She embarked her daughter when they walked in on her in an upstairs room, where the sister of her son-in-law was being married. She had escaped from the crowd and was relating with a cigarette, having a talk on the artistic merits of certain styles of furniture - with an interior decorator.
Once she was an honored guest at a banquet in Philadelphia, of photographers and artists, she was the only woman present. After dinner the men all lit their cigars and cigarettes and the speeches began; she didn't have any cigarettes and no one offered her any.

Then it came her turn to speak; she delivered her speech and wound it up with reminiscences of her grandmother: "Yes, she concluded, "at this very moment the picture of my great-grandmother is on my desk at home, holding down my cigarette papers." This was received with much applause and she was presented with cigarettes from all sides.

Sometimes if she found herself in dull company she would wander off to another room and smoke a cigarette so as not to offend them. I doubt if she offended anyone the way she would reappear with the last shreds of smoke clinging to her—and perhaps ashes on her dress.
One of her teachers in drawing stressed continually to his class that they must avoid detail in their drawings. Each week the students' work was lined against the wall for criticism. One time Granny's drawing of a nude had a long tail growing on it with the caption underneath "Avoid de Tail."

**Smoking**

Granny smoked cigarettes, a thing women in this country didn't do. Sometimes she would light 2 at once, forgetting she already had one in her mouth. Her concentration on her work was so great she often didn't notice that she was smoking until the cigarette would burn down and burn her lips or go out. She ashes often grew long and fell unnoticed in her lap or down her front.

It used to embarrass me as a child to bring my playmate home after school when Granny was waiting and find her smoking - or even indulging in a glass of beer.
Granny smoked cigarettes (really little cigars, called (Between the Acts) a thing women in this country didn't do. Sometimes while working she would light two at once forgetting she already had one in her mouth. Her concentration on her work was so great she often didn't notice that she was smoking until the cigarette would burn her lips, or go out. The ashes often grew long and fell unnoticed down her front.

It used to embarrass me as a child to bring playmates home after school when Granny was visiting and find her smoking or even indulging in a glass of beer.

One time she was an honor guest at a banquet in Philadelphia of photographers and artists. She was the only woman present. After dinner the men all lit their cigars and cigarettes and the speeches began. She didn't have any cigarettes and no one offered her any.

When it came her time to speak, she delivered her speech and wound it up with reminiscences of her grandmother. "Yes" she concluded "At this very moment the picture of my Quaker grandmother is on my desk at home holding down my cigarette coupons". This was received with much applause and she was pressed with cigarettes from all sides.

Sometimes if she found herself in dull company she would wander off to another room to smoke a cigarette. I doubt if she fooled anybody tho, as she would reappear with the last shreds of smoke clinging to her, and ashes on her dress.

She embarrassed her daughters when then they walked in on her, in an upstairs room of the house where the sister of her son in law was being married. She had escaped from the crowd and was relaxing with a cigarette, having a talk on the artistic merits of certain styles of furniture with an interior decorator.