

I didn't dispute her. It was all of that. First we groups the ladies on the south veranda behind a lot of screens, and herds the men around the corner. Then we unpacks them suitcases of Whitey's and distributes the things. Such regalias, too! What Mr. Robert draws is mostly two colored tights, spangled trunks, a gorgeous cape, peak-toed shoes of red leather, and a sword. Maybe he didn't look some spiffy in it!

You should have seen Ferdie, though, with a tow-colored wig clapped down over his ears and his spindle shanks revealed to a cold and cruel world in a pair of faded pink ballet trousers. For the Reverend Percy they dug out a fuzzy brown bathrobe with a hood, and tied a rope around his waist. Me, I'm dolled up in green tights and a leather coat, and get a bugle to carry.

How frisky a few freak clothes make you feel, don't they? Mr. Robert begins cuttin' up at once, and even Ferdie shows signs of wantin' to indulge in frivolous motions, if he only knew how. The reg'lar movie people gets the idea this is goin' to be some kind of a lark, and they joins in, too. When the ladies appeared they sure looked stunnin'. Miss Hampton has on a fancy flarin' collar two feet high, and a skirt like a balloon; but she's a star in it just the same. Sister Marjorie, who's a bit husky any-