THE CHIC AND THE CRAM.

Book to the Crusades for your winter hat, Mademed That's what visitors to this display were warned, anyway. Well, let's have a light. Is that a boret with feather? Terribly erowhed, ism't? Let's try some other ventage-point. How about this? A hit too fas? Where clas them? How about here? Much too high? Well, we'll have to go back to where we come in.

Hats brought back from Palestine conturies ago are said to have implied those attractive models. Still can't see properly? Well, let's call them up on the roof. This looks like a Desert Pat's mightmare.

Ah! This is more like it ... much more like it! And after an - or - cifel of chie, lot's leave the tiles - in both senses for an eyeful of craninese. It's a little track where Parisisms can ride the kind of bikes meterists dream about.

Just the thing for a renemy couple - with pa and me after them.

One for the read, obviously?

What a lucky little - - serry, sir!

She's determined you shem't see what makes her wheels go round. Now guess what makes his go round.

If a motorist runs into this lot, there'll be troubel. It will drive him erackers ... good, who lot him in? Is there a trick-spalist in the house?