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January Saleing

Sketches from life by Westerman.

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"It's a mystery time where the women get all the money for this langereee stuff!"

At the silk stocking special—
"Isn't this great!" "Awfully jolly!" "Isn't it fun!" "I love it!" "Why don't you turn around and make more room?" "It wouldn't make any difference!" "I'm wedged in. I can't move anything but my head!"



"I just must have some refreshments. I'm awfully weak from resisting the temptation to buy almost everything!"

"Sh! Secret! I'm buying my hrousseau, cheap!" "Oh! My dear! I didn't know! Who?" "I don't know myself, but this is leap year you know!"

At the very special sale counter.
"Clerk! The nerve of that old thing! She grabbed that right out of my hand!"



"No! I don't need a thing, but this is just like a reunion or something!" "One meets every one, one knows!"

Takes weight to go through the line.—
Miss Skinny (in background)
"Well! This is one time when I wish I weighed about 300!"

Chamber of horrors—
Ill during January sale-time.