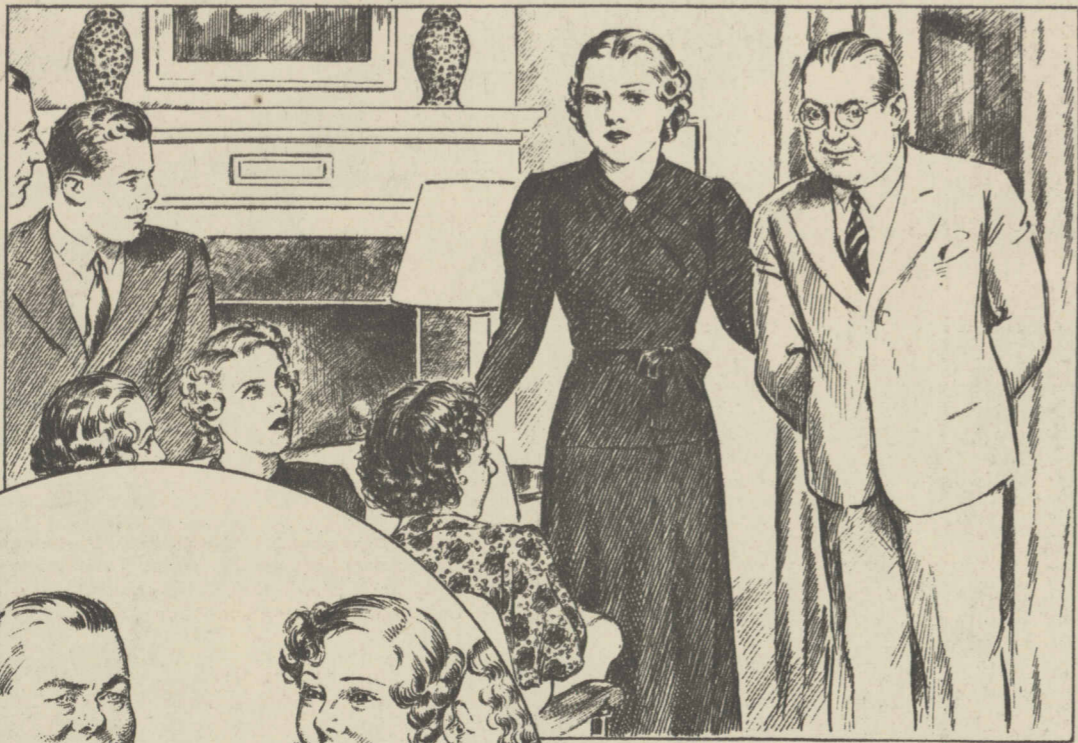


"PLEASED TO MEET YOU"

By W. E. Hill

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"Florence, this is Dr. Nutsey, our dentist, and you must tell him all about the bridge work you had done in Milwaukee. He'll be so interested." (A hostess knows that congenial people should be brought together.)



The mixup during the hand shaking. Some one is sure to say, "Let's everybody make a wish!"



The too cordial response. Murnsie is being much too "hail fellow" with the new boy friend, and Dorothy is worried lest he take fright and run to cover. Mothers just can't seem to please the young folks.



"Did you know the Rugers? Out near the Reformed Lutheran Church? No? Well, did you know the O'Briens on Kelly Ave.?" These two were introduced because they came from the same town, and old faces, old memories, were to bring them together. But they aren't doing so well.



The snippy girl is introduced to some one she does not like the look of, and shows it. Gives one withering glance that says plainly, "What use are you to me?" and turns away.

The boy with the line: "It's a great pleasure meeting you, Miss McGillicuddy. You remind me so much of a lovely girl I once knew in Seattle. She died last year of clam poisoning," etc., etc.



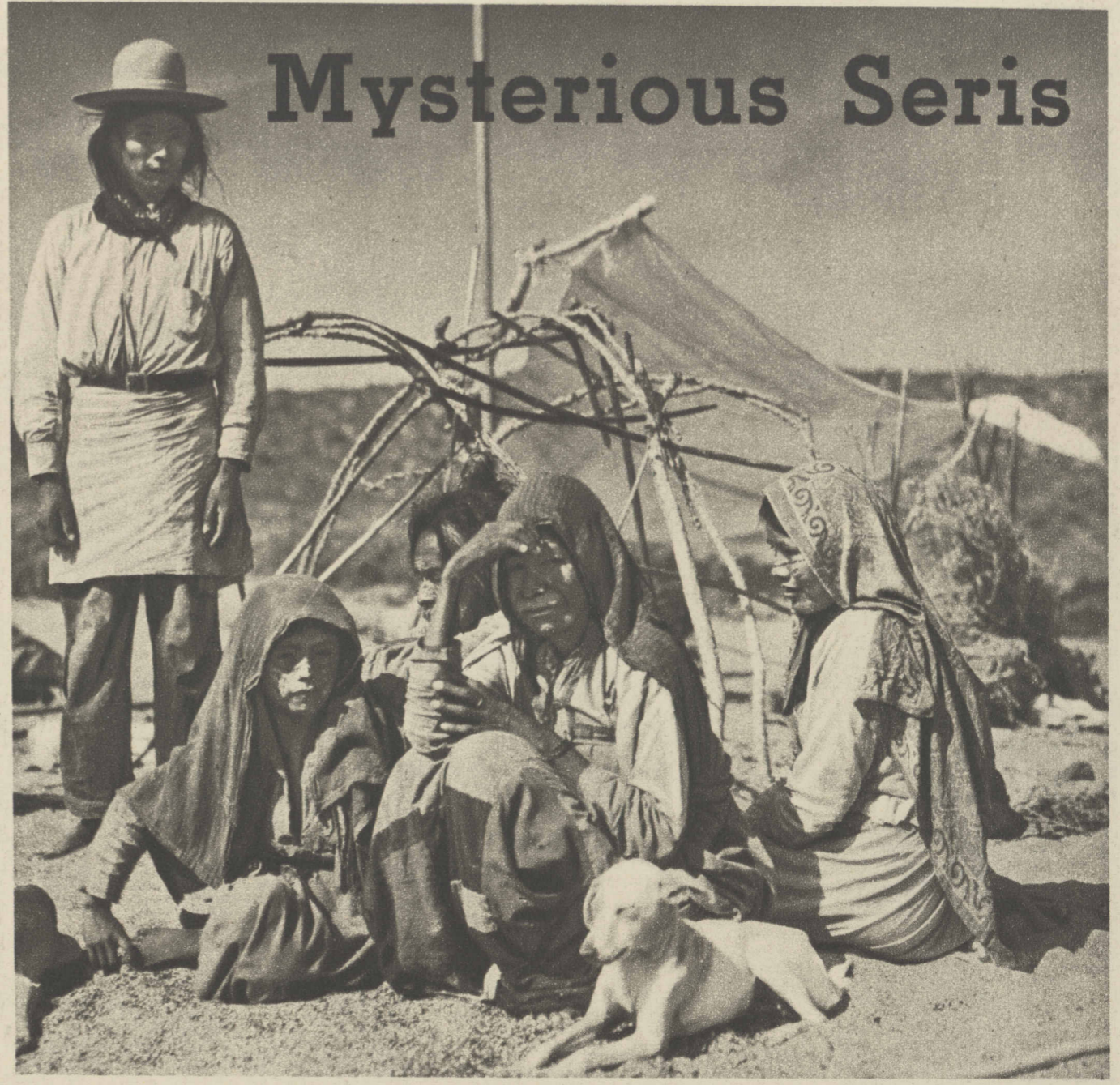
"You two are going to be great friends, because Edna has a sense of humor just like yours, Arthur!" - Arthur and Edna will loathe each other after this introduction. Each will wait for the other to be comic, but nothing will happen and their hostess will be so upset.



"Grace, this is Mr. De Casey, who is the leading writer of the day. I'm sure you have read his wonderful, trenchant, compelling articles in 'The Woman's Own Monthly,' etc., etc. Too verbose. Before the introduction is complete the young lady, having fixed her face to express wonderment, joy and polite humility, will be having a terrible time holding it that way and her eyes will begin popping from the effort."



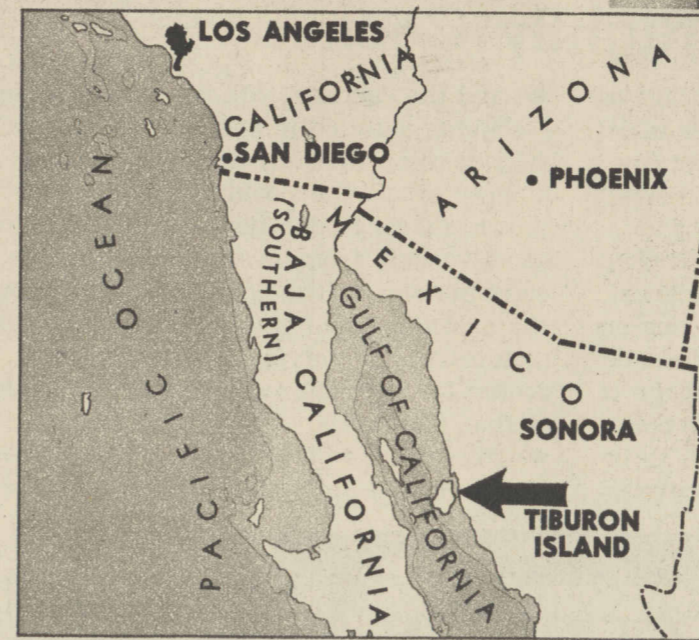
The pickup. "I don't usually speak to fellows I'm not properly introduced to, but you look so much like a Yale boy I used to know, a Mr. Sullivan from Indianapolis, that I thought sure you were him."



Mysterious Seris

Home life among the Seri Indians is as private as that of the proverbial goldfish. Each family group has its "jacale," which may be a rough shelter of sticks or merely a circle of rocks. This group is ready for dinner, which usually consists of sea food, eggs, and occasionally venison.

MYSTERIES of the western world, Indians of the Seri tribe live today on their Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California, off the west coast of Sonora, Mexico, and only a few hundred miles from American cities such as Los Angeles, San Diego, and Phoenix. Whence they came, what their racial origin, where they got their guttural "clucking" language, no one is certain. They are aloof and warlike. They live in almost unbelievably primitive conditions. Alone among all their Indian neighbors, they are non-agricultural. The pictures on this page were obtained after repeated friendly visits to one family. The photographer is W. Charles Swett, assistant director of Hancock Pacific Expeditions of Los Angeles. Swett induced the natives to pose while he was on the island as a member of an expedition headed by Capt. G. Allen Hancock. Tiburon island is indicated on the map below.



Prettiest girl of her tribe, this young lady became the chief's bride. The facial markings are of dye, almost as permanent as tattooing. The scar and finger ring are evidence of rare tourist visitations.



The chief and his bride. Upsetting a legend that the Seris are ruled by a matriarchy, this young buck is the unchallenged chief of a large family clan. There are indications, however, that descent and inheritance are matrilinear—or decided through the line of mother, rather than the father.