

Legging It

This may be the motor age but a stout pair of limbs do help a lot, now and then



Ewing Galloway

Wide World

Below: Dan O'Leary starts a walk of at least 100 miles every birthday. His 88th he celebrated by starting from Jersey City to Chester, Pa.



Wide World

Wide World

Left: Motoring tires her, so even when offered a lift Grandma Streater declines. She likes walking—which is just as well, for at 81 she recently footed it from Virginia to Oregon

Above: This for some reason is called the sunflower exercise and it's all right with us. Anyway, it's intended to strengthen the leg muscles, so come on. Vim-and-Vigorites

Cowling, from Ewing Galloway

Below: When they make whoop-eee in Siam they call out the royal dancers, limberest leggers on earth





Salisbury,
from Ewing
Galloway &
Burton
Holmes,
from Ewing
Galloway

Left: Ten miles with a market load like this is a mere step for trained Chinese legs. The Japanese farm lady in the circle is toting a load by means of a device that, believe it or not, is called a gigi



Paramount

Below: You have to be a mighty stepper to operate this Japanese irrigation wheel. It works on the treadmill principle. As the stationary hiker clings to the two poles and steps, the wheel tosses water from the ditch into the field. Personally, we'd rather use the old-fashioned bucket-carrying method

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Left: That's a dizzy way to wait table. Still it's part of the course of a training school for waitresses. Maybe that's the stutter step they use to keep from serving your soup while it's hot

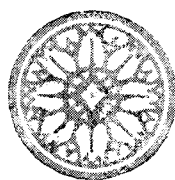
Legs, if we must mention them again, were not entirely unimportant in the earlier movie comedies. The elegant ones above belong to Gloria Swanson — now the Countess of you-know



Salisbury,
from
Ewing
Galloway



Wide
World



Wide
World

Above: "—can spring be far behind?" "Indeed, not," replied Miss Sally Finney. And bounding with her graceful albeit powerful legs she's dancing before you can stop her

Right: After severe rainstorms in Kent, England, they use stilts when they go out to repair damage in the hop-fields. And not very convincing stilts either — the wire rather gives it away



Free, White and Female

The Story Thus Far:

MR. BUNDY and Jerry had not reached the ground floor of the hotel before Martha's telephone rang, and she heard Mortimer Blade's voice bidding her good morning.

"You're in luck," he said, and hesitated briefly—"if you know how to use it."

"I think I can learn," said Martha. "Give me a sketchy idea of it."

"Colburn saw you with me night before last."

"Is that luck?"

"I don't suppose there are more than a million girls who would give their eyeteeth to have it happen to them."

"And who is Colburn?"

Blade snorted. "Colburn! Ever hear of motion pictures?"

"I went to one once," said Martha. "You mean that Colburn."

"There isn't any other. You have him turning handsprings. Every time he thinks of you his eyes roll inside out. Called me twice. Wants me to bring you to dinner at his apartment tonight. He says you are a find."

"Just what," asked Martha, "is his idea of a find?"

"He can make you overnight," said Blade.

"Make me what?" asked Martha pertly.

"Don't be silly. You put on the old war paint and toddle along with me. Play this bird right and the film magazines'll be printing your picture on the cover in six months."

"Did he say so?" asked Martha.

"Look here, Martha, I'm not joking about this. It's the real thing. . . . You wouldn't object to being a star at ten thousand a week, would you?"

"I might," said Martha. "I suppose he could tell by the shape of my nose that I could act all over the place."

"You're a fish," Blade said disgustedly. "Most girls would be throwing fits."

"I never learned even a simple little parlor fit," said Martha. "Besides, I've heard this and that about your Mr. Colburn. He eats little girls."

"Now don't get cagy. He's not a bad egg, and I'll be along myself. He never ate any girls who didn't serve themselves up with sauce."

"Oh, I'll come. I'm that reckless. Besides, I want to see what one of these motion-picture apartments looks like. I want to see everything. You've no idea!"

"Seven-thirty, then," said Blade. "And remember I knew you when you were obscure."

"That," said Martha, "will make no difference. I shall high-hat you just the same—when I get my ten thousand a week. Seven-thirty."

She sat for half an hour after re-

MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when their sister, Martha, announces that she is going to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of several generations' standing because Mortimer Blade's great-great-grandfather seduced the Bundy boys' great-great-granddaughter, live near the Bundys.

In New York Marty sees a good deal of Mortimer Blade and Richard Lane, whose last name translated means blade and who strongly resembles Mortimer.

Marty goes to Miss Patty's, a speak-easy, with Mortimer, and Gelon and Theron, two of the twins, arrive, beat Mortimer up and take Marty home.

The Bundy men, meantime, take out a mortgage on the estate and determine to make a million dollars on a real-estate venture. Roswell Blade buys an interest in the Bundys' bank and he and Mortimer plan to delay the Bundys' work through sabotage. Mortimer has vowed revenge. They are much upset at Richard Lane's being in America.

Marty's father comes into the city ostensibly bent on having a good time. He and Jerry start out on a large evening, leaving Marty alone.

"Did you think you could get away with it—with me? Didn't you know me better?"



Illustrated by
T. D. SKIDMORE

"Then you have no luncheon engagement?"

"None."

"In which case, come down. I will buy you rich and gaudy food. I might even go ham and eggs."

"I'll come. I want to talk to someone. I'll be down in two shakes."

She had been glad to hear his voice, curiously glad.

She regarded him as a friend, and today he was especially welcome.

"The most gorgeous thing has happened," she said when they were on the street.

"Such as a proposal from a bona fide Russian count?"

"No. I've been noticed. He saw me the other night, and I'm asked to dinner."

"I CAN hardly believe it. Did he send a note by the head waiter? Or concealed in a bunch of violets?"

"And he thinks I'm a find."

"He's right. No question about it. You're not only a find, you're a discovery. You wouldn't say Columbus found America."

her. She would have shown them. She would have made the Bundys sit up and take notice!

Life would begin then. This mere state of being would come to an end and things would happen. There was nothing—nothing!—that could not happen! Martha closed her eyes and tipped back her piquant face in a very ecstasy of imagination. And from it the telephone awakened her.

"How are a number of things this morning?" she heard Richard Lane's voice asking.

"Oh," she said, "I'm as happy as kings—almost."

"And hungry?"

"Been too busy to think about it."

placing the receiver, her heart beating with excitement. Blade would have been filled with satisfaction could he have made himself aware of the state of mind into which his news had thrown her. The motion pictures! What girl in New York, model, chorus beauty, stenographer, package wrapper, but has dreamed her dreams of sudden fame and fortune in Hollywood? To be discovered by the discerning eye of some magnate and elevated overnight to that golden land inhabited by motion-picture stars! The glamour of it! The satisfaction! The vindication of her headstrong course in cutting herself adrift from family and home! . . . It was that rather than the showers of money and the roseate glow of fame which excited