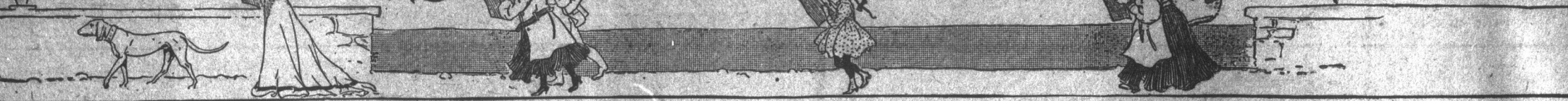


For Every Woman According to Her Needs



A BRIDAL CHEST



The wedding petticoat

There's nothing as nice as a cedar chest

The last stitches for luck

THE June bride and her bevy of girl friends have been storing up quantities of the loveliest sort of things—and the eminently practical things as well—in the chest she's so proud of.

This chest itself is the subject of much anxious consideration. There's nothing so nice as one of cedar, for winter clothes can be packed away in it without the deadly fear of moths. But cedar is an expensive wood, and so out of the reach of most of us.

Carved chests (for cedar chests are usually left plain, for some occult reason) are the next popular kind, and the degree of carving depends both upon purse and taste. Grotesque faces peer out at you from dull wooden surfaces, or heads of heraldic beasts stand out in bold relief from the centre of a group of heavily carved swirling lines, or perhaps the most conventional arrangement of fruit and blossoms covers the whole chest in elaborate detail.

But these elaborate carvings catch the drossful, and it's almost impossible to get it out of the many crevices. And the dulled finished woods are made to look like stone. Some of these are made with hinges that stiffen at the time of opening, at the lid stays up instead of falling upon your devoted head as you open it. Some of them have mental hinges, and others the kind of hinge that seems to sink into the wood until it's invisible.

Only about half of them lock; but when they do, the lock is usually the centre of the ornament—often made into an ornament itself. But kinds (and sizes, too) are legion.

Often, when a girl's room is small, she chooses her chest to fit into a deep window, where it will be out of the way, yet definitely in view as an all-important object. But then only the smaller things of her trousseau can go into it—only the smaller bits of lingerie, the conferees and smaller personal, or linen, things, and trousseau gifts. And she usually likes to have the chest reveal fascinating piles of lace and ribbon when the lid is raised.

Box couches have done duty for many a bride-to-be instead of the regulation chest. But, although they're mighty useful and satisfactory, they're none of the pretty German sentiment that lingers about the bridal chest proper. In Germany, indeed, where the idea

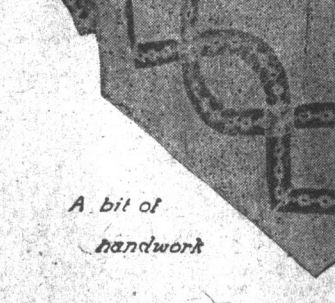


Don't economize on your corsets

comes from, the trousseau chest is a most definite part of every girl's property, being given to her at an early age, and slowly filled until her trousseau assumes alarming proportions from a care-taker's point of view; but she is assured of enough linen and such things to last a lifetime. Her chest is necessarily large.

Have some kind of chest—if you and the only man in the world have to construct it yourselves of plain white wood, covered with cretonne on which the roses bloom as they will in the month you've chosen for your wedding day. If you do make it, line it inside as well as out, and put in the bottom one of those big flat bureau sachets, with your favorite perfume scenting it delicately.

By the way, a most satisfactory sachet is got by laying a cake of French soap



A bit of handwork

in your chest—it seems to have just enough perfume to give that floating, intangible breath to everything near.

If you like the English lavender flowers, fill a lavender-colored bag with them and drop it in—the fragrance seems to go by hereditary right with sheets and linens, but is perhaps a little too strong for mere personal things.

The things to go in your chest are like illuminated texts—each has had sewed (if you're fortunate enough to be able to sew on your own bits of prettiness) into it all sorts of happy thoughts. Perhaps this is a gift from your best friend; perhaps your mother made that bit herself; perhaps the prettiest of your lace stocks you made while that same only man roared along to you; perhaps the results of many a merry sewing-bee (in the shape of the daintiest of corset covers and chemises) are there in piles.

Your wedding petticoat—the prettiest you could buy or make—is there, a lingerie petticoat, most probably, with lace inset everywhere and thousands of tiny, even loveliness, set stitches embellishing it. Let it be as beautiful

as you can afford it, but don't let it be overtrimmed. An exquisite one made by a recent bride, had the prettiest flounce imaginable made up of shaped bits, joined by rows of lace almost as wide as the bits themselves.

Embroidery wears better than lace, as all the world knows, although brides are apt to forget, in the excitement of choosing just pretty things; and the fine little blind embroideries are next best to the handwork that every woman loves.

Such beautiful—though absolutely simple—things come already made, for the girl who isn't friends with her needle. Chemises and corset covers, with every stitch and the tiny plain scallop done by hand, yet which come for a song—if you bring out the right note. They're pretty enough to use as foundations, and to add the lace insertion and edging to yourself.

And, by the way, that bride made herself a corset cover of shaped bits and lace to match the petticoat.

Don't economize on your corsets! If there's ever a time when you want every good line you have emphasized

and every bad line deftly concealed, it's when a whole churchful of people is staring at you, exclaiming softly to each other how pale you look—or how rosy—and, most of all, how your dress sets. The prettiest corsets imaginable come to join the ranks of your trousseau, made of the daintiest of French belottes and brocaded stuffs, with little flowers flung at haphazard all over them, in just satiny figures of white, or the tiniest of pink roses—June flowers again.

Your stockings—the silk pairs, at least—are in that chest. If their number is few, they're plain and as fine as you can get them, although raw silk wears so much better. Your prettiest slippers are there, too, and among them is sure to be a pair of bronze, or the newer kind,

exactly the bronze shade of some leather. Keep a few stitches on your wedding dress to do on the great day itself. If it's only to baste a running in. They say it brings good luck, and no bride's averse to helping along omens at so momentous a time.

By way of simplifying the constant showing off of your trousseau to the friends who come day after day, set an afternoon just before your invitations are sent out and invite all the near friends to come to see your things together—a sort of trousseau party. It's not half the trouble the constant showing off of that chestful of things is to do for each guest by herself.

And you want to do everything the easiest way, so as not to be a fagged-out bride.

THE PRACTICAL LINENS

WHEN they're intended for that new little home, even work on the practical linens becomes fascinating, and each 'stitch, stitch,' that the poor little seamstress of poet fame sang so dolorously, is taken with a joyous hum as accompaniment.

Cup towels are hemmed with more of a pleasant feeling than mere patience, and the tiny stitches taken with greater care than like stitches are apt to be again.

As to tablecloths and napkins, there's something wrong with the woman who doesn't revel in fine damasks and beautiful table linen, and doesn't set her stitches with conscious pride not only while she's working on her trousseau, but as long as she has a table to sew on, and get her fingers on the right linen.

If you've a choice between fine linens and enough linens, choose the latter. You must have enough to keep the table always dainty, and a few fine ones won't do that. But manage, somehow, to eke out one best one. In spite of Mme. Recamier's famous habit of living as if she were always before a court and so learning perfect carriage and manners, most of us like to set our tables a little better when we hold court, as we might term our times of entertaining.

Match your tablecloths with napkins whenever you can; and, if possible, embroider them. If you can't embroider yourself, there are women who do beautiful work and do it for an almost nominal sum, when you consider the actual amount of labor necessarily expended.

If you get lunch napkins—the kind with fringes—whip each napkin around close to the linen, something like a crude sort of hemstitching. It won't show, but will tell wonderfully in the wear. It can be easily done by holding the fringes down over your fingers—if you leave it loose, the work is almost impossible to accomplish.

Make your lunch napkins in made by getting heavy butchers' linen and hemstitching inch hems around squares of it made lunch napkin size. If you embroider initials in the corners,



Even the practical times become fascinating

A PERSONAL GIFT FROM MAID OF HONOR

THE little personal gift that the maid of honor nearly always gives to the bride just a little while before the wedding—not her wedding gift itself, but usually something that she has made herself—should be a characteristic gift, for it ought to be one of the bride's pleasantest memories.

An original present that will be given to a June bride by her best girl is her wedding slippers, embroidered and

plete by laying the front of the design on a fold of the paper, then turning the paper over and reversing the pattern. Trace it off onto the white satin and embroider it in a frame, or in rings, so that the embroidery is sure to be perfectly flat. Don't pad it anywhere, but embroider leaves and the odd little blossoms solid, setting pearl beads (if you can get tiny ones) in the centre of the flowers and where the small round dots show on the pattern. Use a thin,

on each side and each loop is embroidered.

Of course, don't attempt to cut the slipper out of the satin—stamp the design on the straight piece, being careful to have the slipper point the way of the weave, never across it. It will take three-eighths of a yard of the satin to make the pair, if it is wide enough to lay the two on side by side. But don't set them too close together—the design is only made to the seam, not

including it. And be sure that it matches the white of the bride's gown; if it's of satin, try to get it off the same piece.

And have the slippers carefully made up, over a last that you know is right. The best way to do this is to take the bride-to-be into your confidence and have her try on slippers, using as a model the one that is most comfortable. For her slippers, like everything else she wears, must be absolutely comfortable.



For the bow

The exact size of half the design

An original present from the maid of honor

headed by the giver. The finished slipper and half the design are illustrated. The pattern is the exact size of half a No. 4 slipper, but can be enlarged or reduced by adding on or taking off one of the set little figures at the back, which are easily detached.

Draw the pattern off, make it com-

twisted silk for the work, and be sure it matches the white of the silk perfectly—nothing's so inharmonious as two ill-matched whites.

If you can't get small enough pearl beads, use the crystal kind with the silver lining—they make a very pretty glint among the embroidery.

The little bow in front has four loops

ly, too, although perhaps the best of all, from the standpoint of wearing, is the solid embroidery worked with soft-finish cotton.

Towels you've never enough of, so, no matter how many you've allowed, get more! Have your best towels embroidered, of course, with a single big initial, in preference to your monogram; but have, besides, bath towels (those Turkish toweling ones) and the little hand

AN OUT-OF-DOORS WEDDING

THE prettiest setting of all for a June wedding is out of doors.

That is, of course, if you can reconcile your feelings to the absence of church fittings, and the solemnity of a church wedding—for some people feel that a marriage is hardly a marriage unless it is consummated in church.

A wedding which was solemnized a couple of years ago was the prettiest outdoor wedding this part of the country has yet seen.

The bride (there were two of them, sisters) were mighty original girls about everything, so at something unusual was looked for when it became noted about that there was to be a double wedding. When the invitations came

out the unexpected—which was expected—happened. The invitations quoted no hour, but said "at sunset."

Of course, half the people invited prophesied rain; the other half said that even the weather would respect such daring. And the weather did.

The day was glorious, warm and mellow—just the comfortable sort of weather that makes you look your best. The flowers were sweet—quantities of them—and the wedding took place in a great circular spot (roped off with white ribbons) on the lawn.

Everybody was out in her best bib and tucker, and the whole effect was delightful, something like a lawn party, but a dozen times more interesting, because of the romance in it.