

Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER Authors. . . . The Wallendas and "Ivory Pavane." . . .
Youth and the Church. . . . Criticising "War and Some Critics." . . . Age and Joy.

"FOOL VOYAGE" in spite of storms and winds and seas is continuing round the world. A cable from Alan Villiers from Capetown, South Africa, some weeks ago said briefly: "All well. Thirty-one day passage. Visited island of Tristan da Cunha. Sailing for East Indies May 13th." He is writing the adventures of the *Joseph Conrad* under sail and they will appear in SCRIBNER's from time to time. The first instalment, published in this number, was mailed from Rio. We're waiting now for the South African mail. His book *Grain Race*, the story of the four-masted barque *Parma*, carrying grain from Australia to the English Channel by way of Cape Horn, was described as giving "the life and lore of men under sail—all to be gone forever in less than a dozen years." "Fool Voyage" is more of that. To the real sailor apparently, eating salt horse and biscuit and dipping a bucket of cold sea water when there is time to bathe are minor matters compared to the sound of the wind in the sails.

Robert Briffault, whose book *The Mothers* has had wide social significance, has now written *Europa*, to be published in the fall. It is a brilliant novel of post-War European society; of intrigue, romance, and unrest, which reflects some of the beliefs that Mr. Briffault expresses in "Is Man Improving?" He is an Englishman, a journalist, an anthropologist, now living in France.

A newspaper clipping came in the other day bearing the information that the issues of SCRIBNER's between May and October, 1929, in which Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* appeared are now worth about seven dollars to collectors. The rumor has not been traced to its source, but this issue carries the third instalment of his "Green Hills of Africa."

Langston Hughes, who writes "Big Meeting," has been living in Mexico City for the past six months. At present

he is working on the translations of a series of Mexican and Cuban short stories, modern ones, for an anthology picturing in fiction the troubles and trials of those two lands in these times. He has been given the work of all the best Mexican and Cuban short-story writers. The Guggenheim Foundation has just granted him a Fellowship for Creative Writing and he intends to use it to write a novel. The seventh edition of his poems *The Weary Blues* has just appeared, his novel *Not Without Laughter* has recently been published in Paris, and the English edition of *The Ways of White Folks* has caused much comment in India and South Africa where the color problem is intense. One of the Mexican Government's new text-books for the primary schools contains two of his poems preceding a child's story pointing out the evils of color prejudice.

Canon Bernard Iddings Bell is at the moment just about to return from spending two months in England, where he has been preaching at Westminster Abbey and elsewhere. He has lately published a book called *Preface to Religion*, which consisted of his Coleman lectures for 1935 at Lafayette College. "Farewell to the Yankee" was originally an address to the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants, who were neither bored by it, he says, nor offended.

The year that Alice Beal Parsons graduated from college her family went to live on a thousand-acre farm in Windsor County, Vermont. She had been born and brought up in the Middle West and "That half-deserted, utterly lovely Vermont countryside seemed, and still seems to me, one of the most heavenly places in the world to live. But it was outside the modern world, a lost paradise, a place from which human activity had drained away. And surely it was my duty, and often it was my desire, to live in the world. It was out of this experience and this mood that 'Meantime the Summer Wind' was written." In two years her father died and at the age of twenty-two she man-

aged the farm—a thousand sheep, a herd of forty cows, a sugar bush, a little lake from which they cut their ice; timber, Yankee farm laborers, Italian laborers, French Canadian lumberjacks. "Also," she says, "there were as interesting people in the country round about as I have ever known. Yet far away, outside this remote and lovely land, the modern world was going on about us, and we in a very vital way outside it." Marriage took her to Illinois, illness to Colorado. During the War she secured the services of Clarence Darrow to defend a group of people from her home in Rockford, Illinois, who had been arrested for anti-war and labor activities. For a while she was business manager of *The World Tomorrow* and she wrote reviews for nearly all the outstanding journals of the day. She has written *Woman's Dilemma*, three other novels, and articles and stories for all the well-known magazines.

As Beverley Nichols explains in "Stopping Wars and Starting Gardens," people either know him immediately as an ardent pacifist and author of *Cry Havoc*, that first book to show up the munitions racket, or they think of him as the author of the hilarious *Down the Garden Path*, the gardener's delight. In this article he explains how these interests fit into each other.

The anonymous author of "Advice to Summer Grandmothers" is, as the article indicates, the mother of two children, to whom, she says, with some more frivolous activities, she devoted herself exclusively until 1929, when the family exchequer was seriously depleted. "Not, I believe, a unique experience," she adds. She is one of those people who decided that free lance writing was a good way to earn money without taking a regular job, and not only thought it was a good idea, but actually put it into effect. She has been writing for many of the national magazines on houses and children, using her own as a talking point yet keeping up

with the newest psychological slants through books and through actual study in Child Guidance clinics.

John Cournos was born in Russia and came to this country at the age of ten. He had about two years of schooling. From the age of ten to twelve he sold papers in the streets of Philadelphia, then worked in a woollen mill, progressing from bobbin-boy to spinning-mule runner. Then he was an office boy in a Philadelphia newspaper office, and progressed to associate editor, when he left for London in 1912, where he supported himself as a free lance. In 1917 he went with Hugh Walpole to Russia as a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission appointed by the British Foreign Office, arriving in Petrograd on the eve of the Bolshevik coup, and remaining there nearly six months, finally getting out by way of Murmansk (200 miles beyond the Arctic Circle) where he lived in a train for four weeks while waiting for a boat to pick him up. He is the author of nine novels—his first one, *The Mask*, was published in England, America, Germany, and Scandinavia; of a biography, a play, and a book of poems. With E. S. O'Brien he edited the first four issues of *The Best British Short Stories*, he has translated more than fifteen Russian books and contributed to many American magazines. He is now writing his autobiography to be published in the fall. "It will tell," he says, "of my dogged struggle to keep from going to the dogs, or how I managed (or think I managed) to keep my head above the slimy welter we call Civilization."

Marie Caldwell is a New Englander born and bred. She went to school in Boston and graduated from Simmons College there. Later on she went back as instructor in public documents which, she says, sounds terrific but really wasn't. After she married, she writes, "I plunged into writing short stories and kept it up more or less until we began our wandering career five years ago, when my typewriter, unable to sprout four legs, wings, and a tail, gave out trying to keep up with us. This winter we have been living in New York, where I have been pursuing a play-writing course at Columbia with much amusement, and, I hope, profit. This summer it will be England again

and next winter, New York, perhaps, and the play-writing course, or maybe China or Cambodia or the 'Faraway Isles.' I never know!"

William Gaver grew up in Maryland and followed, as he puts it, the prescribed educational route to Princeton as a matter of course. He was in naval aviation during the war and has been chained pretty closely to a typewriter by one kind of work and another ever since. He has been a newspaper reporter, publicity man, advertising copywriter and account executive and a general free lance. His newspaper experience took in *The Baltimore Sun*, a Pittsburgh local press service, and a small weekly in Maryland, which he edited for several years. He is now doing free-lance writing in New York.

W. P. Lawson was born in New York City, but at an early age was sent to a boarding school in Richmond, Virginia, owing to a Southern complex on the part of his father, an unreconstructed Confederate veteran. There he "acquired an accent and the ability to recite all the counties of Virginia and reasons why the South was right, even though defeated, in the Civil War, together with the fact that the war was not fought over slavery as people in the North—Yankees to us—insisted. Licked by several of the school boys because I was a dam' Yank, and on returning North licked by several of the school boys because I talked like a Southerner." When he left college he took a job on *The New York Sun* as a reporter, studying law at night till he was ordered West for his health. He entered the Forest Service as a forest guard and after taking ranger examinations some time later was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger. He wrote *The Log of a Timber Cruiser* and was in consequence transferred to Washington and put in charge of Service publicity. He has since worked variously at editorial jobs on magazines and in publishing houses and has written three novels and many stories and articles.

Raymond Holden's first book of poems was *Granite and Alabaster*, published in 1920. His second, *Landscape with Figures*, was published in 1930. In the meantime he has published a biography of Lincoln and several detective

novels and has a new novel coming out in the fall.

At Dartmouth, Kenneth A. Robinson teaches American literature. He was born and brought up in Maine, has spent a lot of time abroad and a number of summers in the Virginia Blue Ridge where some of his other poems have been laid. He has published a lot of verse and wants to write a great deal more, especially on American themes and subjects.

HERMAN, Joseph, Karl and Helen Wallenda, star high-wire troupe of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey, have expressed special appreciation and enthusiasm for the drawings by Edward Shenton which illustrated Charles Cooke's story of the circus, "Ivory Pavane," in the May issue of the Magazine. The conception of the Norns with scissors, ready for an ominous snip of the thread seemed to them an extraordinary parallel to the peculiar danger to which high-wire troupes are subjected.

Once more an article discussing the status of religion and its place in the world today brings in its wake a number of letters, pro and con:

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH

Sir: Having just read in your May issue the article by Josephine K. Newton "Youth Challenges the Church" I cannot resist the temptation to express my appreciation of the addition of this writer to your staff.

We younger generation have altogether too long been the victims of the editorial interpretation of our thoughts and emotions by those whose only qualifications for the task seem to be an active imagination and a flare for the spectacular.

Miss Newton's picture of the attitude on religion is clear cut, analytical, and ably presented. It has crystalized in my mind the reasons why I myself find the Church so unsatisfying. It is one of those articles that you lay aside with the thought that it's just what you've been trying to say all along, and the realization that you could not have said it half as well.

If the problems of modern youth are to be the subject of editorial comment in your pages in the future, then let it be by some one who like Miss Newton combines the ability to write with a knowledge of the subject.

In these troublesome days there are no doubt many other problems that would bear exposure to the light of day. I shall await with interest Miss Newton's next article.

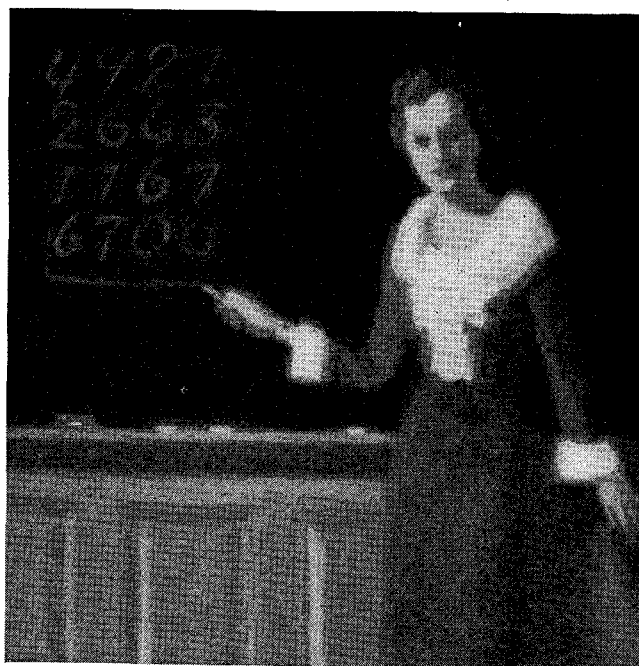
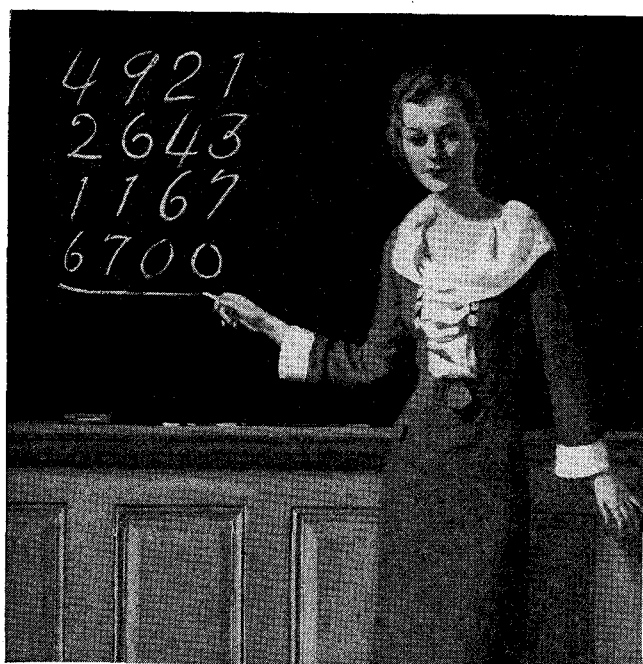
Sincerely yours,

DAVID S. MEIKLEJOHN.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

(Continued on page 16)

Test Eyesight Regularly



The Blackboard Problem—as it looks to Jim and as it looks to Bill

BILL failed in arithmetic. He couldn't add blurry figures that wouldn't stand still. Poor vision is a tough handicap to a child in school. At least one in every ten has some form of defective eyesight.

A Special Warning

Contrary to a widespread idea that the Fourth of July has been made "safe and sane," the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness states that the toll of accidents from fireworks was greater last year than in many previous years.

prevent many eye troubles. Have your eyes examined regularly, even though they seem to be normal. Never wear glasses which have not been prescribed. Don't read with the light shining into

Many of these uncorrected defects are progressive and cause increasing eye-strain and impairment of vision. Eye-strain may lead to severe recurring headaches, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, dizziness and other disorders.

In older people there are other conditions of the eyes which are far more serious than imperfect vision. If untreated, they may eventually lead to blindness. Glaucoma and cataract can be present and in the first stages give little indication of their threat to your sight. Recognized early, glaucoma may be successfully treated; a cataract may be removed by an operation.

Good reading habits of young and old



your eyes, or without your doctor's consent when recovering from serious illness, or when lying down—unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your eyes below the line of vision. Hold your work or book about 14 inches from your eyes.

Don't use public towels or rub your eyes. Conjunctivitis and other communicable diseases may follow. Do not use any medication for diseases of the eyes unless it has been prescribed for the purpose.

Make sure that no member of your family is endangering his sight. You are cordially invited to send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Care of the Eyes." Address Booklet Department 735-S.

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If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

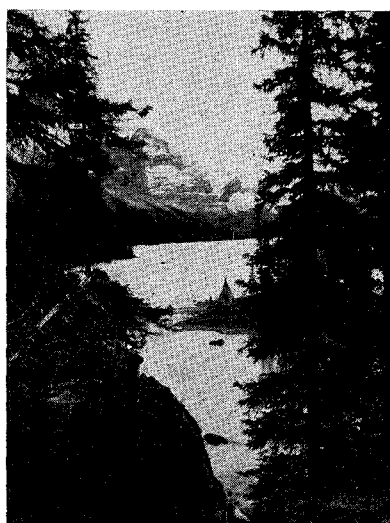
● There are no seasons in the city. . . . Rodeos, races and National Parks in the West and how to get there. . . . Boat Trips to the Coast. . . . Hay Fever cures and other aspects of Canada. . . . Mexico and South America.

IN New York—and I imagine it holds for other cities as well—you never know about the seasons. Everybody is always saying that, of course, but I don't mean it in the usual sense alone—the sense that unless you happen to live near the Park you never know whether the leaves are spring green on the trees, or autumn yellow, or whether they're on the trees at all. That's bad enough for the soul, but after five years or so one either gets numb or goes to the Park to find out what the earth is up to. I'm talking about something quite different.

Does any one think any more, for instance, that Christmas comes on the 25th of December? Not with every store in town draped in holly the minute the Thanksgiving turkeys are out of the window. And when the holly comes down and winter sets in in earnest, what do the window dressers do but set up a beach scene for you and throw you on toward summer. No longer are we allowed to enjoy the fleeting moment to the full. No longer may we breathe in the spring night, holding the moment close, gloating, "Ah, now it is May," but the stores, the papers, and even the magazines shout at us, "but in less than a minute it will be the Fourth of July and what are you planning to do about it?" I have even become used to hearing hurdy-gurdies, those sure harbingers of spring, on cold December nights when no bird even dreamed of singing. But the other day I was walking along Fourteenth Street—warm it was—a hot day even—and I in a cool dark print, and suddenly I knew the world was upside down. I stopped, I frowned, I sniffed. I felt all at once the cool crispness of October; so unerring is our sense of smell in the complete recapturing of a mood, that my fingers all but tingled with the cold. There at the curb was the indifferent cause of my maladjustment. A tired little man behind a cart, selling *hot chestnuts* on an afternoon in May. Shades of the misty Paris streets in late

November, what would you say to that? Then I knew it was time to go away. Such psychological wrenches cannot be borne indefinitely and leave us sane.

But even more important. If we are to be thus befuddled in our knowledge of how the earth turns in our own immediate surroundings, how much less are we able to know or visualize the real and vital changes that are taking place in other parts of the country, and what



Courtesy Canadian Nat'l Railways
JASPER PARK, CANADA

they mean to the lives of the people there and, accordingly, to us. What do we know about Iowa cornfields in July, for instance? Maybe some version of the old adage about the corn being "knee-high by the Fourth of July" but not much else. Do we know that by that time the corn is too tall for any more cultivating, and that all a farmer can do is to sit back and pray for rain, and the proper number of hot days—and that on how his prayers are answered depends to great extent (and whatever is left of the AAA willing) the price of our morning bacon next year? And even if we know so much, what do we know of the northwestern ranching country and the price of beef, of the

Southwest, or the National Parks, of California and the San Diego Fair?

THE WEST

Not content with nature's wonders, the West is scheming to outrival the rest of the country in amusements too this summer. California, besides the Fair, offers among other things in July symphony concerts four nights every week by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl, the Tenth Annual Horse Show at Santa Barbara and the Second Intercollegiate Crew Races at Long Beach. The Long-acres racing season in Seattle opens July 14 and goes on for fifty-nine days. Tacoma, Washington, will entertain the scouting squadron of the United States Fleet during Fleet Week, July 13 to 19, and Seattle will do the same July 29 to August 4, if you like that sort of thing. Rodeos are as colorful, varied and numerous as ever. The Championship Rodeo at Butte, Montana, is July 13-15. "Frontier Days" at Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 24-27, so they tell me, "will feature the volcanic bucking horse, *Five-Minutes-To-Midnight*." Ellensburg, Washington, will have a rodeo August 31 to September 2; Pendleton, Oregon, will have one some time in September; and Red Lodge, Montana, expects an enormous crowd on July 4-6 because of the opening of tourist traffic over the new Red Lodge highway to Yellowstone Park. Cody, Wyoming, and Livingston, Montana, will put on their annual rodeos.

Some one, who has known both, once pointed out to me the striking kinship of feeling between the tall, rangy cowboys with their interminable interchange of drawling, good-natured banter, their never-ceasing razzing of each other, and the lean, limber professional baseball players whose quick, sharp, staccato chatter barks always across the green diamond in the sun, and stops for nothing less than the swift, smart crack of ball on bat, continuing the minute that the cheers subside. So you baseball



Courtesy National Railways of Mexico

THREE FISHERMEN AT LAKE PATZCUARO, MEXICO

addicts, if the Pirates or the Tigers or the Senators aren't doing so well, and if it's the cocky spirit and feel of the sport as well as the scores that you care about, try ranching for a summer or get out and make the rounds of the rodeos for awhile and see if my friend is right. Ride 'em, Cowboy!

The West is even dressing up the National Parks. At Grand Canyon, for instance, there has been such demand for modern, comfortable accommodations at a wide price range, that the first unit of a new Bright Angel Lodge, on the South Rim of Grand Canyon, near the head of the Bright Angel Trail was opened June 15. It is an enormous project with a Main Lodge and guest cabins, but you'll be able to use it whether you're budget-conscious or not. Rates start at \$2.

And then about getting West. In the first place, nearly all trains on all lines are now air-conditioned. Railroad rates have never been so advantageous; tourist cars, which we east of Chicago know too little about, have been newly conditioned on many lines to provide cool, and more-than-comfortable travelling for especially thrifty voyagers; you can buy "scrip books" in denominations of \$15, \$30, or \$90 which are good for rail tickets on any of the railroads or for payment for meals, or for space in sleeping and parlor cars. If you hate carrying lots of cash, it's a good system to try. Moreover, if you care to, you can ship your car by an expedited transportation service for passenger automobiles. I have before me a list of eleven Escorted All-expense Tours leaving Chicago for Yellowstone, Utah-Arizona National Parks, Old Mexico, California, and practically all parts or combinations of same, including one

trip to Alaska, which are offered at incredible bargains. From eight days to fourteen days, from \$116 to \$212.54. Yosemite tours from Fresno or Merced go from two days at \$25 to four days at \$58. The Yellowstone season is from June 20 to September 9, and there's a tour for every vacation, no matter how short, and at a price to your liking.

GOING BY BOAT

If you have a yen for boat trips and yet want to see the West into the bargain, that's easy too. There are, of course, the liners that take you to California via the Panama Canal at prices to your taste—\$185 minimum on one line, and \$250 on another where every room is outside and has its own bath. Something different, refreshing and restful, is a Great Lakes Cruise, with or without car. You can go from Buffalo, down Lake Erie, up Lake Huron and across Superior to Duluth or vice versa for \$42 one way or \$82 round trip (car \$30 extra) and have nine days—a whole ocean voyage full—of all the joys of shipboard, plus scenery enough to delight you for many days more. There are shorter voyages and combinations of rail-water trips, from \$17 up. Detroit-Buffalo and return, for instance, is just \$17; Detroit-Mackinac Island and return is \$28. Once at Duluth, if you take the six-day, one-way passage from Buffalo to Duluth you can proceed on your western tour by car or train as scheduled. It makes a nice break especially if you're driving. In addition to that boating experience, there's a regular weekly service to Alaska from Vancouver, and a special ten and a half-day Alaskan cruise will sail from Vancouver July 31.

(Continued on page 14)

"I bought a WITCH DOCTOR'S charm"

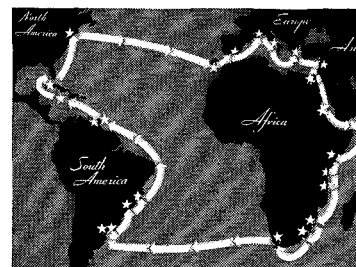


"I saw crocodiles in the Nile. I rode a cable car to Sugar Loaf Mountain in Rio. Why, I have enough memories to last for years! I saw gay Mediterranean ports, primitive East Africa, modern South Africa, ultra modern South America, and the romantic West Indies.

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Thrill to the

MEXICO

Not Known to
TOURISTS

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Thrill to MEXICO'S Byways

If I Should Ever Travel

(Continued from page 11)

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS

It has come to our attention that in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, there is a hotel which offers free accommodations to any hay fever victim who fails to obtain absolute relief after two days at the establishment. The offer was inaugurated some years ago, and they say that no one has ever asked that it be fulfilled.

That, of course, is only one thing about Canada. If you are after really wild country, real wilderness, real *fish-ing*, Canada is your destination. There are innumerable lodges and camps which provide guides and lodging. At one camp in Northern Ontario the rate is \$24 a week for one person in a single tent or \$30 a week for one person in cabin room. A non-resident family fishing license for the entire season costs \$8; for single person \$5.50. The black bass season is from July 1 to October 15; salmon and lake trout, from November 16 to October 14—almost all year; speckled trout, May 1 to September 4.

Apparently the Canadian Rockies are full of spectacular scenery, excellent mountain and riding trails and pulse-quickeners names. In the Banff-Lake Louise district, for instance, there is Black Douglas Mountain, on the Red Deer River Trail; Yoho Valley (beautiful glacial country); Bow Lake; Crowfoot Glacier; Little Yoho Creek, and the mountains rising from Wolverine Plateau. Now if there isn't sweep and splendor and the wilderness in the very names!

The Jasper Park region, near there, is, of course, famous in the Canadian Rockies. Nobody needs tell you about the country and the recreation it affords, and anyway, unless you saw it for yourself you could never believe it's all that they say. From there it is only a jump to Vancouver or Seattle or Victoria and that trip to Alaska. Regular sailings leave Vancouver—a nine-day trip costs \$85 or an eleven-day cruise \$100.

MEXICO

Tourist tides wax and wane with the fluctuations in currency, and so Mexico, Central and South America are becoming more and more available for any of us who know a good opportunity when we see one.

One very good reason for seeing Mexico in the summer is that the heat is never oppressive there because of the

Life

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★ Everyone remembers you . . . gives you that pleasant little glow of realizing we're glad to have you here, and want you to be comfortable.

Beds are deep and very soft, rooms are bright and pleasantly furnished.

The food at Hotel Cleveland is famous. Rare delicacies that remind you of France, or simple dishes prepared in the homelike way you enjoy them.

In addition to being Cleveland's most modern and comfortable hotel, this is also the most centrally located in the city. Hotel Cleveland is only one step, via covered passage, from your train, and two steps from anywhere you'll want to go in the city.



Rooms from \$2.50 for one, \$4 for two.

**HOTEL
CLEVELAND**
Cleveland

high altitudes and you can expect to sleep under blankets even in July and August. A study tour of Mexico starts from St. Louis July 1 and returns July 19. The rates? From San Antonio and back, \$300; St. Louis, \$343; Los Angeles, \$355; Chicago, \$358; New York, \$390; Boston, \$405. If that is too short notice, there are new fortnightly water-rail trips to Mexico with a minimum round trip fare from New York or from practically any mainline railroad starting point in the United States and return, of \$300 which includes, on ship-board, accommodations in an outside room with private bath. This is a twenty-one-day trip. If the budget won't stand that, try a sixteen-day all-expense cruise to Mexico City for \$175, or a twenty-three-day cruise at \$205. Or, if you prefer to get to Mexico City in your own way, there are innumerable all-expense tours, once you get there, to take you to all the out-of-the-way places, yet which insure not only hotel accom-

modations and a guide, but a minimum of trouble and expense. The tale is that these trips save you from ten to fifty per cent over the cost of unplanned, hit-or-miss travel.

SOUTH AMERICA

And that brings us to South America. Perhaps it is the most unknown continent of all to me. So much so, that I'd welcome letters on the subject that'll tell me of more than ancient civilizations thickly overgrown with forest, or mountains higher than the Alps, or jungles, coffee, Indians. This much I know, that always near at hand, somehow, are the most modern hotels in the most modern, sophisticated, and always—from pictures I've seen—white-gleaming cities. What I want to know is how the country *feels*, the little things people who live there do that make it different from our way of doing things—for every country is different from an-

other in its little mannerisms, just as people are different, and we love them for these differences—anyway, what I want to know in so many words, is the secret of South America's charm. For it has it. Regular cruises to its west coast on boats with all outside rooms, each with its private bath, attest the fact that people are going there in large numbers. The Pan-American Medical Association is holding its Cruise-Congress to Rio de Janeiro this month, and a 12,000-mile cruise is visiting Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. A forty-one-day tour of this latter sort, all expenses, costs \$515 first class and \$360 tourist, and sails from New York July 6. Another like it sails July 20.

That just about covers the Western Hemisphere. If I didn't have other plans I'd be taking a six o'clock train out of Chicago some summer evening and be finding myself in the heart of the corn country by midnight. Where are you bound?



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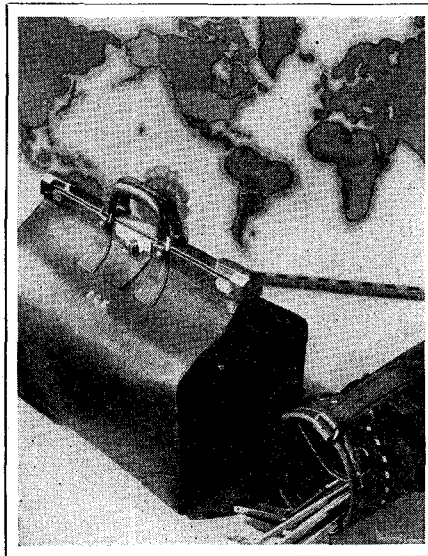
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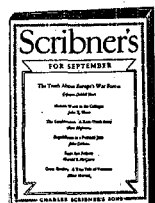
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6,636

It does not take a lot of fancy writing to state facts. So we say to you that

- 3,577 readers tell us they are thinking about a cruise somewhere in 1935.
- 2,058 others say they are going abroad.
- 1,001 more say "some kind of a cruise," week-end, West Indies, California, South America.
- You can't take a "sail" without money.
- You can't buy dresses, shoes, coats, handbags, trunks and bags without money. In other words, to take any kind of boat anywhere, you have to have money.



• 6,636 X the cost of tickets for one or more members of a family mean purchasing power — something well beyond seven figures in the case of these Scribner homes.

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 64)

"THE CHURCH"

Sir: For readers informed about the world field, particularly in matters religious, your article by Josephine K. Newton carries its own reply. But since this article repeats tersely and interestingly most of the heated protests now issuing from flaming youth, I suggest that you be fair to all of your readers by arranging for another article, to be prepared by a qualified authority, in rejoinder to the contentions made by Miss Newton.

Of course it is not unusual for a writer to reveal, as Miss Newton does, her total lack of good reasoning, when she makes a hundred-per-cent case as to the general breakdown of our social order, including demolition of old ideas and standards, yet complains that the church is not instantly ready with a prescribed and sure cure for all these maladies.

But the lady no doubt speaks for a large element among our youth of today, who themselves furnish a social problem of diagnosis and prescription. The case is not made more easy by the obvious ignorance of the speaker as to what is really being done or taught today by "the church."

Some of the charges are only silly. But among the errors of the author are two of particular moment: How can the question be intelligently approached by one who masses all the churches into one body and talks about "the church"? And would it not be more heroic to stay in, or come in, and help "the church" to give religion its new and proper interpretation and application?

While the Detroit radio priest fills the air eight nights in the week with attacks on all and sundry, and receives the official sanction of his bishop, not even the conservative Roman Catholic Church can well be indicted as the chief offender among those criticized by Miss Newton. As for Protestants, though she mentions the issue between fundamentalists and modernists, she apparently misses its meaning in connection with her own indictment of "the church." Isn't it just because modernists are doing the very things Miss Newton wants done, that they are so bitterly attacked by the fundamentalists?

Even the old issue of "too many sects" sounds today rather old-timey and out-moded, in view of what things are actually being done in many parts of this broad land.

W. P. LOVETT,

Executive Secretary, Detroit Citizens League.
Detroit, Mich.

"War and Some Critics" in the April issue by Major John W. Thomason, Jr., stirs up the following:

CORPS OF OFFICERS

Sir: The article by Major Thomason has interested me a great deal, being one of the few modern instances I know of where a member of the profession of arms has raised his voice to discuss anything outside of contract bridge, alcohol, prize-fighting, and the impending peril of Communism in the United States. To my notion, which was gained from service in the ranks during the World War, the trade of professional soldier is a lot more respectable than most people imagine, and I indite these lines less in criticism of it than of Major Thomason's style of defending it. Simply, he says things that are stupid or untrue.

His untruth begins with his round statement that "the American Corps of Officers has never set up a 'Man on Horseback' or threatened with bayonets the liberties of a free people."

To that the only rejoinder I can think of is, well, by God, they have too. General George B. McClellan tried to function as a man on horseback, and he had the support of his officers in the attempt. Look up his proclamation laying down a military and civil policy for the Administration, if you're curious. As to the "threatened with bayonets," etc., Major Thomason, as a Southerner, should know enough about the military occupation of the South during Reconstruction to know that they did precisely that dogged thing. The records of Sheridan and De Trobriand in Louisiana, Ames in Mississippi, are material that he ought to brush up on if he intends doing this kind of pleading often. If that was too long ago to count, there was a little set-to around Anacostia Flats only a few years since that seemed to threaten what appeared to be liberties with what looked a lot like bayonets.

Anyhow, he proceeds to take a fall out of some amateur critic of warfare who expressed a high regard for the Boers who outlickered the British regulars in South Africa. They had a lot of fun and publicity out of it, but the British, as the major points out, won. It seems to me that this argument might be enriched by taking a squint also at the campaign in which the British cleared East Africa of Germans during the World War. The German forces were under a professional soldier named, if I recollect right, Von Lettow-Vorbeck. The commander of the British was an ex-Boer raider and ex-lawyer named Jan Christiaan Smuts. The British won, and the Germans lost. One recurs, as Major Thomason puts it, to the proposition that if you fight it is best to win.

Poison gas makes Major Thomason hopping mad. We old pike-trailers may be rough, he says in effect, but we've got that good old feeling for the decencies, and we do like to see a war conducted with some respect for good form. Well, a couple of my friends got gassed in the war, one badly. He is now a practising physician, and his only noticeable infirmities are a chronic bronchitis and a passion for golf. The other got a light one, and he is a railroad brakeman. The indecency of crippling men up by such underhanded means becomes glaringly apparent when I compare these cases with a man, once my best friend, who got a hatful of shrapnel blown through him and was left with one arm gone at the neck, one lung collapsed, and his entire body paralyzed for life. Also another friend who was driving a tank that got hit by an H. E. shell and lost his eyesight and most of his face; also another who had his hip-joint pulverized by a tumbling bullet; also another who lost his mind from shell-shock—The list could be made longer. It ought to be a great consolation to these men to know that the sections of flesh and bone which were ripped out of them were ripped with a consistent feeling for the decencies.

In conclusion, the major mentions modestly that professional soldiers did nothing about the World War except fight it, and that on every occasion when war has hit us, they have sauntered unassumingly out and won it for us. One gathers, as he would say, that the maimed men I list hereinabove got shot while sort of standing around and getting under the feet of the Corps of Officers, who were too busy corraling victory to chase the outsiders home where they belonged. There were upwards of two million of them, so it must have been pretty difficult to get things done without falling over them. I retain a memory from that period of some professional officers getting rather tearful for fear that even two million might not be enough, but it appears that their apprehensions were unfounded. They got out and won it alone. It wasn't won by the M. P.'s after all.

H. L. DAVIS,

De Morelos, Mexico.