

SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES ALMOST A THING OF THE PAST AS WOMEN LEARN OF DIGNITY IN SERIOUS WORK

Since Peggy Thayer Blazed the Path, Others of Her Sex Have Had No Trouble Following Her

Debutantes of Recent Years Discover Variety of Ways to Make Profitable Use of the Golden Hours

THE languid-looking lady passes in her limousine, but she's not as languid as she looks. Her gilded chariot, with its drum head lamps and steel disc wheels, its polished paint and scintillating silver, isn't taking her to the modiste or the hairdresser. Not for a minute! It's taking her to work.

Work? Of course she works—"it's the fashion." Lady Bountiful has become Lady Useful. Once it was the Blue Book and the Social Register. Today it's the business directory.

Witness: Barbara M. Boyd, who lives in the Coronado Apartments, at one time would peep leisurely over the covers and slip out of bed with a yawn. She now goes to her studio on Sydenham street at 9 o'clock each morning to paint elf-like figures and vivid birds on lamp shades.

Frances T. Leaf, of 2027 Walnut street, before the war played in the sunshine, danced in the moonlight. Her days were a round of pleasure. Now each day she is in her shop with Mrs. John Wanamaker, 3d. She sells hats to the smaller girls, and warm wraps to their older sisters. Her day begins at 9 o'clock and carries her through until 5.

There are countless others who prefer activity in the business world to the round of pleasure offered in society. They like it. It's the thing to do, they feel.

A visit to the Sydenham street studio found Barbara Boyd already engrossed in her work. The lower room of the studio is furnished with wooden benches and chairs painted a bright yellow and lamp shades at rakish angles appear from the inside of closets, and even swing crazily from a candlestick.

"Just before the war," Miss Boyd explained, "I was graduated from

was just nearly frantic, and so I opened this shop. I love to dress girls—they are so pretty and things fit them so well. Sometimes a new frock comes in a lovely shade of rose and I can just think of which one of my girls who come into the shop would look prettiest in it.

Says Women Should Broaden Life Outlook

"Do I think women should work? Why, of course! Every one needs her outlook broadened and the business world is certainly most excellent training."

Take Mrs. James T. Halsey, who is chaperone at the Bellevue-Stratford and mothers the girls who come to Philadelphia from out of town. She keeps a friendly eye on girls who come into the hotel for dinner or supper when their own mothers cannot come with them.

With two girls of her own, Mrs. Halsey knows the little trials and tribulations which loom up so formidably and she can give that sympathetic yet wise understanding which reaches out and helps over the rough places. The night of the Army and Navy ball there were nine girls from various parts of the country



Peggy Thayer, whose versatility in business adventures has astounded contemporary society



Barbara Boyd finds mental spur in workaday business life

art school and as soon as women began taking up various kinds of work I became engrossed in that, and was busy most of the time. After the boys came home our work was finished. The days seemed pointless, somehow. I just had to do something, so, of course, I thought of painting, and here I am. Sara Rattew is with me in the studio as my partner.

"You know, I like being in business. Most of my business associates are courteous. As a matter of fact, if a man is really busy he seems to give the impression of having lots of time. It's the little fellow—who really amounts to nothing—who fusses around like a wet hen, wanting lots of attention and feeling injured if he doesn't get it.

"Please don't give people the impression that I don't take this seriously, because I do. We get in at 9 in the morning and are here until 5, sometimes later. Besides, after I am married I intend to keep up the studio. I think we should all do several things to keep from getting into a rut. Too much leisure would be all wrong, just the same as too much work, but I think I can distribute it all well enough to manage."

Miss Boyd is engaged to Lawrence Corlies Murdock. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Knickerbocker Boyd.

Mrs. John Wanamaker, 3d, was with the Emergency Aid during the war, and her days were long and busy ones. And when they began to settle back to normal time dragged "until," said Mrs. Wanamaker, "I

staying at the hotel with Mrs. Halsey. And before they left each one came to her room—to be told how pretty she looked, to have a hairpin fixed here and a hook fastened there.

A Southern lady is Mrs. Halsey, with all the charm and hospitality which is traditional of Southern women. She helps out-of-town women with their shopping, doesn't close even one eye until each of the girls in her care has come up in the elevator and said good-night to her, is in the dining-room at dinnertime and from her table nods to all who know her.

The personal touch, which is always so welcome and which brings that warm, cozy feeling to all who are brought in contact with it, is given by this charming lady, with her twinkling eyes and soft smile.

Once again the war steps in and the result is Miss Josephine McCulloh and her "Treasure Box." The box is really the living room of her home at 2122 Sansom street, transformed into such a fascinating shop which could rightly bear no name other than it does. There everything is to be found—pretty and dainty, useful and handy—and it forms but a background for the owner.

"I decided that in occupation lay happiness," said Miss McCulloh. "I wanted to get out and be brought in contact with people. I love people and find them to be so kind, so considerate. So I worked, actually worked, hard in various department stores of the city. I wanted sales experience, and I got it. One week I would be in the shirt department, the next on the aisle with a sale of gloves. Of course, I got tired. But every one was so nice. The girls



Thelma Roucoff with her sister, Mrs. Theodore Houston, conducts "The Hope Chest," a business venture

Margaret Robins, who alas! is quite certain women should not enter actively into a business career unless there is necessity. But she seems to be enjoying that which she so obviously deprecates

In the various departments were kind and considerate of the fact that I was totally ignorant and they helped me so much.

"Next I began selling children's clothes, and later decided to branch into the things that went with them—sweaters, caps and gloves. I kept on adding things until now I have quite a little shop, as you can see. And it keeps me busy, too. I have given up my singing almost entirely because I do not have time to devote to practicing. Of course, I sing for friends sometimes. But I have not the time for professional singing."

In a quaint old-fashioned house Mrs. Mary Hunt has opened a tearoom. On cold winter days, when the wind fairly blows one around the corner, the open fireplace has a friendly fire which crackles and leaps and takes away the chill of the outside air. And almost hidden behind a tiny painted desk in the corner is Mrs. Hunt. She rises to greet you and helps to find a

table at which you are sure to be comfortable.

She tells you what's good and radiates such hospitality as to cause forgetfulness of the fact that she is conducting the tea room. She is the charming hostess.

Spacious Mansion Now a Cozy Private Hotel

Miss Mary D. McMurtre and her sister, Ellen, live at 1104 Spruce street. A large, solemn-looking house

on the outside, but a warm, comfortable one on the inside despite the old-fashioned, high ceilings and large rooms. At all times there were people thronging the house as a large family to gather about the table at meals and talk over the various happenings of the day. When the day came that the large family was no more, Miss Mary McMurtre decided she just couldn't live in a smaller house. All her life she had been used to spacious rooms, plenty of people, keeping house. And so, rather than move into a smaller place, she and her sister began talking boarders.

And it is not a boarding house in the ordinary sort of way. It is conducted on definite plans with rules which do not bend.

"Indeed, I couldn't sit about the house," said Miss McMurtre. "I must be doing something. I love to talk with people, to read to wander about in the outdoors, but I must be doing something. And I think that business of some kind is the thing for women."

"A woman is essentially fitted for business, more so than for artistic things. Don't misunderstand me when I say that. I think that women have all the finer sensitivities with which they are credited, but I think the artistic things, such as painting or music, are better expressed by men."

"I do many other things besides run a boarding house," Miss McMurtre added. "I have outside interests in clubs and charities. I like to keep busy all the time."

Disapproves of Work Unless From Necessity

In vivid contrast to the women who think business to be their forte, the place where they belong, is Mrs. Sarah A. Whelan, who is in the advertising department of one of Philadelphia's department stores.

"Should a woman work?" she echoes the question. "Absolutely no! I can-

helpers: clubs wanting members and silent workers. Some of the excess energy expended in business by these women who would otherwise be idle can be put to good use in charitable and welfare work."

Agreeing with her is Margaret Robins, who lives at 1719 Locust street and day to day in the role of secretary to Clarence Gardner, manager of the Academy of Music.

"I don't think any girl should be in business, and the only reason I am in business is because I have to," said Miss Robins. "But I sort of feel as if I were a freak. Furthermore, I don't think that the war had anything to do with this sudden rushing of women into business."

Girls Should Cultivate Love of Home Life

"When a girl is home she gets better acquainted with her home and her family. She has more time to devote to them, and if she is sensible the more she sees of them the more she'll like them."

"I like business. That's why I am in it. But for the average woman, pleasure and welfare work can keep her occupied, and she will be far better off."

Shops just a bit different from the average hold sway. Narrow streets which were once considered mere alleys have been cleared out, with stucco fronts and Italian blue woodwork to replace shabby bricks and worn oak doors, a hand-painted sign put out, and the result is a quaint little street, a miniature reproduction of Greenwich Village—taverns, novelty shops, anything and everything which offers occupation.

On such a little street as this has been opened "The Hope Chest," by Mrs. Theodore Houston and her sister, Miss Thelma Roucoff.

Occupying no small place in the ranks of the women in business is the versatile Peggy Thayer, known as "the money-splendid Peggy." Finding a round of wishing to vary tennis and golf, Peggy announced to her friends that she was going into business, and she went. She set out to match the personality, and is with Mrs. William Engel Franklin in near Rittenhouse square. Bottles of every size and shape, novelty perfume bottles, blended perfumes of crushed petals, boxes about her as she moves around the shop.

Discovering that Holland cheese was in demand and that a sufficient supply was not forthcoming, Miss Thayer made arrangements with an agent in Holland to have cheese sent over here.

Knitting Needles Click Close by Summer Seas

And still the war creeps in! In those days, which seem to be so far in the past, Mrs. Logan M. Bullitt opened a wool shop in her cottage at Bay Head. On the beach the knitting needles clicked, the rocking chair fleet on cottage porches and at the country club clicked needles as well as tongues, and the wool shop was opened to answer the ever increasing demand. And in the days that followed the shop thrived, and extra stock was installed. Sweaters and hats that were distinctive because they sprang from the fertile mind of Mrs. Bullitt were marketed all over the East. Dolls, nursery toys, bagged match and jewel boxes, lamps, many things have changed the wool shop into a novelty shop which is still conducted during the summer in the front room of her cottage.

The co-ed at the University of Pennsylvania have their various problems, and Louise Hortense Snowden was in the fall of 1920 appointed an adviser or, as she is officially known, dean of women. Miss Snowden is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, took a post-graduate course there, and also took special courses at the University of Leipzig and the University of Naples.

Indeed the day of our grandmothers with the hoop skirts and retiring tendencies is a day to be spoken of as something which has been, but will probably not return.



Frances Leaf waves aside lure of social diversions and "sells things" with a consciousness of work well performed



Mrs. John Wanamaker, 3d, who finds conventional business life preserves youth and beauty