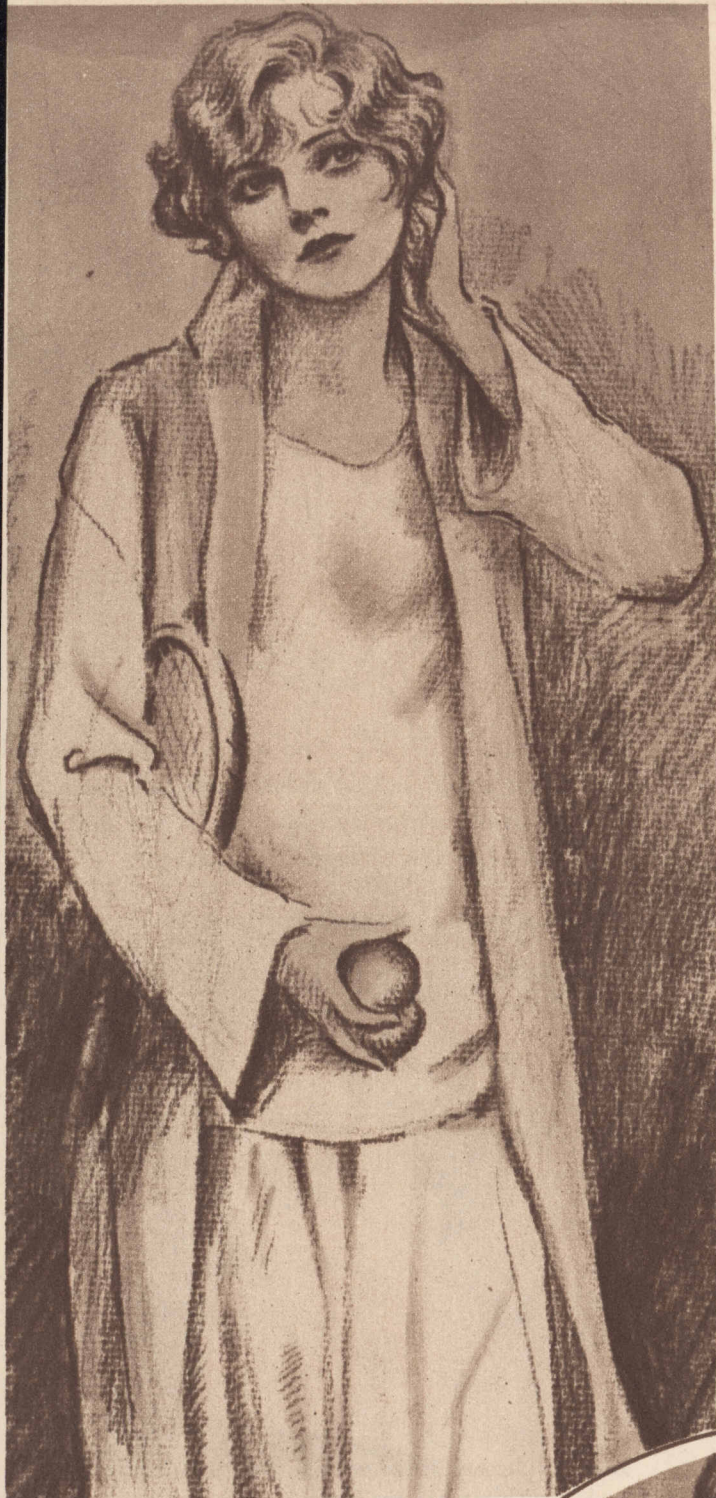


MISS AMERICA, 1928

By W. E. Hill

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Ellis Island. Meet Yetta, the immigrant girl, before and after (about a year after) she met with the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.



The West Coast. Alice hails from somewhere between San Francisco and Seattle, and what she won't tell you about the climate west of the Rockies! It's a cross between Heaven and the Italian lake country, according to Alice, only balmy. Alice will also tell you that the best dressed women of the world are to be seen on Grand avenue in San Francisco.



The Middle West. Gladys thinks the east is pretty hick. She is always glad to get back home to Michigan avenue, where, when it's not too windy, swears Gladys, one can see the best dressed women in the world. She did the Rue de la Paix last summer and didn't find a thing in the shops she couldn't get better and cheaper back in Chicago. A patriotic girl is Gladys.



New England. Patience, the pride of Back Bay, comes from stern old Puritan ancestors—the most inhibited ones. Patience doesn't think much of her forefathers. There's no telling what the Puritan fathers would think of Patience could they see her reading "Jurgen."

The Great Northwest. Mary, the prairie belle, is a daughter of the soil (second generation) from somewhere out Bismarck, North Dakota, way. What with college athletics, sorority activities, and the general curriculum, Mary doesn't get back home to the soil much these days. Mary knows all the latest slang and could put over "and how" or "what have you" long before the Yale boys took them up.



The Eastern States. Harriet, Clara, and Sarah live in and around New York. Harriet's bed and board are on Long Island and she is very social, going to this and that till the poor girl is almost worn out. Clara dwells with several other first families on Sutton place and thinks the out-of-towners are ruining New York. Sarah is a Greenwich villager and, like all the other village belles, was born and reared far from New York City. Paints lamp shades and weaves, does Sarah, and can tell you all about companionate marriage and behaviorism.



The Old South. Mar'Lou comes from down Louisiana way and is what the older generation call "a terrible little flirt." Be that as it may, she can gather a flock of boys around her in record time. Very dangerous for impressionable middle-aged bachelors.

The New South. Olive is related to a lot of oil wells in the Lone Star state, and money is no object. Seven bridge clubs, a couple of lecture courses, and a Little Theater movement that hopes soon to go Mr. Reinhardt one better, take up most of her time. Twice a year Olive runs up to New York for a good rest. "The New York women are nothing at all," says Olive, "compared to the smart dressers down home!"