Above the Den the Landing Is Turned into a Room

No. XIII By Dorothy Tuke

EW houses today have too many sitting-rooms. Most of them have too few. Often we can make a tiny hall or landing an attractive little rendezvous for one or two people, by making the most of every inch of space. If you have a window in the hall, or on the landing, we can build a window seat for it, making a shelf or two below the seat for books or magazines. This seat could have a fitted cushion, and one or two loose ones. Such a desk as that shown takes up little room, and could, perhaps, be used as a screen as well as a desk, by hanging a little curtain on the back of it, and letting it stand out somewhere. Book shelves could be put upon the wall, high enough to allow a chair with a person on it to be beneath it. A pretty book rack, and one that is easily made, is shown in the illustration. This rack takes up very little room and furnishes nicely.

One of the accompanying illustrations shows a well-designed hall and stairway. There are three little steps which lead to a dear little der under the stairs. Above the den is a landing which is used as a room.

One cannot fail to be impressed on entering this hall. To the right is a One cannot fail to be impressed on entering this hall. To the right is a beautifully appointed dining room, with handsome hand-carved French furniture. On the left is a comfortable living room. The den beyond, with its

brick mantel, and its brick red denim portieres, with the Wall of Troy design in heavy white embroidery cotton, makes a delightful little vista, as does also the glimpse of the landing above. The portieres leading to the living room are tan, with a simple design in green and red, and are most decorative. The walls of this hall are left in the rough plaster and thred a soft buff, and the woodwork is weathered oak with the Flemish finish. The colors are all well balanced, and the effect is delightfully harmonious.

Another view of the landing is taken from the top step of the stairs. This shows the little window seats, the desk with the telephone on it, a table and a chair. Having the telephone here has proved a great convenience, as it can easily be heard both upstairs and down, and is readily answered from either place. The young bride finds she spends most of her time on this little landing. She has a beautiful view of the garden from its windows, and she can keep an eye on her maids; moreover it is delightfully cool there in summer, though cosy and warm in winter. She often has afternoon teas there with her friends.

The landing above she uses as a sew-

friends.

The landing above she uses as a sewing landing, and also as a storeroom, for she has had old packing boxes made with hinged lids, and these she has covered with cretonne and chints, has covered with cretonne and chints, has covered with cretonne and chints, and they look charming. She not only stores blankets, etc., in them, but she also uses them as window seats, as they have padded tops.

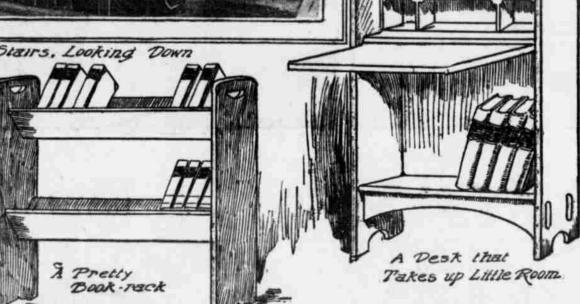
Another illustration shows a cozy cor-

Made into a Cosy Corner From the Top of the Stairs, Looking Down

ner of a hall. Fireside seats have been built in on either side of the brick fireplace. These with a desk, a chair and a table constitute the furniture of this attractive retreat, which is much used by its owners.

Often our halls are long and narrow, and then they seem almost hopeless. A bench with a few good cushions is about the only thing for such a hall, with perhaps a small table beside it for a plant or a book or two. A space always looks smallest before it is furnished, so do not condemn a corner as being too small for any use until you

hisped, so do not condemn a corner as being too small for any use until you have tried putting some furniture there. A clever housekeeper is the one who makes the most of what she has, and surely this applies to our halls and landings.



## Don't be Ashamed of Sentiment

this M., erry spid-oni- ern to the dense the the mow pple con-

E AMERICANS are rather given, these days, to the cuitivation of iconociasm. We pride ourselves on our freedom from iliusions, our sound common sense and our lack of what we are pleased to call foolish sentiment. We take pleasure occasionally in shattering cherished ideals; we talk wisely about the lack of depths in feeling that can find expression in words; and we go our self-assured, complacent way, little realizing that we are losing one of the best things in life.

Once as a schoolgirl I spent a week in the house of a New England woman, whose manner toward her own children

whose manner toward her own children
even was always marked by formality
and constraint. Quite naturally I went
to her with some small problem the
evening of my arrival, and I was rather
surprised at the corresponding with which surprised at the eagerness with which she came to my aid. During the re-mainder of my stay she had me constantly with her. She interested her-self in my small gayeties and fineries, and encouraged my confidences by word and look. When the time came for me to go she broke down over a pile of ribbons she was folding to put in my trunk

ribbons she was folding to put in my trunk.

"You don't know what it has been to me to do these little things for you," she said. "My own daughters never let me touch their clothes or talk about their affairs. They think I am silly to say that I care for them."

That little word "say" held the key to the situation. It was not that those daughters did not love their mother and want her love, but they objected to that love being put into words, and a year later that mother died with neither of her girls beside her, simply because even in dying she shrank from telling them that she was ill and wanted to see them. see them.

Almost daily we pass by opportunities

them that she was ill and wanted to see them.

Almost daily we pass by opportunities for giving happiness, simply because we think it foolish to say the little word of commendation or appreciation. Often we appear indifferent to beauty of sight or sound, simply because we are afraid or ashamed to put our pleasure into words.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in the enjoyment of a beautiful painting, a rars strain of music, a dainty bit of verse, a God-given sunset, or an exquisite human being. There is nothing criminal in the impulse to caress a tiny dimpled baby, or even a little fluffy kitten or puppy. It isn't a horrible thing to tell people you care for them and like to have them around you. It is even pardonable if you occasionally show some elight outward and active demonstration toward those you love.

The time of the Connecticut blue laws, when "No one shall run upon the Sabbath, no woman shall kiss her child upon the Sabbath, are long gone by, but we're making a set of blue laws for ourselves, and we're making a big mistake in the construction.

Even that bloodless old cynic Voltairs said that "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman," and he meant it. A man who is always ashamed of his feelings is bad enough, though he usually gets his punishment in soon ceasing to have any feelings to be ashamed of, but a woman in the same plight has lost one of the greatest jewsis in the crown of her sex.

Don't induige in maudilin sentimentality, between which and true sentiment there is ever a great gulf fixed, but on the rudest imagery.

## THE LITTLE BELONGINGS OF DRESS

THE LITTI

The place of ruching isn't quite fresh, I know," said the girl, as she put the finishing touches to her toilet, "but I believe fill wear it once more," and she went down town in an immaculate linen suit, a daintily laundered blouse, a hat whose cost had pricked her conscience for a week, shoes and gloves that were in harmony, and—the half solled piece of ruching.

At nightfall she drew the offending dress appurtenance from its place at the neck of her blouse and tossed it in the waste basket with a sigh of relief.

"I'll never, never do such a thing again," she said to her bosom friend, who watched this final move, with eyes full of interested speculation. "It's the little things that count, after all."

"It is with those of us who haven't money enough to buy really nice big ones," said the bosom friend moodily. "With people like you it doesn't seem to matter so much."

"Doesn't it, though?" replied the other energetically. Just you wait till I tell you. I went in town on the train this morning, and I sat behind a woman whose collar pins were crooked. They were the dearest little pins, and the collar was a dream, but the way they were the dearest little pins, and the collar was a dream, but the way they were the dearest little pins, and the collar was a dream, but the way they were put in got on my nerves. Once I caught myself actually leaning forward to straighten them, and I noticed then that the woman had a tiny hole in her glove. She was beautifully dressed otherwise, and I thought, what a shame! All these pretty clothes, and that hole and those pins, and then—I remembered the beam in my own eyemeaning my soiled ruching, and my whole trip was spoiled.

"From the train I went directly to Mrs. A. s, because I had to see her on some little matter, and—you know how famed she is for her taste in dress? My dear, she sent for me to come up to her room, and she was wearing the most

place All of that seeming is true until you come to that puff, which, instead of being treated "carelessly." is one of the most artfully planned and ingeniously

exquisite neglige of pink silk and lace. She hadn't taken the trouble to fasten it, and I couldn't help seeing that the ribbon in her corset cover was faded and dingy and frayed at the ends. It bothered me so that I looked down at her feet in order not to see it, and I wished I hadn't. She had on a pair of cast-off white satin party slippers, filthy dirty, and broken at the heeis! It made me feel sick all over, and the worst of it was some little thing inside of me seem-

## Dotted Swiss for Cuffs and Collars

OR the girl who indulges in plenty of turnover cuffs and collars, nothing is much more attractive than the new ways of treating dotted swiss. Swiss with the tiniest of dots has Swiss with the tiniest of dots has been used for many a long day, the hems set by hand, or perhaps briarstitched with the soft brench cottons. But the swiss which boasts larger dots, and has those dots treated in a dozen different ways, is particularly good for the deep curis which are the favorite style this fall.

Cartain of the dots are chosen with which to form a design, the rest of the dots carefully ripped out. A row of dots may be disposed so that they seem to march along the hem in Indian file. Sometimes they are embroidered with colored cotton, the original embroidery acting as a padding.

Briar-stitching is often another factor in the design—daisles made, perhaps, by letting the stitching ray out from a central dot to other dots and back again, each return trip completing a petal. In this case, too, all unnecessary dots may be ripped out.

ed to be fairly yelling, 'You can't say anything-look at your ruching.'" "Brother Tom used to say," interposed the bosom friend, "that half-gentlemen never blacked the heels of their shoes."
"And brother Tom made a pretty shrewd observation," said the other. "But wait, that isn't all. From Mrs. A.'s I took the car down to the shopping district, and positively I believe there was something wrong with the dress of every woman who got in or out of that car. Not in big things, for as far as the necessary articles went everything was all right, but the little things were out of gear. One woman had her veil pinned wrong, another wore a solled white belt, a third had been economical of hairpins and treated the public to a vision of scolding locks creeping down her neck; a fourth-now don't look disgusted, she didn't realize it—hadn't been as thorough in her treatment of her neck as she might have been when she took her bath. There were women whose sheestrings were frayed, and women whose handkerchiefs seemed a day old, and—every time I looked that voice seemed to grow louder, 'You can't say a word—look at your ruching.'
"The cirk who waited on me at E.'s was pretty and neatly dressed, but her fingernalls needed attention. The waitress who served my lunch had spilled something on her apron. I came home on the train with a girl I know, and her gloves ought to have sone to the cleaner's last week. No, I'll never be careless in little things again—it doesn't leave me any opportunity to criticise my neighbor."

"It takes so much money to have them always nice," sighed the bosom friend.

"And time," added the girl, viciously snipping a yard of ruching into neck lengths, "but it pays." "Brother Tom used to say," interposed the bosom friend, "that half-gentlemen

SHORT time ago a celebrated A surgeon was called in to examine a little child whose legs were curved and twisted in the most hideous manner. Careful questioning revealed the fact that the baby had some slight congenital deformity which prevented its running about as fast as its more fortunate brothers and sisters, and the mother, either unable or unwilling to look after its shaky footsteps, would put it in a high chair and leave it there for the greater part of the day.

The little feet could not reach the moor, there was no rest board, and instinctively the child had curied its legs around the rounds of the chair, day after day, until they had become hopelessly malformed. Taken in time the early disease might have been cured, but now no skill of the surgeon's knife could prevent the child from being a lifelong cripple.

Horrible, we say, and it is; yet how many mothers, who would be shocked at the mere suggestion, are guilty daily of thoughtless crueitles to their children.

Most dressmakers will tell you that the average woman has one shoulder higher than the other, and the reason is in plain sight. It is only necessary to walk a couple of squares to meet half a dozen women each holding a little child tightly by the hand, absolutely ignoring the fact that the baby's arm is being held high enough hideous manner. Careful question-

almost to wrench it from its socket. I saw a woman pick a child up by one arm and carry it across a crowded street the other day, and I am positive her intentions were of the kindest. I

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTIES TO CHILDREN

her intentions were of the kindest. I knew a mother who always smacked her baby's fingers if he touched anything on his tray, yet one day when she forgot to feed him, and the child, remembering his lesson, put his mouth down and tried to eat, puppy fashion, she wept, and wondered why she had a savage for a child.

Vanity is responsible for some species of cruelty—the vanity of the mother for her child, not herself. There are women who twist their hair in hard knots, ignore their waistlines and pass a millinery opening without the quiver of an eyelash; who deck their children out until they rival the lilles of the field, and then think the poor babies are happy because they look nice. Short white socks are the fashion, and many a tot thus chad have I geen on the street on a nippy day, its plump little calves positively blue with cold. During a spell of scorching weather I came down in the car with a woman and two little girls. Both children wore stiffly starched white frocks that had "we mustn't be rumpled" written all over them. Both wore wide, fapping hats tied under the chin with hig pink hows, and around the two poor little hot faces hung hair, carefully trimmed to the length that can do the most maddening amount of tickling, tied on either side of two moist little foreheads with more pink bows!

Did that woman think she was cruel? Heavens, no! She thought she was one of the most devoted mothers on record. Mothers who talk about their children before them, whether in praise or blame, cause a tremendous amount of unnecessary suffering. Children are seldom maliciously wilful by nature, but if their shortcomings are discussed with an audience they are soon in a fair way to become so; while the injudicious drawing of attention to good points is sure to develop self-consciousness.

Don't leave a little child too long in one position. You are liable to spoil its looks and its temper, as well as develop prematurely that curse of the American nation—nerves.

Don't if it is allowed to come to the table, make it sit in a chair that is too low for it to reach its plate comfortably.

Don't make it sit unnecessarily anywhere where its legs have to dangle. The legs will "go to sleep" and you know yourself that isn't pleasant.

And don't, whatsver you do, hurt a child's feelings wittingly. Punishments are necessary, of course, scoldings must be given on occasions, but there are ways and ways of doing things. When you are dealing with the youngsters it is well to remember Life's definition of impudence: "Impudence is when children talk to grown people the way grown people talk to children." Mothers who talk about their chil-



Lining

with Forn

soft material over a cotton lining would. after but a few wearings under a coat, crush and take on the shape of the form. And since the lining fits so closely, this extravagance is pardonably small. you must get, and get so that it was stay.

Under that bit of soft, artistic drapery, a substantial foundation of crinoline and whalebone is concealed. This is the main point in the arrangement for nothing is ugiler nor more at variance with the exquisite French idea of woman's dress than that there shall be any sign of the mechanism showing.

To successfully hide the form, a taffets sleeve lining is necessary, as a form. And since the lining his so closely, this extravagance is pardonably small.

The exact purpose of the little "shelf" is to set the small puff out directly at the shoulder. Ruffles of taffeta have been used as a substitute, but they are more clumsy and, at the same time, less substantial.

For the construction of your forms an eighth of a yard of lightweight crinoline and twelve inches of whale-

Sleeve for an Afternoon Gown

bone in a casing are necessary. Two semi-circular pleces (one for each



arm) are cut so that they, in a man-her follow the body's lines, sloping a little more rapidly towards the back and gradually towards the front. The whalebone in its casing is sewed se-curely about the circular edge extend-ing downwards. In sovering, put the slik flat on one

side—as this will do away with the clumsiness of a double row of picata. Your form is now ready to baste into the lining for trying on. All being correct the outside drapery—which is made up separately—may, with the trimming, be tacked into piace.

The scason's most popular and graceful sleeve, as shown is appropriate for evening as well as afternoon gowns. The model given is of broadcloth trimmed with Irish lace and velvet.

Round puffs are built on exactly the same foundation. One of the latter, made of chiffon with a particularly attractive linish, is pictured.

The effect of the crinoline worn under one of the latter, coat sleeves is also shown for a coat of meiton cloth.