

# Ruth Elder Washed Hubby's Dishes For Last Time

How You Gonna Keep 'Em After They've Flown Away?  
By WILLIAM H. FORT\*



RUTH ELDER

New York, Nov. 11.—Ruth Elder, the pretty young flyer who took off bravely from Curtis field six weeks ago in an attempt to be the first girl to fly across the Atlantic from New York to Paris, came home today aboard the *Aquitania* with her pilot, George Haldeman.

It wasn't an especially big reception that awaited her, but that was not the fault of the New York officials who did everything possible

\*Poor Ruth! After she landed she only got \$25,000 from the *Daily Mirror* for her story of the Atlantic flight that flopped at the Azores, but which was daring and heroic for all that, and only \$20,000 for twenty days in vaudeville; and then she only had left the possibilities of a book, the lecture platform, and the movies! One sees more dish-washing looming just ahead of her, but it's headed straight away from the little southern rose. For Fort's story on her arrival in New York the *Journal* is indebted to the *Chicago Daily News*. Well, look what day it was; and didn't the war make the world safe for democracy?—Ed.

to make her feel like a returning heroine. Grover Whalen, Mayor Walker's official welcoming proxy, went down the bay to meet her aboard the city's welcoming tug *Macom* and presented her with a large bouquet of American beauties in behalf of the mayor, and the police band was on hand to toot cheerful melodies as the tug made a landing at pier A and several harbor craft, adding the sound of their whistles to the blare of the *Macom's* siren, gave all the appearance of a boisterously noisy welcome.

Only a scattered few lined the sidewalks of Battery park as the *Macom* steamed up to the pier, but the tooting whistles brought out the crowds and as the official automobiles started up town filled the streets, confetti and ticker tape rained down and the little aviatrix, rolling along in an open machine with Mr. Whalen by her side, was perfectly content.

She was escorted first to the St. Regis hotel and later to city hall, where Mayor Walker welcomed her and Capt. George Haldeman to the city, complimented them on their bravery and presented them with official scrolls commemorating their flight.

Miss Elder's two sisters, Mrs. James H. Glass and Mrs. Marion Helling, her aunt, Mrs. Susan Odom, and her husband, Lyle Womack, were aboard the *Macom* to greet her. Womack, who arrived from Panama last week to be here when his wife returned, announced on the way down the bay that he would do his best to persuade her to give up flying and return with him. But Ruth quickly put an end to this idea. She went to the pilot house where her husband was awaiting her, kissed him hurriedly and then went to the cabin below to be interviewed.

"I am going to keep right on flying," she said. "No one can keep me from it."

"But," reporters insisted, "your husband has said that he came up here specially to persuade you to go back with him and quit flying altogether. What are your plans for the future?"

She shook her head shyly. "Get something to do. A job washing dishes or something, I guess."

"Well, how about going down and washing dishes for your husband?"

"I have washed dishes for him," she replied with a slight smile.

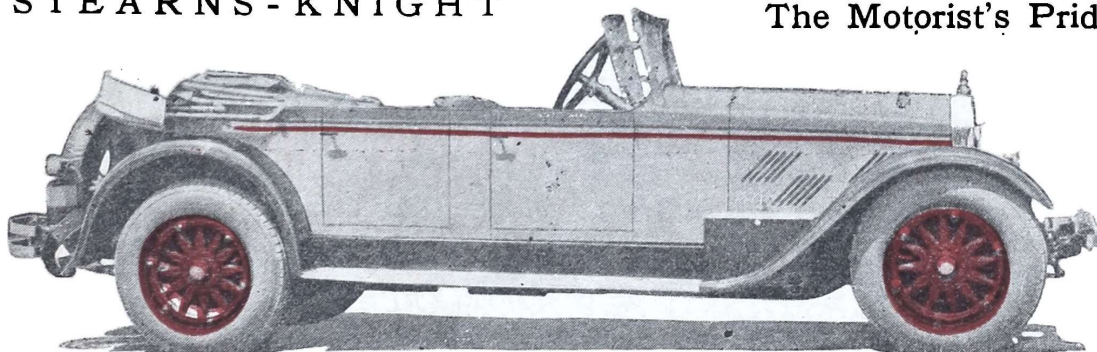
"Then you aren't going back with him and give up flying?" She shook her head silently three or four times and then said, "No one could make me do that."



Sarah Henderson Hay of Anniston, Ala., Ruth Elder's home town, official "greeter".

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She has no contracts, Miss Elder said, and has made no plans for the future except that she is sure she is going to continue to fly.

"I don't know whether I will go into the movies or not. I really don't think I have any talent for motion pictures," she said.

Miss Elder was dressed in a Paris gown and she laughingly complied with the request of a reporter "to describe it for him."

"What do you want to know?" she asked, smiling up at him.

"What's it all about?" he replied. "Did it come from Paris, and what is it made of?"

"It's jersey," she exclaimed patiently. "And I got it in Paris. It's black and it's called an ensemble."

Capt. Haldeman sat beside her during the interview, content to allow her to do most of the talking, but chiming in now and then when a technical explanation was required which she was unable to give. Mrs. Haldeman also was on the *Macom* to greet her husband. They are to celebrate their eighth wedding anniversary Sunday, Haldeman said.

Outside of the city hall reception, the flyers will have the day to themselves. Tonight they are to be the guests of Flo Ziegfeld attending the Ziegfeld follies. Sunday night Miss Elder is to be the guest of honor at a dinner of the National Woman's party and Monday she and Capt. Haldeman are to have luncheon in Washington with President and Mrs. Coolidge.

New York, Nov. 11.—(A. P.)—The only cloud in the sky of Lyle Womack, husband of Ruth Elder, was that Mrs. Susan Odom, his wife's aunt, refused to speak to him, he told *The Associated Press* while on the way down New York harbor to welcome his flying wife back home.

It was reported several days ago that Womack and his aunt were not as friendly as aunt and nephew might be, but Womack today said that he thought it would all blow over soon.

"I guess it's the old, old trouble—too much in-law," he said.



## The Price of a Hat



By PERCY A. HILL

Manila in the year 1726 was not a prosperous place, in fact it was the reverse. Of course the regular revenues were collected and disbursed by a favoured few who were quite willing to divide if pressure was skillfully used, for stealing the King's pesos was both a delightful and profitable occupation. Only a few years before a gang of thieves in high places had succeeded in removing a governor by assassination who had indicated that they should put back in the Treasury at least nine-tenths of what they had thoughtlessly taken. Furthermore they were never punished for either one or the other dereliction, for the old gray city and its society was—in one word—corrupt.

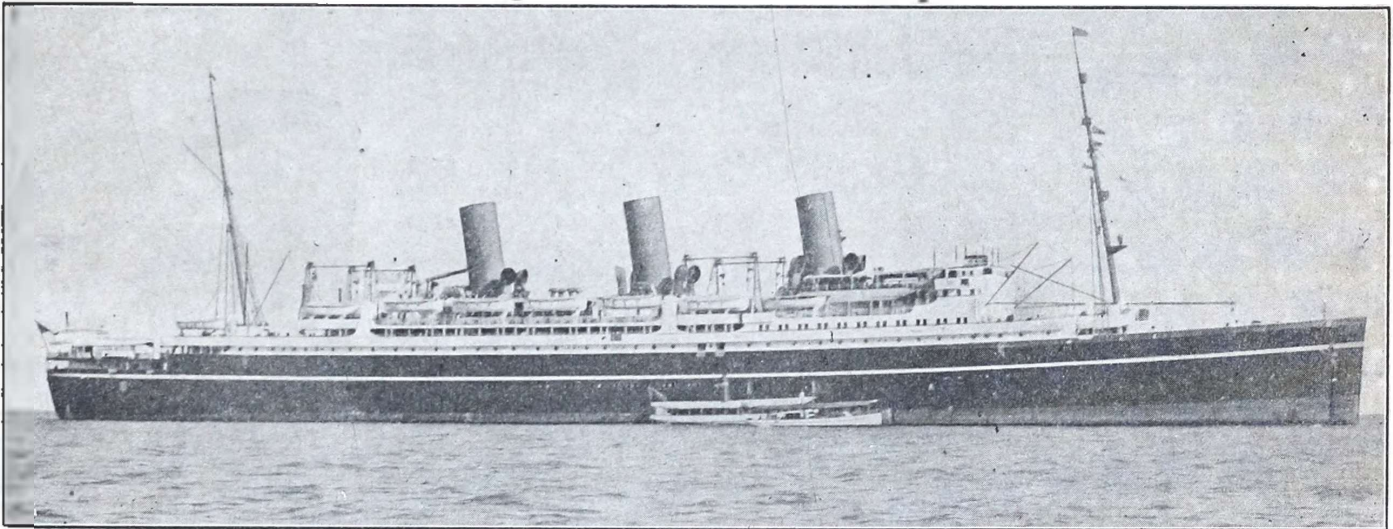
As Manila was the centre of the Isles of Philip so the Plaza Mayor was the centre of Manila. In the cathedral the Church was represented, in the Governor's palace the civil, and in the citadel the military. The commercial was relegated to the Consulado and the Plaza de Almacenes and jealously guarded by a close corporation of the three factors named above. Those in office enjoyed a salary and those in favour, a fortune, but the major portion of the citizens had sunk into an apathy that meant mere existence. As a result there was a plethora of restless spirits and parasites whose exploits kept the city from utter stagnation. These lived by their wits and did fairly well at their trade, for people who have neither wits nor means do not prosper in this world no matter where they dwell.

The social elements of Manila at that time were complex, that is, the ones who are concerned in this story. If the upper-world were haughty and officious, the middle-world dull and stodgy, the under-world combined all the

traits of the century just passed and the one to come. They were crusaders of a moribund society. They had to live if others had to die for it; for the sleepy provost guards were not in the habit of challenging them unnecessarily—their pay of two pesos a month and a uniform being insufficient to take any pride of place. Iron chains linked up at the end of certain streets at sunset were a custom which was not discontinued till a much later date, in spite of the gates being closed at the sound of the evening gun. This was done to prevent armed disturbances and the escape of thieves. The population of the walled city has always been constant for some three hundred years. Its complexion has changed, it is true, but not its building area.

Officials, citizens and ne'er-do-wells were all clad in all the sumptuousness of the period that not even the gloomy monarchs of semi-monastic Spain could banish by decree. The long embroidered coats, with huge pockets and collars the small clothes, great funnel-boots, the rapier and sword and the hat of *tres-picos*, or three cornered head-piece, were then the fashion, aped by those who could steal it. Manila was nothing if not religious but this did not prevent young sparks and even older ones from playing the gallant, for life was not all composed of prayer and penance under the priests. They might even pursue the female in her disguising mantilla with protestations and promises, that is if she was not accompanied by a servant or *duenna*. Even they were not safe after dark an hour when all respectable citizens and their families were safe behind their grilled window and bolted doors, for the provost guard, as we have explained, rarely troubled to investigate an uproar, wisely waiting till it had died down

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