

# For a Happy Woman According to Her Needs

## Goody Two-shoes



**Getting Ready for the Party**  
White Duckskin—Easier to Keep Clean than Black Shoes

**Moccasins for the First Short Dress**

**The French Idea of Pique**

**Shurdy Russets for Strenuous Travellers**

**Sea Gals Are Fashionable**

**The Quaintness of Them All**

## How an Odd Recess Was Turned Into a China Closet

There obviously wasn't space in that box of a dining room for a china closet, but the mistress of that box declared she must and would have one, if only for plates.

The other half of the family mildly suggested a plate-rack, but was instantly told that she was already planning for that as an adjunct to the closet. Whereupon she wisely desisted, and left her going at the four walls, determined "to do or die."

The house was old, a thing none of them had been particularly proud of before; for, like most bedrooms, it was "only old enough to be ancient, instead of properly antique." But the architect had, for some occult reason, made it an odd recess—no interesting deep places, suggestive of noverness, with effective places for palms. But the wall was painted bare in queer places for no apparent reason—by means of little metal plugs fitting securely into the holes.

A necessity unless you were willing to have carpet breaths cut into at a ruinously extravagant rate.

After all, it was one of those very recesses that saved the day—and the heroine.

There was only one in the dining-room, and it was exactly four inches deep, and just about six feet wide. And the other half insisted upon calling it "a closet."

It was mostly doors, that china closet—for two big doors made the front, and the rest of it was just a top and a strip of wood nailed at each side of the recess, to which the doors were attached, and which, besides, were treated with a sugar holes every two inches apart, all the way down.

For the rest, there were narrow shelves (each with an extension on one edge) which were adjusted to the tight fit of the doors by means of little metal plugs fitting securely into the holes.

## Bad Manners

Where were some of the people who dine around in tea rooms and restaurants brought up? Most of them seem to have no idea whatever of the most ordinary little niceties of life.

That is a rather sweeping statement; but unfortunately, one visit—if you spend it in nothing—will convince you of its truth.

At one table will be a young girl—pretty, well dressed, and the type that has money and time to learn politeness, even if she hasn't been home taught. All her beauty and charm of youth is forgotten as you watch her talk glibly with a toothpick, carefully balanced between her lips, not in the least interrupting the flow of conversation.

Perhaps the man she's talking to is eating carefully—too carefully to describe!

There's not a particle of exaggeration in this, and yet this lunch room is one of the best in town, the people themselves the class who have no excuse for bad manners, if there really is any excuse, which doubt.

It's a rare object lesson, which unconsciously makes you straighten up there by the dozen, covered, not to talk carelessly yourself. Look around you the next time you lunch downtown!

## Pillows for a Bungalow Corner

"BUNGALOW CORNER," the big bay window in the living room was dubbed, because of the utter absence of chairs or window seats, and the prominent presence of soft pillows, which were piled high, to the very window-sills.

Beyond the window was a tea table, low and broad enough to hold plenty of cups and plates and to leave room for the hostess to come and take all sorts of interesting things to eat and drink.

It was an ideal lounging spot. The floor of the room was covered with rugs, and one given over entirely to the window.

Pillows of all sizes and sorts were there by the dozen, covered, not to talk alike, with stuffs in strong, rich colors, hung together in a thoroughly bizarre way.

Yet—and here is the reason for the story—not one of those pillow tops had cost more than 50 cents.

At first, when the corner had been planned, there were plenty of different opinions, enough for it to seem as though no order could ever possibly be resolved out of that chaos.

One wanted a window seat, deep and springy—a couch, in a way, built into the window. Another wanted odd-shaped window seats, the seats forming like a box of toys, in which could be stored vast quantities of things.

One suggested making a tiny room out of the window, with a line drawn straight across, and giving it up with tea table and small chairs.

And so it went. Nobody would impose anybody else's plan until, in sheer desperation, someone suggested ignoring every one of them and having no seats, but cushions, that and having no table.

For a wonder, everybody was satisfied, and then the question of pillows came up. Stowed away in closets were plenty of pillows, but how to cover so formidable an array of them without going into instant bankruptcy was the question.

Somebody had an inspiration. All the pillows—discarded when their covers grew shabby—in the house were brought out from the storeroom and piled in the window. Twenty-four pillows filled it comfortably.

Those pillows were solemnly divided into three piles, each girl of the family was given a pile; and, with a lot of moan, crocodile, merriment were passed to have those pillows covered within a week, each cover to be different, none to cost more than 50 cents.

Just how to show them was a quandary, for everybody started into the room, each should bring her pile down, wrapped in a sheet, and at the same moment each should make up her sheet, so that all three piles would be shown at once.

Three radically different piles were revealed. One was a collection of bur-lap pillows, each in a solid color and every one different in color and pattern. The rule, "Two was not, but the two shades of red, light and a dark Indian red—had been used, scraps of the dark forming borders on the light, and the light sprawling majestically all around the dark. Two were blue—two shades, but each left plain, two green, trimmed with tablike points all around, one with its own color, the other with another of brown, made up that night. The girl who had made them rendered her bill proudly—it was 35 cents for

## The Reaction in Hand-bags and Purses

Fitted hand-bags have had their day, that is, the elaborate ones fitted out with every sort of luxury. The most costly purses are confined to a change purse, with perhaps a set of shopping tablets and the necessary pencil.

It's about time that the reaction set in, for things in the fitting line had gone to almost ridiculous lengths. Fingers and eyebrow pencils were arranged in a row, and a tiny wall for powder seemed indispensable.

The usual woman, if the bag she liked best happened to be elaborately fitted out, got it any way, and then got rid of half its contents, keeping only one or two things in it.

The new bags will probably be smaller, as another reaction from the wide ones of last spring. And, by a curious coincidence, pocketbooks are growing larger, although, as yet, the increase in size is not noticed here and there.

Marbled leathers seem in better favor than even when their novelty gave them a peculiar charm—its elaborate getting around the question of changeable effects. Soft lavenders and greens and grays can be mingled in an indescribable something in this marbled leather that is exquisite.

Blues and greens, as the indications in dress point also, are the favorite colors so far; and, as yet, no leather has claimed first place.

Most of the new pocketbooks fasten with some sort of a buttonlike catch, which snaps invisibly on the lower flap. Some of them have two flaps, both parts of the pocketbook being separate and distinct inside—one for bills and the inevitable papers, which the average woman feels lost without, the other for change and text.

Two-toned effects are as good as the marbled ones, and alligator in two tones is particularly good. Alligator, by the way, is enjoying a favor—has been since early spring—that it hasn't known in years before.

Beads seem to be gaining, rather than losing, in prestige, but it's only the two great extremes which are popular, those of the richest, most intricate designs, mounted in interesting ways—too costly ever to become common. Some of them are antiques—which adds a value to lovers of old things.

At the other extreme the monstrosities begin—the gaudy little bead-purses, perhaps of white, perhaps of some gray, crude color, worked out in patterns of impossible bright roses, or "scenes" irresistibly reminiscent of those hand-painted (save the mark) shell pocket-books which which seaside resorts are laden down.

## Water Toys and Flowers

Water toys are extremely popular gifts to make children, and are about ready to get into the childish things as regards toys. And the little tots will consent to innumerable baths (no matter how much they hate them) and water toy be kept for just those occasions.

All sorts of celluloid dolls are made—hollow, and carefully balanced, so that they will float properly stretched out at full length.

Ducks and geese, dogs and horses, a host of farmyard pets, and interesting swans and cranes, besides, are made in the same light material, or of china, hollow, too; all of them gaily painted.

As to boats, wonderful little things have been invented, from the cleverest of submarine boats to houseboats, down through a whole long list of sailboats and rowboats and steamers—everything that floats.

The most interesting of all to older children are the Chinese wooden water toys. They look like nothing but little silvers of wood with odd dabs of paint splashed on. But put them in the water and let it swell them up—they have been so nicely calculated that certain parts swell out into crude blossoms, the stems staying almost as thin as they were in water. The dabs of paint resolve themselves into different markings on the blossoms.

Something that grows before your eyes is always interesting, even to the little ones, and the wooden toys which blossom in a few minutes is most wonderful to a child.

## Getting Rid of Rust

USUALLY, with an ordinary amount of care, scissors and knives, and everything else that is steel or iron, are easily kept free from rust if they be in constant use. It's the things laid away that dampness gets to in some mysterious way.

The best thing is to prevent rust, if possible, by keeping things not in frequent use rolled up in flannel or cotton flannel—something that will resist the most insidious attacks of dampness.

When you open your house again this fall, look over everything that you suspect of rusting tendencies. If the spots have come, put a little coal oil on, covering each spot, and leave for a day or two.

## Easier Methods Applied to Filet Work for Blouses

SINCE last spring, when the first couple of blouses of the season came over the seas, showing for their trimming a unique treatment of squares of handwork filet lace, all sorts of clever ideas have been expressed in just such work.

Then the idea was only attempted by a few, because of the immense amount of work involved in the making of the medallions, which were darned, in the finest of linen threads, backward and forward until the design was filled in. On those first blouses the designs were difficult to execute, most of them being some curious heraldic emblem.

Collar and cuff sets are the last expression in darned work. Simple patterns are used, those of conventional flowers running along in a sort of continued pattern—a lot easier to work than the isolated figures, which require constant starting and ending of threads.

That ending off of threads is the hardest part of the work, for it must be too dully done to show, yet the heavy thread used is difficult not to finish awkwardly with.

Materials are inexpensive, the work is easy to do, and pleasant in consequence, and results in effective, beautiful trimming for blouse of gown.

## Hardanger Sets

THE prettiest, plainest set of Hardanger collars and cuffs were revealed in the other day—with an utter absence of the heavy stitch and even the little "berry" left off from the bar-stitch that marks the squares. The cuffs were just two inches deep, and the collar was just one inch deep, the other half, with the exception of a hem, not much wider than the divisions, was just the squares.

The collar was almost as deep as the cuffs, and lay in the same severely plain way. Yet it was the most effective set of set when worn.

Buttonholing was necessary, of course, but it was done in the heavy sewing cotton, and the rest of the work, instead of the marcelized thread usually employed.

## Postal Cards as Place Cards

A NOVEL one of the many new picture post cards are put to in this day of the card, was invented on the spur of the moment for an affair given by a girl's luncheon club.

Picnic was low, as they have a way of being, and the artistic ability to make cards out of a few scraps and a penitential effort, as the writers of glittering generalities often suggest) being as conspicuous by its absence as the necessary wherewithal, some one suggested using picture postcards.

The suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm. A visit to the shops was crowned with success in the shape of a dozen picture post cards, the luncheon was strictly Japanese in decoration, with their hair beautifully lacquered, who bowed and smiled or glanced coquettishly over their fans from their respective post-card backgrounds.

So the question was ornamented with Japanese figures, or with just pretty scenes, or with a girl's head—interesting enough in themselves—but it is easy to find enough different ones to suit any particular scheme of decoration, or, in some cases, in club affairs, nobody feels like paying very much for cards.

## Princesses Chemise

PRINCESS style has found their way to chemises, with the prettiest of them in the shape of a chemise have been growing more and more popular in our time, but the latest trick has been to make of this latest bit of unnecessary fullness and make them what they never promised to be, and that is—graceful.

The application of Princess style is simple enough; just the running of fine tucks down front and back in a sort of head of the tucks, probably six inches wide and about twelve inches long. These tucks draw the chemise in a little about the waist, and yet there is no actual waist line defined, only a shapely line into the long, girl lines that characterize Princess models.

