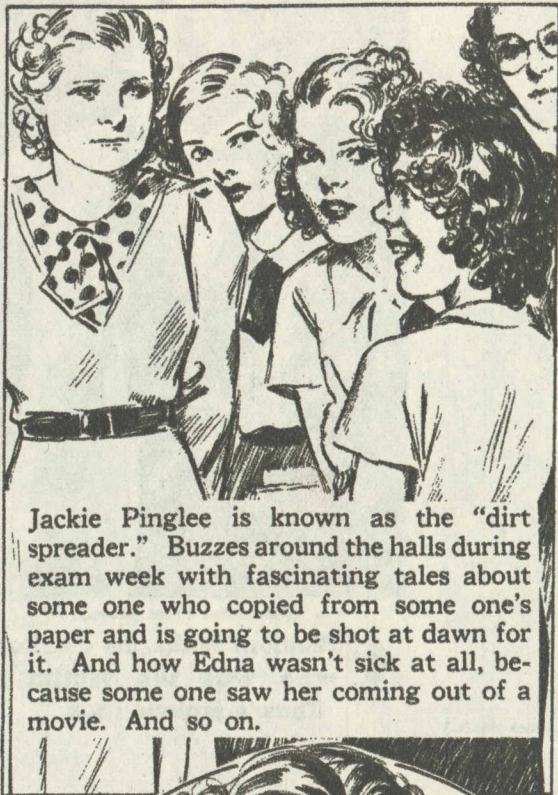


SHE PASSED HER EXAMS

By W. E. Hill

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Jackie Pinglee is known as the "dirt spreader." Buzzes around the halls during exam week with fascinating tales about some one who copied from some one's paper and is going to be shot at dawn for it. And how Edna wasn't sick at all, because some one saw her coming out of a movie. And so on.



Louise's mamma is having a heart-to-heart talk with Miss Garber, the history teacher—just so Miss Garber will see reason and pass Louise. (Louise gave one look at the history questions and walked out of class.) Her mother is pointing out that, of course, examinations are all right for a girl who has to go out and hunt a job some day, but Miss Garber should know that Louise, with her looks and charm, will marry some nice, wealthy boy and never have to work! etc., etc.



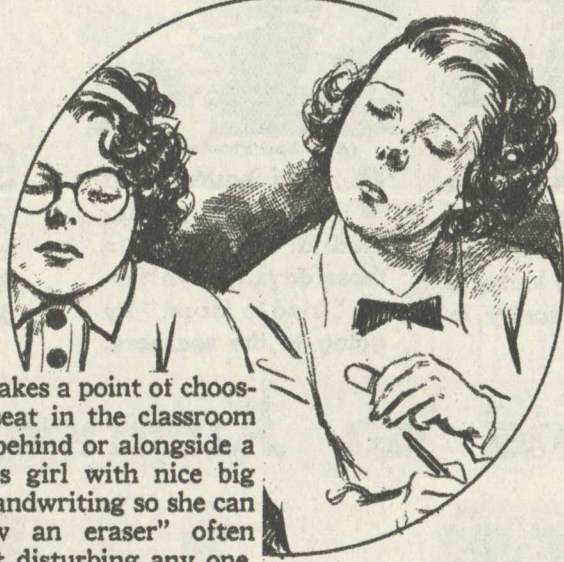
Jacqueline is a big baby. She walks around before an exam telling every one she's scared to death, and is going to forget everything she ever knew. "Feel my hands," says she, "Cold as ice!"



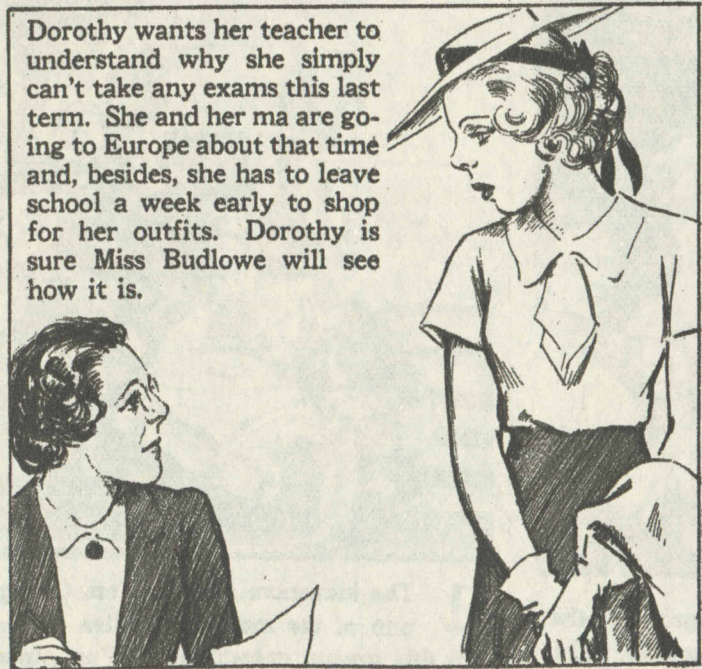
Mabel and Loretta are great chums and walk up and down the halls studying their notes on chemistry. This is the only time of year they have no time to discuss their usual topic, "the perfectly horrible food" they were forced to eat in the lunchroom. (Loretta chose tuna fish sandwich today because it's a brain food.)



The crowd outside the classroom. Rita says, "She won't expect us to know that." And Betty says, "She will, too. She's just mean enough to ask us that." Soon the girls now taking an exam will come from the classroom. And there will be moaning and cries of "I only got one and a half questions right! That means D-minus! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"



Jane makes a point of choosing a seat in the classroom either behind or alongside a studious girl with nice big open handwriting so she can "borrow an eraser" often without disturbing any one.



Dorothy wants her teacher to understand why she simply can't take any exams this last term. She and her ma are going to Europe about that time and, besides, she has to leave school a week early to shop for her outfits. Dorothy is sure Miss Budlowe will see how it is.



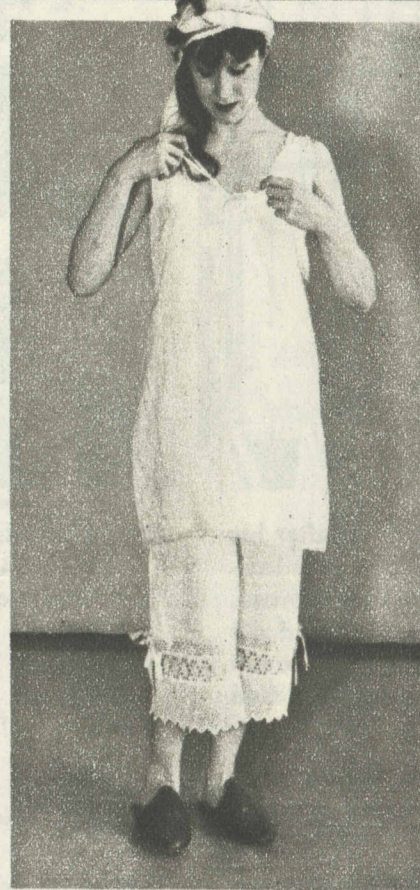
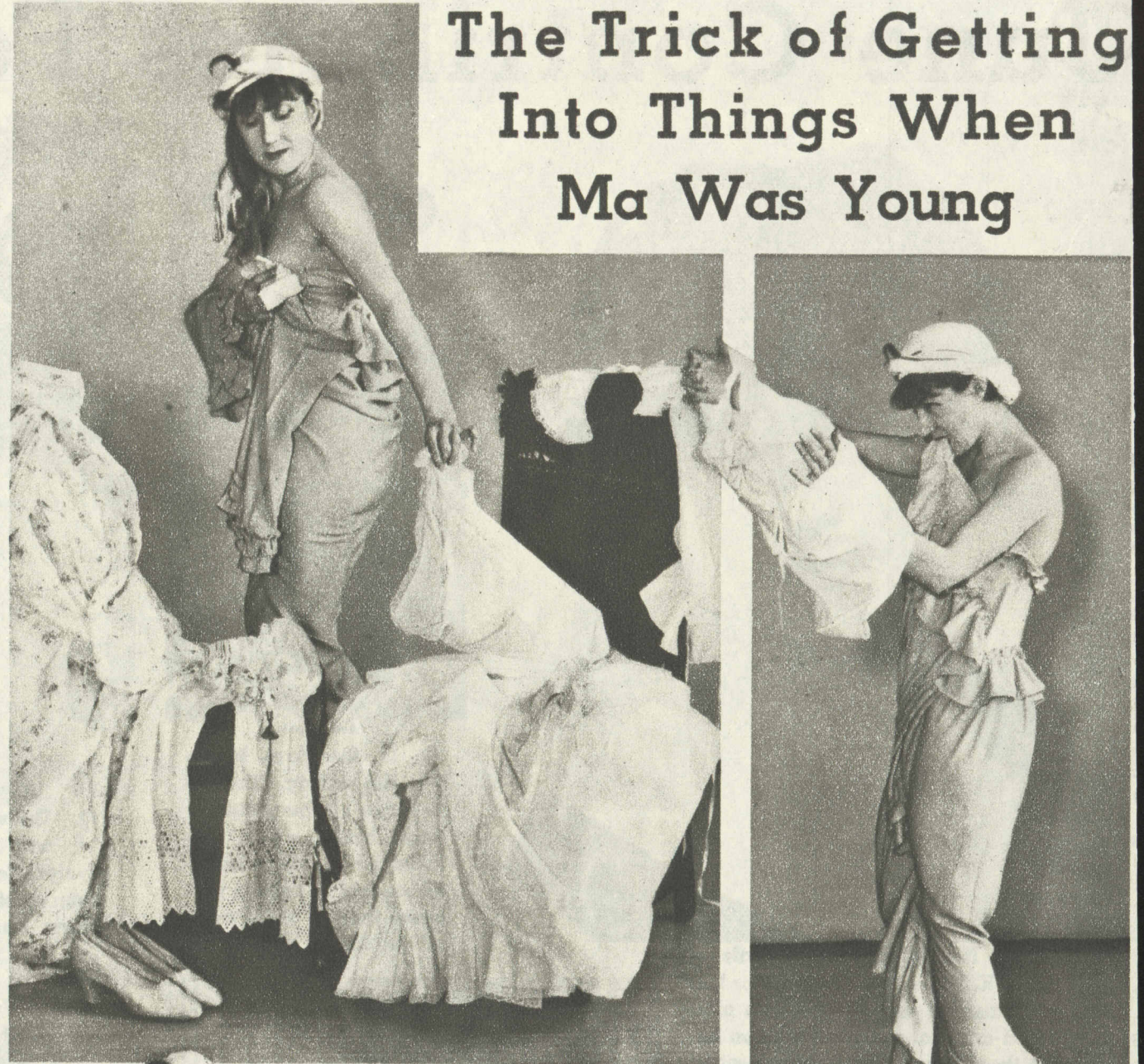
Why teachers go gray. These girls, who are pouting so prettily, have had their papers returned so they may benefit by their mistakes. One girl will insist she meant the right answers, even if they read wrong, and the other will insist, "But, Miss Farrelly, you never GAVE us THAT in class!"



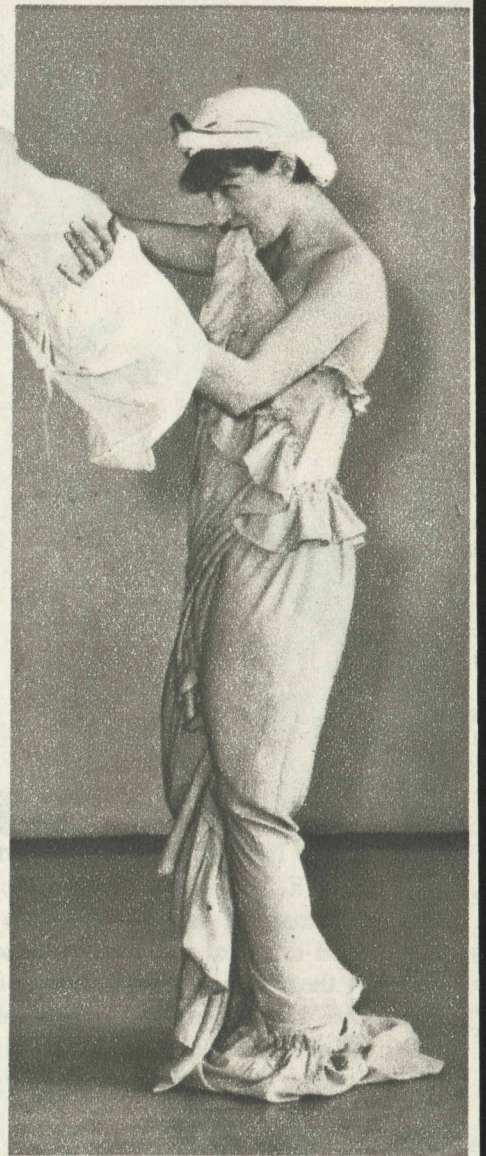
Cynthia's mother is hearing Cynthia's irregular verbs, and not being a great help. (She thinks "merci" means "mercy." That's a sample of mother's French! Brother Jimsey, too, is very little help. He tells Cynthia not to worry because he heard from a girl, who took French last year, that Cynthia's teacher flunks every third paper without reading it.

6-6

The Trick of Getting Into Things When Ma Was Young



1 Let's turn the clock back 37 years to see what Miss America, model 1900 (impersonated by Agna Enters, pantomimist), wore and how she struggled into her strange and armorlike garb. She starts with two chairs full of bewildering regalia and gingerly picks up a lacy two-legged curio, the likes of which have lain these many years in attic, musty portmanteau, and fragrant cedar chest.



2 Next in order is that thing called the chemise (refined way of spelling shimmy), into which our subject dives head first and with no little dexterity.



3 It's now safe for her to toss aside the concealing negligee to dazzle us just a trifle with the quaintness of it all—the cunning ribbons tied in bows and the plus-four jibe of the two-cylindered thing that encases her legs.

(© Acme photos.)

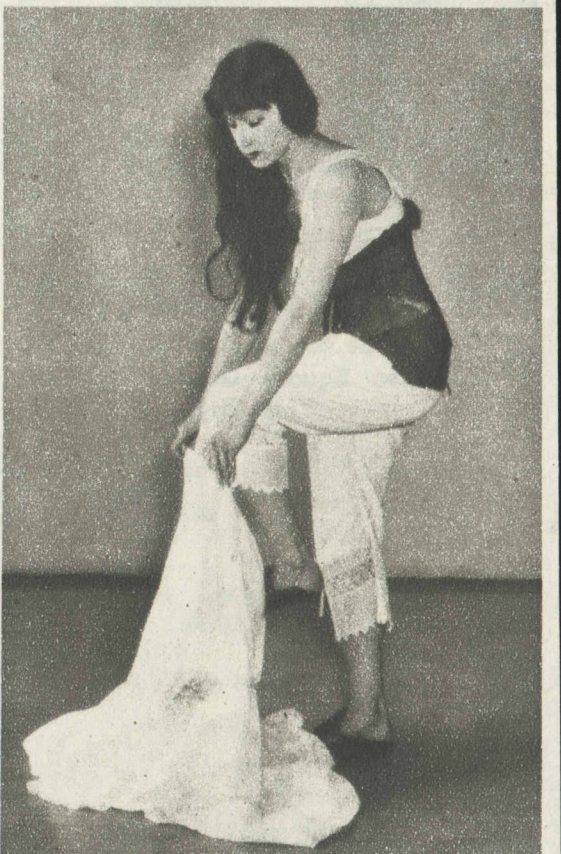


4 No, she is not playing an accordion! She is merely hooking herself into a rigid instrument designed to make her beautifully wasplike. It is called a corset (sometimes the plural, corsets), and it is the most nonelastic device ever thought up by mankind. It is stiffened by stays of steel. Corsets usually were pink or white, but this one is red.

6 A toilsome task is the combing of the hair. The tresses were long and snarly, the comb often stuck, and the poor girl always was in a hurry. Some young fellow waiting down in the front parlor would be pretty much put out about this delay.



7 At right: If the young fellow remarked about the tinkle of the bell, the girl would come back snappily, "Skidoo!"



5 This petticoat is stepped into, although the technique often varied. Some styles called for head-on entry. The first petticoat was like the first coat of paint—it merely supplied the foundation. Four or five frequently were worn.



8 So here we have the 1900 version of Miss America, with her hair fixed high and her skirt trailing low—and only the tips of her little shoes showing. She's ready for a party.