Just a beautiful summer shopper en route to the jewelry counter, where they keep the slave bracelets. She's going to make her best boy jealous!

Here is Mrs. Lillian Quill at 4:15 p.m. trying on one creation after another. If it were earlier in the day, and her eider weren't bothering her, Miss Gilpin, she satelady, would no doubt be saying sweet things of the hat on Mrs. Quill. But in the late p.m. her words are getting pretty crisp. "You have an unusually large head to fit," says Miss Gilpin.

“My dear, I know it hurt him dreadfully when she used to get familiar with the ice man." One of those intimate lunch groups in the restaurant. Aunt Elfie is giving Cousin Emmy the low-down on Cousin Fred's divorce. Cousin Emmy's little boy is not missing much. "Now, Roy," Cousin Emmy will have to admonish, "this isn't anything you'd be interested in. Don't ask mamsie questions."

Meet old Mrs. Foss, the invertebrate remnant hunter, who paws over silk pieces looking for nothing in particular. The remnant counter has the air of a junk deal's next after Mrs. Foss has finished digging and boeing.

Somebody's boy friend living up for the weekend. He's getting all massed up trying on a bargain in sport sweaters.

The marked down Paris models—as advertised. Showing a group of early morning shoppers snaclling at things hung on a rack in the bargain basement.

"My dear, I know it hurt him dreadfully when she used to get familiar with the ice man." One of those intimate lunch groups in the restaurant. Aunt Elfie is giving Cousin Emmy the low-down on Cousin Fred's divorce. Cousin Emmy's little boy is not missing much. "Now, Roy," Cousin Emmy will have to admonish, "this isn't anything you'd be interested in. Don't ask mamsie questions."

Meet old Mrs. Foss, the invertebrate remnant hunter, who paws over silk pieces looking for nothing in particular. The remnant counter has the air of a junk deal's next after Mrs. Foss has finished digging and boeing.

Just a beautiful summer shopper en route to the jewelry counter, where they keep the slave bracelets. She's going to make her best boy jealous!

Step, balance, glide. These off-season mamequinas doing their act in the gown department. Pretty chic, we'll say. Illustration porn. By Mr. Brewer-Whiten.

A lady shopper after a belated June wedding present. It was to have been a silver dish, but as the weeks went by affection waned, and now it's a half dozen lemonade glasses culled from the July sale of glassware.