

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

IF YOU are still sighing with regret over Helen Jepson's departure from the "Showboat" program on the radio, you will be delighted to hear that she is going to make a motion picture.

That ambitious young company Grand National that went over big with "Great Guy," in which they brought the too-long-absent Jimmy Cagney back to the screen, is going to star her in a musical. And Victor Schertzinger, no less, who piloted Grace Moore to screen fame, is going to direct Miss Jepson.

Movie officials are so jittery about having Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers' career around on roller skates for their next picture "Stepping Out," they have taken out one quarter of a million dollars insurance against production delays due to accidents. They know how dangerous it is to give Astaire a new toy like that. He's likely to skate right up walls. So they are protecting themselves from any spur-of-the-moment antics he may indulge in.



Fred Astaire

Luli Desti is not going to be like other foreign film stars who come to Hollywood to make pictures. Usually the newcomers spend about six days in New York, seeing nothing of our country but night clubs and theaters, photographers and interviewers, before they rush to Hollywood by airplane or fastest train. Miss Desti, on her arrival from England, persuaded Paramount officials to let her drive across country in leisurely fashion so that she could really get acquainted with us before starting work in our studios. She won't even hazard a guess about how long it will take her, because she knows that she will never be able to resist going off her carefully-marked route to explore side roads.

If good wishes make good pictures, "Steel Highway" will be one of the best of the year. It was rushed into production in order to keep Ann Nagel so busy that she could not brood over the tragic death of her husband, Ross Alexander. In this picture she plays a leading role for the first time. Another good reason why everyone is pulling for the success of this picture is that a newcomer is playing opposite her. And the newcomer is none other than William Hopper, son of Hedda Hopper.

Young players in Hollywood have every reason to be grateful to Hedda Hopper, and they are. They flock to her for advice on clothes and for help in studying their lines. Young brides who grow panicky about playing hostess at their first big party (and who doesn't?) consult her about refreshments and decorations, how many extra servants to get in, what entertainment to offer and all that. And then they usually insist that she be the first guest to arrive, the last to go.

A few years ago, every visitor to New York made a bee-line for the Hippodrome, just as nowadays the Radio City Music Hall is number one on any list of sights to be seen. Buddy de Sylva has been brooding lately over all the young folks who grew up too late to see one of the thrilling, dazzling Hippodrome shows, and has decided that something must be done about it. So, he is going to make a picture called "Hippodrome" for Universal.

The amiable lunacies of the Burns and Allen pictures and radio program go right on in their more private life. Just now they are having a wonderful time sending telegrams to Tony Martin, signed by the casting director of Twentieth Century-Fox, telling him that he must mend his ways and live a more quiet life. And the handsome six-foot Tony couldn't be more proper.

When Burns and Allen transfer their broadcasting activities to N. B. C. April first, Tony will go right along with them.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Errol Flynn insists that he is going to Borneo as soon as he finishes "The Prince and the Pauper." Lili Damita may think otherwise, just as she did the last time he got all ready to start . . . Romantic rumors about Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may be just rumors, but nevertheless when she arrives in Hollywood soon to film "Angel" Junior will be on his way here . . . When friends borrow books from Humphrey Bogart and keep them more than two weeks, he charges them five cents a day, and gives the considerable sum thus collected to charity. © Western Newspaper Union.

Dogs Everywhere



Dogs, Too, Have Their Dentists.

LOVE me, love my dog, is no idle platitude. Men and dogs are often so bound together by genuine affection for one another that both are unhappy when long away from one another. If the dog, in his centuries-long association with man, had never saved a life, rounded up a flock of sheep, helped track down meat, or pulled a polar sledge, this oldest friend of the human would still have given full payment for his room and board. From that ancient partnership the man has benefited fully as much as the animal. By throwing in his lot with his caveman neighbors, the dog of prehistoric ages did much to give his two-legged ally dominance over the beasts and helped speed human progress. Without dogs the geographical poles could not have been reached until the era of discovery by airplanes; and even today, says Admiral Byrd, "dogs are the infantry of polar exploration."

Dogs do the shopping in the Azores, pull carts in Newfoundland, Quebec, Belgium, The Netherlands, and elsewhere; they guide the blind in city streets; in countless ways, in many parts of the earth, they are helping to do the work of the world. Yet man's biggest gain from the relationship cannot be measured in terms of labor done. The companionship and affection of a good dog are priceless, and often the four-footed party of the second part can set its friend and overlord an excellent example in conduct and character. What man could not observe with profit the dignity and forbearance of a fine Great Dane, slow to anger though a peerless fighter?

Dog-Lovers Are All Friends. Wherever man has traveled, his dogs have gone with him. Most surprising of all, perhaps, is the worldwide sense of fraternity among the millions all over the earth who have in common a love of dogs. They "speak the same language"; all gaps are bridged; introductions are not needed. Complicit a stranger on his dog and he becomes your friend for life. At the important dog shows all sorts of people meet and talk together on a common plane. In rank and station the owners vary as greatly as do the dogs themselves, which range from the tiny toy breeds weighing only a pound or two and capable of being tucked away and hidden in a lady's handbag, to lordly Saint Bernards, Great Danes, and mastiffs which may outweigh the average man. In the London show, Lady Thus and So may be seen in animated conversation with a fish porter from Billingsgate, each with a toy bulldog tucked under one arm. It is only a little dog, but it is big enough to bridge the wide gulch between Billingsgate and Belgravia—or even Buckingham Palace. When King Edward VII died, a small white dog was led along behind the gun carriage on which the body was borne. It was the monarch's pet wire-haired fox terrier. On the collar were the words, "I am Caesar, the King's Dog." Queen Alexandra's Clumber spaniels were among the best in England, and this breed and blood are still maintained at Sandringham, the sporting residence of the late King George V.

Favorites of Presidents. Nothing pleased President Theodore Roosevelt so much as the music of a pack of mountain lion or bear-hunting hounds. President Wilson had an old English sheep dog. President Harding was a lover of Airedales. Notable ornaments to the White House during the Coolidge administration were the Scotch collie, Rob Roy, and Tiny Tim, a white Eskimo dog. The Hoovers brought to the executive mansion a venerable German shepherd dog, and other noteworthy White House dogs during their occupancy were a beautiful Gordon Setter and a big Norwegian Elkhound. Pets of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his family have included Major, a German shepherd, and Meggie, a Scotchie.

Bismarck was fond of Great Danes. Former Kaiser Wilhelm II favors dachshunds. Once in South Africa an upcountry trader traveled a thousand miles to see a dog fancier, offered a large sum of money, and asked him to locate and purchase for him two of the best and noblest Great Danes to be found anywhere. "They are for a great chieftain," he explained. "The last time we outspanned at King Lobengula's kraal he wanted our Great Dane—a dog we had borrowed from some German transport riders. Our own dog had been killed by a lioness. So we told Lobengula we could not give away anything that did not rightly belong to us. "Then it was that he became insistent and tried to cajole us into selling Satan, for that was the dog's name. He offered to fill our two wagons with ivory and give us all the women we wanted to sell as slaves to the Barotse."

Even the Australian Bushman. A visitor to the upcountry, in Western Australia, came across a black fellow and his three "gins"—his wives or "lady friends"—fast asleep near the embers of three fires. Cuddling among their savage companions were a pure-bred greyhound and a well-bred smooth-coated fox terrier. Men, women and dogs had evidently been hunting together, and the stomachs of the feasters were distended with food. Against the trees stood four long, slender spears with jagged notched hardwood points. Here was a living picture of primitive savages with their canine allies. Unquestionably the two fine dogs, perhaps registered in the official kennel studbooks of Australia or some far-away land and now gone native among possibly the lowest type of the human race, had been stolen by those aborigines for the express purpose of hunting. The greyhound, they knew instinctively, would be especially useful in overtaking and "sticking up" even the largest of kangaroos. The dog was not expected to kill the quarry; its jaws and pluck would be of no avail against the ripping and disemboweling claws on the hind feet of an "old man" kangaroo. The greyhound was to hold the animal at bay until the hunters could come up and kill it with their crude spears, just as they must have done thousands of years ago in the prehistoric stage of the time-honored man-dog relationship.

What the Breeders Do. No doubt men early realized that by breeding they could produce different kinds of dogs, each suited to a specific purpose. In later years this process has been carried to remarkable lengths of refinement. An intelligent breeder, if given time, of course, can produce almost any type of dog. He can choose not only physical features—a strong jaw, a good nose, long legs for speed, or short legs and long body for following prey into holes—but traits of character, such as courage and persistence. When the late Paul Rainey a few years ago formed the project of hunting lions with dogs in East Africa—a practice, incidentally, that is now forbidden by law—he tried crossing American hounds with American-bred Airedales, and ran the cross-breeds together in a pack with pure hounds and Airedales. The result was highly successful. The hound has the better nose, but it is not a particularly plucky dog. The Airedale, itself a blend of hound and terrier, is game and aggressive, and makes a good attacking dog. Face to face with even the biggest of cats, it had the courage to hold the quarry at bay until its armed master could reach the scene.

The Spanish pointers, when introduced into England, were considered too slow in pace; they dwelled on the scene and consequently were spoken of as "potterers"—dogs which made much ado about little or nothing. So the Spanish pointers were crossed with foxhounds and greyhounds, and a breed of faster-going pointing dogs was produced, those which today are the most numerous of the short-coated gun dogs and are known as English pointers.

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A Little Bit Humorous

SPOOKS
Rain lashed the windows of the lonely old castle, and the wind howled mournfully as the timid guest was escorted to his room up under the eaves. "Has—anything unusual ever happened in this room?" he asked hesitatingly of the very sinister-looking butler. The butler grimaced. "Not for 40 years," he answered. The guest heaved a sigh of relief. "What happened then?" he queried brightly. The butler's green eyes glittered ominously. "A man who stayed here all night showed up in the morning!" he hissed.—Sheboygan Press.



HER ASSIGNMENT

Noah—I wish you would do one thing.
Mrs. Noah—O. K., what?
Noah—Show some of our friends where the ladies' entrance is.

A Present
A Southern judge was perplexed over the conflicting claims of two negro women each of whom asserted that a certain little black baby belonged to her. Finally the judge thought of Solomon and told the two women that he would divide the baby in two and give each of them half. They were so shocked that they both screamed: "Don't do dat, boss. You kin keep him yourself!"

She Knew
"I am sorry I am rather awkward," apologized a young man novice to his fair American companion at a dance. "Fact is I am a little stiff from tennis, see?" "From Tennessee?" echoed the maiden, stifling a yawn. "Gee, but ain't that cute! Perhaps you've met that fat guy over there by the cocktail bar? He's a big stiff from Kentucky."

And the Tip
A guest at a small southern states hotel was awakened early one morning by a knock on his door. "What is it?" he called drowsily, without getting up. "A telegram, boss," came a negro's voice. "Well, can't you push it under the door without waking me up so early?" "No, suh, it's on a tray."—Tit-Bits Magazine.



A GOOD GUESS
"He who hesitates is lost."
"You can always try the lost and found columns."
The Picture
Two Birmingham men in Paris were "doing" a picture gallery. One of them, stopping in front of a somewhat daring picture, exclaimed in loud tones: "What ho, Alf, what price this?" Whereupon the attendant, who had overheard, anxious to air his English, bustled forward with: "Pardon, m'sieu, but eet is not by Watteau and eet is not for sale."

The Choir's Hard Up!
Dan—Ol've just heard it said that parson be trying to find a good treble for the choir.
Jan—You fair surprise me, Dan! I thought he were dead against horse racing!

Professional View
Young Doctor's Wife — Harry, aren't the clouds and moon lovely tonight?
Young Doctor, absentmindedly — Sure, that cloud coming over the moon reminds me of a torpid liver.

Censored Confession
Judge—Make a clean confession of the whole business. It will be better for you in the long run.
Accused—But first I would like to know how much the witnesses know.—Hummel, Hamburg.
That Would Be Worthwhile!
Scientist—Eureka! At last I have succeeded in crossing a cabbage with a radish.
Practical Friend—Why didn't you cross it with corned beef?—Minneapolis Journal.

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are Sambo of the checkered overalls, and Mammy, in apron and kerchief. In pattern 5247 you will find a transfer pattern for a doll about 14 inches high; patterns for making the clothes; directions for making doll and clothes; material requirements. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

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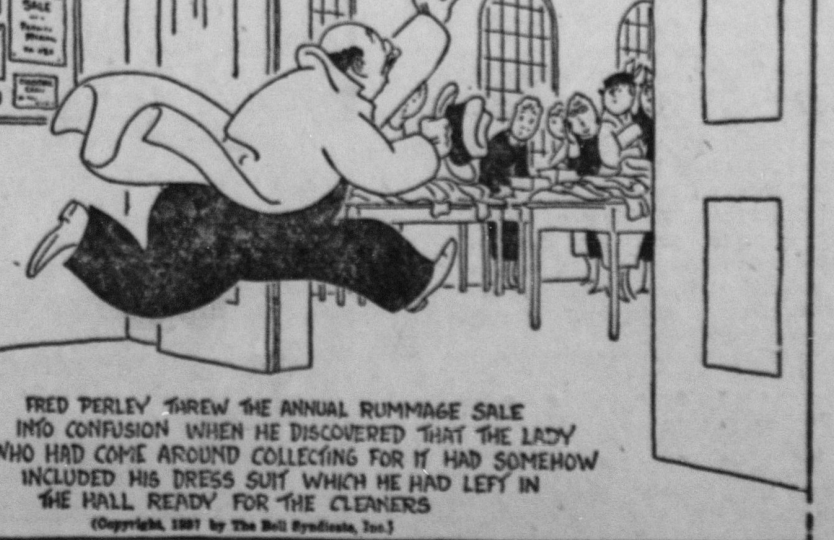
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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY THREW THE ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE INTO CONFUSION WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT THE LADY WHO HAD COME AROUND COLLECTING FOR IT HAD SOMEHOW INCLUDED HIS DRESS SUIT WHICH HE HAD LEFT IN THE HALL READY FOR THE CLEANERS (Copyright, 1937 by The Bill Brothers, Inc.)