



The Summer Girl

By W. E. Hill

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Tennis. Just because Marguerite works in an office the year round, you needn't think she is ignorant of what they are wearing at Deauville and Cap Antibes and such ritzy resorts. This is Marguerite's tennis costume for her two weeks' vacation at Asbury-by-the-Sea.



Summer bridge. And here we have a crowd of jolly summer girls enjoying the delights of an afternoon bridge party at a countryside tearoom. Mrs. Garvin Treasure (extreme left) has just this moment done something terrible with an ace, and Mrs. McKinley Grogan, her partner, is not only looking daggers, but is seriously considering doing her bodily harm, so great is her displeasure. Standing is Mrs. Herman Fillbuster, who is giving the party.



The summer canvasser. "May I interest you in our bargain subscription offer? For the price of one, you get a year's subscription to 'Film Furore,' 'The Plumbing Monthly,' and 'The Ladies' Fashion Gazette.' I am trying to earn my year at Wellesley!"



The arts. Miss Copal and Miss Patina are, as you may have guessed, summer art colony girls, and spend the so called heated term out in the fields and dells, painting purple shadows and fleecy clouds and throwing apples at cows that come too near for comfort.



The rainy spell. This lovely summer girl is on her twenty-first game of canfield and more to follow, unless the skies brighten up. And not a boy friend within telephone call.



The beach ladies. Just to show you how the modern bathing girls have improved the looks of the beaches since grandma's day. Twenty years ago the lady beach loungeur put on as many clothes as could be put on, and then tried not to get sunburned. Today it's the other way around.



This warm and moist young man is waiting for an up elevator, almost completely surrounded by sweet summer femininity attired in reds and purples and big flowered patterns. The sight of one or more large girls in big flowered designs on a hot summer's day will cause a nervous man to perspire freely and wilt. Large girls should remember this.



Sunburn Sally. Some girls are not cut-out for sun and tan. Sally spent most of Sunday on the beach. No sooner had her nose acquired a nice, fiery red, and she had turned around so that the cheeks and chin would be tinted likewise, than the darned old clouds gathered. Better luck next week-end, maybe.