

es to make them

She was dressed

robe. On her neck

and of beautiful

zed them as Mrs.

Maryella had bor-

use their owner

n for the perfor-

playing the part

vere on the floor,

slowly to the ped-

stood. She knelt.

for a long time

word—without ex-

ispered wish that

fe. Maryella was

ble?" inquired the

ook in hand, just

s. "Miss Waite,

arest wish—"

him impatiently.

It's the statue."

l of vexation.

er?" I inquired,

g my attitude.

ose I've been tak-

t rehearsal ever

are bow-legged."

ngly, as if I had

ome sort on pur-

itive subject with

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ghtly curved. It

rength. Lots of

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argued petulant-

sonally. I sup-

ly estimable men

iarities; but can

ptor creating a

ly bow-legged?

me?" she wailed

me?"

ized, "I didn't

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d," she declared.

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u can easily get

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interrupted the

e mustn't waste

re is a lot to do

is this evening."

he replied. "No

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of those things

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em myself," she

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I've heard that

"All right," said the coach. "Go on with the dialogue."

The balance of the act was plowed through somehow. I had to play several love-scenes with Maryella, but I was so acutely conscious of her criticism that I did them very badly.

The only scene that I played with any enthusiasm was one in which I was supposed to wrestle with Jim Cooper in the role of the Greek warrior. Even that turned out ill for me because it made his head ache where I bumped it on the stage, and Maryella hovered over him like a hen with chickens all during the intermission while they were setting the stage for the third act.

I got tired of listening to her sympathizing with him and went out in the auditorium by myself. I did not care to talk to any one. To criticize my acting was one thing, but to make personal remarks about the shape of my legs was going too far.

I made up my mind to withdraw from the Sheridan Dramatic club as soon as the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" was over. I would not leave them in the lurch now, as I might do and wreck the entire performance; but as soon as it would not be conspicuous I would assert my dignity and resign on the ground that it took too much of my time. I admired Maryella, but she could hardly expect me to stand for being made fun of before Jim Cooper.

"I think it is an awfully funny play; don't you?" inquired a voice behind me.

I looked around. In the aisle stood Mrs. Hemmingway, a plump sylph in the half-light of the auditorium. She apparently wanted to sit down, so I made room for her beside me.

"You think it is quite funny?" I repeated interrogatively.

"Yes. I didn't realize it so much until I saw the costumes. I didn't know you were going to be a clown."

She pointed to my white face.

I suppose she would have laughed herself sick at the Venus de Milo. Mrs. Hemmingway is a movie fan, and her sense of humor must have been curdled by this comic-fall stuff. Here I was gotten up to represent a beautiful work of the sculptor's art, and she had missed the idea entirely and thought I was meant to be funny!

"The best scene," she went on, innocently endeavoring to flatter me, "is where you tell Maryella you love her there in the garden. It was better than Charlie Chaplin."

And that scene was pure poetry! I wrote it myself, so I am sure of it.

"Thank you very much for your appreciation," I said, wishing that she were a man so that I could say what I really thought. "You've no idea how your praise makes me feel."

"I'm glad. I thought you were sort of blue over here all by yourself, so I decided to cheer you up."

Then she added hastily for fear she had ruined the effect of her praise!

"I really meant what I said though about your being funny."

The dear little featherhead was trying to make me feel good! She was prompted by the instinct which makes one woman try to heal the hurts inflicted by another. I was a bear not to accept her tribute in the spirit in which it was offered.

"Thanks ever so much," I assured her, and reaching over carelessly I patted her hand, which lay idly on her knee.

As I did so a strong hand came down on my shoulder and, heavy man though I am, I was hoisted bodily from my seat to the aisle.

"I caught you, didn't I?" hissed an angry voice. "I've suspected there was some man in the case to make my wife so crazy about acting all of a sudden."

(Continued Next Week)

Coast Guard Captain at Evanston Predicts Cold Spring; Lake High

"If we have another bad storm such as we had March 31, many more retaining walls along the north shore will go, because the lake is higher now than it has been since 1916," Captain Otto Fricke of the U. S. Coast Guard station, at Evanston, stated last week.

The captain predicted a cold spring and northerly winds for this district. He did not forecast freezing temperature but thought the weather would stay cold until late in the spring.

"Although it has been a hard winter," he said, "we have not been called out. As the ice was frozen solidly for such a long time, no one went through it, and when it began to break up, people kept off." There have been only three calls this year. Last week the crew was called out to bring in three boys who were paddling off Howard avenue in a tin boat when they started to drift out to sea. The coast guard squad picked them up and towed them back to the station.

"The lake was the lowest in 1925 but has been rising slowly since then," the captain observed. "I can't see that the Chicago river has had anything to do with the level. The water rises about every seven years. It is so high now that our pier is being carried away and we have dismantled half the tower waiting to see what the water will do."

Dunes Park Measure May Displace Other

That the bill entered the state senate by Senator Ray Paddock of Wauconda which provides for an appropriation of \$5,000,000 for the purchase of lands along the lake shore between Waukegan and the state line and their conversion into a state park, will if successful, replace the Camp Logan state park bill fathered by Representative Lee McDonough, is the opinion of those interested in the measure.

Both will be given support however. The McDonough bill if successful would serve as a measure of re-opening the campaign for a state park on the North Flats or Illinois Dunes region in the event that the Paddock measure is defeated.

A Promising Bud
Your face is a dainty flower,
I whispered as I kissed her throat,
And yielding to my wild embrace,
She placed the flower upon my coat.

The official song of the hum runner is "Coming Through With the Ray."

North Shore Men to Aid Plans for World Fair; Group Helping

Plans for a series of district meetings in aid of the Chicago World's Fair enrollment campaign were discussed at the centennial headquarters last week when representatives of nine fraternal orders gathered to map out a preliminary campaign to have their respective organizations convene in Chicago in 1933.

Among those who will attend the meeting are: Judge Michael Fineberg, exalted ruler of the Elks; Dr. William E. Buehler of Glencoe, a thirty-third degree Mason who was selected to represent his order; Edward Houlihan, state deputy and supreme director in the national organization of the Knights of Columbus; Dr. A. G. Nauman, past grand master of the Odd Fellows of Illinois; J. M. Rosenstein, of District No. 6, B'nai B'rith; Andrew J. O'Donnell, past grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias in Illinois; James O'Keefe, secretary of the Garfield Park Aerie of Eagles; Edgar O. Eakin, past sachem of Onawa lodge, Red Men; W. Lee Provol and B. W. Johnson, supervisor and secretary, respectively, of Greater Chicago lodge, Loyal Order of Moose.

Plans are being worked out to solicit every fraternal order member in Chicago and suburbs to join the World's Fair Legion, it was announced at centennial headquarters in the Burnham building.

Twelve hundred members of the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad company have taken out \$5 memberships in the legion, it was announced by Stuyvesant Peabody, chairman of the committee conducting the enrollment campaign.

Poetry is supposed to be produced only by geniuses, but some of our poets seem to think that \$3.50 spent for a rhyming dictionary will do it.



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