

JULY 24, 1938

Racing at Arlington, Music at Ravinia Keep Chicagoans Busy

By Judith Cass

The last week of July brings the last week of racing at Arlington park. The season will end in a blaze of glory on Saturday, when the Arlington Futurity will be the feature.

So on any afternoon this week your true racing devotee will be found at Arlington, whether in the grand stands, the Jockey club, or the Post and Paddock club.

Music lovers have two weeks more in which to enjoy the concerts at Ravinia park. The coming week-end will be remembered as one of the highlights of the season, for Jascha Heifetz, violinist, will play on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon.

A quiet rendezvous that does not diminish in popularity is the Chicago Art institute, Mecca of summer-time tourists. Although not air-conditioned, a big fan that has been put in the east wing galleries, where the summer exhibitions are opening this week, adds to the comfort and enjoyment of spectators. Reminiscent of winter receptions at the institute, but much more informal in character, is the preview of the summer exhibitions that the institute is giving Tuesday

afternoon. A room of sculpture in several media by Sylvia Shaw Judson (Mrs. Clay Judson) and "Art for the Public by Chicago Artists" are the two shows opening in the east wing galleries on Thursday.

Miss Gwethalyn Jones' home on Green Bay road, Lake Forest, will be the destination of friends of the Children's Memorial hospital on Tuesday afternoon. The directors of the White Elephant Rummage shop, which is conducted for the benefit of the hospital, are giving a tea at Miss Jones' to raise stock for the shop. The price of admission is a gift of household furnishings or clothes to be sold at the shop. Tea and a magician are on the program of entertainment.

Mrs. John F. Gail is opening her home at 2215 Orrington avenue, Evanston, for a buffet supper and musical at 5:30 o'clock this evening for the benefit of the Chicago City opera student fund. The Chicago City Opera Luncheon club will meet for luncheon, bridge, and a concert at 12:30 o'clock tomorrow at the home of Mrs. Thomas A. Fitzsimmons, 1456 Ridge avenue, Evanston.



When Miss Jane Hardy returns to school in the fall she will be a senior at the North Shore Country Day school. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Hardy of Hubbard Woods.



Left: Mrs. Donald Chilton Craig was one of a group of young women assisting with plans for a ball given recently to raise funds for Civilian Relief in China.



Left: Suzanne Lyon ties back her curls with a pretty bow. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earle D. Lyon of Wilmette.

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Midnight Race Brilliant Paris Society Event

By Cousin Eve

PARIS.—Paris society should be laid up in moth balls and tar paper by now, but it isn't. The season goes galloping on with one gorgeous fête after another, and (would you believe it?) the town is full of French people. To find Americans one needs a microscope. But we are here, Lafayette—we are here in our respective hotels, if not en masse.

It takes the French to invent something like the midnight races at Longchamps. And in ten thousand years there couldn't be a more brilliant spectacle—or one more diverting and beautifully planned. The races begin at 8:30, not midnight, and Elizabeth de Danne (once Elizabeth Stone of Chicago), the loveliest young blonde countess in all Paris, warned me, when I couldn't go to Longchamps with their party, not to waste the shining hours by dining beforehand. They were having sandwiches and champagne at home, then tearing out to see the first race. Elizabeth further coached me to wear full evening dress, nothing but a smart do to my hair, dancing slippers, and happiness in my heart. Then after midnight the night club, the supper, the merry-go-round!

My hostess, Mrs. Paul Healy, who had a large party, too, took this hint and canceled her reservations for the gala dinner in a huge pavilion at Longchamps and had her guests meet at the Meurice for the apéritif. All but me. I had been having tea away the other side of Fontainebleau at Courances, marvelous fourteenth century château of the Marquis de Ganay, with the marquise, who was receiving that day. So I had five minutes to dress and found myself whirling dinnerless out the Champs Elysees with ladies in the ermine coat and men in the cravate

blanche, with other cars quite full of Japanese, Hindus, Turks. Caught glimpses of Mme. Wellington Koo, dashing wife of the Chinese diplomat, and the queen of Siam in glittering sari, and most of French society on wheels.

The mercury had dropped to 50, and in the bright sunset this ball attire for the races did seem a bit redundant, not to say silly, and I had heartfelt yearnings for sealskin pajamas, or whatever Eskimo ladies wear for full evening dress, and also for hot soup.

The arrangements were superb. Special presidential police lined the way, and tickets for the tribunes were sold at all the entrances to the Bois de Boulogne. So upon arrival we at once swept up into the gorgeous scene. Before us lay the grassy track, a bright green frame for the immense center oval, where more than 100,000 persons stood for the races. It was dark now, and you could have walked on their heads, they were so thick. Above this sea of heads were three prize rings, where fights were going on under arc lights. In the middle tight-rope walkers balanced perilously, and dancing floors were all set for the ball that would last till sunrise. Here feature dancers were even then cavorting, and in the interims of racing one heard high French tenors singing songs of the hour, while the light-hearted crowd joined in the choruses.

A bell rang, and from the right a blur of many colors—the crimsons, orange, and purples of the jockies streaking along on their steeds, gleaming from a shower of rain. It was a wonderful sight, perfectly beautiful, and we strolled later on the promenade. Here on the sandy, pebbly (Continued on Page 2)