



Paging Julia Ballew, the "Anna Wheaton" of the Midnight Whirl, who scintillates nightly atop the Century, our photographer found her, sole in hand, quite off guard in charming undress parade.



Hoot, mon! the original advocate for the freedom of the knees is the canny Scot, and the original movement to prove its value is the Highland Fling. Donald MacDonald of "The Lady in Red."



There's scarcely sufficient wool in the mittens of this Ziegfeld girl to blind one to the fact that Margaret Falconer is not altogether as serious a knitter as she looks.



Left—This is the way a Vampirette — that's a kind of fair, youthful siren in vogue at the Century Whirl—looks when caught off-stage in a moment of relaxation. Demonstrated by Louise Dale.

Freedom of the Knees
Here are nine reasons, logical or otherwise, for Broadway's insistence on the second of her own fourteen points.



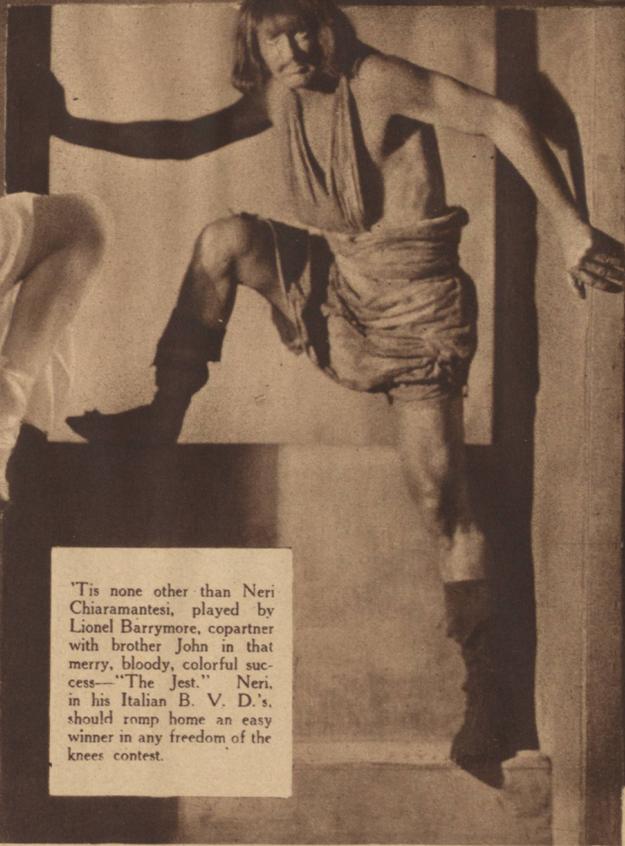
Right—Betty Hale, of the Midnight Frolic, easily beats the Dutch when it comes to looking really attractive in clumsy wooden sabots and topheavy millinery.



Not a classic straphanger of the Athens Interborough, but a modern goddess of the footlights in airy Grecian draperies granting freedom to the breeze—Eileen Cotey, of "Good Morning, Judge."



"One, two, three—arm lifted, knee raised." Simone d'Herlys, of the Midnight Frolic, strikes a pose of graceful gesture and genuflection, reminiscent of an æsthetic—or anaesthetic?—dancing class.



'Tis none other than Neri Chiaramantesi, played by Lionel Barrymore, copartner with brother John in that merry, bloody, colorful success—"The Jest." Neri, in his Italian B. V. D.'s, should romp home an easy winner in any freedom of the knees contest.



We all know the South Sea Isles as authority on picturesque dance and dress, but it's not necessary to take the trip to prove it—Evan Burrows Fontaine brings their witchery nightly to the Amsterdam Roof.