.

When you manicure, the colour of the fingernails should be varied so as to befit the occasion. Bright colours are suitable for the evening, but for sports and day wear I favour the more sober shades.
Hollywood, the sponsor of innumerable feminine fashions, is now gay with many hued tartans. Pauline Stack here tells you how to get into the fashion.

At last they have discovered, those moguls of fashionland who dictate the destinies of our wardrobes, that whisky and Harry Lauder are not the only products of virtue to come from the land of the thistle.

In short, my friends, the tartan has arrived! It is invading every fashionable wardrobe in the form of dresses, coats, costumes, evening gowns, and accessories. Of all materials, it is the most adaptable and, above all, it is inexpensive.

Consider for a moment the possibilities of colour in your spring wardrobe. Don't you find yourself smiling a little and beginning to wonder whether 'just a person' might not suddenly become a new and sparkling personality?

There are lovely shades of green to reveal unexpected glints of gold or auburn in erstwhile lifeless locks; every shade of red to change dull-complexioned brunettes into gleaming-eyed imps of mischief, and soft golden browns to highlight delicate brown colouring.

Imagine the joy such fabrics can bring to those of us who, in off-recurring fits of depression, fall back on the convenience of a black outfit because it is economical and does not entail the problem of accessories.

But these new plaid, with their harmony of tones, bring the wearing of colours—even in accessories—within the reach of the most limited purse.

A golden brown and beige plaid calls for brown accessories, but these may also be worn with a brown or green frock, or even a blue. And doesn't a red and green plaid make some of you adventurous? You must have dark green accessories—yes, even shoes. Well, why not? They will combine beautifully with brown, green, or grey, and even—if you are careful—with blue, too! Just try it!

Hollywood, the sponsor of innumerable feminine fashions, is already gay with many-hued tartans. They can be seen any day swinging down the boulevard, chasing the grooms from a corner of the studios, and flashing gaily amongst the diners at the fashionable restaurants.

Miriam Hopkins is one of the many stars who has fallen right into the plaid habit. Her latest suit has a dress made of wine and black plaid wool over which she wears a three-quarter-length coat of black matching wool with the full jabot of the dress worn outside the coat. With this suit Miriam wears a large black wool beret, black kid gloves, and shoes.

Claire Trevor and Steffi Duna both use their plaid effects the other way round. Over a simple grey wool dress, Claire wears a short, mannish coat of red and grey plaid wool. The same red
Mary Jordan offers an effective rejuvenation idea with her black, white, and scarlet plaid trimmings on a plain black wool frock. Tartan silk fashions the collar and also lines the outside in boxes which cascade into a jabot effect down the front of the bodice. The same tartan effect is carried out on the sleeves, with frills fixed and falling from just below the elbows. This could quite easily be adapted to any plain frock provided the plaid colours harmonise with the shade of the dress.

Peggy Fearns goes a little more Scottish, for she has adopted a tartan of two shades of green and black to decorate a plain green costume. Her plaid trimmings extend to a collar fastened with a green and black clip, elbow-length gauntlet gloves, handbag, and jaunty hat.

And Joan Marsh's inspiration is a gift to those of you whose nimble fingers can evolve a creation of to-morrow out of yesterday's discarded black frock. The colour scheme is cherry-red and black over a black crepe skirt. A tiny black tailored bow finishes the high neck line.

There is, don't you think, a note of chic modernity about it that is irresistible?

So now, my fashion followers, take these suggestions and go shopping. Somewhere or other, tailored for you or lying uncut in the roll, is your colour—your fabric—your style.

And nicest of all, you will find it is within the limits of your purse.
Navy blue crepe in novelty weave was selected for this smart sports frock worn by Jane Baxter. The three square collars are taffeta.

A delightful bridesmaid dress in organdie worn by Betty Furness. The collar, sleeves and train are finished with tiny pleated frilling and note the buttons running from neck to waist.

This frothy white frock, as young as spring, is worn by Jane Baxter. The gown is made of checked Mousseline with garlands of bright blue and red flowers edging the fluted collar, and the cuffs of the sleeves.

Ann Dvorak wears a blue tunic dinner gown with a lame' thread making an attractive pattern on the material. This gown is simplicity itself with a brooch at the gathered neck line and a darker blue satin sash band as the only adornment.

This stunning evening gown of orchid moire is worn by Betty Grable. The full sleeves are gathered into the wide band of self material which clasps the bodice.
The best dressed women of Hollywood give you an interesting glimpse of the 1935 Spring Fashions in evening dresses, negligee and sports wear.

A complete knit ensemble including hat, bag and coat, as worn here by Madge Evans. The outfit is in white with navy blue for contrast.

These exquisite camisole knits worn by Constance Godridge, were especially designed to go under a high-in-the-front-low back evening frock. They are of peach sateen with wonderfully appliqued ecru lace.

Charmingly brief—this nightgown, worn by Muriel Evans. The gown is fashioned of powder blue georgette crepe with ecru lace insets. The lace peplum adds an interesting touch to the waistline.

Heavy black crepe in a novelty weave is used to create this smart street frock worn by Betty Grable. The smart tie is velvet. Tiny rhinestone clips ornament the black felt hat.

Kitty Carlisle wears a simple cardigan suit in lovely shades of browns, oranges and yellows with a dainty primrose jumper and brown cap. (Left) A most attractive jumper worn over a velvet skirt by Ann Dvorak.
CLOTHES well chosen and well cared for, not a long purse, make the well-dressed woman, declares the famous American star who is now working in Britain.

The well-dressed woman is not necessarily the one with the long purse. Often it works the other way. Limitation of means ensures that the clothes bought are well chosen and well cared for.

There is a great deal in dressing to suit one's pocket. The girl who works for her living should know exactly how much she is prepared to spend on clothes and extra good tennis dresses are the best choice. The evening dress will not date or look tired, and the tennis dresses because of their quality will stand repeated visits to the laundry.

Do not run away with the idea that it makes life dull to plan the wardrobe in this way. It doesn't. In fact, you may have a thoroughly pleasant evening putting down on paper exactly what you mean to have for the coming season.

Dress to your own type. That is sound advice. If you are built on tailored lines, invest in a really well-cut suit. But don't pine to be a tailored if you have the piquant type of face that asks for curls and frills.

When arranging the budget, allow a goodly margin for the ecteteras. You cannot hope to be considered well dressed if handbags, shoes, stockings, and other items are out of harmony with the rest of your costume.

"Making do" with a leather handbag when a silk one is called for; wearing kid shoes with tweed suit; and thin stockings when sports hose should be the rule. These things not only look bad, but feel bad, too, the moment you meet a girl who is harmoniously dressed.

Freakish styles and modes that are ultra smart are rarely in good taste. They may attract attention, but for that very reason their life is strictly limited. Unless, of course, you can bear to hear people saying, here comes that girl again. You may read in the daily papers that some famous dress designer has introduced poke bonnets, and you may see pictures of bright young society women in these bonnets. You may even like creating a sensation in your bonnet on the

In a striking lame evening gown worn with a silver fox cape, June takes a last look into the mirror before going out to dine.

8:20 a.m. to town, but it will be a beastly bore after a few days.

Be candid with yourself about your face and your figure and have settled ideas about suiting them. Turn deaf ears to the girl in the shop, who assures you that the horizontal stripes on the jumper suit you perfectly, when you know that you are decidedly too plump to look well in any such thing. If your complexion has a hint of sallowness, admit it, and don't be persuaded to Marina blues and clear greens that need the complexion of a Dresden shepherdess. Have the courage of your convictions and stick to them. Only in that way can you get the best of yourself.

There is even more in this than just presenting yourself well dressed to the world. If your clothes are happily chosen, they become part of yourself. You are at ease because you can forget them secure in the knowledge that you are at your best.

Undies need just as careful choice as outer wear. I suppose some girls still make beautiful lingerie. They have every opportunity for materials were never so lovely, and so varied as they are now. Artificial silk has made luxury clothes possible for nearly all, and well-cut paper patterns ensure that the labour spent on making will be well rewarded.

Don't Forget Your "PICTUREGOER" Next Week—WONDERFUL

SOUVENIR of "SEQUOIA"
Make your dress allowance go twice as far!

You want clothes that are youthful, dashing, and charming. Maybe you want many clothes—well, here's how to get them and not exceed the dress allowance.

The "STEWARD" Suit in crease-resisting Linen. Don't you think this is wonderful value? Colours and fabric guaranteed. This Suit can be made in plain colours. Colours: Natural/Navy print, Natural/Green print, Natural/Red print, Natural/Lido Print. Hip sizes: 38, 40, 42 inches.

The Frock pictured on the right is the "WALMER." It is made in Cotele Riche. A charming day frock. Colours: Black/White, Navy/White, Brown/White, Red/White, Saxe/White. Hip sizes: 38, 40, 42 inches.


"HORTENSE" on Right.
Who would not be charmed with this smart Linen Suit, which is made in crease-resisting guaranteed fabric! The colours are: Natural, Pink, Green, Blue, Lemon. Hip sizes: 38, 40, 42 inches.

COME to the Debutantes' Department at Marshall's. Everything in this section is a triumph; here you can achieve smartness at surprisingly modest prices. Do make a point of coming if only "just to see."

Marshall & Snelgrove
6059 St. & Oxford St. London, W. I.
Ginger ROGERS’
TROUSSEAU
ONE of Hollywood’s most recent and most glamorous brides shows you her lovely new wardrobe.

Shimmering cloth of gold was the material used in the creation of this resplendent evening gown. The waist-length jacket, with the slashed sleeves caught at the belt and at the wrists, is lined with heavy crepe. A narrow band of the same material highlights the tiny high collar and is used as a trim on the round, semi-low décolletage.

And how do you like Ginger’s stunning “butcher boy” outfit: figured silver lamé and black velvet? The smock jacket is belted only at the centre front and the diagonal pockets and full sleeves reflect the French peasant influence.

Youthful simplicity marked the actual wedding gown worn by Ginger when she became the bride of Lew Ayres. Fashioned in a fascinating shade of aquamarine Chantilly lace, the gown is designed with a tight-fitting bodice, high in the neck, long sleeved and with a short peplum.

Above: A crêpe dinner gown in stratosphere blue. The horizontal banding is in matching sequins.
One of the features of the Ginger Rogers’ trousseau were the initial gloves designed by the star. They carry gunmetal initials and are worn with a black satin-backed crêpe street frock.

Above: A chiffon tea gown of aquamarine and black. The crêpe banding is in matching sequins. One of the features of the Ginger Rogers’ trousseau were the initial gloves designed by the star. They carry gunmetal initials and are worn with a black satin-backed crêpe street frock.
£800 every month TO BE WON!

WINIFRED SHOTTER:
Don't talk with your mouth full!

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY!

£500 1st prize £150 2nd prize £50 3rd prize
200 prizes of 10/-

Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on May 17th

If Ralph Lynn had said to you "Pass me that Nestle's Chocolate!"—how would you have replied? You see what Winifred Shotter said—now, what would you have said? That's all you have to do in this month's Nestle's Milk Chocolate Competition. We all admire ready wit. Here's an opportunity to show yours—and of winning £500 in this month's Nestle's Chocolate Competition! One piece of Nestle's Milk Chocolate tastes so good that it simply calls for another... and another... until there's only the wrapper left! And you'll need that to enter for the Competition. This month's Competition closes on April 30th.

NESTLE'S chocolate

NOTICE: The latest date for exchanging Nestle's Free Gift Coupons is 30th June next. All applications for Free Gifts should be sent in before that date, when the Free Gift Scheme terminates.

HOW TO WIN

1. Nestle's will award a first prize of £500 to the competitor who submits the most suitable reply of not more than twelve words to Ralph Lynn's remark. To the competitor who submits the next most suitable reply, a second prize of £250 will be awarded, and to the third, a prize of £100. Five each will be awarded to 200 competitors whose attempts rate next in suitability.

2. You may send in any number of entries for each monthly competition, each entry to be accompanied by the front of wrapper from either:
   - One 1-lb. block
   - Two 1-lb. blocks
   - Four 2-oz. blocks
   - Nestle's Milk Chocolate.

3. All entries will be individually considered by a panel of expert judges. No correspondence can be entered into and the expert judges' awards must be accepted as final and legally binding. No employees of Nestle's, or any associated company, may enter. Nestle's reserve the right to use any prize submitted.

4. After filling in the reply space cut out the whole advertisement, and post with wrapper in a sealed envelope to Number 1 Competition, Nestle's, 87/88 Bath Road, Battersea, SW3, not later than April 30th. Write clearly in pencil. Illegible entries will be disqualified. Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on May 17th. The names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes will be published in the Press on May 18th & 19th.

Don't cut this coupon. Post complete advertisement. I agree to abide by rules of competition. Please write in BLOCK letters.

Address

Confectioner
There's Always Tomorrow

by Marjory Williams

Joseph came upon Sophie gowned as for an occasion, ready with a request as soon as she saw him, that he would see to the house furnishing. He filled half a half-unwilling hands with flowers.

fur coat, the scarf with matching pin worn at the throat, the poise of a well-shaped head under a plain felt, belted by a single ornament, enhancing—not detracting from—the vivacity of dark eyes—all Joseph thought that the interview might not cease.

What work are you doing now?" he asked, beginning at her mention of a well-known accountant's firm, "that's good. I knew you'd do well. Then it was ambition that made me leave us."

"Partly. I did leave everything behind me going properly."

"I'd think too much, so, in fact. We missed you very much."

"D'you know, I've often wondered what your home was like? And to think I stumbled on it by chance! It looks charming."

"You ought to come in and meet my wife. I understand, though, if you'd rather not to-night. You can see most of my family in there if you prefer.

He sensed her eagerness to listen while he pointed them out. It was a characteristic of her, this quiet veranda, realising how each of his offspring, in their own way, had grown up without his knowledge.

Was that really Arthur, his first-born, a grey-haired lad in looking dancer in the vivid room? His arm rested across Helen's back while they took hands. Taking the partner. The two fresh young faces were close together, a look of serenity on both. What did Arthur know of this, his consuming passions and, saddest of all, its disillusionment? Joseph felt in a few what he himself was about his son than the origin of a Chinese portrait. Helen, too—was she the girl to make Arthur happy? She was sixty and an improved type in her new dress with fashionable up-standing sleeves, but had she the desire to put on party garments when love's first dream is over? Joseph reflected with a pang that he had forgotten all these questions. Not that it would be much use if he had, seeing that young people nowadays went no way but their own.

"There's Janet, my eldest girl," he found himself saying. "Looks as if she were having four children in.

"She's a lovely girl. And what a beautiful skin? No wonder the boys wouldn't leave her alone on the piano stool," Alice said warmly.

The robust twins, letting themselves go with balloons and paper streamers, were kept from found and mentioned. They had quite forgotten the collar episode and probably overheard by Joseph, thought nevertheless, she behaved quite nicely when she came on to the veranda a moment later with a message.

"Mum says will you fix the fur-
This label stands for SAFETY in buying knitwear

The "McCallum Dyed" label on knitted garments is a guarantee of the newest shades and of colours which are fast to sun, wash and wear. Only the best manufacturers send their yarns to McCallum's for dyeing, so the label automatically becomes an assurance of the highest quality and the smartest styles. It is your clue to knitwear that cannot possibly disappoint you: the colours are SAFE, the style right and the yarn excellent. Look always for the "McCallum Dyed" label!

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IF YOU ARE A Beginner or an Elementary Player, certainly you CANNOT. If a Moderate or Advanced Player you will wish to master such music as this with more satisfying results. I can rapidly teach you to do so, according to your present knowledge, and the full limit of your ability, in a third the time, with a quarter the work, at a tenth the expense of the ordinary methods of dull, mechanical, wearisome practice. You need not know a note to start.

I have enrolled nearly 2,000 such people these last 5 months, have taught over 40,000 during the past 20 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU, using only ordinary direct methods, no freakish methods, enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I teach the lessons individually according to the pupil's knowledge. Beginners under the guidance of my wide experience avoid the pitfalls and unnecessary drilling methods of other schools. I try to make each lesson a happy one in connection with the difficulties. I teach all the methods, and especially all the standard methods. This is not merely theory, but reposed by thousands of enthusiastic past pupils whose voluntary testimony is given in my book, "Bird, Book, and Keyboard."

I would emphasize that during tuition you are personally in touch with me, and questions arising out of your choices are answered. In many cases I write my methods upon a sheet of paper as the question is asked. I guide my students to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons or requirements advise.

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I am very pleased with my progress thanks to the marvellously clear way in which every step has been explained. E. H. 0/15. Y 6464. Age 15.

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FREE One per Copy of "COLOUR SECRETS for the Fashionable Woman."
nace right away? She believes she asked you before."
He hurried to remedy the omission, leaving Marjory to entertain
Alice, whom he found, on return, to be a queer mixture of the sad and the
amused.
"I hope Marjory hasn't bored you with her chatter, Alice?"
"Not a bit. You've a splendid family."
"How about yours? Don't tell me you're really Alice Vaile."
"I am, though."
"You must have spent the years saying 'No' to people."
That's nice of you, but I had a better reason for being a bachelor
working woman. The man I cared for was married and had children.
It was a case of running away."
He wondered why he experienced a stab of pain. How human it was to refer
any matter under general discussion to oneself, and yet something in
Alice's introspective gaze seemed to be saying plainer than words:
"You are the married man."
"Your wife is very devoted to the children?" she questioned, making
him think that Marjory's conversation had not been confined to
trivialities. Heaven knew why he answered.
"Oh, very! As a matter of fact, it was our wedding anniversary. I
wanted Sophie to come out to-night to a musical show. As he left the
tickets, I'm afraid I got rattly because she wouldn't come."
"Were you going to the Folies by any chance?"
"The very show."
"I suppose you wouldn't take me?"
"I should love it. Where are the tickets? I threw them away. There
they are—under the seat. Splendid. We'd better be going."
He took her hand. Like two children, they hurried down the steps. The
triumphs of the worry-ridden twenty years forming a film over Joseph's
innate youthfulness, were sloughed off. When Alice drove him back to
his door after the show he felt a changed being.

The party was still on. Fewer couples passed and repassed the lighted
windows, but the gramophone brayed unconsciously.
In parting, Alice shook hands, though there was that in the
handshake causing Joseph's heart to beat like a boy's as he said:
"You will let me come and see you, since you're only the other end of
town? He was about Thursday—the night lodge night—would that suit
you?"
"Do come. Thirty-five Maple Avenue. Good-night, and thanks."
He watched her car round the bend, experiencing the rare, almost
forgotten, joy of having a date to which to look forward.
Thursday night was the start of a succession of lodge nights on which he
visited Maple Avenue. Looking back, Joseph realised on which
particular Thursday his family acted suddenly, dramatically, interfering
with his dreams of the future, but not with his devotion. Fate and the
family decided matters for him on the Thursday night of the four
coldest children's departure with Helen for a masquerade ball. Joseph clearly
remembered coming home to early dinner in the middle of a snowstorm,
determined, for once, to be firm and
have the car to himself. At dinner a
chance from Janet, gowned as Nell
Gwyn, the twins as two halves of
an elephant, and Arthur looking a
very knightly Sir Galahad, drowned
the best statement about transport, with:
"No, Dad; you can't have the car
to-night. Lodge isn't nearly so far as
we're going."
"I'm afraid the girls will get wet. They're picking up Helen in Juliet
costume, too," Sophie volunteered from the head of the table. That
was enough. Joseph knew his fate was sealed, but he didn't care. How
easy to pass over pin-pricks when he knew that in a charming flat in
Maple Avenue there would be a cozy
fire, white-hat-and-cheese sand-
wiches, his special weakness, and the
intelligent conversation, with long
restful pauses, of Alice Vaile to
rejuvenate and brace him for the
coming week.
To a man of Joseph's tempera-
ment, companionship was all-satisfy-
ing. His dawning love for Alice, too,
was at the stage when the lesser
passions are unawakened, when the
sight of a face, the sound of a voice,
gave contentment and peace.

Because he had no conscience pangs to stifle, Joseph could lightly
excuse himself for leaving dinner before the sweet so as not to be late.
Having made himself spruce, he got into his overcoat, for the
thermometer was twenty below, and hailed the first street car going in
the desired direction. As he left the
car at Maple Avenue he was too
bent on crossing the slippery road to
notice the car containing his family, fur-coated over their various
costumes, coming slowly after him,
remained at a standstill till after he had run the bell and Alice, lovely
and slender in a black evening gown, had let him in.
Nor, when, with Alice on his arm, he walked down the Avenue
in the street car approach, the twenty-year-old lodge lodge
hitch habitually closed, did he notice the family car was still there.

Letting himself into his latch
key in good time, he was at once
hauled by Sophie speaking from her
bedroom door.
"That you, Joseph? You might
stoke up before you come to bed."
"Right. Are the children in?"
"Not yet. The car engine wouldn't start in the cold and they've been
held up waiting for a garage man to go out. They won't be long."

In due course the quartet of mas-
queraders turned up, having left
Helen, as Arthur explained, on the
way. Something the entire reverse of the festive spirit printed, on all
coupled, made Joseph inquir

enjoy yourselves?"
"Very much, Dad, thanks."
"Helen all right?"
"Yes, thanks."
"So that couldn't account for the brooding expression in "Sir Galahad's"
'dark eyes or the steady frown between his brows. Suddenly the twins startled Joseph
by suddenly and inane. "Where
were you going to tickle up the furnace,
Dad? Let us do it."
He let them go, and was more
pleased than annoyed when the
twins, discovering their mutual
inexperiencing patience, satisfactorily
with a reclining fire, handed him
the shovel. The incident was only a
start. During the ensuing week,
small signs were monstrated to
Joseph the fact that he was
becoming a person in his own house-
hold. Not Sophie, but the children
appeared to be anxious to consider
him. On the other hand, about
Arthur, had an atmosphere of dis-
taste and dissatisfaction. Once or
twice, when alone with his father, he
seemed to be on the verge of long prepared speech.

Tactfully, Joseph ignored these muted attempts at revelation, trusting to the sense of rectitude, unusually developed for his age, that he had got into no serious scrape. As for Marjory, she pursued her placid, accustomed way with house and children to the exclusion of most other things.

Perhaps his wife's self-assurance, coupled with a keen mental vision of Alice's black, made Joseph remark during the first course at dinner on the following Thursday: "Not getting thinner, dear, are you? You'll have to try dieting."

"I'm afraid I can't be bothered," Sophie tranquilly returned.

Marjory, "I'd like to make such a noise with your soup."

There was an un wonted pause in the family conversation which usually worked at high pressure during meals. Ella, remarking that she was removing as many full as empty plates, served chicken. "Anything the matter, Arthur?" Joseph observed, watching his son's plate.

"No, thanks. I'm not very hungry."

After one or two attempts to revive family chatter, Joseph kept his wonderment at the twins and Janet's pleasant pretense at eating to himself. "Well, I must be going," he remarked, putting aside his napkin.

"Before the sweet again, dear—and it's cherry tart!" Sophie interposed, who, with Marjory, was making haste to dine.

"Someone must slim if you won't, he excused himself, and for the bathroom, where he was washing his hands, when Dick appeared. "Oh—er—hallo, Dad! Undone your shoe-lace?"

"So I have."

"Let me tie it." The boy was on his knees performing the unheard-of action when he went on: "I say, Dad, must you go to lodge to-night? We're all home. Won't you stay in with us, Mum and Marjory want to go to the pictures, but Janet, and Fred and I—Arthur, too—would rather go with you and you settle out."

"Sorry, Dick. I wish I could. If I'd known earlier I'd have fixed it. I'd like us to get together more than we've done lately. I seem always catching up with things when it's too late. Ask me to-morrow and I'm game to do anything you like."

Even then Joseph found he was not allowed to go. On the stairs Dick literally blocked free passage to the door. He, with his twin. "Dad, try our new puzzle. Don't go till you've solved it. Looks so simple, but it's taken me all hour to do. See if you can beat us."

The thing was thrust into his hand, one of those elusive catches to tease adults, a simple matter of rings, apparently inexactly, interlocked, that have to be freed. Joseph was sub sided on to the bottom step, resigned himself to catching a later tram, and gave his mind to its accomplishment. He had succeeded in his task and was making hurriedly for the front door when Arthur appeared.

"Don't, Dad—don't go out to-night! There's—something I want to say; 'ave been meaning to say the week."

The front door, pealing at the instant, cut short the son's embar-

rassment, which was immediately transferred to the father as Dick let in the visitor. "Alice—it's you! Come right in. Let me introduce you properly," Joseph invited, recovering himself.

"There's no need." Alice, wearing the 'swagga' fur coat and little felt hat that he loved, was the only one of the party, which by now included Janet, who seemed perfectly at home. "You see, I've met your young people. Their car got snowed up outside my house last Thursday. I asked them in. We had coffee and sandwiches and a long talk. There was another lovely girl with them—your boy's fiancée."

"That must be her now," Arthur put in as the doorbell rang again.

"Very glad to see you, Helen. It's a long time since you came round, Joseph welcomed, quick to notice the clouding of Arthur's expression as not having her hand to Alice.

"Why, Miss Vallee—how nice to see you! You were an angel the night we got stuck outside your flat."

What I really came for was to return Janet's purse, which she left behind," Alice pursued, handing a pocket which Helen took with the cry, ""Why, that's mine. I must have had one of your cards in it, Janet."

"Now that's settled," Alice smiled, "I must be getting along. I'm off to Paris to-morrow, and I've no end of packing to do."

Relief on Arthur's face was so patent that a glimmering of all that had been going on in the mind of his family and of Alice in the past week pierced the awful desolation of losing her. Before he had recovered from the shock of that calm announcement, "I'm going away," Sophie put in an appearance. A few gracious words between wife, and not mistress—thank Heaven Alice was not that—and he was seeing her to her car.

"Alice, why this going?"

"I must, dear. It would never have done to have come between you and those splendid children. They're dears, for all their failings. Forgive me for having talked to them like a Dutch uncle. I began only with the pleasing that they should consider you more than they do, by telling them of my own love story, of how I fell in love with a married man and tried to make him happy once a week by fostering his self-importance. But I knew, when they realised it was you of whom I was talking, that they must never have cause to judge you with youth's hard, but perhaps right, judgment. They asked me if the married man was 'good-bye', Joseph."

He would have kissed the steady, tear-brimmed eyes, but she refused. Only the pressure of their hands became a memory before the car slipped round the bend. The house door opened. Sophie and Marjory came out ready to visit the pictures. Would he go with them? A sweet relief, a sudden yearning, but he got his old ties of affection, gripped Joseph as he took his wife's arm. The wound of love was deep, the scar would be long in healing, but for the man himself there was still to-morrow.

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On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference
index to films just released

****THE GAY DIVORCE
***BIG HEARTED HERBERT
**THESE ALWAYS TO-MORROW
**THE BAND PLAY ON'S
**KICKS IN NIGHTS TO PARADISE

*** Opening all night
** Lorna Doone
** Randy Rides Alone
** Fugitive Road


Ginger Rogers rivals Astaire in his dancing ability, and also gives a most attractive characterisation as Mimi.

Edward Everett Horton is extremely well cast as Egbert and Alice Brady is immense as Aunt Hortense.

Two more of the original Palace Theatre cast also add to the general atmosphere of gaiety—Eric Jole as a waiter and Erik Rhodes as Tonetti.

The dialogue is bright and the director has avoided stage restrictions; he puts over the big dance finale, "The Continential," with brilliant screen showmanship.

While the settings of London, Southampton, Paris, and Brighton are not conspicuous for their conviction, they are, nevertheless, excellently devised for the sparkling, gay humour and light-hearted romance.

**BIG HEARTED HERBERT


Guy Kibbee............ Herbert
Alice MacMahan......... Elizabeth
Patricia Ellis............. Alice
Philip Reed............. Andrew
Lowell................. Astaire
Trent Durkin........... Junior
Jay Ward................ Robert
Margorie Gateson..... Amy Lawrance
E. O'Neill............. Goodrich, Senior
Robert Barrat......... Jim Lawrence

Penetrating but kindly satire at the expense of the American suburban family is the basis of this cleverly written and exceedingly well acted comedy, which has been directed with an excellent eye to character and detail.

As Herbert, a self-made married man, who is never tired of telling his family about his own achievements, but who conveniently scoops at show when it comes to spending money on the home, Glyn Kibbee excels himself.

Time and time again he has given notable characterisations in bit parts, but here he has a chance to spread himself, and he makes the utmost of it.

While caricaturing the role, he never renders it artificial by excessive exaggeration.

His daughter, Alice, is well presented by Patricia Ellis. It is when Herbert insults his guests at a party given to celebrate her engagement to Andrew, a young lawyer, that trouble starts.

His wife—brilliantly played by Alice MacMahan—plots with other members of the family to turn the house upside down when he asks an important client and his wife to dinner.

They pose as very plain people and Herbert sees himself for the first time as others see him. The picture displeases him so much that he mends his ways.

The action is commendably rapid and the witticisms keep the entertainment going with zest from beginning to end.

**THESE ALWAYS TO-MORROW


Jean Parker, George Raft, and Anna May Wong are the leads in "Limehouse Blues.

Benjamin Barnes supplies the love interest in the new collegiate picture, "The Band Plays On.

Piquant farce, tastefully served with song and dance, in which the combination—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—which made "Flying Down to Rio" a success, once again proves what a wonderfully effective pair they are.

The plot, which is smoothly told and well seasoned with humour, deals with Guy Holden, a young dancer, who helps Mimi, an attractive girl, when she finds herself in an embarrassing difficulty, but he cannot get her name.

Tired of trying to trace her, he accompanies his friend, Egbert, a bungling lawyer, when he goes to Brighton to arrange a divorce for the niece of Aunt Hortense, an old flame of his.

The niece turns out to be Mimi, and Guy is mistaken by her for Tonetti, the professional co-resident engaged by Egbert.

This forms the pivot of the romance, which is aided and abetted by delightfully tuneful music and brilliant dancing.

Fred Astaire, who plays the role of Guy, which he made so successful on the stage, is excellent. He is as good a comedian as he is a dancer, which is as high praise as one could give him.

Story of four American college youths and how they were taught to play the game both on and off the football field.

It is not just the conventional (continued on page 36)
Two Surprises!

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ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

collegiate picture, but one which uses a sporting background to depict the cares and troubles of adolescence. Nor is it lacking in humour.

Robert Young is very good as the somewhat weak Tony, who is tempted to turn professional, and Stuart Erwin acts delightfully as another of the quartet, which is completed by Russell Hardie and William Tannen.

As the college coach who gives the youngsters a chance to work their way through college—he had discovered their prowess at football when they were orphans—Preston Foster is effective.

Good support comes from Leo Carrillo, Ted Healy, and Betty Furness.

The many threads of the plot are skilfully interwoven and the production as a whole provides good, healthy entertainment.

*LIMEHOUSE BLUES

FRANKfas........ Harry Young
JEAN PARKER......... Toula
ALEX WANN......... Toula
KENT TAYLOR......... Eric Benton

MONTAGE LOVE........ Post Takes
BILLY BEVAN......... Herb

HOLMES.................. Inspector
JODY ROGERS......... Smokey
E. ALVIN WARRISS....... Ching Lee

WYOMING STANDING........ Commissioner Kreyon
JACK VERNON......... Jazz

TENPE FIDDOT........... Maggy


Hollywood's idea of Limehouse does not add to the conviction of this familiar story of racial prejudices, with George Raft as a half-caste Chinese gangster falling in love with Toni, an English girl.

He "bumps off" her bullying stepfather, and then tries to get rid of her Canadian lover, but is shot when running into the trap prepared for him by the police at his jealous mistress's suggestion.

Of course, he has his one good deed and manages to save the young Canadian and ensure his happiness with Toni.

Raft suits the part, and gives a suitably sinister and polished performance, but Jean Parker never for a moment suggests the English girl she is meant to be. Anna May Wong, however, is excellent as the gangster's mistress.

Treatment is edgy and the swiftness of the action helps to take one's attention from the fact that basically the material is just melodramatic hokum.

"OPEN ALL NIGHT"

FRANKfas............. Anton
GILLIAN LEWIS......... Mayce
MARGARET VIDE........ Eileen Warren
LEWIS SHAW............ Bill Warren
LEWIS BOOKS........ Ranger

COLIN KEITH-JOHNSON.. Harry

GERRALDINE FITZGERALD.......... Jill

MICHAEL SHEPPY........ Hilary

Directed by George Pearson.

A story built rather on the lines of "Hotel Grand," which deals with the atmosphere of the night manager at an hotel, a former Russian Grand Duke, who, on the night he is dismissed because of his advancing years, straightens out his love affair and accepts the blame for a murder committed by a youth in the clutches of a crook.

Frank Vosper plays the role with a good deal of sincerity and dignity, and the entertaining rests largely on his characterisation, although good support comes from a strong cast.

The atmosphere of the hotel is well maintained, and, though the development is on the slow side in the opening, it keeps the interest well held and is smooth in continuity.

"LORNA DOONE"

LORNA DOONE......... Lorna Doone
JOHN LODGE......... Jan
HARRY CLARE......... Miss Bennett
MARGARET LOCKWOOD........ Annie Ridd
PEGGY BLYTHE........... Astrid Ridd

PETE PENROSE......... Young John Ridd
EDWARD RUGBY.......... Edward Ruggery

THE HOLMESS........ Ruth Huckaback
ARCHIBALD DOONE........... Archibald Doone

LAWRENCE HARRIS........... Lawrence Harris
ELLEI VELLETS........ Betty Mottrell
ELDIE MANCHESTER....... John Fry

GEORGE CAIN......... King James II

TOMA VON BISHING....... The Queen (Mary of Modena)

SADWRAN GOLDS........... Sadiwan Golds

ELIZA BUCKINGHAM........... Elizabeth Buckingham

ARMUTH HAMBLING........... Sergeant Buckingham
ROY EMERTON......... Carver Doone

HERBERT LOMAS............ Sir Ernest Doone
D. A. CLARKE-SMITH....... Counsellor

ALFRED PITT............ Alfred Pitt

JUNE HOLDEN......... The Child Lorna

Directed by Basil Dean. Adapted from R. D. Blackmore's novel.

The main feature of this distinctly theatrical and rather tedious picturisation of Blackmore's novel is the finely photographed authentic Exmoor scenery. As a matter of fact, it's the town of Exmoor far outweighs its dramatic merit.

On the other hand, the types are as the novelist conceived them and great attention has been paid to accuracy in detail. It would probably have been better if more care had been paid to the basic plot and suspense values.

Victoria Hopper is weak as Lorna Doone and John Loder is not nearly vigorous enough as her lover, Jan Ridd.

Harmer, the leader of the outlawed Doones and Ridd's rival, Roy Emerton is guilty of over-acting.

The best performance comes from the fine cast of supporting players, which numbers many well-known stage artists.

"RANDY RIDES ALONE"

JOHN WAYNE........ Andrea Bowers
ALVAH VAUGH........... J. W. Vogt

GEORGE HAYES......... Matt Black

GERALDINE CANTER........ Caryn

EARL DUBER......... Sheriff

ANOTHER ORTUGA........ Henry

Directed by Harry Fraser.

There is a Jekyll and Hyde theme to this otherwise conventional Western, which has a modest amount of spectacle and the usual con-"
PICTUREGOER

Adrienne Ames

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V A R E E N

LTD., LONDON, W. 11.
Sleepy Time in Studioland

Spring doldrums—a fake Forth Bridge—and the funniest Derby—Calthrop returns—Film fights—Gracie’s new picture.

First to tuck in the ends of the productions that are now being strewn recklessly about the cutting-room floors, taking sufficient shape to enable high executives to view them from the depths of their armchairs, the while they murmur from force of habit, through their well-chewed cigars, “Lousy, boy, lousy.”

That’s what high executives always think of films until the very moment when they begin to tell you about them.

Out On The Lot

First (because emptiest) Shepherd’s Bush. They’ve been taking steps there lately to provide you with thrills in plenty. Thirty-nine Steps, in fact.

My ponderous friend Alfred Hitchcock has been directing this one; if you saw The Man Who Knew Too Much you will realise that (a) thrillers are his meat and (b) he is ponderous physically only—not mentally.

Thirty-nine Steps, which is to introduce Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll to your August notice as a team, finished very strongly with the reconstruction of a Scottish village “on the lot” at the B.I.P. studios at Welwyn Garden City—on the very space once occupied by the town of Roulers in a previous Madeleine Carroll film made by Gaumont-British: viz., I Was a Spy.

One of the disadvantages of having a studio bang in London, as the Shepherd’s Bush plant is, is the impossibility of having any “lot” where exterior sets can be built.

Of course, they have the flat roof of the studio there, as they have at Islington; in fact, during production of this very picture Hitch kept his West Highland cattle on the roof—great hefty, shaggy beasts with a four-foot horn-span.

Mild Shepherd’s Bushmen returning home in the gloaming were dis- mayed by bearing deep lowing from 100 ft. above the street—and ducked precipitately into the local to have a hair of the dog that bit them.

Yes, Johnny Jones, there is a lift to the roof.

Bridge-Building

But Welwyn Garden is not the only place where huge set-construction has been carried out for this Steps film. Passengers on the railway between Watton and Hertford South have been mildly surprised to find themselves crossing the Forth Bridge.

Yes, I knew that would surprise you too. Cameramen travelled to South Queensferry to take atmospheric shots of the famous bridge itself, but it would have been a colossal undertaking to drag down and saw up there, so the Gaumont-British art-department, undaunted, built an enormous section of same at Stapleford—on the railway line. Here, night after night, cameramen clung to girders and cantilever spans in the teeth of a howling and bitter wind which could hardly have been bettered (or worse) above the Firth of Forth itself.

And the worst of it was that half the time the wind blew the wrong way to please “Hitch,” and he insisted on reversing it with the aid of “wind machines,” which didn’t make it any warmer. Indeed, one of the men controlling these things was heard to say to his (erected) 30-foot long wind, “God, I’m cold!”

And yet, there was a mark as it came from the railway-engine on to which Donat had to climb to escape from the police.

“Paperrrs!”

They certainly spared no trouble to get the background of this film right. For instance, I was amazed to hear, on the set at the “Bush” representing Waverley Station, Edinburgh, a familiar voice bowling “Paperrrs! Coooggggarrrettes!” and found that they had actually brought fourteen-year-old James Cairns from his pitch in the real station to give local colour!

It’ll be a bitter blow for James if the cutter decides the film is long enough without him, as not infrequently happens.

By the way, rather an interesting coincidence occurred during the shooting of this film. One of the places they reconstructed so cunningly and lavishly was the London Palladium, and in a scene on this set Godfrey Tearle, as the “villain,” had to shoot a man dead on the stage, leap from a box, and try to escape the fury of the mob.

Almost exactly seventy years ago, Mr President Lincoln was shot dead in his box at a theatre by a disgruntled actor named John Wilkes Booth. And Booth was an actor named Godfrey Tearle, which rounds the matter off very nicely. I think.

(Continued on page 40)
YARDLEY POWDER

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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued from page 38

A Phantom Race

So much for Thirty-nine Steps. Now for The Clavigrapt, which, also, has just been completed, but at Idleton.

I wish you'd been in the studio when they were filming the Derby. It was the most economical (and comical) race I've ever seen—and I've seen two Aberdeen Margins for a pittance.

The way they did it was this. They engaged Mr. Carleton Hobbes, the well-known broadcaster, to give a running commentary of the race. In order that he and his assistant announcer (played by Billy Watts, taking a holiday from being a reporter) should keep their eyes fixed in the same general direction, a property man holding a sheet of paper galloped round the studio in the same direction in which the race goes, turning at Tottenham Corner and galloping gallantly back.

At the end of the race I could hardly decide which of the two was the more breathless, but I think the prop-man had it by a short pair of pants.

Calthrop Is Back

I was very pleased indeed to see Donald Calthrop back in British films after such long an absence. He's a grand actor.

Of course, as usual he's wearing a shabby coat. The only time he's played a respectably-dressed role in a film, as far as I can remember, was as the old doctor in Sorrell & Son—an outstanding performance in a consistently good picture.

Oh, and then there was his "editor" in Friday the Thirteenth; and I dare say if I sat down with a wet towel round my head I could think of a few more, and save you the trouble of writing to the Editor to draw his attention to the fact that the studio correspondent had gone crackers.

But I'm not going to see.

Donald's been playing in Rome, in a film called Casta Diva. I hope he has a casta irona parta.

In connection with that production, I hear that the Fascisti's methods have not changed very much since they first came into power.

A young actor in the Italian version discovered that his opposite number in the British cast was getting more lire (Musso for "dough") than he was, and promptly offered to strike for equal terms.

He was led away, protesting, by a couple of burly blackshirts, and led back a little later, unprotesting, rather white and wobbly, and willing to play for hardly any lire at all.

Suicide

Can it be that he had been playing at Casta Oita? Anyway, I know quite a few young English actors whom I should like to see led away protesting.

But I don't want them led back on any terms.

Poor Donald Calthrop looked a little white and wobbly, too, poor chap, but for a different reason.

He was recovering from the distressing malady known as "Rome fever"—so he had even less than his usual difficulty in looking the part of the dejected and despondent down-and-out who is about to throw himself into the river when he is prevented by the mind-reading powers of the great "Maximus." This sounds like a cast-iron part for Claud Rains, who gave such an arresting performance in Crime Without Passion. Opposite him is Toby Wray, who gave ample proof of her versatility in King Kong and The Affairs of Cellini.

Now let's see what else has just finished... Ah, yes, The Stoher, in the Rock Staggs at Elstree. This would appear to be very typical Leslie Fuller stuff—in fact, Fuller at his most fillish.

Well, if he and Georgie Harris can bring off so good an hour's fun as they turned out in Strictly Illegal, it'll do nicely.

Red Meat

I finished with a terrific battle staged in a stockhold between some stokers. If it's anything like a real stokers' scrap it'll be pretty exciting.

In my youth, for my sins, I was once working my passage in a stockhold, and a fight developed in which I was very careful not to participate; but three firemen and a trimmer spent the rest of the voyage in the sick-bay.

One hefty personality in this scene is Gunner Moir; I hope he remembered he was only acting.

But this fight can hardly have been more life-like than the one I saw a week or two ago. In the same studio, for the same picture, between Leslie Bradley, Leslie Fuller, and Georgie Harris on one side and a swarm of synthetic Arabs on the other. This took place in a Moorish cafè, and the cause was divers languishing glances which Georgie and the two Leslies had been bestowing on the local beauties.

Unfortunately the fight became so realistic that the cameraman, Charlie van Eger, had the top of one finger nearly taken off by the knife of one of the Arabs.

Heavens, if it was as risky as that for the cameraman, the players were lucky to emerge alive!

Gracie Gets Going

Carroll Gibbons has written a special song for Phyllis Clare, entitled "My Lips and Your Lips," But why not simply "Our Lips?" Song-titles are one of the minor mysteries of life to me.

Now as to something that's just starting. Down at Ealing Green we have the first of three new productions of which J. B. Priestley has written the stories especially for Gracie Fields.

In her last film but one, Things Are Looking Up, Cicely Courtneidge seemed to be venturing on ground which I had imagined to be the special preserve of "our Gracie." Gracie evidently thinks so too, because her new film is called Look Up and Laugh. What a saving if they had combined these two under the title Things Are Looking Up and Laughing!

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a New Kind of
Face Powder!

Yes, a really new kind of powder—one that not only keeps ugly shine off my nose, but actually stays on for at least eight hours at a time. It is called the new “Matt Finish” Poudre Tokalon, and the manufacturers say that the reason is because it is blended with double Mousse of Cream. Anyway, I do know that it makes my complexion softer and lovelier than ever before. Men admire me more. Some of them even rave about my peach-bloom complexion, which everyone believes is perfectly natural. This new Poudre Tokalon is so clinging that it will not come off even when I am out in wind or rain or if I perspire. I simply apply it in the morning and never powder again all day long no matter where I go or what I do. 6d. and 1/- a box.

OATINE CREAM

In 6d. tubs, 1/6 and 3/- jars.

Oatine Cleansing Tissues in new handy container at 1/6 from Boots, Taylor, Timothy Whites and other chemists.

SPECIAL OFFER—Samples of Oatine Cream, Oatine Powder Base, Face Powder and 3d. Soups. Shampoo will be sent to all sending 4d. in stamps to The OATINE CO., 391 Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.1.

AMAMI Nail Varnish

Four fascinating shades—Colourless, Natural, Rose and Coral. A 6d. bottle will last months!

Amami Varnish Remover and Amami Cuticle Remover complete the perfect manicure...each 6d. for bottle.
April 6, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Rejuvenate with

Buty-Tone
Cleansing Cream
Priceless
-but only
2/-

Penetrates deeper into the pores

STOCKED BY THE BETTER STORES, CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS.
SEND 3d POSTAGE FOR GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE
ROBET LTD.
Eagle & Jermyn Sts.
London S.W.

A COMBINATION THAT ENSURES HAIR PERFECTION

Evan Williams

Shampoo . . . . that keeps the hair young and beautiful . . . . . . 4d Per pkt.

Evan Williams Quality Wave Set.

Does what a really good Wave Set should do, i.e., fix your Waves and Curls without robbing the hair of its soft texture and that lovely Sheen which Evan Williams Shampoos 1d D impart to it. . . . . . . Per Bottle

• OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS AND CHEMISTS.

Powder Cream

6d.
ACTUAL SIZE

"knit it in a few hours!"
Let George of a Night, A Night with Madams, Stolen
Necklace, My Old Dutch, Strictly Illegal

E.H.L. (Hyde).—(1) Cats: The Secret
of the Loungers (2) Seymour Hicks,
Angela—Nancy O'Neil,
Ogilvie—Robert Goodwin,
Cromwell—Frederick Pulley,
Fifth—Leslie Hurry,
The Pier Master—Ben Field,
Professor Foggerty—Hubert Harben,
MacDonald—Starford Halliard,
Maggie—Rosemund Jones,
McDougal—John Jamieson,
Tytanic—Elma Reid,
The Bat Whisperer—Police
Lieutenant—Chance Ward,
Mr. Bell—Richard Tucker,
The Butler—Wilson Benge,
Police Captain—E. W. J. Winsor,
Sir Francis—Sidney D'Albrook,
Lady Haig—Irene Vanquart,
Mr. Payton—Cornelius Cooper,
Mr. Blythe—W. Roy Ross,
Mr. Curtin—Lester Matthews,
Mrs. Blythe—Anita Hurry,
Mr. Blythe's Secretary—Maxine
Payton,
The Tax Inspector—Willard
Adams,
Miss Payton's Secretary—Mrs.
James Ives,
Mr. Payton's Butler—William
Bamer,
Mr. Payton's Valet—Robert
Barnes,
Mr. Payton's Office Boy—Des
Pittman,
Mr. Payton's Housekeeper—Mrs.
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Mr. Payton's Office Boy—Des
Pittman,
Mr. Payton's Housekeeper—Mrs.
Elizabeth Payton,
Mr. Payton's Butler—Des
Pittman,
Alice Faye is twenty-three years old this year. Unmarried. Blonde hair.
Write to her, c/o Fox Studios. Pictures include: “George White’s Scandals,” “When Next York Sleeps,” “She Learned About Sailors,” “Nymph Errant,” “365 Nights in Hollywood,” “Redheads on Parade.”


M. (Algester)—(1) Leo Cody died May 31, 1984; Dorothy Dell—June 8, 1934. (2) Address Claudette Colbert, c/o Paramount Studios, Nova Pilbeam, c/o Gaumont British Studios, Margaret Lindsay, b. August 1910. (4) Jean Wallace—b. 1930; none given above in their collections.

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Choose your postcards from the list—real photographs, all new cards, sepia glossy finish, 1d. each, 3d. dozen. Available to members and non-members. Complete list of sepia glossy and other postcards on request.

GIVE YOUR NAILS THAT PARISIAN TOUCH

Here—among balloons and streamers—Gaiety reigns supreme. Whatever your dress, there is a nail polish to suit it in the Gaiety De Luxe range. Gaiety Nail Polish never cracks or peels, but imparts a brilliance to your finger nails which is the hallmark of smartness. Gaiety De Luxe Nail Polish is supplied in five seductive shades: Transparent, Rose, Coral, and Paris Red. What is more, you can obtain it at the amazing price of sixpence!

Other 6d. Gaiety Preparations include Nail Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover, Nail White Pencils, Eye Cosmetics, and Lipstick—all in the latest shades.

Obtainable from Woolworths, Boots, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores. If any difficulty in obtaining, send 6d. per item to:

Once she was just ‘the girl with the pretty sister’

YOUR SKIN becomes “tired” if the healthy stimulant of sweet, clean breezes never reaches it—and then good-bye to a really attractive complexion unless you use Knight’s Castile.

Knights Castile is specially made for the face: its generous foaming lather revives and feeds the vital beauty glands on which your loveliness depends. Give your complexion this wonderful help from to-day; a tablet of Knight’s Castile costs only fourpence—and what wonders it will work for your skin!

Knights Castile
TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

Leave it to ANNE

A MILD WINTER often holds more menace for hands than one noted for frequent and severe frost. For the mild winter hails the average woman into a false sense of security regarding cold, and then the sudden nip which inevitably comes finds hands unprepared and perhaps un guarded. As a result of a regular epidemic of chapped and roughened hands occur.

Start using Glymel Jelly at once—to-day. You can get tubes for as little as 6d. or 1s.
Freed FROM TIRED TONE
As you shampoo with Macdonald, the magic of glistening loveliness steals over your hair giving it a thrilling gleam, life and beauty. Tired tone (loss of texture) that dulls every glint and high-lights is chased away by the wonderful new constituents in Macdonald Shampoo. It brings back the hair to its natural vitality and because it increases the curling power of the hair it will make your next 'perm' last so much longer, look so much lovelier.
Get a packet from your Hairdresser or Chemist 6d.

Shampoo by MACDONALD

There's Fascination IN FINGERTIPS
LOVELY WOMEN SAY

LOVELY women who are admired for their charm and elegance keep their nails immaculate and gleaming with Cutex preparations. And everyone can have fascinating nails — at small expense — for Cutex manicure aids are quite inexpensive. A simple five-minute Cutex Manicure will give you nails that command admiration wherever you go. Isn't it worth it? Begin tonight.
Cutex preparations are available at chemists, stores and hairdressers, and are made in Great Britain.

This 5-minute care keeps their nails always lovely.

First, with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, remove dead cuticle, and cleanse nail tips. Then remove old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Acetone-type removers are harmfully drying to nails and cuticle. But Cutex Oily Polish Remover helps keep nails healthy and cuticles smooth. Now brush on Cutex Liquid Polish in your favourite shade. Rose, Pink Pearl, Peach, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby, White Pearl, Natural or Colourless. A little Nail White gives a snowy touch to nail tips. Finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

SEND FOR THIS: I enclose 6d. for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Liquid Polish in the tone I have underlined, also Oily Polish Remover.
Natural — Rose — Coral — Cardinal
NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH
and Everything for Lovely Nails

HOW TO MAKE YOUR "PERM" LAST LONGER

WHEN your permanent wave falls out sooner than it should, it is a sure sign that your hair is not perfectly healthy. Too-frequent waving impoverishes the hair still further, rendering it unresponsive and lustreless, and in spite of your hairdresser's best efforts, the wave is not only disappointing in appearance, but far from permanent.

To ensure a wave that is tantalisingly beautiful and really lasting, attend to the health of your hair. Eliminate the infection of dandruff, and nourish the hair-roots, by brushing into the scalp every day a sprinkling of Lavona Hair Tonic. This remarkable preparation imparts abundant vigour to the hair, which becomes under its influence healthy, lustrous and tractable, fully able to take and keep a really beautiful permanent wave.

If you want the thrill of a wave that is permanent as well as lovely, get from your chemist to-day a 2½ bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic. Use it as suggested, and give your hairdresser a healthy and supremely "dressable" head of hair to work on.


Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!
Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

Get on the RIGHT SIDE of a course of 'ELASTO'

This Wonderful NEW BLOOD REMEDY Will Save You POUNDS!

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that bad circulation, muscular weakness, varicose veins, rheumatism, and leg troubles in general, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to maintain the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the various membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabrics of veins, arteries, and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health.

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and cures within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing.

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantage of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto cures varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, heart troubles, swollen legs, lacerated wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also cures piles, prolapus, varicocele, hardened arteries, ulcers, senile dropsy, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

FREE for Trial Sample of Elasto
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Department 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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For endless pleasure give me Craven "A"

They never Vary!

Remember

CRAVEN "A"

ARE MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

THE CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTE OF HIGHEST QUALITY MADE BY CARRERAS LTD

Pipe Smokers will derive a new pleasure from Craven "A" Mixture in 2 oz. flat Pocket Tins 2/3d
A cocktail to you but a STAIN to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Never resign yourself to dull, lustreless teeth as a matter of fate. What's that you say? You've always brushed them faithfully... still they just won't gleam and sparkle... Ah yes, but here's what's wrong.

Your toothpaste had only one cleansing action. And no one action can remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on your teeth... stains that form so gradually you are hardly aware of them.

It takes two cleansing actions to remove all stains. And you get them both in Colgate's Dental Cream. One, an emulsive action, penetrates and washes away many of the stains. The other, a polishing action, polishes away all the stains that remain.

Why, almost before you know it, Colgate's will restore to your teeth their natural whiteness and lustre. Don't take our word for it. Simply get a tube and see the results in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH.

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

A LALEEK for LUTEKS

Laleek—Your Lashes with Longlash

the genuine medically approved lash cream. 1/2 (4 shades), special brush. 4d. See the name Laleek on the container—It guards you against cheap and inferior substitutes. Use all my Laleek Beauty Preparations—there is one for every type of skin. Sold everywhere and always or at any difficulty direct.

DALEJADE GREY 27 Old Bond St., W.L.

How to Dress Well—Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No references required even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M. 244 for Ladies' Spring catalogue, also Gentleman's catalogue. SMARTWEAR, LTD., 362-271 Regent Street, London, W.1.

DRY HARSH THROATS are best soothed with Allenburys PASTILLES

PURMWAVE: THE WONDERFUL HOME WATER

No setting lotion or clips—just dip in hot water. Marvelous results in 30 minutes, 1/2p.

From Chocolates, Sweets, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Selfridges, etc., or 2/- the Set, post free.

THE H. BUTLER TRADING CO., LTD., 5 Pipe Lane — Bristol, 1

Vanishing Cream

Are you satisfied that your Vanishing Cream gives you a really smooth complexion? If so, don't change. But if you're not, change to D. & R.—and you'll never change again!

Daggert & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream assures you of a flawless complexion. Your skin is left unbelievably smooth—an ideal foundation for your powder and make-up.

D. & R. Perfect Beauty Creams, in tubes, 6d, and 1/-, and in jars, 1/3 and 2/6. Skin Tonic 1/3 and 2/6.

SAMPLE OFFER

Send 1d. in stamps with your name and address in sealed envelope for sample tubes of D. & R. Beauty Creams, to Stemco Ltd., Dept. 24-A, 18, Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

What Radio Stars Say. No. 2

"No woman who values her appearance can afford to do without KIRBIGRIPS"

Jane Carr

Nothing spoils your looks so much as untidy hair and this will never occur if you use KIRBIGRIPS

Supplied plain or waved, silk or shell covered and paste set for evening wear. Also in larger size (3 ins.) particularly suitable for present day hairdressing. In black and bronze, plain only, on these smart cards from your Stores, Hairdresser, etc.

Made in England by the Patentees: KIRBY BEARD & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM, LONDON & REDDITCH. Also makers of the "Kirbigrip" End Curler.
Ambrose Wilson's Great Jubilee Offers

POST ORDER AT ONCE

EASY TERMS COST NO MORE

Please send me, on approval, Garment as requested at present Bargain Price stated above.

I enclose the necessary deposit together with postage and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the stated monthly instalments. If I return the articles unworn at once you will refund my deposit.
Frances Drake and Gene Raymond

A new screen team that makes its bow in Universal's "Transient Lady." Gene's real name is Raymond Guion. He entered pictures in 1931 and since then has been one of Hollywood's busiest "juveniles." Frances Drake is an American who was "discovered" in London.
TO THE BRIDE

Our Useful Free Book

It is packed full of good sound information on Wedding arrangements. It tells you how to prepare for the Wedding Day, describes the Ceremony and contains all details regarding the reception. A full selection of Wedding Rings and Gifts are also shown.

Crowned with a wreath of orange blossom and pearls, JOYCE KIRBY, the Gaumont British junior star makes an entrancing bride in this pearl sewn gown of palest blush-pink satin radiant.

BEAUTIFUL NEW DESIGNED WEDDING RINGS TO SUIT EVERY HAND.

We give to every purchaser of a Wedding Ring a handsome stainless-steel Bread-knife or & oz. Silver Plated Tea Spoons –

The Fashionable Eternity Ring.

A Half Round of Fine White Diamonds in Pure Platinum £8

Of great charm
Fine Diamonds in a mount of pure Platinum £10

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JUST UNDER THE RAILWAY ARCH

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IN CORPORATE POILE & SMITH LTD
The No Men of England

Where Are They?—Has-beens' Home from Home—Mae West on Her New Film—Modern Curves—"Dirty Linen" Divorces Again—Film to Glorify Films—Kay Francis Picks the most Fascinating Hollywoodians.

Hollywood, as everybody knows, is infested by "yes men." They feed the vanity of the executives and make lucky little ex-chorus girls from Kansas think they are Bernhardts.
The British industry has its "yes men," too, but has bred a different, and perhaps more dangerous, type. The difference is that many of them sit at large executive desks.

And they cannot say "no" to the hungry hordes of Hollywood has-beens, mediocrities, and never-have-beens who are again invading our studios.
The present invasion, moreover, is not confined, as were previous invasions, to players whose claims to stardom were, to put it politely, exaggerated. Out-of-work directors, "washed-up" executives, and third-rate technicians are now flocking to the promised land. Somebody will have to say a loud and firm "no" to these gentlemen if the British film revival is to be maintained.

"Out and Out Tripe"

It has become so blatant that even Hollywood is sitting up and taking notice. England has become so well known as a benevolent home-from-home for the stellar unemployed that the really important stars are dubious about accepting offers. The Hollywood Reporter devotes a scathing leading article to the subject.

"London," that paper says, "is infested with promoters, racketeers, has-beens and out and out picture tripe, all from Hollywood."

"The promoter and racketeer figures it as soft touch, the has-been believes it is a heaven that will bring him back to prominence, and all the rest of the tripe are draping themselves on the British industry in the hope of gathering in a few shekels to pay the rent and the grocery bills."

"And London is taking them all in. And that's one of the grievous errors of British production."

Our Neglected Talent

The paper goes on to add that "the sooner London rids itself of the American promoters, racketeers, and has-beens and general production tripe the better it will be for London and the whole picture business."

"Their activities will embarrass America and sink England. They should be exposed."

There is, of course, another aspect, to which Picturegoer has frequently drawn attention.

The importation of Hollywood's alleged "names" is not a real cure for Britain's shortage of film "personalities." While our movie moguls are busy listening to the agents interested in American players, our own talent is being neglected.
The agents themselves, as a matter of fact, are about the only people on this side who are benefiting as a result of the current invasion.

Couldn't Cramp Mae's Style

Mae West, whose new film How Am I Doin' will shortly be inviting an expectant London public to come up and see it sometime, emerges from the silence to remark that clothes don't make the star—or words to that effect.

Mae, of course, "goes modern" for the first time in the new picture and her wardrobe should be interesting at least. The star has the role of a Middle West "honkey tonk" entertainer, who inherits a million and moves into society. Her clothes are made to match the character. "The most striking and original creations imaginable," as she herself describes them, "the kind only a cattle queen or an oil millionaire would dare to wear."

The modern dress has not cramped her style a particle, Hollywood observers report, however.

What's the Difference?

As one of them records: "The rustle of silks and satins are replaced by the silent purr of crêpe and organdie. But when the newly gowned figure moves across the stage there's no mistaking the West underneath."

"Smiling, wisecracking, swivel-hipped, she's the same old Mae, no matter what the outer architecture happens to be."

Mae herself has no doubts about the issue. "Sure I'm modern, but what's the difference?" she asks. "I don't think it was the clothes I wore in She Done Him Wrong that made people come and want to see the picture. It was because I had a few lines—and curves—they liked. I gotta few in this picture, too."

Modern Men Harder to Get!

How Am I Doin' marks another important departure in Mae Western technique. Unlike her former film stories, in which she had no difficulty getting her man, she runs up against things in the latest talkie.

In the past, Mae's men have succumbed without a murmur.

This time it's the other way about. Paul Cavanagh, her "tall, dark 'n' handsome" admirer, (Continues on page 8)
The authority for this is Dr. W. J. Alexander, emeritus professor of English at the University of Toronto.

An American newspaper quoting this opinion, heads it "Blimey!"

Will Janet Retire?

Rumour is again busy with Janet Gaynor's future. The star is making no secret of the fact that she intends to retire from the screen in about two years' time, when her present contract expires.

"Retirement plans" are often announced by stars, but are seldom carried out.

Miss Gaynor, however, announces that she is willing to wager two thousand dollars to one thousand dollars that when 1937 rolls around she will turn in her make-up kit and call it a day.

Any takers?

Kay's Got a Little List

Kay Francis, in between ejecting reporters from her parties and denying reports of a romance with Maurice Chevalier, has been making out a list of the "eight most fascinating people in Hollywood."

Here they are:—

Greta Garbo.
Joan Blondell.
James Cagney.
Fred Astaire.
W. S. Van Dyke.
Frances Goldwyn.
Perc Westmore.
Anna May Wong.

What, no Chevalier?

Got Their Own Back?

That irrepressible humorist, Woody Van Dyke, who calls Garbo "honey" and gets away with it, took twenty of his Naughty Marietta chorus girls out on a real binge the other night—with dinner, dancing, and the whole works. The revelry lasted until about five, and as he waved good-by to them in the cold, grey dawn, he shouted cheerfully, "See you all at nine on the set!"

Stunned, but helpless, they had to stagger some way to the studio—which they did, only to be sent home immediately by Woody, who reprimanded them severely for showing up in such a tired condition. They got their own back a few nights later when they invited Mr. Van Dyke to a party at the Clover Club. They had asked the waiter not to provide a chair for him, as he was the only gentleman invited, and would be busy dancing all evening.

English Players to Return

A big party of the English players in Hollywood are to return to England for the Jubilee.

Sir Guy Standing—the magnificent Colonel Stone of Paramount's The Lives of a Bengal Lancer

Robert Young has a new hobby—making model aeroplanes. Here he is putting the finishing touches to a model while waiting for the director's call.

Mr. Balcon in U.S.

Mr. Michael Balcon, production chief of Gaumont-British, supplies, if he is quoted correctly by the New York press, an interesting contribution to the recent Picturegoer controversy regarding the filming of British themes in Hollywood.

He was asked to admit that in Cavalcade, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, and in a different category, David Copperfield, America had turned out the best films to date glorifying the British Empire.

"I will not deny," he is stated to have confessed, "that when we English producers see pictures like that we return to our offices, bow our heads upon our desks and then summon our staffs for flagellation."

"We ask why we did not think of that, and why we did not do it first, and why we cannot do better."

"But, at the same time, one cannot harbour any resentment. When pictures are so perfectly made, they become universal things, like works of art. One can but admire."

Glorifying Hollywood

In the meanwhile, Hollywood, having "glorified" everything else, is now going to "glorify" itself.

Sol Lesser has been assigned to make a "classified and serious" film of the history of the screen capital. It will be titled Celluloid.

The pioneer producers of the industry will be portrayed, and composite characters will be created to review the colourful life of the early cinema.

An attempt is being made to sign Walter Huston as the leading character. The choice of Lesser as producer has caused some amusement and perhaps a little apprehension in the screen city.

It was Sol Lesser who said of Once in a Lifetime that the play failed to exaggerate the conditions in the industry sufficiently.

Agreed

It is somewhat startling to read that Marlene Dietrich speaks English better than King George or the Prince of Wales, "neither of whom speaks King's English."

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mundin attending a premiere at Grauman's famous Chinese Theatre in Hollywood.

Requests for Loans

Incidentally, Mae has replaced Chaplin, Lloyd, and all the other movie millionaires as a target for begging letters.

In one day recently she had to reject requests for $20,000 in loans.

For her own amusement, Mae kept a record of the amounts of all requests for loans that she received last year.

She added them up the other day, and they totalled $3,000,000!

Mae gets a salary of $2,000 a week, when she is working.

New Hair Fashions

Talking of fashions, the hairdressing trade has, I see, decreed that Greta Garbo's long bob, Katharine Hepburn's fringe, and Norma Shearer's coiffure will set the style for the 1935 women's coifure.

The announcement reveals that Garbo, who has probably had more influence on the feminine world than any other star in a decade, is still a force to be reckoned with.

Miss Hepburn is a newcomer to the ranks of the stellar fashion dictators, but don't say that we didn't warn you. We recorded some weeks ago that Katie was stepping out.

I cannot say that I am at all sorry (with a polite bow in the direction of Jean Harlow, of course) that platinum blondes, according to the decree, are "through."

Dirty Linen Divorces

I wonder if the Virginia Cherrill-Cary Grant affair will result in a return to "dirty linen" divorce cases in the film colony?

There was a time when stellar laundry was regularly on view in the Los Angeles courts, but under the influence of Will Hays Hollywood isn't the easy mark for Mae her former screen heroes have been. She reminds you:—

"This is to-day. It's a modern picture. Those boys of the Nineties were a cinch. It takes much, much more to get a man to-day than it did then. They don't fall so easily."

Well, it's an interesting theory.

(Continued from page 7)
—has already announced his intention of sailing very soon, while Charles Laughton may possibly make the journey later.

Mary Ellis, the Anglo-American singing star, who takes a leading part in Paris in Spring, with Tullio Carminati and Ida Lupino, will arrive in England at the end of this week.

Ida Goes Into Retirement!

Ida Lupino, by the way, has gone into virtual retirement. At least, they call it retirement in Hollywood.

The girl who once entertained lavishly in a sixteen-room house, is installed in a modest flat with her mother. "It's only four rooms," she writes, "but at least I have a place to sleep."

Ida was referring to the numerous occasions on which she returned to the elaborate mansion and found such large parties in progress that there wasn't a room for her to retire to.

He " Discovered " Stars

There is an Englishman in Hollywood who claims the distinction of having "discovered" Norma and Constance Talmadge. He directed Norma, and when her first featured film appeared he found her playing small roles for a little New York film company.

The Englishman is Bruce Mitchell and he is playing a small role in Paramount's Four Hours to Kill, which features Richard Barthelmess. He has been in Hollywood for so long that he has forgotten what England looks like.

He also directed the Al Wilson stunt pictures before the famous flier crashed to his death.

Short Shots

It is significant—or is it?—that Edna May Oliver has been given a long-term contract by Metro—Jean Harlow will be seen next in The Gorgeous Hussy—Mac West's stand-in is Lilian Killigallan—D. W. Griffiths may stage a comeback—Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell have been elected a permanent co-starring team—Irvin Cobb has bought the house formerly occupied by Greta Garbo—Wallace Beery is to do Professional Soldier for Twentieth Century—Claude Rains, not Henry Hull, is to have the title role in The Hunchback of Notre Dame—Darryl Zanuck is to make Patrol of the Nile as a sort of air version of The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

Talkies Cure Stuttering

The University of Minnesota speech clinic, under Dr. Bryngelson, is now using sound motion pictures as an aid in the cure of stuttering students.

"When stutterers come into the clinic," says Dr. Bryngelson, "they are unwilling to face the fact of their stuttering. A film is taken of the patient in order that he may see and hear himself as others do. Once they see and hear themselves, the first step towards the cure is removed."

Donat Heads the Poll in U.S.A.

Robert Donat, the famous British actor and film star, although having been seen in only two pictures in U.S.A., The Count of Monte Cristo, in which, of course, he had the title role, and The Private Life of Henry the Eighth, in which he had a comparatively small part, came top of the poll in Buffalo—a city which corresponds to Birmingham or Manchester in this country.

He beat Clark Gable by 121 votes. The popularity contest was organised by an American newspaper, and the winners—Donat, Colbert, Gable, and Shearer—will receive Award Emblems created specially by the Buffalo Society of Artists.

Donat, incidentally, received a birthday card last week addressed: "Mr. Robert Donat, Film Aktor, Withington, England." The postal authorities of his birthplace sent it to the wrong studio in London and from there it went the rounds until it ended up at Donat's Hampstead home. The envelope showed that it was originally posted in Hampstead!

EASTER HOLIDAY NUMBER OF "PICTUREGOER" NEXT WEEK

NEXl week's "Picturegoer," aglow with colour, pulsating with movement, packed with romance, news and views in prose and picture, will be an extra-special Easter Holiday Number.

But it will be on sale as usual on Thursday, and the price will be the same—twopence everywhere.

In its pages you will find all that is best and brightest in modern screen journalism. There is not a dull moment in the hours of entertaining reading it provides for you.

All the films—and there are some fine ones, too—that will be showing everywhere throughout the holidays are reviewed by "Picturegoer" critics who have really seen them. "Stills" from many of them are presented to you in sparkling photogravure.

There is tantalising gossip "hot from Hollywood" and from the studios in Great Britain—happy, intimate details of what the stars are doing and thinking.

You will share the screen secrets of the hour. Women will revel in the fine beauty feature. Men will find news of just those pictures they like the best.

At home or away this Easter—"Picturegoer" will be an easy winner.

The Little Dog Laughed

The post office does not seem to have been too successful with film stars late.

Norman Long, who will be seen in the forthcoming R.I.P. Jubilee film, Royal Cavalcade, has a dog that is having the last laugh . . .

He's been to Australia and back without Norman knowing a thing about it! But he went in a photograph and not in the flesh. And this is how it happened.

Some months ago, Norman lent to a friend a picture of himself complete with pet, requesting that it should be duly returned to his home at Sydenham.

Time passed without any sign of it, however, and when Norman made discreet inquiries he was informed that it had been posted to him weeks before.

Where, then, had that darn picture got to? The mystery had indeed thickened. The friend had posted it, Norman had not received it, and the Post Office knew nothing at all about it.

It was, as it happened, at that moment on its way home from Australia, the officials "down under" having decided that it had got 11,000 miles off its course.

Owing to the fact that the friend's secretary had been short of sight, time, or shorthand, the letter had been addressed to Sydney instead of Sydenham.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
C. A. LEJEUNE takes you to lunch with Britain’s most famous actor and France’s most famous director, who are to work together in “Sir Tristan Goes West.”

CHARLES LAUGHTON, Rene Clair and I sat round the luncheon table in Laughton’s flat, and talked about turning Charles into a ghost.

We had climbed endless stairs to his flat—at least they seemed endless—a kind of “Seventh Heaven” pilgrimage. Up and up, round and round, and then a door, and we were there, at the top of that old Bloomsbury house, in one of the loveliest flats in London.

Big rooms, the whole width of the house, looking back and front on sky and plane trees. Walls panelled in the lightest cedar, low tables, built-in bookcases, everywhere light and clean colours, great bowls of amelones and fruit blossom.

It’s all new, made to order. The Laughtons, Charles and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, are just in process of settling in and Charles is as excited about it as a schoolboy. His favourite toy is the sliding doors between the two big living rooms. You press a knob, and they come sliding across, furtively and discreetly, like a well-trained man servant. Painted on one side are jolly little things like horses—or they may have been deer—I can’t remember. On the other side are fruit and flowers and things.

And if you don’t want either flora or fauna, you press another knob, and out comes a Japanese screen of Shantung silk, semi-transparent, highly intriguing.

But I was going to tell you about the ghost. You remember that Laughton and Clair and Korda are going to make a ghost picture in London this summer called Sir Tristan Goes West. The idea is that an ancient Scottish castle is bought up by an American millionaire, and transported to America, lock, stock and barrel, and with it the family ghost, who wakes up one day to find himself toasting about in the hold of the Aquitania. The story is set in “Punch,” a couple of years ago, and Laughton has rushed over to England between pictures to try out his make-up and discuss the script with director Rene Clair and producer Alex Korda.

“The trouble with a ghost,” said Clair, in his still uncertain English, “is to make him solid and at the same time—what do you call it?—dis-real.”

“There should be something mask-like about the face,” Laughton agreed, “something like wax, and I think we’ve got it here.”

He went across to the bookshelves, pulled out an old volume, opened it at the frontispiece. The face that looked out was a pale Cavalier, with the dark wig and beard of the period and large, melancholy eyes. “Look, Clair, isn’t that a lovely mask for a ghost? Gentle—kindly—sad—and you can put any expression you like behind that face.”

“He looks a very friendly ghost,” I said.

“He does,” said Laughton. “A charming fellow. The only trouble was that he was a coward, and didn’t want to fight.”

“How did he die?” I asked.

“Was he murdered?”

“No, he died at the Battle of Naseby.”

“Quite a straightforward kill.”

“Quite,” I said. “Except, as I say, that he didn’t want to fight. He’d rather dodge.”

“And what was his brave deed?”

“Well,” said Laughton, putting Sir Tristan back into the shelves, “he got to heaven in the end by throwing all the books in the castle library at a bunch of American gangsters. At least, that’s the present ending of the film. In the end—you know what film scripts are—it probably won’t be the end at all.”

“What was your ghost’s domestic life?” I asked.

“His,” said Laughton sadly. “He had no attachments. He was a scholar and an artist and a dreamer when he had a body, and neglected his opportunities of enjoyment shamefully. Now that he is a ghost he has a perfectly awful time, with all the appetites of the flesh and no means of satisfying them. He can’t eat, he can’t drink, he can’t marry.”

“Oh, there is a love interest then?” I said.

“Oh yes.”

“Connected with the ghost?”

“Yes, he has a hard time, poor fellow. It isn’t reciprocated, you see. But he blesses the young lovers in the end—gives them his fatherly protection—and I suppose he gets some sort of satisfaction out of that—the censors would tell you so, anyway.”

There was an interruption as the make-up man of London Films dashed in, his taxi still clicking up threepences out in the street, to arrange for a wig test with Laughton on Monday. Clair and I talked about France and his last films, beginning in the middle, as betis old friends, and agreeing profoundly that everything he has made since A Nous la Liberté is—well, the word, I think, was lousy.

“I have got into a cul-de-sac that leads nowhere,” said Clair, “and I must get out quick. That is why I am coming to work in England with Korda. I want a fresh style of him, a new beginning.”

He smiled, that charming, perplexed smile that is really wasted on a film director, and I thought again, as I have thought a hundred times since I first met him, what an elegant film star he would have made. Looking from him to Laughton, as he talked to the make-up man, I would have sworn that anyone seeing them for the first time would have taken Clair for the star, Charles for the director. The Frenchman is a slim, dark, handsome young man, who hasn’t aged a month in all the years I have known him. Sometimes, quite unconsciously, he managed a Charles Boyer look. He is by taste and training an intellectual, but his appearance is incurably romantic. While the Englishman—

“Mr. Laughton,” I said severely, when the affair of the wig was settled, “you’ve grown very thin since you went to Hollywood. What have you lost? Thirty-five pounds?”

“Fifty,” he said cheerfully. “It’s a great improvement, don’t you think?” He pulled in his belt a little tighter, and showed the new
Laughton waist-line with pride. I looked at him curiously. An odd sort of man for a world-famous film star, pale, shy, strangely inconspicuous. There's something of the ghost about Charles Laughton in private life—he is what Clair so nicely calls "disharmonious." I believe he could go through a crowd and not be recognised—younger, fairer, more hesitant than his screen self. I like him immensely—a thing that I've never always done on the screen.

"You know," he said, as if he guessed my thoughts, "I've just made a really good film."

"Ruggles of Red Gap?" I asked. This was a couple of days before the first London show.

"Yes. I wouldn't be so informally conceited as to recommend it to you, only I really believe it's a good job. I tried to put it into it my whole feeling for America—and you know, I love America. Tears actually come into my eyes every time I sail from New York—I can't help it. For that matter, they do when I leave England too. I suppose I'm sentimental about people and places."

"I thought Ruggles was a comedy?" I said.

"How have you managed to put sentiment into it?"

"It's a kind of Chaplin comedy," Laughton answered. "Pathos as well as humour. But I mustn't talk about the film, or I'd prejudice you. It's awfully difficult to discuss one's own films with you people who write the criticisms—I never know how much harm I may do."

"It's all right," I said quickly, to reassure him.

"You won't prejudice me. Nothing prejudices me."

He turned on me in a flash.

"Oh, how dare you—how dare you—say a thing like that? Nothing prejudices you? Then you're simply not human."

I withdrew with apologies.

"One thing certainly prejudices me," I agreed, "and that's personality. If I meet a star and dislike him very much indeed, I always try to say the best I can about his pictures, just in case I'm tempted to be unfair."

"Yes. I can understand that," said Laughton.

"And who do you dislike?"

I told him.

He nodded.

"Yes, he's pretty nasty, I agree. I hope you don't feel that way about Clark Gable?"

I passed. Clark Gable is one of my secret weaknesses. That made me cautious.

"I like him," I said mildly, "but I don't admire him as an actor."

"Nonsense," said Laughton enthusiastically.

"He's a grand actor, probably the best leading man in Hollywood. Just think of him in It Happened One Night. I went five times to see how he did it, and even then I didn't know."

But wasn't that Frank Capra's direction?"

"No, it wasn't Capra, or he would have pulled off the same trick with Warner Baxter in Strictly Confidential, and he didn't. He didn't quite manage it with Claudette Colbert too. She was good, but you could see the wheels go round. But not with Gable. I tell you he's a great actor—he's saved more pictures from flopping than any star in Hollywood. I'm quite excited to think that I'm going back to work with him now."

"In Mutiny on the Bounty?" I asked.

"Yes, with Robert Montgomery too. I'm looking forward to it tremendously. I really ought to be back there now. I go on to M-G-M's pay roll on March 15th, but I told Thalberg that I could usefully put in a week or two in England talking over the plans of Sir Tristram with Clair, and he let me come, as Montgomery is still off somewhere in the South Seas."

"A thing I can't understand," put in Clair curiously, "is how you can really enjoy working in Hollywood. It was different in the early days of Chaplin—he was an artist, and he could work independently and be answerable to no one. But to-day it is different. Nobody is independent, least of all in Hollywood. The cinema is just one great industry—it is not like the theatre—there is no longer room in it for an artist."

"I think you're wrong there, Clair," said Laughton eagerly. "In fact, I'm certain you're wrong. There's more real genius and intelligence in Hollywood to-day than there is in the whole modern theatre put together. I wouldn't go back to stage acting now for anything, unless it was a question of earning my bread and butter. I like to work in Holly-wood—I like the people, the conditions, the studios—everything about it. I told you I was sentimental about America, didn't I?"

Clair and I took our leave and went out into the London square.

"A curious man, this Laughton," he said slowly, as we faced the weather together. "I cannot understand his argument about Hollywood. But I think it is true what Korda said to me last night, that an actor can work anywhere, because he has only to deal with the director, but a director can only work in a country that is congenial to him, because he has to deal with everybody."

"In return for that," I answered, "I'll tell you what Korda said to me yesterday about Laughton. He said, 'Charles will give me eight good reasons why he should play a scene in a certain way. Every one of the reasons will be wrong. But the scene itself will be right.'"

"A wise man, Alex," said Clair, nodding—and then with a big smile of which Charles caught us around the Square gardens, he muffled his overcoat more tightly round him and shivered.

"I don't think I care to make pictures in your England after all," he said, with his disarmingly smile. "Not if your summer is anything like your spring."

And we raced for the nearest taxi rank.
Madge Evans talks to Shirley Temple
One of the few child actresses to become a star, Madge Evans can give little Shirley Temple some sound advice on how to keep her public.

TRANGEST of all strange phenomena developed in the picture business is the child star. To the clinking tone of gold at the box offices, many a baby smile and mannerism have zoomed swiftly across the film horizon, as if coming from nowhere, flashed with dazzling brilliance. Then abruptly, in most cases, it disappears, never to be seen again.

Such is the case of the average child star, whom time relentlessly brings to the point where he has outgrown his mantle of childish stardom as completely as he has outgrown the childish clothes he used to wear.

Exceptions to this grim rule have been pitifully few, occasionally a familiar name will reappear on the silver sheets to reclaim forgotten popularity. And the public, still remembering, flocks to see the change that the years have wrought in "little Miss So-and-so." But, nine cases out of ten, "little Miss So-and-so" couldn't make the grade. She was "just too cunning" as a child, but the grown-up version is sadly disappointing.

At the moment there is another wonder child blazing across the kinema sky, like a bright and dazzling comet, over a trail left vacant by Baby Peggy Montgomery, Jackie Coogan, Ben Alexander, Mickey Daniels, and others, whose inevitable fate was to grow up. This new wonder child is the tremendously talented Shirley Temple.

What is to be her fate? Is she also going to fall under the precocious child jinx—dropping into oblivion when that gawky age catches up with her?

A public who loves her, desperately, hopes this is not to be, and has asked Madge Evans, who adds her fervent hopes with the rest, to give Shirley advice on how to avoid this pitfall.

"When I played with little Shirley Temple, she was not as well known as she is to-day," declared Madge, upon being approached with the subject. "But she was a lovely child and marvellously unspoiled. Her mother was a fine woman—and not one of those 'stage mothers' that one looks upon with fear and dread. She was a charmingly intelligent woman—an ideal mother to whom Shirley would run for advice if she were in doubt about what to do.

"As long as Shirley gives her the same love and respect that she did when I knew her—half of her battle is already won.

One of the greatest dangers that Shirley will have to look out for is taking seriously the inevitable praise and adulation that grown-ups will give her because of her babyish charm. It is fatal if a young child actress begins to depend upon it. For when she gets to the gaggy, gawky stage, this love and praise ceases as suddenly as it began.

"Then the child fights to retain the petting and spoiling that she has learned to thrive upon. When the child feels that she is losing it, she tries to get her treasure back by being 'smartly' and striving herself to be 'cute.' So at this early age Shirley should realise that what people tell her should not be taken too seriously.

"Then, there is her relation to other children," continued Madge. "Generally precocious children, if they don't have an intelligent person watching and guiding them, get the idea that they should receive the same attention from other children that they get from grown-ups.

"Other children are naturally a little awed and still when playing with a famous child, and wonder what it is the other fellow has that they have not. This only tends to make the famous child more conscious of her own importance. She starts to lord it over the others, and if she doesn't get the attention she wants, she won't play—that harming herself by cutting off the valuable experience of playing with other children.

"Shirley should be protected from a tendency to over-act. All children love to act, and a child actress usually passes her time dressing herself in clothes and acting before the mirror instead of going out and playing. I hope that the signs of the gawky stage appear and the child has lost most of her babyish attractiveness, before her parents should not force her through the year or so left of her career for the sake of a few extra dollars. But they should take her completely away from the pictures for four or five years, so that she can make school friends and play with other children.

"In short, she should become a normal little girl. She should be made to act, completely that she is a child wonder. Others will soon enough. After a year's absence from the screen, the best and most prominent name will be hers.

"Then, if the young girl decides that she wants to become an actress, she should still forget all about her brilliant child's career—put it completely behind her. She should be willing to start all over again, as if she were just beginning. Instead of going back to acting in the handicapping light of a 'come-back.'"

When I was fifteen, after having lived for five years the normal life of any little child, I decided that I wanted to be an actress. I had stopped wanting to do anything else and in pictures when I was ten years old.

"I hunted for work in every theatrical company in New York. It took me a solid year until I finally got a small part in a stage production of What Every Woman Knows, as a maid. In so many small bits, unimportant parts that could have been played by any ingenue.

"On Broadway I finally worked up to ingenue leads—but it took a long time. To be exact, I spent five years looking for work, playing bits, and leads in shorts, until I was asked to play the part of a girl on 'Just Love.'"

"I do want to emphasise the fact that I was not brought up with the thought of my previous success as an actress wanted to forget it. For I learned that what was cute as a child didn't help any when one was older.

"If I happened to be the right time when they were testing every one in New York for talking pictures, and there was someone there who remembered a child they had seen a few years ago, I was generally lost out, for the remark of 'she was a child actress, and you know they never make good' carried a lot of weight.

"Little Shirley, when she reaches the gawky overgrown period, will have a harder time living a normal life than I did. In New York, pictures were just a fraction of the activity back there, and it wasn't hard for me to forget all about them. But in Hollywood, films are the chief topic of conversation—all the local parlours.

"However, Shirley's father is not in the picture business, and she has a sensible mother, and two older brothers. She is not going to play. It therefore shouldn't be so difficult for her to grow up normally, then, even if she does remain in Hollywood.

"As for the present, if Shirley remains that same little girl that I knew, who, when she didn't understand the things they told her, would ask her mother's advice, I think she will be surrounded by people who told her the marvelous things she could do, she will make the grade.

"I can tell you she is one of the most talented children that I have ever seen. She has the most utter naturalness—her lack of self-consciousness, marvellous to watch. My hope is that she never loses this, no matter how famous she becomes.

"The hardest thing I think that Shirley is going to have to learn is that what is cunning in a child counts absolutely nothing when one is grown up, and that there are many other things in the world just as important as pictures."

Madge and Shirley appeared together in the musical film "Stand Up and Cheer."
Anna Sten and Gary Cooper

The glamour queens clamour for the tall ex-cowboy star. Even Garbo has expressed a wish to have Gary as her leading man. Anna Sten is the lucky lady this time. They are co-starred in "The Wedding Night." The film, incidentally, marks Cooper's return to the Sam Goldwyn fold. Sam paid him £50 a week at the time he left. Now he has to pay £2,000.
£800 every month to be won!

WINIFRED SHOTTER:
Don't talk with your mouth full!

What would YOU say?

£500 1st prize £150 2nd prize £50 3rd prize
200 prizes of 10/-

Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on May 17th.

If Ralph Lynn had said to you "Pass me that Nestlé's Chocolate!"—how would you have replied? You see what Winifred Shotter said—now, what would you have said? That's all you have to do in this month's Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition. We all admire ready wit. Here's an opportunity to show yours—and of winning £500 in this month's Nestlé's Chocolate Competition! One piece of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate tastes so good that it simply calls for another... and another... until there's only the wrapper left! And you'll need that to enter for the Competition. This month's Competition closes on April 30th.

NESTLE'S chocolate

NOTICE: The latest date for exchanging Nestlé's Free Gift Coupons is 30th June next. All applications for Free Gifts should be sent in before that date, when the Free Gift Scheme terminates.

* HOW TO WIN *

1 Nestlé's will award a first prize of £150 to the competitor who submits the most suitable reply to not more than twelve words to Ralph Lynn's remark. To the competitor who submits the next most suitable reply, a second prize of £100 will be awarded, and to the third, a prize of £50. In each case £100 will be awarded to 200 competitors whose attempts prove merit in suberbity.

2 You may send in as many entries as you wish. Each competitor, each entry to be accompanied by the front of wrapper from either:
   One 1st. block
   or Two 1st. blocks
   of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.

3 All entries will be individually considered by a panel of expert judges. No correspondence can be entered into and the expert judges' awards must be accepted as final and binding. No employees of Nestlé's or any associated company may enter. Nestlé's reserve the right to use any piece submitted.

4 After filling in the reply space cut out the whole advertisement, and post with wrapper in a sealed envelope to Number 1 Competition, Nestlé's Silverburne Road, Battersea, S.W.5, not later than April 30th. Write clearly in pencil. Illegible entries will be disqualified. Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on May 17th. The names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes will be published in the Press on May 15th & 16th.

Don't cut this coupon. Post complete advertisement. I agree to abide by rules of competition. Please write in BLOCK letters.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 13, 1935
GET a great deal of interest and amusement out of reading in the newspapers what I am reported to have said, if I am going, or if I am not to go. I find it as stimulating as a cold bath, because it is just as much of a shock.

Reporters are my friends, thank goodness—I would sign a document this minute accepting full responsibility for all they’ve said about me in the last ten years—but it is good to have an opportunity like this to correct some of the more recent mistakes.

I have been credited with offering £20,000 for the best idea submitted for a new film for Eddie Cantor. That was a mis-representation which may have been unfair to me but was doubtless fair to the writer. When I was a boy and living in London I found a mountainous mail waiting for me—letters from hundreds and hundreds of people who had heard of the £20,000.

What I had actually said was that the right story for Eddie would be worth £20,000 or even £50,000. It would. The story is the most important part of any picture, and if I am spending £200,000 on a Cantor film I will willingly pay a quarter of it for a story that is a certain winner. I know I will get the money back three-fold.

Cantor, you see, is, apart from Charlie Chaplin, the biggest money-maker in England. You may doubt me, but it can be proved with figures. So you will realise why I am anxious to have a tip-top story for his next film.

Then I am reported as having come to England on a lightning search for new stars. That is only true in so far as I am always looking out for new star material. You may remember that I found Vilma Bánky years ago when I was on a holiday in Hungary; I saw a photograph in a shop window and traced the owner.

Three years ago I saw Anna Sten’s picture in a New York Sunday paper; within a few days my agent was in Berlin getting Anna’s signature on a contract.

I have been saying for years that England is full of undiscovered talent. Americans who never cross the Atlantic have no idea how beautiful your English girls are. Believe me, they were amazed when they saw the crowd of lovely girls with whom Korda had surrounded Charles Laughton in Henry VIII.

It is only in the last year or two that British producers seem to have become conscious of the talent that is waiting on their doorsteps. I watch your woman stars, and I am afraid that I will have to find a substitute for that if I have the time to make a thorough search I could probably find half a dozen film stars among them.

But I am a one-man firm, the only producer in Hollywood without a partner, and at the moment I am hoping for a fairly full with Eddie Cantor, Anna Sten, Miriam Hopkins, and, now, Merle Oberon.

Merle is going to make one film a year for me, beginning in May with The Dark Angel. To my mind she is one of the most fascinating girls in films, and I plan to present her just as I see her walking in the street, for then I think she is at her loveliest.

H er looks need no “grooming,” in the accepted sense of the word, for I don’t think Miss Reid ever be more appealing than she was in The Private Life of Henry VIII.

Please note that I am quite sure of the fact that Miss Reid needs more than great acting—personality.

The wonderful thing about films is that if you have an interesting personality there is no limit to what you may accomplish. I have never worked on an already great actress come to Hollywood and develop into a great personality, but I have known people in pictures who have come with little but personality and have developed into really great artists.

Nonetheless, there is none. Joan Crawford is another. Ronald Colman is another. Ronnie had it, but his personality stood out mile the first time I saw him. He was no great shakes as an actor, I admit. But in the ten years he worked for me he improved with every picture, and now, in China of India, he has given a truly great performance. Unfortunately he’s not working for me now, so the other fellow gets the benefit!

Gary Cooper is another good example. Nine years ago a raw-boned cowpuncher walked into my office along with a hundred others in answer to a call for young men. Gary was probably the dumbest of the lot, but I singled him out at once because I could see he had personality. I paid him $8 a week to play a small part in The Winning of Barbara Worth.

After that film, Paramount offered him better terms, so Gary appealed to me to release him from his contract, I consented, and out of gratitude Cooper said, “When this contract is finished, if I can be of any use to you, you shall have first call on my services.”

That contract lasted eight whole years, but the day it expired Gary came to my office and modestly reminded me of his promise. I accepted at once, and I paid him $2,000 a week to make The Wedding Night with Anna Sten.

Personality alone won Cooper his first lift from extra ranks, but in the nine years since then he has become a fine actor. He proved that in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, and I believe you will find further proof in The Wedding Night.

Personality gets hundreds of girls a start first in Hollywood, and after that it’s up to them. When I was starting production of Kid Millions 1 personally interviewed no less than 3,000 girls.

I was scarcely interested in their acting ability. I gave a job to hundreds of fifty, and of them I am quite confident that at least one in six will go much further in films.

You will probably find a big change in star names in the next two or three years. By that time either colour films or stereoscopic films or both will definitely have arrived, and that will bring changes in certain. Colour will be the first test, for colour films are well on the way now. I have seen (and I wished I could lock a contract of Becky Sharp, for which I loaned him Miriam Hopkins. I think it will be a sensation, for it contains the most marvellous colour I have ever seen.

And if the colour is sensational, so, I prophesy, will be Miss Hopkins. She looks wonderful. She has an absolutely perfect colouring which comes out perfectly on the screen.

But every present-day star will not look so wonderful in colour. Many will, I do not doubt, but there are bound to be some changes, for the colour photography will make new demands.

Hair colouring will have a new importance. Chemists will be busy.

Although I think it is quite probable, it is by no means certain that future films will be 100 per cent colour. The decision rests with the public, and the reception of Becky Sharp, apart from the obvious novelty attraction, will do much to determine whether or not other producers follow suit.

I do not think there can be any such doubts about the future of stereoscopic films. The film-going public may not have accidentally discovered black and white, but he must prefer to see the images living instead of flat.

I have been considering the possibilities of three-dimensional photography for two years, and I have every hope that in another year or so they will have developed them to the stage where I can use them commercially. For all I know, other producers’ experiments (and of course they are experimenting) may be further advanced than my own.

I am pinning my faith to a new system which aims at “natural vision” photography. It does not involve the old threedimensional effects on the film, like the stereoscopic still photographs which were very popular a few years ago.

By use of two different lenses, a film is made which gives the illusion of a greater depth in the third dimension than actually exists. The “natural vision” system aims to show the human being the landscape with the same amount of depth as is seen by the naked eye. This is achieved by means of a small attachment which fits on the lens of the present motion picture camera. It contains a tiny motor and a prismatic arrangement of revolving mirrors, turning at the rate of about 2,900 revolutions a minute. The auxiliary motor is synchronised with the shutter of the camera.

When the camera “shoots,” the mirror sets the two pictures in the correct position and the entire frame is reflected in three different angles into the various mirrors and recorded on the celluloid. When viewed the three dimensions.

We shot some of The Wedding Night with this three-dimensional camera, and when we projected it in a private theatre it seemed as if the screen had vanished and that we were looking into a solid, live mass of flesh and blood.

Considering the stage of our experiments, the results were quite highly promising. The illusion of depth is reflected in three different angles into the various mirrors and recorded on the celluloid. When viewed the three dimensions.

The three-dimensional photography will kill painted backgrounds and half built houses; it will demand new ways of filming. No longer will a film just reflect the illusion of a greater depth in the third dimension than actually exists. The “natural vision” system aims to show the human being the landscape with the same amount of depth as is seen by the naked eye.

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Yet a further reason why 'Mine's a Minor'

Cork-tipped 'Ivory'-tipped or Plain—

... I can get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-.

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

In Tins

30 FOR 1/- + 60 FOR 2/-

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped
Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

Should British Stars Become Americans?

Dangers in the Studios—
Tracy Turns Farmer—
So Does Ralph Bellamy
—Trouble on the Telephone—Hepburn Launches Out.

Should British stars who achieve fame in Hollywood become naturalised Americans? The question is again being raised in the film city.

There is little doubt, I think, that recent reports that Ida Lupino was to take out her papers were inspired through the present reaction against non-American stars.

Whisper the word "Dickstein" at the moment and you send a shiver through Hollywood's foreign colony. Mr. Dickstein is the Congressman who wants to introduce a law limiting the admission of "foreign" artists. He announces that he intends to push the bill through this year.

Victor McLaglen, among others, has already legally become an American.

Janet's First Home

Contrary to general belief, Janet Gaynor never owned a home before she recently purchased the beach house of the late George Hill, director. She proposes to live there six months each year.

Stars of the Past

It is amazing how former film stars cling to the studios, and gladly accept very minor roles, or even extra parts.

Among former "headliners" now working in the studios are Lillian Rich, English actress; Alice Lake, Helen Gibson, Harry Myers, Rosemary Theby, Stuart Holmes, Fritzi Brunette, King Bagott, William Farnum, Gaston Glass, and many other, too numerous to mention.

At various times the suggestion has been made that films be produced with casts of former film favourites, but it is questionable whether the idea is feasible.

Tracy Truly Rural

Spencer Tracy has leased the Gary Cooper ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and moved his 102 chickens, twelve polo ponies, a Shetland pony and her colt, and his family there. It is to be his permanent residence.

The estate has a swimming pool and a small polo field.

After the Party

Kay Francis spent thousands of dollars decorating the front of the Vendome as an imitation ship, and constructing a slide on which the guests coasted into the ballroom, so as to have an impressive party before departing for New York.

However, some of the guests did not like the slide very much, for suits and gowns were torn, and various scratches sustained.

Legion Honours McLaglen

Victor McLaglen has been made a member of the American Legion and also has been presented with a gold plate for his services in promoting principles of good citizenship.

McLaglen served in the British Army during the World War, and under ordinary rules was not eligible for membership in the American Legion. Through special dispensation, he has been taken into the San Gabriel Post.

The gold plate was presented in recognition of his organisation of his Light Horse Cavalry troop.

Movie Hazards

Gary Cooper's alertness saved King Vidor, the director, from being bitten by a deadly black widow spider.

Vidor was directing a group scene of forty extras in The Wedding Night at the Samuel Goldwyn Studios when Cooper's voice broke in: "Don't move, King!"

Vidor stood rigid! The extras watched excitedly and Cooper walked up to the director and slapped him sharply across the face.

Cooper killed a fatal black widow spider and thereupon saved the director's life.

It was just another instance of the dangers of a movie career.

An Actor Landlord

Ralph Bellamy now owns real estate in three of the four corners of the United States. He has a house in Beverly Hills, a home in Florida and recently added a farm in Connecticut to his holdings. The farm is in Salem County covers 150 acres, through which rambles a brook filled with trout. The land is wooded with pine, spruce, maple, elm and oak, and the deer are so plentiful that high fences are built around the gardens to keep the deer from eating the vegetables.

The fact that the farm is only about 3,000 miles away from the Hollywood studios does not bother Ralph a bit. When he has a few days holiday he simply hops into an airplane and crosses the continent in less than a day.

Wrong 'Phone Number Preferred

The Hollywood studios are very careful to give wrong telephone numbers in their stories.

Strange, but true, the studios do this for the reason that innocent persons may be involved and damage suits will result.

Also, addresses of warehouses and stores are used for residences, so that no one will sue them.

The reason is that if Mr. and Mrs. John Johnes suddenly discover that their phone number or street address is used in the movies as the habitat of gangsters, they decide to file suit against the studio. So the movie companies are taking no chances.

Is She Ritzy?

Katharine Hepburn, who used to drive up to the RKO-Radio studio in a car of inexpensive make, now utilises a 16-cylinder automobile which cost plenty of money.

Katharine like Marlene Dietrich, evidently realises that the day of slacks and simple attire is over.
"There's one charm no man can resist" says Fay Wray

"THE ONE THING that makes a girl irresistible is a soft, smooth skin," says Fay Wray, one of Hollywood's loveliest stars. "And with Lux Toilet Soap any girl can keep her skin lovely." This is why:

New skin for you within 6 weeks
Your skin is always changing, specialists say. Tiny cells flake off so that within six weeks your present surface skin will have disappeared and a new skin, now forming beneath, will be revealed. If you give this growing skin the right care now it can be smooth and lovely when it appears. The special lather of Lux Toilet Soap cleanses away all dirt and stale cosmetics from pores and skin-glands, keeps new skin smooth and lovely as it comes to the surface.

846 of the 857 leading stars use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your growing skin soft, smooth and clear, and see how lovely you can be. Lux Toilet Soap is obtainable everywhere.

Apply rouge perfectly with the IVA Rouge Brush
It shades on rouge exactly where you want it—then dust on your favourite face powder with the new and improved IVA FUR PUFF—the perfect puff, made from soft, silky natural fur; which can be washed as often as you wish:

The Ideal Face Powder MUST...
1. be scientifically made with strictly MATT components to guarantee that your complexion shall have the selcetly bloom of youth.
2. leave no patches, no visible make-up.
3. last for hours, through sports and dancing, although itself an invisible film, just lightly dusted on the skin.
4. suit both dry and greasy skins, act as a TONIC and not clog the pores.
5. have that faint elusive fragrance which attracts and yet makes your own personality so distinctive.
6. have nine shades, to suit all types of beauty on all occasions... ONLY

Poudre MATTEVER
The original and ever-matt finish powder combines all these qualities and has No Equal and No Substitute. Recommended by the medical profession.

Cream MATTEVER
D A Y . C R E A M for a per fect MATT foundation.

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Apply rouge perfectly with the IVA Rouge Brush
WASHABLE·FADELESS·HYGIENIC

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WASHABLE·FADELESS·HYGIENIC
Constance COLLIER
Begins her
HOLLYWOOD CAREER

Will she be a second Marie Dressler? This article will help you assess her chances.

role of Dallas Athene in Ulysses, and she became such a favourite with London audiences that she remained at His Majesty's Theatre for many seasons. During this time she appeared in Ben Hur, The Eternal City, Trilby, Julius Caesar, Oliver Twist, Anthony and Cleopatra and many others.

At the height of her fame, Miss Collier decided to go to America and signed with Charles Frohman to appear as leading lady with William Gillette in Samson.

She added to her laurels, remaining in New York for a number of years, making annual pilgrimages to England for the Shakespeare Festival. One of her greatest hits in that period was Peter Ibbetson, which still remains one of her favourites.

During the war she made her first venture into motion pictures, appearing with Sir Herbert Tree in Macbeth and three or four other films. But she remained faithful to the theatre, and when she returned to New York, again presented Peter Ibbetson, with John Barrymore as Peter and Lionel Barrymore as the villainous colonel. This was the play that turned John Barrymore from a light comedian to the foremost romantic actor of the Broadway stage of that time.

In England and America, other plays followed, always with Miss Collier as star. Our Betters, The Rat, The Firebrand, Downhill were among them, and then she received another tremendous ovation for her performance as Carlotta Vance in Dinner at Eight. Turning to direction, she presented The Lady of the Camelias, Rebound with Ina Claire, and Cherries are Ripe with Viola Banky and Rod La Rocque.

Her wide acquaintance with Shakespearean roles and her distinct place on the stage led Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford to ask her to go to Hollywood again in 1929, and she gave special advice to them in connection with the filming of Taming of the Shrew, in which they appeared together.

Later she returned to England and resumed her reigning position on the British stage. Her acquisition by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is considered a distinct achievement for the company, but to Miss Collier it means the beginning of a new career.

Constance Collier as the eccentric and wealthy lady in "Shadow of Doubt" astonishes her servants by deciding to go out for the first time in twenty years.

Another scene from "Shadow of Doubt" which marks the beginning of new triumphs for the famous dramatic artiste.
JANET'S first Boy Friend

LIFE was not very exciting for the little star even when she had the first payment in her pocket for her work as an "atmosphere" player, but soon the critics found her. Then love played its first part in her career.

There was no sleep for Janet Gaynor that night! Her first picture pay cheque in her purse, Janet declared to permit the moss to grow beneath her soles.

Between visits to other studios, seeking work, Janet dropped in at the Hollywood Secretarial School, paid a month's tuition costs in advance, and set in to perfect her stenographic knowledge just well, just in case Hollywood didn't want her!

Meanwhile, she made some friends—Marian Nixon, another extra girl striving for better things, Marian's sister, Laura, Jimmy Kidler, a beginner on a Los Angeles newspaper, and Lloyd Bromfield, a cub on a Hollywood daily. Sometimes, in the evening, when Janet didn't have to study, they'd all get together on somebody's front porch and vision the future. Maybe, one of the boys would suggest a soda at the neighborhood drug store.

Life wasn't very exciting for Janet in that period!

Janet's winsome personality, plus her capability for expression, even as an "atmosphere" player, attracted the attention of assistant directors, and, after a while, she was kept employed with considerable regularity—so much so that she gave up her studies at the business college and became an assistant to a stenographer of the department.

She had been in Hollywood less than three months, when two bright young scribes in the Los Angeles Times' dramatic department picked her as one of the newcomers offering real artistic possibilities.

Genial Whitney Williams, making the rounds of the studios for his paper, met Janet first. He returned to his desk and went into a rave over her. His interest brought about an introduction to the youthful and clever Herbert Moulten, one of Whit's fellow workers.

It was exactly a year later that Moulten won for Janet a passport through the gates that lead to stellar honors.

Incidentally, this same Herbert Moulten was destined to become Janet's first real boy friend, and later her fiancé.

It was Moulten's persistent efforts on Janet's behalf that paved the course for her initial hit—a part in a FBO comedy starring Alberta Vaughn. When she had finished the role, the director called her aside, and informed her that he had been watching her throughout the shooting of the two-reeler.

"You've got a certain something that is necessary in screen personalities," he said, "and unless I miss my guess, you're going to travel far!"

Next came a lead in a two-reelers Western for Universal.

"You're set for the high road, Lolly," "Jonsy" assured her when she told him of her good fortune. "And nothing can stop you now."

Janet's portrayal in that box office so delighted Universal executives that they, with Herbert Moulten's urging, signed her as a member of the studio stock company. They paid her fifty dollars a week. It was her first film contract.

When they couldn't keep her busy in two-reelers, her bosses sent her into minor parts in feature productions.

In the interim, young Moulten had become a welcome visitor in Janet's abode. These two had much in common aside from Herb's interest in Janet's career. Herbie was only two or three years Janet's senior. They came from the same social strata. They were interested in the same thing—the films—Janet as an actress, Moulten as a critic.

And, above all, they were in LOVEx "Jonsy" had sensed that from the beginning, and he approved.

The Fox Film Corporation was preparing to do The Johnstown Flood. Irving Cummings, the director, was testing dozens of young actresses for the role of Ann Berger, the character who notified the countryside of the onrushing waters.

Along came Moulten to visit the publicity department one morning.

"How are they getting along with the Flood picture?" he inquired, just as a matter of routine.

"At a standstill!" replied one of the group.

"What's wrong?" Moulten wanted to know.

"Can't find the right girl for the lead," answered the other.

"Cummings wants a wistful, tragic young thing to play opposite George O'Brien, but he hasn't been able to find one.

The sentence went unfinished, for Moulten had dashed out of the door. Had someone touched off a bomb under him, he couldn't have disappeared more quickly. In less time than it takes to tell it, he was across the lot and in Cummings' office.

"Why not give a friend of mine a test for that Flood picture?" he asked the megaphonist.

"She's got everything you're looking for!"

"I'll take your word for it, Herb," shot back the director of the picture group.

That same afternoon, Moulten returned to Cummings' headquarters, dragging along a highly excited Janet.

The director glanced at Janet, then slapped Moulten on the back.

"You win, Herb!" he shouted.

Then, when he had calmed down, Cummings turned to Janet.

"Miss Gaynor, I am convinced that you're just the person for the part without testing you," he said, "but let's shoot the test just to convince the front office!"

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed, Janet Gaynor had a Fox contract. Three days later, Gaynor and her mother were bound for Santa Cruz for the location scenes for The Johnstown Flood. These were to be a tall, broad-shouldered fellow strolled into the Pullman in which Janet and her mother were passengers. He introduced himself as George O'Brien, and there began a friendship that both Janet and Mrs. Jones have always valued.

The troupe had been working just outside of Santa Cruz for ten days, when Herbert Moulten joined them. His editor, probably knowing of Herbert's interest in Janet, asked him to write a story on the filming of the flood scenes.

Janet was throwing every ounce of her meagre strength into the task, but she gave freely of her leisure to Moulten.

While a shimmering California moon played on them, Janet and Herb sat on a bluff overlooking the romance of the Pacific Ocean and pledged their troth.

Herb didn't have to tell Janet that he adored her. She obviously had sensed it. The question to be settled in that romantic setting was only, "When shall we be married!"

Janet agreed sightly high noon the next day.

So it was agreed that when Director Cummings sounded the luncheon signal, they would commandeer one of the company cars and dash into Santa Cruz, obtain a licence and be wed by a judge.

Everything went as scheduled in the Gaynor-
Moulton elopement—everything except the wedding itself.

Janet changed her mind when she and Herb reached the Santa Cruz county building!

She tried to soften the blow—and blow it was to Moulton—but despite his pleas, Janet was adamant.

She was afraid marriage might check, if not end, the career on which she had finally gained a start!

That Janet loved this writer who had secured her for the big opportunity there was no doubt, for, with the nuptials cast aside, she returned to the sets and put into her work a type of emotion that amazed even the most cynical of the players. Critics, viewing the finished production, hailed Janet's as a notable performance.

Fox signed her to a long-term agreement at $75 a week.

Under the new contract, her initial role was in The Shauerkach Handicap, with Leslie Nimoy opposite. Then she did an ingenuous The Midnight Kiss. Next came The Return of Peter Grimm, a vehicle that caused studio chiefsmen to take new heed of her ability. That was followed by another lead with O'Brien in The Blue Eagle.

Moulton's heartbreak was such that it might have served the average man—converted bird into a woman-hater. But Moulton was different.

He thought he understood Janet's reasons for calling off the ceremony at Santa Cruz. He still loved her. He would wait until she was ready for wedlock!

May be Janet, weighted down by all the ballhoo surrounding her rapid strides toward stardom, had changed her attitude. Perhaps it was the rush of life for she now was going from picture to picture with only brief rests in between, that caused Janet to see less and less of Herb!

Moulton, by this time, Whitney Williams, was using to grip the Moulton shoulder, and whisper into the Moulton ear:

"Cheer up, kid, and take an old-timer's advice," Whit, who is Moulton's age, was wont to say, "Never fall in love with an actress. I've told you that before. Perhaps you'll pay attention next time!"

Winfield Sheehan, supreme commander when it comes to Fox production affairs, decided to send Seventh Heaven, a vehicle that played for which his company had paid out heavy money, before the cameras. Because of the excessive price doled out for the rights to the piece, Sheehan was planning on making it a sure-fire hit.

While Sheehan had already signed Frank Borzage as the director, there would be a couple of montages action before start of actual work, for there was much to be done to the story, conception of the sets would require out-of-the-ordinary selection of the cast—well that was something else again.

Sheehan, however, had no doubt as to who would play Diana. He had been watching Gaynor ever since she had come to the lot. He had studied her in The Johnstown Flood—studied her through antagonistic eyes—and her portrayal had captured his heart. He had seen her in the other roles she had played for his studio, and had reached the conclusion that his initial guess had been wrong. And when he viewed The Return of Peter Grimm—allas, he was captivated by the ability of this youngster!

There was just one point about la Gaynor that Boss Sheehan didn't like. That was her teeth! They did need straightening, especially when she came into the camera for close-ups!

It would be a question for the scenario, the art and the casting departments to complete their preliminary labours on Seventh Heaven, so Sheehan sent Janet to a dentist. He permitted her to select the most expert, highest-priced specialist to be found in Los Angeles.

Janet arrived at the asset to the Fox Film Corporation, and the Fox Film Corporation would pay the bill!

When Janet took her place in the chair for an examination of her molar, she saw not one, but two white-coated men bending over her. The first, his hair streaked with silver, was the specialist to whom she had been sent. The good-looking, smiling young fellow was the assistant—Dr. Don Montgomery.

Montgomery, a South Dakota youth just graduated from the University of Southern California's dental college, was servicing a plane of work under the other before setting himself up in a practice of his own.

Janet and Don became fast friends—and Janet forgot Herbert Moulton!

Romance bloomed again for Gaynor!

Janet was much in Montgomery's company previous to her start in Seventh Heaven.

When Winfield Sheehan selected Charles Farrell from among his star and coming actors for Chico, Charlie was somewhere in the mountains, fishing. Notified of Sheehan's decision, he hurried back.

En route to call on Director Borzage to get his instructions, Farrell stopped in at the Fox publicity office. He was talking to Frances Deaner, who had watched his rise from the extra ranks, when George O'Brien hailed him.

"Miss Gaynor is in her dressing-room" announced George, "and as long as you are going to work with her in Seventh Heaven, she wants to meet you. Come up and be introduced!"

And thus began the Gaynor-Farrell entente cordiale!

Throughout the filming of this smash-hit, Janet and Charlie made love—screen love—to each other. When Seventh Heaven was given its premiere at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, Charlie squared Janet through the millling throns lining Hollywood Boulevard and, as the film unfolded itself on the silver sheet, heard Janet and himself cheered as the greatest of all screen teams.

Janet continued to see Dr. Montgomery after that, but more and more her interest was centring in Charlie. Theatre patrons visioned a Gaynor and a Farrell with hearts beating in unison off, as well as on the screen. When public appearances were necessary, the studio insisted that Janet and Charlie arrive arm-in-arm.

Because she has played so many emotional roles, director, together with chief Sheehan instructed that Janet be given a respite via a comedy role, and she was sent into Two Girls Wanted.

It was while little Gaynor was laughing her way through this vehicle that her step-father, 'Jonesy,' succumbed. "Jonesy" was summoned to his Maker while Janet's mother was recuperating from an illness that had almost snapped her heart strings.

Charlie Farrell was toiling in Fazil at the time. When he learned of the tragedy stalking Janet's home, he begged off from the stage, and hastened to the Jones-Gaynor residence.

Janet once told me she would never be able to wipe from her memory the colourful figure, who, unannounced, dashed into the living-room.

"Farrell" (that's her favourite name for her screen mate) "burst through the front door in Fazil's most ornate costume—the white and red and gold of an Arabian prince," Janet explained.

"He had come to offer his condolence and the hospitality of his beach cottage at Playa del Rey to mother and me.

His sudden appearance picked Mrs. Jones and Janet up mentally as nothing else might have done. And it did more. It welded the camaraderie existing between Janet and Charlie.

When, at the end of two months, the cameras began grinding on Street Angel, with Gaynor and Farrell again co-starred, the off-stage pushup of these two changed to real-life ardour.

Next week's instalment reveals the truth about the Gaynor-Farrell romance.

Yes, Janet can be conquestful if she wishes, but her long suit is uncompromised simplicity.

An informal shot of Janet token in the grounds of her Hollywood home and, inset, the star gets some hints on production from James Cagney, as he directs "Lady who Lied."

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Next week's instalment reveals the truth about the Gaynor-Farrell romance.
ABLE has acquired editorial status. In It Happened One Night he was just a reporter, but in After Office Hours he has the editor's chair; and I must say that, if the "dignity" side of his office is not conspicuous, he does invest the role with plenty of pep and a self-assurance that would make most editors of his generation green with envy.

Actually there is nothing very remarkable about the story, nor, if one approaches it critically, is it particularly convincing, but Robert Z. Leonard, the director, has put the thing over with a wealth of humorous detail and an incessant firework display of wisecracks which keep one well entertained.

Clark Gable is in his element as Jim Branch, the editor, for he can disguise the fact there is a rather thin plot over with a wealth of humorous detail and an incessant firework display of wisecracks which keep one well entertained. Clark Gable is in his element as Jim Branch, the editor, for he can disguise the fact there is a rather thin plot over with a wealth of humorous detail and an incessant firework display of wisecracks which keep one well entertained. Clark Gable is in his element as Jim Branch, the editor, for he can disguise the fact there is a rather thin plot over with a wealth of humorous detail and an incessant firework display of wisecracks which keep one well entertained.

How he contrives to extort a confession from the real murderer is told in a comedy vein and in a way, which is really subsidiary to the light-hearted love affair Jim engages in with Sharon Norwood, a society girl who has ambitions in the newspaper world and who scoots his suspicions concerning Bannister.

Although, basically, the picture is a conversation piece, the director has invested it with a sense of action which keeps the plot moving at a merry pace without any sense of "theatre."

Constance Bennett forms an effective foil for Gable—a sort of bread-and-butter, he-man performance. She exhibits that sense of humour which was so successfully exploited in The Affairs of Cellini and which makes her straight comedy performances far more effective to my mind than her dramatic characterisations. This may be an entirely heretical statement to some people, but I am entitled to my own opinion.

And while she does not quite rise to meet the standard of a Staaar (the heroine of the Stuck-in-the-tunnel) in one of those somewhat cut-to-pattern, but nevertheless amusing, portrayals as a photographer attached to Jim Branch's paper.

For the rest, Harvey Stephens is well in character as Bannister and Katharine Alexander shows to advantage in the small part of Mrs. Patterson. — L. C.

Novelty of idea and excellent characterisations are the strong points of this film and there is a rather unsatisfactory vagueness about the conclusions drawn from the theme in this picture, which sets out to present the trials and tribulations of the small tradesman threatened with extinction by big chain stores.

As far as I could gather, the conclusion drawn was that it was a good thing for multiple shops to buy up the small man so long as they could be sure he would keep them in comfort for the rest of his life.

Nevertheless, it is distinctly entertaining as a whole and besides Stanwyck and Gable, who have both ingruity and imagination in his presentation of a very varied collection of characters, who are given good lines to speak and are both convincing and human in their depictions.

Briefly, the plot—which is not nearly so important as the by-play—introduces us to a group of tradesmen in a country town who are gradually being squeezed out by the advent of chain stores.

There comes an offer from a big concern to buy the shop occupied by the small shops. All except one of the interested parties are ready to agree.

CLARK and CONNIE

If you can become excited about George Raft's secrne invention of the rumba in this year of grace, 1935, you will probably find this film interesting enough. George is seen as a species of gigolo in a somewhat sordid romance with Carole Lombard as a rich and thrill-seeking society girl. The delightful Margo is not very vital as third angle of the triangle and is given very few opportunities.

Raft, owing to being mixed up with gangsters, goes to Havana, where he dances in a café. He takes the risk of returning to New York in order to effect a reunion with Carole. He receives a letter threatening him with death during his performance on his opening night. This gives the producers an opportunity to introduce a touch of good old-fashioned bokum. Margo faints from fright and Carole comes down from her box to carry through the performance as his partner.

Minnie Rayner and Ernest Butcher present two clever character studies in "The Small Man," a story of the trials of the small tradesmen.
The threat, it is consequently revealed, is merely a publicity stunt by the hero's manager.

The dancing, particularly that of Raft and Margo, which occupies about a quarter of the footage, is excellent, although whatever else it is, it is not the real rumba, and to me Carole Lombard is no Pavlova. The dependable Lynn Overman provides the comedy relief as the manager.—M. D. P.

White Lies

Just another Hollywood newspaper picture, which follows the accepted formula of hoisting the ruthless sensation hound on his own petard.

Even the fine acting of poor Walter Connolly as the sensation hound in question fails to rescue the story or make the part convincing.

Slight romantic comedy with one or two tuneful song numbers and ingenious humour. The film's plot is quite skillfully directed by Anthony Kimmins and is rendered fairly amusing in its by-play and detail.

The song numbers are well introduced and the production generally has a certain amount of technical polish.

The story tells how John, whose wealthy uncle has decided he must find work, visits Polpavia and meets Princess Sandra, with whom he falls in love. She is betrothed, however, to Prince Michael, and he returns home heartbroken. Later, when he is trying to make a living by selling silk stockings, he meets Sandra again, a mannequin in a costumer's and an exile.

Finally, John has a bright idea. The ex-queen writes to her hopeful co-star for help.

He appears as John Frank Mitchell, publisher and editor of The Daily Dispatch, obsessed with the familiar print-news-no-matter-what-run journalistic code. As a result of one of his scoops a repentant embezzler, Dan Oliver, is brought to book before he has had time to carry out his intention of returning the money. Mr. Oliver, who is, incidentally, very free in the use of firearms, shoots his way out of court and escapes.

The wanted man’s penniless fiancée is befriended by Joan Mitchell, the newspaper magnate’s daughter. The latter, with a man friend, is arranging an apartment for her when Oliver arrives on the scene and shoots the man.

Joan is charged with the crime and things are not going too well for her despite the fact that papa breaks down on the witness stand and confesses that all the trouble was due to his wicked headlines.

Terry Condon, a policeman, who is interested in Joan and whose career has been furthered by Mitchell’s influence, comes to the rescue, however.

The film lacks even the virtue of its kind—good wisecracks. The dialogue is, in fact, dull and uninspired. The story is developed on conventional lines, and we have the policeman hero introduced in the ancient situation of refusing to be bribed by the newspaper proprietor’s power or money.

The latter role is efficiently played by Victor Jory. Connolly makes the best of a hopeless role and Fay Wray little better served with material as Joan Mitchell. Leslie Fenton is inclined to overact as Oliver.—M. D. P.

Under Pressure

There are further complications when Rivers’ niece, Diana, daughter of his ex-convict brother, arrives on the scene chased by a blackmailer, and the two families, first fighting and then aiding each other, soon get into a hopeless tangle, in which Duck, Rowley’s timid secretary, plays an important part.

However, everything comes right in the end, the fighting Rowleys triumph. The romantic note is struck by Sydney’s engagement to Eileen.

Tom Walls is a little crude at times as Sir Donald, but apart from this he puts up a characteristic and amusing performance. He is, however, easily eclipsed by Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare. It is these two comedians, imitable in their own way, who bring sustained brightness to the cheerless absurdities.

The feminine roles are adequately handled by Marie Foehr, Lesley Waring, and Veronica Rose.

Ben Travers has wisely relied on that formula which has proved so successful in the past for the foundation of this farce, and then covers up its conventionalities by decorating it with an abundance of news and hilarious slapstick gags.

He keeps the comedy team fed with bright situations and lines, and they in turn do their jobs by seeing that every lively crack register.

The film is quite good fun and capital light entertainment of its type.

The running times are picturesque, the interiors are decorative and appropriate while the knockabout situations, lightly spiced with sex, are neatly timed.—K. W.
Elisabeth Bergner returns to the screen in the film version of the play in which she created the greatest West End theatre furore of recent years. Her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, directed and Miss Bergner is supported by Hugh Sinclair, Griffith Jones, Penelope Dudley Ward, and Irene Vanbrugh.

Hugh Sinclair as Sebastian Sanger, who rushes to Gemma, and Penelope Dudley Ward, the society beauty as Fennella, the heiress. Both Sebastian and his brother are in love with her.
Gemma, jealous over Sebastian's affair with Fenella, runs away to London.

Scape me
NEVER

Elisabeth Bergner again chose Hugh Sinclair as her leading man—he played opposite her in the stage play.
moment's bewildered hesitation, then went back to the stage. For over twenty years the tremendous dramatic force of that incident has lingered in the back of my mind.

Always, I have had an idea of writing a story round it, and now I have done it.

On that situation, in fact, is based Eighteen Minutes, the new Vogue Production we have just completed.

We have changed the stage background to the more spectacular setting of a circus, and added a strong dramatic climax, but the theme is essentially the same. The jealous actor has become a jealous lion tamer. I, incidentally, play the role.

Katherine Sergava, and the other particular happy association friends. I appeared, you
Fascinating AMAMI Competition

"Friday Night's Amami Night," is a phrase that is famous all over the world. But it is more than a phrase, it is a story that has brought happiness to tens of thousands of girls. This tale of happiness that Amami brings is simply told in the three pictures below. You, if you are an Amami girl, can easily imagine the real life conversation that would take place in these pictures.

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It is but the work of a few moments to set your hair into deep waves and firm curls with Amami Wave-Set. Just damp the hair with this fragrant lotion, press in the waves, pin your curls and cover with a tight cap. In bottles at 6d. and 1.3.

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Amami Nail Varnish is obtainable in all the fashionable shades—Colourless, Natural, Coral or Rose. Nail tips, when varnished with Amami, give a long slender appearance to the fingers. Amami Nail Varnish is sold in bottles at 6d.

All you have to do to enter the competition is to complete the story by filling in the titles. It is an easy competition and there is no entrance fee. If you have not yet had an Amami Shampoo, try one to-night; you will then understand why Amami is the favourite Shampoo of thousands of girls. A FREE GIFT of the Amami Dream Book will be sent to every entrant.

FRIDAY NIGHT'S AMAMI NIGHT
He-man Gable has deserted the drawing-room for the wide open spaces in "Call of the Wild," Hollywood's screen version of the Jack London story. He is seen here with "Buck," who also has a big part in the film.
April 13, 1935

Glamorous

NEW FACE POWDER

thrills Society

EVERY WOMAN MADE MORE LOVELY

TALK in Mayfair at the moment is all of a new face powder which threatens to displace many famous brands formerly favoured by Society. Numbers of smart women are changing to it! "Here is a face powder that really does make me look younger," said a Society Leader.

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● Though Pond's Face Powder is the choice of the richest, every woman can afford it. Boxes are only 6d. and 1/-. Crystal jars for the dressing table, 2/6.

LADY DELAMERE:
"At last I've found the perfect powder, with a texture so fine it makes skin look like velvet."

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"Perfect skin tones, the natural one exactly suits my particular tone of skin."

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JEALOUSY

THE STORY of the FILM
by Marjory WILLIAMS

though he knew he had received the
clock-out of his career. "Larry, I
darling," she said, "have a little
cry. From the door, pushing his way
to the group of hangers-
on to the masseur's table, came Mark
Lambert. "Good morning, lamb," the
jeweller said. With a supreme effort
Larry sat up. "Right as rain, and
don't you forget it." He was off
the table in an instant, dealing Mark
a left hook to the jaw which sent
him flying across the dressing-room.
Jo might say what she liked, and
that was bitter enough; in spite of
Lambert's persevered. "Larry, O'Roarke felt
he had had his day.

But when the jealous fiend had been
exercised by a night's sleep, and the
sobering reflection of having lost
a five-figure dollar purse, and
his fighting reputation as well,
Larry found quarrel with Jo im-
possible. He quit his rooms and
spent some time arguing with her
mother, Mrs. Douglas, who shared
a house with a sister and brother-in-
law, Phil Redburn, on the East
side.

I don't think Jo will see you
today, but I'll tell her you're here," was
all Mrs. Douglas, a somewhat
anxious and wavering woman. She
called her brother-in-law to cheer
Larry up and departed. Phil Red-
burn had been in the process twenty years
without becoming much more than
half-baked, bore Larry with irrelevant
chatter. He wanted to see Jo, but
after an interval long enough for
her to have changed into the new
dress of her choice, which
impressed him hardly at all, she
was the reverse of friendly.

It's no use, Larry," she told him
twice while the tears in her eyes
reminded him of dew-drenched
tulips. "These instants always
be. I've told you time and again
there's nothing between Mark and
me, and in the end you never
believe it."

His temper rose at that. Five
minutes later he stormed down the
brownstone steps, no longer
an engaged man and with a diamond
ring in his pocket. To walk in the
roadster and drive seemed the only
thing to do. Disregarding traffic
lights and blocks, he drove, some-
how achieving the exchange of city
streets with vistas of tree-bordered
avenues. On, on, with the speed-
ometer needle veering at seventy
Twice he skidded corners. Now he
was in a more populated region.
Larry, through his hair's-breadth, safely avoided,
but when in the very middle of a
deserted suburban road he spotted a
car with humped back and waving
tail, he was obliged to pull up. In
his own words he missed the darned
thing-"May be any who owned the
cat and came up panting as the car
stopped, evidently didn't want it anymore. He
was fulminated about bad driving and
worse drivers before she retired to
her guest by which time, a figure
(Continued on page 32)
The flavour that you find in gooseberries at their ripest moment in July... the delicious flavour of the fattest furry “goosegog” on the bush—that is what Rowntrees mean when they say real-fruit flavour.

You can taste the fruit in

ROWNTREE’S

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SOLD LOOSE, 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS

6d. ASSORTED PACKET. (1-lb.) Rowntrees now offer 6d. as well as 3d. Assorted Packets to introduce all three consistencies in a wide range of real-fruit flavours. Buy one to-day.

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"BUT I AM WEARING INVISIBLE FAIRY GRIPS — THEY'RE MARVELLOUS"

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THE ‘EIGHT POINT’ GRIP

IN 6 SHAPES

FROM 2D. PER CARD

BLACK, BROWN, BLONDE, GOLDEN, GREY, SILVER
"Why doesn't someone tell her?"

Underarm neglect spoilt this girl's chances

Men may be crude, yes. But this unpleasant business of perspiring is something you must face. Someone— a boy friend or boss— may be saying it about you now.

How can you tell if you're offending? You can't. The only thing to do is to take the same simple, civilised safeguard that every self-respecting girl nowadays sees to herself. Use Odo-ro-no regularly.

ODO-RO-NO IS SAFE—and effective. Odo-ro-no was invented by a doctor to keep his hands from perspiring while he was operating. Now millions of women use it— under their arms, on their feet— to prevent completely that troublesome perspiring which so soon becomes unpleasant. (Even healthy normal perspiration goes stale and begins to smell in a few hours.) Only Odo-ro-no will both prevent perspiration and take away all smell. Odo-ro-no, too, is the certain way to save your dresses from that underarm discolouration which so soon makes them unwearable.

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1 INSTANT (or 'clear') Odo-ro-no is a liquid which will give protection for two to three days. Easy to apply and quick in action.

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Underarm neglect spoilt this girl's chances

getting out of a second car came running up. "Larry—Larry—tell me you’re safe. I’ve been so worried. Soon as you got out of the house this afternoon I was windy that you'd do something dreadful. Mike and the others evidently thought so too because they had followed you to Mother’s. They brought me along in their car now."

It was really Jo who was saying all this. Jo without a beret to control her dark curls, still wearing the new frock and no coat. Mike, Tony and Hank often made parity, realising that all was well, conveniently went back to town, leaving Larry and Jo to follow in the roaster.

"Promise me you'll not be jealous for a little while and go hitting out at people except they’re in the ring." Jo sighed. Throughout the drive home Larry remained a proper "yes-man," but on the brownstone housesteps he took her hands.

"Listen, sweetheart. My turn now to do the asking. Two things. When will you quit your job? I don’t like your working. You haven't any need to now I'm here."

"It’s Larry—what about your next fight?

"That’s easy. I’m not doing ‘cos I lost the championship. Say you’ll quit working, honey."

"All right. What was the other thing?"

"When will you marry me? Quit working to-morrow at nine and marry me at ten, eh?"

Not quite to schedule but in due course the dual feat was accomplished. Mrs. Douglas rose nobly to the occasion. At the brownstone house were flowers enough to deck a church, smiles for the clergymen and punch for the guests. Jo, no longer an office worker but most charmingly natural of brides in a bewitching hat, kissed her groom unreserved at the altar in the ceremony. For Larry ointment of that golden day contained only two flies. His short money on his honeymoon hadkeyed him up to asking Mike to lend him five hundred dollars. Mike had refused, but before Jo slapped off to change, she came to Larry radiant with a cheque for the amount.

"I’d rather give it to her. She’ll take care of it for you," Mike explained. The second fly, however, was not so easily extricated. While Phil Redburn was being hustled away from the punch bowl by a solicitous spouse, a florist’s box arrived for Jo.

"Red roses—oh Larry, were there ever such beauties!" she cried, her face vying with the rich petals as her fingers sought and turned the card engraved with the name Mark Lambert.

"If I thought I could have found anything lovelier to express my wishes for your happiness, I would have sent it," manslaughter, but his face kept free from perspiration for a week.

"How the words penned in the easy hand of to, put it bluntly, a gentleman stuck in Larry’s throat, effort though he made at swallowing them. On the honeymoon it was easy enough when the writer of the message. A fortnight of holiday-making at the Atlantic City Hotel with a reason to betle in the absence of luxury deniers, was pure bliss, nor did Jo seem to find any diminution of happiness in quitting the expensive life for modest housekeeping in an apartment on Forty-Fourth Street.

True the furniture and fittings being on the "pay out of income" system lacked distinctiveness which Jo brought up among the more solid mahogany of the brownstone house, recognised.

It’s all lovely and in time we’ll put about and pick up things with more character to them, won’t we?" she enthused appropriating a businesslike apron while Larry got to work with a tin-opener and the contents of the store cupboard. "A piano, for instance. We really need a piano!"

"I don’t know so much. Cost a few hundred dollars, wouldn’t it?"

"Maybe. I wonder if thinking we might take the money out of Mike’s present!"

"Mike’s present—why, what do you s’pose we’ve been living on this last fortnight?"

"Larry! Are we really short of money?"

She had stumbled on the truth. He had meant to tell her how hard up he was owing to his having staked everything on winning the championship. "Never mind, I’ll soon be in another fight," he evaded.

"Tell me just how much we have got," she riposted, and he was obliged to swallow the pill of admitting that a few hundred dollars was all that stood between them and starvation.

For a month he insisted that things should go on as usual, fighting to stave off the imminence of Jo’s decision to get a job. The blow fell one evening when he arrived home eager, on the strength of Jo’s suggestion that he should go into training, for an evening in town. At seven she walked in her street clothes, ready apparently for anything even Larry’s temper.

Now don’t look so cross, Larry dear. I’m sick of doing nothing. Behold the working woman with a date for Monday morning."

"You’re no need for that, I’ve told you a hundred times," he stormed. "Mike knows I’m out to take anything I can get. He’ll fix it."

"No he won’t. That’s just what I don’t want. Spoiling your career just for the sake of making me in looking pretty. Have a cigarette while I change. I’ll be ready inside five minutes."

An ugly thought made him call the bathroom door.

"Look here, you’re not going back to the old job; you can take it from me."

Who said it was the old job? Don’t be missy—come and help me get into this jumper—it’s not a stenographer’s job at all. I’m managing a jewellery shop down town."

"Jewellery! Then Mark Lambert got you the goods. I won’t have it. You can tell him I won’t have it."

A red rag dangled before his eyes while his fingers fumbled with loops and buttons. Wringing herself free, Jo faced the question, with all."

"The job’s nothing to do with Mark Lambert—nothing," she shouted. "I spent every penny you lent me and proved my worth by the trouble it cost."

were lost in a blur of angry jealousy. Conviction that his wife had repeatedly, and with a look of proof of her deceit. His unconscious self was ever seeking such proof.

"We’ll search one evening about a fortnight after Jo had started work through an empty apartment, resulted in Larry’s finding a note on the bureau. Omitting the "sorrys" and "Larry darling," the unvar-
M. ruder was in his heart as Larry swayed to and fro on the seat of a taxi, leapt forth before the driver had time to open the door. Larry caught the up-going lift just as a scarily looking elderly man with a suitcase stepped out of it.

Once before, Larry had invaded Mark Lambert's private sanctum without knocking. Having dodged the porter below, he achieved such an entrance a second time. He was too angry to notice that Jo, with hat and coat on, seemed on the point of crying. He was 80 mph. Jo only because that Mark was there and moreover that Mark was holding a Colt's revolver.

With dilated eyes, Jo, guessing Larry's intention, flung herself upon him. "Larry—Larry—please—there's nothing to worry about, there isn't anything wrong. Mr. Lambert asked me to come over to give my advice on something. I was going to buy—"from a man Smith— old man—he's just left. You must have run into him. It was only a moment or two, Jo promised.

Larry never would have thought it possible to tear Jo's arms round his neck, but he flung them off as though they had been a couple of match sticks.

"Don't talk to me. What's the fellow got with a revolver, anyway?" Mark spoke.

"Look, Larry. Mr. O'Roar. You're on the wrong track. I wanted Mrs. O'Roar to have this at the shop. It's lovely at night when she's working. It looks as though there's only a woman assistant." He looked Larry straight in the eyes. The man's self-poise, self-confidence, and obvious clear conscience were as，在 the tinter of Larry's accumulated horror. He hit out was the straight left that sent Mark to the floor, but failed to make him take the count. In a second Mark was up and giving punch for punch. An uppercut to the jaw and Larry's blood thumped in his ears. "Get out of here!" Mark ordered with levelled revolver. Larry was on him like a flash, forcing him to the floor. He split the weapon, laid hands on it, and fired. Bending over Mark's crumpled body, Jo raised a ghastly face.

"He's dead—Larry's dead. I'm still a prize-fighter. Will you—can you—count me out when I'm in the chair? If I thought the referee it would help. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!"

A towel flicked before Larry's eyes. He was in the ring, back in his corner. Mike's voice was in his ear. "I'd like to see Larry's blood saved you, lad. You're right as a trivet. Jo's here too. Now keep it up on Range, Larry." Could he be? In those ten seconds of the subconscious mind taking charge, Larry's head hit out, punch, a mental change had taken place. Jealousy had been ousted. Let the green-eyed goddess quit for ever if murder and punishment for murder were her ultimate gifts. Inspired with unspeakable relief at the nonreality of death, existing only in the mind, Larry at the sound of the bell, sprinted to the top. One round and POST-CARD NOW. A win.

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What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. ** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

I have always placed Miriam Hopkins in my own mind amongst the first dozen best artists on the screen and here she gives a performance that fully justifies such selection. As each girl who goes to sacrificial lengths to make sure that the man she loves is not just after her money she gives a performance that is broader in conception and more human in conception. It is her work that provides the main source of entertainment for as a whole the picture is very slowly developed and is overburdened with discarded situations. However, the technical side of the production is very good and there are many very amusing and well handled situations. As the hero who finally induls in caveman methods to win his wife, Joel McCrea is well cast and gives a good natural performance while Fay Wray is sound as the rich girl's secretary. As her perturbed husband, Reginald Denny is sound and Henry Stephenson is excellent as the heroine's guardian.

**THE WHITE PARADE**

Loretta Young shows to distinct advantage in this somewhat novel romance which sets out to glorify the nursing profession. As a probationary nurse who had to choose between love and a career and decides on the latter, she gives a thoroughly convincing perform-

pace full of sympathy and extremely well characterised. As her ardent lover, a young millionaire, John Boles is quite effective and a really brilliant character study comes from Jane Darwell as a matron.

In essentials the plot is distinctly noveletic and there is a tendency for an over-embellishment of the strict routine and duties of the nurses, but its detail work is often strongly dramatic and is well balanced with comedy.

The director has made his characters very human. Technically the picture is excellent, most of the action taking place in hospital interiors; it does not, however, lack a sense of action.

**I SELL ANYTHING**

Gertrude Jekyll is glorified in this swift moving and somewhat novel comedy which shows up in an amusing manner the tricks of the cheap auction racket. He is cast as a four-flushing auctioneer who gets in the big money and is nearly ruined by a girl posing as a society woman who knows the big side of the racket better than he did.

The main fault is a tendency to overdo the back chat both in the opening and closing auction sequences, and generally there is a wealth of wise cracks and the tricks of the trade are presented in an illuminating and ingenious manner. Claire Dodd is very good as the pseudo-society swindler, but Ann Dvorak has little to do as a girl whom the hero had rescued from starvation and who helps him to win through.

Helen Mack has a "mother" role in "You Belong to Me."
Don't envy the girl whose clear skin and complexion make her so attractive. You too can have a beautiful clear, smooth skin and radiant complexion, no matter how blemished, coarse or rough your skin may be.

Try this method for two weeks:—(1) Cleanse the skin twice a day with Cuticura Soap; (2) Use Cuticura Ointment in conjunction with the soap. The luxuriant mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap cleanses the skin to the very depths of the pores, washes away deeply embedded dust and grime, smooths and softens the skin. And to clear the skin of pimplies, enlarged pores, ugly red coarse patches, irritating spots, apply Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected skin a few moments before washing with the soap.

These gentle soothing emollients are all you require to make your skin clear and healthy, your complexion smooth, lovely and attractive.

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STOMACH SUFFERER SINCE CHILDHOOD

Now Perfectly Fit

To be perfectly fit and able to eat anything after over 20 years of acute stomach trouble is more than most people would dare hope for—yet this has actually happened to Mr. A. C. Downing, of Cavendish Road, Carlton.

These are his own words:—

"I must tell you how thankful I am regarding Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Since childhood I have constantly suffered from stomach pains, indigestion, heartburn, and was informed by doctors that it might be ulcers. I was told by my doctor to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and before I had finished the first 1/3 bottle I was much better. Until that time I had been obliged to diet myself and was often afraid to eat anything at all. Since the first bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can face a good meal with confidence—no more sickness, heartburn, etc. The secret of it is simply Maclean Brand Stomach Powder which keeps me perfectly fit and free from any discomfort."

And you can obtain just as great and speedy relief. But be sure to get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence, but ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets, at 1/6, 2/6, and 5/ nonlinear.
ON THE SCREENS—Continued

George Brent does well as the weak husband while Ann Dvorak gives an appealing and well balanced performance as the wife. Hette Davis is true to type as the mercurial and seductive charmer who nearly ruins her happiness. Detail work is good and the construction workmanlike.

A disappointing excursion into the realms of screen pantomime which will probably please the younger children but which has not taken advantage of the scope of the screen for the presentation of what is basically a story of everyday life. There is one particularly good spectacular incident of toy soldiers attacking bogeymen but otherwise it is not remarkable in scenic effect. Laurel and Hardy rely on very obvious slapstick fooling and are virtually starved of material.

Music, singing and dancing in the story of a publicity agent who conceives the idea of staging a "Cinderella" contest for his magazine which is won by Cynthia, a poor girl, who is in love with him. She suggests the idea of running a "Prince Charming" contest with the idea that the winner of it shall marry "Cinderella" in public. It is a course of events and there is quite a good deal of amusement in the presentation of circulation "ballyhoos" as practised by American magazines. Heather Angel is attractively winsifful as Cynthia and Roger Pryor is clearly aggressive as the publicity expert.

**YOU BELONG TO ME**

Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Bud Hanigar, Florence Vidor, James Cagney, Junior Durkin, Mary Brian, Joe E. Brown, John Mescalla, John Miljan, Pauline Lord, Habeared Kotschenreder, Byron Buell, Gene Lockhart, Estelita Rodriguez, Edith Tool, June Peterson, Stronge Dwane, and Daisy Lever.<br>


Very conventional back stage plot chiefly devised to exploit a new juvenile, David Holt, who should promise but whose voice production at the moment is very poor. He is cast as the son of a vaudeville artiste whose husband is killed in a trapese act and whose mother remarries unhappily and is also killed while doing a trapese performance. The chief character is the comic played by Lee Tracy who helps both mother and son. He is good but starved of material. Helen Mack is fair as the mother and Arthur Pierson is excellent as the boy's conceived and self-satisfied step-father. The acting, however, comes from Lynne overman as a stage manager.

**ROADHOUSE**

Violet Lorraine... Belle Gordon Hartley... Sam Emily Williams... Chester Allyn Moore-Hartley Power... F' Accounts Mad Art G... Miss Lucy Davis Myron... Mr. Brown R. Lafferty... Mr. Brown Robert J. Williams... Mr. C. A. S. Green


What might have reasonably been expected of a fairly good murder story has evolved into a disjointed and badly balanced mixture of very obvious comedy, bad drama and music hall interludes. The story deals with a barmaid who is a famous music-hall star and marries above her station, loses her husband and her voice during the later and later is instrumental, with the help of a publican who has always adored her, in saving her daughter—brought up in ignorance of her mother—from a murder charge. The whole thing is very disjointed and it is verylsely it fails to grip one at all effectively.

V. Lorraine is not well cast as the romantic barmaid in the early part, although she later puts over several music-hall songs with her accustomed aplomb. Roger Parker continues in his "tipped" role of Cockney public house proprietor while Emily Williams is once again a crook. As the daughter, Aileen Morson is attractive and Ann Grey sound as a feminine variety of crook.

**REDHEAD**

Bruce Cabot... Ted Brown Grace Bradley... Dale Carter Regis Toomey... Jack R. Ray Bob Random... Mr. Brown Berton Churchill... Mr. Brown Edward Woods... Tom M. Moore George Hurrell... Mr. Hocker Virginia Grey... Miss Bannerman Ed Brady... Joe Bass Phyllis Jackson... Lucinda Barker

Directed by Melville Brown from the novel by Mary Anderson. Premiered December 8, 1934.

T. the old familiar theme of the bad girl reforming the "nee-do-well" is put over in a fairly entertaining manner with Grace Bradley contributing a convincing characterisation as the heroine, a woman who is dogged by unpleasant publicity. As the man she reforms Bruce Cabot is well in character too and good support comes from Berton Churchill and Regis Toomey. The picture is a fair drama out in the opening but moves pleasantly enough once it gets into its stride.

**THE 3RD CLUE**
Fox, British. American Mystery Thriller. Runs 72 minutes.

Basil Sydney... Reinhart James Conaway... John Ewart Molly Lomax... Rosemary Clayton Robert C Koch... Peter Kerrigan C. M. Halland... Gabriel Wells William Valek... Richard Williams Raymond Lovell... Robinson Angela May... Miss Smith Frank A. All... Letty Patric Jordan... Newell T. Fleming... Mark Clayton Quinton McTern... Reacher Eric Fawcett... Jack Tully Dorothea Edson... Donald Currie Mabel Terry-Lewis... Mrs. Fuller Noel Dalton... Charapladia Riett Walker... Emily directed by Albert Parker from the story by Neil Gordon, adapted by Michael Barerger, Lance Slover and Frank Atkinson.

A frankly improbable and very complicated story dealing with the murders attending the search for some jewsels instigated by a young man. How much the help of the inevitable reporter, is ultimately successful. The continuity is very jerky and the suspense value indifferent.

**SHE MADE HER BED**

Richard Arlen... Joe... Bill Smith Sally Eilers... Lu... Lura Gordon Ellery... C. G. C. Aaronson Duke... Herdie Gordon Grace Bradley... McGillicuddy Gordon... W. D. Johnston Mme. Treppe... Frances Fifi Chalres Gadwall... Joe Olsen Richard Arlen... Sadi... John Lenahan Charles Selion... Mrs. McGillicuddy Directed by W. R. Huston from a story by James M. Cain, adapted by Richard E. Schickel. Unpleasant and sordid story told in a sensationally clap-trap manner with marital bitchiness as the main theme backed up with wild animal stunts. The action takes place in a touring circus in California and the culminating thrill is the saving of the baby's life in a fire—it is put in the ice-box.

Four Star Films for Past Twelve Weeks <br>Crime Without Passion <br>The Gay Divorcee <br>Three Star Films for Past Four Weeks <br>The Painted Veil <br>Of Human Bondage <br>Bride of the Ganges <br>A Wicked Woman <br>Over the River <br>Two Star Pictures for Past Two Weeks <br>The Great Betrayal <br>The Old Curiously Shop <br>The Band Plays On
Those who use Glazo can be sure of perfection. Its new rich lacquers impart a supreme loveliness to the 'beauty points' of the hands ... and more enduring loveliness, too, for tests have proved that the life of Glazo is half again as long as any other nail-polish.

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And that's but half of Glazo's economy—for a standard size bottle costs only 1½.

Six colours to choose from, and as a guide, a colour chart to show their finished effect upon the nails.

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CRIMSON - MANDARIN RED
FLAME - COLOURLESS

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13 4 35
Germany's Latest Gift to Elstree

Car-Fever—The Ring of Honour—Truly Rural at Sound City—Making Hay at Narkover—Camouflaging

ACCORDING to a film which we are to see in a few months' time, the good people of Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire... Wait a moment, I mustn't be wrong again... yes, Yorkshire, suffer from three kinds of fever in the course of the year—cod fever, lobster fever, and salmon fever. Not, kindly note, through eating 'em, but through catching 'em.

These three harvests are the three great events of the year to the local fisherfolk, and the film (called Three Fevers) is to be an epic of fishery.

Now, being a landlubber by conviction, that kind of fever never seems to affect me—though I did once have a nasty bout after trying conclusions with a pot of bicaltr paste. Nevertheless, I am afflicted by a kind of fever, especially at this time of year, which is shared by hundreds of thousands of other people.

Hay-fever? No, Malaria? No, Scarl—come, come, be serious.

Right, Johnny Jones! Car-fever. I see you're a fellow sufferer.

Hankering

As sure as spring comes round (and you can't say surer than that, even in our ex-climate), I begin to get a hankering for a new car—or, anyway, a different car.

Needn't have all the latest gadgets, from micro-adjustable spark-plugs to bathroom slippers, which take most of the fun out of motoring anyway. Needn't be so streamlined that you can't tell whether it's coming or going. But it must be just a little bit better, and bigger, and more exciting than the last one.

Some springs the fever has run its course, and I have to seek solace in the motoring journals and in pressing my nose to the windows of car-emporiums or emporia (but I should prefer to leave the choice to you). Other years—and this is one of them—Fortune smiles, and I take the right specific to cure the fever. (It's in my garage right now.)

But the point is that I have, as I say, hundreds of thousands of fellow-sufferers, who will sym-pathise not only with me, but also with Grethe Mosheim.

Dreams Come True

Grethe, in her new role in Car of Dreams, is a thirty-bob-a-week worker in a musical-instrument factory who takes the fever, and takes it bad.

Never having had a car, she is not very particular what kind of a thing she gets, provided it has six wheels (a spare for the road, and one to steer with) and will go.

And then, suddenly, she has given to her the very car of dreams, the car which every motorist has longed for and only one in several hundreds of thousands ever attains. (Actually it's a Rolls 25 h.p. Sedanca Coupé, but what has either Mr. Rolls or Mr. Sedanca ever done for me that I should give them a free pass?)

Well, Grethe, of course, is too well-brought-up a girl to accept so much as a Woolworth bangle (but-tut, another free puff) from a stranger; but the snag is that she doesn't know who sent it—you are bearing in mind that this is only a film? That's right—and a girl can't very well go round to all her friends saying "Excuse me, but did you send me a Rolls 25 h.p. (puff as before)?"—now can she? I mean, people would Think Things, and you couldn't blame them.

Not Too Real

So she just has to keep the car, which leads to all sorts of adventures—and in real life it would lead to all sorts of bills to say nothing of taxes, if I know anything about real life. However, this is a musical film, and so it's no use expecting things to happen any way except far-faithfully.

Of course, it's the wealthy young son of the factory-proprietor who has given it to her. And does he expect any return for his money that a perfectly nice girl would not be prepared to give? Tcha, Mrs. Hugginwallow, the thought is an unworthy one. Let me tell you the wealthy young man is John Mills. Now just you apologise!

From all the above you may gather that this film comes in the Forget Your Worries category—not to be taken too seriously. I'm rather looking forward to it—and so will all my fellow-sufferers from car-fever.

Now take a running squat at the caast. First and foremost, Grethe Mosheim. No, Maggie McKirketillock, I'm afraid she isn't a fellow-countrywoman of yours. She is, in point of fact, German, and this is her first film in this country.

The Young Idea

Her father was a Berlin doctor, and when, just for the sake of having an audience and not at all for the possible pfennige, his little daughter took a portable harmony into the streets of Berlin and started the movement, it was Herr Doktor bowed to the inevitable and arranged for his little Grethe to have theatrical training under the great Max Reinhardt, the teacher, who besides the other great artistes, Conrad Veidt, Paul Greats, and Fritz Kortner.

She has played in "straight" parts, light opera, musical comedy, and even farce, and also in many successful films on the Continent.

Also, let me tell you, she was the first stage-

(Continued on page 40)
REUDEL BATH CUBES

Make every bath a beauty treatment.

To bathe in soft, fragrant 'Reudel' water, supercharged with beautifying oxygen, is to ensure "all-over loveliness and petal-soft, flawless skin. 'Reudel' Cubes—the oxygen cubes—make every bath a beauty treatment for 2d. only.

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Your oxygen bath.

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Every girl can be attractive if she'll only give five minutes a day to looking after her skin. Thousands of women have found that features don't matter, since Outdoor Girl scientists discovered how to incorporate a base of pure olive oil.

For Outdoor Girl Face Powder alone among all others brings you the secret base of olive oil to nourish your skin, to tone it, and feed it, to give it once again the satin texture of youth. Try Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder today. You will be amazed at what a difference this fluffy-dry, caressing powder makes in your attractiveness and charm. Try Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick, too, for the perfect harmony of make-up.

Outdoor Girl Beauty Products are amazingly inexpensive. A few years ago only the wealthy could afford them, but now the identical quality is obtainable in handbag sizes as low at 6d., other sizes up to 3/6. Buy a small size and be convinced. Unless you agree it is the best you have ever used, send it back and we will refund its cost, plus postage.

FREE SAMPLE sent Post Free.

Send a card for a generous free sample (one week's supply) of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder in the fashionable new Evangeline shade, which blends with every complexion, to Crystal Products Co., Ltd., (Dept. 230), 32, City Road, London, E.C.I.

OUTDOOR GIRL
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

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"Picturegoer" POSTCARDS

take film lovers by storm

The new series of Picturegoer Sepia Glossy Postcards has taken film lovers by storm! The latest portraits of Marlene Dietrich, Ginger Rogers, Margaret Sullivan, and other favorites are hailed as "the beat- er." Put them to your album without delay and make the pages sparkle!

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JAMESSE sets perfectly, leaving no unsightly powder deposit. Will enhance and retain your perm indefinitely.

Lak also as a perfume, will obliterate the contrivings of grime in the completed toilette, in a variety of choice perfumes, including chypre, leopards laces, lavender and lilac. The crystal glass bottle makes a charming addition to any dressing table.

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ON THE BRITISH SETS

actress to win the Ehrenring in Berlin. No, you’re wrong, that is not the German for coconut. It means Ring of Honour, and is awarded each year to six leaders in the world of Art. Grethe scored her ring in 1933. And among the judges was Richard Tauber.

A Continental critic has described her feet as lilting and her legs as mercurial; and that is about all, at this writing, that I know about Grethe Mosheim; but it isn’t bad for a start, nict uitb vor whatever I mean.

Stepping Out

They are going to have a whole heap of fun with location-work in this Car of Dreams picture. For one thing, they photographed practically the whole of the Llandudno to Eastbourne Motor Rally last month for inclusion in the picture, and they’re going to do shots in a large musical-instrument factory at Edgeware, and also in a well-known ice-rink.

In fact, the location season may be said to have set in with its customary severity. Lately, for instance, Arthur Wood and his happy band of pilgrims from Elstree swooped down upon Plymouth one Sunday morning to shoot the famous game of bowls on or near the identical spot where it may or may not have taken place, adjoining Plymouth Hoe.

He had his shots “in the can” and had moved out, bag and baggage, by early afternoon, almost before the sailor-boys and their girl-friends had realised they were there. That’s Drake, that was.

I must confess I’m not nearly clever enough to imagine what they could shoot round about Plymouth Hoe that would look in the least like what it was when Gloriana reigned. Iron railings, hotels, penny-steamer, cigarette-machines. . . .

I shall look very critically at the picture to make sure they haven’t left any of these in, and so I warn young Mr. Woods.

He left all kinds of things in Radio Parade of 1925 that I think ought to have been left out. Still, people seemed to like them.

Going Rural

What’s that? I didn’t finish giving you the cast of Car of Dreams? Paul Graetz, J. Robertson Hare, Jack Hobbs, Norah Howard, Glennis Lorimer (but where is Mickey Brantford?), H. Plumb.

Thank me very much? Not at all! Pleasure.

Now, as I was saying, Drake.

I hear that this very promising film is going down to Sound City, in the course of its travels, for a spot of location work on the lagoon down there. This is becoming a favourite centre for producers who’d like a spot of woodland, or garden, or pasturage, or river where they won’t be disturbed.

Meanwhile, Fox British are getting all rural, too, but they are doing it in the studio. The film is called Old Roses, and what do you suppose the old roses are? Some faded spinster’s glowing memories? The treasured symbols of a dead romance? Nah! It’s a gardener.

An old man, in fact, who lives in a Devonshire village, existing for his rose-trees, and so absorbed in them that the villagers christen him “Old Roses.”

Horace Hodges is a fine old actor, that!) is it? Is there. There is Villain One, played by Charles Mortimer, and Villain Two, played by George Hayes. And two youngsters, played by Nancy Burren and Bruce Little. I heard from that part of Lord Sandebury they have to have Felix Aylmer, who looks far more like a peer than most people do; and there are Wallie Water’s Camp Church, and Moore Marriott, just to make it all regular.

And it all comes right in the end.

School for Scandal

Here’s a curious thing.

In a daily paper for years there have been references to a fictitious English public school named Narkover. It has its origin in the attacks made from time to time, in the Press and in novels by very young novelist, on the public school system; and its interest lies in its subtle irony.

Right! Now the story comes to the screen—And it is it, do you suppose, to be placed in the hands of someone who knows English public schools, their humours and strength and weaknesses and traditions and absurdity?

Again, Nah! William Beaudine will direct—is, in fact, even now directing. And Mr. Beaudine is American.

Certainly I have met Americans who didn’t lump Oxford, Harrow, Eton, and Cambridge together as “colleges,” and who didn’t think a “public” school over here meant the same as a “public” school in America; but not many, my brethren and sistren, not many.

If, as I fondly hope, Comrade Beaudine is one of these few exceptions, all will be well, as we shall see the subject that has made the name of “Narkover” almost a national institution. If not, we are likely to get a slapstick farce, and serve us right.

Why Not Bradford

Certainly Gracie Fields has her regular stuff to do in Look Up and Laugh. She constitutes herself the go-between of the ill-humoured in the Market at “Plumborough,” just as she did of the mill-hands in Sing As We Go.

The cast? Tommy Fields, Douglas Wakefield, Billy Nelson, Harry Tate, Alfred Drayton, Morris Harvey, Huntley Wright, Robb Wilton. Plumborough, eh? Well, why not Bradford?

When we have a film about London we don’t call it Westminster or Paulminster. Why not own up, handsonely, that there are other cities in Britain besides the capital? And why not boost them a bit?

In Sing As We Go, Blackpool was Blackpool, and it didn’t the town a morn’ go’ good, I’m told. Plumborough be blowed?
Outdoor Life

PLAYS HAVOC WITH A DELICATE SKIN

Spring with its sudden changes can be fraught with anxiety. Delicate skins need protecting against the ravages of cold rain following a burst of sunshine.

Hinds Cold Cream applied overnight cleanses the pores and makes the skin supple and silky by the morning, ready to receive the day cream.

This, of course, is Hinds Vanishing Cream which, though non-greasy, spreads in a smooth, even film and forms a lasting base for powder.

As a fragrant skin food for the hands and arms, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is as popular as ever.

"Of course, he's noticed the difference! You'd never believe that a single shampoo could work such wonders!"

"Success! My dear, he almost wrote a poem about it! Honestly, though, it has made a difference, hasn't it?"

"Told you it would, didn't I?"

"And the trouble it saves! No rinsing. No sticky soap to wash out! I'll never use any shampoo but AVA again!"

Get a packet of AVA, the Soapless Shampoo, is a complete hair-beauty treatment in itself. No need for special "rinses." Get a packet to-day and bring out the hidden lustre!

Take the bit between Your teeth!

Harmful abrasives injure tooth enamel and start dental decay. Dentists recommend Euthymol, the safe, grittyless tooth paste that not only beautifies the teeth, but, as laboratory tests show, kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. A large tube costs only 1/3 at your chemist's.

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You have only to try Euthymol once; it leaves the mouth fragrant and refreshed as well as clean, and gives such sweet breath, and such pearly teeth that you will know you have chosen wisely.

COUPON. Send me a trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

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To Euthymol, (Dept. 1/4/5/6), 50 Bream Street, London, W.1.

...Be Wise—Euthymolise

YOUR DAUGHTER’S TRIALS

How You Can Help Her

When your daughter tells you that she feels listless, languid and miserable, do not treat her complaints lightly, for these are probably the first signs that all is not well with her. Watch your daughter’s health closely. You will no doubt notice that she eats very little. For the first two or three hours in the morning she feels absolutely listless; she often has a headache, and is inclined to sit about and mope.

These are all symptoms of anemia and anemia is a malady that must be regarded seriously, for if neglected, it usually leads to decline. The best help you can give your daughter, particularly during the trying years of the "teens", is a course of Dr. Williams pink pills. Anemia is due to poor blood, and as these pills actually create new, rich blood, they remove the real cause of the trouble. In this simple and perfectly natural way Dr. Williams pink pills have brought new life to thousands of weak, anemic girls, giving them brightness, charm, and the sense of well-being that denotes perfect health.

Give your daughter a fair chance in life: make her strong and robust by giving her Dr. Williams brand pink pills. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. (triple size 3s.). If these pills do not prove beneficial, the proprietors will refund your money.

FREE. All mothers of growing girls should read the booklet "Nature’s Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.E. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.
MAYBE modernity has dealt lightly with my mental outlook; certainly I find it incomprehensible why personal charm should be a usual and characteristic antagonist to the progress of a film star.

Take Mary Brian, for instance. She typifies charm rather than those blatantly "alluring" qualities we define as "It."

Perhaps if she indulged in suggestive wisecracks, ensured that the camera popped-in on "barb-night," and cast her delectable grace gracefully around a curtained cubicle, and generally gave all the conventional manifestations of possessing "It!" she would have secured a wider measure of popularity.

As it is, she remains essentially human, inculcates a charming personality into every role she takes and continues to remain delightfully feminine.

Yes, the exponents of sex-appeal, personality and pep are certainly having their day, but it is inevitable that charm will ultimately eclipse them all and return to its proper position in the qualifications of a film-star.—D. Vale, 47 Preston Road, W.5.

**British and American Humour**

Re the article "British Humour and U.S." in the May 2 edition of "Picturegoer," I think it is very thoughtful of the American critic to point out how antiquated we are in our ideas of comedy. The fact that we can amuse us very much doesn't count, of course.

Seriously, though, why compare our humour with that of U.S. We are poles apart in that kind of thing. One has only to look at an American comic paper to appreciate this.

As for seeing any humour in Mac West or Jean Harlow, we are miles behind American Critic, I am not quite in my second childhood.—Margaret Myatt (Miss), 745 High Road, Leyton, E.10.

That New York critic seems to have his knife into Jack Hulbert. Why? The Americans have nothing to brag about. Their films are in a downward grade. When I saw Here Comes the Navy I thought it very poor and badly constructed copy of our Jack Ahey. At the same time I saw Murder on the Blackboard, I could not make head or tail of it.—J. Cleve (Miss), Ivy Dene, Pently Road, Canton, Cardiff.

**Hollywood's "English" Films**

I disagree entirely with your correspondent who thinks that "Hollywood constantly has to show us how to make purely British films."

Cavalcade was made in America, for two reasons, I should imagine, and that they offered a far higher price for the film rights than we did, and also the "red tape" rule which prevents children under 14 taking part in a film. Without children, Cavalcade could not have been made.

I disagree also in the comparison between The Old Curiosity Shop and David Copperfield. I found the former terribly good, just living the story of Dickens' book. No member of the cast had to speak with an effort so as not to betray an American accent.

The acting of Aileen Benson as the little child was most touching and natural. No one overacted. In David Copperfield, on the other hand, one was conscious of the terrible struggle of the American artistes to disguise their accent.

We V.C. Fields looked as part but had the voice of Humpty Dumpty in Alice in Wonderland. Edna May Oliver over-acted.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer is a first-class film more by luck than careful forethought, as no one knew beforehand how perfectly the chosen cast would fit the characters.—Miss K. Ackland, Letter Bureau, Selfridges.

**Title Tangles**

It seems to me that we need more variety in film titles. Several times people have told me that they have seen Lady in Danger when all the time they mean Girl in Danger.

One Night of Love, It Happened One Night, and The Night is Young are three titles of many which are similar.

So are My Song Goes Round the World, My Song, and Street Song.

Then there are films like The Man Who knew Too Much, The Man Who reclaimed His Head, The Man With Two Faces, The Man with the Electric Voice.

There appears to be no limit to titles beginning with Murder: Murder on a Runaway Train, Murder on the Blackboard, Murder in the Clouds, Murder at Monte Carlo, being some of them.

Surely it is unnecessary for producers to confuse filmgoers by calling pictures by such similar titles?—Mrs. Roob, 19 Dyne Road, Bromsgorge, N.W.8.

**Charles Dickens—Scenarioist**

Seen on a sales-ticket in a bookshop window:

"David Copperfield—the book of the film." If the implications of this are correct, it follows that although the pen may be mightier than the sword, the film has become mightier than the pen, and the name of Charles Dickens may be allowed to fade into a decent oblivion.

Or, is it, in the words of Dr. Johnson, just "Ignorance, Madam, sheer ignorance"?—H. Robson, I Abbott's Hayes, Chesh., who is awarded the second prize of 10s.

**Bouquet for Crawford**

I'd like to hand a bouquet to M.-G.-M. for giving us Jean Crawford. I believe she has just completed her tenth year with the unit. She is an actress who seldom receives credit for her characterisations. Or should I have said, actress? The critics are apt to confuse to believe she has any pretensions to the art.

Her films never receive a worthwhile review, yet I think the "Picturegoer" is being exhibited and you'll find a jam at the box office.

Not a few of the male players received a finer polish and gained greater popularity through appearing with her, e.g. Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and Franchot Tone. I am looking forward to seeing Forsaking All Others, not because the critics have gushed and rated it sound entertainment, but because the Crawford-Gable team is the most successful on the screen to-day. My thanks to the "Picturegoer" for the supplement.—(Miss) Agnes Hopkirk, 31 Tannhill Road, Craigielea, Paisley, Scotland.

**YOUR VIEWS WANTED**

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and £5 for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Picturegoer," The Thinker, The Long Acre, W.C.2.
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March 14, 1935

Let GEORGE

and volleyball. Address, c/o Paramount Studios.

FILM FAN AND CURIOS (E.)—(1) Cast of Return of Bulldog Drummond—Hugh
Drummond—Ralph Richardson; Phyllis
Trevor—Mack Sennett; Lady Victoria
Hewitt—Joyce Compton; David Howard—
Lennox Hawes. (2) Cast of Gold Dust
Dark House—Air Mail, The All-American—
Hugh Marlowe, Jack J. Clark, Pat McVey,
Blake Edwards. (3) Cast of Great to be
Alive, The Girl in 419, Secrets of the
Tunnel, Regret. Wallace Beery: The
Strongest Man in the World, The Man
in the Mirror, The Mystery of the West
Point of the Air. (4) Cast of The Central
Sergeant—Victor McLaglen; Sanders—
Yasuko Kariol; Brown—Reginald Denny;
Quinncannon—M. K. Jerome; Young—
Alan Hale; Bell—Brandon Hurst; Pearson—
Dale Watson; Arviso—Howard Wilton; Markay—Paul
Graetz; The Moonstone—E. F. Trenham;
Matthias—Conrad Veidt; Smith—Marilyn
Nye; Rachel—Cicely Oates; Fentius—
Lawrence Dobkin; Mervyn Knight—Conrad Veidt; Jocasta de
Rheodes—Helen Hewitt; Bertram Wallis; Isabella—Hector Abbas;

A brief summary of the weekly feature "GEORGE" will appear in this column, along with any news of interest to film fans and curious persons. The column will appear in the weekly picture magazines and in the daily newspapers.

D. B. (North)—(1) Leading player—
The Affairs of Valente—Valente—George
Arliss; Mme Pompadour—Doris Kenyon;
Nettie—Margaret Lindsay; Francois—
Theodore Newton; Count de Sarrac—
Alan Mowbray; Louise—Margaret
Reginald Owen. Berkeley Square—Peter
Standish—Leslie Howard; Helen Pettersson—Heather
Angel; Kate Pettigrew—Valerie Taylor; Lady
Ann D未来e—Jane Brown; Tom
Pettigrew—Colin Keith—Johnson; Major
Clown Croley: The School for Scandal—Sir Peter—Basil Gill;
Joseph Surface—Typing; Lady Teacle—
Madeleine Coriol; Maria—Dodo Watts; 
Max—Hector Abe—Sir Oliver—Edward K.
Bruce; Charles Surface—Henry Hewitt. The
Dressmaker—Heather Angel; Lucy
Hampston—Corinne Griffith; Nelson—Victor Vereoni; 
Sir William Hamilton—H. B. 
Charles Creville—Ian Keith. (2) Centre
Spread of Catherine the Great, December 16, 1935: You musters can be obtained from 
Publishing Dept., 8 Endell Street, W.C.2, for $4.25 per year. (3) Release date:
The Scarlet Pimpernel.

PERPLEXED SCHOOLFANCY, G—Jan Kiepura 
pronounced Van Kopeazu. Ann Drwek
—"Vorsjuck." A. E.—Give Her a Ring was 
made at the SUPERMA INTERNATIONAL 
studios, at Elstree.

FILM CRAFT (LIVERTOW)—(1) Release 
dates: Strictly Confidential, April 29, 1935; 
Empire, March 21, 1935. Cockpit
Caravans: February 11, 1935; Danses, 
February 8, 1935. The Gay 
Annie, October 19, 1935; The Gay 
Annie, November 9, 1934. Kid Million, 
October 21, 1935. Music in the 
air, December 20, 1935. (2) Cinema 
Superma latest films: Gay Divorce, Romance of 
Mechanism, Bedrock and Top Hat (making).
Toby Wing's latest One Hour Later.

AUDREY (N.)—Players in Sydney 
Kylling—Mme Noretta; Whittington—
Harry Wicks; Violin—Norman Cole and 
Sydney Kye; Trumpet—Jimmy Redmond;
Guitar, Accordion—Not Allen; Saxophone—
Norval Philips; George Oliver and Bill 
Apps.

RING CROWLEY & B. E. (Devon).—
Hing Crowley, b. May 2, 1920; 
Evelyn Tresson, known as Harry L. 5 ft. 6 in.; 
weighs 165 lb., blue eyes and light brown 
hair. (2) With Dave Lee, three songs 
Kitty Carlisle plays opposite him in Here's the 
Man. (3) Paul (Hing Crowley) ends up with 
Midge (Kitty Carlisle) in his arms in She Loves Me Not.

J. B. M. (London).—(1) Cast: Gish, 
Please—Transylvania—Sydney Howard; 
Rennée van Hofstein—Jane Baxter; 
Ann Archer—Howard Foster; Jan Amdels—
Edward Underdown; Jane—Nevs Carr-
Glyn; Van Hofstein—Pater Garconnche; 
Miss Prout—Lena Halliday; Miss Kenke 
Garsley; Miss Morton—Audenda; Edwin—Earle; Older—Older Int. 
G. M. Moore—Marriott. (2) Double 
Event, released October 22, 1934. (3) Jane 
Baxter, b. September 10, 1918, England, 
brown hair, blue-grey eyes, 5 ft. 1 in., 
widow of Clive 
Dunfee; latest films: 
Enterprising 
April, Dames Hand, We're Alive and 
Decay, England. Address, c/o United Artists 
Ltd., London.

REGULAR BEATER (Lincoln, and L. M. 
(Bromley).—(1) Cast: Bulldog Jack—
Jack Hulbert. (2) Cast: For You, Claude 
Hulbert, Gibb Malcolm, Atholl Fleming, 
Cyril Smith. Ralph Richardson, Paul 
Graetz; released September 16, 1935. (2) Photographs of 
Elizabeth Berger and Robert Montgomery from Picture Postcard Salon. (3) Maurice 
Chevalier; b. September 19, 1919, Breslau, 
Germany, jean sex, tall, latest films: 
Man From Folkestone, Fingers. (4) Music 
in A Sailors Holiday. (5) An April Fool 
of Edgar Cantor and Ethel Merman. When my 
Ship Comes In. (6) In the Blind Center. 
Your Head on My Shoulder, by Ann Sothern and 
George Murphy, Dame Toots and Mandy, by 
Edgar Cantor. (5) She Loves Me Not. Put a 
Little Romance in Your Love Song. (6) When You 
Dine, Blossom, Straight from the Shoulder, I'm 
Handsome When I'm Singing. V. G. 
(Surrey).—The Waltz in Bloom 
Ties was named after the film and composed by 
G. Tattersall.

TIMOT—Billy Bakewell took the part of 
Corry Aherne in Switch Shifts. Known as 
William Hakeley, 1 ft. 8 in.; 145 lbs., 
gray hair and grey eyes. Hobbies: Tennis.

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44
Leaves it to ANNE

Seize your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point of reference, shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope of your name for a reply by post.

O many of my letters during the past week have dealt with the same subject, I feel that it must be of interest to many more readers who have not written. The general complaint is this: "I have always had a fairly good complexion, but during the last few weeks I have developed rough red patches on my face. The meantime, I am worse after sitting in a warm room."

The reason for this trouble is not far to seek. It invariably happens towards the end of the winter. For months now, we have lived on "winter" food. Winter milk, butter, meat, vegetables, etc., contain less of the essential vitamin D than summer supplies. In the winter cow's milk is stall-fed, and the milk may actually be richer in cream, it is poorer in vitamins.

When the sun shines brightly, you are probably the only one, or perhaps a very few, who are sitting in the sun, for sunlights help us to do that.

This slight deficiency coupled with a lack of sunlight and cold snaps could well make the skin dry and scaly. It is a yearly skin trouble which will disappear in the course. But in the meantime, we should take steps to hasten the cure.

If you can digest it, there is nothing like a course of concentrated vitamin D in the form of cod liver oil, and cold snaps and cold snaps will make the skin dry and scaly. It is a yearly skin trouble which will disappear in the course. But in the meantime, we should take steps to hasten the cure.

There are, of course, girls who cannot tolerate the oil in any form, and for them I would suggest a course of oil into the quarter of an orange, it cannot be discerned.

Or there is another proprietary preparation of the oil put up with orange juice that is quite pleasant to take. I can name the send of the latter to anyone who is interested.

If you can digest it, there is nothing like a course of concentrated vitamin D in the form of cod liver oil, and cold snaps will make the skin dry and scaly. It is a yearly skin trouble which will disappear in the course. But in the meantime, we should take steps to hasten the cure.

Cod liver oil is put up in capsules, so that it is not tasted at all. When the oil is well-concentrated that only a few drops are required to give the daily dose. Inserted into the quarter of an orange, it cannot be discerned.

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HOLIDAY HAUNTS

1935

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TEMPERAMENT in TALKIELAND


PECULIATION continues at the moment of writing concerning the future of Laurel and Hardy—as well as the reasons behind the breaking up of the screen's most successful comedy team.

It is held in some circles that the real quarrel is with Hal Roach and that the comedians will come together again when Hardy's contract expires in November. It is significant, however, that the studio itself announces that it will replace the Laurel and Hardy films with a new series to be known as "The Hardys," which will feature Oliver Hardy, Ruby Kelly and Spanky MacFarland, the six-year-old juvenile from the "our gang" team.

Laurel to Emulate Chaplin?

Friends of Laurel tell me that Stan has long had an ambition to emulate Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd by producing and starring in his own comedies. He feels, they say, that he has outgrown the old combination and is ready to challenge fame on his own. It is known at any rate that one of his differences with Roach concerned his disapproval of appearing in two-reelers.

Some support is given to this theory by the report that Stan proposed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that he be permitted to produce and direct his own feature-length films with another partner in Hardy's place.

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF THE STARS

How—where do the great stars of the Silver Screen live? What are their homes like, and what are their hobbies? Next week's enthralling "Homes of the Stars" Number of PICTUREGOER tells you all.

It is packed with charming, intimate revelations about the houses and flats and gardens of the film-famed. You will meet many of their friends and families. In brilliant prose and picture this special number will be one of the most human features in the history of modern screen journalism.

The demand for next week's PICTUREGOER will be tremendous. Order your copy well in advance and don't risk the newsagent's "Sorry, sold out!"

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M.G.M., it is understood, is considering the proposition.

Not the least sensational possibility is that George Bancroft may become the new Hardy! Laurel has already approached the actor, but the latter wants to see the stories before deciding.

When Maurice Marched

Temperament has been rearing its ugly head (or whatever temperament does) more than usual in the studios of late.

Now the smoke and dust of Maurice Chevalier's martial exit from Culver City have cleared, it is revealed that there is rather more behind the "mutual cancellation" of the French star's contract than was suggested by his subsequent recital of his artistic aspirations.

It was, as I mentioned here, Irving Thalberg's intention to co-star Maurice with Grace Moore. Chevalier promptly objected, adding emphatically that he preferred, if he was to be co-starred with anyone, to be teamed with Jeanette MacDonald.

Although the studio was unaware of it, Maurice had been told that Miss MacDonald had declared that she would not appear with him again. Words followed, the contract was torn up and Maurice went out to give that interview about his art. Chevalier is likely to go to Twentieth Century.

There was an amusing sequel to an "incident" in another case. A well-known feminine star rejected, with unnecessary emphasis and publicity, a certain leading man for her latest picture. The actor was, not unnaturally, rather sore about it. However he got a role in an independently produced picture, released by the same company.

(Continued on page 6)
Both films were completed about the same time. The actor unexpectedly scored a big hit, and the tempestuous lady’s “vehicle” has turned out to be a flop.

Belisha Influence in Hollywood
The Hope Belisha influence has spread to Hollywood. My film colony gossip tells me that the Californian authorities, who must have been reading about the doughty feats of our Minister of Transport, have launched a stringent campaign against road accidents, which, it must be admitted, are particularly heavy in the neighbourhood of Hollywood.

The stars, all of whom are motorists, are having to watch their step. One of the first victims was Lyle Talbot. Lyle pleaded guilty to the somewhat serious charge of being intoxicated in charge of an automobile. He was fined the equivalent of $30, ordered to abstain from drinking for ninety days and prohibited from driving his car except to and from work.

Hollywood, incidentally, regards it as a very severe sentence.

Lee Tracy Again
Leading men, as a class, will be becoming unpopular with Mr. Hays, whose chief mission in life is the preservation of Hollywood’s fair name.

Cary Grant was involved in that somewhat strange incident a few weeks ago, when after it was thought he had taken poison it was explained that he had been rushed to hospital by practical Joker friends while he was under the influence of alcohol. And Mr. (“Bad Boy”) Tracy, whose chief misfortune seems to be his inability to preserve Hollywood’s well-known and faithful observance of the eleventh commandment, is in trouble again, with a drunkenness conviction to add to the unfortunate Mexican escapade.

The film public loyally rallied round Lee after the Vista Films affair, but his luck has not been too good since he left the Metro studio, particularly in the matter of pictures.

The Next Screen Sensation
I wonder if Nelson Eddy will be the next screen sensation.

Eddy was drawing good money on a Hollywood contract every Friday night for two years, but they were unable to find anything much for him to do, largely, I suspect, because at the outset of his film career he proved to be a very much better singer than an actor. During the last twenty-four months or so production bulletins have periodically announced big plans for him, but practically all that materialised was a song number in the studio’s worst picture for years, Student Tour.

Then he was given his first important role opposite Jeanette MacDonald in Naughty Marietta.

Screen Grand Opera Next
Studio officials were so pleased with the result that they have just handed him a brand new long-term contract.

His next film will be Johan Strauss, the latest addition to the current great composer series. Eddy has a rich baritone voice and, I am assured by someone acquainted with his appeal. He also shares with John Boles the unusual qualification for a singer of being very good looking.

Metro is going in for music in a big way, and plans are now being discussed at Culver City for screen grand opera, no less.

They have started by signing up Marion Tolley, the American prima donna, and are reported to be willing to pay two million dollars for the film rights to several operas.

Making Garbo Talk
Possibly because of the threat of restrictions against the employment of “foreign” artists, and possibly because the studio feels the need to boost the star’s stock in America, Metro has embarked on a new campaign to persuade Greta Garbo to talk to interviewers.

The Culver City brains trust is trying to discover a method, in fact, to soften the entire Garbo attitude towards publicity.

The most likely at the moment is the system used by the late President Wilson at press conferences. Under it, reporters would be able to write their questions and submit them to Greta for a reply. Garbo is reported to be willing.

The manner, of course, by no means now. It has been used for years by slow-thinking stars.

Man who Made “Bengal Lancer”
And all the acclamation that has accompanied the West End run of This Love of a Bengal Lancer, very little has been said about its director, Henry Hathaway.

His assignment to the picture was one of those crazy accidents that in filmland frequently results in an epic. Hathaway was chosen because he had a reputation on the Paramount lot for producing Westerns in quick time and with a minimum of production costs.

They decided that he could handle the riding scenes and at the same time produce the film inexpensively. Economy was necessary, you may recall, because the film had been in various stages of production for over four years, with the mounting costs causing headaches in the audit department.

The studio did not even know that he had once spent two years in India.

What We Owe the “Quickies”
The case of Hathaway, incidentally, is a reminder of what we owe to the Westerns, now alas fallen on evil days, and the Poverty Row studios.

Many of the screen’s most successful directors learned their jobs in the hard “quickie” school where the main directorial qualification is the ability to “shoot ‘em fast, shoot ‘em cheap and shoot ‘em good.”

Probably the most successful of them all is W. S. Van Dyke, who a few years ago was directing “horse opera.” He broke away from the Westerns when he scored a success with White Shadows of the South Seas.

It will be interesting to see if Richard Thorpe, who is closely following the Van Dyke tradition, will also emulate his success. Thorpe, a Western and “quickie” producer, has been nominated by M-G-M to go on a location trip to the South Seas to film Tybee, which will bring Mala back to the screen.

Two-reelers to Box-office Throne
In a few years Thorpe has directed 218 feature-length pictures and think of that you von Sternbergs, Chaplins and Von Stroheims! They ranged from Western melos to society drama.

Gregory La Cava goes in for a few years action in Poverty Row, where pictures are made in six days and every minute and every penny counts. So did William K. Howard, one of Hollywood’s best directors. Harry Joe Brown is among the other big shot who first learned to shoot ‘em fast, cheap and good in the smaller studios.

An Frank Capra, winner of the Academy award for his direction of It Happened One Night and Hollywood’s present box-office king, formerly made two-reelers.

Curiouser and Curiouser
Stranger things than Hathaway’s unexpected success happen in Hollywood every day. The best story of the week (and it is such a good one
that one wonders how it has escaped print so long) concerns Vina Delmar, the novelist.

Miss Delmar, as a best-seller authoress, had been in a position to refuse a number of offers from Hollywood.

Finally one day came an offer from M.-G.M. that no one in her right mind could refuse, so Miss Delmar, being very much in her right mind, accepted the offer, which was for her to come to Hollywood immediately and write an original for Joan Crawford.

Miss Delmar hopped on a train, and on the way outlined the Crawford story. Miss Delmar reported to M.-G.M. A few days later an executive called her in and asked if she had the Crawford story, they needed it in a hurry.

Miss Delmar said the outline was done and she was working on the script.

A few days after that she was called in again and found that the powers that be had decided against an original and had decided that Miss Delmar should adapt a property they had. Miss Delmar agreed, finished the job and left M.-G.M.

Miss Delmar then found herself with a perfectly good original story that no one had read, that belonged to her.

She made it into a novel and sold it to an American magazine for 20,000 dollars. M.-G.M. bought the story for another 20,000 dollars. The picture they made from it was Sadie Madee, starring Joan Crawford!

**A Fall in Fan Mail**

A survey of the studios reveals the rather amazing fact that fan mail has dropped off by approximately 75 per cent.

Just why the letters dropped off is a problem that is puzzling both stars and studio officials. Henry Hull has an idea about it. Hull thinks it is because the “talkies” bring the audience closer to the players, inasmuch as the voice is heard.

In the silent days, he says, there was a sort of mystery surrounding the players, who passed like shadows before the eyes of the audience.

The point is, he declares, made men and women want pictures and signatures of the stars. It is gone now.

**The Martin Johnsons Return**

Mr. Louis B. Mayer is looking for a successor to the late, lamented Leo the Lion, he should apply to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson.

In their new African jungle epic, Baboona, they have got some close-ups of quite the most magnificent lion I have seen, a huge fellow, majestically mated and every inch a king of the wild.

The Martin Johnsons have progressed a long way since the days when we were first invited to watch a charging rhino (through a telephoto lens), while the intrepid and inevitable “Osa” posed prettily with a rifle. They have brought back a really interesting “bag” in Baboona, their best effort yet, and have, incidentally, blazed a new trail by using aeroplanes for their expedition.

The commentary, however, is still in the bad.

Marlene Dietrich as we will see her in “The Devil is a Woman.” The gentleman behind the beard in the centre is Edward Everett Horton.

old Martin Johnson vein of heroics, and is further marred by blatant “plugging” of the make of their planes.

Many of the backgrounds for the more intimate animal shots, moreover, give rise to a suspicion that prepared corals have been used.

**Another Studio Problem Solved**

King Vidor has now solved a problem that has plagued producers for years past—how to create artificially the condensed breath that emanates from a person’s mouth on a cold day outdoors.

In the past, directors have tried putting little pads of “dry-ice” on a player’s tongue, but the result has been a sore mouth and garbled speech.

Others have tried inhaling the smoke of a cigarette and slowly exhaling during a speech—but it looked just like what it was, smoke.

To create a wintry atmosphere on a sound-stage for a blizzard scene in The Wedding Night, director Vidor had ten tons of ice placed on the stage for three days before the sequence was to be filmed. So cold was it that when the company assembled for the winter scene, despite a temperature of more than 80 degrees in the tropical Hollywood sun outside, that cameramen and other workers had to wear mittens and overcoats!

And the vapour that you will see coming from the mouths of Gary Cooper, Anna Sten, Ralph Bellamy and the other players in this scene is real enough because at the time they were actually freezingly cold.

**Award of Merit**

I am having trouble with my postman again. It seems that in announcing the ballot for the Picturegoer Gold Medals for the best acting performances of 1934 we omitted to mention the candidate for the award of Greta Garbo, of all people.

Struggling nobly through the floods of epistolatory protest, I hasten to put the matter right. Queen Christina was, of course, released last year, and is available for consideration.

Have you sent in your vote yet, by the way?

Write on a post card the name of the two artists of your choice and the names of the pictures in which they gave the performance you consider establishes their claim, and address it to “Award of Merit,” Picturegoer, Long Acre, W.C.2.

**Studio’s First Extra**

The first man who ever received a salary from the Paramount studios is back at work there after more than twenty years.

Jack Clifford got a job as an extra on the first day that Cecil B. DeMille started filming his first picture, The Squaw Man. (A lot of water has flowed through the bath tubs since then.)

The scene in which he appeared included Dustin Farnum and DeMille, himself, as an extra.

At the end of the day Clifford was first in line at the cashier’s office, receiving the first dollar—the rate for small players in those days—that the company which later became Paramount ever paid out.

For eighteen years he was a vaudeville star, and is now broadcasting. He met DeMille, for the first since since The Squaw Man, a few months ago and the famous director gave him a part in his new spectacle, The Crusaders, in support of Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith, and Lorettta Young. But Clifford’s wages will be more than a dollar!

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
CAROL ANN has filled the only gap that was in our lives, Wally’s and mine. Her coming into our household has meant far more to me than I am able to express. From the moment she was entrusted to my care I loved her, and was hardly able to believe my good fortune.

As I watched her fuss around as she was getting ready to go to lunch with Wally one day, it struck me how much her excitement compared with similar scenes in my own childhood. She tried on several dresses before she decided which one was just right. She is very particular, tiny tot that she is. All her colours must match—especially if she’s going anywhere with her Daddy.

Wally is more than a hero to Carol Ann. He is a demi-god whom she worships. What a pair they make as they walk along—he so huge and bulky, she tiny, taggling along. And he is so proud of her! Actually, he’s a bigger youngster than she is. I call the pair of them my two children.

Her most vivid recollection of Wally when she is older will doubtless be of him at the controls of his aeroplane flying her somewhere.

For the aeroplane to-day holds all the glamour and romance for children which the train held for youngsters a generation or so back.

I can remember how my father was just as much a hero to me as Wally is to Carol Ann. He was a crack engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

There were three children, and how we would prepare to meet him at lunch! The house was the scene of no end of excitement as my mother would stand before the stove and fry chicken. When it was done she would pack it in a big pail along with other delicacies, and we’d go down to the station proudly carrying the pail between us.

We would be scrubbed and then dressed in our very best and be waiting there as the train pulled in. Then when Dad received his orders from the station-master, he’d swing off the train, and we’d open up the lunch and help him eat it. If the station-master didn’t happen to be around, Dad would take us for a ride on his engine.

We were wonderful friends, my father and I—and still are to this day. He never comes to see me without bringing some little token of love, if it’s only a sack of fruit.

This same bond exists between Wally and Carol Ann.

And when Wally wanted to take her for a ride in his aeroplane I was delighted.

I recalled how thrilled I was when my Dad took me for rides in his train engine.

And I wanted to see Carol Ann have that same wonderful understanding with her Daddy as I had with mine. There is no greater thing in the world.

Carol Ann is drawn to me by the tenderest of bonds. She is a priceless legacy left by my mother’s half-sister, and life-long playmate, Juanita.

As Juanita, a young woman in her early thirties, lay on her death-bed, she whispered that she wanted to leave something to me—it was her dearest possession, her baby Carol Ann, then nine months old.

Carol Ann had two brothers—George now twelve years old, and Billy six, who live with their grandmother, but who often come to play with their little sister.

The day after Juanita’s funeral I had a talk with her husband. I pointed out that raising a little girl alone was a great responsibility.

Without even saying a word to Wally I told him that I would bring up Carol Ann, and showed him a letter wherein her mother requested I do so.

He agreed that perhaps it was best that I should “raise,” educate, and give her a real mother’s care.

Wally and I were in the midst of remodelling our home at the time, but I knew I could depend upon him. That night I went home to him and simply said, “Honey, how would you like to have a little girl?”

“How would I like to have a child?” he exclaimed. “Why I’d give anything in the world to have her!” And from that time on, he talked of nothing else.

The first night Carol Ann arrived, we bought her a bed.

The little angel just sat in it and quietly watched us. She seemed to be fascinated by the sight of Wally.

Gradually Carol Ann began to do things to attract his attention. Then one day she struck
her foot out and tried to trip him. Wally turned around and started to chase her. From that day on they've been real friends.

With the passing of time, Wally and Carol Ann have become inseparable. They go everywhere together, and Wally even likes to buy her clothes. Not long ago when she outgrew her little under-things, Wally took her shopping in Hollywood.

When they came back, I found that they had bought some of those unfinished baby things that have to be sewn together. Nothing daunted, the pair of them, big Wally and that little baby sat down with needles and thread and tried to sew seams in a pair of them! I wish I could describe the picture they made.

In bringing up Carol Ann, I want to instil in her the principles of love, sincerity, and fair play. Also I want her to have a knowledge of God and a definite goal in life.

She can choose any profession which appeals to her—doctor, lawyer, artist, writer, or actress—whatever interests her most. But it should be something.

I will never stand in her way as long as there is nothing actually harmful to her. That is why I've no objections to her flying with Wally. I want her to be brave and unhampered by the "fraid cat" influence of an anxious mother.

I have always felt this way toward Wally, too. To me he is the rock of Gibraltar. And I realize having a woman's apron strings around his neck would be unbearable.

Therefore, I've never objected to his flying, or anything he has wanted to do. To tell the truth, I enjoy flying as much as he does. I went with him on his first solo flight.

After taking lessons for nearly a year, Wally came home one day and said, "Rita, I'm taking my first flight alone to-day and I want you to be my passenger."

We climbed into his aeroplane and flew for, quite a while. Wally showed me how to do a dead stick landing at 5,000 feet and many tricks. It was loads of fun.

My greatest thrill was crossing the Mojave desert with Wally. We ran into a terrific windstorm which swept down between the Sierras and Death Valley. I was scared to death, but determined not to say a word.

Our little dog, Gipsy, was with us and the jolting made her very sick. When I saw Wally reach out and strap on his safety belt I could stand it no longer and suggested we land.

He brought the ship down by a farm-house about forty miles from Bishop, Arizona. Then he sent word to a neighbouring town and got a taxi to drive me to a hotel in Bishop.

All this time the storm was raging worse than ever. Wally said he didn't want to leave the plane alone and that he'd wait until another car came, then he'd follow me.

It took several hours for me to get to Bishop and as I stepped out of the car in front of the hotel, there was Wally standing on the corner with a sheepish look on his face. He waited until my car got out of sight, climbed right back into the plane and flew to Bishop. That's Wally Beery.

Since Carol Ann has come into our family, Wally and I have found complete happiness. She has supplied a missing something in our lives which we hardly suspected was there, but

London fans mobbed the star and Carol on their last visit. They are returning soon.

realized the moment she came to us.

My career is now raising her—making her and Wally happy is the only glory I want. Without any ego on my part, I will mention that before I married Wally I had a screen career which appeared very promising. Before giving it up, I gave the matter a lot of thought. But once I made up my mind I have never regretted it. I have something far more precious—a career more lasting.

Soon we are going to get a new plane. I am now fully recovered from a recent illness. Wally has been busy on West Point of the Air, and he has several other pictures scheduled for him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but as soon as they are completed we are going to take a vacation in Europe. We plan to fly over all the countries we missed on our last trip—Carol, Wally and I.

**Picturegoer Gold Medal Award**

MAKE a point of recording your votes for the actor and actress who, in your opinion, have given the best performance in 1934. All you have to do is to send us a postcard addressed to 93 Long Acre, with the names of the actor and actress and the films in which they appeared. Take a pen and do it now and so help to honour those who have entertained you.
HOLLYWOOD HAS NO ONE LIKE HER

by Vivien NORTH

Right out of the rut of “typed” artists is the piquant little French actress Yvonne Arnaud, who sprang into fame in “The Girl in the Taxi,” and has been registering on the meter of success ever since. Below you will meet this intriguing and outspoken star.

Yvonne Arnaud is a great animal lover. Here she is with Jove, a chow which she shares her affection with a white Pekingese who appeared with her in “The Cuckoo in the Nest.”

Here is one woman on the screen who, even in these days of “typed” film artists, is unique. She is known to the butcher, the baker, and the postmen working round Eaton Square, where she lives, as Mrs. Hugh McLellan. But to you and me she is Yvonne Arnaud, and there is no one quite like her.

Normally, I deprecate the use of that overworked word “immutable,” but it’s the only word that epitomizes Miss Arnaud, both as an artiste and as a person. Her various films, including Cuckoo in the Nest, Princess Charming, Lady in Danger, and, latest of all, Widows Might, tell you about her work.

But it would take a whole lot more than anything they or I could do to tell you all about her personality—about her striking versatility; her clearness of outlook; her gift for seizing on the amusing and the important things in life, and for relegating to their proper place all the miseries and trivialities to which most people give a seat in the stalls. Yvonne Arnaud evinces no coy denial if you tell her she has rather a special brand of personality.

“But if I have,” she will say, with a shrug, “it is not me who is to be congratulated. Oh no! It is just a gift from the gods.”

Yvonne Arnaud was born in Bordeaux. As a child she won an important prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatoire and, later, was taken on a tour of Europe and America as a youthful prodigy.

Then the day came when she decided she wanted to go on the stage. She had no training. But she had her charm and her personality. So she took herself off to see Michael Faraday, who was at that time producing The Girl in the Taxi, and had not yet found a leading lady.

“I am the girl you want for your show!” Miss Arnaud told Mr. Faraday—and, while he was still suffering from shock, she got down to it and showed him what she could do in the way of singing.

Mr. Faraday gave her the job, and since then she has starred in dozens of successful plays and more than a dozen films.

Now she is forty and all she asks for is a film part where she is allowed to be her age. Then,” she says, “I could be a young Marie Dressler. I could do lots of things, if they would let me—but” (with an emphatic gesture) “I cannot be anybody’s Blonde Babby!”

Yvonne Arnaud has no conceit. When she says things like this she neither waits for any contradiction, but goes on, with the accompaniment of that most attractive accent, from one subject to another—a human cascade of conversation! Listen to her running herself down;

“I know I am not a thing of beauty, but when I see myself on the screen, sometimes I say: ‘My God, it is not possible!’ I am like this—and there follows a libellous caricature produced by the simple means of crossing her eyes and blowing out her cheeks, until she is exhausted and has to join in your laughter.

Listen to her explaining why her drawing room, on this particular day, is furnished with large parcels and boxes, as well as a grand piano:

“All these boxes and parcels are presents. They are for my child—Yvonne must hold the record for god-children. She has eight! I have been packing all this evening. You must forgive me to receive you like this.

“Look!” and she lifts her skirt to reveal a laddered silk stocking. “But it is not good to kneel on the floor to receive parcels. And by this time I have cracked three pairs of stockings!”

I shall never ladder another cup and saucer without thinking of Yvonne Arnaud.

Miss Arnaud is a great animal lover. She has two dogs, David—the milk-white Pekingese you saw with her in Cuckoo in the Nest—and Jove, who is a beige-coloured Chow and about four times the height of David.

Jove I have had since he is three weeks,” Miss Arnaud says. “Now he is eight years, but he is still a boy. They are both just boys!”

Her love of living creatures includes birds and beasts and fishes. She cannot bear to see any of them hurt. So once, when her husband (of whom she says: “My husband is a fisherman before God!”) asked her to go fishing, she took a croquet mallet along with her—and “with this,” she told me, laughing at herself, “I did bang the head of the fish, as I did not know how to kill the brute!”

Yvonne Arnaud has one very rare gift. She has a laugh worth a million dollars. It has been said that someone ought to write a joke for her.

I wish someone would! Illustrating the possibilities of this, there is a lovely little story told of the first time Miss Arnaud was made up for the screen. She was fitted with a pair of artificial eyelashes, a proceeding that takes place every day in a film studio and never brings with it anything but sorrow and bitterness.

Oh!” cried Miss Arnaud, giving vent to a little genuine emotion and she began to laugh. When the make-up man heard her laugh he began to laugh too.

Whereupon the entire make-up room staff, hairdressers, barbers, wig-makers, and the make-up men themselves, forgot their troubles and laughed uproariously. Work was badly disorganised for the remainder of the day!

Miss Arnaud wants, more than anything, to play her famous stage part, Mrs. Pepys, in And So to Bed, on the screen. Costume films, in her opinion, still have a long run ahead. But I do not believe this has anything at all to do with her real reason for wanting costume films to have a long run.

I believe the real truth is that Yvonne Arnaud likes “dressing up.” That she loves strutting about in hoops and crinolines. That she gets a lot of fun out of it all.

But whether it is in costume films, light comedies or any other type of picture, Yvonne Arnaud is in a class by herself.

NEXT WEEK—

No enthusiastic film fan who enjoys a “peep behind the screen” can afford to miss next week’s enthralling Home of the Stars Number of Picturegoer!” It is an inimitable piece of movie journalism.

How much would you give to visit your favourite screen players at their own homes—to meet their friends and families, to learn about their hobbies, to note their tastes in decorations and furniture, to see what pets they own, just what their gardens look like? You would give a lot!

Next week’s “Picturegoer” makes your dreams come true. In brilliant prose and glowing pictures it tells you all you need to know about the private lives of many of the greatest stars of all. It is a revelation and a joy.
As Easter approaches, the rabbits get busy in their secret factory on their labour of love, manufacturing Easter eggs and chocolate bunnies for the breakfast tables of the world's children—or so Walt Disney says—and very charmingly, too—in this, one of the most brilliant of the famous "Symphonies."
HIS was that Farrell again phoned Virginia Valli. Now he was Farrell, the star, rather than the extra boy.

There was a calmness about Virginia that was lacking in La Gaynor, Charlie decided. He gradually began to wipe Janet from his thoughts. And eventually, while he hadn't placed a diamond solitaire on the proper finger of Virginia's left hand, there was an unspoken something that bound them.

I met Mrs. Farrell about that time, and I convinced myself that it was not just her ordinary, everyday smile that was illuminating her friendly countenance. You see, she, too, knew about Virginia and Charlie!

Fox paired Janet and Charlie for a third time—in Lucky Star.

Perhaps it was the title, but something happened!

For weeks the separate trails of Janet and Charlie had not crossed. Through the first morning together on the set, neither had thrown as much as a glance in the direction of the other. Then came a romantic sequence, and—

The Gaynor-Farrell affair was on again!

During the weeks that ensued, Janet and Charlie were together on the stages daytimes... together on Janet's porch or in Charlie's car in the evenings.

Seventy-two hours of that found them re-engaged! Lydeell Peck returned to San Francisco and his law practice! Virginia Valli, gentle lady that she is, probably confided to herself, "That's Hollywood!" Charlie hadn't told her, but news spread rapidly in California.

Between scenes, Janet and Charlie quietly planned an elopement—just as Janet and Herb Moulten had planned one years before! But the plan continued to scowl!

Janet was scheduled for some shots for Lucky Star that did not require Farrell's presence. The director informed him that he could have the afternoon off. It had been a long while since Charlie had hoisted the mainsail and jib of his schooner, rising at anchor on the Pacific off the mouth of Topango Canyon, just below Santa Monica.

He broached the subject to Janet.

"Go ahead, dear, and I'll see you to-night," she agreed, enthusiastically.

Manipulating the rigging of the Farrell craft is a three-man job, so Charlie picked up a pair of so-called friends.

With his companions in the car, he was speeding through Beverly Hills, when he conceived an idea. Virginia's house was only three blocks off his course, and he would pause there for a moment to tell her that he wouldn't be seeing her any more.

That was Janet's wish, and he had made Janet a promise!

Bringing his motor to a halt at Virginia's curb, he espied her in the backyard.

"We're going down to the boat," he called out. "Come along, for there's something I want to talk with you about!"

Virginia went.

When the journey was resumed, though, one of Charlie's pals decided he needed cigarettes, and would Charlie please halt at the next drugstore?

From the pocket of the car, Charlie produced several packages.

"Take these," he urged.

But they didn't happen to be the other's brand!

So Charlie made the stop. The friend was gone longer than it ordinarily takes to get waited on in one of those outlying shops!

Aboard the yacht, Charlie and the other fellows grabbed the halyards, and, with Virginia, accomplished sailor that she is, at the tiller, they hoisted canvas and put to sea.

As the craft leaped into the breeze, Charlie ordered one of the men into the pilot's seat, and motioned Virginia to follow him down the companionway and into the cabin. There he informed her that Janet and he were going to slip away and be married... that he was seeing her (Virginia) for the last time!

Virginia congratulated Charlie. She was glad that happiness was ahead for him. And what's more, she was sincere about it!

Virginia and Charlie returned to the cockpit, gay of manner, just as though nothing had transpired.

Charlie took over the rudder, and pointed the craft's nose for the anchorage. Trivial chatter filled the atmosphere as Charlie and his mates, with Virginia lending an experienced hand, fueled the sails, stretched the tarpaulins, made the lines shipshape, boarded the dinghy and set out for the beach.

Charlie was first to disembark. Leaping on to the sand, the painter in his hand, his only thought was to assist Virginia to dry land before a breaker could wash over the tiny boat.

But as he reached for the Valli arm, he heard a familiar voice behind him utter a single word. It was:

"Well!"

Glancing around, Charlie saw Janet standing there. But she was visible only for a second. As Charlie blinked his eyes, Janet wheeled and made for her car.

It was long afterwards that the real story came to the surface.

Charlie's cigarette-buying stunt, himself suffering from a Gaynor weakness, had used the lack of smokes merely as an excuse to reach a phone to enlighten Janet that her betrothed had failed to keep his word... that he was not only seeing Virginia again, but was taking her on a cruise.

"And, if you don't believe me, be at the landing around 6 o'clock!" he had added.

Racing to Hollywood, Janet Gaynor long-distanted Lydeell Peck at his home in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco.

Gaynor and Farrell went through the remaining sequences of Lucky Star without further conversation.

With the concluding scene in the box, Janet hurried to Oakland, where she became Mrs.
Concluding Janet Gaynor's Life Story

Lydell Peck beneath the same roof under which Lydell has been born.

The collapse of the Gaynor-Farrell betrothal did not become public until the afternoon that Janet and Peck arrived at the Oak Lane marriage licence clerk to obtain their permit. The Los Angeles press imparted that information in eight-column banner headlines before the Oakland marriage licence clerk to obtain their permit. The Los Angeles press imparted that information in eight-column banner headlines.

I set out in search of Charlie. I dropped in at the studio, but he wasn't there. Neither was he at backwater Lake home. Nor at his beach cottage. Continuing down on the shore, I found his schooner riding the waves, deserted.

So I telephoned Virginia Valli's house. Virginia answered, and called Charlie.

"I'm leaving within an hour to catch the train," he told me. "I've suddenly decided to go to New York, and hope to be there before you go." "But I want to see you before you go," I told him.

"That's all right, but if it's about Janet's marriage, you might just as well save your time, for I'm not going to discuss that now."

So Janet and her groom were leaving San Francisco Bay bound for Honolulu on their honeymoon, Charlie was parking his luggage on a train, with the Old World as his destination.

When Charlie reached New York, the first acquaintance he bumped into was Dr. Don Montgomery, there on a vacation. They clasp hands.

"Well, I see Lolly's married," said the dentist. "Yes, Lolly's married," answered Charlie, sadly.

Another name had been posted on Janet's roster of forgotten men—the name of Charlie Farrell.

The talkies had zoomed down in Hollywood, and the film colony in a turmoil. Fox cabled Janet in Honolulu and Charlie in London to hurry back for voice tests. Both headed the summonses. Janet, with Lydell Peck at her side, went before the microphones, and passed the trials with colours flying. When Fox called them back, though, he was a completely saddened lad. Strange lands and strange faces had not healed the hurt suffered when Janet crossed to Peck. And while his train was racing over desert sands as it neared the California line, he had been handed a telegram.

His mother was ill in the Toluca Lake house he had built as a honeymoon spot—his honeymoon with Janet!

A single ray of sunshine pierced the gloom hovering over both heads as he alighted at the Pasadena station.

Peering out of the window of his drawing-room, as the transcontinental locomotive shrieked to a stop, he sighted Virginia Valli.

Now there was a girl!

Charlie climbed into Virginia's limousine, and together they sped to Mrs. Farrell's bedside.

When his mother finally passed on, Virginia was his guest. They were married shortly after the funeral.

But Charlie never again crossed the threshold of that luxurious place he built for Janet!

When Virginia and Charlie returned from their nuptial tour, Janet and Lydell paid them a call, and what had once been a fiasco now became a foursome, for Virginia and Charlie, Janet and Lydell were seen everywhere together.

Fox linked Janet and Charlie as the stellar figures in High Society Blues—their debut in the talkies. They did their best—their utmost as screen partners and as friends—with a powdered-sugar vehicle.

It was only a short while, however, before there were rumours of rifts in the Gaynor-Peck domestic situation.

Lydell had forsaken his legal clients in San Francisco, to try his hand as a studio author. As long as he remained with his law work, Janet and he didn't have much in common he reasoned.

But newspaper columnists, sensing trouble, camped in the Gaynor-Peck doorstep. They reported that the grooms' comings of the past year.

Janet had taken a separate apartment... Janet had moved back to the Peck abode... Peck had departed for bachelor quarters.

All this was too much for the already frayed nerves of both Janet and Lydell!

Janet then made formal announcement of their definite, and final, parting, and purchased a ticket for Honolulu. She went there, she admitted, to think things over... to decide whether or not there might be a chance of finding happiness should she and Lydell try it again!

Her decision was barred in her action for divorce!

"When I came home from the studio, Mr. Peck would ask why I was so late," Janet told the court, "and I would tell him I had been working... that the director had requested me to stay...

"He then said that I was 'very foolish to stay that I was stupid.'"

He annoyed me by reading critical fan mail aloud, and he was exceedingly jealous," she continued from the witness stand. "He was rude and discourteous to me, and often upset me so much that I could not sleep at night and would be unable to work the next day!"

Lydell was making good in his new field as an author-criticist, but when the decree had been granted his wife, he packed up and went back to San Francisco, there to take up the threads of his legal practice where he had dropped them.

He has since become active in state politics.

For a year after her visit to the divorce court, Janet remained more or less in seclusion.

Because she was usually among the guests at dinners given by Winfield Sheehan, the studio head, the gossipers set in motion reports that she would wed her employer as soon as the decree became final.

She used to see Dr. Don Montgomery occasionally after parting with Peck, but their reunions were infrequent, for Montgomery was busy with his professional work—and his social duties.

Gene Raymond flashed across Janet's horizon, showering her with daily bouquets of orchids, escorting her here and there amid Hollywood's bright lights.

When Gene set out on a quest for an apartment, word spread that Janet and he were headed for the parson's. Arrival of Gene's mother put an end to that, though, for the apartment was for Mrs. Raymond's use.

In the company of Gene, Janet seemed to be blotting from her memories all trace of her tragedy-filled past. It was a new and different Janet we saw in the night clubs, a more vivacious, fun-evoking Janet!

She might have gone on that way had she not opened her newspaper to the society page, and read of Dr. Don Montgomery's marriage.

It was then that she dashed off for Europe! Of course, as I have explained, there may have been no connection between the dentist's move into the ranks of the benefactors and Janet's departure.

London was Janet's first stopover after she crossed the Atlantic. Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli were over there, the former making a picture for a British concern.

It was only natural that Janet and Charlie should meet, and that Charlie would say to Janet: "Well, I see Don's married!"

"Yes, Don's married!" answered Janet, wistfully.

That from the girl who had put a career ahead of marriage!

It was on her return from Europe, that Janet met Dr. Veblen in New York, where she enjoyed two gay weeks with Veblen as her escort. For him, it had been a case of love at first sight.

When she got back to Hollywood, Veben began calling her over the long distance phones nightly, always with the plea that she become his wife.

Came Thanksgiving, and Veben came west to visit her.

Mrs. Gaynor is said to have placed her stamp of approval on the new suitor.

That was all that was needed to make Janet say "Yes!"

Janet Gaynor's most recent studio portrait.
'Celanese' de Luxe is Locknit such as you have never seen before—Locknit of rich Quality in heavy superfine Texture, both suede and bright finishes. You may know when you buy it that it will wash and wear, wear and wash, to your complete satisfaction. But be very sure you see the Tab that says 'Celanese' Locknit de Luxe.'

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Look for the Tab that says

'Celanese'

LOCKNIT DE LUXE
Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

Women's clothes are more bimby than men's and hence more susceptible to flames. Miriam Hopkins, the star of *Becky Sharp*, stepped too close to a blazing candle, and the lace dress she was wearing caught fire. Serious danger to the star was averted when a property man tore off the blazing gown. Miriam was lucky to escape with a singed arm.

Poor Mae

Mae West is to be pitied, for the eagle eyes of the zealous reformers are fixed upon her, and even the titles of her films come under their keen scrutiny.

The blonde star's latest film, now in production, was originally called *Now I'm a Lady*. It was considered too "hot," so *How Am I? Don't* was chosen as the title. Again disapproval was encountered from film officials, so despite the threats the yarn is called *Goin' to Town*.

Twenty Years in Films

I recently attended the twentieth anniversary of the founding of Universal City. Not only were the writers invited, but the present employees, as well as those who had been on the pay-roll many years ago.

Stars of yesteryear were there by the scores. Even the great Irving Thalberg, once general manager of Universal City, was present, as well as Carl Laemmle, sen., Carl, junr., and other members of the Laemmle family.

There was an undercurrent of sadness, for many believe that Universal will be absorbed by Warners, which has already taken over First National and Vitagraph, although Mr. Laemmle vigorously denies the possibility.

The fewer studios, the less work; a fine theatrical entertainment was staged.

Hollywood is crossing its fingers and hoping that the beloved "Uncle Carl" Laemmle continues at the helm of Universal.

Gratitude

A certain Hollywood "yes man," who was befriended by a prominent actor, recently sued him for remarks assertedly made by the star.

The case was settled out of court, without newspaper publicity, so I suppose everyone is happy.

Practical Jokers

Frances Dee recently received a hurry call to go from her Westwood apartment to Sherwood Forest, forty miles away, where Joel McCrea, who was working with a company on location. She arrived to find the company gone an hour before.

Then Bradley Page was awakened practically at dawn and told to hurry to Universal studios, where he was to work that afternoon. Dashing thence without breakfast, he discovered that no one knew anything about it. Nice people, these impractical practical jokes!

Country Girls Preferred

It seems rather surprising that Le Roy Prinz, dance director at the Paramount studios, prefers country girls to their city sisters.

Mr. Prinz claims that the girls from the farms and villages are tractable, know little about dancing and hence have little to unlearn, whereas the city damsels have danced so much they believe they know it all.
BERGNER is

Gemma sees all this clearly and fights for her man but she is nearly driven insane when her child dies and Sebastian is too immersed in the rehearsals of a ballet he has composed to understand quite what is happening. She wanders about for a day or two lost in misery and then turns up at the attic they rent close to the railway.

Her entrance interrupts a fight between Sebastian and Caryl, the latter furious at the former’s treatment of Gemma and his intrigue with Fenella.

Fenella is finally disillusioned and departs with Caryl while Gemma starts to comfort Sebastian, for, loathsome as his conduct has been to her, he is still her man.

Perhaps the greatest scene in the picture is this last sequence where Gemma walks unconcernedly in, borrow a shilling from Caryl to put in the gas meter and sits down by the fire to dry her soaking shoes. It gains here in dramatic effect more than anywhere else because of its stark sense of tragic hopelessness.

The scenes where Gemma, having taken her baby to the hospital, goes to demand its return, refusing to realise it is dead, are made intensely poignant by the finely varied emotions of which Elisabeth Bergner is a mistress.

In this picture she runs through the whole gamut of feelings, changing from light-hearted impishness to tragic despair with an effortless ease which marks the true artiste. While Bergner dominates the entire picture, an exceedingly good performance is given by Hugh Sinclair as Sebastian; he manages to bring out the sense of charm underlying the otherwise despicable nature of the man which holds Gemma to him in spite of her knowing him for what he is.

Griffith Jones is good as the rather ineffectual Caryl and Penelope Dudley Ward fair as Fenella. With a little more experience she should show to good advantage.

Irene Vanburgh turns in a polished character study as Fenella’s mother, while Leon Quatermaine is effective, if a little stiff, as her father.

Lyn Harding makes the thin part of a German conductor stand out in bold relief.

WHEN I first had the privilege of seeing Elisabeth Bergner in Der Traumende Mund I came away with the feeling that here was one of the greatest screen artistes of the day.

I cannot say that that impression was so vivid when I saw her again in Catherine the Great, a picture in which she was obviously miscast, but in Escape Me Never she gives a performance that must rank amongst the most notable of this or any other year. And this in spite of the fact that the story material is distinctly thin and artificial.

That, by the way, is probably the reason why Elisabeth Bergner appears strongly to the intellect, she is not able to touch the heart strings with that sureness of touch which would undoubtedly have been there if the character had been less theatrical in conception.

However, it is a great performance, rendered all the more enjoyable by Dr. Paul Czinner’s brilliant direction and the exceptionally good settings and technical work generally.

British and Dominions have cause to congratulate themselves on the high standard of this production.

The picture is a faithful adaptation of Margaret Kennedy’s play and it is, I think, one of those instances in which the screen has the advantage over the stage in that it has made more of the colourful atmosphere and added pictorial effectiveness to bolster up the inherent weakness of the plot.

In its bare outline the story introduces one to Sebastian and Caryl, brothers, two of the Sanger family which Miss Kennedy featured in The Constant Nymph.

Sebastian had adopted a whimsical little waif Gemma, who has had a child by a lorry driver who had given her a lift on the road to Venice. She is cosmopolitan, wayward, and impish.

Incidentally, Elisabeth Bergner brings all these qualities out with a charm and naturalness which is wholly fascinating.

Also in Venice is Caryl who is making love to Fenella, the daughter of Sir Ivor McLean who has rented the Palazzo Neroni.

Gemma, indulging in her usual daily hunt for food, bursts in on the astonished McLean family—the state rooms of the palace are open to visitors on certain days—and when being questioned trots out the information that she is living with Sanger.

The family jumps to the conclusion that “Sanger” is Caryl and take the heart-broken Fenella to the Dolomites.

Meanwhile, Caryl and Sebastian meet and Fenella’s coldness to the former is made clear. Taking Gemma with them they set out to follow the McLeans on foot.

These sequences are notable for the beauty of the scenic qualities as indeed are the opening shots in Venice. The Palazzo Neroni interiors are finely conceived.

The brothers and Gemma earn their keep on the way by giving concerts, the music being written by Sebastian, who has the makings of a genius and does not conceal the fact that he knows it.

At a luxury hotel in the Dolomites where they are to give a concert, Sebastian meets Fenella and is fascinated by her. However, Gemma takes a hand and threatening to leave Sebastian, takes a train to London followed by her protector.

In London they are married and Caryl continues a clandestine courtship of Fenella, but the latter is secretly infatuated with Sebastian.

Elisabeth Bergner gives a grand performance as “Gemma” and Hugh Sinclair is very good as “Sebastian” in the film version of “Escape Me Never.”
BRILLIANT

Great care has been taken to achieve a convincing atmosphere in the varied settings incidental to the action. Whether it be in Venice or London, in the wealthy home of the McCleans or the Sagers' attic, at Drury Lane Theatre or at a coffee stall in a mean street, there is always a sense of realism about the settings.

Camera work too is exceptionally good, and Czinner has avoided all semblance of a photographed stage play.—L. C.

A great beating of publicity tom-toms ushered in this adaptation of what is definitely one of Edgar Wallace's best stories. The picture itself is equally accompanied by an excessive beating of tom-toms and more attention has been paid to tribal dances and Central African scenery than to the construction and effectiveness of the story proper.

While admitting the excellence of the native sequences, the vivid manner in which war dances, peace dances, wedding dances and so forth, are presented, I still feel that they do not compensate for the missed opportunities in dramatic construction.

The story sets out to show how Sanders, commissioner of a large territory in Central Africa, brings peace to the district with the aid of Bosambo, a native with a police record, in whom, however, he believes and makes a chief. His main trouble lay in suppressing the warlike intentions of King Mofoluba and when he starts on a year's leave trouble promptly breaks out again the word having passed round that he is dead and that there is no longer any law on the River.

The trouble is fermented by two white traders trafficking in forbidden gin and rifles.

Sanders' deputy is maddened by King Mofoluba and Sanders himself is hastily recalled. The news of his return immediately quiets things down, but Mofoluba, determined to have his revenge on Bosambo who was instrumental in his former humiliation, kidnaps his wife and so gets his enemy to come to his village where he proceeds to start putting the pair of them to death.

Sanders arrives just in time and settles matters with a machine gun, some well chosen words and an indomitable courage. Thereafter he makes Bosambo paramount chief and once more departs on his delayed leave.

The main trouble with the picture is that the story action is continually being held up for the introduction of dances and interest shots. Drastic cutting and editing would make a tremendous improvement, for there has been very little attempt at getting the suspense values which are simply asking to be utilised.

The atmosphere is excellent. Few travelogues have contained better shots of Africa than Zoltan Korda obtained on his expedition to the Congo.

But, in spite of this, one is not always convinced, the reason being, I think, that all the chiefs speak good English; it would have been far more effective if they had talked in their native tongue and had their speech interpreted.

Paul Robeson makes a splendid figure of a man as Bosambo, and his performance is strongly dramatic. He is given some songs, which I am informed are based on native rhythms—his voice shows to excellent advantage—but I must confess that one of them, an incitement to war, reminded me irresistibly of the famous marching song from The Vagabond King.

As his wife, Nina Mae McKinney gives one the impression that she has strayed from Haarlem on to the veldt. She too is given a song, a ballad, which would also have been more appropriate if sung in a Haarlem café.

As Sanders, Leslie Banks is very good indeed and admirably suggests the cool, far seeing civil servant who gets a reputation for magic by his subtle administration.

Good support comes from Robert T. Cochran as a young lieutenant, and Richard Gry as a senior officer, Hamilton.

While I must confess to disappointment so far as the dramatic appeal is concerned, I feel the picture is well worth seeing—especially if it is cut—for its native interest and fine camera work.—L. C.

Above: Sanders introduces Ferguson to the chiefs, a scene from "Sanders of the River," in which Leslie Banks as "Sanders," is at his best. Right: Simone Simon is lovable as the elfin character "Puck" in "Lac Aux Dames."
SPECTACULAR musical show following the tradition of its predecessors, complete with Busby Berkeley ensembles and the strong and well-known team of First National comedians, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, and Frank McHugh. Song numbers are in the capable hands of Dick Powell, while Gloria Stuart supplies the romantic interest.

Adolphe Menjou as a temperamental, unscrupulous theatrical producer who stages a show at the hotel. He is seen with Gloria Stuart, Dick Powell and Alice Brady.

Dick Powell, as a hotel clerk who falls for the daughter of a millionaire, played by Gloria Stuart, is seen here in one of the tuneful song numbers.

Frank McHugh has the role of a millionaire's scapegrace son who has a genius for becoming involved with women.

Even the modesty-provoking costumes of a bygone era cannot hide the beauty of the Berkeley bathing belles.
Just a few of the seductive costumes designed especially for this ambitious musical.

One of the highlights of the film are the exceptionally carefully chosen and beautiful chorines. The gold-diggers take time off for a change.

Ramon and Rosita, the speciality dancers who lead one of the big dance scenes in the picture.
WELL, Johnnie, what do the trustees of the Hunter estate think of my marrying?"

Even the richest girl in two continents is justified in betraying a certain self-consciousness in debating such a question with her guardian.

With careless deliberation, Dorothy Hunter put away her fountain pen and engaged the billiard table.

Watching her take a cue, John Connors thought it a pity that any girl so attractive should be saddled with so great a drawback as a bank balance to romantic happiness. Very small and slight with a nimbus of curls and large limpid grey eyes, she looked more like the original of a portrait by Fragonard than a modern heiress. "The trustees wished you luck," he told her. "Sylvia took the chair and signed the minutes. Not a man jack suspected her of being anything but Miss Dorothy Hunter. Has Don 'phoned, by the way?"

"No."

"Bit late, isn't he? Hasn't seen you in seven weeks. and then isn't on time. Better talk to him about it. As the fiancé's bent, so the husband will grow."

Dorothy shrugged. The entrance of Sylvia, fresh from the board meeting, and her husband Philip added to the giggling little ache at her heart. Sylvia, who impersonated her when and wherever news reporters or an inquisitive public were likely to be tiresome, was in love with her handsome mate. Both were plainly anxious for Dorothy to marry so that they could leave her and go back to Europe. Sylvia didn't want to let her employer and friend down, but as Philip put it, "How is Sylvia to be at your wedding when you're so indefinite about the date, Dorothy?"

She was chalking her cue when Donald turned up. He kissed her and she knew in a minute that he'd been drinking. Disturbing thought! No amount of good looks and naturally marcelled hair could quite get over an aroma of brandy before meals.

"You know," Dorothy remarked in John Connors and Sylvia and Philip had tactfully disappeared. "I've a hunch, Don, that you came here to tell me that you wanted to call our engagement off and haven't had the courage, isn't that it?"

"Well, we never were in love, were we? You see, Dorothy, I'm afraid it's something you'll have to miss as you're the richest girl in the world. Everyone bows before you — you travel like the Prime Minister. You're like royalty, and when someone marries, say, a queen, I bet he don't know whether he loves her or her crown."

No... I understand. We call it off then. Don't say anything. We'll have a game of billiards and while I make a six cushion shot I take the opportunity of hoping you'll be very happy—with another girl."

"Thanks, but I'd rather have a drink," Don countered. He helped himself from the bar in the room corner and Dorothy's spirits descended to zero. There was no kick in breaking off an engagement with a boy like Don; no thrill either in seeing him go as if the day were like any other, and finding Sylvia and Philip dancing together on the terrace.

John Connors, watching Dorothy, narrowly received her news about Don without comment, merely capturing her statement of "We might go to the Adirondacks for a week," with "Good idea. Then we put off to-morrow's party."

"No, I don't think it's good to look as if one's running away. Johnnie. We'll leave in a day or two. Only remember to-morrow Sylvia must be me."
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NAME

ADDRESS

run the canoe down. You save Sylvia."

"But she swims like a fish; won no end of medals."

"Never mind. Tony won't know that and he must be prevented from saving Sylvia. No hero stuff."

"But I'll get wet," Philip protested.

Philip, however, waiving the consideration, acted nobly to schedule. Soon as the launch under Dorothy's orders ran across the canoe's bows, causing its frantic tilt and sudden immersion of the occupants, he dived in.

Dorothy, leaning over the launch's side, put out a hand to grab Tony whose head more touseled than ever, came hopefully to the surface.

"Where's Miss Hunter?" he panted.

"Get in; never mind, she's being taken care of," Dorothy answered, secure in the knowledge that Philip and Sylvia had reached the landing stage. She helped Tony to a seat, hustled him home and handed him over to a valet. Ten minutes later she opened the living-room door of the first and foremost guest suite. Tony in dressing gown and scarf left the sofa.

"Hello, Tony; you all right?"

"Thanks. The valet says I can have my things in a couple of hours. How's Miss Hunter? Not fed up with me is she?"

"What a fuss you make about Miss Hunter. You wouldn't worry like that over every girl you ask to go canoeing."

"I say. I'm awfully sorry, I remember now I asked you first. Seems as if I'm a first-class cad.

"You're not or you wouldn't be still here. You were right about Miss Hunter's being particular. By now her trustee will have had a 'tec on your trail and knows everything about you."

"He needn't have bothered. My father's a civil engineer—mother and aunt's pure Bostonian bred—self a modest insurance broker. I daresay that's good enough to start with. After all, I'm not offering to get engaged to Miss Hunter."

"No, but you like her."

"Very much. It's not her fault she's the richest girl in the world."

Whereupon Tony sneered and Dorothy suggested drinks, which suggestion being acted upon she decided to share his sofa.

"You know," she began confidentially, "you made a good impression on me in the billiard room, a very good impression. I liked the way you didn't fawn on Miss Hunter, or seem afraid of her."

"Why should I? As I said, I'm not out to marry her. I'm not the romantic kind. I don't believe in falling in love. All the same, if I liked Miss Hunter it wouldn't make me not want to marry her just because she happens to be rich."

Sarcastically Dorothy perceived that it was useless to pursue the point. She must admit to have "fallen for" a young man who, though quite willing to put his arm round her after a stiff Scotch or two, in no wise reciprocated her gesture. While she laughed, glass in hand, her mind was at work.

The first thing was to make up a party for the club the following night and engage Tony's company by assuring him "Miss Hunter" would be there. Next was to take her wardrobe in hand. Circumstances required that she should look her best for Tony started the evening by dancing with Sylvia, whose classical style and figure obviously impressed her partner.

Dorothy, contending herself with Philip, gave him the signal to dance over to his wife, which he was only too ready to do, cutting in, in fact, with such aplomb that she must before she knew it, Dorothy had yielded to Tony's carelessly-expert guiding.

"Did I hear you and Miss Hunter comparing notes on terriers just now, Tony?"

"Yes. We agreed we liked wire-haired best."

"You're getting along fine."

"I don't know so much. A romance with a girl like that would cost a fortune. Twelve dollars for a steak here, and I've only eighteen dollars to my name."

"Tony, I've an idea. Let's sit out."

They found a quiet corner in the neighbourhood of the bar, and Dorothy opened fire.

John Connors is in the know at the stock market. He'll give me no end of tips if I ask, and we could go into partnership and make a packet."

"You might get fired." Dorothy wouldn't mind; then you can start your campaign. It seems a shame for you to miss the chance of having a girl like that when I know she likes you."
eyes was some slight compensation for the recent bad half hour.

"I thought that I want to propose," he echoed, and said
"Good-night" in a tone which left
Dorothy's feelings like an unsnuffed candle trying to decide if it were worth putting up a fight to stay slight.

The week-end fulfilled the promises of a ten days. Saturday morning, though fine, exhibited all the omens of a coming storm. No loo place must be left for Tony's last-minute refusal to join the lodge party. Dorothy discussed the matter with Housea, who arranged to go with
Mark Franey, lawyer and co-trustee, to pick up Mr. Travis by car at four p.m.

When Tony's arrival at the lodge timed for dinner, Dorothy had no intention of being behindhand. The original plan was for her to join
Philip and Sylvia with Connors in the six-seater. By mid-afternoon the storm had broken in good earnest. Connors, urging delay on account of the roads, drove Dorothy to discover an aching tooth and demand the use of the coupé and the youngest of the chauffeurs. Thus, round-about eight, she emerged into drenching rain to make a dash into the lodge porch.

The butler met her in the hall. "Yes," he said, "Mr. Travis is here," he informed. "He's had dinner."

"And the rum-punch. Did you see to that, John?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Travis has sampled it several times. He's in the dining room."

One tug at her oilskins and cap, revealing her hair close-curlfed from the weather, and she was meeting Tony, who got out of his chair, obviously startled at her entrance. He had tried the rum-punch into two cups, she noticed, but if he had been expecting to toast Dorothy

"Hullo, Sylvia. I thought you weren't coming. Connors has just phoned that you were delayed and wouldn't be turning up till the morning."

"Oh! Well..." Dorothy named the dentist's appointment somewhat self-consciously. She felt suddenly at sea.

"Now you're here have some of this," Tony suggested.

She took the proffered cup and met his eyes.

"To Sylvia," he said solemnly. For a time they talked, both aware of the goal ahead. Yet when Tony took her in his arms, a host of sensations devestatingly sweet and strange kept Dorothy's eyes closed, even while her lips sought to protest against the kiss. Affection had come Dorothy's way ninety per cent. less than that of the vestriest guttersnipe of the East Side. Her parents had died in the disaster to the Titanic when she was barely two. No wonder that Tony's embrace, practised yet more sincere than he knew, stirred unaccountable depths in the heart of a girl of nineteen who had never even known parental tenderness.

Morning brought certain consolation in the arrival of the delayed six-seater. At least Dorothy could confide the Chisil's episode to John Connors, whom she considerably surprised by voicing her angle on the situation.

"Don't you see, John, Tony must have the chance to propose to Sylvia. If I loved him less I'd be satisfied with being his second choice. But I'm not. I'm not."

The opinion was strengthened by Tony's appearance. After greeting Connors, who tactfully removed himself, he began: "Say, Sylvia, I'm awfully sorry about last night."

"Forget it; it just didn't happen."

"Awfully decent of you, Sylvia. I begin to think you're the best friend a man ever had."

"Thanks, Tony. Let's keep it up even when you're married to a friend of mine."

"Seriously, you don't think Miss Hunter'd have me, do you? She's so shy and reserved."

"Why don't you ask her."

Fate inevitable words! Dorothy had hardly uttered them when Sylvia, looking chic and fresh, appeared. Leaving her and Tony to toast marshmallows in the wide grate, Dorothy challenged her guardian to pinhole in the next room. But the cards danced before her eyes, and she took to consoling Philip a highly-interested diviner of what might or might not be going on a hundred feet away.

Suddenly the communicating door was flung wide. Tony's radiant face illustrated his speech. "What d you think? I've proposed and been accepted."

Bent on getting out of the room without breaking down, she left the others to deal with the situation and sought bed as the wisest consoler.

Failing to sleep, she got up early and was not sorry to find Connors, Sylvia and Philip at breakfast.

"I'd give Tony a day or so if I were you," Sylvia advised. "He's not in love with me, Dorothy. He never once said so. He was so taken up with being accepted, that's all."

The talk veered as to how soon it would be advisable to return to town when Tony made a strong entrance, astonishing Dorothy by his furious expression.

"Good morning, everyone," he began. "I hate to seem rude, but I'd like to know when I may have a car back to town. It seems I've blundered pretty heavily. Miss Hunter, I apologise for seeming unchivalrous, but the engagement into which I entered last night with you is off—definitely."

Sylvia, the first to recover from this speech, murmured something about an explanation. Tony looking pointedly at Philip, obliged by saying:

"Only this, I don't care for establishments where guests walk in their sleep into engaged girls' rooms. I distinctly saw this gentleman join you last night, Miss Hunter."

The expression with which Tony accompanied this salvo seemed to cause enormous pleasure to Philip, who winked at his wife and demanded an outsize portion of ham and eggs to be served to him forthwith.

Prepared as she was for almost any emergency at this juncture, Dorothy was not prepared for Tony's seizing her in his arms and bearing her kicking and struggling from the table.

"I'm crying. They were about to propose me back to you in the car which Jones had brought round."

Board the s.s. Cunard, to which after frantic efforts on the part of Connors and lawyer Franey, four special chefs, a doctor and a supply of Evinrude had been transferred, Tony looked into his wife's eyes.

"Wear the tight satin dress, the one that buttons up the back, so that I can help you into it," he pleaded.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

**IT'S A GIFT**

**SEQUOIA**
M-G-M, American. "U" certificate. Western. Directed by John Ford. Starring John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Andy Devine, Andy Devine. Runs 56 minutes. A fine little Western which is both entertaining and illuminating. The acting is excellent, the direction is excellent, and the story is well told. A must for all Western fans.

**DEATH AT BROADCASTING HOUSE**
A.B.P.D., British. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Directed by John H. Walter. Starring Barry Fitzgerald, Valentine Dyall, Cecilia Parker. Runs 75 minutes. A well-written and well-acted mystery which is both entertaining and thought-provoking. The acting is excellent, the direction is excellent, and the story is well told. A must for all mystery fans.

**RADIO PARADE OF 1935**
20th Century-Fox, American. "U" certificate. Theatrical. Directed by William Keighley. Starring Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. Runs 65 minutes. A fine little musical which is both entertaining and illuminating. The acting is excellent, the direction is excellent, and the story is well told. A must for all musical fans.

**THINGS ARE LOOKING UP**
**NAME THE WOMAN**
**ELINOR NORTON**
**HAWAIIAN NIGHTS**
**THE SCOOP**

What is the asterisk mean?---*** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
---** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

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---** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.
Mary, her younger sister, persuades her to take Bertha’s place until she can be brought back, and she gains entry through the school curriculum. Aided by Van Gaard, the music master, she achieves such success that Bertha finds that she returns, having been promoted to headmistress.

Cicely abandons her scholastic career. Her circus career is free to marry Van Gaard. The story is patently thin, but it provides an unusually complete Comedy. A picaresque kind of comedy, and those who appreciate her genius for burlesque will find her foiling a tennis star—a match with Suzanne Lenglen is one of the comedy highlights—trapeze artist and circus acrobat is her only entertainment. As a romantic heroine, however, she is not so happy, and she is not complemented by a rather by the fact that William Gargan, making, I think, his debut in British pictures, is not too well cast as a schoolteacher. Mary Lawson and Max Miller make the most of what chances come their way.

In the scenes and the school atmosphere are sufficiently authentic to lend point to the comedy.

**Elinor Norton**


**ELINOR NORTON**


Richard Crowell

Arline Judge

Betty Adams

Rita Janney

Charles Wilson

Joel Walker

Helen Trees

Bradley Page

Dave Evans

Jessie Prince

Purcell Pratt

Forbes Robertson

Cecil Coon

Crane Wilbur

Blaine Lawrence

Wallace Clark

Jeffries

George Humber

Louise Platt

Directed by Albert Rogell from an original story by Fred Nible, jun., and Herbert Asbury.

There have never been able to believe in those American newspapermen, but if you crave action in your entertaining this should be a hit.

That ingratiating young performer Richard Crowell appears as Clem, the son of the American theatrical experimenter. He is sent in an emergency to cover the murder of District Attorney Forbes. In his attempt to solve the case he loses his previously acquired brains, and when trying to enter the house surreptitiously sees a girl leap from the window. A type of everyman, this depicts the life of a candidate for the mayor.

Betty persuades him that her visit to the crime scene was perfectly innocent. The young detective, having gone there to secure from the District Attorney some papers incriminating the mayor, is captured by the police and held in a lonely country house, can establish Dave Evans, one of Blake’s henchmen, as the “D.A.’s” pet axe murderer. The rescue of the culprit, Evans and Clem gets the girl and the “scoop” of the year.

Cicely Courtneidge plays the lead with a droll, high-spirited and melodicurna, a well acted and well put over. The pace is fast, but the suspense is maintained until the end of a really exciting last reel. Richard Crowell’s character drawing as Clem is always accurate, and the part is attracively interpreted. Cicely Courtneidge and excellent portrayals are contributed by Rita La Roy, Crane Wilbur and Bradley Page.

The thick-ear melodramatics are well balanced by simple comedy and a pleasant love interest.

A disappointing case of a good idea and a good cast being wasted through inadequate production values. There are considerable possibilities for satire and novetry in its story of a yacht trip in which the new poor act as stewards and the rich as passengers.

The skipper, who plans to rob the passengers, runs them aground on a South Sea island, where they are captured by the Queen, a predatory European with a criminal record. She falls in love with Forbes, one of the passengers, and offers to let them go if he will marry her. He agrees, but is saved when his friend Freddy’s saxophone playing wins the fickle heart of the monarch. Forbes, learning that the Queen is planning to blow up the yacht, manages to get it clear of the island before it blows up. When he returns, they find that the Queen and passengers have gone native and resigned themselves to life, love, and laughter on the island.

The picture obviously had possibilities, but little has been done with them. The continuity is ragged and crude, and it is a well-staged native dance number, and some good music. Mary Boland excels as the Queen, despite the shadowy nature of the character, while Ned Sparks, Sterling Holloway and Polly Moran get the most of their limited comedy opportunities.

**THE SCOOP**


**HAWAIIAN NIGHTS**


Mary Boland

Queen of Malakamulau

Polly Moran

Nella Fitzgerald

New Stars

Captain Dad Roberts

Sunny Fox

Linda Stratton

Dolly Butts

Sterling Holloway

Fredly Finn

Harlowe Greyson

Irene Franklin

Mrs. Gilbody

Alice Allen

Ramsay Hunt

Mr. Colt-Stewart

Tom Kennedy

Joe Schlitt

Goo Farsone

Patricia Gilbody

Hazel Forbes

Cortine Palmer

Phil Foster

Betty Farnsworth

Mrs. Weem

Martin Cecy

Mrs. Rousneagle

Dot Farley

Mrs. Kipkathar

Helen Colman

Maurice Black

Spilotto

Harry Damien

Salkosky

Directed by Paul Swayne. Pre-reviewed, November, 1934.

**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

Helen Chandler and Clifford Mollison supply the love interest in the spectacular comedy musical, "Radio Parade of 1935."
It was Dirty Work, and she played the female dirty worker. However, I happen to know her stage work, and it's first-rate. Margarettta is definitely one to watch for.

Here's the story of the film, as near as I can make it out—and if you're one of the 933,786 readers of PICTUERGOER WEEKLY who object to knowing anything of the story before seeing the film, just look the other way for a moment, please. Having put my hand to the plough, I'm not going to make hay while the sun shines, if you see what I mean. I don't.

A Drop of Irish

Peg's parents were an Irish bricklayer and a washerwoman. Her lover, Michael, left Dublin for London, and Peg decided to follow him thither and marry him.

The dirty young dog (Jack Hawkins plays the dirty young dog) didn't let her into the secret that she was not his one and only love, but she found it out, and it was, however, meanwhile, she had met the great David Garrick, and to soothe her stricken heart he asked her to play a small part—that of a girl who had been jilted. Taftful hound!

Anyway, she put such pep into her rendering of it that Garrick whistled and remarked in effect "What ho!" and from that day onward Peg was pegging away up the ladder of fame at the rate of knots. She became the foremost actress of her day, just as "Pretty witty Nell" had been in the previous century: and although Mistress Woffington never achieved the distinction, as Mistress Gwyn had done, of becoming a king's mistress, that was just as well for her chances of her film getting into the United States.

Pewerry

You heard, of course, that since Mae West reached her destiny as arbiter of morals in those United States, they've all gone so darsen peewer that they simply threw pretty witty Nelly out on her ear when Herbert Wilcox tried to get her in? And serve her right, the minx; but it was a bit hard on Herbert.

So Herbert thought, anyway, and proceeded to chaffer with the Hays Office, with the result that Nelly might be allowed in provided scenes were added showing her dying in the gutter; the audience would then cast its mind back to all the pretty boddy-byes scenes earlier on, and realise how Essentially Wrong they were. Get the idea?

Only the Hays Office could have thought of that.

Anyway, Herbert Wilcox had no option but to comply, as he was losing pretty heavily on his film being kept out of the States. So he got busy down at Elstree, and they knocked off right in the middle of Peg of Old Drury to do a spot of Nell Gwyn for American consumption only.

Puzzling

I must have been a bit puzzling at times for poor Anna to remember which film she was supposed to be playing in. You see, in each she wears a red wig and panniers, in each she's playing opposite Cedric Hardwicke, in each she's a famous Drury Lane actress, in each she's gutter-bred, in each she has a rival for the affection of the public, in each she's a bit of a hell-cat . . . I won't swear that there are any other points of resemblance, but those are quite enough to get a girl queasy.

(Continued on page 28)
This wonder perfume 
first captivated Paris

New beauty preparations
Skin Tonic... 2/6
Antiseptic Lotion... 2/6
Compressing Milk... 2/6
Cleaning Cream... 3/6
Wax Setting Lotion... 2/6

Now....

The whole world chooses
"Evening in Paris"

Powder and Perfume

This is the perfume that so impressed the gay sophisticated city on its debut—all Paris sought its exciting fragrance. To-day Evening in Paris is used by the smart women of five Continents... disturbing in its sweet allure, surprising in its modest cost.— Perfume from 1/3 to 2/1, Powder 1/9.

Follow Paris and be RIGHT.

(Prices for U.K. only)

Her friend got all the attention until...

What a beautiful complexion your Devonshire friend has

Isn't that what you use to prevent 'tired skin'?

That's right Maisie, it takes years off your age

How do you keep your lovely complexion?

That's easy, I always use Knight's Castile

Three months later

Maisie you're so beautiful, now you look as if you'd lived in the country all your life

The girl with "tired skin" will always be outshone, for her complexion is bound to be unattractive and drab. And "tired skin" you will surely get if you live in smoky, crowded towns and work in stuffy offices—unless you use Knight's Castile. For the generous, fragrant lather of Knight's Castile is just like pure country air; it feeds and stimulates the vital beauty glands on which your complexion depends. Start this cheapest and surest of beauty treatments today—use Knight's Castile. It costs only fourpence a tablet.

Knight's Castile
Toilet Soap

John Knight Limited—Soap Makers Since 1817
ON THE BRITISH SETS

One interesting scene I watched in Peg of Old Drury is Peg Woffington’s installation as first woman president of the famous Beefsteak Club, which held its meetings in the equally famous Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court, off Fleet Street.

In the Cheshire Cheese to-day they make a very nice thing out of letting American visitors sit in the famous chair where the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson sat on many famous occasions.

Here’s another thing that has often puzzled me; how is it that Dr. Johnson’s biographer, Boswell, who could hardly have been hero to stifle without recording the incident in full detail, omitted to mention the famous Cheshire Cheese as a favourite and famous resort of the famous Dr. Johnson?

Ceremonial Pudding

Anyway, Samuel the Great goes there in the film, and must be right. At the installation ceremony he is represented by the fine Shakespearean actor, Robert Atkins (whose “Bottom” in A Midsummer Night’s Dream is the most satisfactory I have ever seen); Leslie French (whom, curiously enough, I last saw as “Puck” in the same play) is Pope the poet and satirist, and Tom Helswood is William Pitt.

Yes, Fifi, you’re quite right, this must be William Pitt the Elder, who afterwards became first Earl of Chatham. But must you insist on history lesson every week, you detestable little brat?

In this distinguished company, then, Anna Peg Neagle Woffington, First Woman President of the Beefsteak Club, performed her first official act and incidentally opened the session by plunging the carving-knife into a steaming steak pudding.

“Loud cheers from the members! Beef was beef in those days, my hearties, and gout was gout, too, but only incidentally.

At the Play

Other members of an important cast are Christopher Steele as Oliver Goldsmith, Mairé O’Neill and Arthur Sinclair as Peg’s parents, and Hay Petrie as the manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

You remember Maire as the fortunate-teller in Sing As We Go—a delightful performance. Hay Petrie’s best performance on the screen to date is said to have been his “Quill” in The Old Curiosity Shop, but in this case I only speak from hearsay, and hearsay, we are told, is no evidence.

Anyway, he’s a brilliant actor.

Of course, they have built Drury Lane Theatre in the studio. One can hardly conceive a full-length film now, with any sort of a theatre or place of entertainment in it, if it’s only a cabaret; and in a film centring round an actress it’s almost inevitable to find a theatre.

The theatre scenes in Peg of Old Drury were, I remember, the ones that entertained me most in an entertaining film; I only hope these are half as good. The extras certainly approved; they got several days’ work at a guinea a day—four hundred of them.

Diverting the Rush

In the theatre scenes we shall see Garrick and the Woffington doing excerpts from Hamlet, King Lear, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, and Ben Johnson’s play, The Alchemist, which was a favourite of the time. In those days the stage was fenced off with iron spikes, in case the audience decided to rush the stage. Nowadays when the play is bad the audience rushes in the bar—a much better idea in my humble opinion.

Peg will also be seen in her famous role of Sir Harry Wildair, in which she appeared in male attire. (Oh, fie, fie!) This costume, in fact, is part of the Plot.

After Garrick has caught Michael embracing her in her dressing-room (turn your head away, Mr. Hays), he flings off in high dudgeon (eighteenth century for ‘temper’) to a party at Vauxhall Gardens, with Peg, breeched, follows.

And does she meet Michael there? And does he fail to recognise his light o’ love? (Gad, the man must have known her by her petticoats!) And is she embroiled in a duel with him? And does Garrick hastily borrow a policeman’s uniform and intervene? (Though step me if I ever knew there were organized police in England before 1800.)

Peg Pegs Out

And do Garrick and the Woffington thereafter discover their mutual regard, to give it no stronger name? And does a doctor tell Peg her heart is so overstretched that she is likely to peg out at any moment? And does she in fact die in Garrick’s arms after playing Rosalind for the last and greatest time?—though certainly, Fifi, the history books tell us that she had retired from the stage for three years before her death.

But a fig for history! How much more dramatic to have her popping off on the stage, the scene of her greatest glories, in the arms of the great actor she loves!

Sorry to be harping so much on Peg of Old Drury, but Nell Gwyn was so far the best effort of Anna Neagle to date that I feel this Woffington one will be important, too.

A New Team

Now for the rest of the news in a nutshell.

The other current B. & D. film, the Sydney Howard comedy, Where’s George? 2 is held up for suitable location weather—though what kind of weather they must want, short of a monsoon, beats me. We seem to have had a bit of everything else during the last month or so.

Enter the Humans

Whether Mankind? is now reaching the point at Worton Hall where human actors are being employed—about half the film having already been completed with the aid of models. I’ve seen “stills” of some of these, and they’re certainly uncannily clever.

There are enormous new fighting machines, undreamed of in our time (except by London Films when they’ve been eating lobster for supper), and factories where the new gas is concocted that will Wither Mankind.

The first members of the cast to break into all this model-work (Leslie Banks, Raymond Massey, and Ralph Richardson) must have felt a little strange at intruding into the unseen future.

Robert Donat was to have played the part of the Scientist (by a coincidence it was in a chemical lab. that I first saw him, in Men of To-morrow), but he’s been ill in a nursing-home, and missed the ‘bus; and now he has to return to Hollywood to play in Captain Blood.

A delightful pencil drawing of Fay Wray by Peter Eton.

April 20, 1935

PICTUREGOER Weekly

FILM TOPICS

by

Globe

WINNER OF

“NELL GWYN”

POSTCARD COMPETITION

This Competition attracted a very large number of entries, and the standard of all was so high that judging became exceedingly difficult. It was finally decided to give the first prize of five guineas to:

ALAN R. THOMAS
161, INVERNESS PLACE, ROATH PARK, CARDIFF.

His postcard represents a very interesting point of view. It runs as follows:

“A film that brings honesty back to the cinema. No cheap satire, no glittering artificiality, but the natural charm of robust vulgarity. Anna Neagle is the brazen but lovely Nell to the life, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke’s King Charles has magnificent pose and finesse. A Restoration classic worthy of Congreve.”

Twenty-five signed portraits of Anna Neagle as Nell have been distributed to the runners-up.

N.B.—Your film experience is not complete until you have seen Elisabeth Bergner in “Escape Me Never.”

A British & Dominions
Production
Distributed by

UNITED ARTISTS

Continued from page 26
Try this 3 Days' Beauty recipe

When you see the face of a lovely film star flash upon the screen, you may be sure that her alluring skin and complexion are not just an accident. Her secret can be yours. Your skin can possess the same gorgeous loveliness as hers. This, within only three days. Certain precious ingredients, including predigested dairy cream and olive oil, are now contained in the new Creme Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). One or two applications each day stir the skin with fresh life. It is tonic, whitening and astringent. Quickly does away with enlarged pores, blackheads, coarseness, and other complexion defects, as nothing else can. Protects against destructive dirt and dust—keeps the complexion always fresh and clear and forms an ideal base for powder. Try this simple beauty recipe to-day and you will not hesitate to compare your new skin with that of the screen stars. Creme Tokalon is guaranteed to give successful results or money refunded.

DOES THE BEE LOVE HIS HONEY?

We don't know — BUT
WE DO KNOW THAT
SHARP'S the WORD
and SHARP'S the TOFFEE
We like best of all

DANDRUFF KILLS HAIR ROOTS

DANDRUFF not only ruins the appearance of your hair: it kills the roots themselves by choking them to death. No matter how often you wash your hair, dandruff always returns to rob it of life, colour and lustre, clogging the hair with flaky scurf and causing it to fall out.

It is a germ—an infection: that is why it is so persistent and mischievous. But Lavona Hair Tonic is the sure remedy. Massage the scalp with it every night; it will clear away dandruff, grease and scurf, nourish and strengthen the starved roots, restore life and beauty to the hair and promote a new growth to replace hair that has already fallen out.

All chemists sell Lavona Hair Tonic at 2/3 a bottle—each bottle carrying a money-back guarantee. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day—at once—and restore health, beauty, life and vigour to your hair.

YOUR SKIN SHINE SHOWS A DEFINITELY GREASY SKIN!

GREASY SKINS NEED SPECIAL TREATMENT

Feel your skin round the base of the nose, wouldn't you like your skin to feel matt like the touch of a damask rose?—no more grease—no more shine. Staymat Face Powder can ensure that satisfaction and delight.

Blended into every box of Staymat is a wonderful flower extract impregnated with Peroxide. Just as the rose controls the flow of perfume oil to each petal, so Staymat flower extract and Peroxide control grease to the skin—break up the grease so finely that it cannot shine. The Peroxide also has a splendid tonic effect on the skin, thus helping to close disfiguring enlarged pores; whilst Magnesia, the world's finest anti-acid now in Staymat Face Powder, neutralises the irritant acid always found in greasy skin.

STAYMAT

POWDER FOR GREASY SKINS 6"1/3 & 24" |

The gay thirties—the lively forties! To the women of to-day life is then at its best. They know exactly how to keep the RADIANCE and CHARM of YOUTH—in one very simple and very certain way.

In 30 minutes Boncilla Classic Pack (Beautifier) is guaranteed to smooth out tired lines, banish blackheads and blemishes, youthify facial contour, brace muscles, stimulate natural colour and loveliness.

Boncilla
classic pack
BEAUTIFIER

The different dentifrice
KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE

Gentle on teeth and gums—Fights Tartar— Wholesale 300 at £1.8. In 15s. and 2½d. at all Chemist Counters.

Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 211-213, Blackfriars Road, S.E.1

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KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE

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Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 211-213, Blackfriars Road, S.E.1

YOU’LL KNOW WHY!
is the acme of perfection,

its regular use ensures hair health—luxuriant growth... silky texture... a glorious sheen that reflects every light... better and more lasting waves—hair beauty in its most alluring form.

"GODMAYM" for Dark Hair in Blue Packet 4d.
"CAMEL" for Fair Hair in Green Packet 4d.

After shampooing... set your hair with Evan Williams Wave Set. This recently introduced preparation fixes, waves and curls without robbing the hair of its soft texture and sheen. 6d. per bottle.

"What's Mary done to herself?"

"She's perfectly lovely now!"

Everyone's beginning to talk about Mary's lovely skin—and yet a few weeks ago she was embarrassed by a blotchy, sallow complexion! What's her secret? It's the same as that of thousands of lovely women the world over—simply Oatine Cream. In a few days Oatine Cream will clear and cleanse even the poorest complexion—banishing all spots, redness, roughness and blemishes. If you suffer from a poor complexion—bring back the "Rose-petals" with Oatine Cream. If you are blessed with a perfect skin—protect it with Oatine Cream from wind and weather, and the grime and dust of town.

To remove surplus Cream, use the new silky Oatine Cleansing Tissues.

**OATINE CREAM**

In 6d. tubes, 1/6 and 3/- jars.
Oatine Cleansing Tissues in new handy container at 1/6 from Boots, Teynors, Timothy Whites and other chemists.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—Samples of Oatine Cream, Oatine Powder Base, Face Powder and 3d. Soapless Shampoo will be sent to all sending 4d. in stamps to The OATINE CO., 405, Oatine Buildings, S.E.1.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

**SHOULD STARS BE "HUMAN"?**

"Certainly Not," declares this Reader.

I find myself in disagreement with Malcolm D. Phillips when he welcomes the "humanising," as he calls it, of Hollywood's film stars. I, too, saw Garbo "among the pots and pans," in The Painted Veil and I was pained, to say the least.

I contend that Garbo has climbed to her high pinnacle because of her glamour and the mystery that surrounds her.

Mr. Phillips may say that glamour queens do not stand for intelligence, but, dash it all, some of us worship these sacred glamorous goddesses of the screen, and should they lose their dignity they become nothing.

Garbo domesticated is not Garbo. Joan Crawford among the pigs is not the glamorous Crawford we have grown to worship.

I hope I am not of very low intelligence, but films like Mata Hari and Blonde Venus will always appeal to me.

—Ernest Waten, 20 Centre Street, Cambridge Heath, London, E.2, who wins the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**Epstein and Crawford**

A first glance, Malcolm D. Phillips' remarks, whether Crawford be jealous or not, whether she sees the mouth on the new Epstein sculpture?" appears highly insulting. But actually it starts an interesting train of thought.

I think that mouth of Joan's is symboical of all that Epstein wishes to express. Which is, the Modern Outlook. One may dislike intensely the art of the famous sculptor, just as one may be repulsed by the film star's wide, lipped mouth. But there is hardness, courage, morbidity, nervousness... anything you like to think of which is modern, in the much discussed mouth of the actress.

After all, do we not become thoroughly bored with fair, insipid, rosebud-mouthed heroines? There is character in the features of Joan, if it is the tumulous, proud and fighting spirit which is "To-Day." And everyone knows the strategy and bravery of the moulding years of "Dancing Lady."—Edith Chimian, Dibraghark Lodge, South Benfleet, Essex, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s. 6d.

Our Best

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Male</th>
<th>Female</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Best-looking person</td>
<td>John Loder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best dresser</td>
<td>Jack Buchanan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best intermediate</td>
<td>Leslie Fuller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best actor</td>
<td>Edmond Gwenn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Best dancer</td>
<td>Jack Hubert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most promising</td>
<td>Esmond Knight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best Singing Voice</td>
<td>Jan Kiepara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best Feature</td>
<td>Robert Donat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prettiest Teeth</td>
<td>Jan Kiepara</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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YOUR VIEWSANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and £5 for the other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer" Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
New woman's age old problem of 'skinshine' solved by Science. By a new process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—the finest seven times silk-sifted powder is blended with Double Mousse of Cream. This process has been acquired by Tokalon. The New Poudre Tokalon is the one powder that you can apply in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long, whatever you are doing. The one powder that gives a 'Matt-Finish' complexion of fresh girlish loveliness which neither wind, rain nor perspiration can spoil. Try a box to-day and see what a fascinating beauty it can give you. See how entirely different is the New Poudre Tokalon from all other powders, because it is the only one with the Matt-Finish secret. 6d. and 3/-.

THE NEW MATT FINISH POWDER IS WATERPROOF
Make This Amazing Test Yourself

Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon; then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out and notice your finger is not wet and shiny, but perfectly dry and 'matt.' The New Poudre Tokalon resists moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse of Cream.'

THE SAFEGUARD OF HER NATURAL BEAUTY

NATURAL cleansing with soap and water can do all that is done by an expensive beauty treatment—provided the soap used is an Olive Oil soap. This is the unanimous opinion of 20,000 beauty specialists who, one and all, recommend Palmolive Soap for the preservation of the skin's youthful bloom.

Palmolive is made only from the purest palm and olive oils. The olive oil alone gives it that characteristic green colour.

Your skin will be refreshed by Palmolive's rich, abundant lather, and at negligible cost will receive the benefit of a daily beauty treatment.

YEARS OF AGONY WITH BURNING INDIGESTION

If you had been in agony for years with wind and burning indigestion and then found a remedy which gave you complete and immediate relief, would you not call it a miracle? This is exactly what Mr. L. St. John, of Farmfield Road, Bromley, says about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It will do just the same for you.

Read Mr. St. John's own words:

"I have suffered the agonies of Hell for years with wind and burning indigestion. Three months ago I was told of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and the relief I have obtained is a miracle. May I thank you most heartily for three whole months of comfort and peace.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion, get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day, but do not risk an inferior substitute to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature 'ALEX. C. MACLEAN.' It is not sold loose, but only in ½d., 2½d., and 5½d. bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.
**THE LADY BARBARA GORE**

Adventurous

For her

Eating skin

TALL and slim and graceful, with fair hair and grey eyes, Lady Barbara Gore is a real English beauty. She is as lovely in sporting sweats as in a regal Court gown. Her skin has the freshness that comes from a love of outdoor life — yet it is always remarkably smooth and delicate.

"Motoring's one of my chief joys," said Lady Barbara — "and I like an open car for preference. I love to feel the wind rushing by mycomplex. Friends are sometimes horrified at the weather I drive through and tell me I'll ruin my complexion. But I have too much faith in Pond's Creams to worry about that."

Certainly no one could wish for a lovelier skin than Lady Barbara Gore's. Not a trace of roughness or little lines round the eyes betray her outdoor life and those hours spent in the motor.

"I find Pond's Creams better than any for keeping my skin nice," said Lady Barbara Gore. "I use the Cold Cream for cleansing at any time, but especially after motoring. How soft and refreshed one's face feels after this treatment!"

"The Vanishing Cream is a great joy to out-door people like me! I know my skin would very soon get harsh and lined if I didn't let this cream protect me from the weather. It's a marvellous powdery base, too. There's nothing else seems to make powder cling so long."

Why don't you try this skin-care that has made Lady Barbara Gore's skin so much admired? It's amazingly inexpensive — the trial sizes of Pond's Creams cost only 6d.

FREE POWDER OFFER: Write your name and address here, attach a 1d. STAMP to one corner and post in 14d. sealed envelope to Dept. 1796 Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, and we will send you samples of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder: Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

**George** and "Anne are your inquiry department. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

---

**LET GEORGE**

Morin, 2, Waterstone Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.19, for particulars of The Conrad Veidt Fellowship. Envelope a stamped addressed envelope for reply. The Fellowship is not an admission society, but has good work to perform which will bring dignified positions to candidates and do others good at the same time.

(1) John Parrmore played Max Steiner's Unfinished Sonatas in The Bill of Divorcement.

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**OBSERVANT** (Grays) — I should think it most unlikely that Helen Hayes would appear as an extra. You have been mistaken.

L.W. (Coventry) — Carlotta King was the singer in the film version of The Dauntless Song, not Jeanette MacDonald as you suggest. Here with the full cast — The Red Shadow — John Boles; Margot — Carlotta King; Susan — Louise Fazenda; Rene Kidd — Johanny Arthur; General Brande — Edward Martindell; Pasha — Jack Pratt.

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**Studio Addresses**

**BRITISH STUDIOS**


**AMERICAN STUDIOS**

Gloria Stuart and John Beal studying the book of 'Laddie'—they are co-starring in the film version. Gloria Stuart was born in 1910, at California, 7t. 4 ins., blonde, blue eyes. Married (1) Blair Gordon Newell (mar. dis.), (2) Arthur Sleeman. John Beal, b. 1910, Joplin, Missouri; real name James Alexander Bleundig. Write to both of them at Radio Pictures, 760 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Hasei—Otto Hoffman; Sid el Kar—Robert E. Guirmon; Clementina—Marie Wells; Captain Fontaine—John Milian; Rebel—Del Elliott; Anari—Myrna Loy.

DOUBTFUL (Birmingham).—(1) Cast: The Blue Angel—Professor Immmanuel Rath—Emil Jannings; Lola Frohlich—Marlene Dietrich; Kiepert—Kurt Gerron; Gunze—Rose Valentin; Manape—Hans Alber; Director of the School—Eduard V. Winterstein; Thu—Dawn—Berthe Herst; The Beadle—Hans Roth; The Publician—Carl Huxar-Puffy; The Captain—Woldem Diegmann. (2) Music in Blossom Time—Hark! Hark! The Lark, Impatience, Red Roses, Faith in Spring. There is a Duchess, Ballad.

ANXIOUS WYNNE (Birmingham, 16).—(1) Archie Pitt was born in 1885. (2) There is absolutely no truth in the rumour.

LES ALLEN FAN.—Write to Les Allen, c/o Gramophone-British Studios.

Not a Benf CROSBY FAN (Portsmouth).—(1) An art plate of Jan Kiepura appeared in the Oct. 6, 1924, issue of this magazine. (2) Frank Lawton is married to Evelyn Laye. He has not been married before.

J. B. (Workop).—Cast: Jack Ahy—Jack Penneley; Jack Hubert—Patricia; Nancy O'Neill—Admiral Fraser; Alfred Drayton; Conchita—Tamura Denni; Larios—Henry Peterson; Dodger—Wilkinson.

P. F.—(Height: Louis Hayward, 5 ft. 7 in.; Mickey Brandfrost, 5 ft. 10 in.; Frank Lawton, 5 ft. 6 in.; Cast: Servants' Entrée—Hedda Nissen—Janet Cayzer; Eric Landstrom—Law Ayres; Hjalmar Gros—Ned Sparks; Viktor Nilsson—Walter Connoly; Mrs. Hamon—Louise Druiset; Earl Bergfield—G. P. Huntley; Sigrid Hanson—Astrid Allwyn; Hans Hanson—Siegfried Rumber; The Detective—John Quail; Anastasia Gno—Catherine Donat; Anna—Greta Meyer.

RAFT FAN ALWAY (Anon.).—(1) George Raft has appeared in the following films: Quick Millions, Night World, Hunt Money, Starface, Dancers in the Dark. After Night, The Sporting Widow, Madame

FAIR HAIR FAIRER!

Great Double FREE Gift
Every lady with fair hair is to-day invited to send the coupon below for an entirely free Sample Bottle of HARLENE CAMOMILE Golden Hair Wash and a Free Sachet of HARLENE Camomile Shampoo.

HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH
is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. All fair-haired ladies should try it at once and enjoy its marvellous effect. All chemists., 1/3, 1/2 and 5/- per bottle.

HARLENE CAMOMILE SHAMPOO
is the perfect shampoo for maintaining and preserving the beauty of fair hair. It is a tremendous boon to fair-haired ladies, which will enable them, one and all, to possess more glorious hair beauty than ever. Not only is the shampoo superbly soothing in its powers, but it preserves that NATURAL Shen and Shine which is the essence of Fair-Haired Beauty. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (Single Sachets, 2d each).

Thanks to One-da Wafers, you can be independent of soap and water now! These little soft felt discs cleanse the skin perfectly and are so handy when traveling, or at parties and dances. If you send 6d. immediately and say that you are a reader of the "Picturegoer," a box of wafers specially made for your handbag will be forwarded to you. Do not delay!

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

ONE-DA CLEANSING WAFFERS

I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET ABOUT SHOES

Have you ever said "I'll go and buy myself some shoes" and then been disappointed with their lack of style and smartness? It need never happen again if you insist on 'Gayday' Shoes, which for style and price are sure to please discriminating Miss 1935. If you will write immediately to the address given below saying that you are a reader of the 'Picturegoer," you will be sent, post free, an illustrated styles brochure.

GAYDAY, SHOE MAKERS, NORWICH

SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVING

SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVING

SUPERMA MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVING coaxes the hair gently and simply into the most natural permanent waves and cuts, without complication. Write, saying that you are a reader of the "Picturegoer," when a free book, explaining this wonderful system, will be forwarded to you at once.

SUPERMA LTD., 93-97, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
NEW "Picturegoer" Postcards win all hearts

"The Picturegoer" has made another big capture! It presents an entirely new series of postcards to its readers—fifty-five film stars taken from an entirely new and fascinating angle. Never before have your favorites appeared in such an charming light. You will vote these sepia glossy masterpieces the finest you ever saw. Get some to-day from the list below.

Not only are "Picturegoer" postcards in a class by themselves, but they are actually cheaper provided you are a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club. To join, all you need to do is to send an order for not less than one dozen sepia glossy postcards, new series, at the regular rate 2/10 dozen. Liberal discounts on all subsequent orders.

On joining, you are presented free with a magnificent Album to hold 300 cards. The cover reproduces a skin and the dainty coloured oval panel on the cover, embossed in gold, is finished with a silk ribbon. A finishing touch. The handsome pages are a perfect background for your choicest treasures.

Choose your postcards from the list below—twenty-five new cards, sepia, glossy finish. 1d. each, 2/6 dozen. Available to members and non-members. Complete list of sepia glossy and other postcards on request.

ALL NEW CARDS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>W. C. Fields</th>
<th>Alexander</th>
<th>Jimmy Bolger</th>
<th>Betty Connolly</th>
<th>Tullie Carmanelli</th>
<th>June Clyde</th>
<th>Donald Cook</th>
<th>Donald O'Connor</th>
<th>Patricia Ellis</th>
<th>Carl Remond</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Butch Collier</td>
<td>George Brent</td>
<td>Allan Jones</td>
<td>George O'Hara</td>
<td>Bobby Shorter</td>
<td>Robert Simpkins</td>
<td>John Crosby</td>
<td>Donald Crisp</td>
<td>George Webb</td>
<td>Don Ameche</td>
<td>Bruce Cabot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andy Clyde</td>
<td>Gordon Craig</td>
<td>Andy Devine</td>
<td>Don DeFore</td>
<td>Billy De Wolfe</td>
<td>John Dierkes</td>
<td>Henry Fonda</td>
<td>David Goodspeed</td>
<td>Herbert Heywood</td>
<td>John Hart</td>
<td>George Raft</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

TO: "PICTUREGOER"—SALEM.

So Long Acres, London, W.C.

Please send me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me membership card and "Picturegoer" Album. I enclose a 2d. order for my subscription fees of one penny per week, or 2s. 6d. per annum. Please include with your order the new "Picturegoer" Album. I enclose 1s. extra to cover cost of posting and postage on my order.

Name

Address

E.O. No. A. 1728 (1935) Amount

Weekly Orders should be sent by the 9th of the month, or at any time thereafter, when the order will be regarded as good for the week ending the 9th of the month. Orders received after the 9th of the month will be regarded as good for the week ending the 9th of the next month.

April 20, 1935

Dazzling!

Leaves to ANNE

SPECIAL OFFER—Your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me! I will be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

I T is but a short time ago that bare legs on the tennis courts raised a good deal of controversy. Now nine girls out of ten play that way, and the nine, if they are wise, are getting their legs into condition for the forthcoming season.

For, if the legs are to be seen, we owe it to ourselves and to the onlookers to make sure that these same legs are attractive. Many of us at this time of year are looking rather ruefully at the scorch marks caused by hugging the fire too closely on cold nights.

I think I have uttered warnings on this subject before. Legs should not be burned in this way, for the marks can result in quite unpleasant skin trouble. But if I, like the rest of you, will probably go on doing it each winter just the same. However, to get rid of the marks before the open air season begins.

Nightly treatment with zinc and eucalyptus ointment will fade out the scars.

Cut some squares of clean old linen, spread with the ointment—which you can buy from all chemists, by the way—place over the reddened skin, and lightly bandage.

Or, keep in place with a pair of old light coloured stockings. Allow to remain on overnight. Next morning touch up the marks with some calomine lotion, which, when dry, will leave a protective and non-marking powder all over the skin.

When quite dry, the lotion will be quite harmless to your stockings. Continue the treatment till the scorch marks have faded.

Red and Rough

Gooseflesh and rough red pimples are quite common blemishes. They are so easy to cure that they must not be tolerated. Ten days or a fortnight of the following routine will make the legs smooth and white.

Save a bottle of olive oil in a basin of hot water and have ready a footbath with warm water and soap that lathers freely. Anoint the legs with the warm oil, place your foot on the edge of the bath and take two hands to the massage. With the pads of the fingers and the palms of the hands work the oil well into the skin. Keep this up for five minutes, and repeat the process on the other leg.

Return to the first leg, rinse it well, dry it well, and then apply a good thick lather of soap. Work this into the skin with a rubber massage brush. If you haven't one a cheap rubber bristled nail brush will do just as well. Continue to rub in the lather for two or three minutes. Then rinse off to get rid of all trace of oiliness, and dry on a soft towel. Finish with talcum powder or, better still, a hand lotion or cream.

Do this faithfully for two weeks and I will guarantee that you will be proud of your legs next year and be looking for a bathing suit.

There is another matter that requires attention, and that is unwanted hair.

This must be disposed of, for it is so unfeminine and lacking in daintiness. In the first removal there is nothing so effective as a reliable depilatory.

This will remove all trace of the surface hair, and it should be used again at intervals.

But in the meantime to discourage the growth a bleaching paste should occasionally be pasted on at night. Three mixtablespoons of peroxide of hydrogen (10 vols), 6 drops of ordinary household ammonia, and mix to a workable paste with powdered pumice stone.

Spread over the legs, and cover with a pair of old stockings to protect the sheets.

Next morning go over the legs with a piece of toilet pumice stone. Regular applications of the two treatments will keep everything perfectly smooth and attractive.

Knots and Muscles

Knotted muscles in the calves are rather ugly. These can be improved if the trouble is not of too long standing.

Warm two table-spoonfuls of olive oil, and beginning at the knees massage downward to the ankles, working the oil in as rapidly as possible. Continue the massage for five minutes.

After wiping off the superfluous oil, step immediately into a fairly hot bath, or if that is not convenient apply warmth, by wrapping the legs in hot towels.

Housework often produces knobbly knees, and to prevent them, a soft mat should always be used when kneeling.

A rubber one is best as it gives most protection. Massage with colourless tincture of iodine may reduce the size of the joint a little, but prevention is the best cure.

Once knees have lost their lines, it is not easy to reshape them.

Answers to Correspondents

Cyclist (Iberia).—This week's article will answer your query.

Philothe—The peroxide of hydrogen will bleach the hair. It will not affect your skin. The only cure is electrolysis. You are not too young to take care of yourself. You cannot be more than a name of a lotion that will help the red veins.

Worried.—Send me your address and perhaps I can help you.

Blondie (Sheere).—I can let you have the name of a special foundation for greasy skin.

Vivian.—Massage with olive oil will help. You cannot expect rapid results.

Nova.—Let me have a stamped envelope and I can give you the information you desire.

Joan Gardner wears this Jaeger suit in beige tweed with a brown and beige striped silk jumper.

Pamay (Southall).—Sorry, you must send an envelope for exercises. Too long for insertion in this column.

"Seventeen."—Let me have your address.

Worried Reader (Brighton).—When washing your face, make a cosy lather in your palms, add a little fine oatmeal and rub well into the skin.

Worried (Swaanse).—Massage with warm olive oil.

L. L. (Manchester).—Dandruff is highly contagious and it is quite possible that you have caught it from your husband. Brush, comb, towel, etc., should all be kept strictly separate.

Mrs. J. E. B. (Birmingham).—Your lip stick must tone with your rouge. All the well known manufacturers of cosmetics make lip stick and rouge to match. Make your choice from the perfumery department of any of the large stores.

Avis (Hastings).—A simple astringent may be made by adding 15 drops of spirits of camphor to a teaspoonful of witch hazel and a tablespoonful of rose water. Make the mixture fresh for each occasion.
WHY

DOCTORS
ORDER

this chewing
LAXATIVE

Chewing Feena-
mint mixes the
laxative with
digestive juices
which makes it
work smoothly,
more naturally.

READ THIS REMARKABLE TRIBUTE FROM A PROMI-
NENT LONDON PHYSICIAN


Dear Sirs,

As a physician I do not often give a testimonial to makers of proprietary medi-
cines, but I feel that I must express my very great appreciation of Feena-mint.

In a lengthy experience of aperients and laxatives of all kinds, varying from old-
manufactured drugs to the many belied and various "laxes." I have never used one which
has given such consistently good results as Feena-mint. I prescribe it freely and
freely because I know that its bland action and certain result are excellent when
I need to bring about an all-important:" clean inside." I have arrived at this result
in a journey of 50 years of experience as a physician. I have found that no other
laxative, no other aperient, is equal to Feena-mint when it is used for all kinds of
constipation.

I am quite willing for you to use this tribute to the excellence of your product, but must
ask you not to divulge my identity.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) ....................... M.D., B.Sc.

Two surprises for every woman who takes advan-
tage of our special offer! Being so certain of your
delight after using the new NELL GWYNN SKIN FOOD,
we will send you — on receipt of 3d. in stamps —
a large trial jar. Test its really beautifying and
you-thening effect on your skin! You will find
Surprise No. 1 very gratifying.

Surprise No. 2 will come when, after comparing its
quality with other Skin Foods — you open the
accompanying sealed envelope and learn the price
of this wonder worker!

The Secret of 'Petal-Bloom' Skin Beauty

NELL GWYNN SKIN FOOD is the skin's natural
beautifier. It follows Nature's own example by
feeding the skin's underlying tissues, in order to
bring out its surface bloom. By replacing those
natural oils of the skin which have gradually been
used up (leaving it dry, and half starved) this
Beauty Aid nourishes the skin, which gradually
becomes revitalized, firm and clear — glowing with
a new unsuspected beauty.

NELL GWYNN CLEANSING CREAM completes the
good under-surface work by thorough pore-
cleansing. It clears away all the deep-seated impurities which, if left, result in sallow conditions and other "clogged-pore" evils. Nell Gwynn Cleansing
Cream is the ideal skin cleanser.

OTHER NELL GWYNN PRODUCTS

Nell Gwynn Skin Tonic
Nell Gwynn Vanishing Cream
Poudre Nell Gwynn
Face Packs
Back lotions
Talcum Powder
Beauty Soap

Obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites, Todds and all first-class chemists.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL JAR

To J. C. R. Field Ltd., Dept. 22, 22 Lambeth, London, S.E.1

Please send me a free trial jar of Nell Gwynn Skin Food in accordance with your special offer. I enclose
3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Name

Address

PICTUREGOER Weekly
DE RESZKE introduces its
IMPROVED FILTER TIP

— and how much improved!

No interference with the taste of the cigarette—and how much better it feels!

A filter tip, to do its cleansing and cooling work thoroughly, should be made of the purest, fleeciest wool. Now for the first time you can have a De Reszke filter tip of this material, cased in pure cork, on cigarettes of De Reszke quality.

Try a packet of the new De Reszke with the improved filter tip, and you will find that cigarette-smoking holds a new joy for you. Blissfully cool, delightfully smooth, with nothing to irritate the most sensitive throat—to smoke these cigarettes is to realise even more fully the fine character of the De Reszke leaf.

Ask for DE RESZKE 'CORK'—with the Filter Tip—20 for 1/-

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
FAMOUS STARS AT HOME

Picturegoer

2d
WEEKLY

Wynne Gibson
 THAT EXPENSIVE WAVE

Is it worth a penny to save it?

‘DANDERINE’ insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave, ‘Danderine’ will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings and oily tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you’ve had your hair shampooed, a little ‘Danderine’ will keep it from getting out of place. Use ‘Danderine’ every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it’s a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It’s no trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as ‘Danderine’ could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it.

You can buy ‘Danderine’ at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth

COLGATE’S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

There’s a lot more to cleaning teeth than most people realize. Do you know that everything you eat and drink and smoke leaves a stain on your teeth? Unless all these stains are removed daily, they gradually build up, spoiling the appearance of even the loveliest teeth—making them dull and dingy—unattractive.

No toothpaste with a single cleansing action can remove all stains. Some stains yield to polishing action—others only to emulsive action. Both actions are needed to give teeth spotless lustre. And Colgate’s has both actions.

First, Colgate’s emulsive foam loosens many of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. Then, Colgate’s polishing action gently rubs away the more stubborn stains. Thus your teeth are left thoroughly clean—far whiter, more brilliant.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

Joyings of Saucy Boy

It’s never too late to send for

MASON’S

‘OK’ SAUCE

Mason’s Mustard Sauce

Another delicacy — MASON’S MUSTARD SAUCE

FOR GREY HAIR

SHADEINE

Shadeine is only, easy and simple to use: one liquid; nothing unknown; permanent and available; no years’ reputation; sold in all natural like: make sales, the Medical Certificate back!

AT ALL CHEMISTS,

F. B. B. (Dept. 6)

London, W. 2.

Perfect Slim Figure

Have youthful fascinating curves. M. Edwards unequalled slimming cream 2/6 (monthly’s supply), will give YOU an admirable figure this summer. Guaranteed pure. British. Private. Write now to—M. EDWARDS, (Dept. G.1.), 22, Highton St. Southport.
Free Sample
FOR YOU . . . OF A LAXATIVE
WHICH DOCTORS ORDER
FEE-N-A-MINT, the only chewing laxative that is so gentle, so sure in its action, that doctors prescribe it even for the most 'difficult' patients. A FREE SAMPLE will be forwarded to you if you will send to the address below:

Send for it Now

POND'S FACE POWDER
Texture that gives youth to the skin

OTHER FASCINATING ADVANTAGES
Mayfair is delighted with its new face powder. Many of the Smart Set have changed over to it. "I never realised any powder could add so much glamour to the skin," said a Countess.

It's marvellous the way this powder makes every woman's skin look more youthful. But actually there are three good reasons for this beautifying effect.

The shades in this new powder, created by Pond's, make women's complexities look radiant fresh: its subtle colours contain the natural tints of lovely skin. Its texture is so fine, it gives the complexion a fascinating bloom. Its perfume is enchanting.

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Sensational Portrait "Scoop"

GRETA GARBO and HERBERT MARSHALL

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PICTUREGOER Weekly
April 27, 1935

SOCIETY THRILLED BY BEAUTIFYING EFFECT OF NEW FACE POWDER

LADY HELENA VIVIAN: "The powder makes my skin look twice as attractive."

LADY HILMAN: "Such a fine texture: its subtle colours contain the natural tints of lovely skin. Its texture is so fine, it gives the complexion a fascinating bloom. Its perfume is enchanting."

THE COUNTESS OF WARNICK: "The scent is distinctive — what else? — expensive! I love it!"

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FEE-N-A-MINT, the only chewing laxative that is so gentle, so sure in its action, that doctors prescribe it even for the most 'difficult' patients. A FREE SAMPLE will be forwarded to you if you will send to the address below:

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POND'S FACE POWDER
Texture that gives youth to the skin

OTHER FASCINATING ADVANTAGES
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FRENZIED SEARCH for TALENT

Balcon's "Bag"—the first "Colour Star"—Unknown wins "Ramona" role—Chaplin's attack of film fever—Garbo to dance in new film.

The current talkie talent shortage is causing alarm and the burning of midnight oil in the executive offices of Elstree and Hollywood. The position is becoming serious. The dearth of suitable newcomers is, moreover, international, this time.

The absence of new personalities to carry on the British film renaissance is reflected in the "raid" on Hollywood by Mr Michael Balcon, production chief of Gaumont British, our most powerful film organisation.

Mr. Balcon has so far secured an interesting, if not sensational, "bag," comprising Richard Dix, Karen Morley, Madge Evans, Noah Beery and C. Aubrey Smith.

Well, it is easier to buy ready-made stars and near-stars than it is to make them. I have a great personal admiration for the work of all the players mentioned, but, quite apart from the fact that only one of them, Richard Dix, has official star ranking in America, it seems to be necessary to point out once again that the importation to English studios of Hollywood names is merely a fleable palliative, not a cure. Anna Neagle, and to a lesser extent perhaps, Merle Oberon, are still the only two important feminine stars developed by the British film industry alone since talkies arrived.

The leading man department does not even bear inspection.

Hollywood Worried

Hollywood itself is in the throes of its biggest talent hunt for years.

Apart from its interest in our younger players, like Mollie Lamont, and its big bids for the services of our larger luminaries, including Miss Neagle and Jessie Matthews, it has conducted more tests during the last six months than ever before.

M-G-M, averaged ten tests a week for more than two months, while all the other major studios made six or more weekly for the period.

At the same time the legitimate stage, variety halls, and even the radio studios were scoured more intensively than usual.

Practically every method of developing talent has been discussed. The subject has in fact dominated studio conferences for weeks past. There is a growing body of opinion in the film capital that the stage is no longer the ideal training ground, although it is useful for supplying established names.

Subsidised Stock Company Scheme

Many of the studios have their own dramatic schools, but these have not been entirely satisfactory either.

The only really big box-office name produced by this method so far—and it is a long time ago—was Buddy Rogers. The training takes too long and is not conducive to producing positive personalities.

The most popular plan at the moment is the idea of subsidising stock companies—and it is one that could probably be put into operation even more easily here.

The scheme, sponsored by Mr. Ben Piazza, of Paramount, is, briefly, for the six major companies to unite in the establishment of a stock company in some town far enough away from Hollywood to eliminate studio interference. There junior players from the studios would receive their training. The cost to each firm, he estimates, would not be very much more than $100 a week.

Will Colour Crash Stellar Thrones?

In the meanwhile the news that Rasio Pictures gave a part in Becky Sharp to a young girl, Joan Arnold, lends support to our recent hint of an upheaval about to take place among the ranks of Hollywood stars.

For Joan Arnold has a face which has charmed millions of Americans by its beautiful features and colouring through the medium of poster advertising for a well-known cigarette.

Robert Edmund Jones, the technicolour expert, personally chose this girl with the beautiful colouring for Becky Sharp—the picture which Sir Cedric Hardwicke tells me he considers will swing the film trade over in favour of colour films.

As the choice of this young girl was dictated by her admirably beautiful colouring it may be that colour pictures will see an eclipse of accepted favourites of the black and white film just as the talking picture sounded the death knell of many beautiful but dumb stars of the silent days.

Screen's New "Ramona"

Talking of discoveries, on the theory that Hollywood values more highly what it discovers than what is forced upon it, Rita Cansino, Fox's new white-haired girl, showed unusual shrewdness.

Miss Cansino wanted to get into pictures, but saw no open road.

Taking a convenient detour, she obtained an engagement as a dancer at Agua Caliente, knowing that sooner or later every one in Hollywood would see her.

She was there for several months before a personality similar to hers was needed in Dante's Inferno.

As a result of a brief bit in that, she was engaged by Fox for Charlie Chan in Egypt, and now the studio has indicated that she will have the coveted title role in Ramona.

Merle Oberon's Plans

Merle Oberon, it seems, will stay in the Hollywood studios for some time.

Samuel Goldwyn's signing of Merle for The Dark Angel caused Metro to alter its plans for her (Continued on page 6)
Bing Crosby is a family man and we don't mean maybe. Here is the famous crooner at home with Gary Evans, aged nineteen months, and Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael, the famous twins.

(Continued from page 5)
inclusion in the Ann Harding staring vehicle *The Flame Within*.

Although the English player was committed to M.-G.M., the studio made no difficulties about releasing her to the Goldwyn organisation, where she will make three pictures.

Maureen O'Sullivan has been substituted in Miss Oberon's rôle in *The Flame Within*.

**Chaplin's New Enthusiasm**

Whatever uncertainty there may be about the progress of "Production Number Five," there is little doubt that Charles Spencer Chaplin has, after all these years of masterly inactivity, been fired with a new enthusiasm for film-making. On completion of the new comedy he will, as I have previously noted here, produce a picture starring his friend, protégé and, according to rumour, wife, Paulette Goddard.

At the moment, I hear, he is also negotiating with Peter Lorre, who is in Hollywood working for Columbia, in regard to making *The Good Soldier, Schopenhau* for the United Artists programme.

It is an Hungarian war story, with a comedy twist, and Lorre owns the screen rights. He will star in it if the deal is completed.

**Garbo Dances the "Mazurka"**

Those who remember Greta Garbo's exotic cavortings as the dancer-spy in * Mata Hari* will be interested to hear that the Great One is to dance again in *Anna Karenina*.

Greta is to dance the colourful "Mazurka" and Director Clarence Brown has selected Margarete Zellmann, the famous Viennese choreographer, to arrange and direct the spectacular dance sequence.

Brown proclaims Miss. Zellmann as to-day's greatest genius of the dance. Although she is under-contract to the Vienna State Opera, he urges her to come to Hollywood to introduce her new and sensational ballet development in pictures.

The "Mazurka" sequence in the Tolsto drama is planned as one of the most important episodes in the picture.

During its progress, important dramatic events take place between the leading characters without any cessation in the music or dance steps of the participants.

It will be Mme. Walmann's first assignment for the films in Hollywood, where she was accompanied by her husband, Prof. Hugo Walmann, president of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, who conducts the music for her spectacles.

**Whose Was It?**

And here's a new Burns and Allen story: Bing Crosby, who has now completed *Mississippi*, wanted an autographed picture of the pair to add to the famous collection on the wall of his bungalow.

Bing wanted to ask George Burns for it, but could not locate him, so he was forced to make the request direct to Gracie Allen.

The photograph arrived the next day. It read: "To George Burns and Gracie Allen, Love from Bing Crosby."

**No Opera for Bing**

Bing, who, as I have mentioned before is marvelously modest, now announced that no matter how many operatic films Paramount may decide to produce, the studio will have to film them without Bing Crosby.

It was reported some time ago that he would "sing opera."

"I know," he announced the other day, "that I'm probably not being considered for anything in the operatic way, but just in case, I'm telling everybody in advance — no operas!"

"I'm a freak singer," he admitted, "not an operatic baritone. Personally, I'd like to sing an operatic role, but I can't, and I'm not going to make myself sound foolish by getting in with a lot of people who can really sing. I'll stick to the popular tunes, and get my fun listening to operas."

We'll be asking for a Bing Crosby autographed picture ourselves next.

**How Dietrich Started**

Marlene Dietrich, in an unusual burst of loquacity revealed the other day how she really started her career:

"I was working with about 40 other 'extras' in a society scene for a German film," she says, "when an assistant director by chance thrust a lorgnette into my hands and commanded me to act like a young duchess."

"I had had some experience with elderly duchesses, but never the younger ones, so I caricatured the 'bit' to the best of my ability. The lorgnette attracted the director and he focussed the camera on me, and, of course, on the face, as well. The next day this director called me in to his office and, with bewildering suddenness, gave me a contract."

"That lorgnette," she adds, "now occupies the place of honour on my dressing-room wall!"

**Midnight with the Stars**

Grace Fields, Anna Neagle, Florence Desmond, Jessie Matthews, and Sonnie Hale, Cedric Hardwicke, Sydney Greenstreet, John Halliday, and Mickey & Sally among others, tell me that they are to appear on the bill at the 1935 "Midnight With the Stars Matinée," which is being held this year at the Dominion Theatre on May 8.

Richard Tauber is also very anxious to sing on this great occasion, and if his continental engagements permit, he will most certainly appear.

One of the biggest surprise films of the year, now in the last stages of production is also to be shown, with stars will be represented in the audience, with star-ticketholders who include Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Heather Thatcher, Seymour Hicks, Sydney Greenstreet, Jack Buchanan, Michael Redgrave, Conrad Veidt, Gertrude Lawrence and Evelyn Laye.

One of the interesting features in connection with the programme will be conducted from Selfridges. Gifts sent from every leading star in Hollywood and in British studios will be offered for sale in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund.

Among some of these souvenirs will be: A turban worn by Greta Garbo in *The Painted Veil*. A nightdress worn by Myrna Loy in *The Tainman*. A houndstooth used by Wallace Beery in *Treasure Island*. A workbasket used by Elizabeth Allan in *David Copperfield*. Tennis Shoes worn by Suzanne Leplin in *Things Are Looking Up*. Tennis Racquet used by Cicely Courtneidge in *Things Are Looking Up*. Katharine Hepburn, Shirley Temple and Heather Thatcher have also sent interesting noveltyies.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
An appeal to our readers to assist us in honouring the outstanding performances of 1934 with an award of international significance.

YOUR VOTE on the Picturegoer GOLD MEDAL

In mind that only 1934 releases are under consideration—and post it to Award of Merit, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.

It does not entail a lot of labour and it does in no small measure show an appreciation of those who are striving hard for your entertainment.

"Picturegoer" has the largest circulation of any film magazine in Europe and consequently the opinion of its hundreds and thousands of readers is of great value and importance since they represent one of the greatest sections of the film-going public in the world.

But it is only with your co-operation that we can express in full measure the honour we are endeavouring to pay.

The public makes the stars and you as the public have a chance of putting the seal of approval on your choice.

At this stage of the proceedings it is difficult to gauge which stars are the most likely to head the list.

At the moment, however, Clark Gable has a definite lead for his performance in "It Happened One Night".

It is interesting to remember that only a few years ago Gable was far from being one of the most popular male leads in this country. His true worth—and he has doubtless improved out of all recognition—is now being realised and his acting in the picture mentioned above has brought him support.

This actor by the way was not in the first ten last year.

Greta Garbo is heading the list of actresses for her performance in "Queen Christina" and is closely followed by Norma Shearer for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street".

Norma Shearer won the award last year and Greta Garbo was fourth.

An interesting fact is the number of votes being recorded for a young British artiste Nova Pilbeam has had good support from her admirers for her work in "Little Friend".

Now write and support the candidates you consider deserving of the highest honour this country can offer by recording your vote. Do it now—L. C.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 27, 1935

What is a holiday in New York without dashing over to the Long Island studios of the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur to see about the advancement of the entertainment world? So far they have given us Crime Without Passion and Once in a Blue Moon.

You always can count upon excitement in Astoria, where stars become extras in mob scenes and extras become stars under the excellent guidance of that irresistible trio of super-genii, Hecht, MacArthur, and Lee Garmes, Hollywood’s ace cameraman, who returned with them to co-direct.

While Helen Hayes, Lillian Gish, and a host of established stars sauntered about unnoticed in crowds during the filming of Crime Without Passion, they were building a little dancing girl from the Waldorf-Astoria to stardom.

The world will see more of Margo. From the variety stage and night clubs they discovered a potential Charlie Chaplin in that little Italian comedian, Jimmy Savo.

A more startling name, known “round the globe, yet recognised by film fans only as the author of Cavalcade and Private Lives, was supplying the excitement of current activities when I made the pilgrimage. It is, of course, Noel Coward, who makes his initial bow before the cameras as an actor in Miracle in 49th Street.

It is Noel’s first appearance as a film actor. Since a discouraging screen test he once made with Gertrude Lawrence, he has repeatedly said “No” both to Britain and Hollywood. The foremost miracle in Astoria was Noel’s condescension to make a picture.

“What really induced me to try films,” he explains, “was that I wanted the experience. I was interested in doing Miracle in 49th Street,” he went on, relaxing comfortably in a brown turtle-neck sweater and a loosely-woven tweed suit, “because Hecht and MacArthur, whom I admire enormously, are producing and directing it, and because it’s being made in New York. I liked the script, the part, and, as I’ve already said, it’s a new experience.”

The part is that of a suave, sophisticated book publisher who falls in love with all of his feminine novelists. Hope Williams, also making her first bow before the cameras after phenomenal success on the Broadway stage, and Martha Sleeper, whose light has been hidden under several Hollywood bursaches because of her very close resemblance to Joan Crawford and Tallulah Bankhead, play two of the women he loves and leaves.

But then Julie Haydon, another girl who fared obscurely in Hollywood, comes along—and it is a different story from then on.

After a brief conference (he is consulted before each scene is rehearsed, although he insists upon holding his position of actor only in the film and consistently declines to add one line of dialogue to the script) Coward told me why he is only now making his first bow to the film cameras. “I am afraid of those long-term contracts,” he said. “This way I expect to be able to learn a bit more deal during a single picture and I am working with men who are experienced in the craft and whose ability I admire.”

And from those men whose ability he admires we learn that Coward in five brief weeks has learned almost as much about films as years of experience have taught them.

So much, in fact, and so alert was their new star that the picture was completed a fortnight ahead of the original schedule.

From Hecht and MacArthur we also learn that they were taking no chances in signing Coward. He fell into an easy stride his second day before the cameras—and is far surpassing any of his legitimate performances.

He was soon labelled “the pride of the Russians,” because he was so anxious to see the “rushes” each day. Julie Haydon, his fair leading lady, is responsible for that one.

What difference in his already brilliant career this film will make remains to be seen, because the new experience will not alter his immediate plans. With the film completed, Noel continued his delayed course to China to finish writing his autobiography. It is about half-completed. After that—he, himself, doesn’t know the answer.

If he returns to the screen, it may be either as an actor or a writer. Asked which he prefers, the Coward broughp for a moment, “I love acting,” he pondered, “writing is something quite different. But suppose if a magician were to come up to me and say ‘Choose,’ I’d say writing, but I’d hate to give up acting.”

As for Noel’s acting, you’ll have to take the word of his cohorts and producers, just as I did. I had gone over with the keen anticipation of watching him work. Of course I have seen him many times behind footlights. I had just reached the studio and been conducted to the set when lunch hour was called. I found only a door and a terrific puddle of water. Somebody explained that they had been shooting a rain scene and that Coward, drenched to the skin, had gone to change.

As the afternoon progressed, I was led to another stage representing a theatre lobby. Lights and cameras were being arranged and focused upon a group comprising Martha Sleeper, Hope Williams, Lynn Fontanne, E. F. S. Haydon, and George Jean Nathan—and your correspondent!

During the ensuing two hours the call-boy announced “second act,” they were to turn in and out the Edna. For those of us under, it was not over.

An assistant director explained the action. When a call-boy announced “second act,” they were to turn in and out the Edna. For those of us under, it was not over.

The film’s first miracle in Astoria is Noel Coward’s film début in Miracle in 49th Street. The second miracle is my first appearance in any film. I had gone over with Noel work. Instead, he would send me in the celebrated company of distinguished actors, writers and journalists—without pay!

Anne Shirley Contest

Owing to the tremendous public response, judging in the Anne Shirley £50 Slogan Contest has taken longer than was anticipated.

However, the adjudicators have now nearly completed their task, and an announcement of the names of the winners will be made in “Picturegoer” shortly.
NOEL COWARD

The world's most famous actor-dramatist, who has now added screen acting to his accomplishments. Coward makes his film bow in Hecht and MacArthur's "Miracle in Forty-Ninth Street." It will be awaited with interest.
IT DOESN'T TAKE A MANSION TO HOUSE A STAR

IN fact, mansions are comparatively rare in talkieland. Come and have a look at the homes of the film famous and see for yourselves.

CONTRARY to some impressions, mansions are really scarce in Hollywood.

The great majority of film stars regard very large homes as just another responsibility with which they don't care to be burdened; one which puts so much care on their shoulders as to interfere with their creative work.

There's Carole Lombard, for instance. She lives in a small home in Hollywood. It is American Colonial, with quaint green shutters, and has recently been redecorated by William Haines.

Although Clark Gable ranks uppermost as a screen favourite at the box office, he doesn't require a mansion. His home is a two-storey Monterey type bungalow, no larger than any normal home for four people.

Virginia Bruce lives in a medium-sized, early American home, with eight rooms.

Then there is Franchot Tone. His bachelor establishment is small, designed for comfort.

One of the most unusual of Hollywood homes is that of May Robson. Shaped like a horseshoe, it has seven rooms on one floor. In the centre of the house is a patio, beautified with rare plants, birds, and unusual Mexican garden ware.

It is the smallest house on the street, which is tenanted largely by lawyers, doctors, and successful business men.

Una Merkel's unpretentious Spanish house also has a charming patio. In planning her home, Miss Merkel has given much thought to the outdoor entertainment of her guests. Her patio contains a barbecue pit and a badminton court.

Elizabeth Allan's six-room home reflects the personality of its occupant. It is English, feminine, practical, and intimately small in size.

The Robert Youngs are included among the picture folk who don't go in for elaborate mansions. Their Beverly Hills home has eight rooms, with special emphasis given to the nursery.

Comedian Charles Butterworth has a small bungalow of six rooms.

Jeanette MacDonald lives in a moderate-sized home. Throughout, the furnishings are Louis XIV.

Robert Montgomery lives in a Spanish house which is situated inconspicuously under a large tree. Its one imposing feature is the star's fine library with rare globes and unusual books.

Jean Harlow's home, perched on its own hill, is American Colonial in design. Its swimming pool at the back gives testimony to the care with which this star guards the lovely figure that is world famous.

Joan Crawford's home is unpretentious. In fact, much more imposing is the "little theatre" built at the rear.

Leo Carrillo has one of the most interesting homes. It duplicates the ranch house of his grandfather, whose sheep grazed over acres which now make up half of Hollywood. A brook runs through the grounds, and any number of quaint and historic pieces are to be found in the garden as well as in the house.

The new order of economy and dignity governing the life of the film colony in recent years is, in fact, reflected in the stars' homes.

Hollywood stars no longer live in mortgaged palaces. The best-known players of to-day have learned a lesson from the vicissitudes of fortune which have bestridden their predecessors in public acclaim.

They either rent their homes or they buy them. And when they buy, they buy outright, for cash and with no mortgage attached.

There was a time in the film colony when a star, real or potential, might sink every available penny he had in the down payment on a house which would make a "flash" for his public. A great many such houses went back on the market after a few years, under foreclosure proceedings. When the big income faltered or failed the payments could not be met.

There is very little such buying "on a shoe-string" among the stars of to-day. However, the houses they own are theirs, a permanent investment, as secure from the sheriff as it is possible for real estate to be.

Since this state of affairs has become common in Hollywood, motion-picture celebrities have become the best and most valued customers a real estate agent can have. Twenty minutes after Paul Muni walked through the front door of the house near Van Nuys, in the San Fernando valley, which is now his home, he gave the agent a cheque for it.

"Like a great many others," Muni explained, "we saved a little money before the crash and lost most of it then. This house is our first permanent investment, a kind of nest-egg. It is all ours. We may not have in it, but we will always have it to come back to."

Joan Blondell and George Baras wrote doubly sure that they liked the Hollywood Mountains before they bought it by living there as tenants for a full year. Then, when they were convinced that the house suited them in every way, they bought it, paying cash, and figuratively, if not actually, burned any mortgage that may ever have been held against it.

Kay Francis and Betty Davis are two stars who so far have refused to make any investment in homes in Hollywood. They rent houses, small houses at that.

"I never want to buy anything except animals and automobiles that can't be packed into a trunk," declares Betty. "These auctions where they sell the houses for a few thousand are never the clothes of people who were once well known in pictures are just too awful. That will never happen to me if I can help it. And to prevent it happening, I'm not buying anything to leave behind me—when I'm through."

Several years ago Miss Francis moved from a large house and disposed of most of its contents. Since then she has lived, simply and modestly, in a Hollywood bungalow which is, she says, "quite big enough."

James Cagney waited until he could comfortably part with the cash before he bought his house in Beverly Hills. He has already invested in it now, house, swimming pool, and furniture, and it is all clear and unencumbered.

When William Powell bought Hollywood's house in Beverly Hills during the filming of The Key he explained his purchase on the ground that it was to be an "investment." He
She has since rebuilt the house entirely, making it one of the film colony's show places, but he has paid as he went along.

"I can't find a safer place to put my money," he explained.

Most Hollywood bachelors are content to live in rented properties. Perhaps they know that if and when they marry their wives will have ideas of their own about the kind of house they want.

George Brent, Lyle Talbot, Phillip Reed, and Gordon Westcott are a few such bachelors. They rent houses, not apartments or flats. But Dick Powell is different. He has just built — and paid for — a new house. Dick's house is in the exclusive Toluca Lake district, and, though it started out to be a $7,500 investment, it finally grew to a size where it probably cost three times that much to build and furnish. However, Dick has saved his money conscientiously for a long time. Every bill for the house was paid in cash — his own cash.

For two years Mrs. Warren William turned a deaf ear to her husband's suggestions that they should move from their rented house of modest proportions to more commodious quarters. She was content to wait, and she made him wait, until the house finally bought near Encino, ten miles from Hollywood, could be paid for in cash and until the family fortunes were such that they could reasonably expect to keep that home running even though the actor should suddenly decide never to work again.

Stars are no different to Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen in one particular. They — at least most of them — enjoy quiet evening hours at home. The home complex is chiefly evident when the stars are working on a picture during its production at the studio. Long hours — early morning rising, and scenes that keep them busy on the sound stages well into the night — usually keep them at home until the picture is finished. And not until the burden of production is lightened at the end of the production are Hollywood stars seen in public.

Jean Harlow's home is a big white house, crowning a hill and overlooking the surrounding country and the sea. It is almost exclusively furnished in white — white walls, white furniture, white carpets — but the star's favourite corner is in the least pretentious part of the house.

It is on the plainly furnished white sun porch with white Venetian blinds. Its only furnishings are a low white table, with a white pottery lamp upon it, two deep and comfortable chairs upholstered in white, and a squat straight-backed chair.

Jean chooses the squat straight-backed chair, and passes a good deal of her time, her feet curled under her, a magazine in one hand, a pear or an apple in the other, while soft music emerges from a white wireless cabinet.

Norma Shearer's home is at Santa Monica, beach, on the fringe of the blue Pacific. It possesses a maze of sumptuous rooms, but there is one corner in the house that is her special choice.

If Norma Shearer invited you to dinner you would probably find the table set like this. Yellow and white are the prevailing colours of this lovely dining room, with the lace coverings huck-coloured to match the wood of the table.

It is on the veranda, facing the sea. Here, clad in slacks and stretched on a comfortable day-lounge, she passes many hours, reading. Jeanette MacDonald's California home is a suite of rooms on the seventh floor of a fashionable hotel. The windows look to the westward and the sunset horizon. In the sunniest corner flanking these windows, is her piano. Four hours each day, when she is not engaged in a picture, Jeanette can be found at the piano, engrossed in her vocal lessons — either with her English or French teacher. Her two pet dogs, Captain the Sheep dog and Stormy Weather the Skye terrier, always doze beneath the piano at her feet.

Otto Kruger's pet corner resembles a business office — walls of panelled wood, a small fireplace, and a mahogany business desk. Upon the desk are a photograph of his wife and daughter, his tobacco humidor, a telephone, a few books and a rack for the choicest of his forty-odd pipes.

Lupe Velez's favourite corner is in a room where she transports her thoughts back to her native land—Mexico. The floor is covered with Indian rugs of Mexican design. Great and costly serapes drape the walls.

A comfortable divan is placed near a deep-set window. In the window is a graceful potted cactus — and here on the end of the davenport nearest the window, Lupe always settles to do her day-dreaming.

Clark Gable's choice corner is in his den — walls laden with trophies and firearms — where he spends much time in oiling and repairing his rifles and shotguns.

Robert Montgomery's favourite spot is in his den, too, but it is furnished with a desk and bookcases. He huddles over the desk hours at a time, writing plays and stories which he hopes, some day, will be published.

Madge Evans prefers to curl up on a pile of pillows on the floor in front of a wireless set, and Alice Brady chooses a corner by the huge fireplace — at one end of a long davenport designed by Adrian, and which has living flowers growing at each end. With her four dogs huddled beside her, she chats with her friends for hours before the glowing fire.
A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES
by LESLIE HONSEN

No girl is plain who has beautiful eyes, says the famous
comedian, who, in this characteristically bright article,
tells you how to achieve them.

YES have been bothering me for years. They’re all over the place.
There’s no escape from them, from the big saucer eyes of Joan Crawford
to the green eye of the little yellow
god.

They haunt and harass you from dawn to dusk.
They look you up and down in trains and ‘buses, peer at you over office desks,
flash at you from all directions like a million, penetrating little searchlights.

There are beautiful eyes, and eyes that serve no other purpose than as peep-holes.
There’s the falling, furtive eye; the challenging, cheeky eye; the frosty eye that frightens;
the super-feminine eye that looks for ever ready for a faint.

"Eye" as wise old Emerson said, "as bold as lions, roving, running, here and there, far and near.

"They speak all languages; they wait for no introduction ... ask no leave of age or rank;
ye respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue nor sex, but
intrude, and come again and go through you in a moment of time."

The eyes, apparently, have it.

You may or may not remember those funny, fantastic days when even a wink was wicked.
The intentions of a young gentleman who “ogled” a young lady were taken to be anything but
honourable. Only louts winked!

And if a young lady winked! Why—goodness, gracious me!—she was a fallen angel right away.
The Mae West of the moment. When they saw her, all the maiden ladies lifted their eyes, and
the boys their hats and hopes.

Those were the days when young gentlemen were a blaze of glory in lavender socks and
yellow gloves. They would brush up their suits and sported long cigarette-holders. Check caps were pulled
down over the eye that didn’t wink. Their brilliantly-streaked hair reeked to high heaven.
They were, if I remember rightly, called “marshers.”

The young ladies—bless the buns at the backs of their heads—had now joined the silk-stockings-
for-all movement. They read Omar, bid “Five Nights” on top of the wardrobe, took occasional
sickenning puffs at “My Darling” cigarettes, and were called “flappers.”

On the pier, or some such place, these colourful young couples, trying, oh, ever so hard, to be
what they called “hot stuff,” would exchange the “glad eye.”

This was a wonderful institution best described, perhaps, as a synchronisation of glances indicating
more than just passing interest. A sort of “Let’s get together” look.

Having “got together”—by process of a dropped handkerchief or some such daft but dazzling
subterfuge—they would exchange a couple of dozen idle platitudes about the weather or
“What’s on at the Pavilion,” walk round and round the pier in an ecstasy of misery, and the
whole wretched business would cost the young gentleman one-and-six for tea and chocolate
clairs at the pier tea shop.

But—oh, boy!—was that romance! Was that the sweet wine of youth spilt all over the pier!
I’d say it was.

But, brushing aside his beard and his memories of other days, the author must return to you
of to-day and your eyes.

The “glad eye” is still with us, but now it has a finesse, a sublety, a depth not known before.

Leslie Henson, and, left, the star in the
garden of his home.

April 27, 1935

You might call it art for heart’s sake!
Girls are discovering that there is as much
charm in an elegant look as in a beautiful com-
plexion or a ravishing head of hair.

“Drink to me only with thine eyes” is a fine
hint as well as an excellent song. Many and many
an eye could do with a drink! They’re as dry as
dust.

Look your eye straight in the eye. Is it bright,
lustrous, vivacious? Or is it tired, strained, and
only half alive?

Don’t be a “dead-eye”. Give your eyes as
much thought and consideration as you bestow
on your hands and hair and clothes.

A real genuine, happy smile comes more from
the eyes than from the lips. And what sort of
a smile can you muster when your eyes are a pair
of cripples that could do with two match-sticks
as crutches?

If your face is your fortune, my pretty maid,
your eyes are the pass-book which shows your
credit. They give everything away if you don’t keep
them well.

Eyes are power as well as glory. The weak,
the petty, the cunning plotter, the mischief-
maker, the gossip and mud-thrower cannot face
a battery of straight looks. Their eyes go to the
ceiling; their heart to their boots!

You remember that captivating cliché—the
eyes are the windows of the soul? A cliché which
Shakespeare transformed into the deathless line:
“Windows, white and azure-laced with blue
of heaven’s own tint.”

Keep those windows clean. “Miss Picturgoer.”

They’re too good to take any chances with—too
beautiful to waste. Give them, at every level, steady
eyes—that’s what I wish all of you.

I don’t care a jot what the colour is. I don’t
care even if they’re crossed a bit, for I have
now to know that one of the most desirable stars of
the screen has an adorable little “squin.” I don’t
care if your eyes are small or out-size; if they’re
hazel, heliotrope, or the colour of a taxicab.

They can still be beautiful. But the secret
does not lie altogether in make-up, lotions and
eyes.

There is a lot more to it than that.

First of all you must think beauty. Be your-
self! Don’t be just a “copy-cat.” What you may
imagine is a coy, Janet-Gaynor glance probably
appeals to others as the last lingering look of the
sea-sick at the sea! That soulful Garbo glance
can make men gurgle instead of gasping.

Don’t be self-conscious. Don’t pose. Be
happy, pleasant, a good “mixer.” Look for the
best in people.

And another thing! For the love of mascara
get plenty of sleep.

Sometimes I see girls whose eyes have as much
sparkle as a bottle of flat lemonade.

Ten to one, I think, they’ve been out night
after night, being trundled round the ballroom
floor, all night, with no rest or refreshments.

And don’t you remind you, I know, of the
sparkle there is in Tom Walls’ eyes.

Eye-rest does not necessarily mean sleep.
Take one of those girls in the gloaming by the fireside, to
listen to the radio with your eyes closed, to lie
down for a few moments in a darkened room—
these are wonderful aids to happy, healthy eyes.

So now, girls, give me a straight look and
promise that you won’t rest content until a pair
of sparkling eyes is yours.
INTIMATE MOMENTS with the STARS

Robert Young's home in the fashionable Beverly Hills. He was resting in, the comfortable living room after a hard day at the studio, when our cameraman called.

Top left: A charmingly intimate study of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Veidt at home.

Karen Morley is a wife and mother as well as a film star. She donned her famous "label apron" and made us a cake.

It was also cook's day out at Una Merkel's. Una was enjoying herself in the kitchen, too.

Sylvia Sidney's artistic home at Malibu Beach is a perfect setting for her beauty.

Ramon Novarro does not devote all his spare time to music. His beach house near Laguna has a fine swimming pool, and Ramon makes good use of it.
Ginger emboirders between calls in one of her new pictures.
Inset: Mrs. Lett Rogers.

She took it in and named it Ebony.

Contented, it purred against the bewildered girl while the lightening scared the heavens.
The cat remained—but that, as Kipling invented, is far ahead of the story.

She bought a local newspaper the next morning, and read it carefully. A decision came to her. She went to see the editor.

She had done some writing in her home town. Would he allow her to report local happenings, to solicit advertising, and be otherwise useful about the place?

He had never thought of it before. Something in the girl's eager manner made him decide in her favour. She went to work and soon became well acquainted and respected in the town.

Several weeks later she went to report a gathering in Kansas City. While waiting for a tramcar to take her to Independence, she saw her father standing nearby.

At first she debated whether or not to let him know of her presence. Finally, she went up to him. He pleaded with her to come home. She told her father that she wished to face the future alone.

"But your mother," he said. And that broke her down. She admitted having hoped that her mother could be with her when the baby was born.

The mother came—and trouble followed. She pleaded with her daughter to have a reconciliation.

Through the girl's contacts she knew everyone of consequence in Independence. She secured work for her husband as an electrical engineer.

With the same courage and initiative she had shown in Missouri, Mrs. Rogers made a bargain with the owner of the hotel in which she lived. She did the stenography and bookkeeping for the small hotel for the room and board for herself and Ginger. Local merchants sent her a typewriter and desk on credit.

She placed these in the lobby of the hotel beneath a sign which read, "Public Stenographer."

Ginger played in the lobby while her mother worked. Many months passed, and the young woman was again successful.

Everything was serene before the catastrophe. Ginger was kidnapped from the hotel lobby. The mother remained calm.

A man had been seen near the hotel who resembled her husband.

She bought a revolver and went to "Old Ed Purcell," the owner of a public garage, for whom she had done stenographic work. She told him her errand. He would not only furnish her with an automobile—he would drive it himself.

After driving all night, they reached the town where her husband lived, at dawn. Purcell watched the house and saw Ginger's father leave for work.

She then left the automobile and went to the house. She could hear Ginger crying as she knocked on the door.

A silence followed. Then she heard the slow shuffling of feet. A giant Negro opened the door. Her eyes popped big and wide as saucers as he gazed into the barrel of the revolver.

"Let me in," the young mother commanded.

"You let in—why Ah'll let you be de whole house—if you jes' doan point dat gun dataway at me."

She went to the bedroom and opened the door.
April 27, 1935

The child ceased crying and ran towards its mother. As she started to leave the house with Ginger, the mother of the child, she jumped suddenly upon her.

Though she fought like a fury, Mrs. Rogers finally succeeded in conquering her. Levelling the revolver at the dishevelled and infuriated grandmother, she said, "I don't want to kill you, but I will—or anyone else who comes between me and my baby. Now I'm leaving, and, if you follow me, I'll shoot."

She took Ginger in one arm, held the revolver in her right hand, and left the house. Purcell saw her coming, and drove the car to meet her.

As they speeded the automobile around a corner, blocks away, they saw the giant Negress. She was still travelling fast.

They stopped at a secluded place by the river a hundred miles away, and across the state line into Texas. She bathed and soothed the child while Purcell watched for possible pursuers.

No one came. She reached the Texas city without further mishap.

For fear that Ginger might again be kidnapped, she decided, with deep regret, to leave the city and hide somewhere with her baby.

She had no word to the newspapers, as that might have hindered the child's recovery. However, an evening paper carried a picture of Ginger and her mother. Not wishing to have the child's father arrested, the mother did not tell the complete story.

Late that night, with the help of Ed. Purcell, she went secretly to Kansas City, where she remained for five years.

Upon hearing that Ginger's father was dead, and that all danger of future kidnapping was over, Mrs. Rogers returned to Dallas. It is all like a chapter in a book of fiction. That evening Ed. Purcell—all her old friends still remained in the hospitalisable Texas city.

She again took up her work at the hotel, where she remained for about a year. By this time the young mother had sold several articles to a national magazine. She moved to a small cottage, and continued her work at the hotel.

Her magazine work had attracted the attention of a local editor. He called on the young woman at the hotel lobby. There was a position open on his newspaper. Would she take it?

She remained on the newspaper as feature writer and dramatic editor until Ginger was thirteen years old. Ginger often accompanied her mother to the theatres of the city.

It was during a holiday season that the girl saw the "Charleston" danced for the first time. "I'd like to practise that dance, Mother," confided Ginger.

"Go ahead," said the mother, hardly dreaming that the dance was later to make her daughter famous.

An ancient "tap dancer," long away from the road, had a small cottage and barn on a few acres of ground not far from where Ginger and her mother lived at the edge of Dallas. The platform was at one end of his barn upon which the neighbours' children danced.

"You don't mind, Mother, if I go to Daddy Wilson's, do you?"

"Certainly not, Ginger," was the answer.

In the future Ginger spent all the time possible at Daddy Wilson's barn. The old man would watch her by the hour, and tell her of different intricate steps.

It must have been a picture for the gods. The dashing young girl was starting on the road which the old man had left, and absorbing his hard-earned knowledge as a sponge, as he gazed at her with rheumy eyes.

When Ginger was past fourteen the manager of the local newspaper had an idea. As there was no better person than the dramatic editor of the newspaper, he went to Ginger's mother, and suggested that she allow her daughter to appear at his theatre, and pretend to be taking a "Charleston lesson" from a well-known dancer then appearing in Dallas.

Ginger's mother consented on condition that Daddy Wilson be allowed to appear on the stage with Ginger, and be given mention as her teacher—and twenty-five dollars weekly for his trouble.

The deal was made. The act was a sensation in Dallas for several weeks. Ginger, by her nimble feet, became a local celebrity.

Old Daddy Wilson was never so happy as at the end of the road with his glory. One would have thought that he had invented dancing. When Ginger would accuse him of not caring for "the new fangled dances"—using his own words, he would say, "You're wrong, Ginger, the world must progress."

Within a few weeks after Ginger had appeared at the theatre, Eddie Foy's children came to Dallas. Ginger appeared with them at every performance.

After the Foys had gone, another fine trouper came to town. He was Bert Wheeler, who, along with Jack Benny, the present radio star, was one of the greatest "audience kidders" ever seen on the American stage.

Bert began to coach Ginger the first day he arrived in Dallas. Before the curtain went up it was announced that the second act of the show had failed to appear.

Ginger Rogers was substituted.

Over three hundred entered. It was a heartbreaking contest. For, at that time, even the traffic policeman could do the Charleston.

It lasted three weeks before all contestants were eliminated but three red-headed children—Ginger, and another red-headed boy and girl. Daddy Wilson remained always in the wings of the theatre to watch over "his pupil."

After hours of dancing by the three, a final vote was taken by the judges. Ginger won the contest. Her reward was a five weeks' engagement at the theatre at a salary of a hundred dollars a week.

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Ginger with Bed Sparks, Bebe Daniels and Guy Kibbee in "42nd Street," her first big success.

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Dancing to Fame

In the next installment Jim Tully tells how Ginger got her dancing feet on the first rung of the ladder of fame, only to come to earth again precipitately, and how she eventually got her first chance in the film studios.

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NEXT WEEK
If Ralph Lynn had said to you "Pass me that Nestlé's Chocolate!"—how would you have replied? You see what Winifred Shotter said—now, what would you have said? That's all you have to do in this month's Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition. We all admire ready wit. Here's an opportunity to show yours—and of winning £500 in this month's Nestlé's Chocolate Competition! One piece of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate tastes so good that it simply calls for another. . . and another . . . until there's only the wrapper left! And you'll need that to enter for the Competition. This month's Competition closes on April 30th.

**NESTLE'S chocolate**

**NOTICE:** The latest date for exchanging Nestlé's Free Gift Coupons is 30th June next. All applications for Free Gifts should be sent in before that date, when the Free Gift Scheme terminates.
Mae West recently had the pleasure of meeting Martin Itjen, a big moustached he-man from Skagway, Alaska. As the town is small, Mr. Itjen is also the sole undertaker.

No, a romance is not in the offing! Mae says she is a city girl, and probably always will be.

**Gable Mobbed**

Clark Gable had his troubles when he boarded a plane at Dallas, Texas, en route for Hollywood, for a mob of his admirers, mostly women, burst through the police lines and surrounded the machine. Finally the pilot was able to get sufficient space to take off. The women certainly were frantic to see Gable.

**Monkey Business**

A stray monkey, evidently an admirer of Jeanette MacDonald, was recently discovered swinging from a tree on the grounds of her home. Jeanette telephoned the police to remove the animal, but they were unable to capture him. Firemen arrived with ladders, but were foiled in their attempts to secure the monkey. Finally the simian departed.

The actress should have called in the aid of Johnny Weissmuller.

**Devotion**

Johnny Weissmuller and his wife, the fiery Lupe Velez, are, by the way, reconciled once again.

Lupe recently had to depart for the East to make a number of personal appearances, and Johnny, of course, accompanied her to the train. Embrace after embrace followed in rapid succession, until the call “All aboard!” was heard. Lupe went to the observation car platform to get a last look at Johnny, who surprised everyone by overhauling the train and swinging up on the observation car platform where he again embraced his wife. Then Johnny jumped off the rapidly moving train, and landed flat on the track, much to Lupe’s alarm.

Fortunately, Johnny was uninjured.

**Will They Separate?**

John Barrymore announces that he will shortly leave for a cruise on his yacht, accompanied by Mrs. and Mrs. Tweed. Mrs. Tweed is Michael Strange, the writer, and the former wife of the actor. Diana, 14-year-old daughter of Barrymore and Mrs. Tweed, will also be in the party, but Dolores Costello, the present Mrs. Barrymore, will not accompany them.

**He-Man**

But prefers the City—Clark Gable Mobbed—Monkey Business at Jeanette MacDonald’s—Bartholomew impresses the Mental Giants—The Lew Ayres’ Private Movie

**Mae West** recently had the pleasure of meeting Martin Itjen, a big moustached he-man from “the wide open spaces,” who operates the only street car in Skagway, Alaska. As the town is small, Mr. Itjen is also the sole undertaker.

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*Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood*

**Clever Girl**

Evelyn Brent, who used to work in British pictures, is back in Hollywood and hard at work in the studios.

This popular actress has rented a home, but all her servants have never heretofore been employed by anyone connected with the studio.

Evelyn says that she does not care to have her servants talking about her film friends, so prefers employees who are entirely ignorant of filmdom.

**A Wonder Child**

Freddie Bartholomew, the English boy who was brought from Britain to play the title role in David Copperfield, is being hailed as most marvellous youngster.

The boy recently made a radio appearance, and Hollywood is still raving over the clever remarks he made over the air. The Board of Education of Los Angeles had made it even more emphatic for its officials subjected him to “intelligence tests” and reported that he is in the “border genius” division. His mark was 135 points, while 140 to 150 is in the “genius division.”

**Their Own Movie**

Lew Ayres and his wife, Ginger Rogers, recently completed a one-reel picture called How Virtue Rewarded Chris. Scenes were taken at Big Bear Lake, and interiors in the Ayres’ backyard with sets designed by Lew, who directed and handled the photography.

Friends of Lew and Ginger played leading and supporting roles. Ginger played a character part.

The film was made to be shown merely to intimate friends of the young couple.

**Fair Printer**

Elissa Landi has installed a hand printing press in the basement of her home, where she plans to do considerable work, assisted by a woman friend.

As we know, Elissa is an authoress, so she feels the need of a printing press.

**Popular Gloria**

Since the news was broadcast that Gloria Stuart is awaiting a visit from the stork, the actress has been deluged with letters from mothers telling her how to care for her expected offspring. These “blessed events” come so rapidly in the film colony that it is really impossible to chronicle all of them.

And yet, a few years ago, an actress who had a baby was quite a rarity.

**Squelching a Snob**

Leo Carillo recently gave a very “superior” lady a few bad minutes.

The actor was at a party at one of Pasadena’s exclusive homes, when a very “ritzy” woman asked him his nationality, not knowing that Leo is a member of one of the oldest Spanish families in the United States. He said he was an American. She sniffed and asked, “How long?” Leo smiled and replied, “Longer than Oh, madam!”

The lady said, “Why, my ancestors came over in the Mayflower.”

Leo replied, “The original Carillo landed in America on March 4, 1519. He was a captain with Cortez, the conqueror!”

The actor’s retort ended the argument. And was the lady’s face red?

**Ernst Lubitsch**

The director’s picture, Three Lives, has opened to rave reviews, and wonderful notices.

“Mr. Lubitsch has a remarkable touch for bringing out the best in his players,” said the Los Angeles Times.

**The Silver Screen**

Walter Huston has just returned from the East. He was in New York to accept the Silver Screen Medal at the annual awards banquet of the Hollywood branch of the American Legion.

**Picturegoer Weekly**

Mrs. Lachman recently drove up to a “Five and Ten Cent” store on Hollywood Boulevard in her handsome car, entered and made several purchases. She certainly caused a sensation, and traffic was almost blocked while her expensive automobile with liveried chauffeur waited for her.

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FOR sheer light-hearted entertainment, The Good Fairy takes a lot of beating. Basically a romance between a little orphan and a penniless lawyer, it is packed full of whimsicalities, absurdities if you will, sparkling dialogue and intensely human characterisation.

The rôle of the little orphan, Luisa, is played by Margaret Sullivan, who gives a performance redolent with charm and unsophisticated fascination. It marks another step upwards in the career of this clever artiste who in so short a space of time has come right to the forefront.

On the picture's opening she is shown as a favourite at the orphanage telling fairy stories to the little inmates when a grandiose gentleman arrives—the proprietor of a cinema in Budapest. The action, by the way, takes place in Hungary, but it is not necessary for the enjoyment of the story that you should be convinced in the atmosphere. After all, it is a modern fairy story.

She is chosen as an usherette and leaves the only home she knows with all sorts of advice as to how she should behave towards men delivered by the principal, a kindly woman, Dr. Schultz.

It was not long before her charm made men look her way and to save herself from being molested in the street by a particularly persistent admirer, she seizes on a man she had met once at the cinema and tells the pest that he is her husband.

The man happened to be a waiter, one Detlaff, a rôle excellently played by Reginald Owen, who is the paramount exponent of the "silly ass" type of rôle on the screen. He has the knack of making such characters convincing and of exaggerating them sufficiently to render them amusing without being wholly ridiculous.

Detlaff, filled with an honest regard for Luisa, gets her a seat at the expensive restaurant where he works, so that she may have a glimpse of the haute monde at food and at play.

There a wealthy magnate, Konrad, is attracted by her and proceeds to make advances which are quite incomprehensible to little Luisa and finally succeeds, in spite of the waiter's endeavours to prevent it, in getting her to dine in a private room.

The rôle of Konrad is in the hands of Frank Morgan, who is getting a lion's share of work recently and has been consistently turning in outstanding characterisations.

This is one of his best. His portrayal of the amorous businessman who wants to be a Don Juan but has neither the temperament nor the experience to be anything but a rather tender-hearted blunderer, is a perfect piece of character work.

These scenes in the private room are some of the most amusing in a picture which is non-stop in its sequence of comedy situations. His advances are met with a baffling unsophistication on the part of the girl and in her innocence she is quite ready to accept sables from him. She chose the fur herself when asked what she would like and he imagines this selection to be cuteness on her part.

Meanwhile, the waiter is using every device for running down the food to adopt a threatening attitude to get his little lamb from the clutches of what he imagines to be a very big black wolf.

Resorting to her former trick, Luisa informs her companion that she is married and he suggests that he should help her momentarily—a device that he had evidently culled from some book of amorous adventures.

Determined to be a good fairy, Luisa, to supply her husband's name chooses one, Dr. Max Spornum, from the telephone book and hopes that he is a poor, deserving lawyer.

From then on the complications thicken. Dr. Spornum turns out to be poor and the possessor of a magnificent beard and he accepts the offer of riches made to him by Konrad without knowing that he has been unwittingly saddled with a wife.

Luisa comes to take a look at her protégé and is horrified by the beard. She introduces herself as a client and finally is able to make herself companionable to him and get him to remove the hirsute ornament, when he turns out to be not so bad looking after all.

The reconstruction in "Royal Cavalcade" of Scott's discovery that Amundsen had reached the South Pole before him.
April 27, 1935

out, the Great Strike intermingled with minor events which are interesting in their depiction of changing fashions and modes of life.

A cast of two hundred, which contains many famous names has been assembled although many of them appear only for a brief moment.

Lily Astor, for example, re-enacts her entry into the House of Commons as the first woman M.P.

On the whole, while one regrets that the picture does not quite fulfill its conception, there is no doubt that the majority of people will want to see it and be sufficiently entertained by it.-L.C.

The combination of Radio Pictures, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—this time aided considerably by the presence and singing of Irene Dunne—has done it again.

"Roberta," the latest contribution to the series, is a first class musical production, with all the essentials, pace, humour, good song numbers and a serviceable enough story.

And though well dressed and spectacular on occasion, it marks a return to sanity in the matter of straightforward staging.

For the purposes of the piece, Mr. Astaire is a band conductor who has taken his American orchestra to Paris. The band is accompanied by Randolph Scott, a muscular and genial but not over intellectual football hero, who soon after their arrival inherits "Roberta," a fashionable gown shop, from an aunt. He falls in love with Irene Dunne, the manageress. In the meanwhile, Astaire renews acquaintance with an old friend Lizzie Cog (Ginger Rogers), whose tour stage purpose is masquerading in Paris as the Countess Scharwenta.

The rest of the story, not that it matters over much, is mainly concerned with the complications arising in the love affair of Mr. Scott and Miss Dunne and the eventual happy outcome.

Astaire puts over his dance numbers with his usual skill and reveals not only a personality that registers pleasantly, but a definite flair for light comedy. Ginger Rogers, probably the most improved artiste on the screen to-day, does very well to hold her own with her distinguished dancing partner. The role also gives her an opportunity to give a "foreign" impersonation. It may only be a coincidence, but it seemed to be a perfect "take off" of Lydia Roberti, who had the part in the Broadway stage version.

Irene Dunne scores a personal triumph. She has not only been photographed more sympathetically than usual (off the screen Miss Dunne

Luise (Margaret Sullivan) makes the acquaintance of the poor lawyer (Herbert Marshall) whom she tries to help in "The Good Fairy."

...is one of Hollywood's most beautiful women, but her voice has registered better than previously. Among her song numbers in the film, incidentally, is the popular "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

Randolph Scott, making another bold bid to get away from the ranch house and corral, is excellently cast as the "straight" hero and should now be able to discard the sombrero and chaps for good.

The gowns-shop setting has been used to introduce an elaborate and striking fashion show that should please the feminine fans immensely.

The big song and dance numbers are put over effectively and with good pictorial value, without recourse to the extravagant ensemble ideas that have threatened to become a tradition of movie musicals.—M. D. P.

We are not usually amused at the non-stop feud—Love-McLaglen film feud, but it must be admitted that of late that marital team has been provided with much improved material for its activities, while some of the more vulgar and tiresome traditional elements of the Flagg and Quirt brand of entertainment have been dropped entirely.

The Great Hotel Murder

They appear here, for instance, in a well-constructed murder mystery story of the new, comedy-combined-with-thrills type—Love as an author-criminologist and McLaglen, of course, as a hotel detective, dumb even for that screen species.

A guest is murdered under circumstances that at first point to suicide, and the rest of the picture is devoted to the rival efforts of the two detectives to find the killer.

Comedy of an excellent standard, a fair quota of thrills, and well-sustained mystery interest keep it flowing along smoothly and entertainingly enough to an exciting denouement.

The portrayals of the principals are in the usual vein, but, for a merciful change, there are no girls for them to fight over. A love interest is suggested adequately by Mary Carlisle and William Janney.—M. D. P.

Put over in the best traditions of sentimental melodrama the famous story of "The Murder in the Red Barn" should repeat on the screen the success it has enjoyed for years on the stage. It follows its original closely, and while no attempt has been made to burlesque it, it should prove thoroughly amusing to the sophisticated, and chill the marrow of the unsophisticated.

You probably remember how William Corder, the square of the village, gets a village maiden, Maria, into trouble, murders her in a lonely barn, and buries her body there, only to be overtaken by retribution in the end.

Tod Slaughter plays the square with all the theatricality and emphasis which are the hallmarks of thick-ear melodrama. It is an excellent performance of its kind.

Sophie Stewart makes an extremely good Maria. Direction is good, and the dialogue rich and "fruity."

Technically the picture is sound, and the plot unfolded with plenty of action.

Settings are good, though rather stagey, but the camera work at times give the production real kinematic value.—L.C.
Left: Jeanette MacDonald as Marietta, one of the group of girls sent to Louisiana by the French Government to find husbands, and colonise that state.

Frank Morgan gives a characteristic performance. A governor with a roving eye.

The romance between Marietta and her Captain of Mercenaries does not run smoothly, but Marietta finally evades her uncle and the elderly tutor he has chosen for her and the affair reaches a happy conclusion.

Naughty Marietta

M.G.M.'s ambitious contribution to the "boom" it introduces Nelthy first big role in a manner that surely the screen's most versatile. A remarkable fine and he has added personality and presence. The support. The film also marks the phenomenal progress of surely the screen's most versatile.
The performance of Nelson Eddy in the musical is expected to score a hit with women fans. His voice is possessed by Manchester in the stage, and his team, Jeanette and Nelson Van Dyke, is expected to be a hit.

Marietta, escaping from her uncle, falls in love with an officer (Nelson Eddy).

Left: Marietta is captured by pirates in her escape from her uncle.
Kurt was not at all pleased when Nolan visited his cabin in a last bid to stop publication of Marion's biography.

I

N emulating Robert Bruce and the historic spider while endeavouring to secure an interview with Miss Marion Forsythe, Richard Kurt, editor of Everyweek, had more than one occasion to doubt whether the game was worth the candle. Not that he allowed the fact to manifest itself when boarding the Cunarder on which the lady had just docked in New York Harbour.

Indeed, aided by a pair of horn-rims plus the dictatorial manner of the newspaper man, he trusted to overcome the defects of a countenance singularly youthful and good-tempered. After all, he had only himself to thank if he had put his money on the wrong horse in hoping to do business with an American artist of positively mediocre talent and vaguely scandalous reputation.

She was not to be found in the cabin she had booked. Difficulty number one. It having transpired that, after dining with the ship's captain, Miss Forsythe had removed to a suite, Kurt knocked at the door of B.8, elloowing out a lawyer-like individual in black who evinced a touching readiness to be elbowed.

"Miss Marion Forsythe. I have an appointment with her by radiogram," Kurt announced, aware that he had nothing to fear from the comfortble-looking woman of Teutonic aspect who, having admitted him, blumped up the cushions of a seat near the grand piano. But he was barely ensconced when the luxury boudoir seemed overpowdered by the presence of an obvious foreigner wearing suede shoes and freckled tweeds, who shook the Teutonic woman by the hand, called her Minnie, and rattled off a conversation in German. Whereupon Minnie, in answer to a call from the far side of the communicat- ing door, informed: "Mr. Feydak's here. Mr. Feydak.

Feydie darling! How marvelous! I'm coming!" The immediate appearance from the bedroom of Miss Forsythe satisfied Kurt no less than finding her better-looking than he had expected. Classical features, fine, fair, almost straight hair, severely brushed and knotted at the nape, shell-pink negligee of equal simplicity with a fringed collar—the combination of these things produced an effect on Kurt which counteracted the irritating babble with which she favoured Mr. Feydak. When reminded of the radiogram appointment, she observed with annoying sweetness:

"Would it be an awful trouble for you to come back later, Mr. Kurt?" "If it's business, I can wait," Mr. Feydak offered.

The Story of the Film

by Marjory Williams

"No, Feydie; certainly not. I'm sure Mr. Kurt understands. It's not as though he's a regular business man. Not in the least like your message, are you, Mr. Kurt? I pictured you jolly and convex, but you're neither. If you could come back presently you see, I haven't seen Feydie since we were in Vienna. I know. Always the way with Bohemians, Miss Forsythe. Surprising they ever meet anywhere else. I'll come back in a few minutes."

The said minutes numbered thirty, during which Kurt smoked and talked to the black-coated gentleman of legal aspect who still hung about. A busy editor surely might be pardoned for irresistibility. Indeed Kurt was in the mood to match his name, when finding that Miss Forsythe was receiving news re- porters en masse, he followed up the exit of these gentlemen by a deter- mined entry into the bedroom.

"Your state of deshabille means absolutely nothing to me, Miss Forsythe," he declared, having rejected Minnie's offer of a highball I've waited long enough."

"But I can't get off the boat like this," Marion protested. "You might allow me to dress."

"Go ahead. I'm not stopping you."

(Continued on page 24)

He amused himself by noting how the lady's sense of injustice battled with her curiosity. Finally she said: "Come to put up a screen, she disappeared, remarking:

"Are you here to sell me something, young man?"

On the contrary. I've come to buy. I'm offering you two thousand dollars in advance for your reminiscences. You don't have to write them. I'll knock the material into shape. All you want is your life story incorporat- ing sidelights on the notabilities who enam—have sat to you for their portraits."

At this moment, the lawyer-like individual who had apparently got past Mr. Feydak, who was wearing out the boudoir carpet, and Minnie, got a rise out of Kurt by announcing himself as "Mr. Slingsby" of the "Times."

A brief conversation between mistress and maid behind the screen resulted in Marion's remark.

"I'm not eighty, Mr. Kurt, that you should waste your time with me, child... My coat, Minnie... things are better than this were in the art world."

Another minute and she emerged, proving to be art, in spite of herself, how her distinguished elegance, set off by plain felt hat, carelessly knotted scarf and three-quarter length muffler, much admired in the street. "Mr. Slingsby," taking opportunity by the letlock, delivered her a document, the sight of which Kurt pricked up his ears.


"Let me know if the revival in the art world collapses," he said gravely. "My offer, Miss Forsythe, is still open. You are starting in New York?"

"Yes, my dear."

Fate, or was it the inevitable expression of Marion Forsythe's temperament, sent Kurt's second meeting with her should be as redolent of interruptions as the first. Fortune decided of his being shown into her studio by Minnie, and having to stand aside to assist the egress of a couple of workmen. In the midst of empire wardrobe, the interview as a tête-a- tête was doomed.

As on the previous occasion by the time Kurt arrived Marion had a second visitor. This time the gentleman in question was no
PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 27 1935

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FULL OF EXCITING PICTURES AND FEATURES

6D

THREATLING STORY OF THE REIGN "THE KING'S GRACE" BY JOHN BUCHAN (Governor General Elect of Canada)

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That finishes it. You don't realise—how can you?—how many women men have to dismiss like that. It's a loathly thought, but someone maybe is saying it about you—now. You can't tell.

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Odo-ro-no prevents underarm perspiration.
second-rate artist who had acquired a reputation by vampiring celebrated wit-wits to sit for their portraits. She merely instructed Minnie in the art of making coffee strong enough to please him; titivated him for want of chivalry and for being afraid to make love to her.

In this impasse there was nothing to prevent what might have happened had next morning's post failed to bring a letter. Marion, communicated the contents to Kurt.

"What's this?" he frowned.

"Same old story. Messrs. Nolan and Kinnicott don't want your biography published. Well, we do. What difference does their calling here to see about it make?"

"A big difference, Dickie. Last night you nearly said you loved me.

Marion . . . you're beautiful. I do say it. We are in love. Isn't that so?"

"I'm sure of it, Dickie."

"But it doesn't alter other facts. I shan't even listen for instance to what these mugs have to say."

Well, I shall. I've an idea that dragging my friends' names in to memoirs is in rotten taste. Worse, it would be hurting you too, Dickie—lowering your paper's prestige, obliterating your judgment, increasing your unreasoning dislike of people—very rude of you to try and get away when I'm talking. Where are you going?"

"To throw these people out. Then I'll come back and listen to everything you have to say." Ignoring her protests, he tickled up the Ford, arriving at the little mountain station to find he had missed the train from Boston by half an hour. A unfortunate label greeted him on return to the cabin. The timbered living-room with its wheelback chairs and severely masculine furnishings, contained besides the pompous Leander Nolan and a grey-haired individual whom Kurt judged to be the publisher, Kinnicott, a young woman.

Leander took up Kurt's greeting with the painted reminder. "Neither Mr. Kinnicott nor myself have come to see you, Mr. Kurt. However, since you're here I may as well—"

"Allow me to handle this," interrupted the prospective father-in-law. "I realize, Mr. Kurt, or perhaps you don't, that among other things I am a newspaper proprietor. May I point out, young man, that Mr. Nolan and Miss Forsythe, if she chooses, are in the position to sue you for libel.

"Go ahead. Sue anyone you want to. I'm sure Mr. Nolan's constituents will be charmed." The woman whom Kurt had forgotten startled him by saying:

"Pop! who is this young man? Won't anyone introduce him to me?"

Then, proceeding to do the work herself, she added: "I'm Slade Kinnicott."

The arrival of Marion at this juncture prevented Kurt from dwelling on the hastily conceived idea that Slade Kinnicott was far too nice a girl to be wasted on Leander Nolan.

"So you know you, Miss Kinnicott," Marion tranquilly observed. "Why, hello, Bunny darling! What are you doing here? Oh, have I said something? I am sorry. Dickie, you're here. Can't you fix a drink for someone?"

"These folk haven't come here for a social call," Kurt mumbled.

"Then suppose I see Mr. Kinnicott alone?" Marion suggested.

In spite of Kurt's objections to her being alone for five minutes with any man, she carried the point. Kurt left with two people in whom he hadn't the slightest interest, pondered on what was going on in the next room. He was no wiser when the consultants emerged except that Marion's most innocent expression coupled wit, the fact of her calling Mr. Kinnicott "Orrin" suggested no diminution of her vampiring prowess.

"Can I have a word with you, Miss Forsythe?" Slade wanted to know, and Kurt was forced to ring while the two women went into conference which lasted until the party got off in their car.

Too annoyed to join in the farewells, Kurt retired to the porch room.

He was roused from reflection at hearing Nolan's voice in the next room—Nolan's of all people. Beyond interrupting in a game which every minute threatened to slip further from his grasp, he sat in moody silence till Marion joined him.

"Sorry I lost my temper," he apologised. "That fellow Kinnicott made me see red—and Nolan . . . what did he mean by coming back?"

"Only to tell me he didn't care if his career went smash. He wanted to marry me, Dickie. Rather pathetic, wasn't it?"

"Double-crossing swine! What did you tell him?"

"That I loved you. Besides, Slade's a good sort. She told me frankly she only came up here to see what I was like. Leander will be happy all right."

"Not when I've finished. Not when I've told the world in Every- week how her fine fiancé double-crossed her and made love to you. You've no need to take the responsibility of writing it. I will—"

"Very well, then. Be as snub and vicious and intolerant as you like. I haven't made any promises to Orrin Kinnicott. I only said I'd do what I could. Take the rotten stuff and do what you like with it. I'm going."

Stung in the face by the wad of papers she flung at him, he made no attempt to stop her.

Ten days later he was in the office haranguing a Russian ex-imperialist for murdering an article which Marion was shown.

"Dickie, I've been talking to your clerk. Why did you stop publishing my biography and refuse to take back the two thousand dollars?"

"I thought the stuff was dull after all."

"The clerk didn't seem to think so. He thought it a pity to have stopped it. By the way, this is Goodbye, Dickie. I'm going to Hollywood. Feydie's there. He's getting me commissions to paint film stars."

"Sounds like a break. Marion, I may have been rude at times but I've always been straight with you. Maybe I didn't think your stuff was dull. Maybe I thought you were right; that I was being snub and intolerant and inconsiderate. Encouraged by the mist in her eyes and regardless of her having reached the outer office, Kurt pursued her as if, as was indeed the truth, he was permanently waylaying the one woman in the world.

"I may be a wailing idiot, but I meant what I said when I told you I loved you. Now try and leave town without me," he shouted.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL

**THE GIRL OF THE BACHELOR

***STRICKLY CONFIDENTIAL

**THE FOUNTAIN

**TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-_GO-ROUND

**THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

What the astersisks mean—** An outstanding feature. ** Very good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

Actually the plot is slight and deals with a restless young man, tired of being one of his wealthy father-in-law's puppets, who takes to racing and is aided andabetted by his sister-in-law.

How, in spite of all difficulties and the death of a horse on whom he had set his hopes and centred his affections, he succeeds in making good and, his wife having divorced him, marrying his sister-in-law, is rendered wholly intriguing by clever touches both of humour and drama.

Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy make a very good team, and the love interest in their hands becomes both natural and attractive.

Walter Connolly gives a very good performance as the father-in-law and Helen Vinson is adequate as the wife.

Two artful racecourse crooks are extremely well characterised by Lynne Overman and Raymond Walburn.

The clash between loyalty and desire provides the drama in this intelligently directed triangle story which while rather sound and slight in texture has sound emotional appeal and good characterisations.

The development is on the slow side but it is artistically set and the treatment of the theme is sensitive.

Ann Harding gives a restrained, serious performance and Julie, an English girl married to a German officer, Rupert, who falls in love with an English officer, Lewis, interned in a camp. They act honourably, however, and when Rupert returns terribly wounded from the front, the two men become friends.

Love, however, proves stronger than duty and Lewis and Julie enter into an immoral relationship which, however, Rupert stolidly accepts and forgives on his deathbed.

The story is acted with distinction and polish as Rupert and Brian Aherne is good as Lewis. The supporting cast is sound.

**TRANSATLANTIC MERRY- GO-ROUND


Gene Raymond.........Jimmy Brett
Nancy Carroll........Sally Marsh
Jack Benny.............Chad Denby
Milt Kibbee.........Milt Stebner
Sstuff Van Slyke........Shirley Jackson
Robert Young.........Ralph Morgan
Herbert Rosson........Baron Van Leyden
Alyce褛 .................Ralph Forbes
Ballerina............Vaughn Taylor
Violet Kemble-Coope...........Barbara Forbes

Marion Nixon is appealing as the heroine in "Once to Every Bachelor."
"I think every girl should be taught this" says Diana Napier

"NOTHING helps a woman so much as a lovely skin," says Diana Napier, one of Britain's most talented and beautiful young stars. "And any girl can have this charm if she uses Lux Toilet Soap." These facts explain why.

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Rosson, a married woman, Lothar's latest flame; her jealous husband, Herbert; and Ned Marsh, Sally's brother.

During the voyage the lives of many of them intertwine and double murder is one of the outcomes of the mixing of this queer galaxy of characters; both Lothar and Anya are shot.

Suspicion falls on the others, but Herbert confesses to the crime and out of the tragedy emerges a romance for Jimmy and Sally who learn to regret the follies of their past.

The picture's success relies on its team work, good dialogue, fine spectator sequences and polished technical qualities.

The liner settings are realistically staged on an ambitious scale and the whole thing has been designed with an eye to popular showmanship.

**THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS**


Francis Lederer,....Max Christmann Joan Bennett Prudence Kirkland Charles Ruggles...Aaron Kirkland Mary Boland..Comfort Kirkland Walter Kingsford..Square Banks Minor Watson Col. Sherwood Alexander Bennett,....Mr. Neely Barbara Barondess....Miss Malloy Directed by Alexander Hall, from the play by Lawrence Langer and Armina Marshall, adapted to the screen by J. M. McGovney and Herbert Fields. U.P. Presented December 29, 1934.

A n excellent performance, full of light abandon and provocative charm, is given by Francis Lederer in this picturesque comedy romance which is set in the period of the American War of Independence and which tilts at Puritan convention—and incidentally at the busybodies and killyjows who are to-day holding up their hands in pious horror at the immorality of screen entertainment. Lederer is cast as Max, a Hessian soldier, brought to America to fight for George III. He deserts and is held prisoner at a farm owned by Aaron Kirkland. Whilst awaiting his fate he falls in love with Prudence, the farmer's daughter.

She returns his love much to the chagrin of Shad Jennings, com- mander of the local militia. Eventually, Max and Prudence are "bundled" by the puritanical Square Banks and he attempts to create a scandal.

"Bundling" needs a word of explanation. It was an old Con- necticut custom induced by the shortage of firewood. Courting couples used to keep warm by climbing into bed, fully clothed. There was, be it understood, a board down the centre to satisfy the proprieties.

At this juncture a colonel arrives and tells Aaron that he has been elected recruiting officer and he silences Banks by putting him in uniform. The colonel also announces that Washington has made Max official interpreter and his status permits him to ask for Prudence's hand.

Joan Bennett is coy and intriguing as Prudence and Charles Ruggles back to a bicycles character rôle is splendid as Aaron, while Mary Boland makes an excellent foil for his humour as Mrs. Kirkland.

The charm of the old world atmosphere has been admirably caught and the whole thing is piquant and witty in an unpretentious manner.

**THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST**


Louise Dresser,.Miss Constance Ralph Morgan,..Webley Fenston Marian Marsh,.Elisca Constance H. B. Walthall,..Dr. Amnon Eden Brook,..Gustav Freidrichs Edith Carly Helen Jerome Emily, Martha Sisters Betty Byrne Mrs. Parker (The Bird Woman) Barbara Bedford,.Elissa Carney Robert Ellis,.Frank Cottrell Tommy Buell Billy Directed by Christy Cabanne, from Gene Sheldon Porter's novel, adapted by Adele Comandini.

Good rural atmosphere and picture scenes help to dis- count the very leisurely development of this simple, sentimental story which strikes a rather artificial, old-fashioned note.

Louise Dresser acquires herself well in the difficult rôle of Katherine Comstock, who is embittered because the child she bore happened to be a girl instead of the son she had hoped for and because her husband died on the night she was born. As the daughter, who is helped by childless neighbours and eventually wins her mother's love, Marian Marsh is delightfully un- sophisticated and two well- characterised roles come from her. James Eddy and Ralph Morgan as the childless couple.

Harmless touches are well intro- duced and the story carries through on its gently sentimental journey.

**SECRET OF THE CHATEAU**


An incredible story of robbery and murder at a French chateau which includes two murders and a fair proportion of comedy; the comedy being the more entertaining ingredient.

To develop the characters nor the environment has any pretension of being French and the plot follows the old formula of proving the guilt of one of the least suspicious of the suspects.

Claire Dodd is quite attractive as the heroine while Clark Williams is sympathetic as the hero.

Most of the amusement is supplied by Alice White as a wise-cracking hanger-on and Ferdinand Gottschalk as the chateau's blacksmith turns in a good character study as a chief of police.

**ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR**


Marian Nixon,.Natalie Sheehan John Stuart,.Matthew Gemmell Mary Austin,.Alleen Pringle Mrs. Judy Bryant Kathleen Howard Aunt Henrietta Ralph Harold,.Mr. Schuyler Bradley Pace,.Jeremy Lansdowne Helen,.Shelley Winters and Don Alvarado,.Rocco Crook starring in "The Secret of the Chateau" as directed by Christy Cabanne, from Gene Sheldon Porter's novel, adapted by Adele Comandini.

Somewhat ingenious but not very subtle version of the familiar theme about three people who decide to carry on as a business proposition and then proceed to fail in love.

It has been quite competently presented but in the anxiety to include something of everything, nothing much has been achieved.

Neil Hamilton is included to emphasise his facial expressions as the husband who marries to prevent himself being cited as co-respon- dent of wife who marries because she has been involved with gangsters and wants to escape the police.

Marian Nixon is appealing.

The best performance, however, comes from Alleen Pringle, as Jdy the "maidswoman with whom the hero has an affair."

**THE FIREBIRD**


April 27, 1935

Dull story which seeks to point the moral that a child brought up under too strict surveillance will eventually break out.

In this case the daughter in question shows her skill by murdering a matinée idol who has tried to assault both her and her mother.

The mother tries to take the blame for the crime and poses as the murdered man's mistress.

It is a very perfunctory movie that is redeemed to some extent by the acting, Verne Teasdale being very good and Mata Louise suitably gilrlish and un- philasticised as the daughter.

In a touching sequence as the father and Ricardo Cortez as the matinée idol is "bumped of" too early to carry many of the acting honours although that he does is polished and effective.

C. Aubrey Smith makes a dignified manager.

The drama is set in a very synthetic Vienna.

**YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL**


Directed by Stanley. From the story by Earl Snell and Joseph Santey.

A conventional story which relies more on its good humoured expose of Hollywood publicity methods than on its plot value. It is scrappily presented but William Haines works with a will to make the part of the young film producer that authority agent tell and Judith Allen succeeds in being very winsome as a young star with whom he falls in love.

The picture introduces the Wampa baby stars and has effective musical scoring and chorus work.

**HORROW A MILLION**


Simple unpretentious comedy romance with humour of a popular order dealing with the proposition by a one-eyed tea busines who is backed by a wealthy young man to the tune of a million.

He fails through a hangover but is hindered by leakages from the office. However, his secretary Eileen and his bluff transport manager take the affronted wrongfully out on the informant. Charles Cullum is sound as Michael, the tea shop proprietor and the comedy is unaffected and capable as Eileen.

Wally Patch turns in a good character study as the crook director does also Bogaletti as the lady responsible for the leakage of information.
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PICTUREGOER Weekly
Renee Ray Arrives

A actress makes good—Leading Lady to Conrad Veidt—Ups and Downs of Studio Life—The "Scrooge" Film—Seymour Hicks's Ancient Suit

NOW and then something happens to restore a spark of hope even to such an old curmudgeon as I. Only now and then.

It has happened now. A girl who has tried and tried and tried to make good in films is now, in fact, making good in films; which just proves that there is a sun in the sky, and that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

Especially when the girl is Renee Ray.

Some of us (I am proud to be one) have been saying for years, in and out of season, that Renee had what it takes. That is to say, she has youth, vivacity, charm, intelligence, energy, application, and more than her share of good looks.

Time after time she has been just on the very verge of success, and each time something just failed to connect. Here are some of the films we thought she would get her real start in: Young Woolley, Two White Arms, Keepers of Youth, While London Sleeps, Tiger Ray, King's Cup, Horn Lucky, Street Song, Rolling in Money. Certainly in each she was a little better than we had seen her before, but somehow success just eluded her.

A Stage Farther

Then she did a bold but wise thing as it turned out. She forsook films for the stage, and scored such a success in The Downfall of the Stag that she simply had to be given a real part in films. And now, as I amavurated in my opening par, she's got it.

She is playing opposite Conrad Veidt in the role of "Stasia" in The Passing of the Third Floor Back for Gaumont-British at Shepherd's Bush—a part that a great number of our young actresses would have given their eyes for. I'm glad Renee didn't have to give hers; they're more like headlights than eyes.

Now, whether she stands up or lies down in this extremely important part (and from her work on the set I should say she is making an excellent job of it), she will have played opposite the great Conrad Veidt. Nothing can take that away from her.

Berthold Viertel thinks a great deal of her; but this is as I should have expected, for above all else in his players Viertel demands sensitivity. He is an extremely sensitive man himself. Would it be insulting your memory to repeat that he is the brilliant director who was responsible for Little Friend?

Excitement

Before passing on to The Passing in general, I propose we linger awhile with Renee. We might do much worse.

She is, of course, and very properly, wildly excited at receiving such a chance while she is still young enough to begin a great career. One word to the wise: G. M. Wiidt was remade. What about Renee?

I am confident that she will become a very important asset to British films—and ultimately, I am afraid, to Hollywood. By the way, her selection for this role of "Stasia" is a striking example of the topsuiturness of Filmland.

Some years ago, Renee realized that one of her chief handicaps was her voice. It had a Cockney timbre, and was pitched too high; so Renee very sensibly set about altering it. Now it is innocent of all trace of Cockneyism, and is pleasingly low-pitched. One of my complaints against most of our up-and-coming film girls is that they simply won't take the trouble. Renee will.

Now here is the topsuiturness. For her very first really important part; Renee has to assume a Cockney accent!

A Distinguished Name

The one thing that makes me a little uneasy is that there is talk of changing her name. I think when a girl's name is very obviously ill-chosen and artificial, like Dawn O'Day, she is very wise to change it to Anne Shirley. But "Renee Ray" comes, as Shakespeare put it, "trippingly on the tongue," and is easy to remember. Besides the Rays are an honourable and illustrious family, including, since the Seventeenth Century, John the naturalist, Ted the golfer, Phil the comedian, and X the Nosey Parker.

"Stasia" is the maid-of-all-work in the boarding house where the action mainly takes place; and it really is a touch of a part—probably the most beloved "Slavery" since the immortal "Marchioness."

Of course the most important role is that of the Stranger, and after reducing the number of possible players of this part to a mere 120 (a handful), Gaumont-British decided upon Conrad Veidt.

A Sound Choice

Well, I think they could not have done better; he is one of the world's best film actors (many people say the best), and I think he will convey admirably the "otherworldliness" of the mysterious guest who takes the back room on the third floor and, lightly touching the nerves of the selfish, weak, vicious occupants of the house, passes on, leaving them all transmuted—all, that is, excepting Stasia, who needed no alteration.

Strong Cast

So much of this film depends upon successful characterisation that I am particularly relieved to find such a fine cast. Besides "Connie" Veidt and Renee Ray, there are Mary Clare as "Mrs. Sharpe," the landlady, Frank Cellier as "Wright" (the Villyan), Beatrix Leham the embittered "Miss Kite," John Turnbull and Cathleen Nesbit as a married couple and wife and Anna Lee as their daughter, Barbara Everest as the cook, and Sara Allgood as the faded lady with aristocratic connexions.

Barbara Everest has lately made a great success in the stage play Victoria Sarah. Sara Allgood is a famous member of the Irish Players, who appear far too infrequently on the screen.

Mark another instance of the topsuiturness of (Continued on page 34)
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ON THE BRITISH SETS

the film world. In Rolling in Money Anna Lee was playing the lead and Renee Ray a small part. Now these positions are reversed.

Unforgettable

I confess I am looking forward eagerly to seeing what this famous stage-play becomes in the hands of a genius like Vertel. Its popularity may be gauged by the fact that, first produced in 1906, it has been revived four times (in 1913, 1917, 1928, and 1929).

Perhaps the fact that it was one of the first serious plays to leave Mayfair and seek out Bloomsbury as its milieu may have had something to do with its initial success, but certainly with Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson as the Stranger it was an unforgettable experience.

He also allowed himself to be persuaded to make a silent film of it, but it was the most flagrantly "photographed stage-play" I ever saw, I think—except perhaps some of the earlier Wills-Lynn farces. It was done with commendable sincerity, but my chief recollection is of the players wearing thick masks of make-up that robbed them of every trace of humanity.

Yes, I think we have progressed a little.

Not the Type

So much for The Passing of the Third Floor Back. Under the same wide roof they are making Car of Dreams, a musical light comedy of the type producers go in for in the hope of producing another Sunshine Susie from the same. The way has it ever occurred to you to wonder what typeists on the screen are typing industriously? Or are you always so completely preoccupied with the plot that you don’t have time to think about it?

There are a dozen typeists in one scene in Car of Dreams, and after a “take” I was privileged to read what a lot of them had been typing. It was “Oh eric darling I love you you’re a little bit of me.…” there was a manomp13-2½—put thy hand in mine and lead me’twrrne ryth… Greeta Mosheim has one of those nifty little-nibbed parts—that of a rubber-stamp girl in a music instrument factory whose favourite lunch-time occupation is going into expensive shops and pricing everything, without any possibility of buying.

In real life that kind of person is a public pest; in a light musical it becomes merely funny and rather charming.

A New Team

Talking of springtime, though, one of those engaging spring-type two-against-the-world films has just been completed down at Teddington where Michael Powell has been directing Young Nelson for Warner Bros. First National.

At least, that’s what it was being called when I was down there this week; but that’s no indication of what it will be a week or two hence. I should have thought Young Nelson was a more appropriate title, for it’s all about a lift-boy (Esmond Knight) and a chambermaid (Margaret Lockwood) in a block of flats.

The studio, by the way, is all excited about these two as a “team”: but nothing very startling is likely to come of the association for quite a while, for although Knight is on contract to Warner Bros., and will probably have a trip to Hollywood before long, Margaret is on loan from Beaconsfield, where she is on contract to British Lion.

Those of you who saw Lorna Doone will remember the lass who gets off with the highwayman. That was Margaret Lockwood, in her very first film. A promising start? I’ll say!

Smell Wanted

They’ve had all the fun of the fair at Teddington, during the filming of Young Nelson. Southend pier came to the studios in all its glory, and technicians who were missing when they were wanted could always be found trying their luck in the slot-machines or a “Roll, Bowl, or Pitch.”

One of the seventy extras had a bitter complaint to make, though. He declared that “good ol’ Sarfand wiv’art the smell of its mud”.

Sunshine at Teddington...but snow a mile away at Twickenham. Not only snow, but snow piled high on window-ills, lying in drifts against doors, falling in featherry flakes in the silent street.

The night before Christmas!—and everyone busy about the final preparations for the festival...except the senior partner in the firm of Scrooge and Marley.

Marley was dead, and Scrooge knew it—as dead as a doornail, though I should have thought a coffin-nail would be the deadest piece of furniture in existence...and please will all you Dickens maniacs kindly note that I quote from memory, and if I put a dash in instead of a comma don’t write to demand my resignation. I’ve told you, I’m not resigning until I’ve made my pile.

He Knows It

Anyway, what I’m driving at is that they are all well under way with the film of A Christmas Carol (the most Christmasy tale ever written) under the title of Scrooge.

Seymour Hicks is Scrooge himself, the grapsing old sinner. He played the part on the stage in 1901, 1910, 1912 (at a special Dickens Fund performance at the Coliseum, which realised £2,500), 1917, and 1924 (in Australia). Thirty-four years’ familiarity with the part—which by the way, is about as different from his own character as may well be.

His make-up alone is a masterpiece. I had the utmost difficulty in recognising him—I never happened to see his stage performance. For one thing, he is wearing the same clothes that were found for him—extremely second-hand—in Eastcheap in 1901; even the shirt, which was once white, is still hanging together in grimy shreds. Come to think of it, thirty-four years isn’t a bad age for a shirt—and it wasn’t by any means new when he first introduced it to the public.

I have a kind of idea it will be a close call for acting honours between Mr. Hicks and Donald Calthrop, who plays Bob Cratchitt. Not that they will try to “steal the picture”—either of them. They are both far too good actors for that.

The supporting cast matches up pretty well to these two. There is Mary Glynn, Robert Cochran (the young actor who played “Lieut. Tibbets” in Sanders of the River, and who is under contract to London Film Productions), Maurice Evans, Mary Lawson, and Eve Gray.

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