

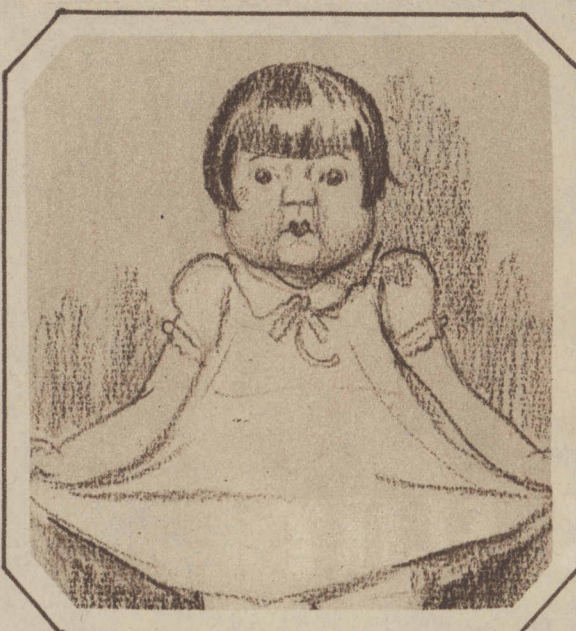
The Style Showing

By W. E. Hill

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"Land sakes! Imagine me in a dress like that without any back to it!"



Phyllis is showing what a discreet mother with a dollar and eighty-eight cents at hand can do with a pattern, a pair of scissors, some thread, and a yard of printed goods, down in the yard goods fashion show. Pretty cute, and knows it, does Phyllis.

One of those swell style showings in the gown department. Engraved cards of admission are sometimes sent out to the charge customers to make it very exclusive and all that, but sooner or later the bargain basement shoppers crash the gate, and from then on it's a free for all.



"I get just as tired as you do," she said, "but I go out just the same!" Well, that made me sore, and I said to her, "Listen, Louise, just you remember one thing, my dear, you haven't had the operations I have had!" (Just a couple of sweet girls, tired of watching the models, having a good old heart to heart talk.)



Down in the yard goods department they are holding a style showing of their own. They are using the store girls for models, and some think they are just as ritzy, if not more so, than the professional models up in the gown department. Many of the big stores would be glad to use their own girls to show up the Paquins and the Lanvins, only the girls' families come en masse to see them, and get into terrible fights as to which girl is the prettiest, and it clutters up floor space that should be occupied by charge customers.



Miss Jocelyn Diamond is in great demand at all style showings to display the more mature models. Jocelyn floats up and down before the stylish stout customers, murmuring expensively in a throaty contralto, "This is number seventy-eight."

This is the last word in beach pajamas as shown by Miss Inez Wobbe in the Easter fashion parade at Crowley Brothers' big store. In clear ringing tones that can be heard 'way out in the negligee section, Inez is telling them, one and all, that what she's wearing is No. 61 and 62. Inez is going out with a boy friend who idolizes her and has put her on a pedestal, so to speak. If he knew that Inez was walking up and down in beach pajamas, he'd be simply wild.



Mr. Kitsch, style expert, giving Mrs. Dahl and her daughter, Dorothy Dahl, a closeup of Miss O'Brien in a pink evening frock. Mrs. Dahl is afraid it may be just a little too mature for boarding school. "Of course," Mr. Kitsch hastens to explain, "it can be modified to suit."