

TENNIS COURT

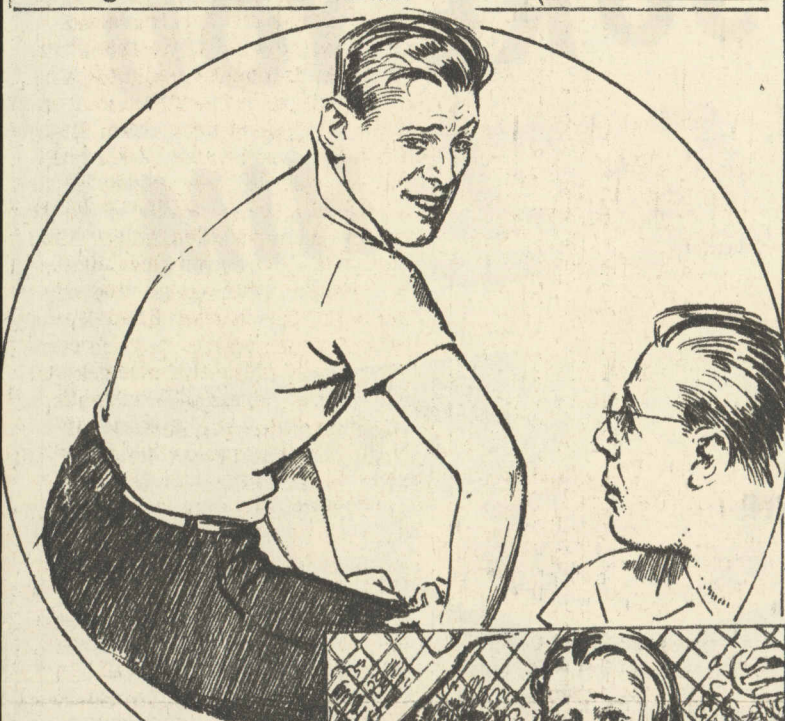
By W. E. Hill

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The cats on the sideline. Too bored to pay much attention to what happens on the court, but they have a swell time discussing their friends. "Wouldn't you think," one of them is saying, "Margaret would wear something instead of shorts, when she has such legs!" After two games they agree not to "stick it out any longer" and go in search of a cocktail.

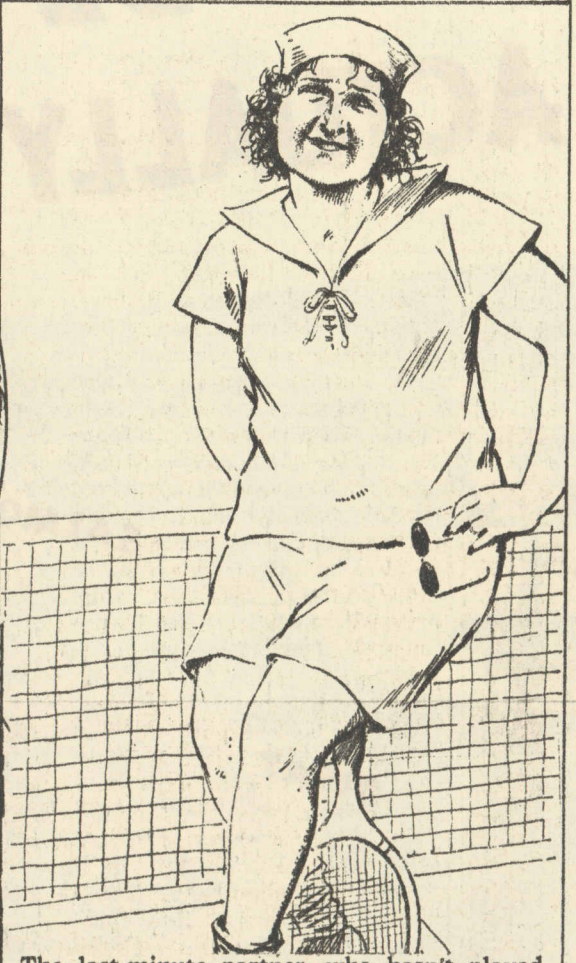
The polite onlookers. They scream, "Good try!" and "Nice work, Clara!" or "Better luck next set, Bill, old boy!" all during the game, and applaud furiously when any one makes even a fair play.



The terrible player. He trips all over himself and practically ruins the court, but has plenty of alibis. Right now he's explaining to a fellow player that "It's the bumpy court and the light is wrong—can't see the balls. Besides, I'm not used to Ed's racket!"



The beginner. Goes pretty wild, swinging her new racket. When she serves a stray ball or directs a wild one, she begs every one's pardon, even the onlookers', and says, "I'm so-o-o sorry!"



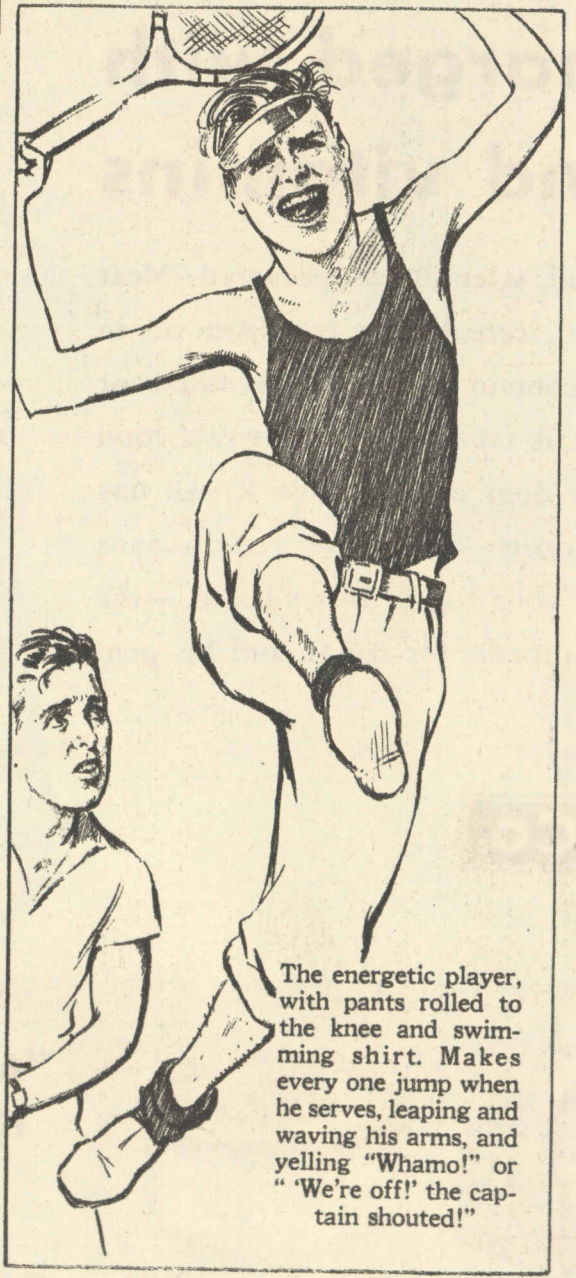
The last-minute partner, who hasn't played tennis in years, but is willing to accommodate. Knows she'll be just awful, but nobody realizes how awful till the game is under way and it's too late to lock her up. Chatters all the time and, when the game is lost, pretends to be furious. Throws down her racket, stamps around the court and screams, "I'm so mad I could cry!"



These two have met for tennis but neither wants to play now that they are on the court. Alice swears she knows Janie is oh, so much better than she is. And Janie says no, it's the other way 'round, that Alice is the swell player and she, Janie, can't even hit a ball, etc., etc. They both turn out to be awful when the game starts.



The middle-aged pals who get into terrific fights. Off the court, they are thick as thieves, but not on it. (The more excitable one is telling the more sullen one, "I can't help it, that's the way we always play!") Throws her ball as far as it will go with a furious "So there, Mary Know-it-all!"



The energetic player, with pants rolled to the knee and swimming shirt. Makes every one jump when he serves, leaping and waving his arms, and yelling "Whamo!" or "We're off!" the captain shouted!

Odd Jobs for Women



In the world of working women few are more colorful than the "pearly queens" of England—costermongers so proud of their trade they band together as a distinct class.

(Acme photo.)



(Acme photo.)

In the strange marts of the tobacco industry Elizabeth Meyers is said to be the only woman auctioneer—a vocation that ordinarily places nimble wit above beauty.



(Paul's, Chicago, photo.)

Even railroad switchmen have feminine counterparts in Russia.



(Acme photo.)

Another soviet woman directs traffic as her daily stint.



(Acme photo.)

Marjory Shear, Texas bird surgeon, administers anesthetic to a patient that requires an amputation. She even has an oxygen tank for pneumonia sufferers.



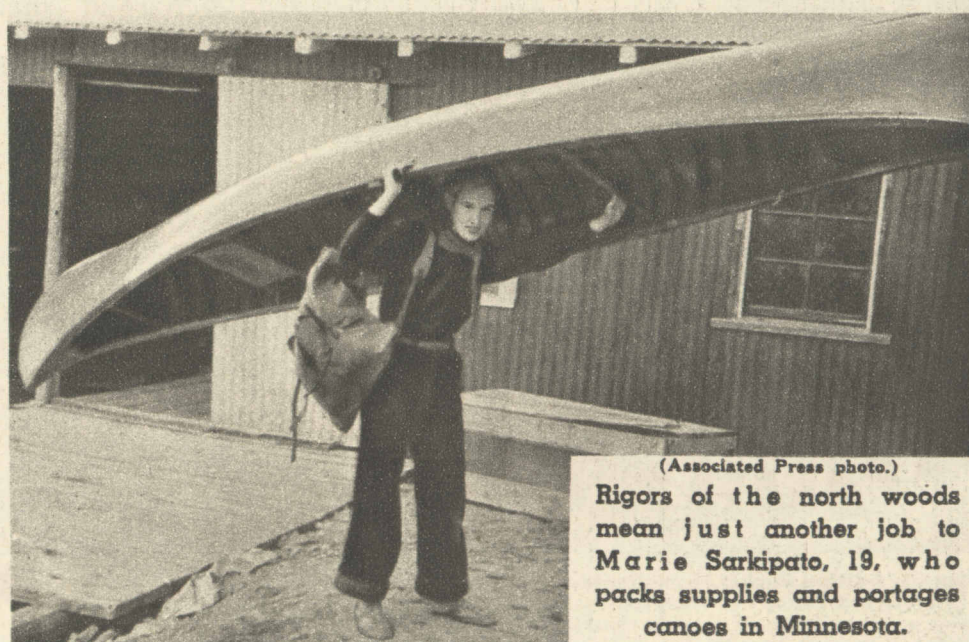
(Associated Press photo.)

Politeness won this girl a job as a street car conductor in busy Tokio.



(Louis Tager photo.)

Supplied with patches, this young Chinese woman is at the service of tattered Peiping pedestrians.



(Associated Press photo.)

Rigors of the north woods mean just another job to Marie Sarkipato, 19, who packs supplies and portages canoes in Minnesota.