



## RAYMOND WHITCOMB

# MEXICO LAND CRUISES

▲ *Mexico City*—already ancient when the Spanish Conquistadors supplanted the proud Aztecs—can be visited this Winter in the most comfortable circumstances ever presented. A week in the brilliant Mexican capital, with its gay boulevards and splendid architecture, and visits to Cuernavaca, Xochimilco, Puebla, the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, Guadalupe and Monterrey.

▲ *From San Antonio*—January 29 to February 10. February 11 to February 23. February 24 to March 8. Or in conjunction with a Land Cruise to California, leaving Chicago January 26, February 7 and 21. \$325 and up from San Antonio and return.

## SEA CRUISES for 1929-1930

## Round the World

North German Lloyd S.S. "Columbus"  
January 21—106 days—\$2000 up

## West Indies

New Holland-America Line S.S. "Statendam"  
December 21 & January 9 (16 days)  
January 29 & February 25 (25 days)

## Winter Mediterranean

Conard S.S. "Carinthia"—January 23

## Round South America

Conard S.S. "Samaris"—February 1

## Spring Mediterranean

Conard S.S. "Carinthia"—April 8

## North Cape-Russia

S.S. "Carinthia"—June 24

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## FLUID TIME

Cruising lazily in imagination through these southern seas, in that general portion of the globe airily indicated by Harry Franck in his title "East of Siam," we are moved to wonder what life on one of these remote story-book islands would be like? "The Sandwich Islands," "The Friendly Islands," the "Society Islands," all of these have the sound of picnics and hospitality. Would it if we were able to drop off here seem to us either like a picnic or hospitable? What is the life of the whites who are voluntary exiles here? What brings them, and what keeps them? Have they some inordinate passionate longing for coral strewn beaches, for blue skies?

Our wondering takes us back to a fascinating book written by James Norman Hall, one of the few articulates among the exiles. It is called "On the Stream of Travel." In it he describes some of the people whom he has had for neighbors in these far places—some of his neighbors living eight or more hundred miles away.

Of one man who particularly caught his imagination he says, "I came to the conclusion that he is one of those men who love solitude as other men love beauty; that to him it is really a manifestation of beauty in its most ravishing, pitiless form."

The natives called him the "forgotten one." Concerning his own residence in Tahiti he explains that it is only there that thus far in his life has he had enough time for things he loves—to loaf, to think, to dream, to read,—time to lose track of time. There its tyranny loosens its hold "You find that you are losing your old conception of time. It becomes, like the air, fluid, seemingly inexhaustible, you live in it and by it but it never intrudes itself as something not to be wasted. You do waste it prodigally—but I am not at all convinced that this is to be deplored."

Let us stop and pack up some of this fluid time and bring it back with us, let us mix it with, and so soften, some of our own unyielding variety.

THE UNANSWERING  
DEAD

## "LETTERS TO WOMEN"

By Joseph Auslander. Harper & Bros.

Sometimes, though rarely, in this age when our poets write novels, a poet speaks authentically in his own language, with his own voice. This happened when Stephen Vincent Benet wrote "John Brown's Body," this has happened, we believe, though on a far slighter scale, in Joseph

Auslander's "Letters to Women." Taking eight women, all of them illustrious in one manner or another, Mr. Auslander has evoked them, or some special quality of them in the letters he has written. As he says in his introductory "Apology" "I have written these Letters to Dead Ladies because in these women, singly and severally, I found certain qualities of mind and heart, outside the fascination of their personalities which we are in desperate need of today."

Being able as he says to "let himself go" since those to whom he writes are beyond feeling pain at his evocation or anger at his reproach, he brings to light the tragedy or the beauty in the life of each. For Fanny Brawre the reproach that her "beauty set a seal upon high song's most brief and bitter codicil." He remembers of Elinor Wylie "the crystal phrase that splinters being broken," of Amy Lowell "your courage, and your gaiety and that intensity of all things—and your talk," of Eleanora Duse "You were like sunset and a single tower trembling in dead light."

Perhaps the best, the most original interpretation is that of Lot's Wife, perhaps the finest, purest poetry is in the letter to Sappho. But all of them are good, in each he has caught something of that fragrance which if it lingers thru the years we call immortality.

## MAY HAPPINESS BE YOURS This New Year

and

### Throughout the Years to Come

as well as

### Good Health and Prosperity



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### American Freight Is Nearing Perfection

America's unparalleled fast freight facilities were reflected again last month in an "on time" record that was 94.00 per cent perfect, according to transportation experts of the Chicago Association of Commerce. Of 68,000 package cars leaving Chicago during the month, 63,922 reached their destinations all over the United States and Canada on schedule, a record almost unparalleled in American railroad history. Of the comparatively small number of cars reported late, 3,122, or 4.60 per cent, were one day tardy and only 947, or 1.39 per cent, were two days late or longer.

The great showing made by the carriers serving Chicago shippers last month indicates marked improvement over the same period last year, when, of the 52,575 cars studied by the Association of Commerce, 48,036, or 91.37 per cent reached their consignees according to the time table.

## Then They Say Good Night

Teacher: What is the order of Bath?

Johnny: Tommy comes first, then Willie, and then the baby. Chicago Tribune.

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