



A French Teagown—Children's Summer Frocks—Princess Christian's Presents—The Queen's Dignity—Omnibus Women—A Useful Washing Dress—Summer Hats and Bonnets—Jam Time—Summer and Autumn Flittings—The New Swiss Suits.



FRENCH teagown is represented in my first sketch. What is more comfortable than, when one is hot and tired, to slip on an easy, light, loose robe, and yet without the sloppiness and bed-roomy look of a dressing-gown? In such an one as this you are perfectly dressed, and may quite well appear at late dinner at home. This one would not be at all expensive to make at home either. It is composed of ecru-coloured lace, by the piece, of any good design—a guipure pattern is best. It should be worn over an under-dress of water-green silk, or if you wish to make it cheaper, of



sateen. It is, as you see, drawn to the waist by a band of silk, and the same material in this beautiful shade of green forms the outside dress, which fits to the figure in princess fashion at the back, but falls with loose fronts down each side. The plain undersleeves are also of green silk to match, and just show a little beyond the wing-like over ones of lace. To enhance the beauty of this elegant dress, you

might make it still more lovely by lining the loose fronts of the green silk with plain coral pink silk—a surah or pongee—and by having the sleeves and under-dress—under the lace—of the same shade. Simple things are nearly always the prettiest, and I think you will agree with me that this dress is quite simple. It is a souvenir of one worn by a clever actress at one of the Paris theatres, but sufficiently simple to suit our English ladies' characteristics and taste.

Children's summer frocks require almost as much consideration and thought as those of their elders. In going to the country or seaside, one often wants a better little frock for Sunday than merely the ordinary cottons—though when they are carefully washed and "got up" nothing is nicer—particularly if a cold day comes. I think you will find the first of these two a very useful one for a little girl of five, made of cream or fawn *mousseline de laine*, and very simply trimmed with bands of deep violet velvet on cream, or deep olive green on fawn. The other child wears a pretty grey dress of cashmere, cut like a small r-dingote, and trimmed with fine grey cord passementerie of quite a simple design. The front inside is made of pleated crepon in the same shade



of grey, and this is just kept in place by a belt of the passementerie fringed with little grey silk *glands* or drops; a similar short fringe appearing at the neck. The sleeves are fuffed into the shoulders and gradually tighten into the wrists, where they are also trimmed with the passementerie. The children should wear stockings to correspond in colour, and shoes also, if possible, when in the house. Tan boots look very well at the seaside. If you like to keep children's frocks fairly clean, whilst not denying them the intense delight of grubbing against the seaside stones or sand, thin waterproof aprons for the girls, that tie quite round the little dresses behind, and loose overall trousers for the boys, are invaluable.

Princess Christian's presents on the occasion of her silver wedding included two caskets from the Artists' Guild, to contain addresses of congratulation, and a magnificent quilt, pillow, screen, and Bible and prayer book from the lady workers and committee of the Royal School of Art Needlework. As I had a very special invitation to inspect them all I thought I would give you a careful description of them, more detailed than may find its way into other papers. So if I speak of artistic needlework for two weeks running you must please forgive me. Now to tell you about the caskets, which were both very beautiful in different ways. One was composed of silk of an exquisite quality in a pale pink, shot with blue, making the opaline mauve tint now so very fashionable. The lid and sides were beautifully embroidered in gold. The other, of larger proportions, was of wood, engraved by the Misses Palmer with a new, so-called, "burnt-work," and lined throughout with cedar. It bears the following inscription engraved round it: "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." The design was from the clever brain of Signor M. Smargiassi. The Royal School of Art Needlework, which, as you know, has so long been under the especial care and presidency of Princess Helena, had a grand opportunity

of showing its gratitude and affection for her, and richly royally has it risen to the occasion. The beautiful quilt worked by its members deserves a very particular description. It is composed of amber satin, with a large circular piece in the centre of white satin. The edge of this is worked over in a peculiar twisted kind of stitch, in a rich, dark heliotrope silk. In the centre of the white satin is placed the royal monogram, surmounted by the crown arranged with white satin, the crown or circlet being worked in such clever fashion as to have the appearance of gold studded with pearls. The splendid centre-piece is *encadre* by the rose of England in conventional form, with buds and leaves worked in the softest shade of pink, and varieties of green silks. At each corner a scroll of white satin is entwined with small sprays of the conventionalised roses most artistically. With this quilt is included a handsome cushion of the same amber satin, similarly decorated with roses, and bordered with a voluminous frill. The committee, which includes many ladies of well known rank and fame, have presented the Princess with a superb one-panelled screen, the work and design being suggested by an old Spanish one. They also gave a Bible and prayer book, bound in embroidered crimson velvet worked in old bullion from a very ancient design. The sumptuous dress worn by Princess Christian on her silver wedding day,—a pearl grey satin embroidered with the rose, shamrock and thistle, in gold, as well as one of the trousseau dresses of her newly married daughter, also emanate from the work-rooms of the Royal School of Art Needlework.

Apropos of the late royal wedding, two or three people have remarked to me upon the deep impression made upon them by the Queen's dignity. On that occasion she was looking wonderfully well and bright, and walked—for her—quite actively as she bowed right and left in response to the salutations she received on all sides. Though always a *petite* personage, and now stout and aged, there never was a sovereign who looks more queenly than our royal and imperial ruler. She has, for a little woman, a wonderful dignity and presence which is quite peculiar to herself. This is felt by all who ever met her, foreigners included. For instance, I remember a French lady, who was present at the great state reception given by the late Emperor Napoleon, and the Empress Eugenie to the Queen and Prince Albert, at the Tuileries, long ago, saying: "The Empress looked superb, for she was just then at the zenith of her beauty, and she was magnificently dressed, and ablaze with diamonds. But your queen who was attired quite plainly in simple white silk with the blue ribbon of the Garter and a few other orders, looked far more the queen (*'elle était plus reine'*, to use my friend's own words) than the beautiful woman beside her, for she had such a dignity." And yet no one is more unpretending and simpler in her ways and tastes than Queen Victoria.

Omnibus women, or those who ride daily in omnibuses, are having a grave charge made against them. It would appear that the drivers of these useful public conveyances have been attacked on the score of cruelty by the emissaries of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and that they have shifted the blame to those of their passengers who are of our sex. Omnibus horses are certainly some of the hardest worked of our equine servants, and it is terrible to relate that in consequence of that work they are not long lived. One thing more than another that shortens their existence is the continual pulling up, and starting again with the heavy strain this involves; and the people who are mostly responsible for this are the members of our sex, I regret to say. Just to be carried a yard or two further they will permit of this cruel tension on the poor animals' mouths, legs, and backs, several times in the distance of two or three hundred yards, and thus, with reason the drivers say: "It's the stoppings and the startings that kill the horses, but the women don't care for that!" No, I am afraid they don't, and as I have before pointed out, they are equally unsympathetic in the matter of bits, and bearing reins, which is a long drawn-out torture, though they will scream, and be horrified if a horse falls down. You may say with justice, we are no more, if so cruel than men, but that makes it no better; I hope in many things that we do not resemble men, but we must ourselves be above reproach, else we are in no position to blame them when they are cruel. I cannot help saying that far more good would result if the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were more numerous, and more active, and I should like to see some such a society