

Goody Two-shoes



Getting Ready for the Party

The French Kid of Pique

White Buckskin—Easier to Keep Clean than Black Shoes

Sandals Are Fashionable

Moccasins for the First Short Dress

Sturdy Russets for Strenuous Travellers

The Quaintest of Them All

THERE'S plenty of variety in shoe-styles for tiny folks, both in sensible, every-day kinds and in the daintiest of party slippers.

The important occasion of wearing the first short dress brings out a lot of tiny moccasins, some made of heavy kid, finished with narrow thongs which tie in true woodsman's fashion around the ankles. All the soft ooze leathers are used, besides, for moccasins, laced up with thongs, or with narrow ribbons pulled through silk-stitched eyelets.

They are half-shapeless, those funny little bags of shoes that go by the name of moccasins, but they take on the lines of a baby's chubby foot, and grow to a certain shapeliness.

Gray and tan and white buckskin and pink and blue and white kid—in all these variations are moccasins found, soft and comfortable, and as thoroughly babyish in their style as anything could be.

White buckskin shoes appeal strongly to the taste of those mothers who can afford to keep their children in all-white, even to shoes. They're really easier to keep clean than black shoes, with the new preparations of pipe clay that have followed in the wake of the fad for white shoes. Cleaning is about as easy to do as dressing and blacking; and the black shoes do "scuff" so terribly!

Russet shoes are the resource of the woman who can't indulge in all-white. They are less trouble to care for than either black or white, and are almost as attractive. And laced shoes are most popular for the first walking shoes, because of the more perfectly adjusted support to wobbly little ankles.

Sandals are fashionable in the dress-up shoes—the French kind, high shoes, open down the front, except for a series of straps. In these black is prettiest, although they are made in pink and blue and white as well as in black.

Nothing has ever taken the place of the quaint single-strapped slippers, but, although they are cunning enough to tempt you to use them for every day—don't! They give absolutely no support to the ankles.

For "parties," a dozen variations of white shoes and slippers are planned, the tiny single-strapped slippers, with their ridiculous broad toes, being the cunningest of all.

White stockings are oftenest worn, but pink stockings where a pink slip is worn under the white dress, and a pink sash, tied on, add a pretty little touch and may be worn with either white or black shoes. Blue slips are very rarely worn, but when the sash (or shoulder knots) is of blue, blue stockings are very cunning.

Some odd little socks have come out, in plain color, with clocks up the sides, and others with tiny stripes of color running around on a white ground, for all the world like the striping of a stick of candy!

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, yet the resolute little 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 he basely deserted, and left her going at the four walls, determined "to do or die." She did.

The house was old, a thing none of them had been particularly proud of before; for, like most heirlooms, it was "only old enough to be ancient, instead of properly antique." But the architect had, for some occult reason, made it with odd recesses—not interesting, deep places, suggestive of cosy corners and effective places for palms. But the wall was pushed back in queer places for no apparent reason—perhaps a miserable six inches or even less—which made rugs a necessity unless you were willing to have carpet breadths 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 there the china closet—a plate closet, the other half insisted upon calling it—was built.

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 augur 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 right distances apart by means of little metal plugs fitting securely into the holes.

On the lowest shelf went dinner plates and on the top the prettiest of the bread and butter plates, while in between were graduated all sorts and sizes of plates. And on the very top—the "outside top"—were set a couple of slender vases. Around the room, level with the top of the china closet, ran a plate rack, disposing of still more of the plates.

Yet the china closet, although easing the real closet of half its burden of china, and putting the prettiest out of the danger of daily contact, practically took up no room.

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 noticing—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 polite observance, even if she hasn't been home taught. All her beauty and charm of youth is forgotten as you watch her talk gaily 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 carelessly—too carelessly 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 I doubt.

It's a rare object lesson, which unconsciously makes you straighten up and wonder if you're lapsing into little carelessnesses yourself. Look around you the next time you lunch downtown!

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 the things not in frequent use rolled up in flannel or canton 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.

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 little luxury. Powder puffs and mirrors got in the way, so now, except for the most occasional of bags, the fittings 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. Rouge pots and eyebrow pencils were arranged for, and a tiny well 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.

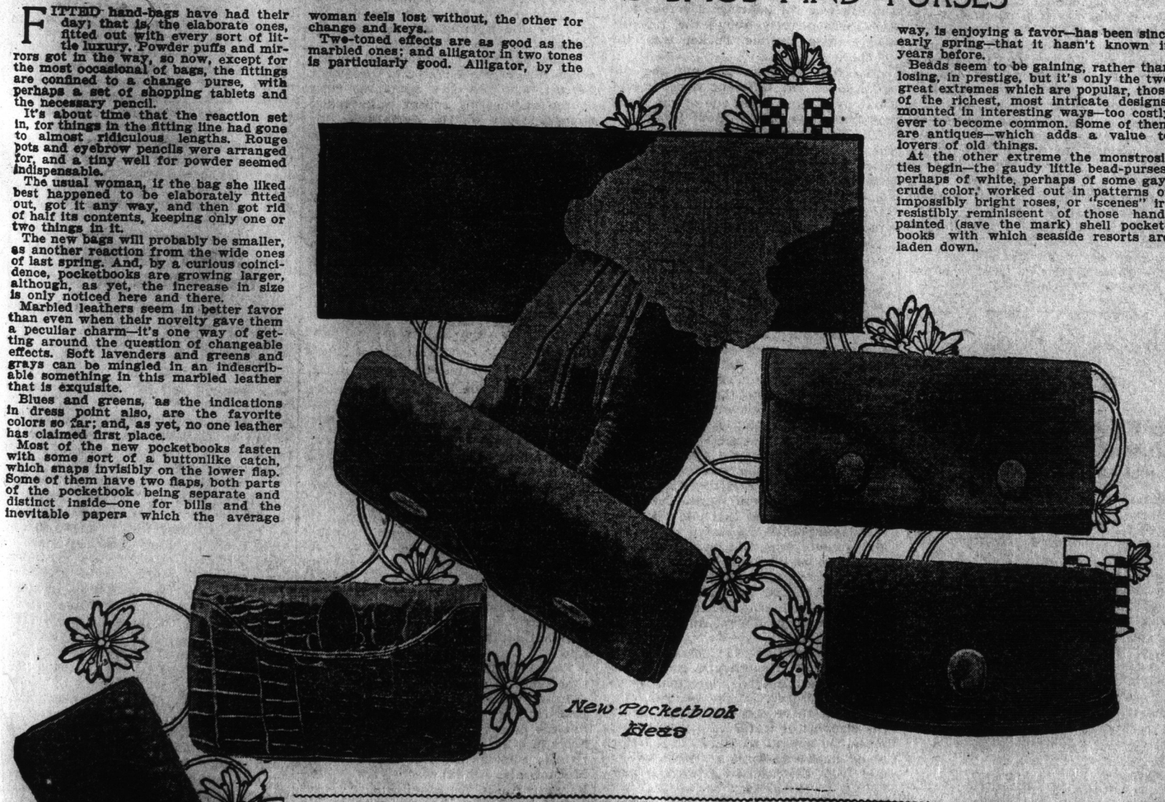
The new bags will probably be smaller, as another reaction from the wide ones of last spring. And, by a curious coincidence, pocketbooks are growing larger, although, as yet, the increase in size is only noticed here and there.

Marbled leathers seem in better favor than even when their noveity gave them a peculiar charm—it's one way of 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 one 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 keys.

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.



New Pocketbook Dress

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 gay, crude color, worked out in patterns of impossibly bright roses, or "scenes" irresistibly reminiscent of those hand-painted (save the mark) shell pocket-books with which seaside resorts are laden down.

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 medaillions, 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—a lion rampant, or something equally impossible to nature, but wonderfully decorative.

Like everything else, easier methods have been applied to filet work, which bring it more into popularity and detract comparatively little from its beauty. The main change is the introducing of heavier thread in the working—as often mercerised cotton as the duller linen—which fills up the design so much more quickly that a whole set of medaillions can be made in the same time it would take to make one in the old, finer way. The effect, while not so delicate, is very good.

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 deftly 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 or gown.

WATER TOYS AND FLOWERS

WATER toys are extremely popular gifts to make children, even to those older ones who are about ready to put away childish things as regards toys. And the littlest tots will consent to innumerable baths (no matter how much they hate them) if a 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 to a Noah's ark that will float.

The most interesting of all to older children are the Chinese wooden water flowers. They look like nothing but little slivers 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 before. The dabs of paint resolve themselves into different markings on the blossoms.

Something that grows before your eyes is always interesting, even to grown-ups, and a wooden bud which blossoms in a few minutes is most wonderful to a child.

HARDANGER SETS

THE prettiest, plainest set of Hardanger collars and cuffs were invented 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, half of the material left plain, and 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 treated in the same severely plain way. Yet it was the most effective sort of set when worn.

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

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 even window seats, and the prominent presence of sofa pillows, which were piled high to the very window-sills.

Just 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 comfortably concoct all sorts of interesting things to eat and drink.

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

Pillows of all sizes and sorts were there by the dozen, covered, no two alike, with stuffs in strong, rich colors, flung together in a thoroughly bizarre way.

Yet—and here is the reason for the story—not one of these 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 resolve itself out of that chaos.

One wanted a window seat, deep and springy—a couch, in a way—built into the window. Another wanted old-fashioned window seats, the seats forming lids of boxes below, in which could be stored vast quantities of things.

A third suggested making a tiny room of the deep window by hanging curtains from a line drawn straight across, and fixing it up with tea table and small chairs.

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

For a wonder, everybody was satisfied; and then the question of pillows came up. Stored 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 mock ceremonies, motions 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 shop them was a quandary, for everybody entered into the spirit of the thing and insisted upon being first. At last it was decided that each should bring her pile down, wrapped in a sheet, and at the same moment each should take off her sheet, so that all three piles would be shown at once.

Three radically different piles were revealed. One was a collection of burlap pillows, each in a solid color and every one different, in accordance with the rule. Two were red, but the two shades of red—a light and a dark Indian red—had been used, scraps of the dark forming borders on the light, and an imposing set of initials cut out of the light sprawling majestically across the dark. Two were blue—two shades, but each left plain; two green, trimmed with tasselike points all around, one with its own color, the other with red; and a soft old yellow one, with another of brown, made up that eight.

The girl who had made them rendered her bill proudly—it was 35 cents for each cover, way under the amount allowed.

The second pile was greeted with shouts of laughter, for surmounted with a pillow covered with an American flag was a group of flag pillows. It had been impossible to find the flags of the right sizes, so the girl who made them had bought china silk in the right colors and made them up herself.

A Japanese flag, backed with red, shone out bravely from one; the Union Jack made another; a black flag, with a startling green shamrock on it, was intended for the Irish flag; college flags made the fifth and sixth; a rather sinister-looking black flag bore a remarkable skull and crossbones; while an auction flag—one of those yellow horrors that are flaunted at summer resorts—made another, with "auction" in huge red letters staring boldly out from its surface.

But the last pile restored the equilibrium, for there were no daring flights of genius expressed in it. Each was made of some inexpensive stuff, in Oriental effects, with two exceptions—a pillow covered with blue bandanas and one with red ones, knotted at the corners.

POSTAL CARDS AS PLACE CARDS

A NOVEL one of the many uses picture post cards are put to in this day of the fad was invented on the spur of the moment for an affair given by a girls' luncheon club.

Funds were low, as they have a way of being, and the artistic ability to make cards out of a few scraps and a paint brush (as the writers of glittering generalities often suggest) being as conspicuous by its absence as the necessary wherewithal, some one suggested using picture postals.

That suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm. A visit to the shops was crowned with success in the shape of a dozen little Oriental ladies (the luncheon was strictly Japanese in decoration), clad in the gayest of kimonos, with their hair beautifully lacquered, who bowed and smiled or glanced coquettishly over their fans from their respective post-card backgrounds.

So many postals are ornamented with Japanese figures, or with just pretty scenes, or girls' heads—interesting enough in themselves—that it is easy to find enough different ones to suit any particular scheme of decoration. And, somehow, in club affairs, nobody feels like paying very much for cards.

PRINCESSE CHEMISE

PRINCESSE styles have found their way to chemises, with the prettiest possible effect.

Chemises have been growing more and more shapely in out for years, but this latest trick has robbed them of the last bit of unnecessary fulness and made them what they never professed to be, and that is—graceful.

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