

The Trousseau of a Princess

By KARIN MICHAELS,
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 nor 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 coarse and less wearisome light for the trousseau of their daughters. Industrious things, coarse but strong, sheets and bedsteads, petticoats and nightgowns, and chemises with sleeves reaching the elbows. At that time people washed in a year and the trousseau was made with this view. You changed your underwear once a week, often more than that, and the big wardrobes, in the deep chests were piled up stacks of chemises and nightgowns as many as there were 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 special occasions was considered plenty. Washboards were introduced and dresses who used to be changed twice a week, and the young women wore linen like cobweb. So did the princesses—yes, even the princesses.

The goods were 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 and in the peasant huts silent women were still making lace. And still there were people who said 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 Begunagren, 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 in their fourteenth and fifteenth years 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, women who neither spin nor sew nor harvest, 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 millionaires 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 imitation floor becoming thieves? Who knows? There are many bad people who rob and steal.

From these drosses-treasures you turn to the princess's gown, which are also exhibited. Heavenly! What splendor, what taste and refinement! Far be it from me to attempt to describe these indescribable creations. My poor pen could never begin to do them justice. The whole effort 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 cloudlike was the material. And then, the wedding gown!

The wedding gown was hanging in a silk-covered gallow, 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 up on his beautiful steed with the point of his sword handing the bride the delay 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. Four little princesses did you ever write on a golden slate with a diamond pencil? And I, poor simple-minded fool who thought that no blouse 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 school girls make metres and metres 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 dunes, under the wild rose bush making the most beautiful lace, not to make money, not for princesses and cocottes. They make them for themselves, and they feel like princesses. 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 in their fourteenth and fifteenth years 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

I have seen the trousseau of a princess in Vienna.

Getting Away From Yourself

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So they "talk" about you, do they, little Mrs. Worried-to-Death, and you know it and it frets you so you can't bear to go anywhere or see anyone? Well, what is it they say? That you are not always as discreet as you might have been long ago in the golden days when you thought every traveling man who came to town might be a mysterious knight with the sweetest life of love and air and sun—his girl, along with the samples?

Well, well! What of that? Those days are past, long past. Who cares about them now? Who but you? And you ought to forget all about them. "Why," said a woman I know, "I have a dozen little graves in my private graveyard. I never visit them except on anniversaries and such times."

"Who's buried there? I am—all the different I's I've been. I'm getting ready to have a fine, impressive funeral sometime this year. There's a new T that must die."

"No, I don't put any epitaph on the headstones. I just mark the place and remember it, that's all. And sometimes I stand out there in my private little graveyard and lay a wreath on the grave of one of the T's, the foolish, young, light-hearted T who made a fool of herself over a rider, or the T who wanted to go and nurse the lepers because some one said my hair was not auburn, but red. Dead, buried, the poor T's, but not forgotten."

Why don't you have a funeral, little Mrs. Worried-to-Death, bury all the foolish "yous" you've been, cry over them a few minutes and let it go at that?

What kind of a woman would you be if you'd never been foolish? How could you understand your own little foolish girl at all or sympathize with her?

Talk about you! I don't believe it. You just imagine the whole thing. The people you know probably never even think of you except when you are right in the room with them. You aren't nearly so important as you may think you are.

Listen, little woman, that's a dangerous sign—that "they talk about me" idea. It's put there by nature to warn you to look out for serious mental trouble. The people who say people go crazy, thinking someone is talking about them. That's the way it begins; then it turns to thinking that someone is plotting about them, and then comes the padded cell and the barred window.

Get out of yourself; get away from yourself. Think of the neighbors, think of the swallows, watch the bees, hunt up some ants and gaze at them, through you get tired of crying over nothing—a microscope, peep on all day till do something, watch one ant but yourself.

Nobody is watching you, no one is talking about you, unless they are very idle, very stupid people, and in that case what do you care what they say or even what they think?

Go over your life in peace and comfort and clearly. Don't let living be the right thing as nearly as you can; think the right thing; feel the right way, and any one who is trying to talk about you will soon run out of

material and turn their attention somewhere else—see if they don't. And whisper; don't you do any too much talking either—about yourself or any one else. You'll wish you hadn't if you do, sure as the sun rises at dawn and sets at dusk.

The world is full of joy, full of love, full of friendship, full of honest delight. Get hold of some of these things else and forget that there is anything else.

Rise up, rise up, way up above all the petty gossip, the mean slanders, the cruel whisperings. They concern you not at all.

Go out into the sunshine, walk far and walk fast, look at each human being you see with kindness, with sympathy, with real friendship, old, young, rich, poor, shabby or gay of apparel. There is something in each one like you to admire to awe.

Go out, go out; hold up your head, smile. Look, the children are dancing there in the sunshine. Bless their little feet, their merry voices they have. Some day, some day, you will be sad, perhaps, little Golden Locks; some day your heart will fail you, oh, sir, of the touseled head and dancing eyes of the blue. Sing today, sing and dance—the sun shines, the wind sings, the blue sky bends above you.

"They say, they say, who says, and what? Who cares? Who should care, when the sun shines and all the world is gay?"

Get out into it and forget the "T" that is dragging you to madness, forget. Make the sorrows, the cares, the anxieties of others your own. Borrow from the humblest heart you know.

The woman who does your washing is glad today, for her little girl is just out of the hospital. Rejoice with her, send something nice to the little girl. The woman who "opened the door" for you at the apartment house is smiling—there's a little red-faced boy at his house, arrived last night. Smile, too, and wish him joy of the son of his heart.

What a world, what a world! Who can find time to worry about what "they" say? Not I, for one; not you, for two. "They say, they say"—let them say. We do not even hear them.

Economy in the Country. The late James Malloy, a humorist, wrote a book called "The Country" and then, but it is the author of "Love's Old, Sweet Song" that he will be remembered.

Let his humor was good, too—bright, clean and pure. He liked to make fun of people who lived in the country. I once heard him say in London to a Devon man:

"Why do you live in the country, anyhow?"

"So as to save money," was the reply.

"Are vegetables and milk and meat cheaper?"

"They are, on the contrary, slightly dearer."

"How do you save, then?"

"No 'Salome' opera, \$50 a year. No restaurant dinners, \$100 a year. No water, \$100 a year. No taxi-cabs, \$50 a year. No distractions of any kind, \$75 a year."

"Look here," said Mr. Malloy, "wouldn't you have saved money if you died?"—Washington Star.

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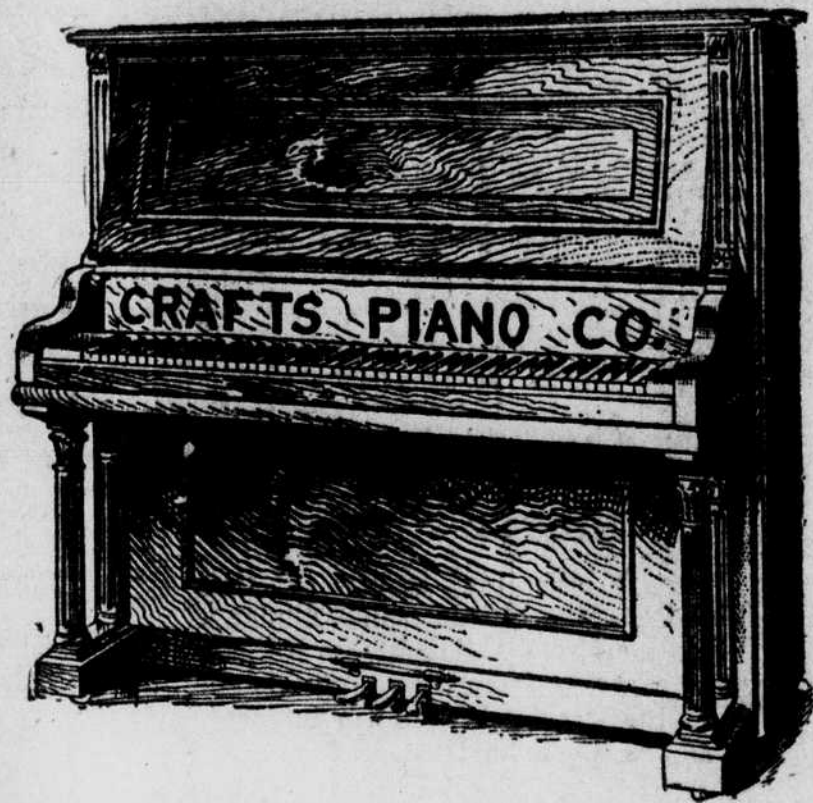
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Spiritual Sympathy the Keynote of Perfect Love

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Ideas of love between the sexes are changing with other conditions.

According to one authority, romantic love between man and woman first came into the world with Dante's love for Beatrice. Before that period galantry had existed; but only the gallantry of the male, who tried to attract the female—a purely sex impulse, devoid of real romance and high sentiment.

In the middle ages and the days of the Christian fathers, woman was considered the author of all evil. She was even called "the door of hell." She was told she must live in continual penance on account of having brought sin into the world.

In the sixth century woman was forbidden to receive the Eucharist in the naked hand, because of her impurity. No Oriental religion ever reduced woman to such degradation as did the fanaticism of these early Christian fathers.

Here are some proverbs about women which men made popular in that era:

"Women and horses must be beaten."

"Women and money are the causes of all evils."

"Trust no woman, even were she dead."

"If you are too happy, take a wife." Montaigne recommended poetry to women, because "it is a wanted crafty art, disguised all for pleasure, all for show, just as they are."

John Stuart Mill once said in reference to those times:

"Some generations ago, when satires on women were in vogue, we thought it clever to insult women for being what men had made them."

The world has grown away from such ideas of women; and, with other changes, its viewpoint on what constitutes love has changed. When once woman was supposed to be man's absolute chattel, she is now regarded as his comrade, mate, friend and equal; and comradeship rather than service is demanded of her.

This question is propounded: "What is the highest form of woman's love for man?"

The man who receives it, but her who gives it.

I have more than once seen a woman belittled and cheapened by a spaniel-like devotion to a man who was unworthy of the sentiment bestowed upon him, and who was weary by it. Such love is pitiful and holds no element of grandeur. It is merely one form of hysteria, and ought to come under the head of nervous diseases.

A great love, "the highest form of love," must contain a large element of womanly self-respect, and must dignify the giver as well as the recipient, even in its most extravagant phases.

It must to some degree absorb all other loves and make them secondary, yet if it renders the heart, which is its home, cruel to every living thing, or blind to any duty, it ceases to be the "highest form of love."

Phaedra's tale of a woman who loved her husband so much that in comparison father and mother seemed like strangers. This wife was Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias. She cheerfully laid down her life for her husband, and the gods accorded her the rare virtue of returning to earth when she felt like it.

It is quite possible these parents deserved to seem like strangers to their daughter. Parental affection is not infrequently a most selfish sentiment, and one which in no sense includes the highest good for the children. To the majority of fathers and mothers the inner life of their offspring is as unknown as the Sanscrit language.

A mere tide of blood cannot force us to love what is unlovable.

If Alcestis passed from the home where the average domestic conditions exist into the full effulgence of a real love life, it is no wonder her parents seemed strangers to her. But if her now-found happiness caused her to ignore feelings, or to disregard a properly courteous and thoughtful code of conduct toward them, then it was not the "highest type of love."

To love truly, absorbingly and passionately any one human being ought to make us more considerate and tender toward all humanity; just as the sunlight penetrates into dark recesses and warms and blesses every leaf and blade of grass, so a great love should cast its radiations upon all who come within its aura.

Our sympathies, our benevolence, our affections should all be deepened and widened by the presence of the great awakener in our hearts. A woman's faith in the man she loves should be firm and patient, yet it should not be blind.

It should expect results. It should not be satisfied to see him degenerate into selfishness, greediness or in-

morality and make no protest or give no warning.

It should be a spur to his best nature, to his highest impulses. Unless a man improves under the influence of a woman's love there is something wrong with her love or the man.

Every human being either improves or degenerates as years pass by. To the unprejudiced eye those subtle changes are visible year by year. There is no such thing as remaining stationary, mentally, morally or physically.

A man may lose fortune and position, yet grow into a finer and more admirable manhood through the experience. He may gain wealth and at the same time lose or gain in moral worth, and these changes should be first visible to the eyes of the woman who loves him.

The highest type of love is not blind. It has the good of its object too near its heart to be blind to the changes which encompass it.

"Patient Griselda" was not a noble type of loving woman. She encouraged the brute and the tyrant in the man, and allowed him to lower himself in the moral scale.

When a man says of a woman: "No matter what I do she will say it is all right," be sure that woman is not giving the highest type of love. What a man ought to be able to say is: "No matter how appearances are against me, she will believe in me until I can explain to her, and if I make a mistake she will be the first to encourage me to begin anew and the quickest to forgive."

No woman who loves utterly would think it a great sacrifice to give up her life for her lover were it necessary. Love is immortal, and has no fear of death.

A perfect love must include spiritual sympathy, mental companionship, physical responsiveness.

Any one of these elements lacking, love is crippled.

WHY LEE FREED SLAVES

A correspondent whose letter was published in The Tribune yesterday calls attention to the fact that General Robert E. Lee freed his slaves fifty years ago—as the date when President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation became effective, and he asks the reason. He rightly concludes that it could scarcely have been in compliance with President Lincoln's proclamation, and he wonders whether it was to set an example to other slaveholders and conciliate European sentiment or to show his dissent from the declaration of Alexander H. Stephens that "slavery was the cornerstone of the Confederacy."

General Lee's act of manumission was not based on either of these reasons. It was, in fact, not political at all, or even the result of political conviction. It was merely the performance of a duty imposed on him by the will of his father-in-law, George Washington Parke Custis, who had died in 1857, leaving instruction for the manumission of the slaves on the Arlington, White House and other estates some five years later. This instruction General Lee conscientiously carried out, notwithstanding the disturbances of the war. His son, Captain Robert E. Lee, in his "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," thus refers to the transaction as taking place at the beginning of 1863:

"Mr. Custis, my grandfather, had made him executor of his will, where-in it was directed that all the slaves belonging to the estate should be set free after the expiration of so many years. The time had now arrived, and, notwithstanding the exacting duties of his position, he proceeded according to the law of the land, to carry out the provisions of the will of 1853."

Willie—Say, pop, what's a major and minor chord?

Father—The major chord, my boy, is what I pay for; the minor chord is what I get.—Satire.

Webb—The doctors say whiskey kills more men than war.

Footie—Away with that gaff! I'd rather be full of whiskey any time than bullets.—Louisville Times.

"Let me sell you this encyclopedia."

"Nope. No use to me. My son is coming home from college pretty soon and he'll know that's everything that's in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hubby—Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine; but do you think it's possible that there's ever such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?—London Opinion.

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