

Strange Facts

Notes for Juliet
Rolling Stone Door
Truth Rings Out

A small chapel in Verona, Italy, city in which the story of "Romeo and Juliet" was laid, contains a tomb of this fictitious lady, guarded by a bust of Shakespeare. Beside it is a box labeled "Letters for Juliet" in which optimistic damself drop notes asking her advice and help in their love affairs.

A rolling stone, symbolic of "the stone rolled away from the sepulcher" of Jesus, will be a unique feature of the Catholic cathedral now being built in Liverpool, England. Already finished and weighing almost six tons, it is to be used to open and close the entrance to the Chapel of Relics.

In the late 1850's August Belmont, famous banker and diplomat, traveled about Newport in a carriage that, with four fine horses, harness and livery, cost \$110,000.

In French Indo-China, Cao-daism, a twelve-year-old religion with three million adherents, has an odd ritual. In its main temple in the city of Tay-ninh a priest strikes a bell once every minute throughout the day and night to remind all Cao-daists that truth must constantly be kept in their minds.—Collier's.

All Equal

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains. Without hesitation Mr. Carnegie replied: "Which is the most important leg on a three-legged stool?"



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CAMEL
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The DIM LANTERN

By **TEMPLE BAILEY**

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"I know. But—Oh, I can't analyze it, Edith. I love you—no end. More than—anything. But I won't ask you to marry me."

"Do you know how selfish you are, Baldy?"

"I know how wise I am."

She made an impatient gesture. "You're not thinking of me in the least. You are thinking of your pride."

He caught her hand in his. "I am thinking of my pride. Do you suppose it is easy for me to let Jane—take money from him? To feel that there is no man in our family who can pay the bills? I am proud. And I'm glad of it. Edith—I want you to be glad that I will not take—alms."

Her wise eyes studied him for a moment. "You blessed boy. You a blessed poet," she sighed, "I am proud of you, but my heart aches—for myself."

He caught her almost roughly in his arms and in a moment released her. "I'm right, dearest?"

"No, you're not right. If we married, we'd sail to Italy and have a villa by the sea. And you would paint masterpieces. Do you think my money counts beside your talent? Well, I don't."

"My dear, let me prove my talent first. As things are now, I couldn't pay our passage to the other side."

"You could. My money would be yours—your talent mine. A fair exchange."

He stuck obstinately to his point of view. "I won't tie you to any promise until I've proved myself."

"And we'll lose all these shining years."

"We won't lose a moment. I'm going to work for you."

He was, she perceived, on the heights. But she knew the weariness of the climb.

Coming out of the garden in the late afternoon, they were aware of other arrivals at the Inn.

"Adelaide and Uncle Fred, by all the gods," said Edith, as they peered into the dining-room from the dimness of the hall. "Oh, don't let them see us. Adelaide's such a bromide."

They crept out, found Baldy's car and sped towards the city. "I should say," Baldy proclaimed sternly, "that for a man who is engaged, a thing like that is unseemable."

"Oh, Uncle Fred and Adelaide," said Edith, easily, "she probably asked him. And she was plaintive. A plaintive woman always gets her way."

Adelaide had been plaintive. And she had hinted for the ride. "Why not an afternoon ride, Ricky? It would rest you."

"Sorry. But I'm tied up."

"I haven't seen you for ages, Ricky."

"I know, old girl. I've had a thousand things."

"I've—missed you."

It wasn't easy for Frederick to ignore that Adelaide was an attractive woman.

"Oh, well, I can get away at four. We'll have tea at the old Inn."

"Heavenly, Ricky, I have a new blue hat."

"You could always wear blue." He decided that he might as well make things pleasant. There was a shock in store for her. Of course he'd have to tell her about Jane.

So Adelaide in the new blue hat—with a wrap that matched—with that porcelain white and pink of her complexion—with her soft voice, and appealing manner, had Frederick for three whole hours to herself.

She told him all the spicy gossip. Frederick, like most men, ostensibly scorned scandal, but lent a willing ear. What Eloise had said, what Benny had said, what all the world was saying about Del's marriage.

"And they were married here today. I didn't dream it until Eloise called me up just before lunch. Edith had told her."

"I am going to marry Jane Barnes, Adelaide. The engagement isn't to be announced until she returns to Washington. But I want my friends to know."

She put her elbows on the table, clasped her hands and rested her chin on them looking at him with steady eyes. "So that's the end of it, Ricky?"

"The end of what?"

"Our friendship."

"Why should it be?"

"Oh, do you think that your little Jane is going to let you philander?"

"I shan't want to philander. If that's the way you put it."

"So you think you're in—love with her?"

"I know I am," the red came up in his cheeks, but he stuck to it manfully. "It's different from anything—ever that I've felt before."

"They all say that, don't they, every time?"

"Don't be so cynical." She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm

not. Well, I shall miss you, Ricky, dear."

That was all, just that plaintive note. But Adelaide's plaintiveness was always effective.

Jane was home again. July was better. Philomel sang. The world was a lovely place.

"Oh, but it's good to be back," Jane was telling Baldy at breakfast. The windows were wide open, the fragrance of lilacs streamed in, there were pink hyacinths on the table.

"It's heavenly."

Baldy smiled at her. "The same old Jane."

She shook her head, and the light in her eyes wavered as if some breath of doubt fanned it. "Not quite. The winter hasn't been easy. I'm a thousand years older."

"And with a wedding day ahead of you."

"Yes. Do you like it, Baldy?"

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed her. "Not a bit—if you want the truth—I shall be jealous of Mr. Frederick Towne."

"Silly. You know I shall never love anybody more than you, Baldy."

She was perfectly unconscious of the revelation she was making, but he knew—and was constrained to say, "Then you don't really love him."

"Oh, I do. He's much nicer than I imagined he might be."

"Oh, well, if you think you are going to be happy."

"I know I am—dearest," she blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers.

"Baldy, I'm going to have a great house with a great garden—and invite Judy and the babies—every summer."

"The subject up; she drew another cup of coffee for herself, and asked finally, "When is Evans coming back?"

"Not for several days. He will go to Boston when he finishes with New York."

"I see. And he's much better?"

"I should say. You wouldn't know him."

He rose. "I must run on. We're to dine at Towne's then?"

"Yes. Just the five of us. It seems funny that I haven't met Cousin Annabel. But she's able to take her place at the head of the table, Mr. Towne tells me. He told me, too, that she wants to meet me. But I have a feeling that she won't approve of me, Baldy. I'm not fashionable enough."

"Why should you be fashionable? You are all right as you are."

"Am I? Baldy, I believe my stock has gone up with you."

"It hasn't, Janey. You were always a darling. But I didn't want to spoil you."

"As if you could," she smiled wistfully. "Sometimes I have a feeling, Baldy, that I should like life to go on just as it is. Just you and me, Baldy. But of course it can't."

"Of course it can, if you wish it. You mustn't marry Towne if you have the least doubt."

"I haven't any doubts. So don't worry." She stood up and kissed him. "Briggs will come out for me—and we are all to see a play together afterward."

"Edith told me."

"Baldy," she had hold of the lapel of his coat, "how are things going with—Edith?"

"Do you mean, am I in love with her? I am."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"God knows."

She looked up at him in surprise. "What makes you say it that way? Has she told you she didn't care?"

"She has told me that she does care. But do you think, Janey, that I'm going to take her money?"

He patted her on the cheek and was off.

Jane picked a spray of princess-pine and stuck it in her blouse. Oh, what an adorable world! Her world. Could there be anything better than Frederick Towne could give her?

Baldy's words rang in her ears—"Do you think I am going to take her money?"

Yet she was taking Frederick Towne's money. She wished it had not been necessary. Each day it seemed to her that the thought burned deeper: she was under obligations to her lover that could be repaid only by marriage. And they were to be married in June.

Yet why should the thought burn? She loved him. Not, perhaps, as Baldy loved Edith. But there were respect and admiration, yes, and when she was with him, she felt his charm, she was carried along on the whirling stream of his own adoration and tenderness.

She went back to her own little house, and found a great box of roses waiting. She spent an hour filling vases and bowls with them. Old-Sophy coming in from the kitchen said, "Looks lak dat Mistuh Towne's jes' fascinated with you, Miss Janey."

"Aren't the roses lovely, Sophy?" Jane wanted to tell Sophy that Mr. Towne would some day be her husband. But she still deferred the announcement of her engagement.

"I've told one or two people," Frederick had said.

"Oh, she's going to marry Frederick Towne, and see how shabby she is."

"You are never shabby."

"That's because I made myself two new dresses while I was at Judy's. And this is one of them."

"You have the great art of looking lovely in the simplest things. But some day you are going to wear a frock that I have for you." He told her about the silver and blue creation he had bought in Chicago. "Now and then I take it out and look at it. I've put it in your room, Jane, and it is waiting for you."

She thought now of the blue and silver gown, as Sophy said, "Miss Jane, I done pressed that w'ite chiffon of yours twel it hardly hangs together."

"I'll wear it once more, Sophy. I'm having a sewing woman next week."

With the old white chiffon she wore a golden rose or two—and sat at Frederick's right, while on the other end of the great table, Cousin Annabel weighed her in the balance.

Jane knew she was being weighed. Cousin Annabel was so blue-blooded that it showed in the veins of her hands and nose—and her hair was dressed with a gray transformation which quite overpowered her thin little face with its thin little nose.

As a matter of fact, Cousin Annabel felt that Frederick had taken leave of his senses. What could he see in this short-haired girl—who hadn't a jewel, except the one he had given her?

Jane wore Towne's ring, hidden, on a ribbon around her neck. "Some day I'll let everybody see it," she had said, "but not now."

"You act as if you were ashamed of it."

"I'm not. But Cinderella must wait until the night of the ball."

It was while they were drinking their coffee in the drawing-room that the storm came up. It was one of those cyclonic winds that whip off the tops of the trees and blow the roofs from unsubstantial edifices. The thunder was a ceaseless reverberation—the lightning was pink and made the sky seem like a glistening inverted shell.

Cousin Annabel hated thunderstorms and said so. "I think I shall go to my room, Frederick."

"You are not a bit safer up there than here," Towne told her.

"But I feel safer, Frederick." She was very decided about it.

So she went up and Baldy and Edith wandered across the hall to the library, where Edith insisted they could observe other aspects of the storm.

Jane and her lover were left alone, and presently Frederick was called to the telephone.

"I'm not sure that it's safe, sir, in this storm," Waldron warned.

"Nonsense, Waldron," Towne said, and stepped quickly across the polished floor.

Thus it happened that Jane sat by herself in the great drawing-room of the Ice Palace, while the wind howled, and the rain streamed down the window glass, and all the evil things in the world seemed let loose.

And she was afraid!

Not of the storm, but of the great house. She was so small and it was so big. Her own little cottage clasped her in its warm embrace. This great mansion stood away from her—as the sky stands away from the desert. All the rest of her life she would be going up and down those great stairs, sitting in front of this great fireplace, presiding at the far end of Frederick's great table—dwarfed by it all, losing personality, individuality, bidding good-bye forever to little Jane Barnes, becoming until death parted them the wife of Frederick Towne.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

★ Real or Reel Romance?
★ Proof in the Pictures
★ Knight Does the Lyrics

By Virginia Vale

VIVIEN LEIGH, the English girl whom you'll see in the movie version of "Gone With the Wind," arrived in New York a while ago for a vacation. The vacation had begun a week or so before, but she had spent the first part of it in the country near-by, resting; after 22 weeks of work, with only five free days in that time, she needed a rest!

In many ways she really resembles "Scarlett O'Hara." She has the squarish jaw and pointed chin that you're familiar with if you read the book, and her eyes, though they're hazel, are near enough to being green so that the effect is almost the same.

As for her Southern accent, it should pass muster even with the most critical of Southern audiences.

She'll have to abandon it when she returns to work, for her next assignment in Hollywood is that of the young wife in "Rebecca," another popular novel. She will play opposite Laurence Olivier—it's rumored that their interest in each other is more than mildly sentimental, but in Hollywood that rumor has a way of bobbing up whenever publicity is needed for a new picture.

If you want more data about Miss Leigh for your scrapbook—she was born in India, received her education in Germany, Italy, France and England, and has a five-year-old daughter.

It's a new version of "Smiling Through" that will be Jeanette MacDonald's first picture under her new



JEANETTE MACDONALD

Metro contract. The well known author, Alice Duer Miller, is writing the adaptation, and as usual the studio will spare no effort to make the MacDonald production an excellent one.

Another foreign actress, Ingrid Bergman, makes her bow to America soon. The picture, "Intermezzo," is an American version of one she made in Sweden. She is returning to Sweden when it is completed.

And, while we're on the subject of Sweden, Paul Muni's superb acting aided greatly in obtaining for Warner Brothers permission to screen the life of Alfred Bernard Nobel. Hal Wallis, of Warner Brothers, talked with his nephew and showed three Muni pictures, "Pasteur," "Zola," and "Juarez"—the most convincing argument that could be offered.

No less a person than Sir Robert Vansittart, chief diplomatic adviser to the British government, has been engaged by Alexander Korda to write the lyrics and dialogue for Korda's forthcoming technicolor production, "The Thief of Bagdad." He's doing it between diplomatic assignments. Korda is shooting the works on this new picture; it is one of the most ambitious productions ever to come from his studio.

Michael Fitzmaurice has been typed as an unlucky suitor so frequently on the air that he's afraid it will affect his private life. In one day not long ago he was jilted in "When a Girl Marries," treated as just a brother in "Myrt and Marge," and taken for a ride after winning the heart of a gunman's moll in "Gang Busters."

As you've probably noticed by her pictures, Deanna Durbin is growing up. Gloria Jean, just ten years old, is booked to become her successor to those roles presenting a lovely young girl who can sing. Little Miss Jean has the lovely Deanna's charm and naturalness, and has a beautiful voice as well.

ODDS AND ENDS—John Loder will be the first actor to fly from London to Hollywood... James Cagney has signed a new contract with Warner Brothers, though the current one runs until October... Dorothy Lamour can't get out of the South Seas; she's to co-star with Robert Preston in Paramount's "Typhoon," and also, inevitably, in a series... Those who have seen parts of "Pinocchio," the next full-length Disney film, say that it outdistances "Snow White."

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Righteousness Must Live

If righteousness should perish it would not be worth while for men to live on the earth.—Emmanuel Kant.

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