

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 graveside 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 or 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, when'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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Way Back When

By JEANNE

FROM LUMBER YARD WORKER TO VICE PRESIDENT OF U. S.

TO KNOW whether you have chosen the right vocation for success in return for your efforts is sometimes difficult to decide. But, once it begins to dawn upon you that you could go further in another occupation, it is time to change. The greatest advancement lies where your talents and interests are greatest. Charles Dawes, who made the under-slung pipe famous when he became Vice President of the United States, might have been relatively unknown if he had not changed his mind about the occupation he would follow.

He was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1865. He attended the public schools there and entered Marietta college, graduating at the age of nineteen. During the summer months he worked in a lumber yard, shifting lumber. It is easy to imagine that without vision and analy-



sis, he might have set the proprietorship of a lumber yard as his goal. Dawes was always fond of music. He played both the violin and the piano, and music has been his chief diversion. He composed "Melody in A Minor" which Fritz Kreisler, famous violinist, included in his repertoire.

After college, Charles Dawes went to work in the engineering department of the Toledo and Ohio Central Extension railroad, working up to chief engineer in charge of construction. He decided to study law, or he might have been simply a good civil engineer. Graduating from the Cincinnati School of Law, he practiced for some years and became interested in politics. President McKinley appointed him comptroller of currency and, after four years of service, Dawes organized the Central Trust company of Chicago. He was general purchasing agent for the A. E. F. during the World war, and director of the budget bureau under President Harding. In 1924, he was elected Vice President of the United States under Coolidge.

FAMOUS AVIATRIX ONCE DROVE A TRUCK

THIS is a note of encouragement for "tom-boys" and particularly for parents who may not understand them. Girls who fall into the classification of "tom-boys" usually simply have a stronger spirit of competition or a greater streak of adventure than other little girls. Their greater activity may be early expression of a sense of leadership which may later lead to fame.

Amelia Earhart, queen of aviation, was a tom-boy. Born in Atchison, Kan., in 1898, she was an unusually active little girl. She loved



rough and tumble games, and she could beat most of the boys her age in sports and contests. She graduated from Hyde Park high school in Chicago and went on to a girl's school in Rydal, Pa. From school she went to Canada where she worked as a nurse's aide in a Toronto war hospital. Stories of World war pilots appealed to her sense of adventure and daring; and Amelia made her way to California, determined to learn to fly.

Here her self-reliance and "tom-boy" courage was helpful, for she had to earn the money for her instruction. Amelia Earhart worked for the telephone company and even drove a sand and gravel truck. Later, she attended Columbia university. She held 28 different jobs while perfecting herself in the art of flying. In 1928, she won the plaudits of the world by being the first woman to fly the Atlantic. As a result of this flight she gained recognition as the foremost woman flyer, became aviation editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine, and vice president of two important commercial airlines.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for September 19

CHOICES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES IN A NATION'S LIFE

LESSON TEXT—Deuteronomy 11:8-12, 26-32. GOLDEN TEXT—Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—Joshua 24:15. PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Country. JUNIOR TOPIC—Choosing Sides. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Importance of Our Choices. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—My Part in Making Up the Nation's Mind.

Nations as well as individuals are responsible before God for the manner in which they live. They enjoy the blessings of right living and suffer the penalty of wrong moral choices. While it is true that national leaders may not always reflect the true character of the people, it is generally true that there is a sort of national character which over a longer period of time accurately represents the moral condition of the people as a whole.

Many earnest men and women believe that the United States of America stands today at the crossroads of national moral decision. There has been an unquestionable decadence of true religion, of home life, of social purity, and a growth of moral indifference and outright wickedness which causes men who think to cry out for a revival of old-fashioned spiritual and moral standards ere it be too late. The most effective, and in fact the only really effective way to bring that about, is a revival within the church of Christ, and a resultant renewal of its service in winning men to Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord. A 24-page booklet "Lessons in Soul-Winning," by Dr. Will H. Houghton, will be sent by the writer without charge to those requesting it. If possible enclose a 3 cent stamp.

I. Right Choices Result in Blessing (vv. 8, 9).

Making the right choice is in fact a simple matter, for it means only obedience to God's commandments. God is the author of the moral law. He alone can and does determine what is right and wrong. Man need not determine, nor is he equipped to decide that question. He can and must relate the details of his life to the law of God. How important it is then that he properly understand that law, and what folly it is to neglect the study of God's Word, where the commandments of God are made known unto men.

Choosing God's way means for both men and the nations which they make up (for my country is in the final analysis myself, and other individuals like me) the assurance of God's blessing and prosperity.

II. God Encourages Right Choices (vv. 10-12).

Our God is the great and untiring "giver of every good and perfect gift." We need but to lift up our eyes and look at His handiwork, or stir up our memories to recall his goodness, and we know that he and all his blessed works encourage us to do right—to live right.

But, alas, all too often God's choicest gifts are perverted and are used to bring the very opposite result. The most beautiful lakes and naturally delightful surroundings are used for resorts and clubs which all too often lead men to moral destruction. Parents almost fear that their daughters may be too attractive, for the world, the flesh, and the devil are constantly out "scouting" for beautiful women whose very God-given beauty may be used to glorify sin and lead others into disobedience to God.

III. Right and Wrong Are Fundamental and Eternal (vv. 26-32).

It needs to be repeated over and over again in these callous and indifferent days that there is laid down in the very constitution of the entire universe a moral distinction between right and wrong. Right is always right, and wrong is definitely and eternally wrong. There is no moral twilight zone, where things are neither white nor black, but a neutral gray.

Note that the difference between right and wrong was to be the same "on the other side of the Jordan." Time and place have no power to change moral law. What was right or wrong for your great-grandfather is right or wrong for you. What was right in your home on the farm is right in the city where you now live, or vice-versa. The passing of the years or a change of residence does not alter that law of God.

May God help the people of our nation, and all the countries of the earth, to remember that it is still true that "righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14:34).

A Season

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die.—Ecclesiastes 3:1, 2.

In the Silent Watches

While alone and in silence, man can commune with himself.—Van Amburgh.

Flood of Ambition

Ambition like a torrent never looks back.

Here's What to Sew



THIS is not a wishing-page, Milady, even though it is from a book of exclusive fashions by Sew-Your-Own! You can run any one of these frocks through your machine in short order. The patterns are so easy to follow (even the simon-pure will say they're simple) and the finished article so exciting you'll be apt to ask yourself, "Why have I waited so long to Sew, sew, sew my own?"

All-Occasion Dress. Here is one frock that belongs in every woman's wardrobe. You'll look prettier in the kitchen, more comfortable at work—and in your silk crepe version—prettier in afternoon leisure or shopping on the avenue. The shoulder-sleeve-in-one construction makes easy sewing, and the full cut skirt with two kick-pleats serves well when one's in action. A lusciously feminine frock for

you, young but knowing ladies of fashion, is the model looking right at you from above center. You probably can't remember when you've seen one you've liked as much. That vivacious charm plus striking simplicity are the things about it that will make you remember as the lady in red, or the lady in black, or the lady in what-color-have-you! It is especially easy to sew, too, thank you.

New School Froek. You cute, little lady of fashion, this is your lucky day. You and Mommy will agree on this dress just like two pals should agree. It buttons down the front, the way you want it to; its waist is snug. Makes up attractively in either cotton, silk, or light-weight wool.

The Patterns. Pattern 1267 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4

"Mermaids" Vanishing

The "mermaids" will soon be extinct. These curious sea creatures, resembling human beings and which were mistaken for them by old-time sailors, are dugongs, a species of sea-cow, which were exceedingly common in the Indian and South Atlantic oceans years ago. Now, due to the constant commercial hunting for their meat and oil and the sharks ravaging their young, they are among the rarest of all living creatures.

yards of 35-inch material, plus 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

Pattern 1362 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material—with short sleeves 4 3/4 yards.

Pattern 1213 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material, plus 3/4 yard contrasting with 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2-inch bias binding.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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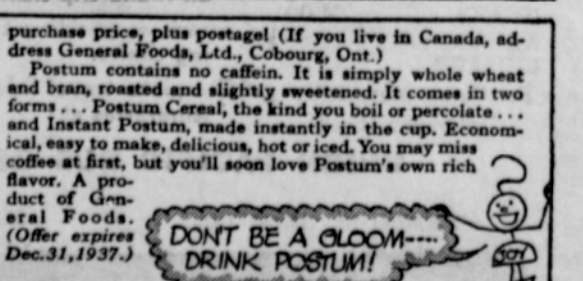
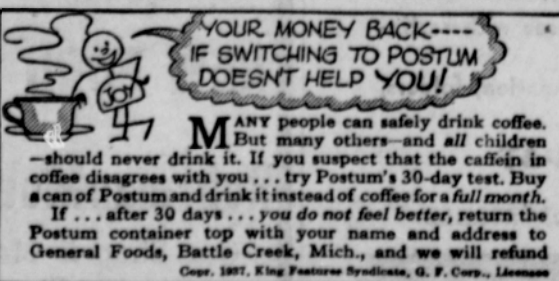
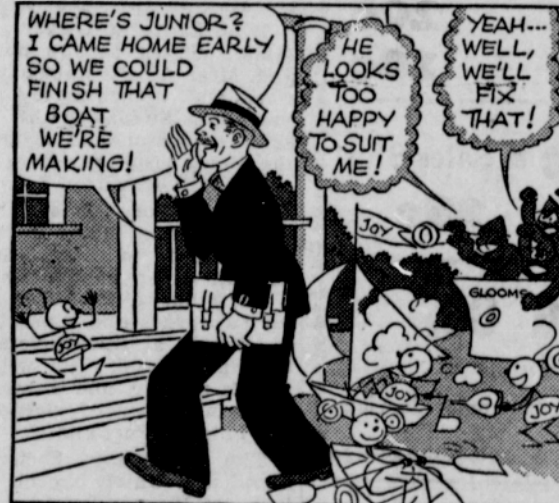
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