

## HAD THE FAULKNER FAILING

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

SARAH COBB hung another neatly ironed shirt upon the clothes-bars. It was thin and patched. Clifford needed some new shirts. But, oh, how she hated to make them. It was four o'clock of a fine fall afternoon. Sarah knew she should not be ironing at that time of the day, but her work had dragged. She had wanted to go to the indoor picnic at the Merrithews', but she felt that she and Clifford were too old to mingle with young folks' pleasures. Besides she did not care to make cake and sandwiches.

Creak—creak—creak. Clifford was coming downstairs from his afternoon nap. He always took a nap now that he no longer had a job. It had seemed foolish for him to keep on working at his age, especially as they had enough to live upon frugally. Sarah wondered how Clifford could sleep so much. For her part she was ready half the time to fly out of her skin. Even that creaky stairs made her jumpy.

Clifford, Sarah's husband for forty years, entered the room. He was a tall, stooped, blue-eyed man, with a gentle sadness of countenance. Sarah was small and plump and dark-eyed. Her greeting to Clifford was to slap another shirt out upon the ironing-board.

"I suppose they're just in the thick of the fun over at Merrithews," Clifford sighed.

"I suppose they are. Helen Merrithew is terribly lively. She will have a good time whether anybody else does or not," returned Sarah enviously.

"She makes me think of the way you used to be at her age, Sarah," said Clifford.

Sarah's lips tightened. Yes, she had been a bright girl. But now—Oh, it was awful to get old and what was worse to feel old. You stay old such a long time.

"Guess I'll go out to the garden and start that bonfire," Clifford muttered. The screendoor flapped behind him. It needed a spring, but Clifford did not seem to find time to attend to it. That screendoor was like everything else about the house.

Sarah, staring after her husband, thought she had never seen him look so stooped and shadowy. What ailed him? He didn't have anything to do but rest day in and day out. She had her duties—a smell of smoke arising from the ironing-board started away her thoughts. Good land! She had burned a hole in the sleeve of her checked gingham. A passionate desire to cry swept over her, and with this desire came a strange interpretation of the look she had seen upon Clifford's face. Maybe he, too, felt the futility, the emptiness of life just as she did.

Sarah put the iron back upon the stove and ran out of the house to find Clifford. He was nowhere in sight. She put her hand to her heart, recalling that he had had a brother die for no apparent reason. It had been whispered at the time that he had taken something out of a bottle by mistake. At that instant she heard Clifford's voice. He was behind the ills. Could he be talking to himself? They said his brother had talked to himself before that awful thing happened.

White, trembling, Sarah crept forward and peeped through the flimsy screen. She could see Clifford. He stood facing back, his chin up. He was smiling. And he looked just as he had years ago when their romance had blossomed into marriage and she had thought him the finest young man in the world. As Sarah gazed at this transformed Clifford she heard a woman's laugh. There was a woman with Clifford. The woman had stepped into Sarah's range of vision, but her back was to her. It was a stylish back, having what the modistes call a svelte-line, and it was clad in printed silk which was surmounted by a youthful hat and ended in silk anklets slim enough to suggest the charleston. Again the woman laughed.

"Cliff, you're getting to be an old fogey," she cried. "And you're only sixty-one. Why great books have been written, empires built, worlds won by men older than that. You ought to be enjoying every minute, earning good money, pursuing a hobby. You ought to have a radio, a car—a dancing teacher. Don't tell me you've given up. A man like you. Whose fault is it? Yours or Sarah's? Sarah was a Faulkner. All the Faulknors got limp and witty around middle life. I didn't think Sarah would, for she was a regular clip as a girl. But if she has the Faulkner failing, Cliff, you've no business to wilt down with her. Your folks had zip and stamina. Your dad was a splendid man at eighty-nine. You'll probably live to be eighty-nine yourself, and what will you do for the next 25 years?"

"God knows!" Clifford struck his hands together. "Say, Amelia, come into the house and talk to Sarah just as you've been talking to me."

Amelia! Even if the woman had not turned and shown her face Sarah would now have known her. Amelia Scott who had been such a spirited competitor for Clifford's love that Sarah had had to put in her best ticks to get him for herself. Amelia Scott returned out of the silent mystery of years to stand here with Clifford in their garden and accuse him of being the victim of the Faulkner failing! Sarah's taut upper lip beaded with perspiration. Instead of retreating to

the house and there awaiting Clifford and Amelia, she fled to Mrs. Peck's arbor. From this secret hiding place she saw Clifford go indoors and heard him calling for her while Amelia stood on the back porch.

"Never mind," Amelia said. "I can't stay any longer now. I'll stop and see Sarah next time I'm driving out this way." She walked nimbly away to a big blue car that was parked under the elm. She got in, shifted gears noiselessly and rolled away.

When Clifford returned to the garden Sarah crept home. Back in her kitchen she visualized Amelia's presence and interpreted Amelia's impression. The smoked wallpaper, the worn out linoleum, the broken stove. She shivered as if she were cold.

"Amelia Scott, she's Amelia Willis now, stopped on her way through the town," Clifford said at supper. "She wanted to see you. I looked all over for you but I guess you'd stepped out some place. Amelia was looking fine. She had one of those new sedans. She said she would stop again. She said you'd hear from her in a day or so."

Next morning Clifford went away on some mysterious errand. Not long after the doorbell rang. There stood a messenger with a hatbox unmistakably for Sarah. She took it, she opened it. Within was such a hat as Sarah had never owned; an alluring thing of charm and color. Sarah's clear plump cheeks grew violently pink. Clifford's words came to her—"She said you'd hear from her in a day or so." Amelia had sent this hat. It was her way of teaching Sarah a lesson. Sarah's first impulse was to stuff the hat in the stove; her next to try it on. It was every bit as good looking as the one Amelia had worn herself. And, good land! Sarah looked just as good in it as had Amelia in hers. It covered her gray hair. Her soul bankered for it.

"Sarah!" she shrieked round. Clifford had come in at the back door and stood regarding her with a pleased look on his face. "Thank goodness you've got a decent hat at last! No—don't remove it. Let me look at you. Why, Sarah, girl, you're not old; we're not old. I'm only sixty-one. Great books have been written, empires built, worlds won by men older than that. I ought to be enjoying every minute, earning good money, pursuing a hobby—Sarah! I went down town and tackled Kilmer for a job. And I got it! Do you hear? I got me a job! No letting myself slump from now on. Zip and stamina is my slogan. Can you keep up with me, Sarah?"

She looked straight in his eyes. The corners of her mouth twitched. "Oh, I'll keep up with you, don't you worry, Clifford Cobb," she said grimly. Sarah did keep up with her husband. Indeed, she sometimes outdistanced him in the race he had set for himself. Suppose they did sacrifice a few bonds? Clifford was now getting a pay envelope and they could afford to let themselves go a bit. The house began to look trim and tidy within and without. Sarah sang at her work. The neighbors came to see what was going on, were interested and continued to be friendly. Miss Calkins, the dressmaker, was gaily busy with a new wardrobe for Sarah. Sarah bent down to appear in skirts almost as short as Helen Merrithew's and in the same style shoes and silk stockings. And she wore Amelia's hat. Yes, she wore Amelia's hat because after all she was grateful to Amelia for starting something.

She was tripping about her remodeled kitchen one morning when somebody knocked at the back door. It was Amelia. "Maybe Clifford told you I intended to come back and see you," Amelia said. She glanced admiringly about the room, at Sarah. "Isn't this fine? Aren't you fine?" "What's the use of getting limp and witty around middle life?" retorted Sarah brightly. "All the Faulknors had that failing. I'm a Faulkner. But I won't own to the failing. No, indeed. Zip and stamina is my slogan—" She paused for Amelia was eyeing her sharply, recognizing her own words, doubtless. "Amelia, how did you ever come to send me that cherry colored hat?" she demanded.

Amelia looked astonished. "I sent you no hat. I was going to write to you but I didn't get around to do that even. Probably Cliff got you the hat. Sarah. He said you'd been married 40 years that day I was here and I told him he ought to get you an anniversary present. My husband always gets me one."

**Uncooked Meat Held Delicacy in Arctic**

It is surprising how much raw meat in a frozen state one can eat. A frozen walrus liver with tidbits of raw seal fat as sauce is really a delicacy and is ushered in through the hole in the rock floor with as much pomp and ceremony as the plump, brown roast chicken which comes from the home kitchen, relates Donald B. MacMillan in his book, "Erah and Beyond."

Narwhal and white whale are in fact more palatable uncooked than cooked, the raw skin being especially prized. A square foot makes a suitable portion for a man of average appetite. The Eskimo's perfect teeth, set strongly in square, heavily muscled, wide jaws, crunch this tough substance almost as easily as an American boy eats a banana and certainly with a much pleasure.

Parts which the more refined taste of civilization rejects as waste are all used, even eyeballs and entrails.

Chiggers do not burrow in the skin, but do their damage by injecting poisonous material into the victim.



The Russian Touch in Winter Fashions Is Noted in a Chic Ensemble With Black Velvet Wrap Embroidered With Strass and Silver, and Gown of Black Satin and Marquisette, and a Richly Embroidered Gown of Black Marquisette.

### Novel Decorative Effects on Gowns

#### Dainty Embroidery Used on Winter Costumes Shown by Paris Maker.

In the midst of an unusually gay, colorful fashion season a collection of compelling interest has been brought to America by "Anart," a new house in Paris. Anart, says a fashion writer in the New York Times, is in private life Prince Vladimir d'Arbeloff, a Russian, who, though trained for a career in the diplomatic service, turned in postwar days to a commercial expression of his knowledge of art.

With a familiarity with Russian and oriental forms he has used many beautiful designs, ancient and modern, in embroidery, which he has employed in unique ways in creating gowns and wraps for evening. The value of this work is proved in the success of his house, which though only two years old is now reckoned among the most distinguished and exclusive in Paris.

Each wrap is an individual model, simple in its main design, but worked with infinite detail. Some are completely covered with needlework of some sort or another, embroidery, beadwork or applique. Others have a deep border around the front, a band down each side and wide and ornately trimmed cuffs on a background of rich material, which is usually velvet or metal cloth. The different models are as difficult to describe as fine paintings. A few unforgettable examples are even fine enough to be framed and preserved beyond the fashions of the day.

**Wraps Usually Straight.** Because of the very ornate character, the wraps are usually straight of line. One of arresting beauty is made of light green velvet, with a border dyed a deeper shade—almost what we call myrtle. A lily with long slender stem and leaves gives the motif, being heavily embroidered in bold shades of green and blue with steel and silver beads illuminating the pattern. Over the entire velvet surface are scattered dots and tiny embroidered leaves of green and blue floss, outlined with silver thread repeating the colors of the border. The sleeves, also, are embroidered almost to the elbow. The coat is lined with silver lame and a collar is made of fine gray fox fur.

Another evening coat in green combined with silver and gray is a stunning wintry composition. It is made of cloth of silver, with an all-over applique of disks and leaves embroidered with green floss and silver thread in several shades, with pearls and steel paillettes. The embroidery is heaviest about the bottom of the coat and the sleeves; the lining is a silver lame in the new soft weave, and the high voluminous collar is of gray fox.

A coat of gold lame suggests old tapestries in its design. It is royal in its richness, yet most delicate, and altogether original. On the gold background are applied conventionalized flowers and leaves in lovely tints cut from glazed chintz, embroidered with gold beads, tinsel thread and pearls into a pattern which resembles intricate weaving. This is lined with gold tissue, and has a collar of dark sable.

An ensemble in black and crystal-white varies the conventional patterns in many of these French designs of Russian and oriental ancestry. It is an elegant and complete costume for formal afternoon or early evening. The gown is of black marquisette simply and plainly designed as to the bodice, with the usual decolletage—neck round and moderately low in front, deep V at the back—none of it with trimming other than a simple binding of the goods. The skirt, which is softly draped, hangs with a low

dropped hem line, and is heavily scalloped with crystal beads, rhinestones and paillettes. With this gown is shown a cape of the same material with deep scallops, attached to the shoulders of the gown. The costume as a whole gives a soft, caressing effect.

#### Evening Gowns Attractive.

Evening gowns from Anart are less distinctive than the coats and wraps. They are subdued, in contrast to the colorful embroideries of the outer garments, but are equally as attractive. This house, incidentally, uses marquisette instead of chiffon, because of the square mesh which withstands the strain of bias lines and circular cuts of the tiers and flounces now in vogue. In each of several late models for evening the edges are simply plied with a milliner's fold of the material.

With these softly draped gowns of sheer filmy black, trimming is introduced in concentrated motifs. In one model of black, the top of the bodice is finished with a plastron of silver passementerie studded with pearls and rhinestones and shaped to the lines of the décolletage. The beading and brilliants extend almost to the belt, while the gown is otherwise untrimmed except for a slender girde about the hips, which is looped with long tasseled ends in front.

Another black evening gown, which is brightened with crystal outlined with silver, has a narrow band of strass dipping in irregular curves about the low neck of the bodice and the hips. On the skirt each of these bands ends with a large arrowhead of steel spangles and rhinestones.

Along with these high lights are some other entire costumes for evening of different types. In them, spangles are used lavishly on net, marquisette and velvet. A charming dance frock in the dark shades that have been so fashionable at Paris this year is made with a slip of navy blue satin over which is a circular robe of net with a pattern of iridescent blue spangles of graduated sizes sewn on radiating lines from the waist to the hem in a sunburst design. A narrow belt at the waist line, which is low, and tiny spangled straps over the shoulders finish this modish frock.

A dance frock of appropriate style and fabric is made of ivory silk net with a delicate traced pattern of silver tinsel like a dew-sprinkled cobweb. This fairy-like stuff veils a slip of flesh-tinted satin, over which it is draped with slightly bouffant effect caught up with a cluster of silver-tipped, tinted orchids.

**Velvet Favored in America.** American designers are showing their attractive midwinter collections of evening gowns and wraps. Velvet continues to be the garment de luxe. The smart evening gown is simple, the drapery subtle and rippling in tiers. Few have the straight hem line, and the low dip at the back is still the most popular model.

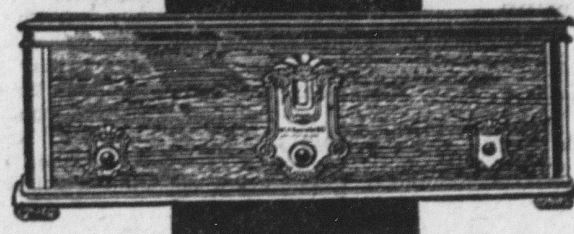
Some of the most engaging are made with a straight silhouette and with bias ruffles on the skirt, which is lifted in front.

Some of the gowns have narrow belts about the normal waist line or the hips, and a slender girde of trimming or a stitched strip of the material, but the more formal designs are made with the bodice line unbroken through the décolletage neck and the top line of trimming on the skirt.

Second to velvet, tulle is the fashionable material for evening, especially for youthful dance frocks. Nothing is more chic, and because the fashion has prevailed for several seasons modistes are finding ways of varying the original. In one style the bodice is made of velvet, and the attached skirt, of satin, is veiled with tulle in flounces hem length, or with several ruffles, the tulle being used double in crisp, frilly effect.

These frocks are much in demand, particularly in dark colors, blues, brown, forest green, black; as well as in several shades of red, bright scarlet, coral, geranium and flame.

# RADIOLA 60



an instrument of outstanding efficiency

Product of three great companies—RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse. Very compact. Expertly designed and built of the finest materials for long life and high quality performance. Single dial—just plug it in on your lighting current.

\$147 (less Radiotrons)

Any Radiola or RCA Loudspeaker may be purchased on RCA Time Payment Plan from your local RCA Dealer.

## RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

Links Sound Forecast  
"He's a wiry little chap." Mistress—What is in that large  
"He doesn't look it. What does he bottle?"  
"Connects telephones."—Judge. New Maid—My special cement for mending china.—Ulk, Berlin.

Hot Breakfasts Without Fuss or Work

# SHREDDED WHEAT



12 ounces full-size biscuits

Heat biscuits to restore crispness. Cover with hot milk—salt or sugar to taste. Delicious—nourishing.

CHILDREN WHO CAN PAINT WILL WANT TO SAVE THE PAPER INSERTS IN SHREDDED WHEAT PACKAGES.

On the Air  
"Is it true that Mabel has a secret sorrow?" "Heavens, yes! Hasn't she told you about it?"

In your friends' affairs, after the mystery is solved, it is often as deep as ever.



Helps most Stomach and Intestinal conditions. Pure Culture of Bacillus Acidophilus and Bulgaricus. At Your Druggist or Send 41 to GLOBE LABORATORIES, Dept. A, 1717 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



"Many Sleepless Nights!"

For Mrs. King:

(But Relief Was Quick to Come)

"I WAS in a run-down condition from Catarrh of the stomach—put in many sleepless nights—couldn't enjoy a meal." [So many people suffer so needlessly, in this way.] "A lady friend kept telling me to try PE-RU-NA—a few bottles and I was like a new person." [It's nice to know that such quick relief is always at hand.] "I am happy over the fact that there is a medicine like PE-RU-NA" [Signed: Mrs. Angeline King, Indianapolis, Indiana.] [Thousands of other folks are too. Why not buy PE-RU-NA today—you'll find it at any drug store.]