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Little Symphony on St-Gall Embroideries



St-Gall Cathedral (Switzerland)

Untiringly, the machine taps out its staccato notes. Obedient to a voice unheard, the spindles turn, the needles dance, and fairy trceries unfurl on gauzy fabrics.

And you, dreamy-eyed little worker of St. Gall, you are the maestro conducting this orchestra of iron and steel. Do your thoughts wander beyond the

snow-topped peaks which bound your country? You dream of distant travels, of the remote lands for which are destined these lovely materials taking shape under

your heedful eyes. You, too, are longing to see those far distant regions. And while your skilful fingers are plying to and fro, your spirit roves. You see the fairy gowns come into being at a touch of the great couturiers to adorn fair ladies far away.

The little embroideress furtively caresses the dainty folds of newborn fabric which some day will array beautiful women in foreign climes. Perhaps it is destined to be worn by some Northern beauty in the
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