HUMANISMS

Inner Lights on Lives and Whims of Personages in the Public Eye

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

An amusing story, says Arthur P. Davis, director of the United States reclamation service, can often break down barriers of opposition against which the dynamite of fact would be unavailing.

This he has demonstrated in getting co-operation from farmers who live under the reclamation projects of the West.

The task of completing these projects is not entirely that of an engineer. Diplomacy has its place. Here is the way it works:

Mr. Davis went into a western community some years ago and found the residents unfriendly to the coming of the government as the distributor of irrigation water. He put his arguments to them as well as he might and went away. A year later he came back. When he appeared before the farmers he saw fit to take notice of their smiles of welcome, rather than their frowns of disfavor.

The director remarked on the tendency of the sun to break through the clouds. He said that his reception reminded him of an experience he had had down in Imperial Valley. He was being driven about by two residents of that frontier community. On a country road they met two young women in a buggy.

"Did you see that good looking one?" the driver asked his companion, "and did you notice the sweet smile she gave me?"

"That's nothing," said the second man. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

As his speech progressed Director Davis spoke very highly of the reclamation service. There was a bit of a stir of disapproval, which led him to tell a second story:

A ranchman had died and funeral services were being held. The minister preaching the sermon had not known the deceased, but held to the theory that only good things should be spoken of the dead. At the end of a particularly commendatory tribute, a tall cowboy got up, walked to the front of the church, circled the coffin and took a good look at the dead man. He then returned to his seat.

"What's the idear?" said the cowboy next to him.

"Nothin'," was the reply. "I just wanted to make sure that it was Fisher that was dead."

After the speech containing these two stories, the project of the reclamation service was indorsed by the settlers and harmony has since prevailed.

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Senator Marcus Aurelius Smith, of Arizona, recently defeated by a Republican and thus kicked upstairs to a better paying job on the Canadian boundary commission, was once school trustee in Tombstone, Ariz.

One day a young woman came to his office and applied for a place as teacher. The trustee explained that he was very busy and asked if she would come back another time, when he would catechise her to determine her eligibility.

She went away, got out all of her books, and studied hard against the time of the grilling by the trustee. Finally the day of test came and she returned to the office of the inquisitor.

"Young lady," said Smith solemnly, "why does a hen, when drinking, first thrust its beak into the water and then raise its head?"

"It raises its head," was the equally solemn response, "that the water may run down its throat."

"Your answer indicates that you have common sense," said the trustee. "You are employed."

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Loving the Lovers

By L. B. LANGDALE

The Smiths' piazza was shrouded in darkness, but it was not unoccupied. From the corner filled by the couch-hammock came the steady rise and fall of conversation punctuated by ecstatic little giggles and tender whisperings.

The Smiths' living room, warm and sultry this midsummer night, was also occupied, but it was not dark. A lambent glow from the electrolier suspended above the center table illuminated the hot countenances of Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith, reading the evening paper, of Billy Smith swinging disconsolately on the piano stool, and of Grandma Smith rocking and fanning herself over by the open window.

It was the latter who broke a silence of some minutes' duration. "I do wish," she murmured petulantly, "that Milly and her beau would go somewheres else of an evening. It gets dreadful hot in here."

No comment followed this remark immediately. As a matter of fact, it demanded no reply. Then, suddenly, Billy stood up and, with hands plunged in his pockets, began a measured pacing of the 8x10 rug.

"I'll say you said something, Gram!" he elaculated. "I'll say you said a mouthful!" Then he turned to his father. "See here, dad," he began, "why the dickens can't we do something? You'd think when a girl had gone twenty-five years without having a man look at her once, the way Milly has, she'd snap up the first one who wanted to marry her, darn quick. Why, it's been three years now that we've been driven off the veranda summertimes and into the kitchen winter evenings. It's enough to make a fellow spend all his nights out!"

Sarah Smith, mother of Milly and Bill, laid down her women's page and opened her mouth to protest her son's unbrotherly accusations. But she was forestalled by her husband.

"Just a minute, my dear," he said, clearing his throat as one who prepares himself to speak words previously considered. "I think Billy has the right of it. It's high time Milly and Fred were married. Milly's going on twenty-eight and, although she is my own daughter, I can detect signs of, well, approaching, we'll say, old-maidishness. She has always had a certain gift for—for—running things—and people. It's time she had a home or her own."

"Maybe," admitted his wife doubtfully, "but how——"

"That's what I'm coming to," returned her husband. "We must apply a little pressure, judicially, to be sure, but firmly. You, for instance, and Gram'ma, must throw out little hints about Fred's—ahem—attractiveness, and let Milly realize she can't feel perfectly sure of him until he's tied by the ceremony. I'll tackle Fred and harp on the advisability of youthful marriages. As for you, Billy,—let me see. Well, you know that new Chestnut Hill section your mother's so crazy about, where they're putting up those nifty little bungalows? Suppose you drive Milly and Fred up around there and get 'em interested."

But Billy balked. "Me drive Milly and Fred around town?" he cried. "All snuggled up on the back seat billing and cooing! Why, the fellows would all guy me to death next time they saw me—want to know if I was taking the family silver—coupla spoons, y'know—out for a ride!"

"All right," sighed his father resignedly, having been through experiences along that line himself. "I'll do it, then."

Meanwhile, out on the veranda, Fred had an unusual twinge of compunction. "Mighty nice of your people to stick indoors and let us have this place to ourselves," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," returned Milly easily. "'All the world,' you know, dear, 'loves a lover'!"

Now as the days passed, it looked very much as if the plans for disposing of Fred and Milly were to gothrough without a hitch. Milly speeded up the initialing of numerous pieces of linen, Fred talked glibly of purchasing a bungalow, and the date of the wedding was actually set.

And when that occasion at length arrived, Milly's father exhibited greater nervousness than the groom. In fact, when the minister uttered his final pronouncement, Mr. Smith all but audibly sighed his relief. Milly, bless her heart, was married at last! He and her mother could kick up their heels and have a good time!

Happily, he abetted the confusion which followed—the exchange of congratulations and indiscriminate kisses, the passing of ices and fancy cakes, the departure of the bride and groom to change into going-away costumes, the arrival of the taxi which was to carry them on the first lap of their brief wedding trip.

It was at the very last moment that Milly, clinging in what she conceived to be the proper wifely fashion to Fred's arm, sprung her little surprise. "Fred and I have just thought out the darlingest scheme, everybody!" she announced. "Haven't we, sweet? I couldn't bear to leave you all, dear people. Instead of losing a daughter, you're going to gain a son! For your sakes, we're sacrificing all thoughts of a bungalow and are going to come back here! We'll fix up the back room upstairs and turn the closet into a kitchenette and won't it all be comfy-cozy!"

"Milly!" gasped her mother.

"Good Lord!" cried Billy.

Gram'ma said nothing. She used the back room for a sort of sitting room.

But, "Bully idea!" exclaimed Milly's father. "Bully idea!"

Then he helped them down the path to the taxi and closed the door on them all "snuggled up" inside. Mopping his brow, he came back up the path.

"Sarah, my dear," he called long before he reached the steps, "Cheer up! I feared something of the sort and prepared for it. Milly doesn't know it yet, but for her wedding present I've deeded this house to her. As for us, tomorrow you and Billy and Gram'ma and I go over to Chestnut Hills to look at bungalows."

Next Complete Novelette—"Talk About Nerve"

Wills Probated Here Today

Wills were probated today at City Hall, as follows: Louise Dumler, $12,400; Mary V. Fegley, 2326 South Broad street, $4946; Armstrong Haddon, 5106 Springfield avenue, $12,000; William R. Gordon, 4939 North Camac street, $47,000; William R. Hortz, Sr., 5121 Pine street, $45,000; Florence E. Judge, 208 North Thirty-fifth street, $34,500, and Isabel T. Smith, Cynwyd, $114,000.

The following inventories of personal estates were filed: Bertha Bellak, $154,230.62; Adolph Erdin, $20,509.63; Charles Schilling, $45,754.71; Mary A. Miller, $14,872.55; William L. Robinson, $13,008.34, and Harry R. Steger, $43,184.60.

MUSIC TEACHER A SUICIDE

Miss Georgia Bentley, Formerly of Phila., Shoots Self at Aurora, N. Y.

Miss Georgia Bentley, forty years old, a concert singer and teacher of music, formerly of this city, killed herself by shooting at the home of Mrs. Emma Phelps, at Aurora, N. Y., last night. Despondency due to ill-health culminating in a nervous breakdown is given as the cause of her act.

The woman placed the muzzle of the gun in her mouth and pulled the trigger, the bullet going through the top of her head. Death was instantaneous.

Miss Bentley went to Aurora ten days ago to visit her mother, who lives with Mrs. Phelps. She was in the best of spirits yesterday. Besides her mother she is survived by a brother, a New York city playwright.

Auto Hits Son of H. M. Cadwalader

Atlee Cadwalader, ten years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cadwalader, of Warrington, in the northern suburban section, was struck by an automobile on the Easton highway, near his home last night. He is in the Abington Memorial Hospital, with scalp wounds and cuts of the face. The driver of the car, Harry E. Wambold, Perkasie, Pa., was released by the Abington authorities, to appear for a hearing when the extent of the boy's injuries are determined.

Support Gowing for School Head

The alumni associations of the Girls' High School and of the Normal School have united with the faculty of the Philadelphia High School for Girls in the indorsement of Dr. Fred Gowing's candidacy for superintendent of schools, to succeed Dr. John P. Garber.

Fancy Rolls-doz

We call 'em "Fancy"—but they're honest-to-goodness old-fashioned clear through. The rich, snappy crust is only one of the delights—let your teeth crunch through and reach the toothsome fine white of the inside. You'll vote the Electric Baker into office for life. Call at one of the Five Stores and take some home tonight!

15c 20c 30c

MEENEHAN'S

Electric Bakeries

18 South 52d Street — 14 S. 60th St.
2604 Germantown Ave. — 4009 Market St.
1433 South St.

Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken.

Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness. All drug counters sell "Danderine."

PHOTOPLAYS — PHOTOPLAYS

THESE THEATRES EXHIBIT THE FINEST PHOTOPLAY PRODUCTIONS IN PHILADELPHIA

See the Best Movies in Your Neighborhood Theatre

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

AVENUE 22d St. and Allegheny Ave. MAT. DAILY — ETHEL CLAYTON in "THE WEB OF DESIRE"

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET — MITCHELL LEWIS in "The Mutiny of the Elsinore"

CEDAR 60TH AND CEDAR AVENUE — BILLIE BURKE in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

COLISEUM MARKET BETWEEN 59TH AND 60TH — MAE MURRAY in "THE RIGHT TO LOVE"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Improvement Frankford "L" — ETHEL CLAYTON in "THE SINS OF ROSANNE"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. MATINEE DAILY — CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "MID-CHANNEL"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STS. Mats. 1:30-2:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 — ELLIOTT DEXTER in "BEHOLD MY WIFE"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 — COMEDY FEATURE "DYNAMITE"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. Matinee Daily — HOBART BOSWORTH in "THE BORDER LEGION"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO — MARION DAVIES in "THE RESTLESS SEX"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY — WILLIAM FARNUM in "THE SCUTTLERS"

AURORA 2139 GERMANTOWN AVE. MATINEE DAILY — MAURICE TOURNEUR'S "The Last of the Mohicans"

BENN WOODLAND AVE. AT 64TH MATINEE DAILY — WALLACE REID in "ALWAYS AUDACIOUS"

BLUEBIRD BROAD STREET AND SUSQUEHANNA AVE. CONTINUOUS 2 UNTIL 11 — OLIVE THOMAS in "THE FLAPPER"

CARMAN GERMANTOWN AVE. ABOVE ALLEGHENY — HOBART BOSWORTH in "A THOUSAND TO ONE"

CENTURY Erie Ave. and 6th St. MATINEE 2:15 — WILLIAM RUSSELL in "THE MAN WHO DARED"

FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY — VIOLA DANA in "BLACKMAIL"

Fay's Knickerbocker Market & 49 Noon to 10:30 — CORINNE GRIFFITH in "THE BROADWAY BUBBLE"

FRANKFORD 4715 FRANKFORD AVENUE — WALLACE REID in "ALWAYS AUDACIOUS"

Germantown 5510 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY — VIOLA DANA in "BLACKMAIL"

GRAND 52D AND MARKET MATINEE DAILY — HOBART BOSWORTH in "A THOUSAND TO ONE"

IMPERIAL 2ND AND POPLAR MATINEE DAILY, 2:15 — MAURICE TOURNEUR'S "The Last of the Mohicans"

JEFFERSON 29th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY — MARSHALL NEILAN'S "GO AND GET IT"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY — ENID BENNETT in "HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND"

MODEL 425 SOUTH ST. Orchestra. Continuous 1 to 11 — VON STROHEIM'S "THE DEVIL'S PASS KEY"

OVERBROOK 63D AND HAVERFORD AVE. — D. W. GRIFFITH'S "THE LOVE FLOWER"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. MAT. 2:15. Eves. 6:45 to 11 — LOUISE GLAUM in "LOVE"

SPRUCE 60TH AND SPRUCE MATINEE AVERY DAY — ANNETTE KELLERMANN in "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS" "PRETTY LADY"—COMEDY

SUSQUEHANNA 17th & Susqu. MAT. DAILY — CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "MID-CHANNEL"

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
O'er the hot sands the camels are bringing
The same almonds that we offer to thee.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

From the plains of Morocco and the Valley of the Moon

FROM the sand-swept plains of Morocco came the almonds for the Macaroons, while California gave the choicest of her famous Sun-Kist Oranges from which we have made

MACAROON AND ORANGE ICE CREAM

Can you imagine a more pleasing combination than crisp almond-flavored Macaroons added to the juicy, flame-colored pulps of the most luscious Oranges and frozen into

SUPPLEE PRIVATE BRAND BRICKS

—the Ice Cream which in three short weeks has become the talk of all Philadelphia; on all sides it is being described as "Supplee's Masterpiece—the connoisseur's delight!" Truly a most gratifying dessert for YOUR Sunday Dinner.

Place your order well in advance; it seems next to impossible to meet the astonishing demand for this super-fine Ice Cream.

Remember—There is BUT ONE PRIVATE BRAND BRICK—SUPPLEE'S

Your Dealer has it in Pint and Quart Bricks

SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES