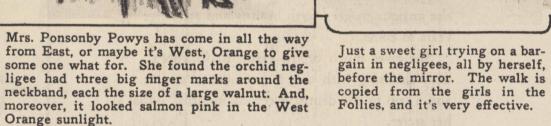
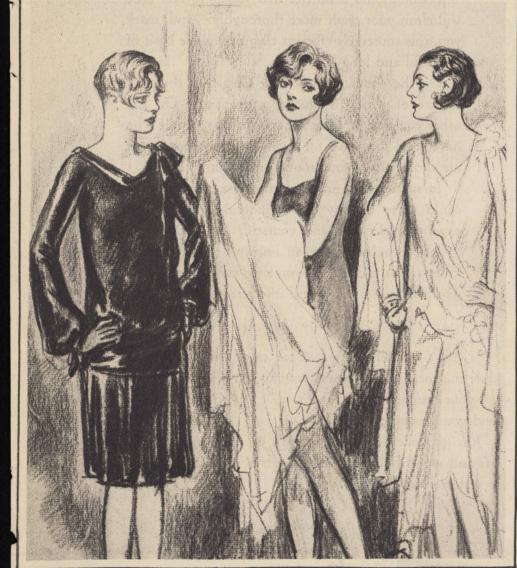


From 9 to 5 Miss Bertie Doolittle has to be at the beck and call of "every old hen" (her very words) ligee would look on a really refined girl. Bertie doesn't have to do this for a living, because really her wages just about pay her taxi bill. But things are awfully dull at home, her mother always wanting Bertie to help with the tidying up.



"My goodness! Where's the rest of it?" The last of the Victorians is properly upset at the scantiness of a 1928 "wrapper."





"And I don't have to tell you, or nobody else, what time I go out to lunch or when I come back, dearie!"
"O, you don't, don't you?"

"No, I don't, don't I.' Just three models having a friendly chat in the background of the negligee section.



Mr. Lenord Beebee, floor manager of the lingerie department, is standing with reluctant feet where the imported and the marked-downs meet. Lenord is the busy boy this morning, keeping the less conscientious of the salesladies up to the mark. "It's simply disgusting, the way you girls don't know the stock," chides Lenord crushingly, "simply disgusting!"



Miss Lindquist is being carefully shielded by Miss Apfelbam and Miss Seitz while getting in and out of the imported models, so that Mr. Seamore isn't going to get even the littlest peek at what is no business of his. Salesladies and mannequins look askance at a man in the lingerie department even when heavily chaperoned.