POOR DOCUMENT

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INCE weddings will come off even in midsummer, silversmiths and their kind have been busy preparing all sorts of new silver things. Jam and cheese jars are among the prettiest of the new things—a whole lot more practical than the long list of bonbon dishes that every bride falls heir, sometimes regretfully, to. It's all very well to say that the feeling of gratitude should be present at every receiving of a gift. By the time you've exclaimed rapturously over twelve bonbon dishes, or baskets, or shells, you receive the unlucky thirteenth in stony slience and with anything but grateful glances. glance and with anything but grateful glances.

The carelessness usually displayed in the choosing of wedding gifts ought to have war waged upon it. Don't send gifts unless you can spend a few moments thinking about their probable use. If you're not fond enough of the people to whom you're sending a gift to be willing to spend time and thought in selection, don't send any! You're evidently not close enough friends to send a gift without it's being absolute intrusion. intrusion.

But, while this digression is going on the jam and cheese pots are waiting for description!

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The sliver jam pots are radically unlike those of china. They are really only a sort of shell that fits over the jam jar proper and hides its plebelan surface from view, instead of being a receptacle into which its contents are ignominiously dumped. Consequently, it can be made of sliver in open patterns, with a flat top; in an open patterns, out with a plain spot left for the engraving of initials, which is so important a part of wedding gifts. Somehow those initials grow to mean so much! And cheese pots hold that tiny size jar of cheese—the size you get for a den.

Toast racks have come out in a new shape that holds four or five pieces—just enough for two. The newness consists in an odd shaping of the division bars.

The prettiest new candlestick has been made with the top, the part the candle is set in, made almost as broad as the base; and all of it is made plain, except for the inevitable initials.

Tiny castors, with three places for black and red pepper and salt—and the shakers, too—are stunning and inexpensive.

For an engagement present or a bride favor come little silver bells, pierced with holes at regular intervals and filled with a pincushion. Through the holes are stuck pins with black and white or colored heads, and one with a silver head is stuck in the centre of the velvet covering of the mouth to represent the clapper.

Coffee sets—to be used for the strongest infusions only, for the pot only holds enough to fill six of the tinlest cups—are exquisite. Those wee cups are of china, handleless, and set in silver holders, and the set—tall, slim coffee pot and cups—is set on a tray of inlaid wood, bordered with a fence of silver.

Colored glass and silver combinations have a host of new representatives—some with just supports and rims of the silver.

Look to Comfort in Choosing Chairs

NE of the qualities most necessary in the choosing of chairs is to see that they are comfortable, which is a harder thing than at first thought appears. There's nothing much more unpleasant than going to a card party or a porch partyany sort of an affair where you sit for a couple of hours—and finding yourself in an uncomfortable chair.

Everybody has them—the prettiest chairs are often uncomfortable one way or another. The seat may be too high, or the back awkwardly curved so that a corner or a roll of the wood seems to run into your back; or the arms may be badly placed, so that you can neither rest your arms on them nor escape them for comfortable moving.

The trouble usually is that chairs are more frequenty bought from the way they look, instead of a combination of the way they look with the way they feel.

Those tiny chairs, high and narrow, are the most uncomfortable things imaginable. But big chairs may be quite as uncomfortable—even the great, roomy

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looking kinds that look as if they were the very incarnation of comfort.

Try every chair you buy, and take some one of normal size along with you if you're an "odd size" individual. Have some low enough for the small mortals who visit you to sit back in and plant their feet firmly on the floor at the same time, instead of dangling over the edge. Have some deep-seated big chairs, with backs well curved, with nothing in the way of cross supports to press against your spine. Have a chair or two with a back high enough to rest your head against; afid if you've rockers, see that they're not the treacherous kind that give an extra tilt backward suddenly, seriously disturbing your equanimity, if not your centre of equilibrium.

Try every chair two or three waysevery sort of chair, from the stiff leather covered dining room chairs (which may be perfectly comfortable in spite of their apparent stiffness) to the perilously delicate little things with the spidery legs which appear here and there in drawing rooms and parlors.

Japanese methods of housekeeping set a wonderful model for the whole world to copy in summertime in their idea of simplicity. Our ideas over here of the simple life consist in doing things with an effect of simplicity, but accomplishing them by the most elaborate efforts, and when it is necessary to employ swenuous means to a simple end—the end has lost all right to the qualification of simple.

Imagine a typical Japanese house and the way it is kept. There's no useless lot of bric-a-brac around, no cumbersome furniture, very little decoration, and only the things necessary for given occasions are brought out on those occasions, and as instantly cleared away when the occasion for their use has passed. And over and around back of everything is absolute cleanliness, such cleanliness as we, who fill our houses to overflowing with mere things and then squeeze ourselves in whatever space is left, never can know.

In summertime you don't want a lot of "fuss and fixings" around, and you do want as absolute cleanliness as it's possible to get. Take the Japanese houses for a model, and clear out everything you don't absolutely need. Put it out of sight so thoroughly that you can forget it instead of worrying about the care of it. Reducing the number of things around necessarily lightens the amount of work; or, with the same amount of energy expended, makes your house just that much more spick and span.

If you've a house in the country, furnish it Japanese fashion, which means very sparsely; and, above all, have very little in the way of pictures and vases—the kind for effect only. You can't have too many of the flower-holding kind. Copy the Japanese method of displaying one or two exquisite bits at a time.

Try the same method with the children's toys. As they neglect one after another for outdoor delights, slip them away into a closet, and then bring them out again when a rainy spell has taxed

their (and your) ingenuity for amusing themselves.

Keep your grounds—no matter if they're small enough to better suit the word "yard"—spick and span, too, accomplishing it the more easily by having them arranged in the simplest sort of plan. And don't have a pile of twigs and flower clippings and cut grass over in an unused corner—you wouldn't sweep all the dust and dirt of a room up into the corners, and this is on the same principle.

Keep flowers about the house—everywhere, but not too many in any one vase, and none at all unless they are absolutely fresh. Your true Japanese housekeeper never lets a flower die in her vase, yet she always has them about, arranged with the most artistic simplicity. Things Outdoors

ITH summer well under way, and the "south wind and the sun" both calling to you to plsy truant and come out into the open with them, it's time to bethink yourself whether or not you are "seeing things outdoors."

There's so much to see, and so much to be gained by it, both in interest and in improved health that it's worth while to spend every moment you have in the open with your mind's eyes watching for new things.

Wild roses are over—long ago, now—and yellow flowers have already begun to increase until in September highway and byway alike will be bordered with the yellow flowers of fall. In August butterfiles will be plenty—the south wind and the sun have "sowed the air" with them—hundreds of kinds; and the wonderful night moths, from the tinlest of all to those great, imperial green and white ones so hard to find, will be about. Every moth of them is seeking light (so the little Japanese legend says) to fulfill the condition set by the cruel little elf of the roses. Only the fireflies succeeded, and they are always to be found flashing their tiny lamps