

State Street Day

● State street yesterday . . . just a dusty main street where gaudily blanketed squaws and pioneer women bartered eggs and butter for dress patterns of calico or plunged warily after hours of planning into the rare shopping trip for a Sunday best dress that had to last till the next good season. State street today . . . a canyon of steel and stone, a street lined with shops and stores; world famous . . . a street where fashion-wise and fashion-conscious connoisseurs shop for everything from rare jade, French originals, hats right off the last boat from Paris, black pearls, authentic altar brocades from the imperial Russian collection, amethyst rosaries, ikons three and four centuries old, gold encrusted china from the palace of the czar to neat little gadgets called notions that positively stun you with their amazing versatility.

● State street, the fashion center of the country . . . the street where you can buy a complete wardrobe from the hat that tops a newly cut and curled coiffure to the tips of the newest things in suede pumps with glittering buckles . . . the street where you can find a shop within a shop . . . a cool green hideout where you can lose all the surplus pounds and extra bulges, recapture the slim silhouette of your youth, all accomplished with the aid of experts with the minimum effort on your part and with astonishing results that will make your sister shoppers gasp with awe and envy.

● The street where you can find the filmiest of French lingerie or clever American adaptations . . . the casual tweeds direct from old English mills, the peat smelling Harris tweeds that fashion topcoats that last a lifetime . . . fabulous silks, and velvets from France, or the finest of American weaves, designed especially for fastidious females that are rabidly patriotic even in their shopping trips. The street where you see the smartest of women, smartest men. Women, impeccably dressed sophisticates that wear the newest hat, the newest dress and coat or suit, practically simultaneously with the premiere of the same models in Paris or London or New York. The street where new things are as exciting as a mystery yarn, where boxes are unpacked daily, filled with exhilarating new clothes that hardly hang a day on store hangers, so swiftly and surely do cruising shoppers discover them and take them out of circulation.

● It is the street of a thousand shopping thrills . . . where even the delivery boxes spell glamour, where labeled merchandise is sent to tucked away countries in every corner of the globe . . . where you can find rare tapestries, jewels, ancient silver, royal Minton china, first editions, signed etchings, anything and everything for either wardrobe or home.

● It is a paradise for the gourmet . . . for you can find ancient and even hoary cheeses direct from their ancestral caves . . . spicy gingers and exotic preserves from china . . . succulent hams from Virginia . . . pickled beef from England . . . a wild assortment of Swedish hors-d'oeuvres . . . pastries from France . . . teas and Greek honey in their intriguing imported costumes or jars and packages . . . anything you have ever dreamed about in your hungriest hours.

● State street holds no terrors for the returning male or female bearing gifts . . . a grand collection of anything that might amuse or thrill anybody from precise, pernickety Aunt Em to wee littles ones that gurgle with delight over the newest rattle. And what is service elevated to the highest level . . . you can take all your homegoing loot and have it wrapped in plain and fancy packages by skillful experts without any more effort than a short walk to this interesting department where such understanding service is available.

● In a few short decades . . . the gauche hobbledehoy country lane transformed into the most fascinating fashion and shopping center of the world . . . State street today!

Rhea Seeger

