

Spring and Love Are Synonymous

Is Your Heart Atune?

WHEN the lady behind the counter in your favourite restaurant clamps a bunch of violets to her bosom with the cameo brooch that belonged to dear old grandma, hums something about peaches down in Georgia and absentmindedly gives you the change out of one dollar instead of two, Spring has come. Her soul is soaring after its mate; she is atune with the time of the singing of birds.

She is right, and if you disagree with her either you are wrong, or else the one girl in your world, after telling you off severely, has sent you away forever, or till to-morrow evening. Make friends with her again at once, for Springtide, like any other tide, waits for no man.

If you will let me, may I call a witness for my defence. He says:

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The winter Garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time hath but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing."

His meaning is plain. Happy are they whose winter has been so fortunate that repentance is indicated, but whether

or no, if we take these words to heart, spring is obviously the season in which to love.

How can anyone help it when the whole earth wakes to new life and that glorious, breathless, young spirit is borne on the very air? The man or woman too old to love in Springtime is too old to live. He or she is a blot on a fair picture, an unprofitable servant, a skeleton at the feast. If the Great War has done nothing else, I do honestly believe it has blotted out the type of mind which thinks, or used to think, that love is wicked. If you love you are no one's enemy, you wish some particular person all the nicest things in the world, and to wish people well is not wrong.

I may be mistaken—as people say when they know they aren't—but to me the sight of a man and a woman who love one another is the most beautiful thing in the world. They are so utterly happy. For them it is enough simply to be in one another's company. This happiness may not last; each may endow the other with all sorts of imaginary charms; they may live in a fool's paradise, but it is better to be happy for a little while than not at all. Spring doesn't last very long, but to

be happy all through the Spring is more happiness than some achieve in a lifetime.

When the little maid who sweeps your verandah is fixing up an assignation with the little boy who brings your paper; when the business girl you see in the train has a dreamy look in her eyes and a smile playing round her mouth; when you notice hard-faced middle-aged men stop to buy flowers in the street, you know that spring is here and the world for the time being is a better place. You know that even the dreariest human being is turning a disillusioned glance to the sky because it is the season of daffodils and dallying.

Surely when the winter is past and the rain is over and gone, it is essentially a time for love! You may be in love with a girl or a man, in love with your work, in love with life, or simply in love with love, but to fit in with the season you must love something.

Better, if your luck is out, look up from the window of a fourth-floor back attic at a Spring sunset and go wandering in the spirit down a path of gold that your own feet may not tread for the moment, than lose all the magic of spring. In spring we have fairy visions, and dreaming is the preliminary to all great works.

The fact is that in this one season the very poorest is rich, because all the most beautiful things in life are common

property. You do not need to be rich in order to love, or be surrounded by tender and moving sights.

If you don't go about with your eyes shut you will notice many other signs of Spring. You will see a little working girl give money she can't afford to some old, hard-up man or woman selling bootlaces in the street; your eye will light on women apparently no less thoughtless than the rest of us putting fresh flowers on a wayside war shrine; practically every girl in existence either gets new clothes or renovates old ones, and this, my dear old friend, is not altogether vanity. It merely exemplifies the influence of spring, being an outward and visible sign of an invisible joy.

So, as we are all in the same predicament, don't be ashamed to give way a little, like the rest of us. Try to love something or someone—other than yourself—because it all helps and is never wasted. Even if you only smile at a girl in a shop window, in the right spirit, or stop and pat a dog in the street, or give up your seat in a train to a disabled soldier, it's better than nothing.

And the good fairies, who really do exist in spring-time, will make a note and remember you, and guide your feet from wandering motorbuses you didn't notice, and soften the hard heart of that son-of-Belial you work for till he puts more money in your pay envelope.

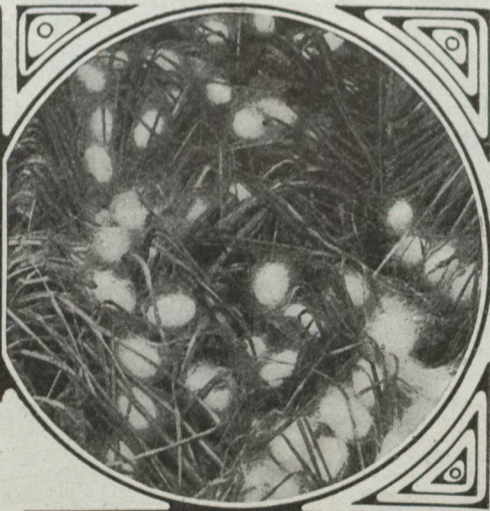


The Story of Your Silk Dress

It Begins As A Worm and Often Ends On A "Butterfly"

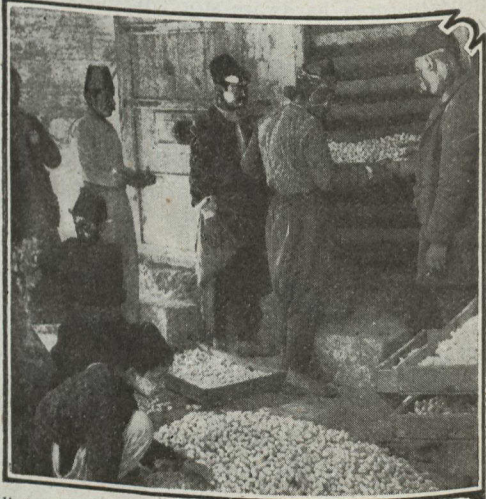


SOME four weeks ago these yellowish larva were hatched from the silk worm moth-eggs. At that time they were so tiny that one hundred of them weighed only one grain. Each of these worms has changed its skin four times. When the skin is about to be sloughed off, it bursts at the fore-part, and the worm merely shoves it off backwards by a process of continual wriggling. These worms have nearly finished the larva stage and are about to enter upon the pupa condition.



COCOONS in the making. These worms will presently climb up into a mulberry branch, and in three or four days spin themselves into a hard silk-fibre prison house. This picture shows the cocoon only partially completed clinging to bundles of fibre.

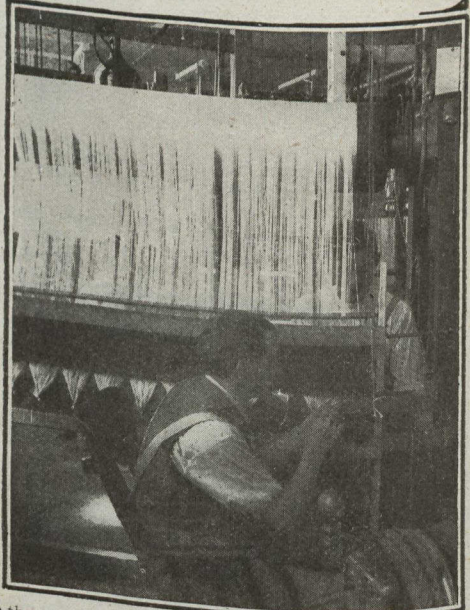
WHEN the industrious little caterpillar has finished spinning he is killed by sending clouds of hot steam through the cocoon. This shows a silk establishment in Antioch, Syria, where the natives are busy placing trays of cocoons the stones until they are almost red hot. When the houses are filled a fire is built on which generates clouds of scalding steam.



AFTER drying and sorting, the cocoons are ready for the preliminary process of raw silk production, the boiling operation. They soften in the rising steam and the outer husk comes off. The thread ends are collected and passed through to the boxed-in turning-frames.



EXAMINING and weighing raw silk ready for export. The great silk ropes hanging all over the packing room are now a bright yellow—the natural silk colour. Most of them will be dyed before being spun into cloth. Broken ends are secured and each soft mass of silk thread is lightly twisted to prevent tangling, doubled, and twisted again into the short firm shining coils we see on the weighing machine and in the boxes. After weighing and packing in boxes for export they are ready for sale.



EVERY fine silk warp thread must be led through the eyelets in the sets process called "entering" or "drawing-in." The threads must pass through the warp. When the harness is threaded up to form the desired "shed" through the steel "reed" and attached to the cloth beam we see at the right. Then the loom will be ready to perform its function.