

# For Every Woman According to Her Needs

## Making the Most of Halls and Landings



Above the Den the Landing Is Turned into a Room

Made into a Cozy Corner

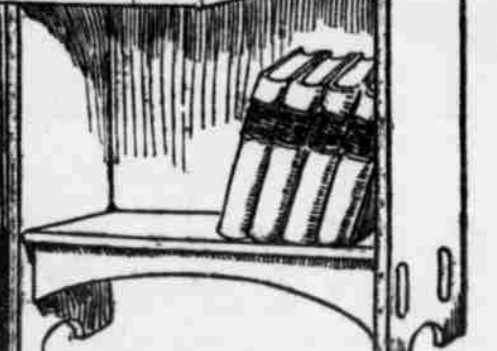
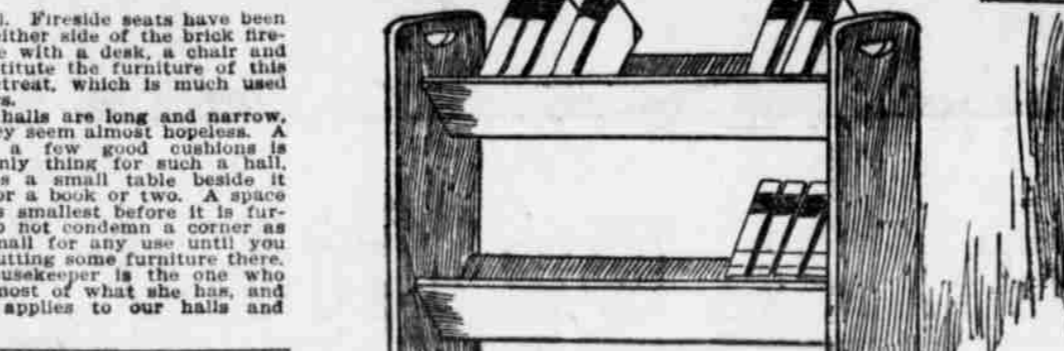
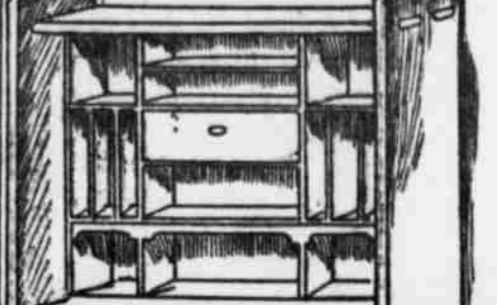
From the Top of the Stairs, Looking Down

No. XIII  
By Dorothy Tuke

FEW 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 fitted cushion and one or two lounge ones. Such a seat 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 den 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 beautifully appointed dining room, with handsome hand-carved French furniture. On the left is a comfortable living room. The den beyond, with its



### Don't be Ashamed of Sentiment

WE AMERICANS are rather given, these days, to the cultivation of iconoclasm. We pride ourselves on our freedom from illusions, our sound common sense and our lack of what we are pleased to call foolish sentiment. We take pleasure occasionally in shattering cherished ideas; 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 even was always marked by formality and constraint. Quite naturally I went to her with some small problem of the evening of my arrival, and I was rather surprised at the eagerness with which she came to my aid. During the remainder of my stay she had me constantly with her. She interested herself in my gaities 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.

"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 take care for them."

That little word "silly" 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 shrunk from telling 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 rare 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 slight outward and active demonstration toward those you love.

The time of the Connecticut blue laws, when no one shall run upon the Sabbath, are long gone by. The time of the English laws for ourselves, and we're making a big mistake in the construction of our lives.

Even that timeless old cynic Voltaire said that "all the reasonings of men are but one sentiment of women." And he meant it. A man who is always ashamed of his feelings is dead enough, though he usually gets his punishment in soon ceasing to have any feelings to be ashamed of, but a sterner fate awaits him. The most of the greatest jewels in the crown of her sex.

Don't indulge in maudlin sentimentality, between which and true sentiment there is a vast difference. It's not that you should be ashamed to possess the quality that can give an irresistible charm to the roughest imagery.

### THE LITTLE BELONGINGS OF DRESS

THAT piece of ruffling isn't quite fresh, I know," said the girl, as she put the finishing touches to her toilet, 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-soiled piece of ruffling.

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

"I'll never wear that 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 they were 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—' remember the beam in my own eye—meaning my soiled ruffles, and my whole trip was spoiled."

From the train I went directly to Mrs. A's, because I had to see her for some little matter—and you know how fanned 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

exquisite negligé 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 covers was faded and dingy and frayed at the ends. It bothered me so that I looked down at her dress 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, not broken at the heel. It made me feel sick all over, and the worst of it was some little thing inside of me seemed to be fairly yelling, 'You can't say anything—look at your ruffling.'"

"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 wall papered wrong, another wore a 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 shoestrings 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 ruffling.'"

"The clerk who waited on me at E's was pretty and neatly dressed, but her fingernails needed attention. The waitress who served my lunch had spilled something on her apron. I came home on the train with a girl I knew, and her gloves ought to have gone to the cleaner's last week. No, I'll never be careless in little things again—I don't leave me any opportunity to criticize my neighbor."

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

"And time," added the girl, vigorously snapping a yard of ruffling into neck length. "but it pays."

### THOUGHTLESS CRUELITIES TO CHILDREN

A SHORT time ago a celebrated 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 footstep, 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 floor, there was no rest board, and instinctively the child had curled 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 lifetime cripple.

Horrible, we say, and it is; yet how many mothers, who would be shocked at the mere suggestion, are guilty daily of thoughtless cruelties 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 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 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 lilacs 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 clad has seen 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 were sturdily starched white frocks that had "we mustn't be ruffled" written all over them. Both were wide, ruffling hats tied under the chin with big pink bows, and around the two poor little hot faces hung hair, carefully trimmed to the length that can do the most maddening amount of teckling, 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, whatever 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 Lillie's definition of impudence: "Impudence is when children talk to grown people the way grown people talk to children."

### Foundation of Crinoline and Whalebone

THE subtleties of dress are well illustrated by the apparently simple sleeve shown in the illustration. The fashion's demand this year, you wonder at such an assertion. For the sleeve seems to follow the lines of the arm in a way that looks easy of accomplishment, and ends at the shoulder in a little puff carefully set so it seems caught in 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

### Back View of a Trimmed Sleeve

constructed parts of the whole costume. The very absence of exaggeration in any direction adds to this, for the correct set must get, and get so that it will 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 with the exquisite French idea of 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.

## The Latest Sleeve—how the French Make It

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### The Flat Form and Its Covering

A Good Sleeve for a Helton Coat

Sleeve for an Afternoon Gown

side—as this will do away with the unpleasantness of double sleeves. Your form is now ready to be fitted to the lining for trying on. All being correct, the outside of the sleeve is made up separately—may, with the trimming, be tucked into the sleeve. The season'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 finish is pictured below. The effect of the crinoline worn under one of the latest coat sleeves is also shown for a coat of moulton cloth.