

**CENSUS TAKING TO BEGIN ON APRIL 1**

**Month Allotted to Complete Huge Task; Citizens Urged to Co-operate**

On April 1, next, an army of one hundred thousand men and women will go into action at the call of their government.

It will be an army of peace and public service. It will march, not in file and company, but as individuals in the stupendous task of decennial stock-taking known as the National census.

In scope, organization, equipment and responsibility, this will be the greatest undertaking of its kind ever launched in this or any other country.

This important enterprise will be conducted by the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce. In one month the enumerators must complete their part of the work and accumulate a vast amount of data regarding social and economic conditions throughout our far-flung area. In one month these men and women must gather this information from every city and hamlet, six million farms, 14,000 mines and quarries, 100,000 irrigation and drainage projects, and from nearly 200,000 factories, more than two million stores, and nearly thirty million households.

**Scope Extended**

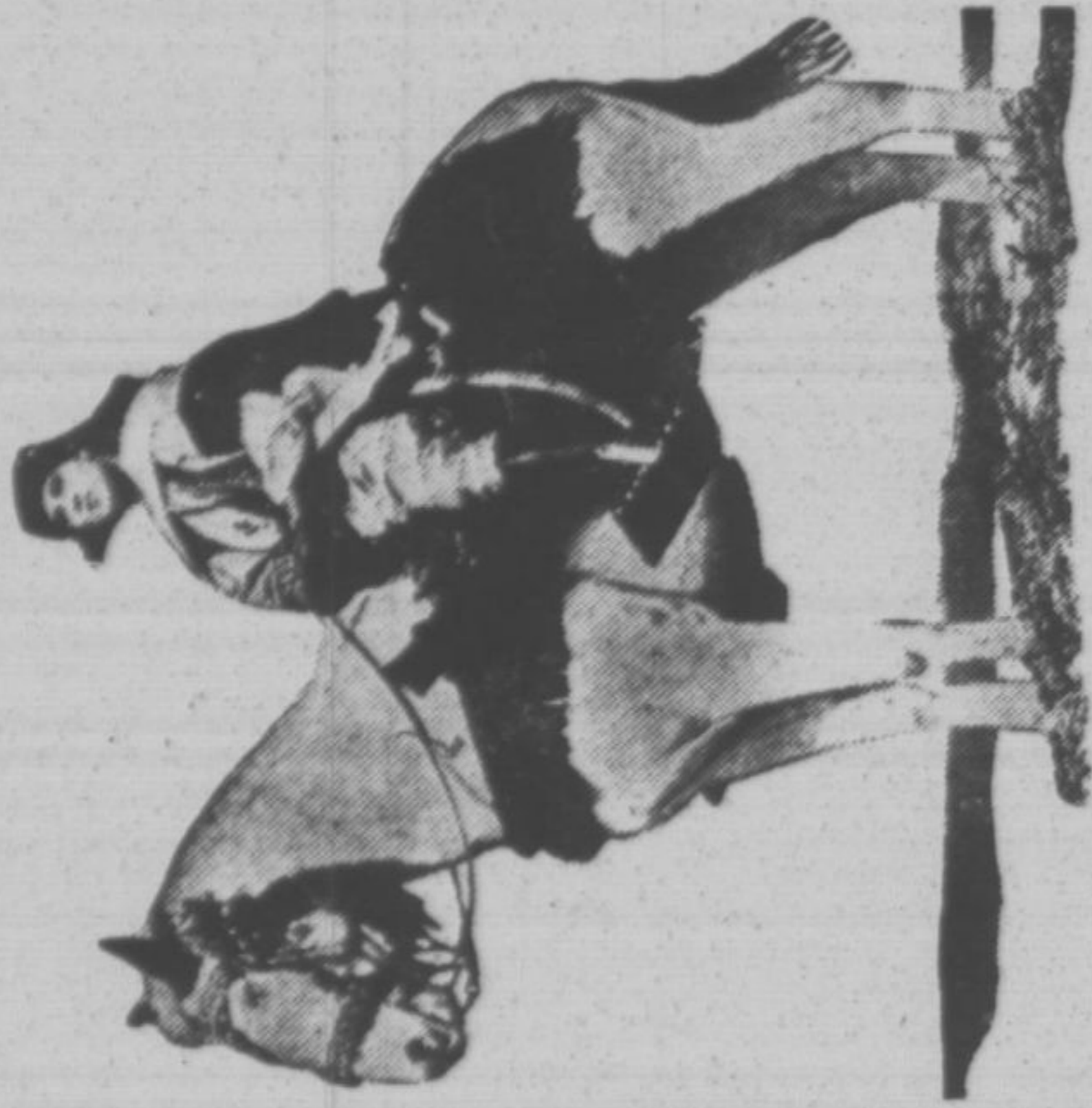
The work of the census has expanded immensely with the social and industrial growth of the nation. Our inventory must now include 48 states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, Samoa, Virgin Islands, and the Panama Canal Zone, and securing comprehensive information regarding 120,000,000 of our fellow Americans. It will be necessary to enumerate and collect data from these 120,000,000 people as to sex, age, nativity, occupation, value of homes, and many other points.

In the various branches of the Census, it will be necessary to ask nearly 20,000 questions regarding individuals, farms and manufacturing and commercial enterprises. At the beginning of April next, there must be in the hands of the enumerators at least 40 million printed copies of various schedules of inquiries.

The decennial census is mandatory under the constitution. The first was taken in 1790. But the originators of that mandate probably never dreamed either of the rapid increase in our national population, or of the complex development of our national life.

Today the welfare of our people

The **TRUTH**  
About **Rudolph VALENTINO**



Valentino as "The Sheik"

By His Wife, **Natacha Rambova**

**The Rudy Natacha Loved**

"Outwardly, an aggressive, swagger little boy, always looking for a fight; but inwardly, a pathetic, lonely little boy, always being hurt, infinitely grateful to anyone who was kind to him."

"This last was the Rudy I learned to know and love, for, it should be remembered, at the time we became engaged he was not Valentino, the great lover, almost smothered by adulation and fame, but a lonely foreigner on the Metro lot, unknown, snubbed and ridiculed."

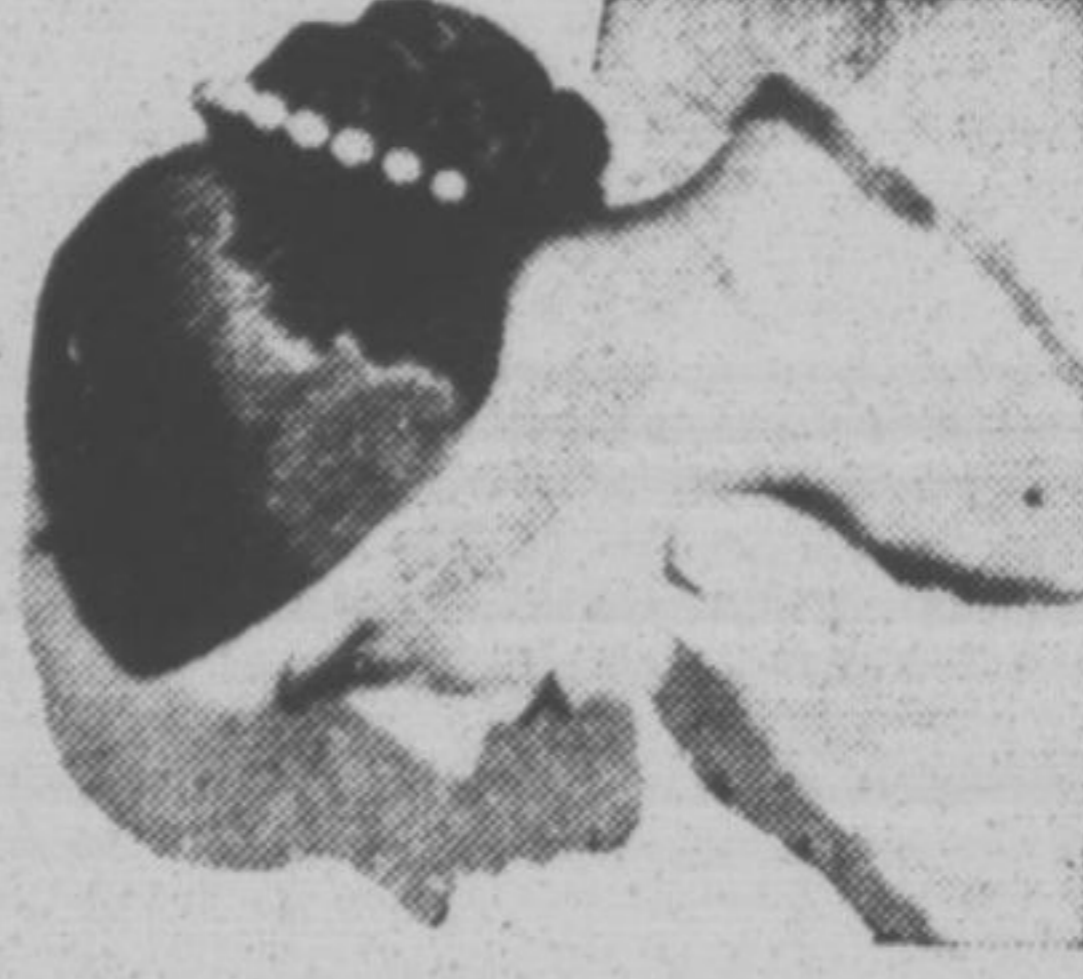
—From *Natacha Rambova's story of Rudy Valentino.*

By **NATACHA RAMBOVA**

**M**ANY stories have been written about Rudolph Valentino, but few are true. Generally they were written by people who scarcely knew him. Perhaps they knew the screen hero, but not the real man as he was; for this they drew on imagination and hearsay, usually to absurd results. That is why I have been asked to write this story—to tell the truth for once! Strange as it may seem to the undiscerning, interest in Mr. Valentino still lives.

Since appreciation of his work has survived the man himself, it is only fair that those who recognized his art should have a true picture of him, not a lot of trash and bosh.

Unfortunately, the more famous he grew, the more the stories circulated about him



**NATACHA RAMBOVA**

his horse would look in its new silver trappings from Mexico, or how much speed he could get from his new motor car. He had a mania for motors.

**A Dashing Crusader**

Cultured, cosmopolitan men liked Rudy; they appreciated his finer side; but the self-styled, hundred per cent American with his lack of culture and his one-track mind wrote him down as a weakling and looked to find nothing good in him. All the romance and attraction associated with Rudy's name, and which men of this type so resented, lay only in his acting. In reality they resented it because it was a charm they so sadly lacked.

The trouble with Rudy was, he lived

shell and became Rudolph Valentino again.

**CHAPTER II.**

Rudy had made the picture, "The Four Horsemen," but it had not yet been released. No one knew he was an artist, though it was rumored he was good. But picture people are all from Missouri; they have to be shown—by box office receipts.

At that time I was art director for Metro, taking myself and my work very seriously. Now I am amused as I look back on my flat-heeled shoes and art-y clothes. I was known as cold and unapproachable—but what did I care what people thought? I wasn't interested in personalities, particularly such futile personalities as screen actors. To me they were so many puppets to be placed wherever they looked best, a mere detail of the composition. Least of all was I interested in the aggressive, affable young man called "The Wop," who, with his friend Paul, a young Serbian cameraman, was always under foot, determined to be seen.

Later Rudy told me he had a bet with Paul that he could make me notice him; that he used to pray I would trip and fall, or, at least, drop my handkerchief, so he could leap to pick it up, or rescue me from danger. It appealed to his romantic sense to attract the attention of someone so obviously chilly, remote and disinterested.

The introduction finally came while Mrs. Nazimova, who was art director