

For Every Woman According to Her Needs

Doing an Old house Over, No. 6: A Girl's Bedroom.

THE EASIEST WAY TO LENGTHEN SLEEVES.



Useful bookcase for this girl student.



Shelves built about the small windows.



A clever use of an old bureau.

An old bureau was picked up for a song, sandpapered and painted.

By Dorothy Tuke.

THE summer is nearly spent, and autumn will soon be upon us. In a few weeks the schools and colleges will have opened, and the young girl, deep in her studies, will have little time to devote to the renovating of her bedroom. Now is the time. For every sound, healthy girl should take an interest in her room, and do what she can herself to improve it.

There are so very many things that a capable girl can do in fact, she can do almost everything. She can paint the woodwork, stain the floor, make the rugs, paint the furniture, make the curtains, the tablecloth, the bureau scarf, and the bedspread. She can build book shelves, and windows, and do innumerable things if she puts her mind to it. Although this shows itself necessarily takes time, still the girl who makes for herself a pretty and original room will be more than repaid for her labors.

I shall not attempt, in this article, to give very definite ideas or color schemes, because I think it is good for a girl to think these out for herself. Every girl has a certain amount of originality born in her. With some this shows itself sooner or later, in one form or another. Feel as I am writing an advertisement when I say, "beware of imitation," but it is very necessary that we guard against this, for it is so easy just to copy our neighbors and our friends we do it quite unconsciously.

Perhaps this year we do not need to repaper it. It happens that a cheap bedroom paper is in vogue, for it has faded and the colors have been softened. White woodwork would always recommend for a young girl's bedroom. If the woodwork is light oak and we wish to have it white we must cut the varnish by applying a strong solution of

ammonia, after which it must be rubbed down with pumice stone, then painted. This would need either two or three coats.

The furniture could also be painted white. If new furniture has to be bought, old bureaus, washstands, etc., can be picked up for two or three dollars each at second-hand stores, which, when painted up, look as good as new. The white bureau in the illustration is a pretty one, and the oval frame above it has a delightfully old-world air about it. The seat shown was made from an old bureau. The upper drawers were taken away, the top was cut to form the seat, and the sides were partly cut away. I consider this an exceedingly clever way of making use of an old bureau, for it is useful both as a seat and a receptacle, besides being an improvement to a room.

The book shelf shown is simple and easily made, and such a bookcase is always useful, especially for the girl student.

The bedroom illustration shows a pretty idea for shelves, where there are small windows in the room. This room is repapered with a soft gray paper which resembles note paper. It is trimmed with a border having little clusters of roses and leaves joined with gray ribbon. The furniture in this room is mahogany. The rug shown is a round, plaid one, like those our grandmothers made. These are quite easy to make, and can either be made from pieces from the ragging or from unbleached muslin, which can be dyed at home, or from denim. The material must be cut into strips from half an inch to an inch and a half wide, according to the thickness of the material. It is best not to have the strips very long, as they tangle and fray; but they should be about a yard or so in length, and can be joined as you go along. The rug shown is made by using two strips of one shade and one strip of a darker shade, or some harmonizing color. The rug can be plaited just as they are very quickly, but it is best to turn in the edges as

usually should be made and sewn to the inside. Such a worktable, besides being dainty and pretty, is very useful, as there is plenty of room to keep the sewing, and, as well as the wherewithal for sewing, and it is very light and can be easily moved from room to room.

Corner shelves, partitions for bureau drawers and cubbyholes in the bottom of closets for shoes are only a few of the things that a girl who is handy with tools can do; but I am convinced that the girl who once makes a few successful things for her room will be so fascinated by the work that she will be led to do more and more.

The Engagement Ring

INSTEAD of the once-invaluable diamond solitaire, the engaged girl has a new and pretty independence in the matter of what the token of her betrothal shall be.

Birthstones are wonderfully popular for engagement rings, and the gold "Mizpah" bracelets (the kind that fasten on "for keeps," and have to be ignominiously flung off if the engagement is broken) are about equally popular, the bracelets probably best liked of all tokens for these engagements which must necessarily be a matter of years, and are consequently not announced at once.

Perhaps the prettiest of all betrothal gifts, though, was a ring—not a usual ring, by any odds, but a circlet of diamonds, the stone set between two mirrors of gold.

And one girl, who was in business, hit upon a clever way of wearing a ring without letting it tell the tale it usually does. The only man had a replica of his ring made for her to wear on her little finger.

A little while before the wedding, when her engagement was made public, she put the other beautiful ring he had given her on the immovable fourth finger. But the little-finger ring, she said, was the "real" ring.

The Inconvenience of Ill-Timed Visits

WHEN the time comes for balancing the accounts of this world's sinner who "mean no harm," then surely just punishment will be meted to the inconvenient guest, whose rank among well-intentioned criminals is high.

There is the woman who lives in a hotel, who thinks (if she is ever guilty of that process) that marketing is done by machinery and that houses run themselves.

She drops in upon you at 10 o'clock in the morning, smiling, immaculate, bubbling over with her own plans for the day. She generously ignores the dust on the parlor table and the twisted condition of your chair. She is tactfully deaf to the wailing of the baby and blind to the mysterious beckoning of Mary, who has walked past the door six times, because she must see you before going out on that errand.

She only stopped in on her way downtown, she explains. She is going to lunch with a friend later. She wonders how you stay at home so constantly, but then she supposes it has its compensations, in that you seldom miss your friends when they call.

An hour later, having torn your morning gown and changed into a dress which was once a very lovely disposition, she goes away, still smiling, and no doubt inwardly congratulating herself upon having brought a bit of variety into your monotonous day.

There is the woman who always appears at mealtimes. She would not break bread under your roof without a hitherto invited guest, dear no! She knows that the business hours of the masculine end of your establishment compel you to eat on the minute, and at what an unprejudiced observer might consider not quite a reasonable hour; but that makes no difference.

Going in a Moment.

She is going in a moment; she couldn't possibly stay. They are expecting her home to dinner, isn't it two o'clock? Mrs. A. has such absurd hours! She wouldn't think of keeping you; but she does. She stays on, and chats serenely about the weather and the shortcomings of her dressmaker and the newest book. "Oh, haven't you read it?" While footsteps ominously heavy move overhead, and the dinner cools, and you listen with an automatic smile, and an awful sense of impending domestic disaster.

There is the woman who knows that you write articles which misguided editors occasionally accept, and what is more she knows just how you do it, but it must be perfectly lovely, and so you never let her know it. You bring around something she's written for you to look at—and she does.

She comes at an hour when you are simply steaming over your work. She thinks it is simply delicious to have something to do that can be picked up any old time. The little thing she has written well, of course, and you may not care for it, but her sister thought it quite the cleverest thing. She believed she would be a writer, and you would show her a little about your machine. Your work was on the typewriter now? She didn't mind waiting while you took it out. She would just love to see her story in type; it would be almost as nice as having it printed.

So she stays, while you seethe and rage and the fire of genius burns low, and then she goes away and tells somebody that you are getting just a little bit and incidental. There are women who fancy they are clever and so appear to, my dear.

There is the woman who arrives unbidden to meals. She just dropped in to have lunch with you, you know, you don't want to make a fuss for her. She seldom takes anything but a cup of tea and bread and butter in the middle of the day.

A Housekeepers' Litany.

Your sister-in-law and her baby are coming, you said? Why, there will be a little party. That must be rather troublesome. Now, you would like to have them here, but you are sure it won't make any difference if she stays? And you lie down and wait for her to go, and murmur to yourself, "How long—oh, how long!"

Worse than these transitory worries, however, are the inconvenient guests who come to stay over night or longer.

"I cannot very well come at the time you mention, because the woman suggested to me to be in the house for three days; you had planned a week, but I will run over the last of next month for a few days, and you know you never have to make any difference with me!"

Not the last week in next month a week, but the last week in next month, and there is to be a play in town for that week only which you have been dying to see.

—Mrs. B. wants to come.

There is the woman who comes in the thick of the day and her feelings would be hurt irrevocably if you so much as hinted that her visit was inconvenient, and she has conscientious scruples against the thought.

So you have a little, regretful sigh and write a note saying how glad you will be to see her; then spend the next three days in trying to straighten out the tangle she has made in the skein of your carefully arranged plans.

There was once a humorously inclined sufferer who remarked that there might be a housekeepers' litany written by a housekeeper.

"From the thralldom of old family servants—good Lord, deliver us."

And to this petition it seems fitting to add another:

"From the inconvenient guest, also—good Lord deliver us."

Souvenir Postal Pads

A TREAT for postcard friends has been prepared in the shape of a new series of postal pads, which contain a dozen postcards, and the pads are so compact that it is only the size of a card. They are made of paper, and are in your bag as you wander around the country.

On the morning after her arrival the lady suggested that they should go into one of the parlors and play cards with some other women who were there. The girl assented pleasantly enough, but when the suggestion was repeated the afternoon, she again in the evening, and still again the next day, and the one following, she seemed rebellious.

There were beautiful walks and drives around the hotel; there were wide piazzas where often interesting people gathered; there was a library well stocked with books. The elder woman had traveled. She was well educated, intelligent, and she was not at all unkindly. She was, apparently, yet she ignored those opportunities and spent her time at the card table, which she admitted bored her.

The Rings Spots Leave Behind 'Em.

THAT ugly ring which cleaning fluids often leave behind them when they are used for removing spots may be avoided if a thick pad of raw cotton or a couple of thick pieces of blotting paper is laid under the part you are cleaning.



Pleating hides where sleeve and armlet join.



Lace braids and stitches join the lace.



A frill at the top of the cuff.

JUST those of us who have gone in so violently for short sleeves are going to do with the threatened long sleeves arrive in a thing very much to be considered. If you've plenty of material left over, and some of the lace as well, a long cuff will take out the sleeve without a great deal of work.

Some of the prettiest armlets have come out to fill just that need—armlets which are made of lace, and some of them long cuffs made for wearing with the sleeve without a great deal of work.

Some of them are fascinating, in the way they end in frills, pleated or ruffled, which flare out over the cuff, and the hand, but at the top of the cuff, over the plain itself. For a blouse that is to be laundered often, don't get the lace done up well. And ruffling is prettiest when it is treated to a softening

A second Pull.

Iron in the doing-up process. Often embroidery—insertion or motifs—is joined by rows of insertion crossed and criss-crossed in a pattern of its own. Usually the designs of the lace used for these separate cuffs are so simple in design that it is often possible to match the lace of the blouse whose sleeves you want to lengthen in cuffs already to hand.

Some times a plain cuff can be turned into just the cuff for the blouse by adding a bit of hand-embroidery—just a little spray in groups or trails or scrolls, anything that echoes the design, however faintly.

An occasional pair of armlets is a

little buff itself and is intended, not to make the short sleeves into long ones, but to turn them into the pretty three-quarter length that is made up of a couple of pieces.

A good idea, according to one girl who gets along upon about as near nothing as ever a girl did, is to make armlets of lace and "fixings" to match the blouse, and then, instead of sewing them to the blouse, keep them separate, so that the blouse may do double duty—as a short and a long sleeve affair.

The lower part of a good sleeve pattern is all you need to make them on. They should be made on paper, if much lace is to enter into their composition. Home by the way, made of rows of insertion joined by one of the many pretty little headings—of lace or embroidery—are particularly pretty and may be whipped together in a jiffy, in spite of their difficult-to-make look.

What Are You Going to Make of Your Daughter?

IT'S a pretty important matter, this fitting a girl for the niche she has to fill in this world, yet it is one that the average parent is apt to neglect.

From the time a man-child first lies in his cradle, on through the various stages of block building and kite flying, one question is kept ever uppermost in his parents' mind concerning him. What is he going to do?—What will he be? And the daughter—"Oh, girls are different," said one mother vaguely when the above question was put to her. But why?

A girl has her place in life as surely as a man. Not as a bread-winner, possibly—perhaps, even not as the head of a family—but still a place, and she should be fitted for it.

A young girl who had grown up in a household where every one was busy and where interests common and individual were plentiful was invited to spend several weeks in a mountain hotel, as the guest of a wealthy woman a little past middle age.

On the morning after her arrival the lady suggested that they should go into one of the parlors and play cards with some other women who were there. The girl assented pleasantly enough, but when the suggestion was repeated the afternoon, she again in the evening, and still again the next day, and the one following, she seemed rebellious.

There were beautiful walks and drives around the hotel; there were wide piazzas where often interesting people gathered; there was a library well stocked with books. The elder woman had traveled. She was well educated, intelligent, and she was not at all unkindly. She was, apparently, yet she ignored those opportunities and spent her time at the card table, which she admitted bored her.

"Then why do you play?" queried the girl, with youth's bluntness.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the other, plaintively, "I have to do something to kill time."

The woman was not unreasonable, of course, but lack of her inability to find what was worth while in her daily life lay a lamentable want of early training. A girl need not be given a trade or profession, though she is none the worse for having one, even if she never uses it for making money; but she does need an occupation and an absorbing interest or interests.

She may get married—a goodly number of girls do—and it is just as well to be prepared for it. She need not sell out her hypothetical husband's shirt-bands, nor fill a chest with household linen, like the hapless German maiden who, nevertheless, lived and died a spinster; but she won't be any the worse off for knowing how to make bread and cut out a baby's petticoat.

She may have to start out unexpectedly on her own own living. Plenty of women do, of course, if she has some great talent—the voice of an Eleanore (the name of a De Smet, it's a genius of a name)—then the way is clear. But on the other hand she may be just an average woman, with a warm heart and a head that's a bit faulty; and it'll do her no harm if she can count accounts accurately, run a sewing machine, write a good note and say what she wants to say in a way to make people understand.

If your daughter has a particular bent, cultivate it as far as lies within you, but not to the extent of excluding other things. Nature doesn't often do things unthinkingly, and you may depend upon it that if it says or hums shows a marked aptitude with a paint brush or a pair of scissors or a typing pan, that knack

will surely be called into use before she is dead.

It's just as well, however, not to forget to teach her at the same time to put her stocks and bonds on carefully, and to keep her mind informed as to what's going on.

Make of your daughter first of all a woman—not a butterfly, nor a drudge, nor an echo, nor a grenadier, but a real true womanly woman.

Teach her fact if you can—it's a precious possession, discretion—she needs it; self control, and the capacity for meeting emergencies. Then—if she wants a career, help her to it. If she wants a home, help her to that likewise, and show her how to build her home and guard it successfully.

When you have done this, you have made a woman—self-respecting, hearty-minded individual, ready and willing to do her share in the world's work.

To Avoid Rust Marks

LINEN suits have a way of showing up an ugly little rust mark on the back of the shoulders. But you never look inside for the cause? If you did, most probably you found the shoulder marked with plenty of it, and here's a whole story in a nutshell—from the cause to the cure, which you've carefully kept, it whenever your suit has been out of use.

Contagions should always be covered before they are used for white or delicate colored things. Little lanes of water or damp or dainty can be drawn over the four sides and held in place by narrow "ribbons," tied into pretty bows, and these, even if the weather is damp or rainy, will keep the suit from rusting. If it won't come upon your very best lin and tucker, but upon an easily replaced thing.