

A STORY 'BOUT BEAUTIFUL LEGS, HAIRLESS BEARS AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF JENNIE

By Jane Whitaker.

"Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach you soon the
truth,

There are no birds in last year's
nest."

This is the philosophy of Jennie. Never mind what is her last name because I do not know it, anyway, but she had brown eyes, red hair and freckles, and I adore red hair and dote on freckles because they always adorn a creamy skin.

She stood in front of the bear cage at Lincoln Park and I sauntered up beside her and watched the impish grin on her face until she turned and caught me.

"How would you like to be a bear today?" she asked, with disconcerting frankness.

"I laughed, but an answer wasn't necessary. "Humane Society ought to make Cy DeVry shave them close, oughtn't it," she rambled on. "Wouldn't it be funny to see a bear looking like a hairless poodle! Ooh! Look at THAT!"

THAT was a girl with a very high slit in her skirt and no petticoat underneath.

"Hasn't she a beautiful leg?" Jennie exclaimed, her eyes wide with admiration.

"Yes, and no hesitancy about showing it," I answered, with what I hoped was severity.

"Why should she mind showing it?" asked Jennie. "I ain't got no kick on a girl like that wearing a slit. It's when one of these bag of bones goes showing off how fierce a female can look when she ain't covered that I get sore. It's like giving away secrets. This is some burg, ain't it?"

"If by 'some' you mean this is a fine town, I suppose it is for some people, but I am afraid everybody wouldn't agree with you. There are

lots of people that aren't at all enthusiastic about it."

"Then there's something wrong with the engineer in their thinking throttle," Jennie responded. "Some people wouldn't be satisfied with heaven. Why I know a girl that can go to a movie every night in the week and she's sore on life because she can't wear silk stockings. Gee, there's a lot of sore heads, but so long as it ain't catchin' I should worry."

"There's a vacant bench over there, Miss—" I hesitated.

"Just Jennie. Whenever I flirt with a girl like I did with you I know I won't see her again so the handle to my name don't matter. What are you called when you don't hand out your card?"

"Jane," I said, hesitatingly, because she quite took my breath away.

"I knew it would be Jane or Ann or Susan or something plain like that."

"Is that supposed to be a compliment upon my sensible appearance or a suggestion that I look plain enough to have a plain name?" I asked.

"You won't catch any whales in this water," she laughed. "It's too shallow. But it isn't your looks or anything like that, it's just your matter of fact way of taking it when a girl you don't know says hello to you. If you was named Gwendolyn you would have said: 'I beg your pardon?' and squelched me."

"Tell me why you like the burg," I prompted.

"Oh, it's big, for one thing. You can get on a trolley and ride and ride and ride and you can get on another after that. And the parks that you can go to for nothing, and the people you can talk to. Oh, just the whole lay-out."

"Are you living here with your family?" I queried.

"No fair asking for references,"