

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Tombstone Inscriptions.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—A gentleman took me sightseeing through a cemetery that abounded in proud mausoleums and stately shafts.

I figured he wanted to show me that rich folks continue to enjoy the utmost luxury even after becoming deceased.

How futile and how vain are most tombstone inscriptions. They give the dates of birth and death—events in neither of which the departed had any say—so—unless he committed suicide. And just as the average gravesite eulogy is a belated plea for the defense, offered after the evidence is all in, so an epitaph is an advertisement for a line of goods which permanently has been discontinued.

Somehow this burying ground stuff reminds me of hired critics of other men's efforts. The difference between professional book reviewers and the other obituarists is that the latter do their work after you pass on, but the reviewers can't wait until you're dead to write your literary death notice for you.

Maybe critics are to authors what fleas were to David Harum's dog; they keep authors from brooding on being authors.



Irvin S. Cobb

## Catching Barracuda.

LEO CARILLO is quite a yachtsman when not acting for the screen or leading parades. He's our champion parade leader. It's got so they don't dare let a colored funeral go past his house for fear he'll rush right out and head the procession.

On one of those days when there wasn't a parade, he took Victor Moore and me out on his boat. We caught a mess of slim, yet fragrant fish. Leo called them barracuda, but, with their low retreating foreheads and greedy jaws, they looked more like shyler lawyers to me—the kind who chase ambulances and eventually get disbarred.

## Glad, Mad Artists.

HERETOFORE, the glad, mad geniuses, who produce masterpieces of sculpture and painting which resemble nothing on heaven, earth or in the waters below except possibly some bad dream which these parties had once while feeling pretty bilious, have depended upon the ultra-ultra among the intelligentsia for support.

But now one hears divers millionaires may endow for them an academy or a gallery—or possibly it's an asylum for the more violent cases. Anyhow, there's money behind the cult, and when money gets behind a thing in this country, it usually flourishes, provided the money doesn't get too far behind, as happened in 1929, when the rest of the country was trying to figure out what had become of the deposits and investments, which we, of the sucker class, had entrusted to our leading financial wizards.

Still, we of that same ignorant mass-group do not have to buy examples of this new school. We don't even have to look at them unless we're in Germany and are escorted to the official state-run display by a regiment of Nazi storm-troopers.

And, aside from their ideas of what constitutes art, it's said that some of the artists themselves are not really dangerous, merely annoying in an itchy sort of way. In other words, they're all right if you don't get one of 'em on you.

## Pugilistic Authors.

I'M ALWAYS missing something. On the occasion of one really historic battle between a brace of distinguished writers, I yawningly left the scene before Messrs. Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser quit swapping hard words and started swapping soft blows.

And it was just my luck to be out here recently when Ernest Hemingway threw a book—or maybe it was a publisher; anyhow some such hard, knobby object—at Mr. Max Eastman and Mr. Eastman retorted with a tremendous push which damaged Mr. Hemingway not at all. The typical writer, no matter how red-blooded his style may be, packs all his wallops in his pen and never in his fist. There have been exceptions. Once Rex Beach cleaned out a night club all by himself, but his opponents were hoodlums, not fellow-writers. He had something substantial to work on.

Some of my belligerent brethren in the writing game never lose an argument, but, on the other hand, none of them ever won a fight. Neither did their literary opponents. In fact, next to the average professional pugilist, I can think of no one who, in the heat of combat, equals a writer for showing such magnificent self-control when it comes either to inflicting personal injury or sustaining same.

IRVIN S. COBB.  
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# Silks Most Sumptuous This Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE fourth annual silk parade is on in country-wide pageantry and during this time your favorite stores will have an unusually wide selection of silk merchandise and the smartest new silk fabrics. Plan to do your shopping for your fall wardrobe at that time when the highlights of the season will be available.

For the important evening wrap, silk and metal brocades in quaintly beautiful colorings or exotic tones are in high favor. These are often elaborate in texture and include self and metal faconne as well as exquisitely colorful metal brocaded flowers. For a floating full-skirted frock, silk and metal marquisette that reminds of oriental sheers that veiled harem beauties, is new this season.

The queenly figure descending the stairs to the right in the picture is gowned in one of the opulent new silks. It is a black satin with self and metal faconne in a leaf pattern. Here is a perfect demonstration of the new trend toward styling the gown with that utmost simplicity that ignores any suggestion of trimming in order the more to play up the superbness of the fabric. It is interesting to note the gloves milady wears in that the cuffs are finished with bands of gilt.

## LEATHER TIE-BELT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This very good looking fall coat in bold herringbone patterned soft wool in natural beige has a notched collar of beaver and a wide crush belt of brown leather with fringed ends, each of which is a distinctive feature. The collaring of cloth coats with handsome fur is one of fashion's most notable styling features this fall, while the use of leather in numberless trimming ways, especially for smart girdles, is one of the highest highlights of the mode this season. You can vision for your self the swank that a leather tie girdle as pictured will give to coats made of cloth. The broad shoulders are also good points in the styling of the coat pictured.

tering sequins to match the gown. For evening there is nothing more breath taking than the colorful lacquer-printed silk satins. These feature flowers, geometrics, Indian and Persian designs, and they are very new and important. See to the left in the picture how dramatically printed satin of the glamorous type drapes to the figure.

Describing the swatches of hand-some silks shown in the insets below, the one to the left is a multi-color stamp printed silk satin for evening. It will prove charming for a short-skirted young dance frock. It is also the type of silk that makes a fetching deep girdle for a black velvet dress—which is one thing about these more elegant silks: if your allowance does not permit buying yards and yards just a mere dash of them used in a trimming way on a monotone frock will give it an aristocratic air.

To the right is a black silk satin with self and metal faconne richly interwoven into a leaf pattern. It ranks high among silks that are done in a grand manner.

Centered in the trio of insets is a black faille with silver metal bandings, suitable for trimmings, blouses, dinner gown or evening jackets.

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## SMART FROCKS USE LAVISH EMBROIDERY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A craze for embroidery is on. Some of the smartest newest woollens for daytime frocks and for the stylish little separate jackets and boleros and for waistcoats and blouses are embroidered with an allover scattering of tiny motifs or perhaps with florals arranged in the popular striped effects.

Knitted fashions also reflect the flair for embroidery in that they carry flowers and designs done in bright yarns showing peasant influence.

The black dress that has a gorgeous bouquet embroidered like a corsage at either the waistline or shoulder is a winsome number. Any woman who can embroider could be the happy possessor of a fetching dress like this for 'embroider your own' requires but little effort.

Evening fashions fairly scintillate with dazzling embroideries. Short sleeves, allover sequin-embroidered, enrich black velvet dinner gowns. Embroidery is done on lace on tulle, on velvet ribbons that girdle the waist and so on and so on the story of embroidery is endless this season. Even the simplest linen, cotton or wool day dress is apt to yield to the present urge for hand stitching of some fanciful sort.

## Leather Cutouts Impart New Touch to Fall Suits

Leather cutouts applied on cloth are a smart trimming feature this season. The scroll pattern is especially favored. Many dresses are collared and cuffed with leather. Leather-covered buttons impart the style touch to coats, dresses and suits. Another fashion fancy is the crushed leather girdle either buckled or with leather fringed ends. Considerable lacing done with leather cording is also noted while leather piping finishes edges.

## Short Bobs for Fall

Foremost of the style features which the American Hair Design institute will inaugurate in their coiffures for fall will be a move ment towards shorter hair. This trend the director ascribes in part to interest in shorter skirts.

# Fruit of the Years

By MYRA C. WINGATE  
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WNU Service.

KATE ARDMORE, strolling around from the front veranda to announce through the dining room window that father was coming, and that it was time to put the biscuits in the oven, caught mother unawares.

Mother's gentle face was strained with weariness. She leaned in the dining room doorway, one hand pressed hard to her throbbing head. "Dear Lord," said mother. "I'm so tired!"

Kate heard, though it was hardly more than a whisper, and her heart contracted sharply.

Philip Carsley, to whom this young daughter of the house was engaged, was talking on the piazza, with the visiting cousins. Mother smiled deprecatingly at him.

It was Philip's last evening. His bag was already at the station.

"When, Kate, when?" he urged. "We needn't wait any longer now. This fall!"

"Not so soon," said Kate, shaking her head. "I've decided I must stay a year with mother. She's very tired and I have reached the place now where I can give her a rest. A year from tonight, Phil."

"That's too long, Kate. Don't keep me waiting."

"You told me we might have to wait two or three years, at first," she reminded him. "This is only one. Honestly, Phil, I must do this. Wait for me. I would wait for you. You could come for week-ends."

"I shan't have time for that this winter," he said, convinced that a little firmness would change her. "Your mother looks well to me. I love you, want you, need you."

"I, too," she said softly. "But I must do this, Phil. Please."

"No," he said, firmly. "Take it or leave it, Kate."

"Good-by, Phil," she said softly.

He whirled on his heel and walked away up the beach.

All that a daughter's devotion could do was not enough to bring back the light of health to mother's tired eyes. Before the year had passed Kate and father were alone.

Then, with the added shock of business reverses, father's health failed, so that Kate must be both home-keeper and wage-earner for the family, for the other brothers and sisters were hampered by growing families.

She turned her hand to many a task, in the effort to make ends meet, before she discovered that there was a market for her children's stories and gay little jingles. Slowly she increased her output until with economy it supported them.

Time lapsed swiftly, and in the course of its lapse Philip Carsley journeyed through the lake town where he had parted with Kate Ardmore so long ago.

A lady came down the car, evidently returning to the chair next to Philip's. He knew her instantly. She was slight and straight, her face still youthful and sweet, though the hair was touched with gray. If Philip had not known by token of his own fifty-two years that she was fifty—

He was on his feet and his voice was a bit husky.

"Kate Ardmore!" he said. At her puzzled look, he explained. "It's Philip Carsley, Kate. Have I changed so much?"

"I should have known you in a moment more," she said, pleasantly. "You were so thin, in the old days, Philip. The years have been good to you, I hear. I am glad."

"And you, Kate? Your father and mother? It is still Kate Ardmore?"

"Mother did not stay the year with us," she told him, steadily. "Father has been gone some years. Yes, it is still Kate Ardmore. The family responsibilities fell on me."

"Then you are alone," he said, pityingly.

"Scarcely that," she smiled. "A young niece and nephew are with me during the school year. Then there are frequent calls here or there. You have a family, Phil?"

"Wife, son and daughter," he said briefly. "Have you never regretted, Kate?"

"We all have dreams that fail of fulfillment," she returned, looking her surprise. "But while there is work to be done, while there are pleasures to enjoy, people to help, life can be very full."

"You are prosperous, Kate?" he half questioned, conscious that he went too far, but determined to prevail.

She laughed. "Phil, my bank balance is a joke," she returned. "My station. Good-by."

He watched from the window, the gay, tousle-haired boy who waved a salute to Kate and then shouldered his way toward her. What was that thing? "He that loveth his life—"

He shook his head in irritation. About that bond issue, now. He must think that out.

Yet he knew, as the train bore him away, that he should never think of this meeting without a sense of something rare that he had missed, of something fine that he had lost.

# AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

**Raspberry Shrub.**—To three quarts of red raspberries and one quart of sugar add one cup of vinegar. Cook slowly for half an hour and strain through cheesecloth. Pour into sterilized bottles and seal. Serve over ice cubes diluted with water to taste.

**For Basting Roasts.**—Leftover fruit juices, especially those from spiced fruits, make excellent basting liquid for roasts, chops and ham dishes.

**Dainty Shoulder Straps.**—When making your undies try using narrow velvet ribbon for the shoulder straps. The velvet side next to the skin acts as a grip, while the satin on top looks dainty. You will find that ribbon-velvet straps will outlast any garment.

**Devilled Cheese.**—One dessert-spoon grated cheese, one teaspoon milk, one pinch celery salt, (optional), cayenne, one-half teaspoon made mustard. Mix all ingredients to smooth paste. Spread on any unsweetened biscuit (cream crackers). Place under a red-hot grill to brown. Serve immediately.

**Picnic Lemonade.**—One cup sugar, one cup water, one cup strong tea infusion, six lemons, one cup crushed pineapple, three quarts water. Cook the sugar and water to a thin syrup; add the tea, lemon juice, pineapple, and water. Serve iced. Sixteen to eighteen servings. Excellent to quench thirst. Juices from canned peaches, apricots, pears or cherries can be utilized for some of the water.

**A Mended Cloth.**—If a small hole is burnt or worn in an otherwise good white tablecloth, it can be "mended" most effectively by stitching a motif in fine crochet over it and cutting away the spoiled fabric underneath. Add one or two more motifs so that the necessary one does not look odd. This is certainly more decorative than an obvious darn!

**Save the Curtains.**—A finger cut from an old glove and slipped over the end of a curtain rod enables it to be pushed through the curtain hems of the finest net with-

out catching and tearing the fabric.

**A Combination Dish.**—Two parts of tomatoes simmered with one part of celery makes a good combination dish.  
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# 768 Miles a Day by Ship

The record for the longest distance ever traveled by a ship in 24 hours is not held by either the Queen Mary or the Normandie but by the United States Airplane Carrier Lexington. During a run between San Francisco and Honolulu in 1928, this 33,000-ton vessel, whose maximum speed is 33-34 knots, traveled 768 miles in one day.—Collier's Weekly.



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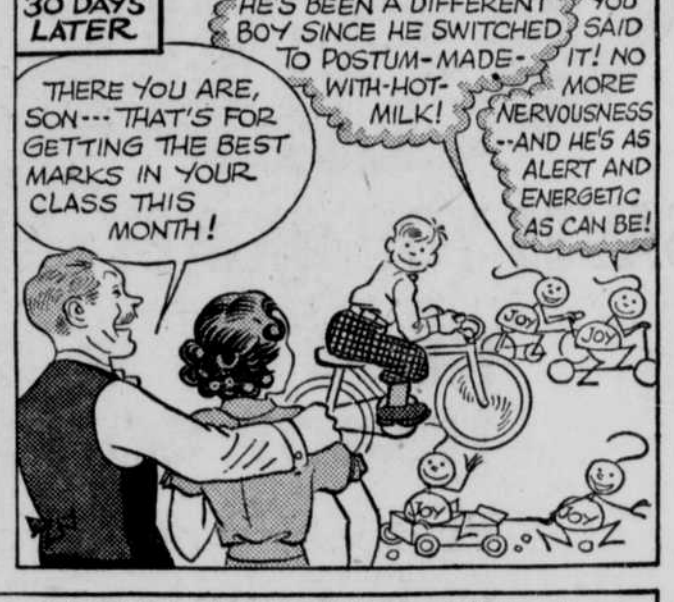
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