

Bab Tells How to Be Graceful.

W hen with no end of interest about the various clubs that are getting up to encourage the wearing of short skirts, heavy boots, plain flairs and the carrying of stout umbrellas on rainy days, but somehow if 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 courage 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 galoches, sure of coming out in fit condition. She makes one big step over a crossing and then she stops, the soft rain-drops falling on her face. She knows this kind of water is good for the complexion. Now, the average American woman does not look well on a rainy day. She may get in for comfort, but on a short skirt, long nister, 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 wobbles to and fro, as the wind latches, or else she grasps it so far up that it looks like a perambulating mushroom, while she cannot see anybody, and the people who meet her run the chance either of having their eyes knocked out or their digestion punished 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 enters 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-suit, so that when the conductor comes for it she unbuttons 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 that he ought to be giving thanks that she is in his 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 when the electric cars are rushing down the street, after a block, and rushes across at the risk of her life without any regard to appearances or the sneaky led across by some man who knows the way of women and feels sorry for her. A Frenchwoman would never make herself so ridiculous. She lifts her skirts 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 head places and is safe on the other side. Her skirts are quickly dropped, madame 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 gracefulness. Without asking your leave you are deposited, immediately after you enter, into the lap of a man who does not appreciate his blessings, and later you spill your change on the floor because of the car wabbling in your effort to be businesslike and count your money. You are



SOME NEW IMPORTATIONS IN GOWNS FOR DINNERS AND RECEPTIONS.

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 very positive this winter, and no matter how amiable your neck may be she insists on making an evening dress with a very low bodice. I sometimes wonder if men have the same trouble with their tailors, and if they are as impudent to them as dressmakers are to women. If a woman wants a frock on Wednesday, she has to lie about it and tell the dressmaker that she must have it by Sunday night, and if she has a reverence for a bodice that does not require the united

efforts of the family, assisted by the cook, to fasten it on her, she has to warn the dressmaker that unless it is an easy fit she won't pay her bill. Then she has to endure being told that her figure is bad; that she doesn't wear the right kind of lingerie, and to be sympathized with in an insulting way and given to understand that it is a pity she doesn't let those people choose her clothes who really understand dress. Nine times out of ten the dressmaker objects to the kind of stays you wear, and one particularly swell one had the impudence to tell a new customer, "You are the first lady I ever fitted who did not wear satin corsets." Fortunately the woman to whom this remark was made had the courage of her convictions and I responded, "Probably I am the first respectable woman you ever made a dress for." If you are long-waisted, they object to that. If you are short-waisted, they speak of you as "boxy," and if you are plump they say, "Fat is so vulgar." The good Lord ought to make a few women in order to please the dressmakers. As it is, although most of them grow rich, they seem to regard the avocation as most undesirable, as a sort of human pin cushion, and something that is always to be snubbed.

I once had a tender-hearted dressmaker who wept over my slender so systematically that I got the rheumatism from it. She cried about a brother who had been killed by an 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 sit the skirt smooth, ma'am?—he was my own brother, a bright young fellow, that might, but for his trouble—would you rather have a hook, ma'am—have got on in the world, had been a credit—I'll face this skirt with silk—to all of his people on both sides the water. He was a beautiful corpse, and we gave him—of course you could button it down the front—a waiste that was the talk of the neighborhood for months afterward, and it took three—well, ribbon might do, but I never liked those loose effects—dispensary doctors to straighten the then up so that they could show their proper respects 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 rain 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. It 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 temperance 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 skirt, cloth 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 near the front, where she can reach them, makes her feel as if this were indeed a free country. With the possession of pockets 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 gumdrops, 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 fatraps, a religious poem and a recipe for making chicken gravy. 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 lace curtains pinned together with a hairpin.

I have seen a stocking fastened with a hairpin.

I have seen heavy portieres looped by hairpins.

I have seen a hairpin held in the gas-light and then used to darken the eye-brows.

I have seen a hairpin dipped in red stink 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 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.

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checkmated wholly the long reverenced ostrich feather fan. The longest and choicest cock-plumes are selected for these new bits of toilet bric-a-brac, and to the metal clasp that holds the sticks together is hung a fine silk chain, on which is strung a pretty, tiny crystal, or silver gilt salts bottle. These are essentially the fans of greatest luxury, while less looking women have very pretty ones of satin, thickly embroidered over in mock jewels.

Still less expensive are the silk and paper fans, painted with flocks of cupids on bicycles, wheeling on the road to Arcady. Cupid came to grief on his heel, or in fact any of the whole series of fans that represent the trials and joys of the god of love on his safety.

VELVET CAN BE WASHED.

A Way of Making It Come Out of the Tub Looking New.

New York Sun.

Few women know that velvet, if treated right, washes like an old rag. Of course, it mustn't be sent out with the family wash, along with the sheets and towels. A Philadelphia woman, however, has learned the secret of washing velvet and velveteen so that they come out of the tub as immaculate as good as new. This is her method:

"Fill an enamelled—not zinc-tub three parts full of hot water, then shred in finely as much white curl soap as will make a very soapy lather; take the material to be washed—if a dress, it should be unpicked, though this is not absolutely necessary—and shake it backward and forward in the water until the latter becomes dirty. The velvet must not be rubbed, merely shaken to and fro through the suds. When the water begins to cool throw it away and repeat the same process, shred soap and all, with some fresh water, and while you are preparing the second lot of lather hang the dress or material over a clothes line; do not leave it in a heap. Repeat the shaking until the dress is thoroughly cleaned. Then wring it out, wring it times in tepid, and finally cold water. Do not wring it. Stretch it out, if in the material, across two clotheslines; if a dress, pin it out to its full extent by the hem, using for the purpose pins, not clothes pegs. It will take a day or two to dry, and when dry should simply be stretched and knocked between the hands to raise the pile, or it can be ironed on the wrong side if held by two people, while a third irons, or pinned on the back of two chairs, stretched as far as it will go, and ironed from underneath, but it must on no account be ironed upon a table in the ordinary way, or it will be soiled. It must be understood that it is only velveteen, not velvet, which can be cleaned in this way. The latter, containing silk, is only amenable to the ordinary process of dry cleaning."

"Don't Worry" Circles.

Leslie's Weekly.

—none better—for the church. Americans work very hard and accomplish great results. They could work harder and accomplish more if they worked without worry.

Let us have "Don't Worry" circles not only in our churches, but in every business establishment—in fact, in every home. And the new year is a good time to begin the new movement.

Mother's Love.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Wingleby, "I used to know that my mother was very kind to me, but it was only after I had grown up that I realized the strength and self-sacrifice of her love. I know it now."

"And I realize it more and more now that I have children of my own. It just makes me smile to see the love of their mother for them."

"Do they know it or realize it? O, they know it just about as I did, when I was a boy. But I can see them beginning to understand it, just as I did, and the time will come when they will know it and realize it, just as I do now."

The beautiful lace known as Fayal is made from the fibers in the leaves of the bitter aloe—grown in the Azores, or West-India islands—a relative of the common century plant.

Our New York Fashion News

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Happy the man who has purchased a leavy of faced cloth enough to make a shirt coat, at the sales now going on. Of course she must know what a tailor is to find out who will make it well. There are many bargains in these remnants, such a costume, completed by a velvet collar, will be the best of the kind. Chosen for spring and summer, reddish plum are the fashion just now. The sleeves must be small and for present a fur border may be lightly sewed to the edge of the coat and the hem of skirt. It can easily be removed later. The brown or fawn cloths flame color velvet collars are very chic.

In silk there are so many designs and so many styles that it is difficult to take. Brocades with good satin ground and single brocaded flowers all over the fabric are sensible purchases. If you can find a sale some delightful brocade the effect of the pattern produced by weaving in marked contrast to the rest of the pattern. They came in the lines of green, pink and white and purple and would make lovely gowns for evening wear. In the summer sales more than four were sold at such a low price as all expected it would be some time before this is not at all the case. It is the few cheap stuffs that really look well and wear well, and a good many of them have been marked in a fairly low price.

In Paris layarders' stripes have not marked success and in high priced materials we have had them here. Now, however, we may have them in charming little place silks with the horizontal stripes in blue and white, pink and white and such mixtures. They will make beautiful and inexpensive dresses for the spring of 1933.

Velvets have never been offered at such small cost and consequently have been a mixture of cotton. They do not make for tea jackets and for trimming gowns. I have just seen a brilliant velvet jacket, with wide frills of lace carried down the front, and fastened with pearl and diamond buttons and small vest of the lightest green silk. The production of a clever mill in Paris. The cut was after a good French model, and the close-fitting sleeves were cut from the jacket of the Duchess of Orleans of Louis XVI. It was plucked on the side of the arm and cut, on the other side of the arm and cuff, out of which issued an abundance of the same material, this cheaper velvet has some possibilities, and so has the rich lace jacket, selling at a good many of the same price at half price, for I fear the velvet is occasionally a rather tough material, still for soft shen and lace, nothing like this class of velvet, but up into the most delightful material, lined with sable, especially in Paris, the rich violet, which is some of the best, but for the moment there is a great deal in demand as emerald green, whether for coats, capes, and dresses, trimmings for dress. There is, however, a new class of velvet, called the velvet mouseline, which has a soft, satiny, with a pure silk face and a woolen backing, is being used a great deal for the same like.

Some Beautiful Toilettes from New York Women.

Among the many exquisite toilettes being turned out by our good designers, modesties we have selected a few for illustration. The first toilette is of China crepe worn over tulle of a shade and encrusted with some of the most delicate lace. The slightly trained skirt is completely tabular and two gored bands of tulle and saffron colored moiré are fastened in two scarf ends on the waist. They are attached to the waist by a sette of the moiré and a wide band of the same tulle. The corsage is ornamented with ruffles of white moiré and black velvet.

The second toilette of pale blue satin has the skirt ruffled with silk. The silk pleated corsage is encrusted with lace and large brilliants.

The third toilette is worn by a woman, who is evidently proud of her rich and elegant costume. The skirt is a gown of white moiré encrusted with lace and large brilliants.

The seated young woman wears a gown of white satin covered by a colored silk embroidered with white and blue. Three separate pieces of the left side of the silk are used. The large white moiré corsage is encrusted with lace and large brilliants.



The Newest Toque. Chrysanthemum Velvet Toned Down by Brown Plumage and Cream Lace.



The Latest Sleeves for Ball Gowns Are Combination Poppies, Roses and Chrysanthemums.