

me from the first however as being rather incompatible with the dress she wore. After a comprehensive look at her gown, I have quite decided that the lady was either unconscious of it or in a state of coma. The waist debouches into the skirt with a marked inclination to give the effect if not the reality of a belt. I am not proficient enough in the terms of sewing to attempt to explain the two straight lines that come down from the shoulders and only stop when they have to—at the bottom of the skirt. The lady's arms are encased above the elbows in what appeared at first to be two round toy balloons. On closer examination however they proved to be only "one of the full sleeves that were so fashionable in the year '01, and now I have finally warmed up to the worst. Gaston, the skirt of this most wonderful creation escapes the floor by what I would call a hair-breadth! And the collar! It is apparently black and certainly girdles the neck right and left, and up and down. In short I may say of this lady that she is "completely" dressed.

Now we pass on to the intermediate one. She too is a tall girl of rather diminutive proportions, but here all resemblance ends. Her attitude and expression seem to reveal a placidly ruminative state of mind. One of her hands has apparently become fastened to the back of her dress giving her arm a rather unnatural appearance. The other hand seems to be engaged in a frantic attempt to hold her apron in contact with her dress and thus maintain the uniformity of the line from waistband to the bottom of the apron. The dress is black and the apron is one of the sort our nurses wear—only an odd yard or two longer. From the bottom of her skirt to the floor is a narrow space through which

peeps a modest pointed toe. It is to be hoped that the lady is not penurious in her leisure hours else she will have a difficulty in obtaining proper fitting foot gear, for her foot is wonderfully petite!

And now, last but not least by any means, comes our lady of the duster. From her topmost coquettish curl to her mildly trailing skirts she is a work apart. Our Physiology instructor claims that every human body must have the same number of organs in order to exist. How this person has contrived to include the necessary number is, for me at least, one of the unsolved mysteries. Physiologically she is a failure but from an artistic standpoint she is unique! The lady's face is determined and she holds her duster in swagger-stick fashion. The skirt is beautifully shaded to give the natural wrinkles which must of needs be present after a few weeks wear but the waist is not ruffled in the least therefore we must conclude that the lady's activities have been confined to the lower extremities; perhaps devotional exercises may have been partly to blame. It is to be anticipated, however, that she will perform wonders with those huge shoulder muscles of hers when wielding the feather duster.

Now that I have given you this full description you will have some conception of the difficulty I am up against. I do hope you will give me some assistance. Otherwise I must share the fate of these paper ladies. In a week Heloise will be at work.—Oh, Gaston, save me ere I perish!

Ever yours, Cecile.

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say,
to toil;
Nor seek to leave the tending of the
vines,