

# Summer Shoppers

By W. E. HILL



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

"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 Ida 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 mamma questions."



Meet old Mrs. Foss, the inveterate remnant hunter, who paws over silk pieces looking for nothing in particular. The remnant counter has the air of a jack daw's nest after Mrs. Foss has finished digging and hoeing.



Elsbeth, the affianced, buying some of those pink fluffy undies for her trousseau.

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

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



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. Three off-season mannequins doing their act in the gown department. Pretty chic, we'll say.

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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.