Last Year's Debutante

By W. E. Hill

People who are in the know during the social season, anticipate with some accuracy, what becomes of the current debut after the season of initial bloom is over. But they say, not so it be again, or what? The answer to this depends on the individual girl. Some girls, for instance, keep running out more and more, like this lovely girl, Miss Elspeth Brophy, who came out last year with a big boom. Even the most exclusive hostesses are afraid to leave Elspeth's name off the list, because they can always count on Elspeth's ability to find places for some of the girls who are left behind. Others are afraid of the extra shame of being snubbed by the girls who are left out.

Interior decorators love to engage ex-debutantes who are looking for jobs. This is partly because Helen's social connections may bring just the right of clientele into the office. It takes about a month and a half for the firm to realize that none of Helen's friends want their interiors redecorated.

Most debuts, even the most selfish ones, emerge from the first season out in society spiritually enriched and more thoughtful of the present. This is why so many girls fight to join the fashion league and offer their services as dress surgeons in the league's annual fashion show for charity. Here, if you please, are none others than Miss Patrice Gilmour and Miss Delight Douglas, parading up and down the small hallways of the Hotel Clancy, in the very latest fashions from Paris.

Of course there are the ex-debutantes who get engaged after the social season is over. Almost before the immediate family is aware of the fact, a few of the more refined news photographers are up at the house taking pictures of the young lady, all fixed up to look like a home girl, reading a book with a few flowers beside her and a sweet, far-away look in her eyes.

Little theater movements are a haven for many ex-debutantes who plan for self-expression and don't seem to take to matrimony. This is little Betty Barry, a debutante of last season, who, as "Mrs. Dudgeon," in an amateur production of "The Devil's Disciple," is dazzling nobody. "My dying scene on you?"

You hear very little about some debuts, after their first season out, simply because their mothers are the kind who won't stand aside and play second fiddle. They'd be surprised if anyone else, as some mites first noticed, because a mother whispered, "Let's go some place and dance!" to her friend who rightfully belonged to daughter.

One season in society is enough for some debuts, and very often just the contact with the social world is enough to immortalize them to the study of some noteworthy oracles, such as Mrs. de Veaux, the Reader of Handwriting. Be a year later it is an uncommon sight to glimpse a girl who used to be a social butterfly, harrying eagerly to her bookbinding, or her writing, just as though she'd never heard of the social register.

The great majority of debuts of a year or so ago go right back to their little, blue-colored books, and, few as they are, if they ever have been sold enough on the immediate family, get a year or two in Paris or Milan. (Many Miss Dorothy Gilmour, last year's debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Klaus Gilmour, at the close of a voice lesson with Miss. Amy Thirl Ferguson. Miss. Amy is telling Dorothy she can't dream of leaving her and studying abroad for at least five years because her head is too small and her throat not ready for big voices yet, and Dorothy must remember that Lilli Lehmann was simply before her teacher let her sing a single note in public. Dorothy thinks it's the back.)