

Imported Negligees

By W. E. HILL

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From 9 to 5 Miss Bertie Doolittle has to be at the beck and call of "every old hen" (her very words) who thinks she wants to see how a marked down negligee 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.



Eleven a. m. of a Monday morning at Grogan and Ginsberg's—third floor—during a spring sale of imported negligees as advertised. We have with us this morning an out-of-town husband and his little wife, looking at something in crushed peach being tried out on Miss Mooney, the mannequin. "Now this," coos the saleslady, "is much more Madam's type than the less expensive one!" Clustered about the rack of bargain tea gowns is a bevy of lady shoppers pulling and pawing, and trying on, and having a gorgeous time. At the extreme right is that pitiable object, a stray husband, waiting patiently while Lovy sees about the alterations in the fitting alcove.



Mrs. Ponsonby Powys has come in all the way from East, or maybe it's West, Orange to give some one what for. She found the orchid negligee had three big finger marks around the neckband, each the size of a large walnut. 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 Follies, and it's very effective.



"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 Beebe, 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.