WORK AND PLAY FOR THE IDLE HOUR

SHIRTWAIST IN PUNCHED WORK---Drawn by Sarah Hale Hunter

THE new Rhodes embroidery, or punched work, is much in vogue just now. The design in the shirtwaist may be outlined before the punched work is done. A very coarse needle should be used for the punched work. Select a corner of the design, pierce the material at the first dot of the second row of dots from the upper lefthand corner of the design. Tie thread on the back of the material. Draw it through and pass needle down through the first dot of the first row, bringing it up in the first dot of the second row, and sending it down again in the first dot of the first row, bringing it up in the second dot of the second row. Then send it down in the second dot of the first row and bring it up in the second dot of the second row. Now send it down in the second dot of the first row and bring it up in the third dot of the second row. When you have finished all the work in one direction, turn and repeat the same at right angles. The leaves, flowers and dots are worked solid.

Use mercerized cotton No. 20 for the solid work and No. 40 or 50 for the punched work.

The cuffs and collar, which correspond with this waist, will be given next week.

Sarah Hale Hunter

Transferring Directions

In taking off these patterns lay a piece of impression paper upon the material, place the newspaper pattern over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil draw firmly over each line. If the material is sheer it may be laid over the pattern and drawn off with pencil, as the design will show through.

No Patterns Of These Designs Are Obtainable

The Trousseau Of a Princess

BY KARIN MICHAELIS.
(Author of The Dangerous Age.)

I HAVE seen the trousseau of a princess.

As a child I heard of princesses writing on golden slates with diamond pencils. I wrote myself on an ordinary slate with an ordinary slate pencil, while the children of the peasants wrote on wooden pot covers with chalk. At that time I conceived the idea that there was an enormous difference between princesses and other little girls, and in the innocence of my heart I thought it must be a great deal nicer to be a princess than an angel.

Later on I met a couple of princesses who had neither golden crowns on their heads nor diamond pencils in their hands, but I thought that perhaps at home in their palace they had crowns and golden slates and diamond pencils among their toys. Now that illusion is gone.

I have seen the trousseau of a princess. Perhaps ninety-nine out of one hundred readers know what a trousseau is, but for the benefit of the one hundredth I will tell this: When a princess gets married she gets two things—a husband and a trousseau. The trousseau is nothing but clothes.

Our great-grandmothers spun and wove or made their maids spin and weave coarse and less coarse linen for the trousseaus of their daughters—indestructible things, coarse but strong; sheets and bolsters, petticoats and nightgowns and chemises with sleeves reaching the elbows. At that time people washed once a year, and the trousseau was made with this view. You changed your underwear once a week—oftener than that was quite unimaginable. And in the big wardrobes, in the deep chests, were piled up stacks of chemises and nightgowns as many as there are weeks in the year, and even a few more if you could afford and had time to take them. The virtuous maiden had the most petticoats.

Morals degenerated. People began to wash every month. The linen grew thinner and finer and you changed twice a week. A dozen of each for every-day wear, a dozen of each for special occasions was considered plenty. Washboards were introduced and laundresses who use chloride of lime. When the sun bleached the linen it went to pieces. The young wives had to think of buying more.

Times degenrated more and more. In New York people began to wash every week, and the young women wore linen like cobweb. So did the princesses—yes, even the princesses.

The goods was no longer spun and woven by busy hands by the light of tallow candles. It was manufactured on gigantic machines, often by male convicts in the prisons.

The machines learned to make lace—that is to say, machines without heart and soul learned to make some trash which people had courage and cheek enough to call lace.

But in the convents, as in the peasants' huts, silent women were still making lace. And still there were people able to see that there is as much difference between machine-made and real lace as between an artist's painting and a color print.

Years ago I met in Beguinagen, near Ghent, two old sisters, approaching the nineties. Since they were five years old they had made lace incessantly, and their lace was as fine as a spider's web. In the filmy lace you saw the work of their trembling fingers. Their whole soul they worked into those beautiful patterns, and no one who saw the lace doubted for a moment that it was the work of their pure souls. These two old ladies told me that from their fourteenth to their thirtieth year they had worked on the wedding gown of a queen, now dead.

And I understand that even if times had changed and the young women in all countries spent their time on studies and music, losing their taste and respect for the handiwork of old days and being content with imitations, there were still among the women of the highest rank, who neither spin nor sew nor harvest, princesses who wear only real lace.

But now I have seen the trousseau of a princess, and my ideas are confused. Four dozens of each—arranged on long tables in pretty boxes—four dozen chemises, four dozen nightgowns, four dozen corset covers, four dozen camisoles, four dozens of everything. Every article of filmy batiste with beautifully embroidered crowns and monograms and trimmed with pink silk ribbons, a fashion started by the demimondaines of Paris some years ago; every single piece trimmed with real lace. I beg your pardon—I made a mistake. The trousseau of the princess was not trimmed with real lace, or, at least, only partly. Alongside nightgowns trimmed with the loveliest and costliest lace were others with poor imitations. They made me think of what I have heard about royal ladies and millionairesses who keep their genuine pearls and jewels in the vaults of the banks while they wear imitations for fear of thieves. It is possible that the same is done with nightgowns. Do princesses keep their real lace in boxes in safe-deposit vaults and wear imitations, fearing thieves? Who knows? There are many bad people who rob and steal.

From these dessous treasures you turn to the princess' gowns, which are also exhibited. Heavens, what splendor, what taste and refinement! Far be it from me to attempt to describe these indescribables.

My poor pen could never begin to do them justice. The whole effect was so bewildering that you dared hardly breathe lest you disturb the precious arrangements. Tea gowns as light as foam, evening gowns which might have been packed in a small powder box, so thin and cloud-like was the material. And then, the wedding gown!

The wedding gown was hanging in a silk-covered gallows, looking as if it were waiting only for the tones of the organ to walk to the altar. In the belt was a bouquet of orange blossoms. In a play I remember I once saw the groom in the early morning galloping upon his beautiful steed, with the point of his sword handing the bride the dewy orange blossoms picked by himself.

These were not dewy, nor was their fragrance that of orange blossoms. They were artificial. The lace train was real, however, but all the other lace on the gown was machine-made.

Poor little princess! Did you ever write on a golden slate with a diamond pencil? And I, poor, simple-minded fool, who thought that noblesse oblige, that a princess would rather jump into the sea than wear imitation.

And my thoughts wandered back to a small Danish island where all the little schoolgirls make meters and meters of real lace with their nimble brown fingers for the coarse chemises and sheets which are to constitute their trousseau.

Perhaps it is foolish. But it is beautiful; it is noble. They sit on the green ditch banks under the wild rose bush making the most beautiful lace, not to make money, nor for princesses and cocottes. They make them for themselves, and they feel like princesses. And they are princesses. But the word trousseau they do not know. At school they learn about princesses of the blood royal. And if I were to tell them what I have seen they would turn their backs contemptuously. A real princess writes on a golden slate and with a diamond pencil and wears only real lace.

I have seen the trousseau of a princess in Vienna.

Why Chorus Girls Are Paid More Than Men

"I CAN tell you in four words why chorus girls are paid more than chorus men," said W. J. Wilson, general stage producer for the Shuberts, when the question was put to him. "They are worth more. There are many other excuses, but for those who understand the show business this one alone is sufficient. Here are more reasons:

"Girls work more.

"People go to see girls, not men.

"Girls are better dancers.

"They are better singers.

"Men only add volume to a chorus—not music especially.

"Girls have more personal expenses to meet in outfitting themselves.

"These are only a few of the answers I could give to the question, Why are chorus girls paid more than chorus men? These, however, cover the chief points in which the girls and men differ.

"It's a funny business. Men serve in more capacities than the girls, and yet they are the least valuable. Take for example a man who in the first act may take part in a chorus. In the second act he may have to serve as a porter, or put on evening clothes and sit around the ballroom and spat his gloved hands. From a standpoint of quantity he may have so much more to do than the girl and yet no one would think of paying him as much money for this week's work.

"Chorus girls really have the hardest work in the show. They have to change their costumes many times, and this in itself is worth a good deal to the company, for the girl must not only know how to wear clothes, but she must know how to put them on in the least possible time and be ready for her cue. It is not generally known, perhaps, that girls have to buy their own shoes and stockings, and this runs up into quite an item for them. The dresses are furnished, but it is up to the girl to see that they are snugly fitted with shoes and stockings. This is another reason why we are compelled to pay them more than the men, and it may be that, after all, when the average chorus girl has met her expenses she hasn't much more left than the man has.

"But the men! Yes, the men! It is very easy to get chorus men. We like good-looking young men, of course, but a good-looking young man is harder to find than a good-looking girl. It isn't natural. Never was and never will be. We have to have them around, but we don't really need them. If every musical show depended upon its men there wouldn't be much profit."

An Awkward Apology.

A kindergarten teacher in Washington, with a pile of books on her arm, was about to get off a street car just as a gentleman whom she thought she recognized as the parent of a pupil in her school got on.

"Good-morning!" she said, with a cheery smile.

Instantly she saw, by the quizzical expression on the face of the man addressed, that she had made a mistake. Intending to correct it, she added quickly:

"Oh, pardon me! I thought you were the father of one of my children."—Judge.

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