

HE WAS A TRAVELING MAN

By W. E. Hill

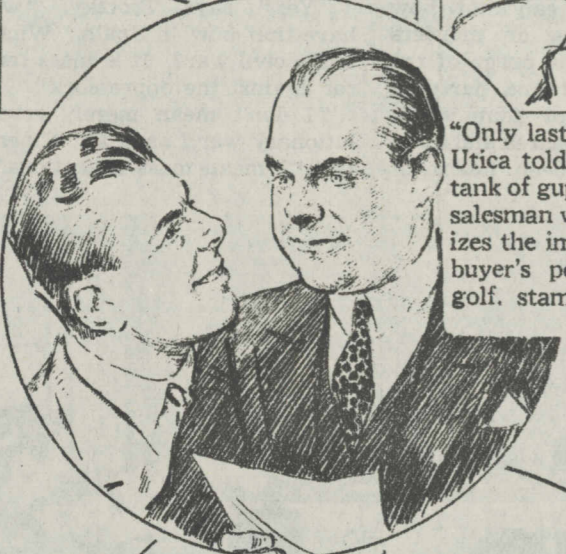
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The 11:30 P. M. arrival in a town where there is one passable hotel. No reservation ahead, and, of course, there would be a convention on.



Bill took his little bride on a business trip. (It happens about once in a lifetime that the wife goes along.) Alice is sitting in the lobby waiting for Bill, wondering which are the sirens she's heard so much about who lure traveling men on. The two she's picked are really a couple of nice ball players' wives, who wouldn't hurt any living creature—except maybe a sports writer.



"Only last week a customer up in Utica told me you had the finest tank of guppies in the country!" A salesman who knows his way realizes the importance of stressing a buyer's pet hobby—whether it's golf, stamps, or raising tropical fish.

The lunch check which will be settled for by the salesman, despite a half-hearted "Here-let-me-pay" from the buyer and assistant buyer.



Trying to cash a personal check. Showing traveling man, minus the necessary credit, attempting to break down the cement-like resistance of a hotel's assistant manager.



The girdle salesman has spent the usual wild evening with a big buyer. This is a very special occasion for the buyer, and he wants to make a night of it. Wants to "breeze over and ask the blonde waiting on the corner if she can get a friend." The evening has been no treat to friend salesman. He knows it will have to be repeated in the next three towns he contacts. It's a hard life for an early-to-bed boy.



This boy knows the value of an "in" with the telephone operator, and invites her out to lunch. But Edna, the switchboard queen, knows all about traveling salesmen, and is stalling for time. Tries to recall whether his line is greeting cards or sports ensembles. If it's sports ensembles, she'll accept



This is Rudolf's first business trip for the new firm, and oh, the heartache and the tears at parting from the wife. She makes him promise to write at least once a day, and begs him to guard against fresh waitresses and hotel receptionists who lie in wait for traveling men.

Duchess of Kent Is England's Royal Arbiter of Hat Styles

ROYAL style arbiter of England is the duchess of Kent, sister-in-law of King George. Especially famous are her hats; she has a new one almost as often as Buckingham palace has a change of guard. Not so Queen Mary; so far as masculine eye can distinguish, she hasn't had a new one these forty years. Legend has it that the late King George liked his consort to wear her standardized toques because they permitted her beautiful hair to show. As for Queen Elizabeth, she is a middle-of-the-roader whose conservatism, though mild, still gives greater dash to the chapeaux of the duchess of Kent by contrast. Accompanying pictures illustrate these royal style gradations; the first five photographs show hats worn by the duchess of Kent.



Shiny black straw in a semi-rough weave makes this Breton sailor hat worn by the duchess of Kent.



A pancake turban, pierced by a long feather, has a rolled edge and slants smartly down to an eyebrow.



A daytime hat with a shallow crown, gracefully upturned brim, twisted velvet ribbon band, and flowers at the side back.



The duchess of Kent wearing a high draped toque or turban. The fabric is soft and is swathed into place.



Skullcap of dark soft felt. It is worn by the duchess of Kent well back on the head.



Queen Elizabeth wears a pastel colored street hat, the low crown of which is encircled with small ostrich tips.



Queen Mary wearing one of her famous toques. This one is decorated with a long pin and a tuft of feathers.



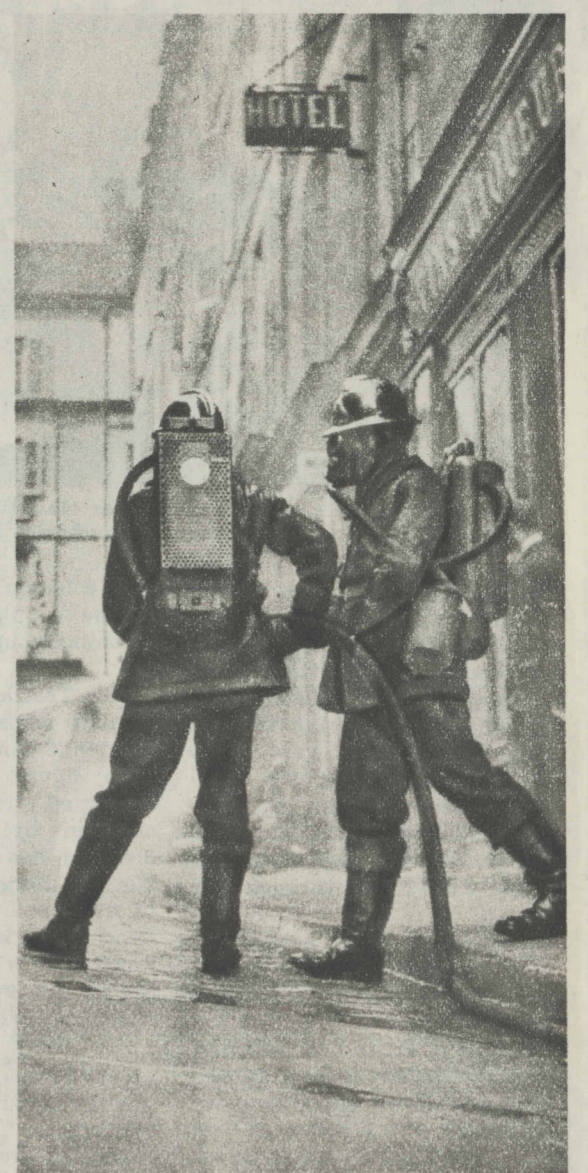
Another of Elizabeth's hats. The ribbon band swatches the forehead and then flares against the off-the-face brim.

France Tests Its Gas Defenses



1 France, mindful that potential sky raiders of the next war are but a few hours away, is training its people to be ready for gas attacks at a moment's notice. This is a realistic test of masks and rescue methods in the streets of Paris.

(Photos from The Chicago Tribune's London Bureau.)



2 Though the enemy flood a city with gas, the phone girl must stick to her post, must hear, must talk, must complete calls. This masked Parisienne demonstrates her wartime role.

3 After raiders have passed, gas may hover for hours upon the streets. This picture shows Paris firemen flushing the pavement to remove traces of the theoretical attack.