

TALKIE

The sound stage was terribly hot. It had been exactly like a brick oven all day. Even Duffy Gordon, a director who had sense of humor and believed in the gospel of pep, looked utterly fagged. As for Herman Walters, the perspiration poured down his lean, dark face and his angry eyes showed plainly that he wished he had stayed in New York directing stage plays instead of having been lured to Hollywood by a fat salary and the talkies. But he was nastily, hopelessly patient.

she could take care of herself, verbally and otherwise. Judith James had started pictures with something like fifty per cent less looks and talent than most girls who were still just leading women. More than that, while she believed in getting all the fun she could while she could, Judy had her name in electric lights because she had brains and used them, watched her step, worked hard and never missed a trick. That was why she decided at this particular moment that silence was—or might be—golden.

to young Harry Lutz, head of production. "These song writers," Lutz shrugged. "He says he won't work with Hanson. He wants to write songs for Judy James." "He won't work with Hanson?" Mr. Stecker seemed unable to credit so monstrous a thought. "But all the men—"

"Why can't I forget you, Judy? My heart won't let me, Judy. The flowers I know, are the flowers that grow in memory. Each day is a heartache without you. Each long night I dream about you. And so, for me, all the sunshine must be in my memory."

"FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. Daily Thought. Age is a quality of mind. If you have left your dreams behind, if hope is cold; if you no longer look ahead, if your ambitions' fires are dead, then you are old."

—Vogue reiterates the correctness of the leather-heeled shoes for walking and for wear with tailored clothes. It can be stated that all heels on walking shoes are lower. Two to two and a fourth inches is the accepted height.