

Plain Sewing

By W. E. Hill

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For the home. Almost any afternoon these windy March days hordes of nerve-racked women are to be seen struggling with lamp shades in the making, up in the art needle-work department at all big stores. Many a little gray home on the west side will be brightened anon by a new lamp shade done by sweetie all by herself, of pastel georgette with maribou or gold lace trimming.

"Now you must let me come over sometime and sew on all your buttons and mend your socks! I'd just love to!" Just a great big, warm-hearted girl frightening a timid little bachelor almost to death.



The renovated ties. Mrs. Seam is very clever with her needle and makes over all her husband's neckwear, turning them inside out and right side to when necessary. Those that are so gray spotted that no impression can be made on them with cleaning fluid, she dips in a bowl of luke warm mut-ton gravy, thereby matching up the rest of the tie to the spots, and making a practically new piece of haberdashery out of it. Such a clever little woman!



The bachelor's buttons. One look at this young bachelor threading a needle with white thread, preparatory to sewing on a trouser button, should wring with pity the tender hearts of all good housewives and home girls.



"How I wish I had a needle and thread!" Nothing brings out the latent needle-plying tendencies of women, young or old, like the sight of the little hang-up loop sticking out from a man's coat collar. Seems to rouse all the maternal in the feminine nature.



The Thimble club. These three lady needleworkers are chatting gaily, as girls will do when three or more are gathered together, about the young people of today and how mean they are to their elders. Mrs. Rope knows a young girl who talks terribly to her old grandmother. "It seems," Mrs. Rope goes on to relate, "her grandmother asked Alys who was taking her to the high school dance, and Alys said she was going with a sheik, and her grandmother, who is a little deaf, thought she said 'sheep,' and told it all over town that Alys was going out with a sheep. Well, my dear, Alys was perfectly furious and said the most hateful things to her dear grandmother! Girls of today have no respect for age!"



The fancy work. Large blondes, particularly those in the suburbs, love to busy themselves over needlepoint designs for use on the old English hall chair. Patterns in which tulips and couchant unicorns abound are very popular.



For charity. Miss May Gather sews almost continuously for the poor. Luckily the poor do not have to use the things Miss Gather makes, such as shoe trees covered with silver tissue and pink silk rosebuds, telephone pushers (for pushing the phone over to where you want it on the desk or table) wound with baby ribbon and edged with eiderdown, and such. But the people who attend the church bazaar have to spend lavishly for them and naturally the poor benefit in the end. People love to win Miss Gather's little articles as bridge prizes!