

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Gabble of Tourists.
GRAND CANYON, ARIZ.
 —It gets on your nerves to stand on the rim of this scenic wonder and hear each successive tourist say, "Well, if any artist painted it just as it is nobody would believe it!"

After I heard 174 separate and distinct tourists repeat the above it got on my nerves and I sought surcease far from the maddening round-tripper, hoping to escape the commonplace babbling of eastern sight-seers and revel in the salty humor of the unspoiled West. And I ran into a native who said, with the cute air of having just thought it up, "Yes, sir, I never felt better or had less."



Irvin S. Cobb

And I encountered a gentleman who in parting called out, "Say, kid, don't take in any wooden nickels." And then, speaking of someone else, remarked, "If I never see that guy again it'll be too soon."

Renaming Hors d'Oeuvres.
 THE controversy over giving a more American name to hors d'oeuvres—which some cannot pronounce and none can digest—rages up and down the land. What Sam Blythe, that sterling eater, calls these alleged appetizers you couldn't print in a family newspaper, Sam's idea of a before-dinner nicknack being a baked ham. A sturdy Texas congressman calls them doo-dabs.

But if I were living abroad again, I know what I'd call them. When you behold the array of this and that, as served at the beginning of luncheon in the average table d'hotel restaurant over there, and especially in France, you are gazing upon what discriminating customers left on their plates at supper the night before.

Scrambled Cooking.
 DOWN below Flagstaff, Ariz., but somewhat to the eastward, in a picturesque city which saddles the international boundary, I found a unique condition.

The best American food available is across the Mexican line at a restaurant owned by a Greek gentleman with a Chinese cook in the kitchen. But the best Mexican cookery is done well over on the American side by a German woman whose husband is an Italian.

So our own native-born citizens, when hungry for the typical dishes of New England or Dixie, journey beyond the border patrols, passing on their way many of their Spanish-speaking neighbors bound four miles northward for a bit of superior tamales and the more inflammatory brands of chili.

Dueling a la Europe.
 UNTIL Dr. Franz Sarga, the dueling husband of Budapest, really serves one of his enemies en brochette, as it were, instead of just trimming off hangnails and side whiskers, I decline to get worked up. You remember the Doc? He set out to carve everybody in Hungary who'd snooted his lady wife and found himself booked to take on quite a large club membership. But so far he hasn't done much more damage than a careless chiropodist could.

Once, in Paris, I was invited to a duel. I couldn't go, having a prior engagement to attend the World war, which was going on at that time, so I sent a substitute.

He reported that after the principals exchanged shots without peril, except to some sparrows passing overhead, all hands rushed together, entwining in a sort of true-love knot.

The Forgotten Man.
 THOSE whose memories stretch that far back into political antiquity may recall the ancient days that seem so whimsically old-fashioned now, when our present President was running the first time on a platform which, by general consent, was laughed off immediately following election. He promised then to do something for the forgotten man. Remarks were also passed about balancing the budget right away. We needn't go into that.

But the forgotten man figured extensively in the campaign. Then, for awhile, popular interest in him seemed to languish. So many new issues came up suddenly, some, like dyspepsia symptoms, being but temporary annoyances, and some which lingered on and abide with us yet, including Mr. John L. Lewis, the well-known settee.

And now, after these five changeable, crowded years, we have solved the mystery—we know who the forgotten man is. The name is Tugwell, spelled as spoken, but you can pronounce it "Landon" and get practically the same general results.

IRVIN S. COBB.
 ©—WNU Service.

Summer Velvet for Bridal Party

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



SUMMER velvet is important fashion news for the bride-to-be who is seeking a radiantly beautiful and out of the ordinary material for the making of her own gown as well as those for her attendants.

No word picturing can do justice to this enchanting fabric, for the loveliness of summer velvet cannot be visualized by the mere telling. Unless you have seen summer velvet you are due for a surprise for it is not all-velvet by any means. Imagine, if you can, a sheer filmy mousseline de soie or chiffon or dainty organza background strewn with exquisitely delicate interwoven velvet designs or motifs, well that's summer velvet.

The idea of costuming the bride and her attendants in summer velvet becomes the more intriguing in that a most fascinating play on color is made possible for the velvet motifs can be any color you choose.

The scheme is worked out in this manner for the gowns pictured. White mousseline de soie patterned with tiny winged motifs of white velvet is used for the youthful wedding gown as here shown. The bride wears pearls and a diamond clip at the low V-shape décolletage. Her bouquet is the new idea—pale lavender orchids carried in a handle of carved crystal, forming a fan effect.

The matron of honor to the right in the picture also wears summer velvet—white mousseline de soie with green velvet motifs posed over

a matching green slip. The sash is of bands of matching green velvet and pale yellow. The hat, a new version of the poke bonnet, is in the same green shade with a huge bow and long streamers of wide green velvet ribbon. The matron of honor's bouquet is of palest yellow and white freesias. Her Aris gloves are white glace kid with delicate embroidery in gold thread. Emeralds are set in necklace and clip. White and yellow is worn by each of the other bridesmaids with jewelry tuned to correspond. These frocks can be worn all summer.

Completing the scheme for this summer wedding the bride's mother, pictured to the left, wears the same summer velvet fabric but in a patterning of delphinium blue bow-knots on a silk sheer with tiny flowers of delphinium, with a velvet sash of matching color. When the jacket is removed the dress has a low formal neckline. Her hat is a smart new tricorne of navy straw with tiny flowers of delphinium. The dainty corsage is of lilies of the valley in the center of which are a few delphinium blossoms.

For that "something different" look that brides covet for their wedding pageantry here are a few suggestions. If the bridesmaids have long streamers to their hats a clever touch is to snap one of the streamers about the right wrist under a bracelet bouquet. Then there is the idea of veils for the bridesmaids. These are of tulle in colors related to each costume. They are waist depth and fall gracefully about the shoulders. © Western Newspaper Union.

SHORT DANCE FROCK

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



When the new short-length dance frock first made its appearance it created quite a sensation. However, it did not take long for it to become a general favorite. The dress pictured is of lovely printed silk chiffon. It accents the slender waistline such as fashion demands—a return to the silhouettes of the long ago. The gown was worn by a prominent society debutante at "The Silk Parade to Waltz Time," a benefit affair recently taking place in New York.

Lanvin Jackets Are Made of Silver or Gold Kid

Silver or gold kid is used over and over again for evening at Lanvin's where flowing robes are trimmed with oriental applications of leather. At the same house are separate jackets entirely of stitched kid which is so soft and fine that it looks like lacquered satin.

LACE FOR SUMMER BRIDE NEW STYLE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**

The June bride will be fashionably attired this season when she chooses lace for her gowns. With the present vogue for lace for daytime wear, for evening gowns, and for the highly popular house coats and delicate negligees, the romantic appeal of this material makes it a favorite for wedding gowns and bridesmaids' dresses.

Cut on classic lines, the beautiful lace patterns of this season allow for exquisite details of workmanship for the bridal gown. One lovely gown seen recently is perfectly simple in line but has fine details of applique seamings at the point below the hips where the slight fullness starts. The very full train, and the skirt and neck edges likewise, have an applique scalloped edge of lace. This intricate treatment shows to advantage particularly as the veil is quite short and does not fall to the train. In general these lace wedding gowns have shorter veils so that their delicate patterns are not obscured.

Velvet Evening Wraps Show Influence of Coronation

The influence of the coronation has brought us the crimson velvet cape worn over white satin or silver brocade, seen in Paris, London and New York, and it is a lovely fashion.

A tour of the wrap manufacturers will show a surprising number of velvet wraps of all types for spring and summer. The craze for decoration, or should we say the decorative movement, which is the latest step in the evolution of costume design, is very definitely shown in these new wraps.

They are deeply shirred onto embroidered yokes, and gold and colors are employed in this embroidery.

Smart Coats

The fitted, slightly flared coat is ace-high in chic and will be seen in numbers. Redingotes are a fashion favorite. Short coats have come to town, too, pruned from last year's full swaggar lines to a straighter box cut.

Johnny's Iron Horse

By **ALICE V. LINDLEY**
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 WNU Service.

THINGS in Rawlins were progressing smoothly. That little cow town was the fortunate possessor of an exceptionally strong limb of the law. A fat, kind-eyed man was its sheriff, and while a student in physiognomy would not have been fooled by the fat one's apparent clumsiness, many a bad hombre had stopped a bullet before realizing his mistake. Then, too, right now the sheriff had a new deputy, who, due to the fact that he had tracked and captured a gang of marauders on foot far up in the hills, had come to be known as the Walkin' Deputy. Stories of his cleverness and nerve had been broadcast up and down the country, and just at present people with questionable characters seemed to have an almost superstitious fear of Rawlins.

For this respite the sheriff would have been duly thankful if it had not been for the peculiar actions of his new deputy. On the average of twice a week the Walkin' Deputy slicked down his hair, adjusted his tie and polished his boots, while the sheriff looked on with a mixture of curiosity and disgust.

"I bet you're sparkin' a gal, Johnny," he accused one night, after watching this procedure in silence several times in the vain hope of an explanation from his deputy.

"Yes, sir, I bet you're sparkin' a gal. Never did have any luck with deputies, nohow. Take Ed Starks, for instance. He went on and died with the measles. Forty-two years old he was, too. Then there was Tom Hobson—he went to New York and got jailed. It was all in the papers, and he ain't been back home since. You can see for yerself how it is with Fred Dawson. Married to that tongue-lashin' female Matilda. Nope, I ain't never had no luck with deputies. I thought you was goin' to be different, son"—the sheriff's voice was pathetic, though his eyes twinkled—"but here you are, keepin' me all riled up stoppin' fights over that Iron Horse of yours, while you go sparkin'!"

Old Mark Adams rode into town, leaving a trail of dust and profanity behind him, loudly demanding the sheriff. It was Johnny, however, who heard the details of the rustling going on up in Adams' section of the country.

That night, at the appointed hour, the Walkin' Deputy departed in state, leaving behind a disappointed sheriff.

"Thought sure he'd stay in town tonight, 'count of that rustlin' business. Wonder who that gal is, anyways. He heads in Mark Adams' direction, but I can't recollect no young gal out thataway."

About 10 o'clock the Walkin' Deputy emerged from a little white cottage far up in the hills and walked confidently over to his flivver. It was two miles farther down the trail that he felt something pressed against his back.

"You just stop that flivver, young feller," came a voice out of the darkness. "They's two of us joy ridin' in the back seat if you don't obey orders careful like. We ain't used to this buggy ridin' and we don't want no monkeyshines. We knew why you been hangin' 'round that place up near old man Adams' You sure are a pretty smart Alec, like we been hearin', but you can't fool two old duifers like us. So we just decided to let you take a permanent vacation from this land of sorrows and worries, and whew!!"

Johnny's active brain had taken in the situation quickly. These fellows thought he knew something and had already decided to dispose of him. Well, he had one chance—Sliding far down in the seat, with a quick movement he stepped hard on the gas, sending the Iron Horse forward with a mighty jerk, straight toward the roughest section of country in that section.

Threats, curses, prayers, moans came from the back seat, while Johnny hung on to the wheel praying all the while that the car would hold together.

"When you got enough just throw them guns out," he ordered over his shoulder, "and sit up straight and pretty, or I'll make this thing do tricks Henry Ford never taught it."

"Them guns is gone," came a shaky voice from the rear seat. Then the voice rose to a wail. "For the love of Mike, stop this crazy rattletap."

"All right, you joy riders," called Johnny. "Just remember there's more gas in this thing and, anyways, I got you covered now."

A few nights later the Walkin' Deputy and the Iron Horse, the latter not looking any the worse for its encounter with the rustlers, took their usual trail out of town.

"Tain't right to follow a gent when he goes to see his gal," remarked the sheriff to a couple of cow punchers who had been watching the Iron Horse out of sight. They looked at each other a moment, then with one accord each man went for his horse.

Later three men came in sight of a flivver outlined in the moonlight against a white cottage. They dismounted and peaked through a window. What they saw was the Walkin' Deputy deeply interested in a game of checkers. Opposite him sat a little old lady, her gray hair shining in the lamplight.

"Gosh!" breathed the sheriff. Three men mounted and silently rode away.

Fashions to Pep You Up!



HERE'S spring tonic for you, Miss America, done up in fine formula by Sew-Your-Own! The ingredients are bracing and please the taste.

The model at the left is the type to take right away before spring advances further. It is especially beneficial to the willow figure with its alluring swing and grace, its delicate waistline, becoming collar and stylishly cuffed sleeves. Any of the lovely sheers will do well here.

Miss Athletic Girl.

The center package is labeled Miss Athletic Girl. She goes for it because without fuss and fur-below it still is feminine. And, too, she knows that the smart lines down the front and back are not gores but tucks which give the same stylish effect, and necessitate half the effort, thanks to the

clever designing of Sew-Your-Own.

A Builder-Up.

Upper right is the Builder-Up for the younger Lady of Fashion. Because of it and her other Sew-Your-Owns she will go down in the Year Book as the Best Dressed Girl in the class the first thing she knows. This two-piece has style unmistakable in its absolute simplicity of line, round collar so tiny as to be a mere suggestion, and in the perfect balance of its flared sleeves, peplum, and skirt.

The Patterns

Pattern 1257 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size below it still is feminine. And, too, she knows that the smart lines down the front and back are not gores but tucks which give the same stylish effect, and necessitate half the effort, thanks to the

Pattern 1288 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

1. Who would take over the duties of the Chief Justice of the United States if his office were to become vacant?
2. When did Magellan circumnavigate the globe and how long did it take him?
3. Was Washington our first President?
4. What is the average visibility from a ship at sea?
5. How much silver has been mined in the world since the discovery of America?
6. What is a lee tide?
7. When the Supreme court was organized what was the average age of the justices?
8. How old is the Pasteur treatment for rabies?

Answers

1. In case of a vacancy in the office of Chief Justice or of his inability to perform the duties and powers of his office, they shall devolve upon the associate justice, who is first in precedence, until such disability is removed or another Chief Justice is appointed or duly qualified.
2. He started in 1519 and it took him 1,093 days.
3. Washington is called our first President because he was the first President elected under the Constitution of 1787; the Presidents who preceded him were simply presiding officers over the Continental congress.
4. About ten miles.
5. Only enough to make a solid cube 115 feet square.
6. A tide which runs with the wind.
7. Just under fifty years.
8. Half a century old.

material plus 3¼ yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1294 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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The WINDOW SILL GIVE-AWAY

MELVIN PURVIS FORMER G-MAN
 invites all boys and girls to join
NEW CORPS OF SECRET OPERATORS

MELVIN PURVIS, former Ace G-Man who founded the Junior G-Man Corps, has formed a new organization called Melvin Purvis Law-and-Order Patrol. Members are Secret Operators. They have special codes, passwords, and special equipment. Here is one adventure, published as proof that CRIME DOES NOT PAY. As the story opens, Melvin Purvis has invited two of his Secret Operators to have Sunday night supper at his headquarters...

Suddenly, out of the bitter cold winter night comes a frantic phone call...

THIS IS CANNONDALE, THE AIRPLANE MANUFACTURER... I HAVE THE SECRET PLANS FOR A NEW BOMBING PLANE OUT HERE AT MY LONG ISLAND HOME, AND I'M AFRAID THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME TROUBLE...

I'LL BE RIGHT OUT, MR. CANNONDALE!

MY CHAUFFEUR TOLD ME HE SAW A COUPLE OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS HANGING AROUND MY AIRPLANE PLANT -- SO I TOOK THE PLANS HOME WITH ME. BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL SAFE...

I HAVE AN IDEA!... TOM, TRY EVERY WINDOW IN THE HOUSE!

NO USE IN THAT, MR. PURVIS. I TOLD MY CHAUFFEUR TO LOCK THEM ALL -- AND ANYWAY, WITH THE SNOW PACKED ON THE WINDOW SILLS, EVERY WINDOW IS FROZEN TIGHT.

THE LITTLE WINDOW IN THE BUTLER'S PANTRY OPENS EASILY, MR. PURVIS!

JUST AS I THOUGHT -- ONE WINDOW'S BEEN FROZEN! -- I'LL STAND BESIDE IT AND BE READY TO GRAB ANY ONE ENTERING... TOM AND BETTY, YOU STAND BEHIND THE SOFA AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SAFE WHERE THE PLANS ARE HIDDEN!

Midnight that night, the servants have retired, the chauffeur is in his room over the garage, the house is quiet...

IT'S BLACKMAR, THE MECHANIC I HAD TO FIRE! I GUESS THAT SOLVES EVERYTHING!

WAIT! THERE'S AN "INSIDE MAN" IN ON THIS JOB. EXAMINE ALL THE SALT SHAKERS FOR FINGERPRINTS, TOM... MEANWHILE, MR. CANNONDALE, CALL IN ALL THE SERVANTS!

THERE ARE FRESH PRINTS ON THIS ONE, MR. PURVIS!

GRAB THAT MAN!

WELL, YOUR CHAUFFEUR WAS THE "INSIDE MAN" -- THESE ARE HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE SALT SHAKER!

SO THAT'S WHY MY CHAUFFEUR WANTED ME TO BRING THE SECRET PLANS HERE!

HOW MELVIN PURVIS KNEW THAT IT WAS AN "INSIDE JOB"
 I knew that all the windows should have been frozen tight, due to the snow and ice packed on the sills outside. I also knew that, if one window opened easily, it was likely that salt had been used to prevent freezing and enable the window to be opened silently even in the bitter cold hours of the night... therefore, whoever had left fingerprints on a salt shaker was probably the "inside man"!

WELL, WE'VE SAVED THE AIRPLANE PLANS -- AND THOSE TWO CROOKS ARE GOING TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING IN JAIL!... YOU TWO SEEM TO HAVE EATEN UP ALL YOUR POST TOASTIES -- HAVE SOME MORE?

COME ON, BOYS AND GIRLS! BE A SECRET OPERATOR
 IN MY NEW LAW-AND-ORDER PATROL! GET MY NEW SECRET OPERATOR'S SHIELD AND MY SECRET OPERATOR'S MANUAL CONTAINING SPECIAL CODES AND INSTRUCTIONS... ALSO PICTURES OF ALL MY WONDERFUL FREE PRIZES! JUST SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW, WITH 2 RED POST TOASTIES PACKAGE-TOPS.

TRY THE BETTER CORN FLAKES
 POST TOASTIES are made from the sweet, tender hearts of the corn, where most of the rich flavor is stored. And each golden-brown flake is toasted double-crisp in order to keep its crunchy goodness longer in milk or cream. Get Post Toasties today! A Post Cereal, made by General Foods.

ASK FOR POST TOASTIES IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND DINING CARS, TOO

MICKY MOUSE TOYS ON EVERY BOX

BOYS' SHIELD (left); GIRLS' SHIELD (above). Both of polished gold bronze design. Sent FREE, together with Secret Operator's Manual, for 2 Post Toasties package-tops. A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO ALL BOYS AND GIRLS WHO JOINED MY JUNIOR G-MAN CORPS LAST YEAR: I particularly want members of my Junior G-Man Corps to become Secret Operators. The training you have received as members of the Junior G-Man Corps will fit you for quick advancement to higher ranks.

Melvin Purvis
 W. O. 8-24-37

Melvin Purvis, Battle Creek, Michigan
 I enclose Post Toasties package-tops. Please send me the items checked below. Check whether boy () or girl (). Put correct postage on letter.
 Secret Operator's Shield (2 package-tops)
 Secret Operator's Ring (4 package-tops)

Name _____ St. or R. F. D. _____
 City _____ State _____
 (Offer expires December 31, 1937. Good only in U.S.A.)