



ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

BACK TO PARIS

The greatest charm of travel is, I suppose, its dramatic quality. How can one mind the missed connections or the full hotel when with one single twist of the wheel all these things have fallen away and there is an entirely new pattern? It is like the lovely kaleidoscopes one used to get for Christmas through which by squinting one saw a wonderful pattern seemingly fixed, immovable. But at a touch so slight that you were hardly sure that you had given it every piece separated itself from its place and fell into a new position. The infinite charm was, that, no matter how much or how little you liked any one of the designs, you knew that that one would never return.

A few nights ago I sat in an Italian railway compartment talking with two Englishmen who had just completed a bicycle tour thru Italy, an Italian architect who was just returning from having spent several years in Chicago, his French wife who was an opera singer in Milan. We sat talking of communism, commercialism, pacifism, in fact all the isms, so heartedly that when the Italian ventured to speak the name of Mussolini we all pictured ourselves, and not too fantastically, spending a cozy night in an Italian jail!

We had been talking there for some time, the pattern seemed fixed, when suddenly with a single twist all these people were gone. I should probably never see them again, it was midnight and I was sitting in the station at Milan drinking coffee and waiting for my train to be made up, which would carry me on to Paris.

Away from this city of Leonardo and the fantastically beautiful cathedral without glimpsing it—travelling in the darkness like a mole under-ground.

Thru Switzerland by night is an experience not to be recommended! As if these majestic mountains resented your indifference in daring to go thru them in darkness, they toss you, roll you, throw you about until you cling to your berth as to a slippery wall while the car creeks in every joint exactly as a ship in a rough sea.

To add to the interest of the situation three times in the night the customs officials burst open the door of the compartment, threw on the light directly in my eyes, held a guttural and incomprehensible conversation together and went away. Having taken no notice of me or my luggage. With that helpless-in-the-clutch-of-the-law feeling which customs officials always give you, and certain of being a criminal, tho not certain why, I would lie trembling in the glare for a few moments and then switch off the light and turn over to sleep. Only to be awakened by a bang and a glare to go thru the process again. It was as if they were rehearsing for the time when they really would come in and look at my luggage. They never did. Perhaps, as in amateur theatricals, they expended their enthusiasm in too many rehearsals and never had the energy to put the performance on.

Next day we were going thru the lovely, rainy little villages of France. With their sagging roofs and old grey stone they looked even more charming thru the veil of rain, as if one had caught them at home instead of when they were dressed up ready to go out.

The first days in Paris are delirious ones. It would be hard to say why, or what it is that makes walking down the rue de la Paix from the Opera, where one has alighted from one's bus to the Place Vendome, where one will get one's mail, a thrilling experience. Then there is walking on the Rue de Rivoli with the other Americans, perhaps meeting someone you didn't know was here, there is Rumpelmayer's for pastries and tea, Prunier's for the best lobster in the world, the cafe de la Paix, where you sit stacking up saucers and cigarette ends, and Worth's, where you watch the inhumanly thin mannequins parade by. The large ladies watching them remind you of the picture in a French journal of the lady protesting that this didn't look the same on her as on the model, and the manager replying, "Yes, madame, but it's the dress we sell and not the lady."

All this and more is Paris, and thrilling because of that magic which is not imaginary, but real. Now Sunday peace has

descended on this little garden in the midst of the famous Latin quarter, sunlight is pouring down and the song of birds, and every hour the chimes from the church the unloved Anne of Austria built in celebration of the birth of her son Louis the Fourteenth. It is a day to sit and dream to forget the rue de la Paix and its gay windows, and remember an older Paris which still lives.

Two RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

NORTH CAPE-BALTIC SUMMER CRUISES

S.S. "Carinthia"—June 26
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Raymond-Whitcomb North Cape Cruises for almost ten years have been the most popular Summer Cruises to sail from America. This year there will be TWO Raymond-Whitcomb Summer Cruises to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

The cruise-ships will be sister-ships—the newest Cunarders—specially designed for cruising. Sailing just after the close of schools and colleges, these cruises have consistently attracted younger people and families bound for a vacation together. They may be taken as a complete holiday in themselves (generous shore excursions characterize the programs) or as a delightful new way to Paris.

The routes include Iceland, the North Cape and Hammerfest, Trondhjem, the most beautiful of the Norwegian Fjords and the cities of Scandinavia and the Baltic—Bergen, Oslo, Stockholm, Visby, Tallinn (Esthonian capital), Helsingfors (capital of Finland) and Copenhagen.

The rates—\$800 up—include assured homeward accommodations by such noted Cunard liners as the "Aquitania", "Berengaria" and "Mauretania" as well as the "Carinthia" and "Franconia".

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Never Old Enough to Play in Street

"You will never be old enough to play in the street," is the warning on the March safety poster issued by the Chicago Motor club to approximately 25,000 school rooms in fifty-eight counties in northern Illinois and northern Indiana.

The picture portrays several children at play in the streets, while passing automobiles place them in imminent peril.

The letter to teachers, which accompanied each poster, pointed out the results obtained through motor club safety methods in the schools of Hamond, Ind. In the school year of 1926-27 in that city, ten pupils were killed in automobile accidents. In the following year, during which school boys' patrols were organized and the lessons portrayed in safety posters were earnestly stressed, only one child was killed by motor traffic.

This experience, according to the accident prevention department of the motor club, clearly demonstrates that the methods now employed are successful. A similar reduction, although not so drastic, was noted by the department in the number of children injured in Chicago in 1927 and 1928.

The cabarets and shows of Paris are now getting ready to welcome many thousands of students, who have gotten money from their parents for a foreign tour to complete their education.

The people are urged to open their eyes and see the evils that afflict the country, but unfortunately when they see any new evil, they usually want to find out how it tastes also.

Some folks are looking forward eagerly to the crime investigation, as it may suggest some new ones that they can commit.

Seek Young Men for Game Keeper Classes

The Game Conservation society of 20 East 42nd street, New York City, which operates the Game Conservation Institute at Clinton, New Jersey, announces that it will give instructions free of charge to fifteen young men in a new class which is just forming.

This school, at which theoretical and practical training in the production of game birds of all kinds is taught, is the first institution of its kind in the world. Its purpose is to train gamekeepers so that the demands of sportsmen's clubs, State Game Commissions and private individuals for trained men can be filled. The society also announces that it has just completed a new dormitory for students on the fourteen hundred acre tract comprising the school property.

This new class which is limited to fifteen students is being started at this time owing to the fact that over half of the first class at the school secured situations before they had completed their course of training.

Meat Consumption Showing Changes

If it had not been for the pig family there might have been a possible meat shortage in the United States last year. Official statements issued from Washington show a big increase in the production of pork, and there was also a gain in lamb and mutton production. This was entirely offset by the fact that beef slaughter fell off 632,000,000 pounds in 1927 and 774,000,000 pounds in 1928.

It is fortunate that we have statisticians who are able to figure out that the per capita consumption of meat in 1928 was exactly 138 pounds, which was 1.7 pounds less per capita than was consumed in 1927.

The per capita consumption of beef in 1928 was 51.7 pounds, which has been found to be the lowest record in the United States.

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