



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—In Indianola, Iowa, the only member of the Mulligan family who stayed that way was **Only Doc** Doc Mullican, the town dentist. One of his daughters married, and the four others became the Lane sisters of Hollywood. Had he lived a few months longer, the father would have witnessed the grand slam success of three of the girls, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, in the new film "Four Daughters."

The home background of the Lane girls is such that it suggests Meg, Beth, Jo and Amy, these antecedents somehow easing into the picture, to the delight of the audience and the quite unrestrained enthusiasm of the critics. It is too bad that Leota couldn't have been the fourth daughter—this without disparagement of Gale Page, who gets a full share of honors. Leota is aiming at the Metropolitan and is now studying at the Juilliard School of Music.

The only sources of excitement in Indianola, 21 miles south of Des Moines on the Rock Island, were the 3:15 train and the Methodist college. The Mullican girls, all musically gifted and all good looking, became locally famous for their home musicales and their party stunts.

Lola, eldest of the four, met Gus Edwards, away out on the kerosene circuit, 18 miles from Indianola. She persuaded him to give her a tryout. That led to a vaudeville engagement, and later to Hollywood. It was Edwards who tagged her Lola Lane. Leota moved out next, also in vaudeville, while Priscilla and Rosemary were still in school. But, at the ages of 14 and 16, respectively, the two latter rounded out the quartette in Hollywood, in "Varsity Show."

They have a grand house, showy cars, silks and sables and what-not—in the Hollywood routine—but their public doesn't begrudge them their slice of the American dream, as long as they so faithfully portray its "Little Women" of poignant memory.

"Four Daughters," of modest production cost, was quietly unveiled without any fuss whatsoever. Critics headline it as a "sensational success." The lesson seems to be that the picture moguls, downhearted about the business and ready to spend until it hurts, are overlooking the pulling power of not necessarily expensive taste, simplicity, and sound dramatic craftsmanship, in lieu of a million dollars.

IF IT hasn't already happened, it is pretty nearly a certainty that someone will give Commodore Robert B. Irving, master of the Queen Mary, a pipe for breaking the Atlantic speed record. He collects pipes and smokes them almost constantly, and important occasions in his life are usually signaled by the ceremonious presentation of a B.B.B.—Best British Briar—which type of pipes features his collection of several hundred.

The tall, smiling, wind-and-sun-tanned skipper is a border Scotsman of Kirtlebridge, Dumfriesshire, 61 years old, a sailing man for 47 years, 35 years with the Cunard line, barring time out for war service. He is deliberate, friendly, chatty and easy-going, the last man in the world to pose for the portrait of a speed demon. Next to pipes, his hobby is collecting carvings of miniature elephants.

The son of a tired army colonel, with no seafaring folk anywhere in his line, he went to sea at 12 on the school ship Conway, and, at 14, shipped on a four-master around the horn to San Francisco. He joined the Cunard line as fourth officer. His first command was the Venonia, and later he was master of many of the crack ships of the line, including the Lusitania, in 1914, and the Aquitania.

In his native Kirtlebridge, he lives in a house built in 1770, tramps through his 1,500 acres of copse and moors, works in his garden and raises spaniels. As one who has ranged the world through nearly half a century, he is happiest when headed homeward, for there he is the kilted chief of the ancient Irving clan, and there his heart is.

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Master of Queen Mary Likes Pipes

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"We Must Hang Together"

"We must hang together" is one of the famous puns in history and is attributed to Benjamin Franklin. When the Declaration of Independence was signed, John Hancock, president of the continental congress, put his name to the document first. "Now we must all hang together," he remarked as he wrote his name. "Yes, indeed," retorted Doctor Franklin, "we must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Glitter . . .

"Keeping up with the Joneses" becomes a boomerang when we allow snobbery to distort our true sense of values.

By WINIFRED WILLARD

SISTER SUE was invited to be adviser to the rich couple furnishing their new home in New York. That's because she has good sense, eye for values and impeccable taste. The living room after it was blue-printed, lacked snap. It needed a dash of color. The interior decorator had brought as bait two red elephants, price \$9. Mistress was charmed; said they were "so impressionistic, so intriguing."

Sister Sue thought they were shapeless, badly sized and off color. Next day Sister Sue said, "Why pay \$9 when you can get a more stunning pair at Covington's for \$6.50?" But "no," thought Mistress, "there couldn't be anything so beautiful as these particular red elephants."

A few days later, Sister Sue played a trump card with apparent unconcern. Very casually she said she "couldn't see the point in paying \$9 for two red elephants that could be bought identical in every way at Lacy's for \$1.49!" In the face of that dismaying information, Mistress wilted. Of course she did not want for her new home what could be bought at Lacy's. She finally acknowledged that she had never quite liked those red elephants. It took a Sister Sue with brains and diplomacy to handle that bit of decorative difficulty.

The 'Million Dollar' Room

The walls of the million dollar room of the Union League club at Chicago are papered with certificates of stocks that were once said to be as good as gold. We believed the people who said they were. Maybe they believed themselves too! The only trouble was that the values just weren't there. We do the same things. We plaster our lives thick with standards of cost instead of worth.

We carry the same sort of standards as far as the schools we choose for our children. Tradition, price, social register, what the Joneses do, all weigh heavily with us instead of where our children will learn the most and become their best.

Over New York way is a family whose educational affections are rooted in one particular exclusive college. Costs \$2,500 a year for daughter to go there. Just now that's too much. Family is very sorry for itself at the mere thought that it may have to consider another college to which their daughter may be obliged to go, where expenses are only \$1,000. It doesn't seem to occur to family that this school is very high class; a topper in the educational world with faculty as good as the country affords, a great library, a century of associations and traditions, good enough for any blue-blood; a beautiful campus more than a hundred years old! But it costs less. That is the only thing against it. Thereby family concludes that it has to be worth less. Strange that after all our lessons we can't learn to tell gold from glitter.

A Social Killing

A man was buying his wife a wondrous ruby ring. Its color and cutting and setting were perfect. Anything lovelier couldn't be imagined. Much personal and foolish importance was attached to the purchase. The merchant said its price was \$3,000. They flipped the money from their purses as if it were a farthing and said to each other so clearly that the merchant heard, that they were sorry; they had hoped that it would cost \$5,000. It would be so much bigger a story to tell! And they intended that ring to help them make a social "killing."

They remind me of the man who went to market to buy a big pipe organ, one with chimes and harps and all the modern gadgets. He did not know anything about organs; only something about dollars. This one had a big front and cost a lot of money, many thousands. It was exceedingly short on performance. Another instrument with half the window display at much less than half the cost had real musical merit, had what an organ ought to have—melody and harmony, sweetness, richness and variety of tone. But the man who went to market to buy an organ paid the big price for the poor product. It made such a good story to tell. See how much it cost!

Most of us are like that! We purchase a sensible little string of beads as a gift to some graduating girl. Then we scour around until we find a Tiffany box in which to send it. We buy some perfectly good ten cent store candy for the week-end or as an informal, friendly courtesy. But when we share it with others, if we are clever enough, our candy gets placed in a blue-blood box with a famous trade name which somehow we think takes off the ten cent curse. We just seem made that way. We can't help it apparently, because we judge so frequently by other standards than downright values.

Really it is the same thing with infinite variations as Mistress' two red elephants, highly desirable at \$9—impossible at \$1.49.

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A Little Bit Humorous

LIBERAL PAYMENT

They had decided to marry, and walked into the manse. The clergyman performed the ceremony, says the Montreal Herald, and afterwards gave the bridegroom a word or two of advice.

"Thank ye a thousand times, mon," the bridegroom returned, fervently. "I'm awfu' sorry I canna pay ye as muckle as I wad like, sir, but—"

"That's all right—that's all right," interrupted the clergyman.

"If ye'll tak me doon to your gas meter," continued the other, "I'll show ye hoo tae fix it so it wanna register."

Stopped Short

The case came to an end and the judge sentenced the man in the dock to a long term of imprisonment. The following day the prisoner's lawyer called on his client in prison to arrange an appeal.

"You're a fine lawyer, you are," said the prisoner, contemptuously.

"Why all through the case you kept saying 'Your Honor, I object,' but when the judge sentenced me to ten years, you didn't say a word. Why didn't you object to that?"

HIS DAY COMING



The Stranger—Your counselor Grabber is a criminal lawyer, is he not?

The Town Justice—Yes, he's a lawyer an' he's supposed to be a criminal. But we never could get nothin' on him.

Coincidence

"Daddy, where were you born?" Willie asked his father one evening.

"In New York."

"Where was mama born?"

"In Chicago."

"Where was I born?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Queer how three people came together, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bide the Time

The village fire brigade stood by, watching the top story of a building blazing merrily. When questioned by an onlooker about their inactivity, the captain replied, blandly:

"Our hoses ain't any too powerful, mister. We'll 'ave a better chance when the fire gets to the second floor!"

Poor Ma

Mother (from next room): Tommy, for goodness' sake switch off that loudspeaker. That woman's voice goes through me!

Tommy—That isn't the loudspeaker, Ma. It's Mrs. Brown come to see you!

Realization

"I suppose you felt flattered when you succeeded in joining your lodge."

"I did," answered Jud Tunkins, "until I found out what a lot of people have been laying for a chance to help initiate me."

The Ambitious Josh

"Does your son like his new position?"

"No," answered Farmer Corntosel. "Josh is havin' his usual trouble with bosses that want to butt in and run the business wrong."

HIS TIME COMING



"You know Bertha, I think there are sharks about this resort."

"Oh! You only think there are! You haven't paid your hotel bill yet, have you?"

New Kind of Weather

Sambo—Well, Rastus, this shore looks like little dog weather.

Rastus—What you mean, little dog weather?

Sambo—P'ups it'll rain and p'ups it won't.

So Romantic

He (nervously)—Elizabeth, darling, there is something that has been trembling on my lips for months and months.

She—Yes, so I see; why don't you shave it off?—Providence Journal.

The SALLY SMILE

—By—
D. J. Walsh
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MRS. PINNEY had called to see Miss Bowman, and the two women were in close conversation in Miss Bowman's private office. Miss Bowman was chief executive of the governing board of the hospital, and Mrs. Pinney was a director.

"Well, it simply has come to this," Miss Bowman said, wiping her eyeglasses nervously, "we'll have to close the hospital, if we can't get something to run it on. The citizens have done nobly—nobly, but they can't do everything. It remains for some money-eyed person to come to the front now."

"Like Mrs. Chichester?" suggested Mrs. Pinney. Mrs. Pinney was a small, eager woman, who looked rather worn from the long-continued struggle of keeping the precious little hospital going on next to nothing a year.

"Yes! Mrs. Chichester. She is our richest citizen. She could give \$50,000 and never feel it."

"But would she?"

"There's the question. I'm afraid she wouldn't. I've approached her unsuccessfully—"

"So have I," moaned Mrs. Pinney. "Well, you can't force a person to give up her money, that's certain. I suppose it's hopeless."

"I don't know about that. I've been thinking I'd send Sally Drew to her and see what Sally that would do."

"Sally Drew!" Mrs. Pinney jumped. "She's the very one. I'll see her this afternoon."

Sally Drew was a tiny woman with hair like snowy wool and a pale pointed little face. Her eyes were wonderful, so bright, so black, so alive. They danced in her face. But her smile was more wonderful than her eyes.

The smile came now at sight of Mrs. Pinney.

"Julia!" she cried. "Come right in."

In Sally's small living room, so old-fashioned, so cozy, and withal so well suited to Sally herself, Julia Pinney told her story.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Sally asked.

"I want you to go to Helen Chichester and get her to give us \$5,000. That will keep the hospital running for one year. After that—but we'll hope."

Sally's smile vanished. She was silent an instant.

"I'll go, of course," she said quietly.

Mrs. Pinney arose.

"Sally, you're a dear. If any one can do it you can. You are our last resort."

At 9, just as Mrs. Pinney was ready to fly to pieces with suspense, Sally walked in. The Sally smile was bright indeed.

"I couldn't get away sooner. Helen wouldn't let me come. You

A Costly Road

The Pulaski skyway is probably the most expensive road in the world for its length. The part of it that is raised is three miles long and cost \$21,000,000. The approaches cost an additional \$19,000,000. This roadway is 50 feet in width and can easily accommodate five lanes of traffic. It is estimated that 20,000,000 motor vehicles use it annually. It passes over both the Hackensack and the Passaic rivers and the New Jersey Meadows.

see, we haven't spoken before in thirty years—"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Pinney.

"Thirty years," nodded Sally. "I did hate to go. But after I got there it was all right. Here's your money." She drew a check from her handbag and gave it to Julia.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" Mrs. Pinney could just articulate. "But we hoped your smile would do it."

"It did." Sally grew grave. "Thirty years ago Helen got the man I wanted. But no one ever knew it except her and me, for the day she was married I pinned on my smile and I've worn it ever since." She paused reflectively. "She says she was puzzled for thirty years over my smile. We made a fair exchange. I told her how I got it and she gave me \$50,000 for my secret."

Herbert Chichester had only lived five years, but he had lived long enough to spoil the lives of two women. His wife had grown selfish and sore, but the woman she had won him from had "pinned on a smile" that had brightened a whole community.

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