HE ship that bears our country's name across the Atlantic isn't just a boat—any more than the Jockey Club is a hotel. The "France" is an institution—a creation of steel and wood and brass that has somehow managed to develop a soul, a personality, that continues to attract just those people with whom one would find it interesting to pass several days at sea...
FTER a winter spent in seclusion, the "FRANCE" is back . . .

Before her retirement, she had everything but speed. Today she has become an oil burner. She has turned herself from a seven-day boat into one of the fastest ships on the Atlantic. In a word—she is the same "France" with new arteries, a new heart . . . She is younger than when she was born. Naturally, she has acquired a new wardrobe, though, like the chic Parisienne she is, she has maintained her type while accommodating herself to the mode. She has been reupholstered throughout. But no ultra-modern influence has been permitted to tamper with the suave gayety of her Louis XIV mood. New cabins have been added, but they conform to tradition. She is still as French as her name.

No one needs to be reminded of the advantages of our conveniently located port—just three hours away from Paris by special vestibuled train is the covered pier at Havre, from which all French Line Steamers sail. Nor has anyone to be told of the cuisine, advertised as it has been by everybody who has ever crossed on the "France" . . . and who has not?
PROVIDENTIALLY, there's something about the "France" that effectually discourages the traveler who estimates beauty in terms of gold leaf. Those companionable little groups of chairs will seldom be found to harbor the tourist in need of a Baedeker, or the presuming person of doubtful antecedents. This is why the little groups on the "France" soon merge, with that family feeling so difficult to achieve on shipboard.

CHARMING! Magnificent with a simple gaiety of colour and line quite different from the neurotic moderns, yet distinct from the old-fashioned school of marine decoration. Here is a room in which you'd like to sit and talk, or listen to music, or dance, perhaps, when the floor is cleared and the canvas stretched, and the orchestra trills and throbs. Dancing is a pleasure on board the "France"—because the people belong.
Whether you want to write, or read the latest French or English novel, this long and softly shining room has been a refuge for so many lovely ladies that it holds a gentle quietness in its very air. The "France" has almost no vibration; the lighting is so good, the chairs are so comfortable that you wake from an afternoon book with nothing to remind you that you're at sea at all.

It used to be bridge—and for many it still is. But the ivory tiles are building a Chinese wall around the house of cards to-day, and one hears the Mah Jongg vocabulary in the pleasant smoking room and the little glassed-in annex beyond, where the choicest spirits go. It's all quite informal, quite delightful—these hard-fought battles on the high seas—these Oriental mysteries in French surroundings.
IF YOU choose to treat your voyage as a rest cure—which many a weary hostess elects to do—you may have your own four-room suite, a tiny apartment afloat, from which you need never emerge at all unless you wish. The meals served there to you are as perfect as Paris could make them; the stewards are more like family retainers than any you'd find in New York; the decoration is restrained and restful.

WITH their dainty pastel-tinted walls, the two-room suites have the feeling of home—friendly, quiet, and companionable. Breakfast in the boudoir if you wish—then you may desire the attentions of a maid or valet, or the deft touch of a specialist from the salon de beaute. From the French, who consider such work as art, one enjoys service that is really perfect.
YES! ... THERE SHE IS ... the “France,” with her four funnels, red with black tops. The “France,” with her nose in a wave off the channel, her new oil-burning engines skimming her New Yorkward, her cabins full of flowers, her decks gay. She isn’t as big as the biggest—but neither is the Ritz.

In speed she is one of the fastest liners on the Atlantic. But, when the “France” docks at either pier across the cold blue miles that carried the Statue of Liberty from her original home, people, who travel by no other boat come down the gang-plank, enriched by an unforgettable voyage.
FLOWERS—your own books—a comfortable bed with a good light—a little table for refreshments if you wish—a sitting room—salt, sweet air between the glass-slatted blinds—solitude unless you ring—a country-clubful of delightful people outside when you want them. Such is life as you have imagined might be possible in Arcadia and nowhere else... and yet here it is, centering about this two room suite on the "France."

HOW CHIC, how utterly French is that little bouquet, those prim little curtains, that endless multitude of starched lace tidies, clean as a sanded doorstep in Normandy! After the first night's sleep in that smooth embroidered bed, one is charmed by the home-like atmosphere... and the days are as French as Paris—from the first cup of coffee to the last thought at night.
AFTER DINNER, such a perfect dinner—and a dance or two—you suggest bridge to a few friends. The pretty panelled drawing room of your suite waits for you, with its well-chosen lights, and its chintz curtains to draw against the night, and its comfortable chairs ready to make the best of your game... It's just as good a place in which to write letters in the daytime, too, or lounge, or read.

FOR LUNCH on the days when you don't feel sociable—for dinner when you care to entertain a couple of friends—here is your own dining room. You have stewards who are irreproachably correct, a menu that is seldom equalled outside of France, an appetite that blows salubrily in through the windows. Old friends, chance-met on board, foregather at many such little dinners, and who can say what the effect is on the market or social world?
IF AN ARMY travels on its stomach—what about a boat? The “France’s” engines may be torn out in the interests of science, and oil burners inserted. But nobody ever can lure away the “France’s” chef—though many have tried. He is the blue ribbon chef of the Atlantic. Men wax as lyrical over his creations as women do over those magic trunkfuls of French clothes. He is the idol of gourmets—the high god of flavors.

WHAT a decorative background for the flower-like gowns that drift up and down the stairway! What a stage-setting for the diplomats, the financiers and the lovely women! The stars one sees are many. But they all come nightly to bow to the Sun, himself—as seen across the page. For what would art be without food? And what would food be without art—the art of the “France’s” chef?
Isn't this exquisite dining balcony a fitting place to enjoy the piquant creations of the chef? The excellent French cuisine is ever certain to provide an unexpected delight—for just when you think the height of artistry has been reached, the smiling steward presents a different treat! And how gratifying it is to note that such a background awaits one's newest evening clothes and gorgeous dinner frocks!

The Sun Deck... To chat, to walk a bit, to see an unexpected friend, to read, to drowse and dream, swung between the strenuous world you've left and the strenuous world that waits for you. Where is the air as clear, cool, as filled with melted gold and stored with health? Where is life ever as lazy, as agreeable?
THIS IS THE world's best make-up but.
Once around—rouge. Twice around—
eyes that laugh and challenge. Three times—
youth! Slenderness intact, or slenderness
began. But—here comes the steward with
his seductive little wagonful of tempta-
tions—bouillon, tea, chocolate, piping hot,
scrackers. Don't yield too desperately. But
yield a bit. What's life for if we can't enjoy
the reward of our labors? Then a chair... 
a bit of talk... eyes closed for just a mo-
ment... heavens, it's time for lunch!

HUMAN NATURE being human nature,
too many of us will inspect the "gym,"
promise ourselves to take a daily work-
out—and then spend most of our time in
the smoking room or a deck chair! Yet if we
are entering the portly forties, battling with
an increasing belt line, six days with this
smart sea-going gymnasium might be the
beginning of victory, and to the stern, deter-
mined few, the end justifies the effort.
From Covered Pier in Havre
to Covered Pier in New York,
via Plymouth

The “FRANCE,” sailing from a covered pier at Havre, stops at Plymouth to receive passengers who have come down from London by special train. From Plymouth to New York—with her powerful, oil-burning engines quickly covering the miles, the “France” skims over the ocean to a New York pier in the very heart of the city! No wonder that the “France” is the choice of travelers to whom time is an important matter!