

FRILLY-LILLY

The Adventures of a Frivolous Girl in the Fashionable Whirl.

Written by Carolyn Wells

Drawings by Penrhyn Stanlaws.



"I do want a veil."



"There, Mr. Willing, do you think this one is becoming? Peep-bo!"

No. 2. She Goes Shopping.

"WHY, Mr. Willing, good afternoon! How pleasant to meet you on the avenue like this. But what are you doing in the shopping district? Hunting bargain neckties? There, there, don't look so utterly galvanised I didn't mean it. Besides, I know perfectly well why you're here; you came on the mere chance of meeting me! Ah, ha, you needn't look so embarrassed about it. I don't mind being seen with you; I'm not a bit exclusive. Well, it was a shame to tease him—so it was. Now, as a very special favor, how would you like to go into Price's with me, while I shop a little?"

"H'm, you don't seem awfully eager. What? Walk up the avenue instead? Well, we will, afterward. But let's run in here just a minute while I buy a veil. It won't take any time at all. And then we can go for a walk."

"Oh, what a crowd! I do think the people get thicker every year. Well, did you get through? I thought I'd lost you. When I saw you wedged in that revolving door with that fat lady you looked so funny. She was a real cross, wasn't she? But you were so meek, I had to laugh. You looked like a feeble-minded jelly fish."

"Now, now, Willy Willing, don't peevish. Smile a little bit, yes, you do seem to be the only man here. But I'm glad to have you, it is so nice to have a man to pilot one through a shopping crowd. Oh, of course, the floor-walkers are just for that purpose, but they can't go outside their dioceses, or whatever you call it. Now, you go on ahead and blouse a trail. The veil counter is over that way. I think, anyway, it's quite near the ribbons and cuttycrooned across from the artificial flowers."

"Yes, here we are at last. Now, I'll sit on this stool and you stand right by me. Don't let women push in between us, for I want your advice."

"Oh, look who's here! Why, Tott's May! I haven't seen you since we were in Venice. Do you remember Venice? And those two long lines of Hoffman houses each side of the Grand Canal! Wasn't it stunning? You, darling, how lovely to see you again. Yes, yes, I do, I do want to be waited on, but do wait a minute, can't you? Yes, I want veiling, by the yard—there that's the kind I want. Oh! please don't let that woman carry it off!"

"Good-by, darling, must you go? Yes, the large meshed kind. Oh, no, not that one covered with little blue beads. I should feel as if I had turquoise nose-pins. I want a sort of gray—the shade they call 'Frightened Mouse'—though why a mouse should ever be frightened when we are all scared to death of them—There Mr. Willing, do you think this one is becoming? When I hold it up against my face, oh, where's baby? Peep-bo. Oh, gracious, that floor-walker though I peep-boed at him."

"Mersey me, I have rubbed all the power of my nose. Oh,

Penrhyn Stanlaws



"Why, Mr. Willing, good afternoon."

no, it won't hurt the veil. I beg your pardon, madame, did I push you with my elbow? Indeed, I'm not taking up all the room. I'm fearfully crowded. And I rather fancy I can try the effect of a veil if I want to."

"Now, Willy Willing, how do you like this one, with the big polka dots? Yes, I know, only one dot shows, they're so big and so far apart. But Polka dots are so fashionable."

"Do you know the polka is coming in again—the dance I mean? They call it the panther polka. It's awful stenuous—a sort of stealthy glide—makes you think of Sarah Bernhardt, or Elinor Weeks, but the best people have taken it up."

"What? you're afraid they'll get taken up? Oh, Willie Willing, how witty you are."

"There, do you like this veil? Don't you think it suits my hair? Mr. Dow says my hair is a yellow pearl. I don't know what he means."

"You like my face better without my veil? Why, how pretty of you. Now, just for that I'll let you select one."

"You'd select a bridal veil? Oh, no, no, Mr. Willing. You don't really— Yes, I do want a veil. Please show me some of your other styles. And Mr. Willing, what do you think? At

Gladys's wedding next week, she is going to have— Certainly, my dear girl, I'm ready to look at your goods, but these are not the veils I want. Show me something newer, these are all— Why, Gladys said that Polly Peters said—do you remember Polly Peters? Well, you'd never know her now. Silly! She's nothing but a spine— Yes, my girl, I'm looking at your veils, but I want the piece that lady has just picked up. Let's wait till she lays it down."

"Now Mr. Willing, you mustn't get impatient. You men don't realize what hard work shopping is, until now— Oh, my gracious! I have to be at our culture class by 4 o'clock. There's a lecture on 'Art Uplift in the Kitchen,' and I know it will be fine."

"No, I don't cook, but it's such a satisfaction to know that one's soup is made in a Greek-shaped jug, instead of a crude iron kettle— Oh, mercy, no! I wouldn't wear a veil like that! Why, Mrs. Bailey had one like that once, and the very day I saw her wearing it I lost my amethyst hatpin. I've always considered a veil like that unlucky ever since."

"Well, I don't seem to care for any of these veils, they're not a bit distinctive. And a veil is such an important part of a costume—it dresses up the face so. These patterns are most uninteresting."

"Come on, Willing Willy, let's go down to Storer's and look at veils there—shall us?"

"Why, you don't seem to want to go a bit. Now, don't go just to please me. I thought perhaps you were interested in—"

"Oh, do you want to go? Do you know I believe you men just love to go shopping, and you only pretend you don't."

"I am sorry, dear, that your veils don't suit me, but, of course I can't buy what I don't want just to help the store along; you couldn't expect that, could you?"

"And anyway I wasn't exactly buying a veil—I was just shopping for one."

CAROLYN WELLS.

Next Week—
A Quiet Afternoon