

# WHEN THE SHOPPER SHOPPS

BY ELIZABETH H. STRONG.



mind one of a Saturday matinee through promenading. On the edge of the burned district, in the very fringe of it, beautifully gowned women go in and out of the stores, buying, bustling with a lavishness that makes the merchant's heart rejoice.

The first glance around the pretty, homelike house is rather startling. There is a confusion of clothes. They are everywhere. Summer frocks hang under the pictures in the front parlor, belts and neckties are tucked in between the vases on the mantel, the grand piano is draped in dainty waists of all sizes and designs, and the furniture in the back parlor is literally covered with lacy lingerie and the many dainty additions to a woman's summer toilet. It looks as though the whole family has laid out its clothes preparatory to packing up for an extended trip to Europe.

When one of the young salesgirls asks me what I would like I come near saying, "Tea, please, with sugar and no lemon." Instead I rationally reply, "Babies' caps."

I have turned the corner into Post street and mounted the steps of the Newhall house. My experience with Maguin has prepared me for incongruities, still the fashion with which R. D. Davis & Co. have disposed of the interior of the Post-street residence compels my interest.

I have left some money where the cook should have been, I start again up the avenue toward the City of Paris, entering on my way the rapidly completing buildings for Samuels, Newman & Levinson, O'Connor & Moffatt, Davis, Schoenwasser and the White House. I come at last to the wide stone steps of the Hobart residence, mount them and enter, finding myself in the City of Paris.

Oh, it's lovely! she enthuses, and I can easily believe it, as I look through the window out upon the velvet lawns that stretch their restful lengths around the old mansion.

Traditions are not cuddled in the lap of modern necessity. When they have tried to make their claims known the staid old dwellings have been hoisted in mid air to rest upon business stores of the newest type.

They had, and the novelty of it all makes them forget their tired feet. Who could have imagined eight weeks ago, during those exciting hours of the conflagration, that such a transformation could have occurred in the city's retail center—that necessity to woman's life? Who would have dreamed that a period of two months would find fashionable women in bright raiment indulging in that cherished custom, shopping along Fillmore street and Van Ness avenue?

## FAVORS IN STORE FOR THE PINK SUMMER MAIDEN

The woman who is pink this year is the woman who will be admired. Your cheeks must be a bright pink; your flesh must be a faint pink; the palms of your hands must be a ripe pink and your lips must be cherry pink. They must be so deep a pink that if they were any pinker they would be red.

Pink gives her that youthful touch she wants. It is the color of babies. Babies are a soft delicate pink, and somehow the woman in pink looks babyish. Even though she be 60, and as ugly as sin, there is something babyish about her if she puts on pink.

When the up-to-date woman dresses herself she pins a bunch of pink flowers in her corsage; when she goes out she wears pink roses; when she rests in the hammock she has a bunch of pink blossoms, and for afternoons she is a dream in spicy smelling carnations. She chooses pink flowers and all her garnitures are pink.

I am trying to make her lips a very deep reddish pink, that lovely tone which is not blood color, but is more like the pinkest of cherries. It shows health, and it shows good living, and it is very hard to get.

When women grow animated their cheeks get red and their lips get white, while there come queer black lights under the eyes. This isn't pretty, and it takes a beauty doctor to remedy it, once it is there. The dark shadows under the eyes make the face look

quite red to begin with, but the drug-mist can do very little else, which makes the color permanent. "I am trying to bring out the pinks for summer. The woman who neglects her opportunity for pink makes a sad mistake. She doesn't know what a chance she is missing."

"I don't advise my patients to wear pink; that would be too extreme; but I tell them to get in shape so that they can wear pink if they have to wear it. It is a hard color and makes you look as black as sin unless your skin is fitted for it."

### HER DEPENDENTS NUMBER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Germany's greatest heiress, Miss Antoinette Bertha Krupp, virtually owner of the gigantic ordnance works at Essen, sets an example which some American heiresses might profitably emulate. She is engaged to a countryman, Gustav von Behlen and Halbach, secretary of the Prussian legation at the Vatican. The bride-to-be is 20 years of age, a modest, kind-hearted, unassuming young woman. She practically owns the entire city of Essen, where the Krupp works are situated. Its 100,000 inhabitants being almost as much her subjects as though she were a

### QUEEN KRUPP

queen in fact. "Queen Krupp" is one of the titles given her by her employes, while she is known from one end of Germany to the other by her other title, a title which appeals to the whole nation, "Our Lady of the Cannon."

### RETRACTING MY STEPS

Retracting my steps down Van Ness avenue I come to a car line that takes me to Fillmore street. Here there is enough bustle and excitement to satisfy even the jolly sailor boy on shore leave after six months at sea. Here, too, old

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