

# New Heart Tangles of a Famous Millionaire Playboy

ROMANCE  
PROBLEMS  
of  
REAL PEOPLE

## Sad Aftermath to the Baking Powder King's Party at the Seashore



**RICH PLAYBOY.**  
John A. Hoagland, "Baking Powder King," Pictured Against a Painful Background Giving an Impression of His Atlantic City Party.

Analyzed by Ruth Morris.

**JOHN J. HOAGLAND**, famous "Baking Powder King," whose career has been a source of astonishment, interest and amusement to the New York theatrical and society worlds, has added yet another high-gear chapter to his already crowded life.

The latest installment became known when Mrs. Beulah Troy, a former New York stenographer, stated her intention of bringing suit against the millionaire, charging assault and defamation of character.

Mrs. Troy claimed that, while being driven to her hotel in Atlantic City after having attended a night-club party at Hoagland's guest, the "Baking Powder King" rumbled and punched her and finally threw her unceremoniously out of a taxicab.

And so the latest Hoagland melodrama goes along to the tune of bruises, a possible broken nose, injured vocal chords and a threatened \$500,000 suit.

Immediately after the occurrence, Hoagland retired into seclusion and could not be located either in Atlantic City or New York. But Mrs. Troy, recuperating at her suite at the Alamac Hotel, New York City, vowed that she would have a warrant issued for his arrest.

Mrs. Troy, who declared she had frequently been the guest of Hoagland at parties in his palatial residence in Seaside, weakly whispered, during a recent interview, that arrangements had been

made to start suit against the wealthy playboy.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't begin to tell you the names he called me just before he knocked me unconscious."

"I had a warrant issued for his arrest in Atlantic City, and I shall get another one in New York. They couldn't find him there. I'm going to see to it that he is punished for the attack on me."

According to Mrs. Troy, the multi-millionaire had arranged for a party at the Ritz-Carlton, in Atlantic City, at which she was one of the invited guests. Later, at a gay night club, host and guests frolicked to the tune of blaring jazz and liquid and laughter. There wasn't even a hint of dissension among the joyous, holiday-making crowd.

But came the wearying hour of 4 a. m. when, spontaneously reduced to the flat formula of late joy-making, the party broke up, and Mr. Hoagland started on the taxi-ride that was to crash right into the news.

This is not the first time that "Johnny" Hoagland has figured on the front pages. His career has been of the chaotic variety that inspired interest and speculation—his courtships, divorces and law suits being closely interwoven with the glitter of Broadway and the gleam of society.

Back in the days when, as a dashing young blade, he drove his coach and four through the park, his name was constantly in the public eye in connection with some boyish escapade.

On one occasion, after a gala stag din-

ner party, he and his guests withdrew to a box at the Casino Theatre, where Frank Moulan and his wife, Maude Lillian Berri, were entertaining crowds nightly in "The Sultan of Sulu." The celebrants, taken with Miss Berri's beauty and ignorant of the fact that she was Moulan's wife, evidenced their admiration by tossing tributes of American Beauties onto the stage whenever the leading lady appeared.

That a full-sized stein, fortunately empty, accompanied one of these flying gifts and missed Miss Berri's lovely head by only an inch was an accident that Mr. Hoagland spent weeks in explaining—publicly as well as to Mr. Moulan's attorneys.

Of course, everyone speculated, at the time, upon the lucky girl who would wed the Baking Powder King and his millions. Many possibilities were named among the favors of the stage and society, but "Johnny" astonished everyone by dashing over to Paris to woo and win Miss Grace Weir, former church singer then studying in Paris.

For a time they were blissfully happy, but "Johnny," so his bride claimed, was not content with domestic quietude. There was the inevitable divorce in 1910, with Hoagland making a voluntary financial settlement on his grass-widow who has since been married to and divorced from Arthur Hammerstein, famous theatrical producer.

Then came the three-year courtship which made Hoagland famous up and down Broadway. One evening, at the "Jardin de Danse," his eye fell on "Billie" Allen, ex-Pollies beauty, who with the famous Sebastian was popularizing the intricacies of the new dance, the Maximus.

One glance plunged the impulsive millionaire deep in love.

"This," he declared, "is the girl who should have been the first Mrs. Hoagland"—and straightway set about convincing her that she must become the second.

The Former Mrs. Hoagland ("Billie") Allen, of the Follies



RECUPERATING.  
Mrs. Beulah Troy, Former N. Y. Stenographer, Occupying a Hospital Bed After She Had Sustained Various Injuries.

But Miss Allen, it appeared, was not to be won so easily. Her apprenticeship on Broadway had embraced a number of minor theatrical parts and, now that she had acquired a certain amount of fame, she had no intention of surrendering it to the fireside obligations.

But Hoagland was persistent. He literally followed Miss Allen all over New York. Was she dining with a rival? Hoagland somehow managed to learn of her intended whereabouts and obtained a table next to hers, where he poured out his love in ardent, wistful phrases and glances. Twice he succeeded in slipping a huge diamond ring on the significant finger, and twice some whim of the dancer's slipped it off again. But persistence was finally rewarded.

One day the much-talked-of couple slipped off to Greenwich, Conn., with a wedding party that included the well-known dressmaker, Mme. Frances. A honeymoon of a year followed in Europe and then, upon her return to New York, Miss Allen astonished everyone—her husband included—with the announcement that she intended to return to the stage, opening in Charles Dillingham's "The

Century Girl."

What, everyone wondered, would the "Baking Powder King" say to that?

He said very little, but made it quite evident that he was more surprised than pleased. Soon when the couple established separate residences, she at Broadway and Eighty-eighth Street, and he at Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, it became quite clear that there had been a definite rift.

Miss Allen later explained that, while her husband chose Broadway as his official playground, he was essentially of the aristocracy and had expected her to shun her White Light friends. And this she finally refused to do.

Hoagland straightway retaliated by refusing to be responsible for the debts of his beautiful young wife. There was a matter of \$14,000 owed to an interior decorator on appointments for the magnificent Allen apartment, and a trifle of \$11,000 owed to a widely-known dressmaker, not to mention the incidental expenses that had accumulated from Mrs. Hoagland's elongated shopping tours.

"Anything my little girl wants she can have. I'll pay the bills."

And until "Billie" manifested her desire to return to the stage Hoagland humored her every whim. Furthermore, he accentuated his affection for her by furnishing a magnificent Long Island home, the bed-room—even the ceiling—of which was tinted with mural paintings of his wife in draped and undraped poses.

But "Billie" insisted on returning to the stage and his devotion altered.

Later a reconciliation and a settlement of debts were rumored. "Billie" Allen Hoagland, leaving on a prolonged tour of the Orient, stated that she had quit the stage forever, and Hoagland, thrilled by this news, started furnishing palatial apartments for the return of his lady-love. It was said that there were 14-karat gold-plated faucets in the bathroom adjoining the sumptuous boudoir that Hoagland had prepared, but to which Miss Allen never returned.

Now, as a climax to this hectic career comes the announcement of the latest escapade of the "Baking Powder King." What, the world again wonders, will be the outcome of his play boy tangles?

## PLANTING IDEAS and GROWING \$\$\$

### The Amazing Ice Industry—Now Wet, Now Dry

MODERN invention has put its stamp on the ice industry. Sixty years ago, "ice" meant only one thing—water frozen by the hand of nature. Today it may mean anything from the naturally frozen article to little cubes electrically made, or it may not mean ice at all, as it is commonly known. The latest in ice is dry. Instead of solid water, it is solid gas—carbon dioxide.

In 1869, there were but three ice plants in the country, and their total output was less than thirty tons per day. Today, the industry boasts of 6,300 plants, with a daily production capacity of about 400,000 tons; this in addition to the 12,000,000 tons of natural ice cut annually.

The first revolution in the refrigerating industry began with the invention of the first ice machine in 1870. Ice manufacturing plants immediately sprang up. The next big leap was in 1914, with the invention of electric refrigerators that can make ice in your own home. It took ten years for the household to be

come acquainted with this new wonder, but since 1924 the big ambition of millions of people has been to own such an implement.

The United States Bureau of Commerce has estimated that this year will see the production of from 250,000 to 450,000 units of electric refrigerators in the domestic field.

And now comes dry ice, bringing one more revolution. The carbon dioxide gas is first liquefied by means of enormous pressure. This is run through a coil around a large expansion chamber. The liquid, so cooled, is then allowed suddenly to expand through spray nozzles. A snow storm of solid carbon dioxide begins to fall immediately. By means of hydraulic presses of about 3,000 pounds to the square inch the fine white snow is molded into solid cakes. They look like beautiful, dazzling white blocks of closely packed snow. But they are far colder than natural snow and are more efficient than water ice.

Dry ice, with a temperature of 114 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, is fifteen

times as efficient as old-fashioned wet ice.

Dry ice owes its rapidly increasing use to its extreme coldness, to the compactness that enables it to accompany parcel post packages, picnic baskets, etc., and to the fact that when it melts it melts air, and not water.

For truck deliveries of ice cream, and for use in refrigerating cars transporting fruits, fish, and all perishable foods it is invaluable.

The amount of refrigerating space saved is tremendous. Formerly in order to send five-gallon cans of ice cream from New York to the Berkshires, for example, sixty pounds of wet ice and twelve pounds of rock salt were required. Today the same amount of ice cream can be sent by packing it in a fairly light container with but four pounds of dry ice.



CHINESE ICE-MAN. He is Hauling Ice Which Has Just Been Cut from the Frozen Rivers About "Violet Town" of Peking.

## But I'm In Love With Jimmy

### Heart Throbs of a Bride-to-be

By MARY DOUGHERTY

**PATSY** was awfully displeased because her boy friend, Jimmy, appeared at her home one evening a little unsteady from too many cocktails. She rushed him out into the night air before her parents appeared and when the young couple went into the street she gave vent to her feelings. She told Jimmy that she was not going to stand for his antics any longer and was going to start having dates with other boys Jimmy, as jealous a swain as ever blacked a rival's eye, accused her of playing favorites with a lad named Craig, whom he hated, and said that he would give Craig a beating at the first opportunity. The night air seemed to make him more beligerent instead of sobering him and Patsy grew alarmed when Jimmy declared with vehemence that he would "knock his rival cold."

"O-h, Jimps, dear you wouldn't do that, would you? What for?"

"I'll tell you what for. I want that guy to learn he's got to stay away from me, that's what."

"Stay away from you, Jimps? I don't in the least know what you mean. I'm the one that's going to lunch."

"Listen here, Patts, can all that stuff you know we're engaged, and I've got a right to say who you're going out with. You know all that talk the other night was the bunk. You knew I was just sore. I didn't mean I wanted to break our engagement. . . . I was just talking to you for your own good. . . . You know, Gee, I've got to take care of you, to protect you. Gee, Patts, I couldn't give you up now for anything in the world. I'll tell you, Sweetheart, I've been out of my head all day."

"But, Jimsie, dear, a girl can't be engaged without a ring, and you took mine last night. Honest, I just feel as if that finger was cut off."

"Well, dearest, sweetest thing in the world, you won't have to feel that way any longer. I've got it right here. Just took it down to the jeweler's and had 'Forever and ever more' engraved in it. Thought it'd last longer with that."

"Oh, darling, sweetheart, I'm so happy I could cry. I just love you to death and dearest heart in the world, I'm going to."

"That's the way to talk. Now, let's forget all these flights we've been having. Let's talk . . . you know, about other things."

"Then I can smoke, if I want to, Jimsie, dear?"

"Darling, you can do anything you want, if you'll just stick."

"All right, then, Jimsie, just for that I'm never going to want to do anything you don't want me to do."

"Well, dear, we'll see." This from Jimmy, with the air of one being condescendingly generous.

"Oh, gee, I forgot all about that ice cream your mother wanted us to bring in. She's probably having a fit."

"Oh, well, c'mon, let's keep on forgetting. When she sees me with my ring back she'll be so excited she won't even think about it. You know, Jimsie, Mum-mis is almost as crazy about you as I am. Sometimes she makes me jealous. Didn't you see the way she got us out before Dad saw you?"

"She's a great scout, Pat. . . . I hope you make as wonderful a mother as she is."

"O-h, Jimsie, imagine us with babies!"

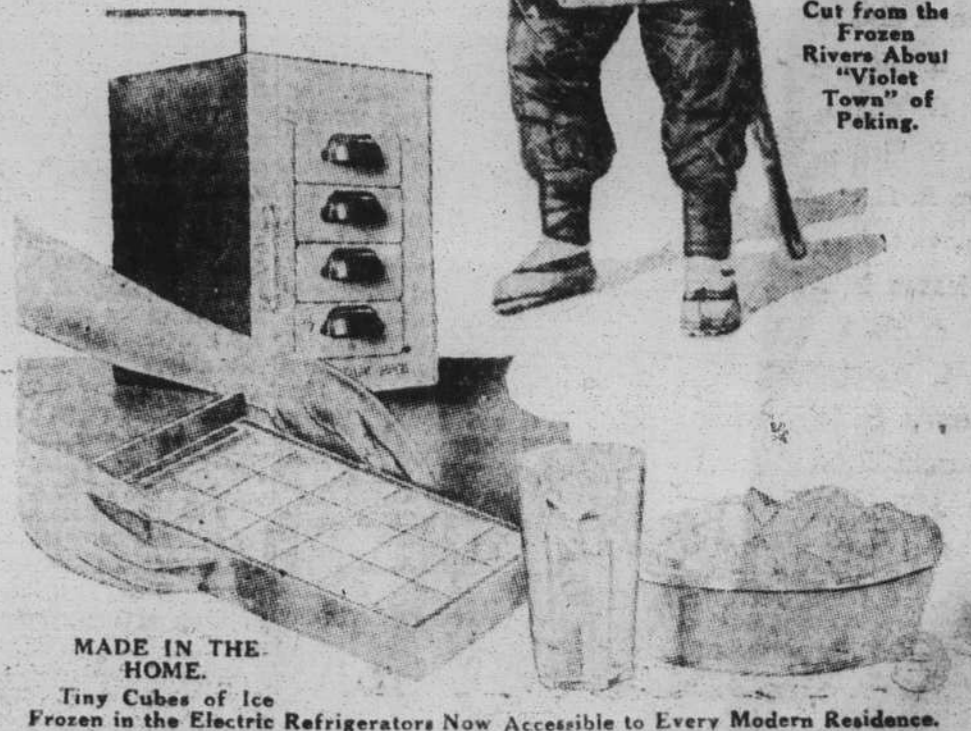
## What Do You Know—About Fishes?

1. Why do most deep-sea fishes never come into the shallow near the coast?
2. What fishes born in rivers, go out to sea to grow?
3. What fish thrives frozen in ice?
4. What fish is famous for its ability to leap UP waterfalls?
5. What species of trout go out to sea?
6. What fierce fish eats ducks?
7. What fish is considered the longest lived?
8. What fish is the smallest in the world?

### ANSWERS.

1. Because they must have heavy pressure of water on their bodies or they will die.
2. Salmon. Eggs are hatched in river beds, the fish swims out to sea and returns to the river bed to spawn.
3. Carp can be frozen solid in ice and taken from one side of the world to the other alive.
4. A large-sized salmon can clear a rise of six or eight feet in one bound.
5. Sea-trout and bull-trout. The others remain all their lives in fresh water.
6. The pike will eat rats, ducks, water-hens, young geese, frogs, snakes and even its own family.
7. The carp. There are some in existence today believed to be more than 120 years old.
8. The bitterling, the female of which is only 1 1/2 inches in length.

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MADE IN THE HOME.  
Tiny Cubes of Ice  
Frozen in the Electric Refrigerators Now Accessible to Every Modern Residence.

