

Midnight Race Brilliant Paris Society Event

(Continued from page one.)

stretch the smartest women in Paris dragging white chiffons, golden Jamés, pink tulle ball dresses. The lovely creatures had mostly bare backs and white polished shoulders with wispy tulle coats. But there was also a great catwalk of fur capes, white fox, silver and blue fox.

We passed the presidential tribune where sat M. Albert Lebrun and his ministers and many foreign envoys and their wives. Mme. Lebrun was arrayed in pink, with ostrich feathers in her hair, and so enormous was the display of lootings of the egret, the bird of paradise, and the osprey in the presidential box, that it looked from below more like an exotic bird house than a concourse of diplomats. The queen of Siam was seated here in shining robes.

And the generals standing in attendance wore white feathers in their tricorns, and the admirals had gold stripes on their pantaloons, admirable as they pranced down the red carpet. One or two men had white evening capes. Formidable!

The president left at one o'clock through a lane of police, preceded by motorcycles and several cars. We followed, heading for Bagatelle, a Montmartre night club, which behaved like an over-crowded private party that night. It came more beautiful women in divine clothes and fantastic feathered coifs.

The dance floor was big as a door mat and the ceiling had a large hole for fresh air. French night club waiters have a peculiar way of giving you doubts as to whether or not you will eat. The hours pass and no supper comes; inquiries are made, the waiters look vague, the head waiter is called; he wears a serious air and frowns; he wears a few casual napkins. But never is there any doubt as to when the champagne is coming. It is always there, in big bottles of very poor quality in buckets of ice.

Fortunately there was an Englishman in our party who lives in Paris and was on to everything. This gentleman kept waving away the inferior kinds and paying his respects to the management, until finally luck smiled upon us. Food came to the furnished. The waiters came to the furnished. We shook off the chill of Longchamps and fell into the spirit of Montmartre until the violet dawn of Paris.

One happens to have lunched often lately at the Ritz, which seethes at noon with fashion. Even more men than women seem to sustain themselves in the rose and white corridor and splendid salle. The maharajah of Kapurthala is there daily with a flock of his swarthy heirs and their dainty wives.

American women living in Paris arrive in numbers—women I have known before under other names and sonorous high sounding titles. One woman I knew under a thirty-third degree princely title of German origin has now receded to being a Russian countess. Another of enormous wealth who was for years an Italian countess is now a German baroness. Death and the divorce courts have decidedly shaken up the roster of who's who in Paris.

The mode of the moment is to wear all black. There's an old saying in Paris that you can go wrong in a black dress. Be that as it may, American women do not look as demure as they imagine in black throughout. The effect is rather of ravens in competition than the aristocratic simplicity at which they aim. I went to the country the other day with some women who wore short yellow jackets over their black uniforms, but the ladies of high rank and fashion whom we visited wore pretty, normal clothes.

The loveliest party I have been to was at the Union Interalliée, a dinner arranged by Mme. Jacques Balsan in the marvelous gardens, followed by dancing. Mme. Balsan, who was formerly duchess of Marlborough, is president of the woman's board of a Paris hospital, and is a sweet creature whom everybody adores. The get-together was very amusing and gay in the library where Mme. Balsan was receiving in a far corner those of the guests she knew. Very tall and slim with blue-gray hair and a charming smile, her costume was pale blue satin, a long sweeping evening coat over a dancing dress, with enormous diamonds in a collar and chains on her long slender neck. As we came out upon the terrace, the garden full of flower decked tables with indirect lighting among the noble trees, was more like grand opera than every day life. To the right of the terrace Col. and Mme. Balsan had a table for forty princely and ducal guests, whose names mean little to Chicago. Except, perhaps, Prince Edward and Princess Olga Lobkowitz, the latter being our former Olga Lihme. And duchesse de Chaunes, who was Miss Shonts, and Mrs. James Field, Marshall Field's second wife, and Marquis Melchior de Polignac, our visitor of a year ago. But the young duchess of Marlborough, tall and willowy in gold sequins, was delightful, and André de Fougleres was as usual a funnier when a terribly ugly gold bracelet given by some philanthropist was sold for 43,000 francs to some man, whose wife probably made a few caustic remarks at home later on. Mme. Dupuy came near getting it, that very attractive owner of several Paris papers, who was long years ago Miss Brown of Chicago.

The dance floor extended from the terrace, and during the waits was awfully with tulle skirts. It was "frails," as the French say when the weather is below zero, but, nevertheless, everybody was in full glory of bell dress and the cravate blanche, and beautiful jewels and white furs gave an air of luxury to the sedate purloins of this exclusive Internation-



WILL MARRY IN URBANA

Miss Irene Oehmke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oehmke of Urbana, will be married on July 28 to James Overton Brooks, son of Dr. and Mrs. Overton Brooks of 3100 Sheridan road. Mks Oehmke is a graduate of the University of Illinois and has been studying music in Europe for the last year. Mr. Brooks is a graduate of the University of Illinois and is practicing law in Chicago. The wedding will take place in Urbana, and Mr. Brooks and his bride will live in Chicago after a wedding trip east and in Canada.

[Metropolitan Studios.]

tional club. I sat where pink roses tumbled over the wall, and next to me was Archduke Franz Josef, formerly of Vienna, who had lost much weight since he was in Chicago last winter. With him was the lady he married, who does not, however, share his archducal title. Franz Josef was the guest of the venerable E. Berry Wall, who continues his pace as a gay boulevardier long past four score years. He wears a high collar and florid ties, like English noblemen of the late Victorian period, has a walrus mustache and dances more nimbly than most collegians. A friend of mine accompanied Mr. Wall the other day to the dog cemetery. Here he shed a tear over the graves of two chows who walked with him so many, many years up and down the streets of Paris. About one chow, Toy Toy, a book was written by the late Mrs. Wall, a sort of dog journal of bones eaten and dog fights enjoyed at various princely chateaux throughout France.

At the Balsan party on the other side of our table was Francis Burke Roche with an attractive party. On his right sat Comtesse Louis de Danne, my charming friend, Elizabeth, whose husband has just come into a large inheritance through the death of his father. Count Louis was at the time of his marriage the great part of France; he had everything, all the gifts of the gods, good health, good looks, high rank, family and, best of all, backbone plus charm.

Francis Burke Roche is one of the twin sons of the famous Mrs. Burke Roche of New York. His brother, J. Maurice, took his late father's Irish title some years ago and is now known as Lord Fermoy.

All in all, this dinner dance at the Union Interalliée was a shining hour, full of music, beauty, good manners, interesting people and the joy of life.

Among Chicago friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Doering, who came to Paris for the wedding of Nancy with Harold Hartog. The bridegroom is a young Hollander from The Hague, in active business in Paris, and unusually interesting and likable.

I lunched with the Doerings one day and met Mr. Hartog, whose family have been sending gifts to the

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Blooms Shown at Bar Harbor by Chicagoans

One of the most lavish and colorful flower shows of recent years was staged at the classic BAR HARBOR, Building of Arts this week, with several members of the Chicago colony of Mount Desert Island participating in the affair. Twenty-four classes of competitive exhibits of varied flora, most of which were transported from the private gardens of summer estates on the island, were on display. The occasion was the annual show of the Garden Club of Mount Desert, a two day exhibition which closed last Wednesday evening.

In the hybrid perennials class of roses, Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago took third award. The first prize went to Mrs. Carroll S. Tyson of Philadelphia and the second to Mrs. Edsel Ford of Detroit.

Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, who is staying at "Baymeath," her beautiful estate in Hull's cove, took first and third prizes in the summer flowering bulbs. Second prize went to Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Bowen also scored for second prize in the sweet peas of one variety, first going to Mrs. John T. Dorrance of Philadelphia and third to Mrs. Herbert Satterlee of New York. Another second winner was registered by Mrs. Robert Hall McCormick in the calendula officinalis class, first prize going to Mrs. William Procter of New York, third to Mrs. Gilbert Montague of New York. Mrs. McCormick also placed third in the assorted varieties of mixed perennials, with first prize going to Mrs. Ford.

Another interesting display was exhibited by Miss Mildred McCormick of Chicago and New York, who took grand first prize in mixed annuals of assorted varieties. Miss McCormick also placed second in the Miss Lillard class of phlox, second in the assorted class of phlox, third in mixed perennials, and second in the assorted class of mixed perennials.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burrall Pike of Chicago are encoined at Greenway Court, their beautiful estate here, for the summer. Mr. Pike, who serves on the board of governors of the Kebo Valley Golf club, participates largely in the outdoor activity of the organization and is seen daily on the links. The Pike's Snark II, a white cabin cruiser, adds to the picturesque boating scene on Frenchmen's bay, and the Pike's take interesting boat trips around the island with fellow members of the colony of Mount Desert Island.

One of the largest dinner parties of the season was given this week by Mrs. John F. Ducey of New York at Skyview in Northeast harbor in honor of Miss Mary Ryerson, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Ryerson of Chicago. More than thirty members of the younger set attended the affair, which was followed with dancing at the Kimball house. Guests included the Misses Ann Ryerson, Jane Saitonstall, Nancy Wadsworth, Patricia Geyelin, Anne Brown, Marion Minot, Lorna Brennan, Hulda Bradley, Mary Eddison, Nancy Whitney, Nancy Grant, Mary King, Constance Bradley, Fernanda Wanamaker, Natalie Munson, Virginia Watkins, Priscilla Cutler, and Edith Clark. James Ducey II, Digby Baltzell, Robert Little Jr., Murray Forbes, Charles Lawrence, William Lawrence, Frederick Fraley Jr., Robert Crane Jr., Phillip Wainwright, Joseph Grant, Frederick Whitney, Harry Symington, Henry Pepper, Henry Reath, C. Brad-

ford Fraley, Walter Pew Jr., Douglas Small, William King, Bowen Blair.

Here, also, one has the feeling that perhaps the waiter does not intend to bring any food so detached is he and so aloof. But M. Olivier, the maitre d'hotel passes according to rumor one of the wealthiest men in Paris and presto, wonderful eats descend upon us like manna out of the clouds.

Lady Decies said she would be at home that afternoon and asked me to come over. Her hotel at 52 rue des Saints Peres is on the left bank of the Seine, the other side of the Boulevard St. Germain.

Lady Decies as Mrs. Harry Lehr, with the wealth of the Drexels inherited from her father, had bought the ancient mansion and restored it. Her builders found several famous interiors of old Paris houses, using the fine old oak panquets, the panels and the carvings, and this and that, and have achieved a dignified, if cold effect. Light pours in, however, through large many paned windows, and downstairs there is a small salon, a large ceremonious one, and a fine dining room. Here the hostess was receiving in a white trailing dress printed in festoons of garden flowers, and looking every inch a peeress. There were many present of the hand kissing sort, but no sign of Lord Decies, who has not been in Paris since December. A superb buffet was spread in the sala-manger with many servants at the urns, and most elaborate refreshments of every sort.

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NEWLYWED AT HOME

At home in Chicago is Mrs. Milton Conrad Haase, a bride of last June. Mrs. Haase is the former Miss Mary Elizabeth Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson of Chicago.

[Toloff Photo.]

John Dorrance, George Peabody, Crawford Madeira, John Wanamaker, Henry Geyelin, and William Sinkler were some of their partners.

C. Colton Daughaday Jr. of Winnetka captured first place in the A class Lawley boat division race held this week by the Northeast Harbor Yacht fleet at the helm of his Sinbad II.

Mrs. Joseph T. Ryerson and her daughters, the Misses Mary, Ann, and Ellen Ryerson, arrived last week at the Kimball house in Northeast harbor. Mrs. Ryerson has leased Harle, the summer residence of Henry Rawls of Northeast harbor, where they will stay for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Gilbert H. Montague of New York entertained at luncheon last weekend for Mrs. Robert Hall McCormick, Mrs. James R. Angell, Mrs. James Byrne, Mrs. George Batcheller, Mrs. Morris Clothier, Mrs. Katherine Crocker, Mrs. D. Crawford Clark, Mrs. John T. Dorrance, Mrs. L. Dean Holden, Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay, Mrs. Charles W. McAlpin, Mrs. Harold Peabody, Mrs. Sheffield Phelps, Mrs. Carroll S. Tyson, Mrs. John B. Thayer, Mrs. Arnold Wood, and Miss Linda Clark Smith.

Recent registrations at the Bar Harbor club included Rose M. Palmer and Potter Palmer IV, children of Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer III of Chicago.

Mrs. Herman Kohlsaet, mother of Mrs. Potter Palmer, is visiting at Hare Forest, the Palmer estate in Bar Harbor.

Woman Has Charge of a Large Mammal Collection

Miss Viola S. Schantz, mammalogist of the biological survey of the department of agriculture, with laboratories in the National museum at the national capital, is assistant in charge of the largest collection of specimens of North American mammals to be found anywhere on the face of the globe. In sections of the great National museum which the countless thousands of visitors never see, there is housed a collection of more than 200,000 specimens of mammals.

Harbor Point Guests Find Fun on Beach

"I'll meet you on the beach" is the most frequently repeated sentence in the resort's HARBOR POINT, MICH.

Whether you swim at the Beach club, at the Little Harbor club pool, at a private beach, or Wequetonsing, you are certain to find Chicagoans assembled. While the sun presents a rosy glow, an enviable golden tan or even a generous application of freckles, the knitting, impromptu bridge games, and gay conversations continue. Most of the children spend long hours charmingly engaged in building sand castles of amazing architectural designs.

However, swimming is not the only sport fancied by the members of the Chicago colony who have some ardent golfers and expert tennis players among their number. Mrs. William Waller Jr. and Mrs. Louis C. Sudler are two of the tennis enthusiasts who play almost daily on the Little Harbor club courts. Mackinac Island was a popular rendezvous Monday and Tuesday, with resorters watching the finish of the annual Port Huron to Mackinac race. Members of the Point coterie were cheering for boats sailed by two members

of the colony, Frederick Sloan Ford and John B. Ford Jr., both of Grosse Pointe, Mich.

The Kenneth Smith's beautiful yacht is at anchor in the harbor and also the palatial Tannis, owned by J. B. Berman. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gordon dined at the Little Harbor club upon their arrival.

Mrs. James Bennett was hostess at a luncheon for five guests at the club on Tuesday. Miss Joanna Fortune was among the Chicagoans luncheon at the club Wednesday.

Richard Davis is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Davis, at their Wequetonsing cottage. Their niece, Shirley Johnson, also of Chicago, is spending several weeks with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Fisher are at the Ramona Park hotel for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wilson Jr. and their sons, Gordon and Warren, arrived at the Chicago club at Charlevoix Tuesday and will occupy their cottage on the grounds for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Earl D. Babst of New York, who is at her cottage, took a number of Chicago club members to the opening of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" at the Ironton Playhouse Tuesday evening. Mrs. Eugene S. Talbot also entertained a party of nine.

A number of the Belvedere club colony who attended the opening took their guests back to the Casino to dance later. Night baseball has aroused practically world series interest at the club with the teams being composed chiefly of Chicago and Cincinnati members.

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- Originally up to 2.95. Group of individually smart, cool, cotton house dresses and smocks. **1.00 and 2.00**
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- 300 Chic Hats Reduced!**
1.00 2.00 3.00
Originally 2.95 to 5.95. Cool straws, bequilling felts and fabrics in white, and dark colors.
Also lovely, large brimmed pastels now reduced to 3.95.
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Bust molding brassieres . . . reduced to 25c and up.

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