BAB TELLS HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

We hear with an end of interest about the various clubs that are got up to encourage the wearing of short skirts, heavy boots, plain hats and the carrying of most umbrellas on rainy days, but somehow it you are out on a rainy day it dawns on you that on a rainy day the American woman is not a success. She lacks the easiness of the English girl, who does not care how she looks provided she is comfortable, and who, feeling perfectly secure in a good storm coat, strides through mud and water in broad soled shoes and galoshes, sure of coming out in fit condition. She makes one big step over a crossing and does not mind the soft rain drops falling on her face. She knows that kind of water is good for the complexion. Now, the average American woman does not look well in a rainy day. She may go in for comfort, put on a short skirt, long ulster and felt hat and carry an umbrella, but she is uncertain in her grasp of it. She either takes it by the extreme end so that it waltzes to and fro, as the wind listeth, or she she grasps it so far up that it looks like a personalizing mushroom, while she carries it sideway, and the people who meet her run the chance either of having their eyes knocked out for their disorderly conduct in. After a block or two of walking the rainy day girl concludes to get on a car, and her umbrella is wildly waved to stop it. Then she makes the usual feminine effort to get on the platform with the umbrella still open. As the car was not built with this in view, the conductor yells at her, "Shut that!" My lady stands perfectly still, says something about reporting him to the superintendent, while the nearest man closes her umbrella for her, and after that she seizes the car. Ten to one she sits down next to somebody who has had the rheumatism, and that vile umbrella drips on him or her until he or she nearly has a nervous chill. Twenty to one her money, instead of being in her ulster pocket, is in her dress skirt, so that when the conductor comes for it she submitters the coat, squirms around to find the pocket and has the whole car interested in her efforts. Then, when the money is discovered, she gives it to the unfortunate conductor in a way that suggests he ought to be giving thanks that she is in a car instead of making her pay for the privilege. After this she takes out her handkerchief, dabs her face and looks around the car with her best smile and says with a longing sigh, "Oh, I am so tired!" This expression of weakness conquers every man in the car and absolutely permeates the being of each one, and my private opinion is that if any woman did this the second time there would be a riot among the men as to who should have the privilege of letting her umbrella drip on him.

When she gets out, it is fun to see her. It is evident that she is used to being helped across the street by a man. She grasps her skirt in one hand, looks around, stands on her tip toes, gets in the middle of the street, sees a wagon coming half a square away and chases back. Then she waits a long time, makes another rush across just when the electric cars are racing down the street, after a block, and rushes across at the risk of her life without any regard for appearance, or she is meekly led across by some man who knows the ways of woman and feels sorry for her. A Frenchwoman would never make herself so ridiculous. She lifts her shirts in a dainty sort of a way with both hands, gives a full view of a perfectly fitting boot and the suggestion of a black silk stocking, but that is only a suggestion, and then with the quickness of a bird she gets over the bad place and is safe on the other side. Her skirts are quickly dropped, modesty is as demure as possible, while she has the absolute admiration of all the men standing around her.

The electric car is not an incentive to graceliness. Without asking your leave you are shoved, immediately after you enter, into the lap of a man who does not appreciate his blessings, and later you call your change on the knees of the car waiting in your effort to be businesslike and count your money. You are literally thrown off. It is true you may not land flat in the middle of the street, but deliberation in getting off is an impossibility. There is no standing on the order of your going, but you go at once and with such quickness that nine times out of ten you are put off at a street for which you have no affiliation. I wonder why it always rains when you have an appointment at your dressmaker's? And with that type of dressmaker who, if you lose your fitting, makes you suffer by keeping the dress longer? The dressmaker is utterly worthless. She fits her shirts in a dainty sort of a way with both hands, gives a full view of a perfectly fitting boot and the suggestion of a black silk stocking, but that is only a suggestion, and then with the quickness of a bird she gets over the bad place and is safe on the other side. Her skirts are quickly dropped, modesty is as demure as possible, while she has the absolute admiration of all the men standing around her.

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I once had a tender hearted dressmaker who wept over my left shoulder so systematically that I got the rheumatism from it. She cried about a brother who had been killed by accident. The first time I was deeply sympathetic, for, of course, I thought the accident had taken place within the year, but it turned out that he had been dead for seven years and that there never would have been an accident if he had been sober. She used to talk after this fashion: "Shall I or the skirt smooth, ma'am?—he was my own brother, a bright young fellow that night, but for his intemperance. Would you rather have a hook, ma'am?—have got on in the world and been a credit—I'll face the sides with silk—to all of his people on both sides of the water. He was a beautiful corpse, and we gave him—of course you could button it down the front—a wake that was the talk of the neighborhood for months afterward, and it took three—well, ribbon might do, but I never liked those bone efforts—dispensary doctors to straighten the men up so that they could show their proper respect for the remains." After this she would break down utterly and weep on my bare shoulder and excuse the fact that it was in the skirt by saying that she didn't want to stain the stuff. She was a woman who really enjoyed herself. She knew the absolute bliss of sorrow, and she comprehended thoroughly how sublime a thing it was to suffer herself and to make her customers suffer with her. I was forced to give her up, not because she was not a good dressmaker, but because from constant sympathy my nose was getting so red that I was afraid some temperate society would come down upon me, acting, of course, under a misapprehension. But there was no doubt that woman was fine. She put a pocket in your shirt, and in a cloth skirt she always put two pockets. Pockets and independence are a natural combination, and giving two pockets to womankind, and these two pockets to woman, makes her feel as if this were indeed a free country. With the possession of pockets I have discovered that woman is an accumulative animal. In one of my pockets at the present time there are a handkerchief, a watch, a calendar a letter, two newspaper clippings, three gum drops, four cloves and the picture of a baby. In the other one are four 10 cent pieces (I am keeping them to put in a 10 cent bank), a lot of pennies, a bunch of keys, a glove buttoner, a torn veil, two hairpins, a religious poem and a recipe for making chicken curry. Who can beat that? I had a safety pin, but I lost it. However, you cannot put confidence in a safety pin, for it has a way of being safe or unsafe, according to its fancy. But, you can always rely on a hairpin. I do not know of anything to which a hairpin is not a valuable assistant.

I have seen a lock opened with a hairpin.

I have seen a gas burner cleaned with a hairpin.

I have seen a hairpin used as a bookmark.

I have seen a hairpin held in the gaslight and then used to darken the eyebrows.

I have seen a hairpin dipped in red stuff and used to color the lips, while as for buttoning shoes, crimping bangs, picking nuts and cutting books a hairpin is invaluable. We can do without politicians, we can do without suffragists, we can exist without whisky and live on comparatively little money, but hairpins are a necessity to the nation. Without them a woman feels that she is indeed a helpless creature.

Bab

MISS FIFI POTTER'S DEBUT.

Miss Fifi Potter, the only daughter of Mrs. James Brown Potter, recently made her debut in New York society at a dance given by Mrs. Lanfear Norris at Delmonico's.

There have been beautiful debutantes, but few that have created the sensation caused by the appearance of this young girl. Her loveliness and wit pleased every one, and she captured society in a trice.

Miss Potter is girlish yet womanly in figure and bearing. Her hair has the auburn golden tint of her mother's, and her eyes are of the same hazel hue.

THE TOMB OF BRAVE GRACE DARLING.

Every one has heard of Grace Darling and her heroic deed during a terrible storm on the northern coasts of England when, with the aid of her aged father, she rescued some shipwrecked seamen.

When she died, a monument was erected over her body in Bamboro' churchyard. The stone, which had crumbled in many places, was recently restored.

The figure in the picture is that of her brother, the sole surviving member of the family.

THE TOMB OF GRACE DARLING.

A Cabbage Centerpiece.

A novel and inexpensive decoration for the dinner table was evolved by an ingenious woman seeking to combine the maximum of effect with the minimum of expense. The result was so charming that she resolved to make the idea public for the benefit of other housekeepers similarly situated. Here it is:

Take a head of cabbage; one that has been picked too late is best, for the leaves open better then, and are apt to be slightly curled. Lay the cabbage on a flat plate or salver and press the leaves down and open with your hand, firmly but gently, so as not to break them off. When they all lie out flat, stab the firm yellow heart through several times with a sharp knife, until its outlines are lost, and then place flowers at random all over the cabbage.

Roses are prettiest, but any flower which has a firm, stiff stem, capable of holding the moisture required, will do. Press the stems down through the leaves and put in sufficient green to vary prettily. The outer leaves of the cabbage, then, will only need to be seen when the flowers are in, form a charming background, far prettier than any basket.

Roses are best for all seasons, but autumn offers some charming variations. The brilliant scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or red thorn, mingled with the deep, rich green of feathery asparagus, make a delicious color symphony most appropriate to the season.

Traveling In Luxury.

The height of luxurious traveling has been reached by the car and carina. The empress' private car is upholstered in pale blue satin. The electric lamps are all in the form of lilies, and it contains writing and tea tables made of mother of pearl. The nursery is the best apartment and is as comfortable and handsome as the same rooms in any of the czar's palaces. There are dining rooms and drawing rooms and several sleeping apartments. In fact, this train is a miniature palace. The wheels are covered with india rubber tires.

SOCIETY IDOLS OF GREATER BOSTON.

Years ago, when Boston was in fact as well as in name the "Hub" of the universe as far as the United States was concerned, society in that city was a very exclusive and aristocratic institution indeed. But, as in many other cities that boasted of the blue blood and ancestry of its society folk, the barriers have been tumbled down in many places during recent years.

The tide of wealth, that restless flood which no force, however intrenched and surrounded by its own sense of superiority, can repel, has brought forward on the crest of the incoming waves new women and new men. Gradually the aristocracy of the past has been more or less engulfed.

Following in the wake of New York and London, the once Mecca exclusive New England city now bows down before the golden calf and embraces with protestations of the greatest fervor and affection the newcomers who can afford to give elaborate entertainments, swell dinners, splendid parties and thus keep the ball of social functions and festivities rolling summer and winter without a break.

What would the social leaders of the cities, that small but select coterie, have said could they have foreseen the leaders of Boston's "smart set" today? Who in those days knew the Ameses, the Schlesingers, the Sesburys, the Anthorps, the Gardners, the Sears, the Iasigis, the Warrens, the Fitzgeralds, the Nickersons or the Burnetts and many another family in today's society favorites?

They would find that it is not the prerequisite of an entrance to have a genealogical tree as high as the clouds and an ancestor who traversed the main in the Mayflower. Today any one provided with sufficient education and wealth galore can come in a very short while to the fore among the society folk.

The most aristocratic looking couple in Boston are perhaps Governor and Mrs. Roger Wolcott. Indeed it would be difficult to find, even in England with all its blue blood, a more high bred looking man and woman. In this instance there is blood on both sides, for Mrs. Wolcott was Miss Edith Prescott. Since Roger Wolcott became governor he has naturally been more in evidence, and his wife, too, is now a well known and much admired figure in all gatherings, public or private, where she may appear. Their home in Boston is exceedingly attractive and is perfect in taste, and their entertainments, whether official or private, are most delightful. It is something to be proud of to have such a man at the head of the state, and all the more so when such a woman is at the head of his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindall Winthrop are probably the most aristocratic looking couple in Boston, barring the Wolcotts. Mrs. Winthrop's noble presence and gracious manners, combined with her lovely face, make her a marked woman in Boston society, and her husband even more so, for he has lived so much abroad that he has become more English in appearance and less than American. Miss Mary Winthrop was one of the belles of last season's many debutantes, and from having passed so much of her life abroad she had a quality missing in the girls brought up under the shadow of the gilded dome.

The Winthrops live the greater portion of the year at their beautiful home on the isle of Wight. Their winter house is on Beacon street, opposite the Common, and is the charming house where Mrs. Winthrop lived during her first marriage, to James Lawrence. Last season Mrs. Winthrop gave a series of entertainments to introduce the youngest daughter of her husband, who is a sister of Mrs. J. C. Minot.

The career of Mrs. Jack Gardner is almost too well known for description. She was Miss Isabella Stewart of New York, and her parents were wealthy, but not at all fashionable, and the fact that she has never lost her sway in either New York or Newport society is well known. Mrs. Gardner is a distinct Boston product, for she has been "made" by the Boston papers. She has great wealth in her own right as well as in that of her husband, who is one of the old Boston Gardners, and a very delightful and cultivated man too.

Mrs. Gardner was the first "society leader" to be written up, and so constantly has she been written up that she has become, perforce, something of a peacock. She knows that in public all eyes are looking at her, and, like royalty in London, she has to be always on view.

So accustomed is she now to this public role that she is often tempted to do something erratic in order to hold the attention of her big Boston audience. At bottom Mrs. Gardner is a really cultivated—but perhaps not deeply cultivated—and an artistic woman. She has charming taste, and her houses are, naturally, expressions of this taste. She enjoys good acting, good pictures and good music, although her musical taste, like that of so many other Bostonians, is a cultivated one. Constant eating is said to develop a love for the olives, and constant attendance at symphony concerts cannot fail to develop at least a tolerance of classical music.

As a hostess Mrs. Gardner is an equal success. Her dinners and receptions are always perfect in their way, for she chooses her dinner guests as entertaining human beings, not as mere social debtors to be paid a dinner, and at her musicale the music is always good and the surroundings such as suit the effect of the music. At 5 o'clock afternoon teas Mrs. Gardner is at her best. At that hour she is surrounded by her favorites, and if her followers of today are young and rather animated eating, they are almost as naturally harmless as young girls would be.

Mrs. Montgomery Sears was "to the manner born," being a daughter of Mr. Charles F. Choate, although her husband is not one of the aristocratic Sears family. The father of Montgomery Sears was a thoroughly self made man, and his hoarded and accumulated wealth placed his son in the front rank of Boston millionaires and gained him a position he, perhaps, would never have forseen. It is said that Mr. Sears inherits many traits from his father, although he can be lavish enough if he desires so to be.

Mrs. Sears is a charming, womanly woman, with a good deal of beauty and much distinction of bearing. She is gracious and general, and makes an ideal hostess. Mr. Sears is a patron of music and really cares for good music. He knows technically much about it and loves to surround himself in his perfectly appointed music room with a few choice musical spirits.

The mention made of Mrs. Winthrop makes one naturally recall her first husband's son, James Lawrence, who is, next to Governor Wolcott, the most distinguished looking of the younger Bostonians. James Lawrence is a blond, tall and aristocratic looking. He married Miss Estelle Mudge and lives in Groton, but still he often is seen in Boston at the balls and dinner parties, and, of course, at the clubs. Mrs. Lawrence, being a brunette, is a great contrast to her husband. She is a sister of Mrs. Charles Joy.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

LADY GREY-EGERTON.

One of the most effectively handsome women in London is Lady Grey-Egerton, who previous to her marriage was Miss May Gaylor of Baltimore.

No American woman is more popular in the swell set of the British metropolis than she, and her American manner of dressing well and becoming serves to enhance her charming personality.

Her husband, Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, Bart., is a fine specimen of a handsome Englishman and is a "mighty hunter" in many lands. Lady Grey-Egerton's picture was included in the famous "Book of Beauty" that was published last year. She was brought into prominence quite recently by the movement of her sister-in-law, Miss Grey-Egerton, with Vincount Gaspard C. Fitzmaily, a young guardsman, on the eve of her marriage with one of the Canadas.

A CLEVER WOMAN LAWYER.

The recent passing of Miss Harriet L. Kilbourne at the eminent examination for admittance to the Berkshire county (Mass.) bar is a notable event in many ways. She is the first woman to apply for and gain entrance to the legal circle in her section of the state, and her success is all the more worthy and notable in view of the fact that the other two candidates from Great Barrington—one at that—were unable to pass. Miss Kilbourne is a native and resident of Great Barrington and has been in the law office of Herbert C. Joyner for about four years, although she has been reading Blackstone only about two.

MISS HARRIET L. KILBOURNE.

My Lady's Little Slipper.

The evening slipper of black satin embroidered with cut jet, is the slipper which could not fail to make the slimmest foot look slim and dainty.

Silver buckles and jewsted ornaments, gold and silver embroidery, bows and rosettes are all for little feet; simplicity and somberness for anything broader than it of no larger than a.

Two general styles prevail for evening and house wear—the single strap slipper and the tied shoe, with tipped or heavy sills. Both show the narrow toe, but neither goes to the extreme.

Bronze is a favorite for house wear, but for wear with ball gowns and other elaborate dresses slippers of satin made from a piece of the fresh are worn. These are very dainty when the gown is a striped or flowered brocade.