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ANTIQUÉ LACES OF AMERICAN COLLECTORS

Produced under the auspices of The Needle and Bobbin Club

TEXT BY
FRANCES MORRIS
AND
MARIAN HAGUE

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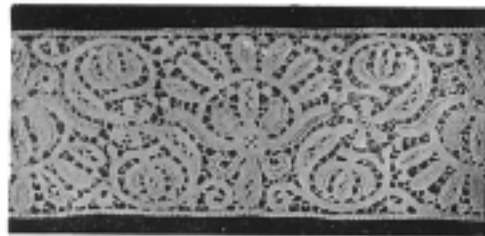
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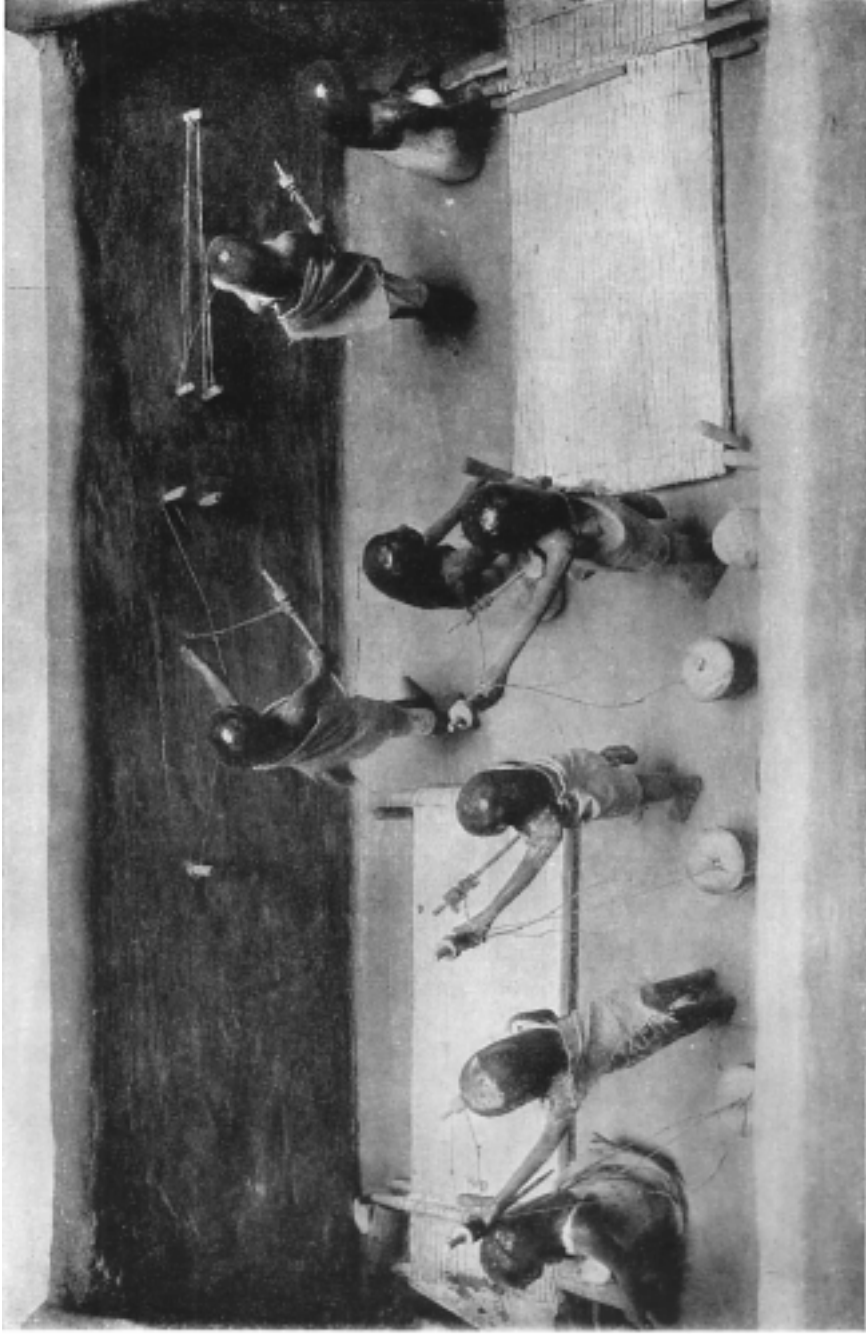
BULLETIN OF THE NEEDLE AND BOBBIN CLUB

VOLUME VI

NUMBER 2

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MODEL OF WEAVERS FROM THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE
AT THEBES. 2000 B. C. ORIGINAL IN CAIRO
FROM EXCAVATIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION 1919-20
(COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART)



OUTLINED PUSHER LACE WITH DANCING FIGURES
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS GERTRUDE WHITING

PUSHER LACE

AN EARLY MACHINE-MADE FABRIC

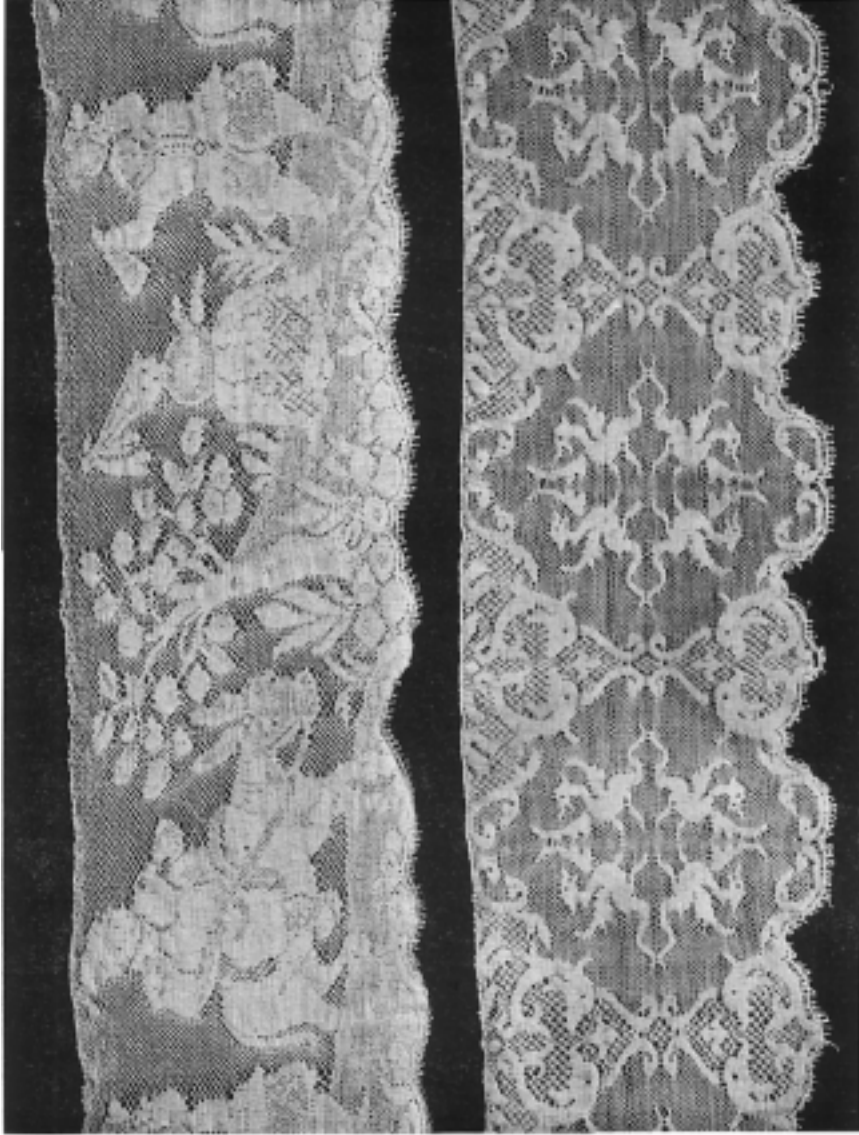
BY ABBIE C. MAHIN

THE machine patented by Mr. John Heathcoat and Mr. Lacey, about 1809, was the invention by Heathcoat which first produced a net by mechanical means, with a regular and non-slipping mesh. It made plain net only, without pattern, so that, if a design was required, it had to be "needle run"; that is, the plain net was stretched on a frame, and the design worked on it by needle and thread.

In the year 1812 a machine was constructed by Samuel Clark and James Mart (not Martin), which not only produced net, but was capable of working a pattern upon it at the same time. The design, however, was flat and shadowy, and, to be made properly effective, required to be needle-run or outlined with a thread by hand-workers. It was called the Pusher machine, because every bobbin and carriage could be operated by an independent pusher just as wanted, and could work in any required direction or remain motionless as necessary. This enabled the producer to vary designs and styles to an almost unlimited extent. The machine, however, was a costly and delicate one to work, and as the bob-



PUSHER LACE CAPE
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. FRANK W. MAHIN



PUSHER LACE FROM THE COLLECTION IN THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY

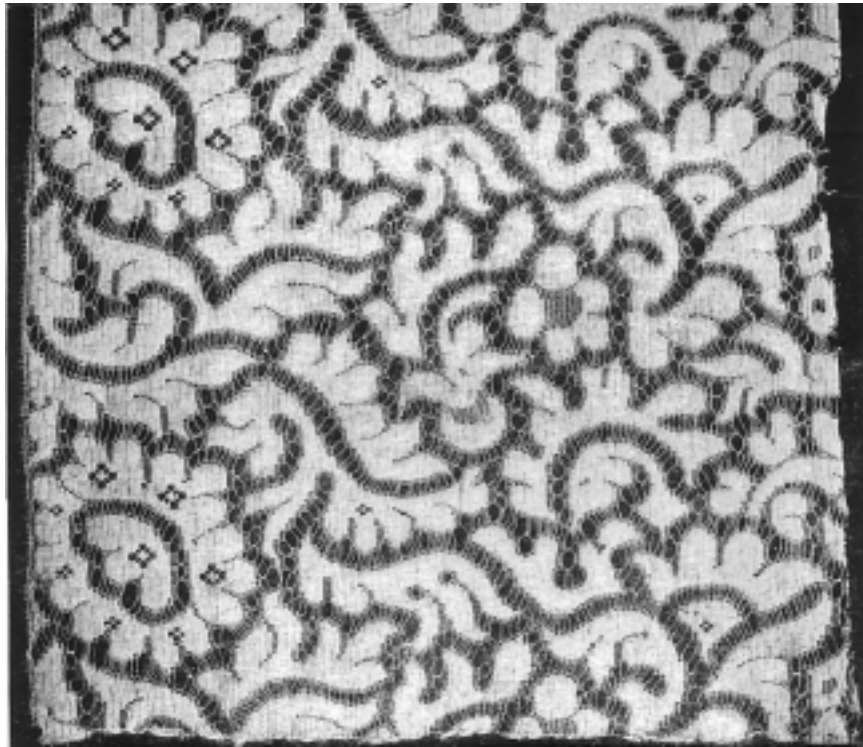
bins were small and carried little thread, the "webs" were necessarily quite short. This, together with slow working, made production very small. These factors rendered the machine only suitable for expensive and high grade goods, particularly for articles which could be made complete in themselves, such as scarfs, capes, shawls, and lappets. Each web seems to have produced a piece of lace only about two yards wide by four yards long; equal to two shawls, each two yards square. It can, therefore, readily be seen that although lace could be, and was, made in length, the breadths were so short as to be nearly useless. Hence the trade was confined to articles made complete, and of a very high and expensive type.

Naturally, improvements and modifications were made on the original machine, and the application of steam power to lace machinery in 1816 probably helped. The invention of the Jacquard machine in 1836 gave a great impetus to the trade, as this enabled manufacturers to develop and exploit the business to its fullest extent. Machines were taken to the Continent in 1828—to Lille by Clark, to Calais by Rayner, and to Paris by Bonnington (father of the artist). The object of this was to exploit the French market, which always bought the bulk of the goods. The trade reached its zenith from 1850 to 1870, and was remarkable for the elaborate and rich beauty of the designs produced, mostly in imitation of Chantilly and Bayeux real laces. As stated above, the machines could only produce these patterns in a flat shadowy form, and to bring out their richness and beauty it was necessary for the pattern to be "run" or outlined by hand-workers, operating in their own homes, in various country districts in and around Nottingham. The most elaborate shawls had to be out some two or three months before the outlining was fully completed, and were sold wholesale at prices varying from £5 to £10. One such shawl was shown at the 1851 Exhibition and awarded a medal, the shawl being subsequently presented to Queen Victoria.

A great change in fashion began in 1867, when shawls, up to that time an indispensable article in a lady's wardrobe, began to be out of favor; lace and Paisley shawls being discarded and displaced by smaller articles which could be made more quickly and cheaper on Levers machines. This, together with the Franco-Prussian War, which closed the French market, caused Pusher articles to be neglected, and the machines were

scrapped. There are a few machines in Lyons that produce expensive scarves and mantillas, for Spain principally, which are either Pusher or a close modification of it.

Although the bulk of Pusher lace was made of silk, quite a quantity was made in cotton. The yarn was possibly best Sea Island cotton, spun very closely to give it a lustrous and rich appearance. Mixtures of silk and cotton do not appear to have been used.



THERE IS NO OUTLINE CORD TO SET OFF THE DESIGN IN THIS EARLY
SPECIMEN OF PUSHER LACE
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. LOUIS ETLINGER, NEW YORK

THE INDIAN BELT

BY ANNIE BEECHER SCOVILLE

EVERY piece of weaving is a history of civilization. In fact any hand craft tells the story of man's and especially woman's mastery of the earth.

Only by imagination can we see the hunter who, after the killing, drank the milk from the wild cow's udder and learned to follow in a parched land the grazing creatures and find from them food and drink as did their young. Once attached to a herd, this dog-like man fought for them and became the first herdsman. Somewhere in that dim past a hand that had braided the hair belt, began to twist the woolly fibre of the wild sheep—that way goes the long story of weaving and we meant to tell a short one.

Of Europe and its primeval craftsmen we can dream much, but of America we have no need to dream, for we have seen her wild people face to face.

Before me lies a broad and glorious band woven by Indian fingers. It is not old as we count age in China; fifty years, perhaps sixty years ago an Indian woman made it, yet she was a wild woman. With her own hands she had made everything that she wore and that her man wore. She had prepared everything they ate and the shelter for her family. Her mother had done the same before her, and so back for long years ran the trail of wild life, unbroken to the beginning of time. Now the old life has snapped and all its little crafts are scattered as the beads are when the string breaks and they roll away in the grass. As I look at this bit of beautiful work, I think not only of its color and pattern, but that I have known wild people, that in those people I have seen,

passing by the beginning of time, such men and women as nourished the fires of our race on the dark trails thousands of years ago.

This broad bead band tells the story the woman consciously wove into it, but beyond that it lifts a veil and shows primitive man, the craftsman. And then again there is just my own story of how I found it.

Let us begin right there. About twelve years ago I was in a trader's store in the Northwest, looking at Indian work. It was a poor little place many miles from settlements, where the trader was busy buying the belongings of a broken Indian village. Fragments of their old handicrafts bought the coffee and flour, shoddy blankets and crude clothes that were necessities now that the buffalos were gone. Their old things the trader shipped to the railway to sell to tourists. Like all such collectors, as the supply ran short he started manufacturing by giving the Indians wool, beads and calf-skin to work up. The results were what all commercial art is, poor stuff; so I turned over his stock and refused to buy garish, brand-new marvels. But hanging on the wall was an old bag I went back to often. It was worn to holes, it was dimmed by the greasy dirt of long and smoky use, it was daubed with dried gumbo, and stuck up with feathers and blood from a late prairie chicken shoot. In spite of this, there were beads underneath and just a chance that it was a genuine old piece. I asked the price.

He laughed at me. "That? I can't sell that old dud. You can have it."

"No," said I. "I don't take presents. No, I don't like any of these" and back I went to look at the wreck. "Well, I'll give you fifty cents."

"You can have it," he scoffed, "but you might have saved your money. It's no good."

I took it very gingerly and carried it off to my quarters. There I ripped off its broad grimy belt. With anxiety I loosened the band from its old duffle support and dropped it into a basin of soap suds. I soaked and scrubbed it over and over until at last before me lay the most beautiful bead belt I had ever seen.

When wampum belts were sent from tribe to tribe bearing messages, men sat long to study their story; so we may read the history of Indian weaving that this belt tells.

Long ago, oh, very long ago, men gathered tide-worn shell fragments on lonely beaches and when they found one with a hole in it, strung it

on a deerskin thong and wore it about the neck for an ornament. On those same beaches you may to-day find bluish, water-ground scraps of clam shell that are easy to pierce with a hole and to trim into equal size and shape. That was the beginning of bead hunting and making. The first string of wampum was a fortune. More, it was a liberal education, for every new material the craftsman masters, enlarges the brain and trains the hand. See how it was with these crude shell beads. Some one found that they could be strung to tell a story. Two dark beads and one white bead, two dark, one white—oh, the joy of it! Such joy was paid for by solemn thanks to the Spirits that had inspired them.

The treasured story-telling shells were carried in a precious pouch and shown at great dances. There the strings were placed in different positions to make different patterns. Then the workers strung long fibres of cedar bark against the side of the bark house and with fingers for shuttle, patiently threaded in the bead strings. There was the first belt loom, with its long warp of fibre and woof of beads, and it produced a belt with a symbol woven in like Penn's belt, with the two figures holding hands. This was sent from council fire to council fire to tell its story—a very wonderful thing, good to look on, and it could talk. No wonder the people thought it holy, the gift of God.

We do not know whether they had fastened the strings of warp in place and woven with cunning turns the fibre belt to girt the loins and carry the pack before they added the beads, but we know they did it later, and woven bags and belts are the great craft of the woods Indians. They are natural weavers, while the men of the plains made their bags and belts of skin and painted their symbols. But in the end the bead weaving reached the plains, and there in the Bad Lands of Dakotah this belt was woven.

We have been talking of the shell beads made by Indians, but this belt is made of tiny jewelled beads, flaming in color: no Indian ever made those shining scraps and there lies another long story.

The wampum beads were the medium of a great inland trade in America: but the bead weaving opened trade with Europe. Every adventurer of the 16th Century tells how he traded with the savages for red cloth, for copper kettles and beads. He laughs at the barbarian love of gewgaws, but these European beads offered the Indian the perfection of what he himself was trying to make. The coarsest glass

bead was finer and more even than the finest wampum and therefore a more perfect medium for weaving the pictorial band. Fine sinews from the deer's leg were used to string them, and the weaving grew finer and more elaborate.

The wampum belt was still sacred to treaty and worship, but the new material with its changing color and especially the high relief of its pure whites was a delight to the eyes of the worker.

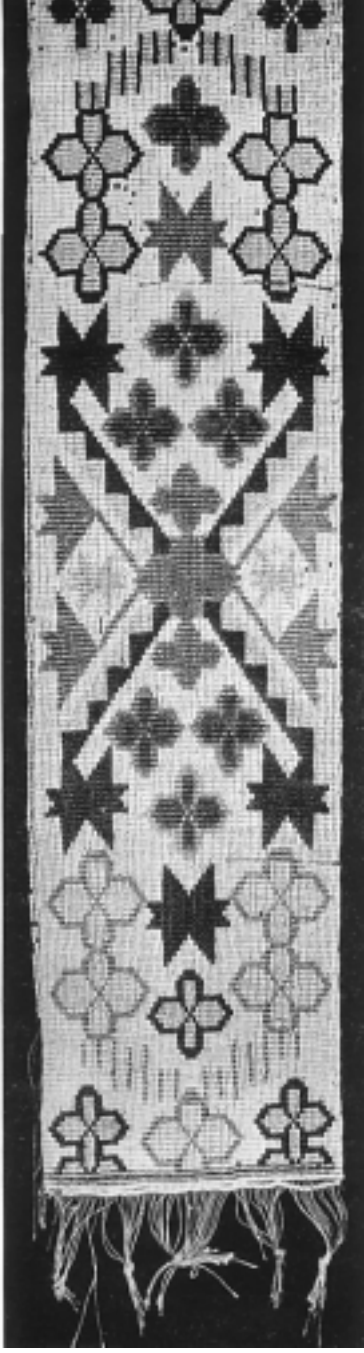
Most of us know the famous treaty belt given to William Penn by the Indians. It is a fine type of the original symbolic weaving. When such figures were reduced in size by finer beads, and repeated with a filled-in background of color or minor symbols, designing became a part of Indian weaving.

Always in every race when a craftsman receives a new material, life flames up in new desires. Hand and brain become more gifted and the craft strides forward. For three hundred years, during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries, while the Indians were trading and fighting with the Whites, selling and losing their lands, falling back generation by generation toward the Great Plains, they were steadily developing this dearly loved craft of weaving. For these three hundred years that Europeans were winning America, they constantly imported beads for the Indian trade. With this trade we bought great lands and the Indians produced a beautiful craft. At times we have seen their handicraft develop other materials we have offered. So the Navajoe received sheep about fifty years ago, and make sensible blankets,—but a thousand thousand dreams of untold years and workers went into the making of this belt.

At one of our large art museums this work was said to be the finest piece of primitive design they had ever handled.

The old symbols of the "Four Winds," or cardinal points of the compass with the zigzag line of the lightning, is the motif of the design. These figures, in deftly balanced repetition, pass from blues to greens and back from green to blue, lighted with gold and gleaming ruby. Once the design meant an appeal to the Spirits of the Air to protect the frail tent on the plains: but all that had passed in the pure joy of beauty before the artist who wove this belt recorded her dream in color and form.

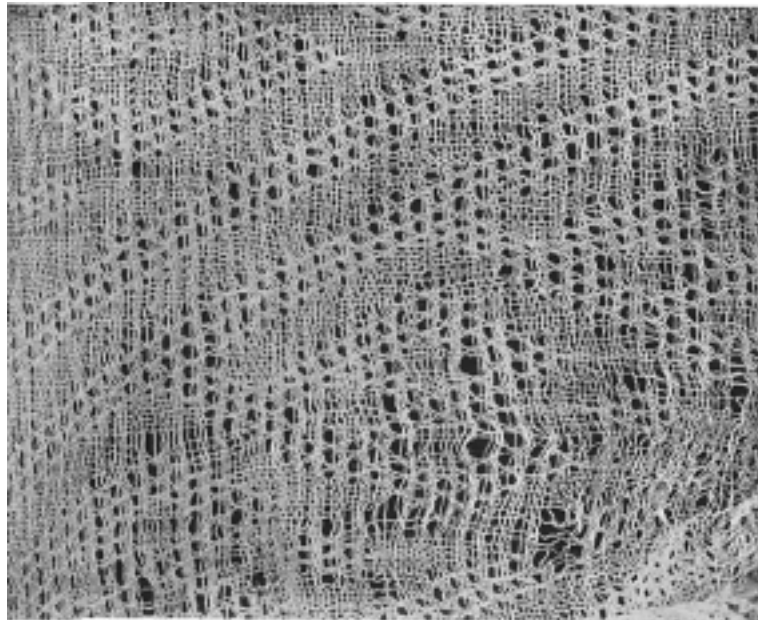
We can trace in this the upward climb of thousands of years and all



INDIAN BELT IN THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR
THE BEADS ARE VERY FINE, AND TRANSLUCENT STARS ALTERNATE WITH OPAQUE

the slow victory of man over matter as he conquered the earth, but the weaver in the shadow of the lodge triumphed in skill and color and was satisfied.

As the Indian once sent his crude bead belt from council fire to council fire to tell its story, so this belt comes out of the past telling an old, old story of the world's making.



ICA GAUZE FROM VOL II. PART 4 OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK



A WEAVER OF BROUSSA
KINDNESS OF THE NEAR EAST RELIEF COMMITTEE

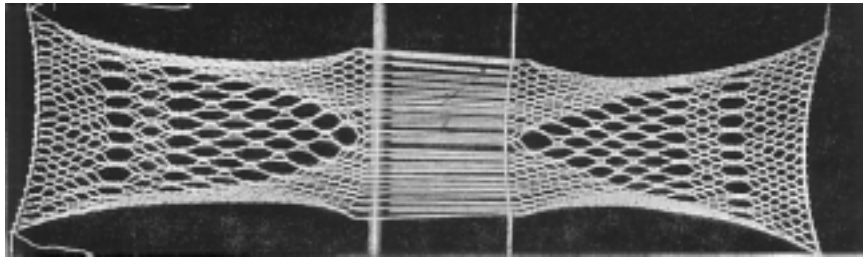


FIGURE A

FROM THOMAS WRIGHT'S "ROMANCE OF THE LACE PILLOW." THIS TECHNIQUE WAS REVIVED BY MISS M. MAIDSTONE WHO, LIKE MISS DE REESEMA, HAS INTERESTED HERSELF IN DECIPHERING THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THE PRODUCTION OF ANCIENT LACE-WEAVES. (CF. N. B. C. BULLETIN, VOL. 4, NO. 1.)
IN THE COMPLETED ARTICLE, THE NET IS DOUBLED AT THE CENTRE AND THE TWO SIDES ARE SEWED TOGETHER

DEMIRDASH AND BROUSSA WEAVING

BY CONSTANCE SHELTMAN, OF THE NEAR EAST RELIEF

WHEN the arabadji who had served us regularly, overcharged us on Friday, we did not recognize in him the proverbial ill wind. He bawled lustily as we emerged from the hotel to go to Demirdash, but we were obdurate and proved that all Americans could not be "done," by mounting with dignity the shiniest araba to be found. The arabadji was a Turk, garrulous and invaluable, for he was full of yarns. He had beautiful brass lanterns on his carriage, which he had gone to Constantinople to buy and which cost him thirty liras. By the time we returned to Broussa he had still something to tell of local lore and his domestic and financial difficulties, though he had talked every inch of the way.

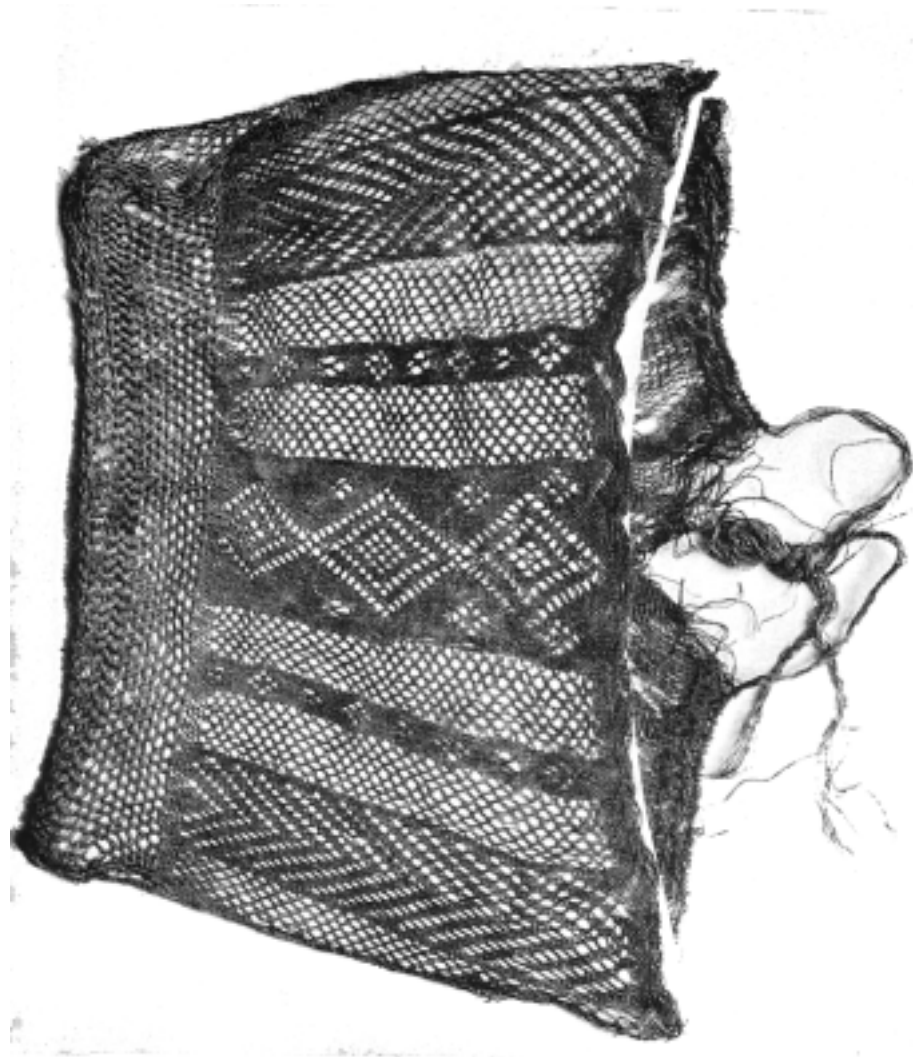
We had barely started across the plain down one of the white poplar-lined roads, when we found ourselves passing lovely pantalooned Greek women, men with gorgeous stomachers, donkeys laden past recognition; and all the other charming things to be seen in the "Interior." We dismounted to snap the picture of a moving mulberry grove, which, judging from the pedestal extremities barely discernible beneath, we imagined to be carried by a donkey. After that our arabadji stopped for every animal on the landscape,—cows, calves, water buffalo, oxen, dogs,—all he saw he pointed out with a grand flourish of the whip and advised us to

photograph. We were already late and he made us later. But nothing could spoil the enjoyment of the ride.

Everyone who has ever been to Broussa says it is the loveliest spot they ever saw. It really is the only place we know of which stands a second visit without disappointment. Sitting at the foot of Mount Olympus it reminds one of a Bible city. Being weak on Bible quotation we could not quote but "a city set on a hill"; and a "promised land" kept recurring through one's mind. The plain from the mountain is spread out ten kilometers toward the ridges that border the sea. A valley of olive groves, mulberry groves, and patches of golden wheat, with only a few mud and red-tiled villages to mar it. Broussa Plain is beyond the imagination of anyone who has not seen it, certainly past the descriptive power of an amateur!

Do you remember when you were little, watching cake being made? How the flour as it was sifted fell into the pan in a mountain with deep ridges running to its foot? Demirdash is set at the foot of a mountain ridge which looks just like that, with its feet in the yellow cake batter—we mean, wheat field. To the right of it is Kelleesen, where the church, built by women and children, as well as men, looks like a first cousin to the Tower of Pisa. Both villages are of ugly mud houses with red-tiled roofs, looking very hot and uninviting. In fact, as we drove into Demirdash we agreed that there was never so uninteresting a place. The people make a place, do they not? Before we had gone any distance, a troop of lovely Greek children were following the araba and soon some old folks joined them. The streets proving too narrow and bumpy for comfortable riding, we abandoned it and set out on foot to get pictures and to learn what we could of the weaving. If the thought, "how could anything so pretty as Demirdash weaving come out of Demirdash?" flitted through our minds at first, we soon found that it produces something lovelier—the women and children—they were beautiful and their hospitality more so.

Every one wanted us to come to see them and when we looked into door after door and found the houses all the same, tumble-down beyond belief, with just a bare earth floor, and for all the world like a rather behind-the-times barn at home, we wanted to go into every one of them to find whatever it could be that made the people so smiling and apparently contented.



COPTIC CAP, IIIRD-VTH CENTURIES, FROM THE COLLECTION IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
THIS PLATE SHOWS THE COMPLETED WORK, THE TECHNIQUE OF WHICH IS DEMONSTRATED IN FIGURE A

The houses were so close together and the streets so narrow that the shadows were too dark for a kodak, even at noon. It was a pity, for high up under the eaves were old Byzantine windows, picked up from neighboring ruins, and funny old designs and inscriptions painted on the houses, which were of a little plaster over mud. We found a community oven or two and a reservoir where the sunshine was strong enough for our kodak: but the children gathered too thickly about them and were not to be dispersed.

All along the way we asked about the weaving. Especially old women were assailed,—anyone who looked antiquarian and whom we suspected of being a “character.”

One old woman, carrying a trough of black, moth-eaten appearing bread from a town oven, told us between her two surviving teeth that her grandmother who had lived in Demirdash, had a loom and made the same patterns as were being made to-day. Another woman who was sixty-five, declared that her great-grandmother had come from Macedonia and brought her patterns with her. It used to be that certain patterns were only used by certain families, and these were handed down from generation to generation.

We stopped in several doorways where the looms were almost stumbled over, they encroached so much on the only light hole in the room. In all the upstairs windows we could see evidences of silk worms, which explained the innumerable bundles of oak and mulberry leaves being carried along the roads. One woman invited us into the loft to see the worms, and we were surprised indeed to hear the worms eat. They were so many and so busy that there really was a dull hum all the time, like the sound of a gentle rain.

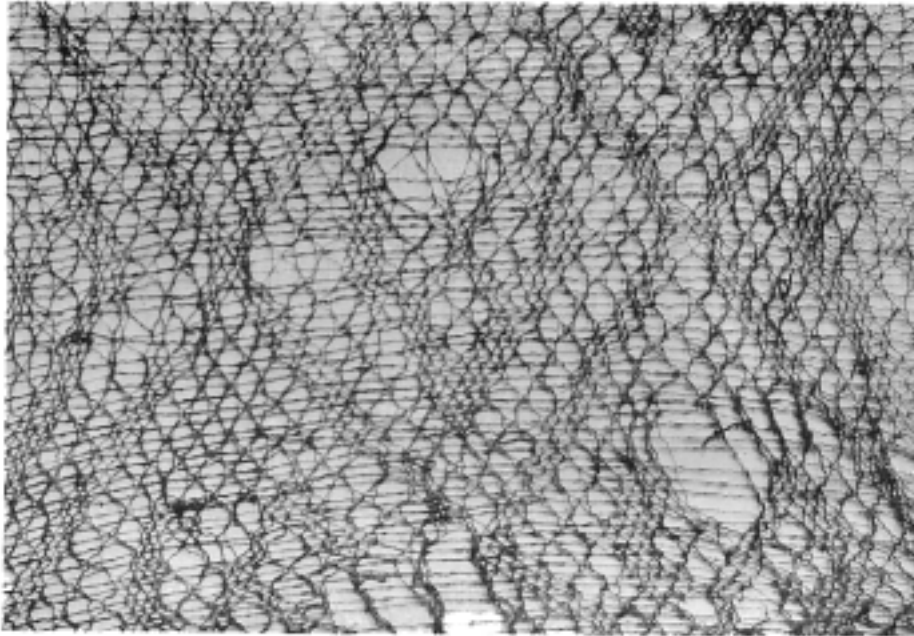
Our final visit was in the house of a woman who was reported to be a teacher of weaving for fifteen years. She was making her trousseau and had some lovely pieces the like of which we had never seen. But nicer things were to come, for some of the many neighbors who had followed us in, said they would run home and get their trousseaux, and, as always in such an art, the older the things the better and more beautiful they proved to be. Every woman makes two wedding sheets with deep borders of embroidery and of the heaviest thread she can find. The finest piece we saw, so far as workmanship and design were concerned, was as heavy as a board. The woman had lovely pillow

and bolster slips to match it, and when we exclaimed over the intricacy of the design, she flew to the loom standing by and showed us how it was done. Most of the Demirdash weaving we see to-day simply resembles filet. Not many of the women have their wedding finery now, for during the war and raids by tchettas, they lost so much that they were compelled to take their precious weaving into Broussa and sell it for whatever they could get in the bazaars.

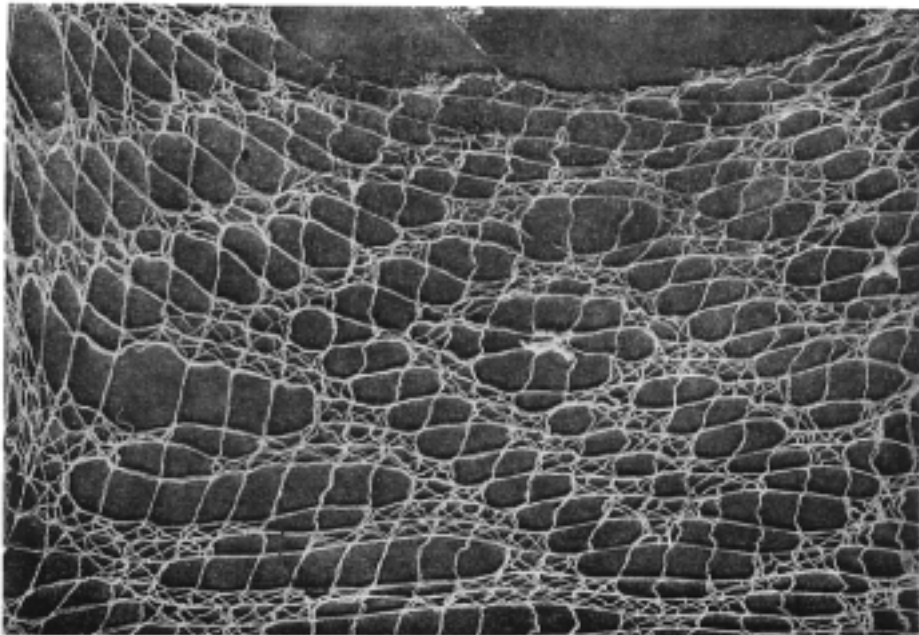
While we had Turkish coffee and sweets, they told us what they knew of Demirdash,—how it was settled originally by twelve young men who had been banished by one Demir Pasha from Broussa, and the village had been named for him. We did not understand why, if his reputation for cruelty were true, the young men had paid them the compliment of naming their place of refuge and new home for him, and were much inclined to believe the arabadji who told us that it was named Demir Tasha originally, which means "iron rock."

Every one in Demirdash speaks pure Greek, while Tapetjk, scarcely a kilo distant from it, and for that matter almost all the villages about, speak Turkish and understand no Greek. When we asked about this, the interpreter told us with bated breath that a friend of her father's owned a book of the histories of the thirty-three villages around Broussa and that in it she had read of how the tongues of the people in some villages had been cut in order to keep them from speaking their own language. We literally pounced upon her and demanded why she had not told us of the book. Would she get the book for us? Perhaps it told all the history of Demirdash weaving, which we were trying to get with so little result. But she at once became vague and Eastern, saying she did not remember what the name was, and that he was very peculiar, that he would not let us see the book unless we begged it of him for three or four years, that he had concealed the book all his life and it was worth his head to let the public know he had it. Besides it wasn't his, he had borrowed it of someone else and had loaned it to her father, who was the only person beside the man himself who had ever seen it. In spite of such insurmountable difficulties we immediately asked her to put in an application to see the book, hoping in 1925 or 1926 to satisfy our curiosity!

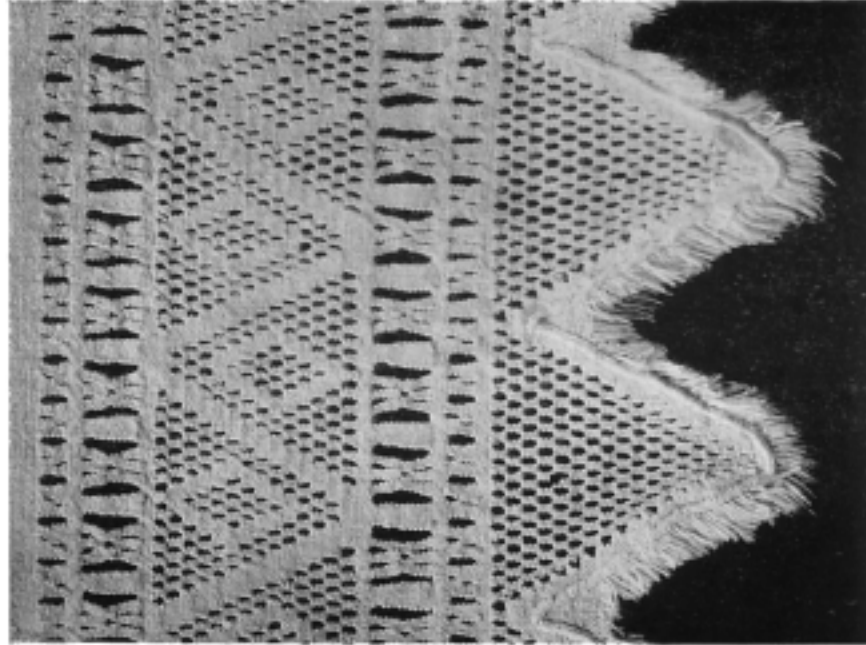
We left all sorts of advice in Demirdash about keeping on with old patterns, for the village is full of modern books with patterns of filet crochet, all of which can be adapted to the Demirdash weaving.



PREHISTORIC NET, FROM THE VICINITY OF LIMA, PERU
COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK



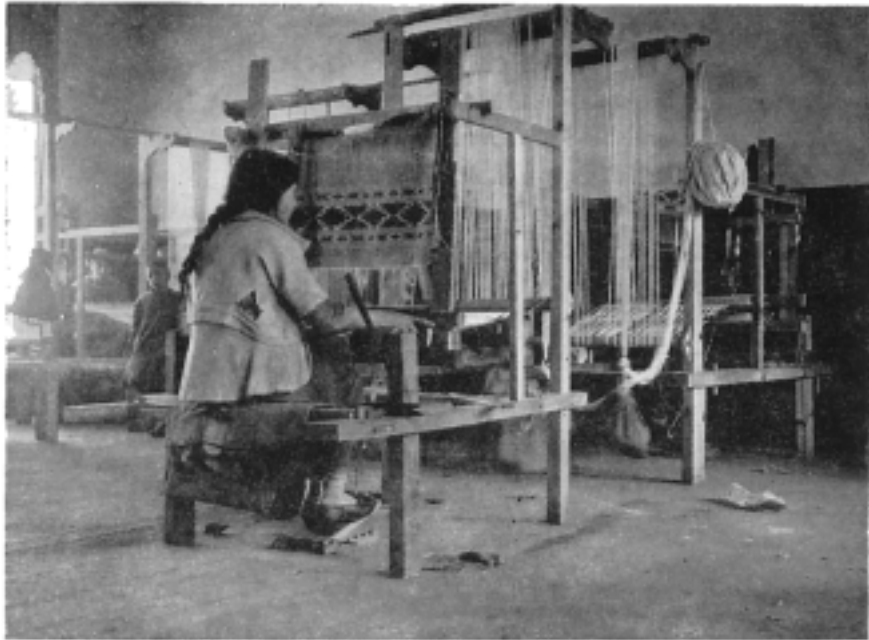
PREHISTORIC NET, FROM COAST OF PERU
COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK



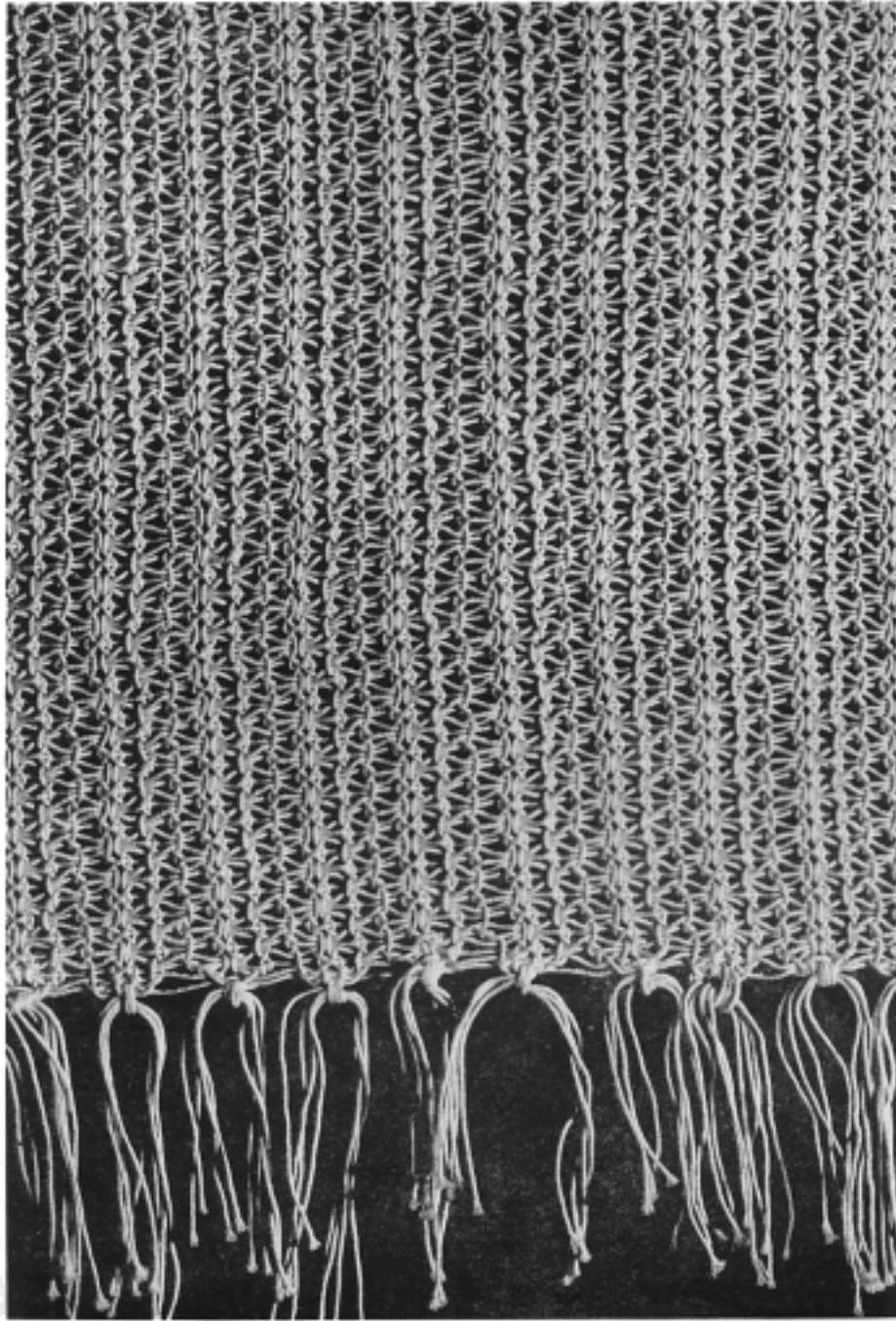
SO-CALLED "MOORISH WEAVING"
DETAILS OF TOWEL BORDERS FROM THE NEAR EAST, IN THE COLLECTION OF TEXTILES IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

As we drove out of the village the church bell was ringing for the death of a villager. It sounded unusually sweet, for bells are rare in Turkey. We passed through a Turkish village where the women were sitting in the street before their doors, braiding onions to be dried and carried to market. The road was full of women and children coming home from the fields. One Greek soldier hailed us in "American" and reminded us that every place we had been we had found such a bit of home to greet us. As we rode across the valley toward Olympus a lot of little lights suddenly appeared at the foot of the mountain and we knew it was Broussa, dressed up in her month-old electric lights,—growing spoiled and modern like Demirdash weaving.

Cf. *Antike Handarbeiten*, by Luise Schinnerer, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art Library.



BROUSSA LOOMS
COURTESY OF THE "NEW NEAR EAST"



MODERN REVIVAL OF OLD ENGLISH OPEN WEAVE
BY ARNOLD G. TALBOT, RHODE ISLAND

THE OLD COLONY UNION AT BOURNE, CAPE COD

BY M. T. GARLAND

THE Old Colony Union was founded about ten years ago, with the idea of bringing the women of the town together along social, industrial, and agricultural lines. At that time there was absolutely no agriculture in our village, even the potatoes were brought in from outside. The children were fed on canned milk as none of the permanent residents maintained cows or poultry. The organization was the outgrowth of the forming of a class on Saturdays in the high school building, which offered to give to girls instruction in needlework. In our schools at that time there was no basket weaving, no manual training of any sort. This offer was therefore welcomed by all of the children. Out of a possibility of ninety-seven girls, we drew into our group ninety-one, and before we had been a month together, the boys in the village asked that they also might be given work.

I faced rather peculiar conditions in organizing this school, because although it was made free to all of the children of the town, it was more or less impossible for many children to attend, owing to the distance from their homes to our building. During week days these children are transported by railroad and buses at the expense of the town, and of course I found myself maintaining a school meant to be free to all, which was not free to all. It was found impossible in this community to give certain children their carfare without others feeling that those at a distance were being paid to attend the school. I therefore made arrangements whereby each girl who attended the school was to be paid for her work by giving her the same rate as is given to a finished sewing woman. Those whose fare had to be paid were to have it deducted from the sums of money which they earned. In order to equalize the distribution of

funds among the children, it was suggested to those girls who had no carfares to pay that they set aside a sum equal to what the others had to set aside, in this way starting to build a fund which would carry the school during any dead season and give it some working capital.

Each lot of work was handed out to the child applying for it, and each work had on it a tag. This tag carried on it the original cost of the material, the amount that we would pay for the work to be done, the amount of profit, and selling price. When the child took a lot of work, she signed for it and her name was written on the tag. We faced, of course, the necessity of creating such things as would find a ready market. We began with half dozens and dozens of dish towels, which taught the younger girls simple hemming; and we carried our work to the finest hemstitching on handspun towels, and eventually to embroidery and to marking of the same.

To meet the requirements of the boys, we started a class in carpentry. I supplied three sets of tools, buying advisedly only those that would be in immediate use. The high school set aside an unfinished cellar, where, under the direction of a teacher from the industrial school in Hyannis, the boys spent some time erecting benches and partitioning off such portion of the cellar as they meant to use for their own work. By the time the boys had finished their workroom—which did not take long, as the tools were kept constantly busy by boys coming and going in groups, we faced the fact that we had no place to dispose of our work. It was at this point that I conceived the idea of forming the Union that would eventually, I hoped, draw in all the women of the six villages in our township and realized that the process would be very slow if we did not start with some capital. I therefore offered to build a simple clubhouse for their use as soon as we had obtained 150 members. I am not sure that it was not only 100 members. As none of the women in our village were economically earning anything and were dependent upon their men folk for money, it was not until the men got to work in the spring that the women began to come in.

While we were waiting to form our membership of 100, I went to the different villages with a hamper full of work, having planned and designed myself such simple things as bureau covers, table covers, hammock cushions, and such things as the summer residents might want and buy. When I went to the different villages, and spoke to as

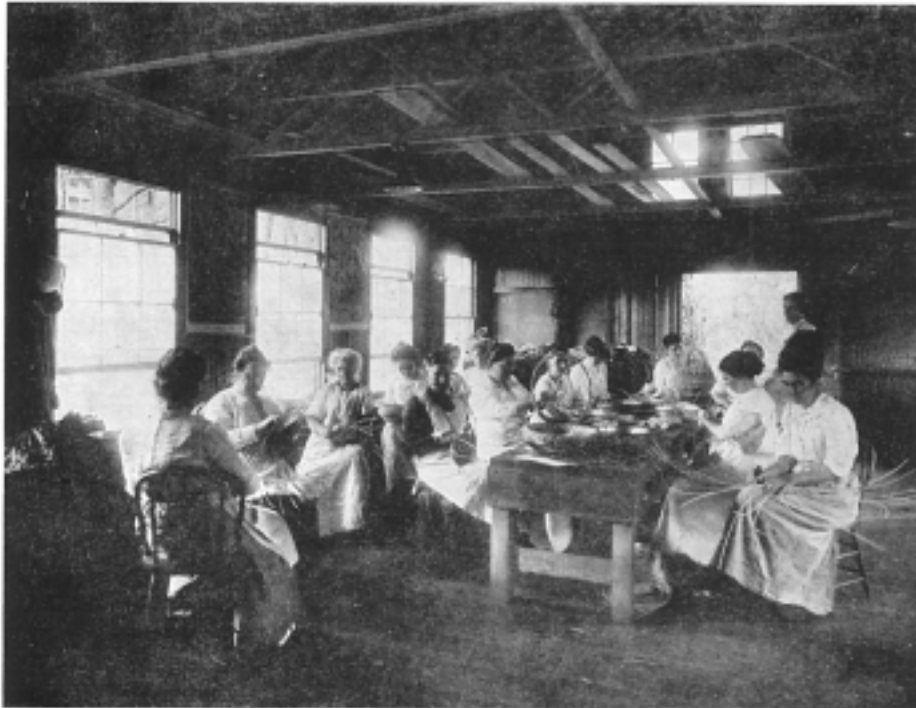
large a group of women as they were able to get together, pointing out to them the necessity of earning something themselves in the home during their odd moments, also the importance of growing fresh vegetables for their consumption, and the joy of maintaining a small garden and a few hens. I pointed out also how necessary it was for them to get together in social groups to work along community lines. There seemed to be nothing to draw them all together with the same spirit. Even these small villages maintained their separate churches, sometimes two in each village, and this alone was a matter of discord.

About the middle of May or June of that year, we had our necessary number of members. So I went to work on the plans of the club, having originally stated that I would not spend over \$2,500 on the ground and buildings. We wished to make this club self-sustaining. We wanted also to draw people there to see and buy our handiwork, and we desired if possible to draw our industrial school into this organization and maintain our school free to all women and children who wished to attend.

Some time in August, the clubhouse was finished and opened. It consisted of a tea-room, a salesroom, and a clubroom for members, where they might write and read and have their classes. The tea-room was to bring people into the clubhouse, and all those who entered the tea-room had to pass through our salesroom, so they were thrown in constant contact with the work we were doing. I agreed to carry the clubhouse and grounds without any rent or interest charges for three years. As a matter of fact, I have carried them for ten years and now find the club so well on its feet that it can pay me rent and gradually take over the club itself. The group of women raised a fund by subscription and by work with which they built a separate building for the industrial school, and in this school during July, August, and September, there are classes constantly going on. We brought into the village the first year a skilled Italian needle woman, and I had in my possession unusual samples of Italian needlework which I have sent all over the country on exhibition.

We had the first year a class in designing, a class in Italian needlework, classes in basketry, weaving, and rug making. The classes for the women were in the afternoons, for the children in the morning, and twice a week there were classes in carpentry, to which both boys and girls came.

The product of the school was sold, a certain percentage going toward building up the fund for the school. The children were amply paid for their work. The boys made bird houses, scrap baskets, tea tables, benches and stools, also cedar boxes. The first year we gave them an order for all the furniture required in our tea-room, and every bit of it was handmade by this group of boys. At the end of ten years we still



IN THE WORK ROOMS OF THE OLD COLONY UNION

have this furniture, and expect to have it stand by us for a good while longer.

I think the success of my venture has been the outcome of a fund that I created, which carried in the clubhouse a consignment of handwoven linens from Italy, homespuns from Canada and Ireland, and threads and yarns bought at wholesale. I found that many of the women could do good needlework and were doing it on trashy materials, which alone made it impossible for us to sell their work. Now, everything that is done is done with the best material and when turned out is per-

fect in its way. This fund, consisting of \$2,500, is operated in the following manner:—

A woman wishes to make, let us say, a bedspread of handspun linen, which she is to embroider. She comes to the clubhouse, states how much material she wishes, and chooses her own goods, also secures the linen thread necessary to work them and finds somebody in the club who is able and willing to help her as to design and motif. She receives a slip on which are the charges for linen and thread, which she does not pay, but carries with her. At the end of the year or perhaps two years, when she has finished this complicated work, she brings it to the Union and it is put up for sale, she being allowed as much money as she feels she is entitled to. To this we add the cost of the material, and twenty per cent. profit, sometimes more. When the piece of work is sold, the woman receives her money, and the fund is repaid the amount loaned for carrying the materials.

You can well see that there would be a certain amount of depreciation in this fund, but we have so arranged that in selling our materials we sell a little above the original cost, so that the fund is constantly kept up. This fund, as you see, finances the workers, the only outlay they make being for their time. So much of the fund is now active, on account of the constant and increased sales, that we are able in the spring to pay the workers out of the fund when they bring the work into the club. This means a great deal to them.

During the winter each member makes at least one piece of embroidery which she turns in as a gift to the Union, and the Union can charge anything it wants for the sale of that particular thing. This proves that the spirit among the women is the right one and that they value the organization.

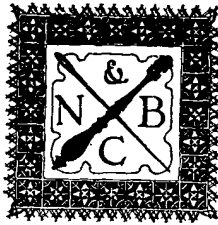
I have gone into detail regarding this, as I feel sure that it will be helpful to anyone wishing to undertake a similar organization. In order to add to our receipts we receive consignments of any handicraft that we consider up to a certain standard and charge 25 per cent. to any non-members. We have a good deal of this work consigned during the summer, and as we are not able to meet the demands for work, we import needlework from Italy.

Our dues the first year were \$.50, payable semi-annually. By a vote of the members at the end of the first year, the dues became \$1.00,

payable semi-annually. We have now an initiation fee of, I think, \$2.00, with dues of \$1.00. We have organized three or four forms of membership. One is that of the actual worker, who joins the club for the sake of the sales which she may make, another is the associate member, who is a summer resident interested in the work that we are doing and wishing to contribute something toward the maintenance of the organization. The third is a non-resident consigner, who, although she may live in some other village, may receive the benefit of the clubhouse, paying the regular dues, but paying \$1.00 more for the privilege of joining. The associate membership is \$5.00 a year. I believe in the last year a life membership has been created, which I think is \$50.00.

One of the departments which we thought much of at the beginning has been taken out of our hands by the Farm Bureau Association. This is the agricultural side of it. But in its place we have developed through association with other women's clubs a civic branch.

It is needless to say that these interests brought into the little village have created an entirely new atmosphere and spirit of co-operation. We have succeeded in getting into the schools as a part of the regular curriculum needlework and basketry, and hope within a year to have classes in cooking. We have obtained hot lunch for the children in the schools; in fact, through the getting-together spirit of these women, they have been able to bring about many reforms that they could not otherwise have accomplished. The teachers tell me that the children come to the schools with an awakened interest, and one can tell by a woman's step in the village whether she belongs to the Old Colony Union or not.



CLUB NOTES

THE Club's finely mounted and catalogued, travelling lace cards are being routed this season under the auspices of The American Federation of Arts, 1741 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., to which application can be made for a loan exhibition of the collection, together with a typed lecture upon lace.

The club still has a lesser, incomplete set of cards, showing processes of knotting, et cetera. This can be borrowed through Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan or Miss Marian Hague, 161 East 82d Street, New York.

THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO has very graciously sent the Needle and Bobbin Club a catalogue, fully illustrated, of the Pani Collection of paintings and sketches by old masters. It shows 16 Spanish canvases, 39 Flemish, 50 French, 63 Dutch, 69 English, 86 Italian, and 101 Mexican: besides 2 Spanish sketches, 8 Flemish, 10 French, 14 Dutch, and 27 Italian. These are by Titian, David, Daumier, Ziem, Massys, Rubens, Zurbaran, Ribera, Murillo, Lucas, Correggio, Potter, Veronese, Cabrera, Raphael, et cetera. The catalogue is in the Needle and Bobbin Club Library, c/o Mrs. Philip D. Kerrison and Miss Cora McDowell, Room 1009, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Among the various letters that have come to Miss Whiting from the beneficiaries of the funds raised at different times by members of the Needle and Bobbin Club for lace workers who have suffered by the war,

and which have been distributed by the Countess de Las Cases, through the intermediary of Madame Grimprel of Paris, the ones quoted below are typical. Several speak of the hard winters in their district and the greater difficulty in getting orders for work since the war and of their gratitude to the Countess de Las Cases for her interest in them.



DIPLOME DE MARRAINAGE AWARDED TO THE NEEDLE AND BOBBIN CLUB FOR ITS ADOPTION OF ELEVEN PROTÉGÉES

Auxillac, 2 Octobre, 1921.

MADAME:

I am profoundly touched by your generosity for the lace-makers of Lozère. Your liberality is not bounded by your vast country, but crosses the ocean and brings comfort to our poor wounded France and to Lozère in particular, a rough and mountainous country, which is the object of solicitude by devoted and noble souls like Madame the Countess of Las Cases. What untold zeal she has shown in procuring orders for us poor lace-makers! so that during our hard winters the young girls may work and acquire sufficient earnings to allow them to remain at home instead of going to the large cities in search of employment, which has so many dangers both physical and moral.

During the war one hoped that with peace, life once more would be

more or less as before, but on the contrary, living grows constantly dearer, and we ask ourselves with our meagre teachers' salaries if we shall be able to pay even for our bread. But God who nourishes the birds of the air, will inspire souls like yours to think of us.

Once more, generous benefactress, I thank you and pray that God may requite you. Please accept my profound respect and my warm gratitude.

MARIE DELTOUR.

Tremoulous, 17 Sept., 1921.

MADAME:

Permit me to thank you for the souvenir you have sent me by the intermediary of our dear benefactress the Countess de Las Cases. It is a great encouragement to me to give my feeble aid to the industry organized in our commune by the wife of our eminent Senator, which is of such great help to us all in bringing to some their daily bread and to all a great amelioration of our circumstances.

I beg you to believe in my true gratitude.

M. BEAUFILS.



GUILD NOTES

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Beginning November first the office and salesroom of the Guild of Needle and Bobbin Crafts will be located at:

THE ANDERSON GALLERIES,
489 Park Avenue,
corner of 59th Street,
Room 304

The office will be open daily from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., and specimens of work from the different centres will be kept on view.

IN the early spring it was decided to hold a series of lectures to raise funds for the work of the Guild. The first of these was held on Wednesday afternoon, April the nineteenth, when Mr. Henry B. Culver, the eminent authority on ship models, very generously gave a most interesting talk entitled, "An Ancient Heritage, Our Old Merchant Marine."

Through the courtesy of the Board of Governors of India House, a well-known landmark in the shipping district of old New York, the committee room of the House, with its unique collection of old prints and ship models, was placed at the disposal of the Club, and in these

picturesque surroundings, the audience was privileged to listen to Mr. Culver's instructive lecture.

Beginning with the days of primitive boats, Mr. Culver brought us down through the ages, explaining the development in construction and delighted his audience with the pictures that he had taken from old seals, from paintings and models. The romance of the seas was shown in stately galleons, or our own clipper ships, beautiful models like "The Sovereign of the Seas" or "The Flying Cloud."

After the lecture, the audience was invited to see the Club House and the afternoon's entertainment added \$400 to the Guild treasury.

GUILD LECTURE COURSE, 1922-1923. Tentative list of subjects: American Portraits; American Houses, American Furniture, American Silver,—prior to the seventeenth century. The Art of the Pennsylvania Dutch; Stained Glass; Embroidery. Some of the most eminent authorities have consented to speak on these subjects.



BOOK NOTES

DER ORIENTTEPPICH, SEINE GESCHICHTE UND SEINE KULTUR VON WERNER GROTE-HASENBALG. Three volumes, two containing 120 color plates and one of text with 22 full plates and 153 illustrations. \$15.00

LOS TAPICES DE LA CASA DEL REY N. S. NOTAS PARA EL CATÁLOGO PEDRO MIGUEL DE ARTIÑANO. French translation by Albert Mousset. Published by Artes Graficas "Mateu." Madrid, MCMXIX. \$20.00

GAMMAL ALLMOGESLOJD. FRÅN MALMÄHUS LÖN UTGIFOEN OF LÄNETS HEMSLÖDJSFÖRENING. TRYCKT A FÖRLAGS—AKLIEBOLGETS I MALMÖ BOKTRYCKERI, 1921. Six volumes, containing 357 illustrations, many colored, of tapestries, laces and embroideries of Swedish peasant art. \$25.00

A MAGYAR NÉP MUVÉSZETE, FRANKLIN TÁRSULAT KIADUÁNYA, BUDAPEST. Four volumes, Hungarian Peasant Art with many illustrations and colored plates. \$60.00

SVNSKA ALLMAGEDRAKTER AV GERDA CEDERBLOM. Illustrations by Emelie Walterstorff. Stockholm: Generalstabens Litografiska Anstalts.

NEW BOOK ON COSTUMES. GIAFFERRI, HISTOIRE DU COSTUME FÉMININ FRANÇAIS, to be issued in 10 parts, each with text and 12 color plates illustrating hundreds of details of costume, etc.; the whole work, containing about 1800 illustr. in color, will cover French women's costume in detail from 1037 to 1870; folio, original wrap. Five albums have already appeared and the others will be published monthly, the complete set \$30.00, published in Paris. On sale at the House of E. WEYHE, 710 Lexington Avenue, New York.



FIELD NOTES

Brussels,
February 11, 1922

WE are in trouble for the moment about our lace. Some government agent instituting what they call here the fourth degree, think it is right to teach children the ordinary practical science of housekeeping, chemicals, hygiene, and so on—excellent things—but in order to do so, they exclude lace from schools altogether!— We suffered from the other excess: we had too many schools where girls learned nothing but lace. We made much noise about it. Now they try to have lace out of the schools altogether, which is simply killing lace in Flanders! This is the result of the inspectors' (Inspecteurs de l'enseignement primaire) directions. We are trying to make still more noise and have some deputy speak of it in the (Chambre des Députés) senate. We will try to interest papers in it. But it takes time in this slow country.

I suppose some men thought best to discourage lace work, since it pays too little. They did not calculate that it is in fact here but a "salaire accessoire" or a "salaire d'appoint," giving a little surplus to agricultural revenues in winter and an interest to women's village lives, keeping their hands for agricultural work in the summer. While if they have nothing to do, they fly to France's mechanical factories—which is not profitable for their health and bad for our harvest. I will tell you how we succeed, if indeed we do!

With my most cordial feelings,

MARIE KEFER-MALI.

XIX. Pokornygasse 12,
Vienna,
August 10, 1922

As I was reading the *New York Times* and find your name, and I am informed about all useful work you are doing for your poor sister ladies abroad, I am coming with a great question to you. I am sorry that I cannot express myself better in the English Language, but I am sure that you can make out what I mean. I am Mrs. Thyror Baumann. I am supplying many poor middleclass ladies with all sorts of needle and fancywork. As the crisis is so very bad here now and we are not able to sell our things here, I would ask whether you could send us any order? My lady friends are making all sorts of wool and silk wearings—jackets, jumpers, blouses, dresses, hand-work, knitting and kroshee. Needlework of gold, silver and brocad materials. If you could give us any directions for what you would like to see, I would be very happy and send you samples. Also some of ouer officers ladies have wonderful old lace, as Allonson, Bruxelles, Chantilly and Bonnlace (bonelace?) to sell. Would you be kind enough es to give me an ideor how and if one could sell them at your club? One of my ladies have six metres of Alloncon seventy years old fifty inches wid. For instans what could she get at your sale auction for it? The lace is absolutig in good state and a wonderful parten of roses and bellflowers. Very fine, not corse. I and many of my working middleclass sisters would be very happy to hear some day from you.

Yours very thankfully,
THYROR BAUMANN.

LACE-MAKING IN POLAND. The following paragraphs are taken from an article by Charlotte Kellogg entitled "Poland's Hope in Her Women" that appeared in the May number of "Our World." Mrs. Kellogg has recently returned from Poland.

Next morning we began at about eight o'clock with a lace school, not interesting as the Belgian schools are because of the exquisite, filmy varieties blossoming from the cushions—here were for the most part the stout, firmly woven Torchons and Clunys—but intensely interesting for quite another reason. All around the walls hung rows of beautiful

pressed grasses and flowers of the nearby fields, and below them, drawings, adapted lace patterns, repeating as closely as possible the habit of leaf or blossom. And always with a certain dash, the flamboyant curve and flourish so characteristic of Slavic popular art.

'This was one of our means of victory,' Marie pointed to the flowers and the flounces. 'During one hundred and fifty years, to say in our Polish language that we loved the flowers of our fields and the soil they sprang from was a crime. But the soul of a people knows many voices. And through the long years of silence we spoke our passionate love of our fields and of the ancient art practised by our grandmothers' grandmothers, through the handicraft classes, like this little lace class, which we maintained wherever we were able to. They helped to feed the fire of patriotism.'

Each worked as she could. How many times have I journeyed to some remote canyon where hidden in a few huts persisted patterns quite unique and precious, variants of our true Polish motifs that had developed only there. These I brought home to my village girls way over there to the north of Lemberg. Other women were doing the same thing for other villages. And if the persecution developed anything in us women, it developed the power of individual and local initiative. And you must not forget, *Amie*, the double spur to action in a land where religion and patriotism are still one. Most of these efforts to encourage the manual arts could be carried on in the open; they seemed innocent. All of our teaching of language and history, which we continued unceasingly, was extremely dangerous and had to be carried on in secret-lessons whispered by the grandmothers (the great teachers of our people) to the little ears of the groups bent over the goose-plucking. But these are old stories now, and you have heard many of them. . . .'

We passed from the pretty groups bending over the clicking bobbins to a larger building where older girls were busy over weaving-frames. Here again in the patterns of the admirably woven rugs and tapestries was something distinct, racy of the soil—an amplitude, a brilliancy in color, expressing the *joie de vivre* of a resilient race. 'These again are the colors of our loved fields; you'll find them in ribbons and our garments and in these tapestries. Now that we are free you are seeing the Women's Land Society and the Kolo Polek and other organizations

starting work rooms in all sections, furnishing wools and linens and wood and instruction to women who will use them. We can at last openly call our native handicrafts a means of racial expression and a source of national wealth. The Warsaw summer exposition of weaving and carving and the one in Lemberg this fall were the first mile-stones.'

COLOR STANDARDIZATION. There has recently come to our notice a color society largely formed and led during the war by Mr. Albert L. Gifford of Tarrytown-on-Hudson. The society's aims are set forth in a pamphlet entitled "Color Standardization," from which we quote in part:—

"Throughout the evolution of the textile art, color has been one of the greatest factors in its development. Into the whitened skeleton the soul of color came to vitalize the fabric, but as the great commercial life of the industry progressed, the subtle psychology of color as a selling power asserted itself, and gradually color assumed a commercial value as apart from the purely artistic and beautiful. As this commercial value increased, colors came under the spell and vagaries of Fashion. So the textile and allied industries grew to be dependent upon sources of color information that would guide them from season to season. Europe had long ago developed a system of color cards—expressions of fashion and color experts—which was used as a source of color inspiration, but it lacked co-ordination of effort. In spite of the fact that America had developed a great textile industry, she depended principally upon these foreign cards for color guidance. The introduction of fashionable shades as well as most of the names by which the colors were known to the trade, was distinctly an over-sea institution upon which this country was dependent.

"But in 1914 war came and with it the sudden cutting off of this color dissemination, and then American industry awakened—at the price of much inconvenience and loss—to the realization that this dependency had been too great."

Dyers, department stores, et cetera, the country over, were asked to send samples of what they considered, for example, typical Turkey Red. Twenty-one different tones were submitted, showing the lack of positive standard, or the inexactness of the average or untrained eye. "The urgent

need for a national source of color information challenged the resourcefulness of our textile producers. Leading representatives of the silk, wool, cotton and millinery industries met and willingly gave their encouragement and support to the promotion of an organization, altruistic in character, which would act as such a source, creating as a means of interpretation American Color Cards. Thus was founded The Textile Color Card Association of The United States, Inc.

As the principal medium of its activity the association created the Standard Color Card of America. This card is a collection of one hundred and thirty-three staple colors chosen after careful analysis, by a color committee, composed of men of astute color sense recognized in their respective industries as being close students of tone value. To each color is given a name and number which never change, enabling positive identification at all times. Great care has been given to the naming of the various tints and shades. Also a unique numbering system has been devised which aims to identify each color, as nearly as possible, by the use of four figures, indicating the components and the strength of the color.

Aside from establishing a color standardization, the Standard Card not only simplifies color work and supplies the staple color needs of all textile and allied trades: but acts as a practical handbook for every branch of industry interested in the application of color. Thus in ordering from a distance one can ask for a certain tone by exact number. Shop girls' time need not be wasted matching ribbons, hose, or what not—they either have or have not the desired number. And one can be sure of exact matching, of materials dyed under the same formula—so many parts of blue, so many of yellow, et cetera.

In order to forecast each season's color development and supply advance information, the association instituted the Season Color Cards of America. These supplement the Standard Card and are issued each spring and fall.

“As evidence of the sound principle upon which the movement was founded, many of our educational institutions are using these cards in the teaching of applied chemistry, physics, domestic science, and technical textile work. Schools are recognizing the value of standardized colors and the benefit to the student of becoming familiar with the colors used in industry. The cards are also of value to designers, for

they offer a veritable wealth of inspiration for harmonizing, contrasting and combining. They are of use too in salesmanship courses and are being successfully applied by many educational directors in retail department stores.”

It is through membership that the association is supported and its work carried on.

“Do not let the word standardization, when applied to color, create the impression that a sameness or lack of individuality will ensue—the samples are bits of silk, cotton, satin dipped and mounted together—or that it will militate against the beauty of color. To think this is misinterpretation. Color standardization is in no sense a restriction, neither does it aim to curtail color individuality and charm. Rightly defined, it is a guide toward practical expression of commercial colors, definitely established and recognized among industries. Once viewed with scepticism, it is now recognized as a big step forward in the evolution of industrial progress.”

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Mr. R. C. Greenleaf, Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.



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