Imported Negligees

By W. E. Hill

From 9 to 5 Miss Bertie Doullitle has to be at the beck and call of “every old har” (her very words) who thinks she wants to see how a marked down negligence 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 tax 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 Victorialia is properly upset at the naughtiness of a 1928 wrapper.

Mr. Lenard Beebe, floor manager of the lingerie department, is standing with reluctant feet where the imported and the marked-down meet. Lenard is the busy boy this morning, barking the less conscientious of the salesladies up to the mark. “It’s simply disgusting, the way you girls don’t know the stock,” chides Lenard crustingly, “simply disgusting!”

Eleven a.m. of a Monday morning at Oregon and Girard—third floor—during a special sale of imported negligees as advertised. We have with us this morning an ex-cadet-husband and his little wife, looking at something in a windowed peach being tried on Miss Mary, the mannequin. “Now this,” coos the sedate lady, “is much more Madame’s type than the less expensive one!” Clustered about the rack of bargains too are a by-ivy of lady shoppers pawing and pawing and trying on, and having a gorgeous time. At the extreme right is that plausible object, a stray husband, waiting patiently whilst Lowey sees about the alterations in the fitting above.

Mrs. Ponsonby Poyva has come in all the way from East, or maybe it’s West. Orange to give some one what for. She found the arid negligence had three big finger marks around the neckband, which she felt was a large omission. And, moreover, it looked salmon pink in the West Orange sunlight.

Just a sweet girl trying on a bargain in negligees, all by herself, before the mirror. The walk is copied from the girls in the Fallies, and it’s very effective.

Miss Lindquist is being carefully shielded by Miss Aprilthall and Miss Beita while getting in and out of the imported models, so that Mr. Seemans isn’t going to get even the tiniest peek at what is no business of his. Salesladies and mannequins look ashen at a man in the lingerie department even when heavily chapetered.