

LIFE SKETCHES

By W.E. Hill—An Artist Who Senses Spirit Of The Day

MIDSUMMER SHOPPERS

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"Oh my DEAR! That's SWEET! You look just about SIXTEEN in that little cap!" Around the bathing cap counter showing Mrs. Joe Cluett, trying on something pretty tricky.



The vacation cap which the salesman insists will be great for long tramps in the country. It will be permanently shelved after the first two or three wearings.



The troubles of a poor working girl! Scene at the silk and cotton glove counter on a hot August morning showing one large and somewhat moist blonde from the suburbs being worked into a pair of new gloves.



Ajax Rubber, fourteen and five-eighths; American Beet Sugar, forty-five and one-quarter; Associated Oil, one hundred ten and one-half," etc., etc. Isn't science wonderful? The electrical goods department on a nice hot afternoon, showing six and a half hot weather shoppers thrilled beyond words before the Radio counter. The "concert" is in full swing. Next on the program will be a weather report for points east of the Mississippi.



Beautiful but embryo golfer, about to purchase some clubs.

The country shopper shops in the city and frankly isn't a bit impressed—not one bit. "At home, we never have crowds like these and the salesmen all know one by name. And we're JUST as up-to-date at home!"



"They operated on her three times and the last time the doctor found—" Very impressive lady, who minds the heat and doesn't like unpleasant details, listening to a conversation between two salesladies. If the impressive lady's change doesn't show up pretty soon, and if the details of the saleslady's sister's third operation get any further, the impressive lady will have to retire to the rest room.



What chance has a mere man—a susceptible one at that—against two awfully grand salesladies! Mr. Mossman has come all the way from the suburbs by way of the office to return the hairy tweed Mrs. Mossman bought last week. It scratched her and was awfully itchy on a muggy day. But the salesladies aren't going to be a bit impressed with Mr. Mossman's pathetic tale of woe.



Young man going on a vacation getting all fixed up to play tennis—trick shoes and everything.