SEA TRIPS ARE THE BEST RELAXATION OF BUSY MEN

(New York Sun)

Charles M. Schwab, the steelmaker, has made seventy-eight round trips between this country and Europe, as recently he told a reporter for the Sun't Rays. Since most men, however eminent, have their little hobbie, Mr. Schwab's is that he will make at least one hundred such trips, which would probably constitute the world record

The objective of most of his transatlantic voyages has been the pursuit either of business or art, but on a number of occasions, when, mind and body worn from his direction and planning of and for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, he has taken the oceanic jaunt solely for the rest and relaxation afforded by two weeks at sea.

Mr. Schwab's experience and hobby are typical of the times. Few realize how many business executives of vast responsibilities utilize the same method of quick, pleasurable upbuilding after the hard strain of months of work. It has become quite the common thing for hardworked executives to take passage on an Atlantic liner and immediately return to New Yory on the same ship, simply for the sake of the greatful relaxation it affords. Ocean travel has become the ruling impulse in the last ten years of hundreds of thousands, but not every traveler can afford the luxury of merely round-tripping for quiet and rest.

Such men as Mr. Schwab aboard one of the great modern steamships can have complete insolation, if he prefers. He need come into contact with no person aboard the ship except his immediate cabin attendants, the pursurer or, at the end of a voyage, the customs and immigration agents. He can make himself as remote and detached from the world as if he were in the middle of the great American desert. On the other hand, if it so pleases him, he has all modern magic as well as human companionship at his command.

While resting and enjoying the sea air he can direct his business affairs by radio, telegraph or telephone. If he is interested in the stock market he can sit comfortably in the "broad room" of any number of liners and follow the quotations of the nervous ticker. All of the comforts of the land surround him and are at his service through the marvels of electrical science.

In this day and age no traveler feels isolated at sea. With all of the waste of waters around him as small a chip as his great vessel may seem to be upon the illimitable surface of the ocean—he has at his service—at the mere pressure of a button—almost everything he would have if he were in his own home in New York. He can "wire" or telephone to friends on either side of the ocean. There are usually so many people in the ship's company of his acquaintance that he had the choice, if he pleases, of any number of dinner or bridge engagements. There are motion pictures—and nowadays the bigger ships are installing talkies as satisfactory as the movie fan would find in any of the big Broadway houses—deck golf, "horse races," a gynasium, ping pong, tennis, a swimming pool, an athletic instructor and adviser, and a church service on Sunday morning.

Such imaginative men as Mr. Schwab spend some of their time aboard ship—as Mr. Schwab actually does—reflecting upon the history of sea travel—wondering what Mr. Christopher Columbus of Genoa would have thought of such ships as the Leviathan, the Berengaria, the Majestic and the Bremen. Mr. Schwab, sitting comfortably in his private suite, with his ear to an air phone and listening to Mr. Grace of the Bethlehem company relate the latest news of that concern, cannot help but think of the great adventurer of Genoa standing on his quarterdeck, out of touch with his world as if he had been on another planet—peering fearfully into the unknown.

Men such as Mr. Schwab trust the sea in these modern times because of the very perfection of the machinery that they of their kind have devised. A great modern ship , such as the crack liners of the United States, Cunard, White Star, French, Cosulich and other ines, is virtually secure against the most brutal attacks old Neptune may deliver. Nine times out of ten their voyages are tranquil, even in North Atlantic winter weather, the worst on earth, and even the occasional fury of the ocean merely serves to emphasise the safety of modern ocean travel.

LADY CHEMIST WINS PRIZE FOR HER NOVEL

Paris, May 8—What do you think of a youn gwoman, only 20 years old, who is not only a skilled chemist in a rubber factory, but also has written a successfu novel which recently won her a big money prize—who in her spare time helps her mother care for nine brothers and sisters?

Runs Rubber Factory

This is the young woman who answers to the name of Mirelle Brochet, and the proprietress of the big rubber factory here during the day, she may be found in the laboratory working out baffling chemical problems. Experts declare that she is a wizard.

The group of literateurs who sat in judgment on her novel, "Divine," and who awarded her the big money prize known as the "Aid to Women in Liberal Professions," say that she is more than a wonder—that she is several wonders in one, and her mother declares forvently that Mirielle is an angel. She is not interested in young men and decares that her achievements are in a day's work.

There is only one thing that can make her indignant ,and that is the suggestion that male brains naturally are superior to female. Her rejoiner is complete and likewise terse. It is simply, "Bah."

LONDONERS HAVE TAKEN TO THE GARDEN

London, England, May 9—What is home without a garden? Thousands of Londoners who leave the city for their suburban homes on the 5:25 every evening find peace and relaxation among the lobelias and the dahlias. In the winter they can walk in the garden and wonder how soon planting can begin. When spring brings the hollyhocks and roses to England the commuting Londoner takes the first train home instead of the last.

London's grass is always green. Even when the "great frost" comes and the pipes freeze and the native ice skating championship is contested for the first time in 15 years, the city's parks and lawns are covered with an evergreen carpet. In the spring Londoners come from distant parts of the town, and bring the children, to see the flowers in Kensington Gardens.

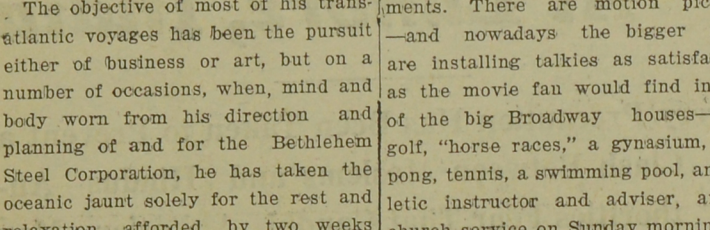
Shrubs and daffodils are planted in some of the most valuable land in the City of London's financial district. The most valuable flowerbed in England thrives in Draper gardens, Throgmorton avenue one of the historic thoroughfares near Threadneedle street and the Bank of England. Stock brokers and gentlemen who write pieces for the papers signed "From Our Finanical Correspondent" have their offices in the neighborhood. Roses are blooming in Piccadilly as well as Picardy. If there is no room for a garden in the midst of traffic there is room for a flower box on the window sill.

All the gold at the Bank of England is not kept in the vaults and guarder by His Majesty's Guards whose officers are served dinner on golden plates. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has a garden in which golden daffodils grow. Outside in Princess street there is noise, bust, grime. The gloomy walls of the Bank of England do little to brighten the picture. But in the garden hyacinths and daffodils raise their heads above even the all- pervading London soot, and the golden sparkle of a daffodil in the spring shunshine has helped to stabilize many a financier's blood pressure.

The funeral centre of the British Empire, like the menu in a London restaurant, is still largely governed by tradition. Lines could almost be drawn down certain streets in the city which would divide the district into business areas without much danger of overlapping. The more adventurous element among the city men who move their offices outside the segregated areas do so at their own risk. When Lloyd's moved to Leadenhall street most of the marine insurance offices they left behind were quickly filled by others who had been waiting years to move in.

There are nearly 600 business houses in the city that have been in existence for at least a century. One firm has been doing business since the middle of the 5th century for generators when its earliest records were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

Not all of the bruised shins come from kicks under the bridge table. There's the weekly rearrangement of the living room furniture.



Cascara—the Perfect Laxative

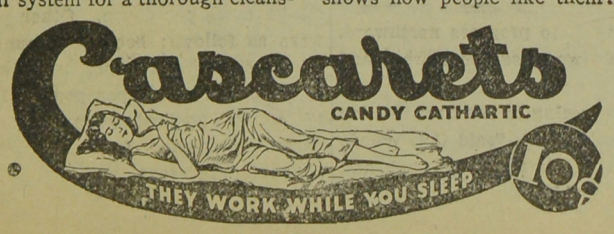
Now, when the end of the day finds you feeling out of sorts; and the most tempting foods hold no enjoyment, just chew a candy tablet before bed-time. Tomorrow you'll be a new person!

You'll awake with that coating gone from your tongue. Breath will be sweetened; eyes brightened; you'll feel like doing things right, instead of just getting by.

A candy Cascaret clears up a bilious, headachy, constipated condition every time. Puts appetite on edge. Helps digestion and assimilation. You sleep right on while Cascarets are preparing your system for a thorough cleansing in the morning. Never a bit of sickening or discomfort when Cascarets are used.

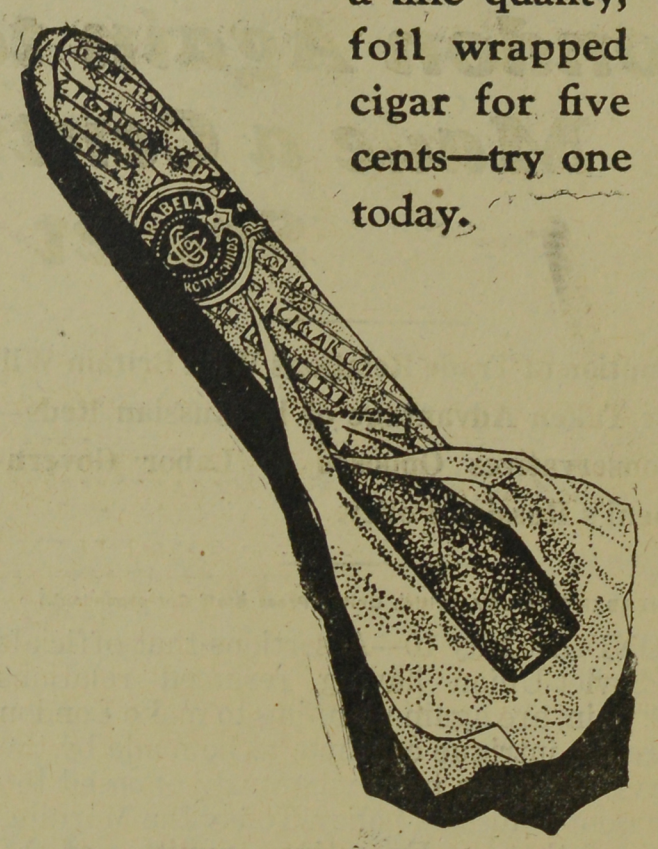
Cascarets are a pure vegetable product, made from Cascara Sagrada, a substance which authorities above doubting, say *actually strengthens the bowel muscles.* That's why you can take these delightful tablets as often as you please; or give them freely to children. Every action of Cascarets is helpful. They are a blessing to old folks!

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EVENING JEWELRY

COILS AND GLITTERS

Two new items in costume jewelry are attracting favorites attention. One is the crystal coil necklace with a rhinestone twin-ball clasp, which Lelong showed with his evening frocks in clear matching colors. The other looks like tiny icicles strung in all sorts of fantastic shapes. This is not to be confused with crystal. and cook slowly until tender (about 4 egg yolks





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Careless Hands

NINE destructive fires out of ten are started by human hands — thoughtless hands — careless hands.

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