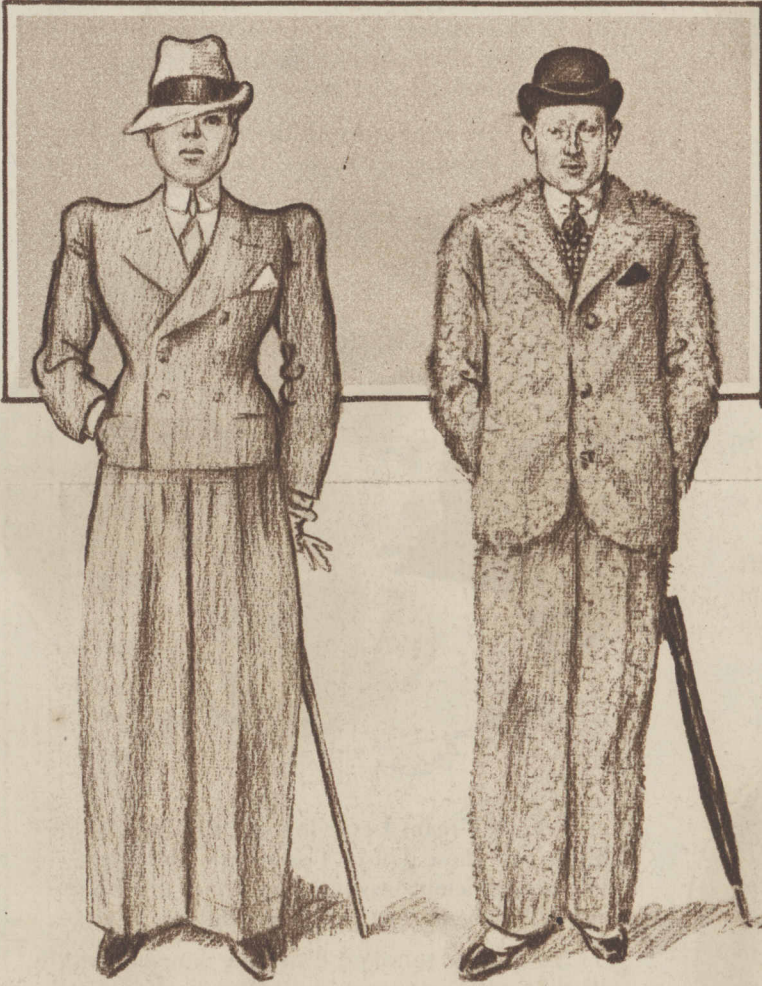


# The Tourists Are Home

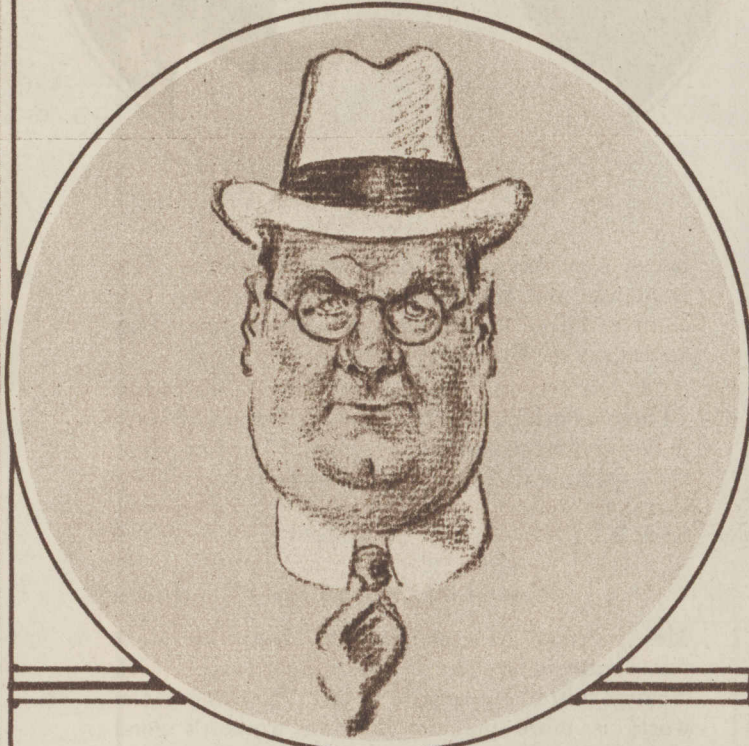
By W. E. Hill  
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This swell party is what is known in the local newsprint as a wealthy society matron, and she's just back to home, sweet home from taking a cure at Baden or Vichy or some such healthy spot. Later, had a grand time in Monte Carlo and Nice and will have to go straight to Hot Springs or French Lick to recover.



Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hymer, their charming daughter, "Kittens" Hymer, and Mrs. Hymer's sister are back from the continent with their Parisian hats (which are just going to hit Terre Haute, Indiana, bang in the eye), and the only trouble with Europe is that there are too many Americans in it. "Twice we had to change our hotel," says Mrs. Hymer, "because they were simply overrun with Americans! It was terrible!" "Kittens" Hymer has a gorgeous sense of humor and talks about her "Empress Eugenic hat!"



The big gun. This is the open season for interviewing big business and political boys who come back from abroad with views on the money situation and the government situation in Europe.

Clothes make the man. On the left we have what happened to the young man who went to the wrong English tailor in Paris. The curves are swell, but he can sit down with greatest difficulty. On the right is the boy who selected a hairy tweed and got the fitter to copy his American cut suit. The material, a light caterpillar color, will last for years and is going to be a great trial to the wearer's family and friends.

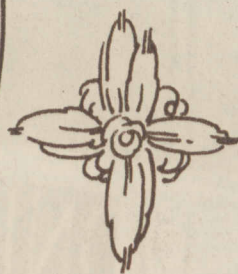


The gifts they bring back, showing a shilling tie from London for a boy friend. (He sent fruit to the boat.)



The tips. "O, Leslie! You've forgotten the deck steward and you know he was so lovely to me the day it was so rough and I ate that lunch!"

"My dear! Wait till I tell you how sick we were flying from Paris to Berlin!" In the old days it was considered good form never to admit a tendency to seasickness. But in these days of air travel de luxe all the best people boast of air sickness and go into all the horrid details.



The naughty Paris postcard. "I kinda hesitated to trust it in the mails, Harry. Boy, can you beat that!"



Dawn O'Dare, the petite movie star, has been on a well earned vacation between releases. Expects to start work immediately in "The Sin Girl." Yes, she's telling the reporters that Paris is wonderful, but just the same American men are the handsomest in the world!



"Whv, Nellie, you haven't seen any real Paris night life if you missed 'Le Poisson Mort'! Even the French are afraid to go there!"