

fulfilled life has to go through three years' training. A jack-of-all-trades and master of none is the most useless of beings. Seek to do something well, seek to know something thoroughly. See where your bent lies, and cultivate some talent to perfection; then, and not till then, you are an instrument fit to be used. A lady who can do her work well, and has means, can always find work to do without taking the bread out of other people's mouths. There are too many of her sisters who are over-worked, too many sinking beneath too heavy burdens, too many undertakings shipwrecked for want of help for her to be long idle.

The great point is that the powers with which God has endowed us should find a sufficient field for their exercise, and never

be condemned to rust for want of use, and eventually to become a source of disease and danger to their possessor. It must not therefore be considered a matter of choice as to whether a girl should have an object or not, it must be looked on as an absolute necessity for health and happiness. We have spoken much about the former and but little about the latter, which, after all, is not without importance. The adequate employment of our faculties of body, spirit, soul, is a great pleasure, and is intended to be so; and it does seem a cruel thing that the lives of so many girls are dwarfed, dulled, and atrophied by finding no outlet for their energies.

We trust no parent will object to these remarks, or think that we wish to take any

girls out of the legitimate duties of home-life. We trust we have made it sufficiently clear that the class we specially address are not the married, or those about to marry, neither are they the mothers'-helps and the housekeepers and the sisterless. But they are *les autres*, and to these we earnestly say, if you would be truly happy, if you would be truly healthy, if you would keep out of the hands of bland elderly gentlemen of the medical persuasion, and, above all, if you would fulfil the high destiny for which you have been given life, and breath, and all things richly enjoy, seek to know the meaning of a fulfilled life!

(To be continued.)

WINIFRED'S WARDROBE.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER I.

"I CANNOT make out how it is, Winifred, that you and I have the same allowance for dress, and that you always look what Uncle John calls 'sprack'—I never heard anyone but he use the word, and I only feel so when I have my best bib and tucker on. I have to wear old things and shabby things, and I do so hate it."

Winifred laughed.

The two girls, who were neighbours, had made acquaintance at a garden party, and as they had a good many tastes in common, the genuine liking they had for each other seemed to make their friendship likely to be lasting. The Lyles were a large family, and Mr. Lyle could not give Winifred anything but a comparatively small allowance, and May's happened to be the same, as her uncle was not rich, and though he was a bachelor, he treated May like his own child, and was anxious to do the best he could for her two brothers and to provide all that her little invalid sister needed.

"Don't laugh, Winifred, it is really no joke to me. I suppose every girl likes to look as nice as she can, and make the best of herself."

"Yes, it is a natural instinct, so mother says," replied Winifred, "and not at all a wrong one."

"What is it that mother says?" asked a pretty woman who came into the room unheard by the two girls, who were sitting in what was called "Winifred's Sanctum."

"We were talking about dress, mother, and I was telling May what you say about its being natural and right to try and make oneself look nice."

"Certainly it is," said Mrs. Lyle decidedly; "we are told to eat and drink to the glory of God, and we can certainly dress with the same high motive. If we think that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, we shall treat them with reverence and adorn them fittingly. An untidy, ill-dressed woman is an unsightly object, and as such, the duty to our neighbours comes in. It is disrespectful to those with whom we are brought into contact, and it is unwise in every way."

"Yes, Mrs. Lyle, but making the best of oneself is another matter. I suppose it is wrong to spend too much money and time on dress," said May.

"Of course it is. We should dress according to our means and our station. Someone has said, 'When the heart is right, when there is true and supreme love for religion, it is usually not difficult to regulate the subject of dress.' And about spending time, of course to waste a great deal of it in thinking and studying the subject, and being before the looking-glass is distinctly wrong,

but that too comes into being regulated if the heart is right. But I did not come up to preach, only to tell you that Mrs. Harvey has just been here and wishes you to go to her tennis party next Saturday, and she says she is asking you, May, and your brothers, so you can all go together. Now, dears, I must be off, as I am going out. The children are all out, so Annie will bring you your tea here quite cosy, and you can talk away nineteen to the dozen."

Mrs. Lyle went downstairs and Winifred took up some work out of a large wicker-basket. She was not pretty but very nice-looking, with soft brown hair and a sweet, sensitive mouth. She had on a plain serge skirt and a cotton blouse, the day being very hot, and she looked very tidy and fresh. The serge was old, but it was spotless, and a piece of braid round the bottom hid the edges that had been worn. The blouse was quite clean, and Winifred's shoes were neat house-shoes with a big rosette on them.

May had on a very tumbled cotton, not too clean, a little of the frilling had been pinned where the sewing had given way, and there was a button missing on the bodice. The face under the big hat was very pretty, but you could not help wishing that the feathers on the hat had been in curl, and that the boots on May's little feet fitted the latter better. "Take off your hat, as you can stay," said Winifred, and May obeyed.

"Now, Winifred, I have not done yet about dress, I want you to tell me the secret of how you manage to dress so well and I so badly on the same amount of money. I suppose you get presents."

"Very seldom."

"Not even somebody's dresses handed down; one of your rich cousins, for instance?"

"Whatever my rich cousins do with their dresses they don't come to me. No, I have to do on my allowance, but then mother—" and Winifred paused and her brown eyes were full of sympathy.

May gave a quick little sigh.

"Ah, yes, you have your mother to tell you things. I do so envy you."

"Yes, and such a mother," said Winifred, "for all girls are not as fortunate."

"You see, at the school where I was sent when my mother died, and I was only eight years old, the mistress, Miss Drury, did not trouble herself about such things as dress. We did as we liked, and unless something very extraordinary struck her, she never made any remarks, and the consequence was, we who had no mothers had to get on as best we could."

"Well, May, I will tell you anything I can, but it is all what mother taught me. Now I come to think of it, perhaps one reason why

my things look fairly fresh is that I keep dresses for different purposes. Mother always likes us all to be quite neat at any hour of the day, but for the morning, as I help a good deal about the house, I always wear an old dress. Then I have a good many aprons, and put them on when I am making a pudding or dusting the rooms."

"Well," said May, "you know I help in the house too, for our servant is not a good one, and I found my dresses got so dusty and tumbled that I adopted the plan of coming down to breakfast in my dressing-gown."

"A dressing-gown!" exclaimed Winifred; "oh, mother would never allow that. She says a girl should never wear a dressing-gown outside her bedroom unless she is an invalid, and as for coming down to breakfast in one I know what father would say."

"Yes, I suppose it does not look very well," said May, "but you see that if I had a very old dress on it would be as untidy-looking."

"Not if it was carefully mended and in order, and a pretty apron covers a multitude of sins."

"When you spoke of aprons I thought you meant a big holland thing to go all over your dress, and which has a bib to it."

"So I did, for cooking and dusting, but I have pretty fancy aprons for wearing when I am not doing anything of that kind. This dress I am doing up now for morning use, and I shall wear a pretty pink cotton apron with it that is trimmed with torchon lace, and I have a blue as well, and so all the infirmities of this dress will be hidden."

"May I see what you are doing to that dress? why, it's the summer tweed you had two years ago—you see what a good memory I have."

"You are quite right. It is very shabby now, but a fresh lining at the bottom and new braid is all the skirt really wants, excepting—I had forgotten this. I see it wants a new band at the opening of the pocket. I shall cut off all that is worn."

"I never alter my things, but go on wearing them just as they are," said May frankly; "but I want to learn your plans, so now tell me what shall you do to the bodice?"

"Here it is," said Winifred. "Well, I shall put new buttons on it, I have some cheap ones that will answer very well. Then I shall put new bones in after I have removed those that are bent or broken, and secure all the hooks and eyes as well as put in fresh dress preservers. Then after a very thorough brushing I think I shall get some wear out of it for the mornings, and a pink or blue apron will smarten it up. But here comes tea."

A neat maid-servant brought in the tea and placed it upon the little basket-table by the sofa. The girls enjoyed their tea very much,

though, as Winifred remarked presently, May looked very thoughtful.

"Do I? Well, I suppose I am turning over in my mind what you say about morning dresses. But, Winifred, there's another thing I can't make out. You always dress for dinner, I have noticed that, and even when you are by yourselves, for I have come in several times unexpectedly; that must run away with a good deal of money. I never dream of doing it, though, of course, I always brush my hair and wash my hands before dinner."

"We have always been brought up to it," said Winifred, "and even before Maud and I were old enough to come to the late dinner with our parents we changed our frocks for the evening. As soon as we were out of the nursery mother insisted upon it."

"And your brothers?"

"Oh, Jack and Harry, ever since they left school and lived at home, always change their things, though they do not actually put on evening dress unless we have a little dinner-party. Mother thinks all those things help to refine and civilise men, and besides, it is very much nicer. I know in some houses where the men come in in their flannels or cycling clothes after a long afternoon at cricket or tennis or on their cycles, and really one feels it would be ever so much nicer if they changed their things and gave themselves what you see advertised in the small barbers' shops, 'a wash and brush up.'"

"Yes, I agree with you," said May laughing; "but about your own dress?"

"Well, I find that dressing for dinner is really a very economical plan. To begin with, when I have a good costume, I seldom wear it in the house. Dresses last twice as long and look fresh longer if you keep them for outdoor wear until they are nearly worn out. So that in any case I change my dress, and for the evening there are a lot of contrivances."

"What are they?"

"An old summer dress often answers for an every-day dinner dress. One can shorten the sleeves by cutting them at the elbow and running in some lace, and putting some of the same round the neck. Then a smart blouse with any old skirt always dresses one up, and there are many things quite good enough for the evening, especially in winter, when sitting over the fire, as I confess I do sometimes when I am tired, spoils one's things. I had a dress I wore very much last winter which could never have borne the daylight, but it answered very well. I like light things, or if they are dark I smarten them up with a little lace and ribbon. I have had very few real evening dresses since I came out, as we are not rich enough to entertain, and I go to very few smart places; but mother dislikes old finery being worn every day, so I don't use anything old which is very dressy in style."

"I think I shall try your plan, Winifred. I daresay it does save your other dresses, when you come to think of it."

"Yes, and besides, it is so much more comfortable. The thick tweeds and serges one wears in winter are so hot and uncomfortable in a closed lighted room where there is a good fire, and it is nice and refreshing to put on another dress. Then, too, mother thinks that it is so good for the boys. It helps to make home nicer and brighter if boys see their sisters look their best, and father likes it too."

"Well, I think I must be going now. I wonder what I can wear at the Harveys; oh, I suppose my tweed will have to do. I must go into the High Street before I go home and order the butter; Hannah forgot it this morning."

"Then you will go down Holly Road?"

"Yes, can I do anything for you, Winifred?"

"Would you mind leaving this little parcel at Number 14? It is on the left-hand side from here, and it is for Mrs. Gray."

"Oh, that poor woman I saw you talking to the other day?"—"Yes."

"I believe you are sending her a present? I am curious, Winifred. Yes, I am a daughter of Eve, and I can feel that this parcel has something soft."

Winifred coloured.

"If you must know, Miss Curiosity, it is a vest I mended up for her. She has a very delicate chest."

"Why could she not mend it herself?" asked May, opening her sky-blue eyes very wide.

"Well, she has eleven children, and not much spare time. If I had not mended it, the chances would have been very great of her wearing it as it was, and it will last twice as long now."

"Oh, I see. I clear out all my old things now and then, and give them to Mary, the charwoman who comes once a week. She is the only poor person I know. Uncle will not let me visit among the poor; he says I am not old enough."

"No, and mother, of course, won't let me do so indiscriminately for the same reason; but now and then Miss Yates, who is a district visitor, tells mother of a special case, and one hears of one now and then, and mother lets me go. Besides, though one can't actually visit the poor much, mother has always brought us up to work for them and make our old things up for them."

"I should like to do so, too. Winifred, I wish you would come in some day—would you, and look over my things, and you could advise me what to do with a good many of them?"

Winifred laughed.

"I will if you like. Will to-morrow do?"

"Yes. I shall be in in the afternoon."

"I shall be able to come then, so expect me."

The girls parted, and Mrs. Lyle soon returned, as the lady she had called upon was out.

"Will you have some fresh tea made, mother?" asked Winifred as her mother entered looking very hot.

"No, dear, a cup of that will do."

"Mother, I must get a new hat for the tennis-party on Saturday. I am wondering what kind to get."

"What dress will you wear, Winnie?"

"My blue print. It has come back fresh from the wash, and looks so nice."

"Has it washed well?"

"Capitally. You see, mother, the skirt is very simple, and the frills ironed out easily; and the bodice is really a blouse, for the under-part alone is tight-fitting, and all the gathers from the yoke hang loosely from it."

"Yes. Of course those cottons which are made like ordinary dresses will not wash well. They have to be cleaned, and that comes very expensive," said Mrs. Lyle. "Well, to return to the hat," she continued, "what will you get?"

"Mother, do you remember the hat that Miss Musgrave had on when we met her yesterday? It is the latest fashion, and I thought I should like one very much like it."

"Because it is the latest fashion?" inquired Mrs. Lyle with a smile.

"No, mother, but I thought it pretty."

"Yes, it suited her, but I do not think the shape would suit you as well. You and Miss Musgrave are not at all the same style of girl. She is very tall indeed, and her face is not the least like yours."

"No, it is not," said Winifred, as she thought of Miss Musgrave's aquiline nose and clearly-cut features.

"She requires that kind of hat and can carry it off, but I doubt your being able to do so."

Winifred's face fell. She had rather set her affection on a similar hat; but though she knew she could please herself, she always liked to be guided by her mother's advice.

"I don't think you are tall enough for such a very large hat, Winnie."

"Well, mother, I will try some on, and then you can tell me what you think."

The next morning Winifred went to a neighbouring shop with her mother, and chose a shape that suited her far better than the one she had fancied.

"Mother," said Winifred as they walked home, "I am so glad that we shall be in town this year for the summer sales. You know every year, at least ever since I have had my dress allowance and been out, we have been away, and one does pick up such bargains."

"Do you think they are always real bargains?" inquired Mrs. Lyle.

"Oh, mother, yes. If you had only seen that dress Dora King bought last year for tenpence three-farthings a yard, you would have been astonished. It was worth ever so much more, for we found the ticket on it of the price before it was reduced, so there was no mistake about it."

"I remember the dress. It was a very striking pattern, and was going out of fashion then. Those very great reductions are seldom made excepting in the case of designs, patterns, or colours that are being no longer worn."

"Why, mother, I did not think you liked being in the extreme of the fashion," said Winifred, with a surprised look.

"No, dear, I do not. It is not good taste to seize upon a new fashion unless it happens to be a convenient and pretty one; but when one has not a long purse and cannot afford a great change in dresses, it is always safer to choose what is not very remarkable. For myself, unless I can get some unobservable pattern or colour at a sale, I would rather get what is usually worn and perhaps pay a little more for it. Few dresses, and let them be used while the style they are made in is worn, is the plan I generally go upon."

"Yes, mother, I know that and I do that too; but do you think then that the sales are of no use at all?"

"Great use, dear, for many things. Under-linen which has been soiled and the freshness taken off is quite as good as when just made, and you can often get it very cheaply at sales; then stockings and shoes, boots and fancy trimmings and remnants are often worth buying. Boots and shoes are all the better for being kept, by the way."

"Mother, if one bought things going cheaply, they would sure to turn out usefully some day."

Mrs. Lyle smiled.

"That is the usual excuse for buying a great many things which are always supposed to be coming in usefully some day, and often they are put aside and never used until they are faded and none the better for lying by. That is if they are brought into use at all. With the exception of a few things which will certainly be needed, I generally do not buy much at sales. Some people should never go to sales, as they cannot resist the bargains, and buy things which are never of the least use to them. Sales to these people are sources of extravagance rather than economy."

"My winter jacket, mother, I got that at the January sale, and you were pleased."

"Yes, you wanted a jacket, and were able to go on with your old one until January, so that you used at once what you bought. It is good cloth and nothing very remarkable about it, and the fur is so good it will be useful when the jacket is worn out. So you see I don't disapprove of sales *in toto*, and if you know what you want and buy only that, you can often get things at a considerable reduction. But now I must go. Your father is calling me."

The next afternoon Winifred went in to see May, who at once took her up to her bedroom which was large and very untidy.

(To be continued.)



WINIFRED'S WARDROBE.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER II.

"You will be shocked at my untidy room," said May as her visitor entered. "It is so different from yours, but then you are naturally tidy."

Winifred laughed. "I wish mother could hear you say so, how amused she would be! No, May, I am not naturally tidy, but mother has made us so. She dislikes disorder, and as children we were trained to be orderly, and punished when we were not—not very severe punishments, but enough to make us remember that it was a fault."

"Not a serious fault though."

"It is more serious than it looks," said Winifred. "Untidiness wastes time, and that is wrong. Then, too, if one tosses one's things about it spoils them, and makes them shabby soon, so that it means having to wear them when all the freshness is off, or else buying new, so that money is wasted. Mother says practically untidiness is extravagance."

"Dear me, what a bother it must be to have to think of all those things," said May.

"It is not so now. As a child I found it so. I was always leaving my things about and hunting for what I could not find, but after a while I got into the habit of being orderly, and now it is second nature."

"Now sit down in that chair, and I shall take the things out of my wardrobe and you may say anything you like about them. Now is not that a handsome offer? But what have you got in that bag?" continued May without waiting for an answer to her first question.

"I bought a hat this morning, when I was out with mother, and I brought it in as I thought when we had looked over your things I might trim it here, as it is really too hot to go out."

"That is a lovely idea. I want so much to see you trim a hat; you learnt something about millinery, did you not?"

"In a second-hand kind of way. One of my cousins took lessons from a Bond Street milliner, and I used to ask her to show me what she had learnt, and what she taught me has been most useful. I don't mean my rich cousins in Kensington, but the Wyverns. They are all learning some profession, so that if they like they can earn their own living, and Ethel has taken up millinery."

Meanwhile May had opened a large press and was taking down several dresses and jackets.

"Don't you put any loops to your dresses and jackets to hang them up by?" inquired Winifred as she noticed that the jackets were hung on pegs by the arm-holes and the dresses in any fashion.

"There have been loops on most of my things, but when they got broken or unsewn I always forgot to mend them. As long as the things get hung up, that is the chief thing."

"It spoils dresses though. Just look, the peg has almost come through this beige, which is not lined, and it has left such a mark."

"So it has. Well, I must sew loops on."

"Give me your work-basket and I will do some for you," said Winifred. "Pasian binding is as good a thing as anything, and I see you have some here. May I use it?"

"Certainly. How angelic of you to do it. Will you put one on this dress?"

"Dresses ought to have two, laid on the inner side of the waistband and flat. If at a little distance from each other the dress can be well hung on two pegs. Oh, May, is that your pretty evening-dress—the one you had for the Haweys?"

"Yes—of course it is. What is the matter with it?" asked May.

"It seems most dreadfully tumbled about," said Winifred. "Do you always keep it hanging up in the same press with your day dresses?"

"Yes—where else should I put it?"

"Well, I think a nice evening dress, that particularly with the delicate chiffon trimming, should be laid carefully in a drawer by itself. In a wardrobe where your other things hang it runs a risk of being hurt. If it has to be in the one press, a good plan is to have a large bag made of linen or cotton and slip the dress into it. It must be quite the length of the skirt and then it can hang at the back. But why not use that ottoman if you can't spare a drawer?"

"It is full of things."

"Can't they be turned out?"

"Yes, perhaps they can. Well, this is the dress I am going to wear at the Haweys. Will it do?"

The dress was a light tweed, prettily made but full of dust, and the coat which matched it looked sadly in want of a brushing.

"Yes, very nicely. May I brush it?"

"Yes, if I can find a brush," said May. "I believe there is one somewhere."

"Don't you brush your things every day?" asked Winifred.

"Dear me, no, Winifred. If they get very dirty in winter I send them down to be dried, and Hannah then brushes the mud off; but I just give the things a shake and that is all. I always intend to brush my jacket before I go out, but I often forget. Perhaps I shall mend my ways now," said May with a charming smile on her pretty face.

"I knew two girls—I met them at the Wyverns—and they were sisters, and had exactly the same allowance for dress. Mary was always as well dressed as Jean was the reverse, and one day when we were talking of clothes Mary told me why it was," said Winifred.

"Why was it?"

"Mary said that she was careful with her clothes, always brushing the dust out of her things at once when she took them off, smoothing out ribbons, folding her veils and taking pains to keep her things in order, whereas Jean did not care in the very least how hers were tumbled about, and the braid and trimmings on her dresses were often full of dust and seldom brushed."

"Now, Winifred," said May, "I think after that brushing you are giving my tweed, and—yes—I see you think I might sew down those hooks which seem likely to come off, that it will do nicely for the Haweys. Of course I shall only wear a blouse and not the jacket in this hot weather, and I think my new lace hat with roses will be very sweet with it."

"I don't think I care for a tweed dress and a lace hat. I like things in keeping," said Winifred; "as I read somewhere lately,

'Don't crown a factory chimney with an Italian campanile,' i.e. an English tailor's *chef d'œuvre* with that of a French milliner."

"I see what you mean," said May, who quickly caught at an idea. "I agree—a sailor hat would be better, as it is too hot for a felt."

"What are you going to do with those dresses?" asked Winifred pointing to some which May flung on the floor.

"They will do for the poor. We can have a day of mending them up, if you will help me."

"Gladly!" said Winifred.

"Since you talked about adapting dresses for the evening I have had a brilliant idea. I am going to do this up. I sha'n't tell uncle or the boys a word about it, but I shall put it on and wear it every evening until I make up another for a change."

"I am sure you will like the plan," said Winifred. "Now I have done the loops I shall begin my hat, as it is no use our attacking that pile for the poor to-day."

"Yes. Oh, what a pretty shape!" said May. "How are you going to trim it?"

"With this ribbon and lace and these flowers," said Winifred, proceeding to cut some thin black sarcenet she had with her. She cut the width of the silk about half a quarter of a yard in depth.

"What is that for?" inquired May.

"To line the hat with."

"I never line my hats, those at least which I trim for myself. Why bother about it?"

"Oh, because it is so much neater, for one thing," said Winifred; "the lining hides all the stitches and pins, and makes the inside look so nice, and then it is better for the hair! The roughness of the straw often cuts the hair, and even if it does not do that it makes one's hair very disorderly, for it is sure to catch in it."

"But why are you doing it now?" asked May, as Winifred, having turned down two folds of about a quarter of an inch wide, proceeded to run, instead of hemming it, with fine black sewing-silk.

"The hat-lining is put in first of all. This hem is for the running-string, which is of narrow China ribbon. I shall run it through, but not draw it, and the other edge I shall sew to the hat."

Winifred finished the hem for the running-ribbon, and then, placing the edge of the lining round the crown of the hat, she sewed it in on the wrong side, passing her needle through the straw, leaving very small, almost imperceptible stitches outside and longer ones inside. When this was done she was ready to begin the trimming.

"I shall make the bows first," said Winifred. "I am glad I have ribbon, as ribbon bows are so easy to make."

"Before you begin please tell me, Winifred, how you hem down velvet when it is on the cross or straight? I mean, so that the stitches don't show through and the fold is not heavy. I have tried and cannot do it. Here is an end of velvet, do show me."

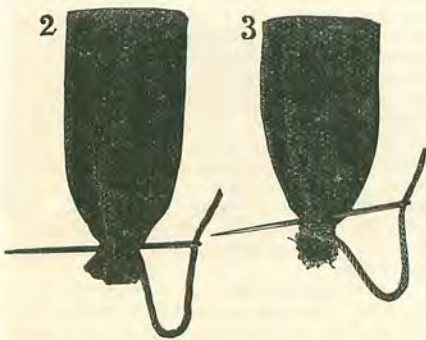
"You only fold it down once," said Winifred, taking the piece of velvet from May's hand, "and you do a kind of herring-bone stitch, only working from right to left instead of from left to right, so"—and Winifred worked as will be seen in Fig. 1 of our



illustrations, passing her needle in through the turned-over fold, but not through to the velvet over which it was folded, and in the lower stitches only catching up a couple or so of threads on the wrong side of the velvet in such a way that the stitches did not show on the right side. In working, May noticed that she held the velvet very lightly, pressing it as little as possible, for, as she explained, every finger-mark is seen on it.

"What curious needles you use," said May, as Winifred took a long needle from her needle-case. It was much longer than an ordinary needle, though its eye was like it.

"These are what are called 'straw needles,'" said Winifred, "and they are generally used in millinery, and are very much more convenient than any others. You can get them at most drapers' shops. But now for my bows. Look, May!"—and Winifred folded the doubled ribbon two or three times and pierced it through as you see in Fig. 2, having threaded her straw needle with strong cotton. Then she wound the cotton round several times very tightly, and that made the stem of the bow firm. The needle is then passed through and it is finished off. When a tuft of several bows together are made the ribbon or velvet is not cut, but each loop is made in this way and the last end cut off diagonally. There is a good deal of knack in the making of bows, but if done in this way it will be found as May discovered, that it is a knack that can be acquired.



The ribbon bows finished, Winifred sewed them in with firm stitches.

"I always find it such a trouble sewing flowers or feathers into a hat," said May. "I generally lose my temper over it; the thread catches in the flowers, and it is not an easy matter. What are you smiling at, Winifred?"

"I am smiling because I never sew them in," said Winifred, "at least flowers. Ostrich feathers I do sometimes, but that was one thing my cousin taught me, that flowers are less handled and consequently less spoiled if you pin them in. Of course one must use good strong pins like these," continued Winifred, handing May a paper of large strong pins.

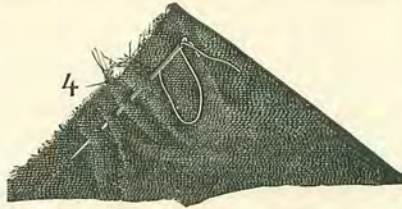
"I see; what a good idea," said May; "but, Winifred, why do you not rest the hat on the table as you work?"

"Because, holding it in my lap is better; it is less likely to crush or hurt any of the trimming."

The hat looked very pretty when Winifred had finished it, and May was delighted. When complete, Winifred cut a small piece of about four inches square of the silk and tacked

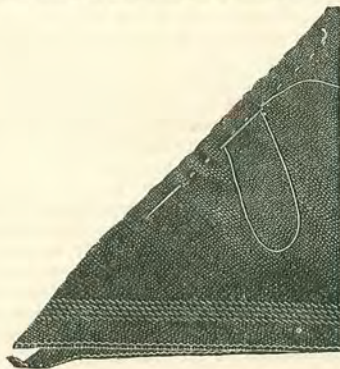
it into the very centre of the crown. Then all being finished, the ribbon was drawn and tied into a little bow. The lining was not deep enough to meet in the middle, so that the little piece put in the crown made a tidy centre. Just as it was finished the gong sounded for tea, and the girls went downstairs and had it.

"I wish you could have shown me some more about bows," said May. "I want to know how to make those done in velvet cut



on the cross, and also with pointed ends. I have some more scraps, could you show me? We need not go up again to my room, I will bring the things down here," she added as Winifred gladly assented to her request.

Winifred folded the velvet as you see in Figs. 4 and 5, and having run down the open sides closely with fairly strong cotton, she turned the ends inside out, and the velvet ends of the same



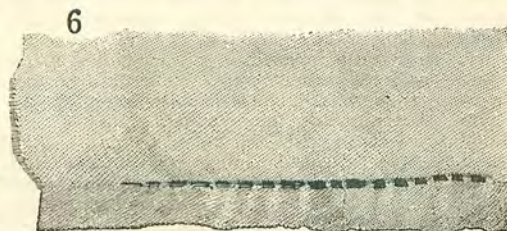
shape as those in our illustration were ready made. Looped bows would, of course, be made with velvet sewn as in Fig. 1, and then doubled together and treated exactly like the ribbon bows in Figs. 2 and 3.

"While I am here I may as well show you what is called 'milliner's run,'" said Winifred. "Can you give me some muslin or—here, this bit of thin silk will do."

Winifred then proceeded to run as you see in Fig. 6, only she never took her needle out, but drew the thread through as the needle was pushed in the running further and further.

"Yes, it is very ingenious," said May; "but, Winifred, what is the use of it?"

"You can run quicker that way than in the ordinary way, and when you have rows of running to do it is very handy. You know those silk hats that you fancied so much last year? Well, they are all made in this way, row upon row of running, and then all the threads being drawn together into a kind of gauging."



"There is another thing I want to know how to do," said May. "There are such lovely little velvet rolls often placed along the brim of hats. Do you know how to do them?"

"Yes, and I think Ethel said they were called French rolls. You can do them with ribbon velvet, but velvet on the cross is much better. I can show you with this piece," and Winifred cut a strip about an inch and a half wide. Then, turning in the two edges and holding it so that they met together, she sewed them with slip-stitch.

The way in which she did it is seen in Fig. 7. The stitches must never be seen, and should be lost in the folds. When the needle is withdrawn and a fresh start made, it should go in very near the place where it came out at.

Another way is to just allow the edges of



the velvet to meet, and to secure them together in the manner seen in Fig. 1.

"Thank you very much, Winifred," said May; "I know now quite how to trim a hat."

"If you want to put strings to a hat or bonnet, take the whole length of the velvet or ribbon and tie it loosely in one knot in the middle. The loop hides the stitches necessary for sewing it to the hat, for pins are never safe in this case."

"Winifred, when can I come in and see your things?" asked May.

"What do you mean, May?"

"I want to see your things—your dresses and all your little plans for keeping your things tidy. Can I come?"

"Yes, of course, May. And I promise I won't have a special tidying-up for you; you shall see my things just as they are, and then you can help me to sort out some things for the poor."

"Yes, I will bring in those I have, and perhaps between us we can manage some things that will be useful. Winifred"—and May paused.

"Yes?"

"I have been thinking, Winnie, I should like to do something for the poor. Will you help me? I haven't much money to give, but I have time. Can we arrange one afternoon a week, do you think, to work for them?"

"We could not always do it on a fixed afternoon," said Winifred, "but we might do our best. It is a very good idea. There is no use in asking Maud to help us, for she cares for nothing but her studio. However, she helps the poor by it, for she sells her pictures and gives the money away very often."

"I wish I could do something," said a small voice.

"It was Eve, the invalid, who had just come in from her ride in a Bath chair."

"We shall find something for you to do," said May, looking lovingly at her sister as she helped her on to her couch.

"I must go. I promised to be in at five," said Winifred.

"You are so punctual," said May. "Punctuality and tidiness always seem to me old-maidish."

"Mother is both," laughed Winifred colouring, and the colour deepened as May laughed.

"I was only joking. You are not really prim."

"I am glad of that," said Winifred, and she soon took her departure.

(To be continued.)

to his comrades. "And yes, he can carve; *un peu*, perhaps, but not enough to make him fit for a place in the great cathedral!"

So the men told the master-builder, and he shook his head when old André approached, and begged, oh, so hard, that a little space might be given to him to do.

"It cannot be," the master-builder said shortly, and the *ouvriers* in their blue blouses stood by to listen. "*Mon ami*, we want only the best work."

"You shall have the best work," the old man answered; and though his voice was feeble, there was an earnest ring in it that touched the master-builder's heart with its pleading. "You shall have my best work, my labour of love—only give me one stone to carve, and you shall see!"

Some of the *ouvriers* smiled, but big Mathieu stood forward. "Give him what he prays for, *Monsieur*," he said kindly, "one stone is all he asks, and if it is badly done, then I will repair it."

Was not Mathieu a famous carver, thought the master-builder—and he was sorry to grieve the poor old man, so he yielded, and the stone above the choristers' gateway, at the left of the chancel steps, was given to old André. It was in an obscure position—it was only one stone, and that not a large one—but the old carver was contented and happy, and the glad light in his eyes was sufficient reward for big Mathieu as he turned away to look for his tools. "*C'est assez*," he said—he did not want any more thanks that day.

* * * *

At last the great cathedral was ready for the opening—not finished—it would not be called so for many and many a long year yet—but it was ready, ready for the Archbishop to come and pray over its stones, and for crowds of worshippers to kneel in its aisles, and to thank

God that the work had been done so speedily and well.

And the hymn of praise arose from the beautiful chancel, floating away above the slender columns and the rounded arches up into the blue dome of heaven to the ears of the dear God Himself; and the prayers were said, and the sermon was preached from the oak pulpit, and then the people began to move away, and the consecration service was over.

And by-and-by the Archbishop came under the choristers' gateway, and began to look at the wonderful carving that all the country had heard about, the delicate tracery, and the snowy lilies, and the holy faces of the saints that were represented on pillar and portico and round the lofty chancel.

And big Mathieu and the other *ouvriers* stood together in the porch, very glad at heart.

But when all had been looked at, and the little knot of white-robed clergy moved down again, they made a sudden stop at the little gateway leading to the cloisters.

"My children," said the old Archbishop, "you have not shown me this stone, and surely it is the most beautiful of all!" And he knelt on the marble pavement, with the sun-shaft from the amber and violet windows behind falling on his white head, and then, solemnly and slowly, he whispered a little prayer for the carver of the beautiful face that looked down from its niche over the gate.

And one among the group around the holy man said suddenly, "'Tis the work of old André—the poor old *ouvrier*!"

He had poured out his heart in love as he worked at his little stone, and the result was here! There was only one face in the world that had smiled like that for him, only one woman that he had loved so tenderly, so devotedly—his dead wife. And her eyes looked down from the wall with the calm light

of God's perfect peace in them, and her lips smiled—as if to cheer those who struggled along earth's hill-side with the thought of Heaven's Eternal Sabbath-keeping. It was the old man's labour of love.

* * * *

Something of this passed though the Archbishop's mind as they told him the story, and then he looked up at the beautiful brave face once more.

The sunbeams were beginning to grow shorter, and the afternoon was waning, but its last glories lay like golden flowers around the little gateway. And a hush fell on the people standing there, while they prayed that theirs too might be the peace that blessed those features and made them holy and sweet "for ever and for ever."

* * * *

Old André lay on his lonely bed with the silver starlight peeping in at the uncurtained window when big Mathieu went to him later on.

"He was very weary," he said; "he would sleep a little." And then the *ouvrier* told him of what the Archbishop had said about his work in the great cathedral.

A beautiful smile crossed the pale lips. "It is well," he said feebly; "and I am happy. 'Twas the best I could do, and the face I loved!"

He was silent then, and big Mathieu watching him tenderly, saw that he had fallen asleep. His work was done, and the lips he loved had called him into the rest of God's loved ones.

* * * *

But the beautiful face still looks down from the choristers' gateway in that distant cathedral, and people, as they pass, wonder at its marvellous sweetness, until, when they hear the story, they learn the secret of the old carver's labour of love.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.



WINIFRED'S WARDROBE.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER III.



"WHAT a number of boots and shoes you have," said May, as she came for her promised visit to her friend's room and began a tour of inspection, having been given *carte blanche* to do so.

"Do you think so? All those are in use. That thick pair of boots I keep for wet weather; they were my best boots all last winter."

"They must have been expensive boots," said May.

"Yes, they were, at least they sound so; but mother always advises us to get the best boots and shoes, as they last longest in the end, and they always fit and look better than cheap

ones. Those shoes are my best shoes this summer, and the old ones over there are my second best. Those are all the outdoor shoes and boots I have."

"But these?"

"Those are my best indoor shoes," said Winifred, "my second best I have on, and that very old pair I keep for the evening. They are very shabby; but I made that bow out of some thick black ribbon I had from a hat; when ironed out it did very well, and that makes them quite presentable."

"I have a pair of indoor shoes, but I seldom wear them," said May.

"Yes, I have noticed that you generally have your walking boots or shoes on in the house."

"I am afraid I am lazy about changing," said May. "Do you always do so?"

"Always in winter. It is so dangerous to stand in wet boots, and if they are muddy it does not seem nice to wear them indoors, and

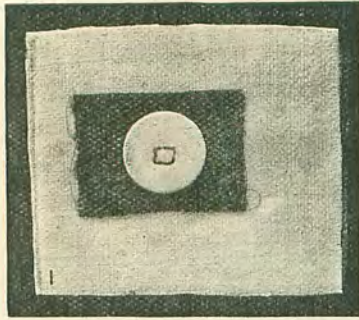
in summer I do the same unless I am going out again very soon."

"What a nice arrangement for your shoes; I wish I had a dressing-table like that!"

"Yes, that little cupboard holds them all so comfortably," said Winifred alluding to a small cupboard at each side of the dressing-table, which was made much on the principle of a writing-table, but that there were cupboards instead of drawers. The left-hand one had a shelf upon which Winifred's indoor shoes were placed, those for outdoor wear being below it. "You see," continued Winifred, "my room is small, so I have to contrive how to arrange everything in the least amount of space."

"Now for your chest of drawers. Do you keep your gloves in here?" asked May, as she opened one of the small upper drawers of the chest of drawers before her.

"Yes, they are in that satchel. Maud gave that to me on my last birthday. She did not



work it herself, but it was one she had given her, and as she has a glove and handkerchief box as well, she did not want it. I was fortunate, was I not?"

"Very. How pretty it is! And the handkerchief one matches it. How neatly your gloves are put away, Winifred."

The satchet was long, and contained two pockets running the whole length of it. In one pocket were the gloves Winifred had in every-day use, and in the other were light evening gloves and a pair of new *Suèdes*.

"I do like nice gloves," said Winifred, "and if one takes care of gloves they last very well."

"I generally roll mine up in a ball, if I do as much as that. Yours are all stretched out."

"Yes, it is much better to do so. I have not hot hands, fortunately, but if one has, a very good plan when you have taken off your gloves is to blow into them. This fills out the fingers and they get perfectly dry. Then they can be flattened and put away."

"I must remember that," said May, "for my hands are often very hot in summer. How nicely these are mended, and actually not a single button off."

"Buttons are very often sewn on new gloves so insecurely that I often sew them on firmly before I begin wearing my gloves at all. By the way, May, do you use those needles called 'glovers' when you mend your gloves?"

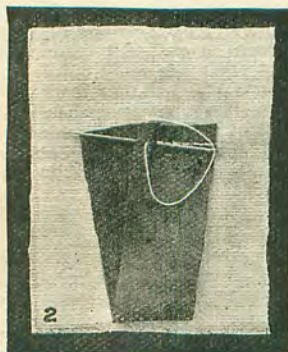
"No, I never heard of them."

"They have long, flat sharp points, and are used by glovemakers. I always keep some in my work-basket for mending my gloves with. They are also useful for mending fur with; they go so easily into the skin."

"Mending fur is hateful," said May. "How do you do it?"

"I use those needles as I tell you, and mother showed me a good plan. It is to have a card, a visiting card does very well, and hold down the fur with it close to where you are working. This leaves the place to be mended free, and there is no fur to catch in your thread. Of course, in this way you mend it on the right side."

"What is here, Winifred?" asked May, taking up what looked like a blotting-book.



"Oh, that is only the cover of a book which I keep for my veils. They do get shabby so soon if they are not taken care of, and I find that laying them flat is the best way."

"What is that bag marked 'linen' hanging behind your door?"

"There is no room for a proper soiled-linen basket," said Winifred, "so I have that large bag, which is not ugly, and in it I put all my soiled linen. You see the colour matches the bedspread, and is made in the same butcher's-blue linen embroidered in white flax. I have another bag not embroidered, in which I send the clothes to the wash."

"I suppose all your underclothing is in splendid order," said May thinking of her own deficiencies in that respect. "Do you mend as you find it needed, or wait until you have a whole pile?"

"I generally look over everything when it comes home from the wash," said Winifred. "I find that is the best way, as it is less troublesome to do a little every week than to let a quantity accumulate. I must look over these things now. I left them until this afternoon as I thought I might get some of them done while you were investigating my things."

"I haven't opened that wardrobe yet," said May opening a drawer. "How nice your underlinen is, all the things in separate piles. Why, you could lay your hand upon anything you wanted in the dark."

Winifred smiled. "It saves a lot of trouble, May, it does really. Oh dear, that laundress! I don't know what she does with the buttons, they are always coming off."

"Let me see how you sew on a button," said May sitting on a stool at Winifred's feet as the latter drew her work-basket towards her.

"There are several ways of doing it," said Winifred. "Some people make a star of stitches, others a ring of back-stitches, then you can work button-hole stitch over a few threads in the middle, but I rather like inventing ways for myself, so I do it this way."

Winifred carefully took out the threads that remained on the night-dress from the sewing on of the lost button, and as the place was rather worn she cut a tiny square of tape and sewed it on the wrong side of the place on which the button was to be sewn. Then having threaded her needle with strong cotton—number thirty was what she used—she stitched the button as you see in Fig. 1. The stitches are only back-stitches, and there are eight in number. When the last was made Winifred brought her needle up between the button and the material, and then wound the cotton round under the button to form a stem. This done, she passed her needle through to the wrong side of the night-dress and fastened off securely.

"I see now. I have watched you carefully, May, but before I forget, why do you have these funny loops at the tops of your stockings, two on each stocking?"

"Because I never wear garters. They are very unhealthy things. If you have them tight enough to keep up your stockings you have them too tight to be good for you. It stops the circulation, and mother says you can get horrid diseases from doing so. There are those patent clips, and they are nice, but I make my own suspenders."

"Do tell me how. I hate garters, mine are so often coming down," said May, "and my stockings are never comfortable."

"Well, about the loops on the stockings, I put two on each so that there is one on both sides. If there was only one, if I were in a hurry I should probably put the wrong stocking on and have to take it off again. The tapes from the suspenders are passed through the loops and then tied. They seldom or ever come undone."

"I see the loops are not doubled exactly."

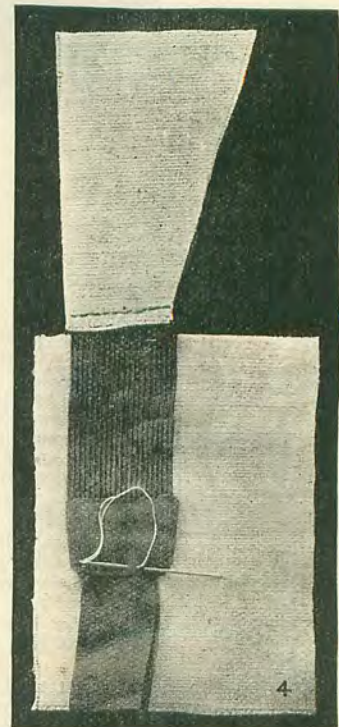


"No. If they swerve a little you can pass your finger through them more easily."

The way the loops were sewn was as follows: a piece of linen tape three-quarters of an inch wide and four inches long was folded as in Fig. 2, and stitched down with strong cotton about a quarter of an inch from the edge of the stocking. Some people use white tape but Winifred had black, as her stockings were black, and besides, white linen tape soon gets discoloured if on black stockings in the washing. This was folded back and firmly stitched as in Fig. 3, two rows of back-stitching going right through the stocking being required to make it perfectly strong.

"Now for the suspender itself," said May. "Is this it?"

The suspender was placed on a shaped band about four inches deep made of grey silesia. I do not give you a pattern of the band, as any of the shaped bands which you buy for skirts can be a sufficient guide as to the shape. Take care that the straight part comes over the hips. The band is double with a piping of the same at the top for strength, and it buttons with two buttons in front. The edge is stitched all round and at each side is a piece of the same silesia shaped as in Fig. 4. This is three inches deep, two at the wide top, and one inch at the bottom. Make it by cutting it out about a quarter of an inch larger than





this, and then when run down on the wrong side, turned out. The top is slipped into a space left for it between the outer and inner pieces of the band, and secured with two rows of firm stitching, the straight part of the piece being towards the front. It is put on at the side just over the hips, about a quarter of the length of the entire band from the front.

A piece of black silk elastic is next sewn on to the narrow end; this elastic is an inch wide, and the length required depends upon the length of the stockings and the height of the person. Some stockings reach very little over the knee, while others come a very good way above it. Three to four inches of elastic is usually enough. At the end of this sew firmly on a length of tape about twenty-four inches long. Sew it in the middle where you double it, so that each string is half that length. To make all tidy then cover the end with a piece of tape. This makes a capital suspender and is comfortable to wear.

"I see that this night-dress is torn just under the sleeve and where it opens in front," said Winifred, "I must put a piece of tape to strengthen it."

"What kind of tape?"

"Linen tape about a quarter of an inch wide," said Winifred; "see—this bit two inches long will just do. I shall stitch it down so," she continued, sewing it as you see in Fig. 5, and then turning it up she hemmed it all round as seen in Fig. 6.

"This makes it strong, and is a neat way of doing it."

"Winifred, I saw the other day that you cover the eyes on your dresses with silk."

"Not all of them. French dressmakers do it a great deal, but I did it in that dress of mine that fastens across to the shoulder, because if a hook and eye happened to come undone it would look neater, so I chose silk the same colour as the dress.

Then Winifred showed May the best way of sewing on hooks as seen in Fig. 7. Strong cotton or twisted silk should be used. The latter is called button-hole silk and can be had by the yard. Each yard contains several threads of the silk. Eyes can be sewn down



as in Fig. 8, where two ways are seen. The one the ordinary way, and the other, less common, of button-holing the actual hook with silk. Sometimes French dressmakers use small rings worked over in the same way.

"I am not likely to take all that trouble," said May. "Winifred, I never noticed those slippers," she continued, indicating a pair of pale blue flannel slippers that were under the dressing-table near the bath.

"Those are bath slippers. We are such a large family and the bath-room is so constantly in use that I have my tub in my room, and I made those slippers the other day. They are so comfortable."

"You made them!" exclaimed May.

"Yes, they are very easy. I cut the sole out in felt, and—"

"How could you do that, excuse my interrupting," said May.

"I got some felt, and then with a pencil I pencilled out the size of my foot, using a shoe as a pattern. This I cut out and bound, and then I cut out the front piece of that thick blue flannel and sewed it strongly to the sole. You see it is very easy, as there is no back to the slipper, and just to slip on coming out of my bath they are most comfortable. Of course, I never wear them out of my room."

"I must make a pair. I think I shall give up getting cheap boots and shoes, by the way, and follow your plan."

"You have such pretty feet, May, I am sure if you had really good shoes that they would be seen to better advantage."

"Isn't that vanity, Winifred the Wise?" asked May, colouring.

"To make the best of one's good points? It need not be. At least, that is what I have always learnt from mother and the people one looks up to. One can do it without thinking too much about it, and it doesn't seem wrong any more than to hide any blemish or defect. I haven't your share of good looks, May, and—"

"Don't, please, Winifred—you've the sweetest of faces," said May.

"Probably to you, May, but we have not been dowered alike," said Winifred, who admired May's beauty without feeling a particle of envy. "And as I am too thin to be possessed of a really good figure, I have my things made accordingly; frills, and furbelows and fullness which you do not need. You look best in a tight tailor-made costume."

"Yes, I hope I am not going to get very stout," said May, who had a pretty rounded figure and a waist in proportion to it, for she had some knowledge of how her body was made, and knew what evils result from tight-lacing. Then, too, May was rather artistic, and she saw for herself how very ugly as well as injurious to health was a figure resembling an hour-glass.

"Not a bit. May, I am so sorry for girls—one often sees them—who have something singularly ugly, a great mark on their face or neck, or crooked figures, or something very striking."

"Yes, I am always so thankful I have nothing of the kind."

"They could often make themselves look better by a little care," said Winifred. "My cousin, Ethel Wyvern, has such a bad complexion, it quite spoils her, but out-of-doors it is not noticed, as she generally wears very pretty veils. Her sister, Dolly, lost a lot of hair after that fever; but she has arranged what she has left so cleverly with a *toupee* to help her, that there is nothing remarkable."

"False hair! Winifred, I should never have expected you to advocate such a thing!" said May.

"No, May, I never like the idea of a girl piling her head with a lot of hair if it happens to be the fashion to wear more than Nature has given her. In that case, I should make



the best of what I had; but I think baldness is very unsightly, and Dolly is quite right to hide hers as she does, for she is too young to wear a cap. And I know mother thinks the same about teeth."

"Well, I don't want any false teeth, but my teeth ought to be seen to, I suppose," said May; "I always put off the evil day. Now you have lovely teeth, Winifred; you can't deny that, miss."

"If I have decent teeth, it is very much because mother always insisted upon our keeping our teeth very clean when we were children, and she took us to a good dentist from time to time."

"Yes, but you have very pretty teeth naturally. Winifred, did you ever hear the French saying, *Une femme avec mauvaises dents n'est jamais jolie, et une femme qui a de bonnes dents n'est jamais laide?* And it's very true. I know my teeth want seeing to, and I shall ask Uncle John to let me go and have them looked over. Several will want stopping, I know."

"I go when I fancy there is a very tiny hole," said Winifred; "and there is this much consolation, that it hurts very much less than when you wait until the hole is big. As for a decayed tooth, I haven't one in my head. I had two which I let go the year mother was in Ireland and I was at school, but they got so bad I had them taken out, as the dentist advised me to do so."

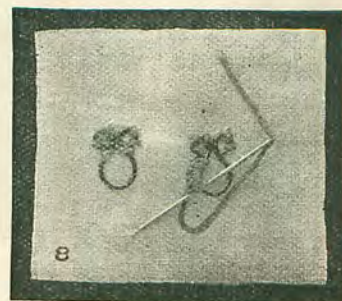
"I wonder if it is decayed teeth that makes some people's breath so very unpleasant?"

"Very often it is."

The girls then talked of other matters, and after tea they separated.

There was a good deal going on in S—that summer, and the girls were not able to have many afternoons of work for the poor. It was September before they arranged a day every week for that purpose, and it was settled that they should do it regularly in winter, and next summer see if they could keep an afternoon or two a month.

The first regular afternoon the meeting took place in Winifred's sanctum, a little sitting-room her mother had given to her for her special use as her bedroom was so small, and when May arrived it was after a big bundle had been sent in by Hannah, the spoils from May's wardrobe.



voice to the best purpose," he continued, not hesitating to interrupt her, "you will not allow yourself to be hindered by the prejudices of your family. It seems a thousand pities that so rare a gift should not be cultivated to the highest advantage. I am certain that a brilliant career lies before you if you will enter on it. Nothing would make me happier than to serve you. I would watch over you and guard you from all harm. I would be content to take a secondary place, to stand behind you for ever, if only I could see you win your laurels as a queen of song. But I can only help you in one way. It would never do to suffer the least shadow to fall on your fair fame. Darling, cannot you trust yourself to me?"

Juliet trembled as she heard his words. She looked into his eyes and their passionate eagerness seemed to promise her even more than his words of love, protection and utter devotion. The picture he drew of the future presented to her a dazzling temptation; but her heart failed her as she contemplated the step he asked her to take.

"Oh, do not tempt me," she cried, "I could not do it. I am sure it would be wrong. It would grieve mother so. I believe it would break her heart."

"Not at all. Hearts do not break so easily. She would be angry at first, no doubt, but she would soon relent and forgive us. You are so ignorant of the world, my sweet, unsophisticated, little Juliet, or you would know that such

marriages are of frequent occurrence. To elope is the only thing to be done when parents are obstinate. That soon brings them round; their stony hearts melt and everyone is happy ever after."

"If I could think it would be so in our case," said Juliet; "but I cannot believe it."

"You may, dearest, you may."

And insidiously he strove to remove every misgiving, and to present his temptation in forms more and more alluring, till he had made evil appear as good, and well-nigh persuaded Juliet that that from which she at first had shrunk as a suggestion of wickedness, was in fact a positive duty.

(To be continued.)

WINIFRED'S WARDROBE.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER IV.



"As we finish the things we may as well put them in here," said Winifred; "look, is not this a capital place?" and lifting up the long cushion of the window-seat, she showed May that the seat was really a box with a lid; a large and convenient receptacle being thereby secured.

"Yes," answered May. "Winifred, you have looked so happy lately. Is there any reason?"

A deep flush came over Winifred's face, and she smiled very happily as she held her left hand out to May. On the third finger was a very simple ring, but dearer to Winifred than the most costly jewel would have been, had the donor been anyone else but the one whose gift it was.

"Oh, Winifred—is it?" and May hesitated.

"Eric Despard," said Winifred as her friend took her hand lovingly as she looked at the little ring.

"I hoped it was. Winifred, I am glad—gladder than I can say," and May jumped up and kissed her friend very affectionately. "I really have been anxious. I mean since I

knew he cared for you, and I—well, I could not help guessing about it," said May; "but I did not think Mr. Lyle would give his consent, and I knew you would not marry without it. He has not much money, has he?"

"No. But he has just had a rise where he works; you know he is a journalist, and father thinks that he will go on well. Of course we shall be poor, but still, it will not be beggary, and for our very simple tastes we shall have sufficient."

"You are not afraid of small means, Winifred, then?" asked May.

"No. And mother is not either. Eric and I have enough for a very simple home and one servant, and we shall be happy together. If I can't earn money like Eric I think I can save some, for I am fond of needle-work, and I can do a good deal for myself."

The girls discussed this interesting subject, and then Winifred inquired how Eva was.

"Not so well. She has gone to Brighton for a week with a cousin of ours, Miss Stapeley. Oh, Winifred, she told me to tell you that she was getting on capitally with the knitting, and she is so delighted that she can do something for the poor. She wanted to do so much, but she knows how to do so few things."

"It was only plain knitting, so I thought she could manage it."

"Yes, she tells me it is just two squares of plain knitting done with wooden needles and common fingering. It is so nice. Then she has joined the two sides together up to a few inches from the top and made a small crochet band for the arm. The little vests will keep little children very warm."

"Do you know how to make warm habit-shirts for poor people?" asked Winifred.

"No, I do not. I know what a habit-shirt is, for granny wears them made of fine cambric."

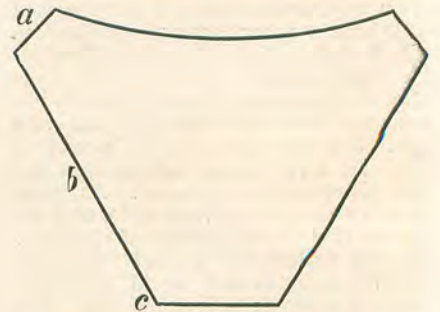
"Yes, the shape is the same. (See Fig. a.) Look, here is a paper pattern. You cut out the back like this, of course in different sizes according to whether it is for a child or a grown-up person. That is the back. Then fold your paper in half, bend it down the length, and cut out two pieces just half the size each of the back. These are the fronts. Join it on the top between the neck and the lower part. This is a seam, and then you place three or four buttons down the front. Bind the neck with worsted braid."

"But what do you make them of?"

"Flannel is very good, and navy-blue serge lined with flannel is better still. Look, May, I

thought that we might use up this remnant of serge and line it with the coarse flannel mother gave us."

"Yes, that will be capital, but what puzzles me is how it keeps on?"



"A piece of worsted braid is put to come under the arm where the pattern is marked b, and that forms a kind of arm-hole as it is fastened at the other part—one front of the habit-shirt in the same place. Then another piece put where it is marked c, at the waist to the waist part of the half front, keeps it secure there. They are so easy to make and are so warm for wearing under thin old shawls or jackets. I have made them sometimes with odds and ends of things for lining, laying a piece of very thin stuff, or several pieces joined together between the outer and inner parts."

"We can do some next time. Shall we look over what I have brought, Winifred? I will undo the bundle. I am going to mend up this evening dress and give it to Nellie," continued May pulling out a pale pink dress trimmed with a good deal of fancy trimming.

"Nellie—you don't mean that girl who comes with the washing?"

"Yes—she is very poor, and I think she would like that hat as well," said May pointing to an old lace hat with some flowers in it which had seen their best days.

"May I come in?" said Mrs. Lyle putting her head in at the door.

"Of course, mother." "Do, Mrs. Lyle," said both girls at once.

"Well, I don't want to disturb what Miss Carr calls a 'tay-à-tay,'" said Mrs. Lyle smiling, "but I want to see what you girls are doing, and also to tell you that I heartily approve of your plan of spending a definite time in working for the poor."

"Mother, you have just come in time; May was showing me these and saying she would give them to Nellie—who comes with the washing."

"And you were going to dissuade her?" inquired Mrs. Lyle.

"Why should she?" asked May looking rather surprised. "I think she will be charmed with them."

"Probably. But, May, I want you to think about it a little. I have explained it to Winnie, and she has heard it all before. I have strong views on the subject of not giving away old finery, more particularly to young girls."

"But why, Mrs. Lyle; is it not natural that they should like pretty things?"

"Yes, dear May, very natural, and there is no reason whatever why they should not have them, only they should be in keeping with their station in life. Now that pink dress which I remember you looked so nice in, and which is thoroughly worn-out and useless to you, would be most unsuitable for Nellie Hardman or any other girl in her rank of life. All that lace on it, cheap though it may be, makes the dress smart, or rather it looked smart when it was new, and if Nellie was seen in it she would look very foolish. You know, dear child, that there are many girls in the poorer classes who are just as fond of dress, and admiration and attracting attention as the many of their richer sisters who do the same."

"Well, is it not wrong for the rich?" put in May.

"Yes, in a measure, but it is not attended always with the same very great dangers that beset the poor. Society fences a girl round and serves as a kind of protection, but among the working classes, if a girl who is unavoidably less protected is showy, and makes herself very attractive, she, however respectable she may be, identifies herself with girls who have from one cause or another lost their character, and who are careless as to whether they do so or not. A quietly-dressed girl walking along the street would attract no attention, but any poor girl if she were to go about in that dress of yours, would look like those girls who have lost their modesty or are indifferent about preserving it."

"Then you think I had better not give it to Nellie? and the hat too?"

"Neither, dear, if you ask me. Tawdry finery and old finery is quite unsuited to her. Now, if you will take my advice you will unpick the dress and make it up into a tiny frock or two for Nellie's little sisters. And—what is that dress there?"

"An old tailor-made dress. May I give her that?"

"Certainly. There is a great deal of wear in it, and you can take off that old braid."

"What shall I do with the old lace off the dress?" asked May. "It seems a pity to throw it away."

"There is not much of it that is good. Well, you might throw away the bad part, and keep the best for yourself."

"What for, Mrs. Lyle?"

"Oh, I know, May; it would trim up your old dressing-gown, just a fringe round the sleeves and a bit round the neck."

"Yes, that will do beautifully," said May, proceeding to unpick the dress. "Mrs. Lyle, I shall remember what you say, and I shan't give old finery away again just as it is."

"No, dear, I hope you will not. 'Evil is wrought,' you know, 'by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' and I am afraid that many a poor girl has had her love of dress increased, or that it has become a temptation to her which it was not before, from the possession of some discarded finery. It also gives a girl a taste for a style of dress which she cannot afford to buy, or if she does she has to spend more than she should upon it, or

else go into debt, or, a third alternative equally objectionable, get a very cheap imitation of it."

"I must try and get this bodice finished, I wanted Mrs. Hardman to have it. She is so very thin it will fit her, I think."

"What are you doing to it?"

"Mending it, mother. I have put in some bones, and taken out the worn ones, and I am making the hooks and eyes fast. The neck, I think, wants new lining, and so do the cuffs."

"Why, you are taking as much trouble as if it was for your own wear."

"Not quite, May. I am mending it with odds and ends, and just putting it to rights."

"Why could you not send it as it is?"

"Because she would most probably wear it as it is, and it would be very slovenly, and it is doubtful if she would have time to mend it, as she is a very busy woman."

"I always like everything put in order that is given to the poor," said Mrs. Lyle.

"There is no necessity to put in as very particular work as if the clothes were for oneself, but one should see that the sewing is firm and neat, the places needing mending repaired, and the things fit to put on."

"I wished that I worked as well as Winifred," said May; "at the school I went to we were only taught a little fancy work and nothing about plain work."

"I will show you anything you like," said Winifred.

"Winifred is a capital hand at her needle," said Mrs. Lyle, "and so you will have a good teacher. Of course in these days the sewing-machine has practically done away with the need of any girl doing as much plain work as our foremothers did; but still everyone should know how everything in plain needle-work is done. Even if you never have to do it, it is well to know how to hem and stitch, seam and herring-bone, not in a slipshod fashion, but quite well."

"I have heard people say that doing much needle-work is bad for the eyes," said May; "is that true, Mrs. Lyle?"

"Curiously enough I came across to-day something that bears on that very subject. Winifred, the book is on my writing-table in the drawing-room, will you get it for me, please."

When Winifred returned, Mrs. Lyle read the following:—

"Is it a fact that the deficiency of sight, the need of spectacles, etc., is greater now than it used to be twenty years ago? Is it a fact that needle-work has been less studied within the last twenty years than previously?"

"Granted these two points, we may be excused if we hold that needle-work is not destructive of sight, *per se*. Intemperance in anything is bad. If young girls will read for several hours consecutively that which requires not merely the superficial sight of the eye, but the inner strength of the brain, and for days together, can they wonder that such intemperance brings its own punishment? Or if they will read by a flickering light, such as a fire-flame or bad gas, can they be surprised at what befalls them? Reading, too, in railway-trains, with the hand jolting, is bad, and yet how many do this daily. So also in plain work, if this be done in excess, like everything else, it will bring its own punishment; though excess in one person, often does not necessarily mean excess in another. . . . The following extract has been pointed out to us:—

"That which is true of the organism as a whole, is true also of its parts; and the eyes, among others, are best treated by an amount of systematic use, which preserves the tone of their muscles and the regularity of their blood-supply. The acuteness of sight, moreover, is in a great degree dependent upon the mental attention habitually paid to visual impressions; and I have often observed this acuteness to be below the natural average in agricultural

labourers, who, if able in some sense to read, were not in the habit of reading, and who were not accustomed to look carefully at any small objects. I have even had reason to think that the wives of such men were indebted to their household needle-work for the maintenance of a higher standard of vision than that of their husbands; and I have no doubt that idleness of the eyes, if I may use such an expression, is in every way hurtful to them, and that proper and varied employment is eminently conducive to their preservation in beauty and efficiency."

"Yes, I can understand that," said May, and then Mrs. Lyle was called away.

"Winifred, do you know I find my changing my dress for dinner is such a success."

"Is it?"

"Yes, Uncle John was quite pleased, and the boys said they liked it. They seem to be much tidier themselves, or rather Ted, for Ben is always particular."

"I am very glad, May."

"And, Winifred, I must tell you what Ben said the other day. I was so surprised. He brought in tickets for a concert and said I must come too. He said it was rather a swell affair, and that I must put on my best bib and tucker, as he expressed it. And he said that really he was pleased to take such a nice-looking girl about—I am only repeating what he said, you know, Winifred"—continued May, who was very free from personal vanity.

"I understand," said Winifred; "probably he said more than you are telling me."

"Never mind if he did. It's this I want to tell you. He said he did not know what had come over me lately, I looked so much better dressed, and he said, 'I suppose Uncle John has been doubling your allowance.' I told him he had done nothing of the kind, and he said, well, he did not understand why it was, but I seemed so much better turned-out. He said I used to be so untidy, and my clothes never seemed well made, or well put on, and my shoes and gloves not up to the mark. He used to go on at me about them, but I never paid much attention to him. Then I knew you, and saw how different you were, and yet upon the same allowance, and I have been trying ever since to mend my ways."

Winifred laughed. "I am very glad, May, for you certainly are ever so much neater and smarter—in the nice sense of the word—than you used to be."

"It is not as much trouble as I thought it would be," said May.

"It is worth the trouble," said Winifred.

"Yes," said May thoughtfully, "how strange it is that Christian laws and principles can touch even such small matters as dress."

"Yes—isn't it? I am so glad they can," said Winifred, and there was a grave, earnest look on both young countenances, the look that is stamped on faces which are set towards the Heavenly Jerusalem. "Yes, I am very glad, because it makes the spiritual world and our Lord seem nearer when one can bring His rules into all the details of every-day life."

"That is exactly what I mean. It is so nice to think that we may please Him by the choice of a dress, and that in being tidy and having a principle about dress one is only having things 'decently and in order,'" said May.

"Yes, and sometimes wearing a shabby dress and denying oneself some little thing one fancied makes one able to do something for His poor. And that is nice."

"Yes," said May, thoughtfully knitting her brows and pausing in her unpicking.

"Another problem, May?"

"I don't know—yes perhaps it is," said May frankly. "You see, Winifred, lately I have been thinking more of these things, and one wants to do a little more for—for Him,"

she spoke the last words with difficulty, for it was not as easy to her as it was to Winifred to speak of these things, "and when you come to think of spending money on dress at all—more than is necessary I mean, does it not seem wrong?"

"I know quite what you feel, May. I felt just as you do. But mother set me right about it. It was when I first had an allowance for my dress, I heard about a church that was very much needed in a neglected part of the East End, and I wanted so much to help it. And I felt quite wicked when I went to a dressmaker and ordered a bridesmaid's dress for Amy Dixon's wedding. Mother found me crying—she did indeed."

"Winifred—it is a comfort to hear you say that," said May; "well, what did Mrs. Lyle say?"

"I told her all I felt, and then she explained to me that our station in life is all divinely ordered, and that as that sonnet of Archbishop Trench's says, we did 'not come to our place by accident, it is the very place God meant' for us. So that if we dressed according to our means we were only using the money given us rightly. Mother said that it was necessary to do so."

"But, Winifred, when you say dress according to your station, why, one could not always do it. For instance, you know of course that Uncle John and mother were very rich indeed in their youth. My grandfather was a very large landowner in Ireland, and their estates were enormous. But he speculated and sold his land, and so his children had hardly any

money at his death, and Uncle John has always had to work for his living. It would be absurd for me, in our little house, to dress as mother had every right to do when she was a girl in Ireland, living in their large castle and going to Dublin every year for the season."

"Yes, May, but mother said means—not only station. I understand what you mean quite well, and that she explained to me. Well, about my bridesmaid's dress. Mother said that we owed a duty to our families, if we were not living all alone, and that to get a nice dress for the wedding was quite right. It would have been wrong if I had spent too much money on it, or gone into debt—mother has a horror of that—but what I bought was not expensive, and she said it was just the thing. I remember mother saying, 'If you were a duchess, Winifred, or a very rich woman, it would be just as suitable if you had gone to a very grand dressmaker in Regent Street and paid ten times the amount. It would have been in accordance then with the larger means.'"

"I see. But about the church you wanted to help."

"Well, mother always taught us, even when we were tiny children with our pocket-money, to give a tenth to the church or poor, and we have done that. And then she showed me how, by economising in my winter dress, I could save enough to give even a little more."

"But don't some people give up all attempt at dressing well, and give away what they save?"

"Yes, but mother thinks when a girl is living with her own family, that it is wiser to dress like other people, but if she leaves home to become a sister or to work among the poor that is another matter altogether. Boys particularly, you see, get good by companionship with their sisters, and they naturally like a girl who is not conspicuously dowdy or badly dressed."

"Now, Winifred, I think I must go. Shall we make up some parcels of the things that are ready?"

"Yes. There is some brown paper there, if you will take it out; I am sure Miss Long will be pleased to have that bundle."

"Yes, she has such a large district. I see you have had all those things washed."

"Yes, I don't like sending soiled things away," said Winifred; "those boots can go in too, May, if you can spare them; I gave the Grays and Nellie Hardman some of mine lately, so they do not want them."

"Should I have had them mended before giving them away?" asked May.

"No, I never do," said Winifred. "The poor can get that done very cheaply themselves, as they know cobblers who will do them for a few pence, and it is never worth while our doing it."

"Next time I come, Winifred, I want to ask you to show me several things about needlework, will you?"

"With pleasure," said Winifred, "if it's anything I know."

(To be continued.)

ON THE MAKING OF PORRIDGES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



AN article on porridges must of necessity begin with the special porridge dear to Scottish folk all over the world, which is made of oatmeal. But there are several other kinds of porridges equally good, and in

some cases more useful, though none should be used in any family dietary for longer than a week or so at a time, as people are likely to get tired of it, and to give up a habit which is healthful and pleasant.

A recent vegetarian recipe-book gives a list of five porridges—oatmeal, wheatmeal, sago, lentil, and wheatmeal and oat milk porridges; indeed, all of these mixtures may be ranged under two headings, viz., those made of water, and those of milk. The latter requires very careful making, and is in high favour with most people (not only invalids and nurses of the sick) as a species of temperance nightcap taken the last thing before going to bed. For everyone in a weak state of health and for convalescents they are invaluable, and often seem to calm and soothe the whole system and induce a quiet sleep. I have found wheatmeal almost better for this purpose than oatmeal, sago, or arrowroot.

The plainest and simplest way to make porridge is the one generally in use in Scotland, viz., to use the water boiling. While boiling put in a pinch of salt, then begin to sprinkle in the oatmeal gradually with one hand while you stir with the other, keeping the water boiling all the time. Boil the mixture for half an hour, stirring occasionally.

An experienced cook seldom measures, but for the benefit of the inexperienced it is best to say that a quart of water will require about two breakfast-cups of oatmeal.

Porridge is stirred when made on its native heather "wi a parritch stick," so I have been told, which is made of wood an inch or more wide at the bottom, or something like a small oar. But a wooden spoon will answer as well, and is more easily attainable, and should always be kept for the purpose as well as the saucepan. An Irish cook, who was a wonderfully good porridge-maker, preferred an ordinary iron pot which, she declared, never burnt at the bottom unless the cook were extremely careless. The greatest care is needed to start your porridge-making with a steady, good fire, keeping the water at the boil the whole time, and the oatmeal should be steadily stirred in as it falls, or it will form into lumps as it reaches the surface. Fine meal will require more water than the coarse, but the latter needs the most boiling. A great authority on the "Chemistry of Cookery" thinks that the porridge is the best when it is made a day or two before wanted, or when sufficient is made for several days, and then warmed-up as it is required for breakfast. Certain changes, I believe, take place in the gluten of the meal which make it more nutritive and digestible. This plan, if adopted during the winter months when the mornings are so short, would certainly be a great saving of trouble to the cook.

An American way of making porridge is to steep the meal in as much cold water as it will absorb, allowing it to remain for several hours or all night, then to stir it into the boiling water and continue to stir till the mixture boil fast and shall thicken. Then to remove it to

a place where it will keep boiling steadily for about twenty minutes. Double saucepans are, perhaps, the safest things in which to make porridge, as there is no possibility of its burning. The outside pan contains the boiling water, while the boiling water to make the porridge is contained in the inner pan. The same kind of pot is used for boiling milk.

The Scotsman, on his native heather, would probably not use the word "porridge," but quite another one. "Brose," is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and comes, like the word "broth" from the word "brodh," from the verb "breovan," to brew; and this is the term most frequently used in Scotland, where "brose" is applied to a dish made by pouring some boiling liquid (such as beef broth or water) on the meal of oats or peas, and stirring it up without boiling. It is called "beef brose," "kale brose," or "water brose," according to the liquid used. "Kale brose" is a compound of soup, oatmeal and green kale, and an ancient chronicle tells us that the first of the Scottish kings, Fergus, of warlike renown, was wont to eat it before going forth to win victories over his foes.

"Brose" of the simplest kind is only made of hot water, oatmeal, and a little salt, all stirred up in a basin; and this is the most usual way. But you must not imagine that we have yet exhausted the names of porridge; for the labourer partakes of a yet more simple dish, which is oatmeal merely stirred up in cold water, and eaten without boiling, or even the use of hot water to mix it. This dish is called "crowdy," and the labourer takes his allowance of meal and mixes it himself. I believe that crowdy is thought to be the earliest form in which oatmeal was consumed in Scotland; but in

with the gifts of organisation and persuasion. This lady and the committee should try to become personally known to the Poor Law Guardians, and explain to them privately what work they are desirous of doing, and how that it is not intended to increase the rates or diminish their authority. This done, a formal application for permission to enter the workhouse and to teach the inmates is laid before the Board of Guardians, and the whole scheme submitted to them with accounts of its favourable working at various other workhouses. If the Board allow the scheme to be tried it must be left to them to settle the day and the number of hours they will allow the ladies to come and teach. The time generally granted is one afternoon a week.

The next step is to secure the interest and co-operation of the matron of the infirmary; as no one can be employed without her sanction, and the apportioning of labour is one of her prerogatives; therefore, unless she views the work in a favourable light, only the most decrepit amongst the women will be permitted; but should she be convinced that no infringement upon her rights is intended, and that the work will help in maintaining discipline and harmony, women who are afflicted and yet intelligent will be allowed to become workers. There is a much greater choice amongst the men, many of whom, although incapable of hard manual labour, are not absolutely crippled; but in many instances the men, though able to set about their tasks, are not very willing, and ladies must persevere in their encouragement of interest in the undertaking until a sale of the work done is organised and the sum received expended in gifts to the workers or the general community. That sale once successful there will be no need to set forth the advantages of work; all who can hold a tool or thread a needle see what it can do and are eager to help the common cause.

The intelligent help of a matron is of great importance to the success and permanency of the undertaking, and pains should be taken to conciliate her. She being in authority and constantly at hand (while the teachers are away) can incite the inmates to persevere and can help them in various ways; to her is entrusted the cards of membership for distribution, and on these cards she writes the names of those people whom she selects for employment, and no person can do needlework, etc., without producing this card when called

upon to do so. This system of giving of cards is arranged to check the patients doing needlework for their friends and receiving in payment for the same money or spirits. Anyone unable to produce this card, and yet engaged in needlework not belonging to the establishment, is at once detected in breaking one of the rules of the establishment.

The committee of ladies having gained an entrance into the workhouse, and obtained the co-operation of the authorities and a certain number of workers, next proceed to find out what each individual is most capable of doing, and each lady is given the teaching of one particular branch to the workers, and presents her report to the secretary of the materials necessary. The secretary having communicated with the Prabazon Employment Society and obtained their grant, buys what is required, keeps the finished work and all materials not in use. She also undertakes a general supervision and the completion of any articles for sale, and enters the cost of each article to make and the price it should obtain in a book. It must be always remembered when buying materials that the grant of twenty pounds is only a loan, not a gift, and that this money must be realised before any profits begin, therefore that great care in selection of good and yet reasonably priced materials are required, as should the money be wantonly or carelessly expended, the poor people's profits will be very small, if any.

The work given out is chiefly knitting, crochet, embroidery, netting, basket-work, iron filigree-work, carving, poker-work, and decorative painting. The men can embroider and knit quite as successfully as the women, and they can make nets for lawn tennis, for fishing, for covering shrubs, and for hammocks and as they are more exempt from the labour of the workhouse than the women, it is amongst them that the best painting, filigree-work and poker-work is produced. Both sexes can do basket-work, either of the useful or ornamental kinds. All the necessary materials, with the exception of the poker-work machine and the carving tools, are inexpensive, and friends interested in the undertaking will often give the committee materials that they might hesitate to purchase by reason of their expense. Amongst the articles required for starting the undertaking are spectacles; these are often absolute necessities, and are permitted to be bought out of "the grant."

When a certain amount of work is finished, a sale (not in the workhouse but in the town from which the inmates are drawn), is organised; and for this the articles should be priced to obtain a fair profit and no more, it being most important to sell them, as nothing encourages the workers to fresh effort so much as the knowledge that they have found purchasers for their work, and all articles bought are a kind of advertisement of the needs of the very poor, and extend the knowledge of the effort being made in their behalf.

The money obtained from the sale is divided into the sum paid for the cost of the material used, and the sum that is all profit. When materials are expensive and lasting (such as tools and machines) a certain portion only of the price is deducted from each sold article. This money goes to furnish fresh materials and to replace the "grant" money, while the profit money is expended for the benefit of all the infirm in the "Idle Room," not only for the benefit of the workers.

The guardians are informed before the money is expended as to what uses it is to be put, and only after their sanction is obtained is it spent. What is most liked by the inmates is an invalid or bath chair which all can use, or money spent in hiring one. No greater boon can be given to the afflicted than a change from the monotony of the sick-room, and a breath of fresh air without bodily fatigue. Next to the chair, come parcels of books, plants for the room, warm vests, tea, work-boxes and tobacco. Money is never given, as it is difficult to know how it is expended, but a small sum is sometimes put away and used to help people who have only come into the workhouse as temporary inmates.

The ladies who teach sometimes find the people too infirm to learn anything else but how to read, and when this is the case they teach them to do so, and they also strive to humanise many an imbecile or idiot by playing to them, by singing, repeating short prayers, and by any wholesome light game that these poor people can take an interest in, so that as far as human aid can be given no one is left out, and the kindly light of religion, sympathy, love, and charity is shed upon all who will avail themselves of this great blessing, and all being done in the name of the blessed Saviour, it is hoped that it will work for the spiritual comfort of the recipient as well as for the temporal.

B. C. SAWARD.

WINIFRED'S WARDROBE.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER V.

MR. and Mrs. Lyle were wise when they sanctioned, as they did with all their hearts, Winifred's engagement with Eric Despard. Winifred was young, and had all the innocent love of a girl for pretty things and what money can give, but she had also a good deal of what has been called the "saving grace of common sense," and that, added to her high principles and habit of judging herself even in small details by a high standard, made them both free from uneasiness. They knew too that there was real love in the case, and that the affection had a likelihood of endurance, as each was worthy the respect of the other. Though Winifred's parents would not have been pleased at her marrying upon love and poverty, still they felt that it would do neither her nor Eric harm to exercise self-denial, work and live simply during the first few years, if not to the end of their married life.

The engagement was not likely to be a

very long one, and the spring was thought of as the time when Winifred would leave her home.

One very foggy day in November May came to see Winifred, and gladly accepted the invitation of the latter to stay the afternoon.

"I hoped you would ask me," said May, smiling, "and I brought my thimble, as I knew you would find something for me to do. Before I do anything, though, I must mend this braid, which has come undone at the bottom of my dress; I caught my foot in it, and very nearly came headlong in your hall. Fortunately I caught hold of the banisters, or I should have been down."

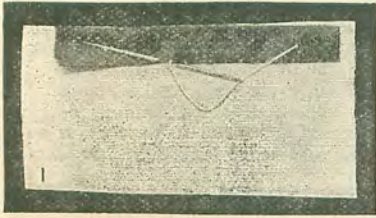
"I see you bind your dresses differently from my way," said Winifred, as May threaded a needle. "You double the braid and put the dress between the folds, and then sew through."

"I believe the braid was put on differently when the dress came home new," said May,

"but I can't remember how it was done, and this was the only way I knew. I never looked when I was taking off the old binding how it was sewn on."

"Let me show you—here is a piece of braid," said Winifred, and she doubled a piece as you see in Fig. 1. "This is doubled, May, and then laid inside the dress. You must be careful to get both sides quite together—the sides of the braid I mean—as if you only hem down the side towards you, the inner side pushes itself beyond the edge of the skirt, and looks very untidy. See, you hem it closely down with strong cotton that matches it, and of course I need not tell you that the stitches do not go through to the right side of the dress."

"No, Winifred; I should be careful about that. How very much nicer than my way, it was so hard to push the needle through the thickness of dress and braid. What close stitches you are putting."



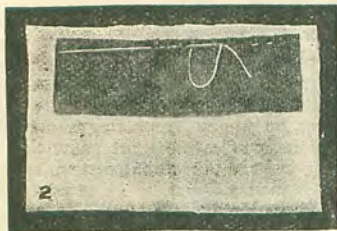
"Yes, braid must be firmly sewn on, and I find that even with careful sewing it gives in places. I think with winter-dresses that the wet rots the cotton, and that then it breaks."

"But, Winifred, when the edge of the dress is worn what is the best way of binding it? That way would show all the worn edge."

"There is another way, and this is it," said Winifred, and she took a piece of serge that was near her, and ran the braid as you see in Fig. 2. "The braid then should match the dress exactly, and should be run with close, firm stitches on the right side. When this is done all round and the braid neatly joined, then it is turned over on to the inside of the dress and hemmed down." The way Winifred meant is seen in Fig. 3.

"Do you ever use velveteen for the bottom of dresses?" asked May. "Some people do."

"Yes, I have used it. The best way of putting it on is the first way I showed you with the braid (see Fig. 1), only instead of hemming it down you do it in herring-bone stitch from left to right, as that covers the

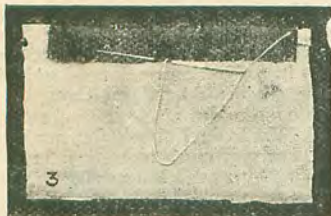


raw edges, the velveteen being cut for this purpose on the cross. If you can get it to match the dress, and like to do it the last way I showed you, of course you can do it, only it must be herring-bone stitched down. A dress was sent me by a new dressmaker with the velveteen binding, and as it was only hemmed down the stitches did not keep the edges tidy, and they soon broke away from them, and it was altogether very unsatisfactory. This morning I came across an account of the meaning of the word braid, and I brought it in [to show you. Shall I read it out?"] said Winifred.

"Yes, do. I like to know the roots of things," said May, "I really think I must study more than I have been doing lately, my reading has been very much neglected."

"I make a struggle for it, even if I am busy," said Winifred, "but really I usually have time for it, and as I am fond of study I do enjoy it, but here is the book."

"Braid," read Winifred. "To weave or entwine a string, or cord, or texture made by weaving. To resemble, to reproach, to up-



braid, a blade of corn. To net (Dorset) A.-S., *bredan*, to weave; Icelandic, *bregada*—to weave nets; flat cord, verb to braid—to weave or plait. French, (1) *trompeur*, (2) *tresse*, (3) *lacet*, a knot of false hair, a sort of trimming, braided, plaited, or twisted in an ornamental manner, such as hair. German, *die flechte*, perhaps from the Icelandic, *braga*, a texture or knot, or something woven together. Old English, *bræde*; Danish, *breider*, to weave or infold three or more strands to form one; a string, or cord, or other texture formed by weaving together different strands.



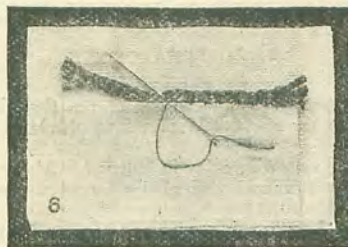
Braid, to embroider; Dutch *breyden*, to knit, to plight, to wreath. A small lace, a chain or edging, *une passe-poil*. To net, fade, lose colour, start, a sudden movement."

"Thank you, Winifred, now I want to show you something. The other day a German lady, Fraulein Deyer, told me that in German linen-work there was a seam called antique German seam. It is to join two selvedges together, and I made her do me a small piece, and here it is. It is found, she says, in old linen-work



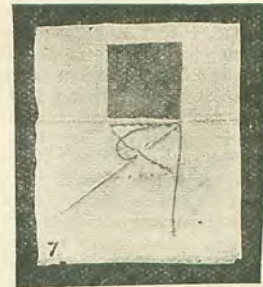
where there was not enough to make a regular seam."

"I see how it is done," said Winifred looking at the small scrap of linen which you will see in Fig. 4; "the two selvedges are first of all tacked or pinned together and then the needle is pointed upwards from below in a slanting direction. Let me try and do it," and Winifred, suiting the action to the word, tried and succeeded in doing it. In our illustration the seam is given when completed and flattened



out, and I will quote some directions I have read for working it.

"The needle is inserted two threads from the selvedge, first on the wrong side, then on the right, first through one selvedge, then through the other, setting the stitches two threads apart. In this manner, the thread crosses itself between the two selvedges, and a perfectly flat seam is produced. Seams of this kind occur in old embroidered linen articles, where the stuff was too narrow to allow of any other. This stitch is used very much in making sheets."

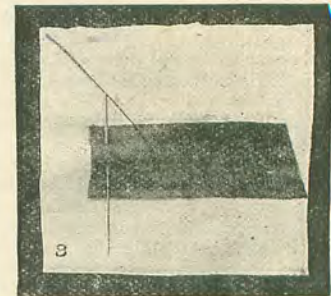


"Winifred, you know I told you I should pick your brains about some things in needle-work I wanted to know. I have thought of several of them, and as there is no time like the present, can you tell me now?"

"Begin, only I warn you, I am not an encyclopædia of general knowledge."

"You will know all I want. Now tell me how you begin and fasten threads off in white work?"

"This way," said Winifred taking a piece of white linen from her work-basket. "Never make knots, when you can possibly avoid doing so, that is a golden rule in all white work. In hemming, you turn the needle backwards, with the point up, take one stitch, and stroke and work the end of your thread in, underneath your turning. In beginning, if it is back-stitching or running, make one stitch with the new thread, then take both ends, and lay them down together to the left



and work over them, so that they can wind themselves in and out of the next two or three stitches."

My readers will be able to see for themselves what Winifred meant if they examine carefully Fig. 5.

Although our illustrations are always beautifully clear, it will be a help to look at them through a strong magnifying glass. But this really is not often required.

"Now the next thing?" asked Winifred.

"What is the best way of sewing cord on?"

See Fig. 6.

"You should always use strong thread or silk; and be careful not to stretch the cord, but to hold it in as you are sewing it. This must be carefully done in any washing cords put on a material that is to be washed, as the cord shrinks much more than the stuff in the first washing. Fasten the cord with hemming stitches to the edge of the skirt or whatever it is, and be careful not to twist it."

"I understand. Now, Winifred, don't



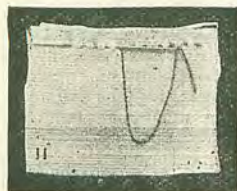


think me very stupid, but how do you sew strings on—I mean what is the right way?"

Winifred took a piece of tape, and on the same piece of linen which had served so usefully during this lesson, she showed May how it was attached to it.

"Sew it down first of all on the wrong side about half or a quarter of an inch from the edge, and then turn it up, and on the right side put a row of stitching through the stuff and the tape. Then make two rows of stitching crossing each other, and that makes it quite firm."

The way Winifred did it is clearly seen in Fig. 7.



"But strings in petticoats. Do you do them in that way?"

"No. I will show you," said Winifred. "Of course you use the shaped bands with your petticoats, they are so much more comfortable and fit better."

"Yes, I always have them."

"Then it is only necessary to put a running string about six inches from the opening, or even less. On the right side the end of the string is stitched down (see Fig. 8) firmly through the band, and then a hole is cut in the outer surface the width of the tape. This is for a button-hole, and then the string is pushed through it (see Fig. 9). This is much the most secure way of having a string in a petticoat. If, however, you like to run it the



whole way through, then you should stitch it at about the same distance I named, as that keeps the petticoat from getting into gathers where you do not want them; they do not signify at the back."

"How do you put piping cord in? I was making a band for suspenders as you showed me how," said May, "and I could not remember, that is if I ever knew, how it was done."

Winifred then cut some silesia into a narrow strip on the cross, and laying some cord between the folds she ran it in (see Fig. 10). This is placed between the two right sides of the layers, these being all held together and firmly stitched together.

The next thing Winifred showed May was how to do a French double-seam. The



to the end, turn them round so that the right sides come together inside, and the two raw edges are enclosed between the folds, and then you run them together again. You should always be careful that no threads peep out on the right side. This seam is very much used in dressmaking, and is good for joining very thin materials together which you cannot keep in any other way from being frayed. In Fig. 12 you will see how the second running is done.

"There is only one thing more, I think, no, two."

"What are they?"

"Well, my underskirts always gape open so much behind where they close. How do you manage, for I am sure you have some tidy plan or other?"

"I always see that the placket hole is doubled over above the seam and stitched down." The method will be seen in Fig. 13. "That makes a good fold which covers the opening, and if the latter is very long I put a button or button-hole or safety hook and eye above it, half-way between the top and bottom of the opening."

"What a curious word placket is."

"It is from the French *plaqueur*, to clap on, so the same book in which I read about braids says the word means the opening of a garment."

"I want to know how lace should be sewn on," said May, and Winifred showed her.

You will see her ways in Figs. 14 and 15. In the former the lace is whipped and then sewn on in equal fullness, and in the next it is laid down flat and secured with equal fullness, using a kind of coral-stitch for the purpose.

Winifred at that moment was called away, and May happening to take up a book on the table read in it a few simple directions about plain needlework that are so practical and useful I feel I must quote them to you here:—

"A word should be said as to the position of the body and hands when at work. Long experience has convinced me that no kind of needlework necessitates a stooping or cramped attitude. To obviate which, see that your chair and table suit each other in height, and that you so hold your work as hardly to need to bend your head at all. The practice of fastening the work to the knee, besides being ungraceful, is injurious to the health.

"Needles should be of the best quality. To test a needle, try to break it; if it resists and then break clean in two, the steel is good; if it bend without breaking, or break without any resistance, the steel is bad. Never use a bent needle, it makes ugly and irregular stitches, and see that the eye, whether round or egg-shaped, be well-drilled that it may not fray or cut the thread. Long or half-long needles are the best for white work, long ones for dressmaking, and longer still, with long eyes, for darning. The needle should always be a little thicker than the thread, to make an easy passage for it through the stuff.

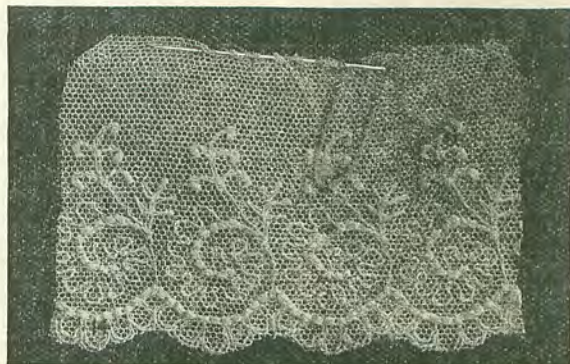
"To keep needles from

rusting, strew a little stone alum in the packets, and workers whose hands are apt to get damp should have a small box of it handy to powder their fingers with.

"Blackened needles can be made quite bright again by drawing them through an emery cushion.

"Scissors are a very important accessory of the work-table, and two varieties are indispensable; a pair of large ones for cutting-out, with one point blunt and the other sharp, the latter to be always held downwards, and a pair of smaller ones with two sharp points. The handles should be large and round; if at all tight, they tire and disfigure the hand.

"Steel thimbles are the best, bone are very



liable to break, and silver ones are not deeply enough pitted to hold the needle. A thimble should be light, with a rounded top and flat rim.

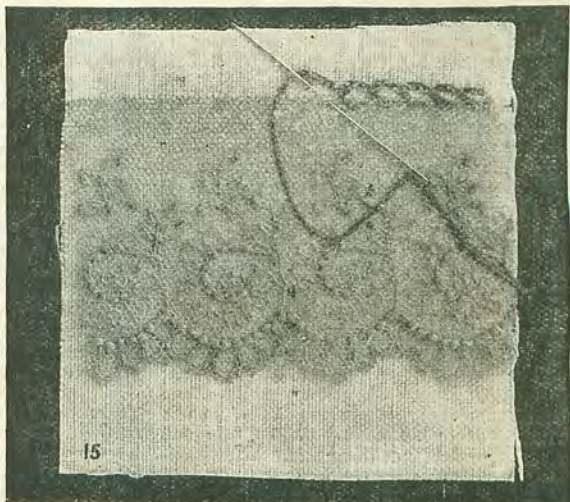
"Except for tacking, your thread should never be more than about half a yard long. If the thread is in skeins, it does not matter which end you begin with; but if you use reeled cotton, thread your needle with the end that points to the reel when you cut it, as the other end will split and unravel when twisted from left to right, which is generally done to facilitate the process of threading. The cotton should always be cut, as it is weakened by breaking."

A few days after this meeting Winifred went away for a month, and the girls did not meet until just before Christmas, when May sent for Winifred, begging her to come and spend the afternoon with her.

"Uncle is going to take me to a big 'at home' to-morrow," said May, "I do so want you to come up and see my new hat, for I do think you will admire it."

And the girls went up to May's room.

(To be continued.)



advanced towards blooming. But in spring, when the days grow longer and brighter, everything will require more water, and in the hottest summer days, twice watering in the twenty-four hours is not too much for many things.

If you go in for spireas, or Polygalum Japonicum, pray let me advise you to keep the plant standing in saucers always full of water, whatever your friends may say against it. It is not, I know, the orthodox plan, and if you have a gardener who can go round constantly to give water when needed, it is, I daresay, not the best plan; but you will probably not wish to be busy with your gardening after the morning, however fond you may be of it, and if the afternoon is very hot, you would find your plants dreadfully flagging next morning.

There are various artificial manures sold which are useful; but besides these, I find it a good plan to keep a large bottle of pure ammonia, and to add about a couple of tea-spoonfuls to a small watering-can, which holds about half a gallon, and to give this to all plants coming into bloom.

If you are now starting your conservatory, I should advise you to take possession of every discarded old plant that has done its duty in your friends' drawing-rooms, and you will find a use for all.

Some plants will be useful in themselves, and revive with the additional light and air that you give them. Others, such as daffodils and crocus, you can make use of as they are, to plant your cuttings of tradescantia. They will not interfere with each other, and next year the bulbs will come up in their carpets of green, which will set them off to great advantage. Hyacinths are of no use treated in this way. They must be taken up and kept dry; but even thus, the pots and soil will be very valuable when you are taking cuttings or increasing your stock by dividing some of your plants.

Outside my conservatory there is a little space on the leads where I keep an old box full of soil and all the spare pots, and very useful I find this little corner.

Now as to plants.

First and foremost for a London conservatory I consider Polygalum Japonicum. It is perfectly hardy, and dies down to the roots in winter, but in early spring it begins to shoot up, and attains a height of eight or ten feet of beautiful fresh green foliage. The only attention it requires is plenty of water; and as it naturally grows in shady places, the amount of sun it gets in London suits it well.

Then rhododendrons are invaluable. They

always make a good background, and in the blooming season are more effective than almost any other plant. Arums too (*Calla Ethiopica*) I can recommend. Their foliage is very handsome, even when they do not bloom, and for this I do not find they can be depended on, although they very frequently do so. A few aspidistras I find indispensable for filling up gaps, and taking the place of more perishable subjects.

Then, of course, ferns must not be forgotten, they answer well for shady corners. You can soon get a show of them if you buy the common kinds at a penny or twopence the root, before they have begun to sprout in the spring. Lilacs and laburnums, and genistas are all useful to make tall green backgrounds. Palms I do not recommend. Your temperature will not be sufficiently high to keep them growing, and they will not prove satisfactory.

For your few-bright plants in front (and you will find that the more green groundwork you have, the fewer of these will be required to produce an effect) there is nothing so good and so lasting as geraniums. Double red and double pink are best of all, as they do not drop their blooms so much as the single kinds. These, too, you can easily increase by cuttings. You may reckon to have your own grown geraniums bloom from the beginning of June right up to December. Then for the spring, a few bulbs will keep you gay from some time in February. December, January and February are of course the worst months for flowers, and even if you had them then you would hardly enjoy them, as the temperature of your house will not be genial; but still flowers can be had even then, but it must be by buying. Heaths and primulas are best and last very well if you can keep the thermometer a few degrees above freezing; but if it should come very severe weather I fear you would find the primulas suffer.

Chrysanthemums are invaluable for late autumn if you can have them well attended to during August and September, when they are making vigorous growth and require much water and stimulant of some kind to help them on. But if they are neglected at this time it is useless to expect any good from them.

Another excellent flower is nicotiana affinis (the tobacco plant). It flourishes well in London air, and keeps on throwing up great spikes of handsome and deliciously sweet white flowers all through the summer, and the foliage remains fresh and green through the winter. It may also be increased to any extent by dividing the roots in the spring.

A more expensive but very delightful addition to your list would be a bulb of liliun auratum, the handsomest of all the lilies and deliciously fragrant. Other lilies I have tried have been simply a mass of green fly, but this special lily answers well.

There is just one more hint I might mention with regard to shading.

I find the best plan is to have the roof whitewashed outside about the beginning of June. This will shelter from the hot sun of the next few months, and with the beginning of the autumn rains it will wash off, so that by the winter, when you require all the light you can get, you again have a clear glass roof.

I have recommended you to have a few aspidistras. These must be kept clean, as their handsome leaves are very ornamental when glossy and bright, but quite the reverse if allowed to become coated with dust and soot, though so long-suffering are these plants that even thus they go on growing and flourishing. The easiest way, however, of keeping them clean is to rub the leaves occasionally with a dry duster; you can do this in gloves, which prevents the very disagreeable black hands that a sponging of the leaves would result in. An occasional sponge though would be beneficial, using a little soft soap to kill any insects.

A great assistance to the decoration while your conservatory is still rather unfledged and empty, would be to purchase some of those large red earthenware pans (bread pans I think they are) and get the artist of your family to paint them with wreaths of flowers or Etruscan patterns. A draining tile twenty-three inches high when painted makes a capital stand for a specimen plant. There is one to be seen in the little sketch holding the large single plant. It was so arranged in order to screen the windows of the opposite houses, which of course are not very far away, and is a most important object as seen from the staircase.

I think now I have told the chief results of my experience, and I have no doubt that many could improve much on the results I have obtained. But I have put down these few ideas in the hope they may be of use to many who are quite ignorant about gardening matters, and yet would be very glad to make their conservatory nice if they knew a little how to set about it. If anyone is able to reap profit and interest from following the hints set down in these pages, they will not have been written in vain.

WINIFRED'S WARDROBE.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER VI.

"WELL, what do you think of my hat?" inquired May. "I could never have afforded it for myself, but uncle John said that he had got an unexpected bonus, whatever that may be, upon some money, and he gave us all a present. He gave Eva just the loveliest invalid table, a new kind, and the boys some money, and for me he got this. He took me to Madame A—, in Regent Street, and said I might get what I liked. I wanted a cheaper hat, and the rest of the money, but uncle John did not wish me to do that, and I saw he had set his heart upon the hat."

Winifred took the hat up in her hand. It was a large picture hat, with dark brown ostrich feathers on it, and an aigrette in it

which was a real one, and had adorned a heron at some time or another.

"I think it is a lovely hat, all but that osprey," said Winifred, using the word by which egrets are often called.

"Why, that's the loveliest part of it, I do like an osprey so much," said May. "It is so delicate and graceful."

"Yes, but it is so cruel. May, I was reading about egrets lately; I do wish you would let me go in and get the paper," said Winifred quite excitedly.

"What is cruel? the spray is made out of common white feathers."

"Indeed it is not, May. Osprey is the other name for sea-eagle or ossifrage; it is called osprey no one knows why, excepting that when made up into an aigrette it is a kind of spray.

This spray is really a tuft that grows on the egret's back."

"Supposing it is, why should it not be worn?" said May.

"May, I will get you the paper—I had rather read you what I read, and I know the statements are facts." And Winifred went in and got a paper, from which she read the following:

"The egret is a most lovely bird: its entire plumage is of a whiteness surpassing that of other kinds, so that when viewed side by side with it, the swan and wood-ibis and stork look dull and earthy by comparison. In allusion to this excessive whiteness, different species have received the scientific names of alba, immaculata, candidissima; but no words can give an idea of how white the egret really is. It is as if the

bird had some luminous quality within itself, which shows through the plumage, and gives it among birds something of a supernatural appearance. The egret is seen at its best standing motionless on some dark dead branch, or on the margin of the water against the deep greens and browns of aquatic foliage; the neck curved in the form of an S, the golden dagger beak inclining downward at a slight angle, and the plumage showing white as a drift of lately fallen snow with the clear sunshine glinting on it—a bird statuette, carved by some divinely inspired artist out of a white crystalline stone found in no earthly quarry.

"This is the bird which is sought after in its haunts and killed for the sake of its few ornamental feathers. These feathers, as I have said, are nuptial ornaments, and appear only in the love-season; consequently, to get them, the bird must be slain when pairing, or about to pair, or when breeding; but those who engage in this business, know that to obtain a good supply with little trouble, the birds must be taken when the breeding season is well advanced. During the greater part of the year the egrets live singly, in pairs, and in small flocks; but when nesting they form communities, like rooks and gulls, and our own heron. The egrets' heronies are formed on low trees or bushes, or on reeds growing in the water, and the nests, sometimes to the number of three or four hundred, are placed close together. The feather-hunters consider it a rare piece of good fortune when they discover one of these breeding-places, when the birds, that at other seasons live scattered over a wide expanse of country, are found massed together. The best time to attack them is when the young birds are fully fledged, but not yet able to fly; for at that time the solicitude of the parent bird is greatest, and, forgetful of their own danger, they are most readily made victims. I have seen how they act when the herony is approached by a man; they take wing, and hover in a cloud over his head, their boldness, broad wings, and slow flight, making it as easy as possible to shoot them down. And when the killing is finished and the few handfuls of coveted feathers have been plucked out, the slaughtered birds are left in a white heap to fester in the sun and wind in sight of their orphaned young, that cry for food and are not fed."

"I never knew about it before, Winifred—how horrible," said May. "Who wrote that?"

"Mr. Hudson, a man who has written a great deal about birds," said Winifred; "and here, May, is another bit in another little book. I never knew myself about the egret, but mother never let us wear wings or birds in our hats. This writer says much the same about the osprey:—

"How many of you have first admired and then worn that most delicate and beautiful spiral plume known as the 'Osprey?' But do you know at what a cost it has been obtained for you? A writer says, 'The original owners are the egrets and smaller sort of heron, who wear them in spring and breeding season.' To obtain them the old birds are 'killed off in scores, while employed in feeding their young, who are left to starve to death in their nests by hundreds.' Their dying cries are described as 'heart-rending.' When you have seen that beautiful feather waving with your slightest movement, or the least breath of wind, did you not hear a cry, the cry of a dying, famishing bird for its mother? When you have worn it on your breast, or in your head-dress, have you never considered that if the outer dress reflects 'as in a mirror' the inner spirit, no one could think of you as loving or gentle."

"Well, Winifred, you have certainly succeeded in making me very uncomfortable. I never knew anything about it before or I am sure I should never have bought it. I shall

take the egret out of my hat and get something else put in; but you said you did not wear wings or birds—oh, Winnie, what about the ostrich?" said poor May, looking down at her beautiful hat with its handsome ostrich plumes.

"Wings or birds are altogether different, May, and people who belong to the Association for the Protection of Birds may wear ostrich feathers, though the rule is that they may not wear the feathers of any bird not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich being the one exception. You see, their feathers are taken from them when they are moulting, and it is quite painless, for I read a great controversy lately on the subject."

"I always have worn wings and any bird I fancied," said May. "I have not had any in my hat for the last year—ever since I have known you—but that was only accident, not design."

"Yes," said Winifred. "I wonder you and I have never discussed the subject before, only, strangely enough, we never touched near it. I like to think how St. Francis of Assisi loved the birds and called them his little sisters. I am sure that in setting our faces against all this cruelty we are pleasing our Lord. Have you ever heard these words, May, I learnt them off by heart? 'Every act of mercy, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures, is an act that brings us nearer God. He whose soul burns with indignation against the brutal ruffian who misuses the poor, helpless, suffering horse, or dog, or ass, or bird, or worm, shares for the moment that Divine wrath, which burns against the oppressors of the weak and defenceless everywhere.'"

"They are lovely words, Winnie, I must write them down some day. I have often thought how very ugly some of those bird trimmings on hats are. You often see a head of one bird, a body of another, and wings of a third."

The girls then turned to other subjects but the conversation was not forgotten.

When Winifred's *trousseau* was bought there were some pretty hats, but in not one of them was any wing or bird, the use of which was prohibited by the laws of kindness and mercy.

Winifred's marriage was not to take place after all until July, as not till then could Eric

get a holiday, and they had set their hearts upon going to Switzerland.

"I see you are taking some queer-looking boots," said May, one day after she had inspected her friend's simple travelling-dress.

"Yes, broad-soled boots with a few nails in the heels are the best for mountains," said Winifred.

"What else are you taking that is very special for travelling, as uncle John may take me with him abroad this summer?"

"A good macintosh, mother says, is indispensable, and I have several blouses to wear with my serge skirt. Then I have a gauze veil for very sunny days up in the snow mountains, and I have made a hold-all when we don't want to take heavy luggage with us and just be away a couple of days."

"Do show it to me," said May, and Winifred produced it. It was capitally made, and would hold very much more than any ordinary Gladstone.

"It is made of very thick linen, as you see," said Winifred, "and the outside case is cut double, fifty inches long and it is twenty-four inches wide."

At one end was a large pocket which was intended for underclothing, and this was cut the width of the hold-all, and was nearly a third of its length. Just above it was stitched a strap through which an umbrella or *en-tout-cas* could be strapped.

After these latter straps were two pieces of the linen coming from the sides and nearly meeting in the middle. They had straps, and under it a dress would be able to go very easily.

Even there were several other pockets, and on it was sewn a handle with leather straps which are easily obtainable anywhere.

Winifred looked very lovingly at all her little preparations for her journey, and many a happy hope and golden vista stretched out before her mind as she packed her trunks with May's help.

Winifred's heart was in the right place, and it was with every reasonable hope of her happiness that her parents saw her leave her home and start not only for Switzerland, but for the new life that lay before her. And so we leave her, wishing her as they did—*bon voyage!*

[THE END.]

THE DOWRY CHEST.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

THE days for aye have fled
Wherein no maid might wed,
'Till her hands compassèd—
Hands white, or brown, or red—
Linen for board and bed,
For apron, bust, or head,
Her proudest dower.

Days when from "rock and reel,"
Distaff and spinning-wheel,
Fate's slender thread would steal,
Till finger-tips might feel,
Vibrate a wedding peal,
Freighted with woe or weal,
In cot or bower.

Days when our damsels vied,
In blushing virgin pride,
Whose thread should smoothest glide,
Yet strong and firm abide
When weaving loom had tried,
And web was laid aside
To grace her dower.

Scarce sixty years have fled
Since girls would shame to wed
Before their fingers sped,
With needle and with thread,
Through seams "new women" dread,
And they had furnishèd
A bridal dower.

Alas! for household ways
Lost in these latter days!
When each new-fangled craze
Set the "new girl" ablaze;
And, wild for power and praise,
She makes not wifely ways
Her truest dower.