

The Ideal Home

THE VALUOUS BED ROOMS OF A HOUSE.

By Margaret Greenleaf
Illustrated by G.B. Mitchell.

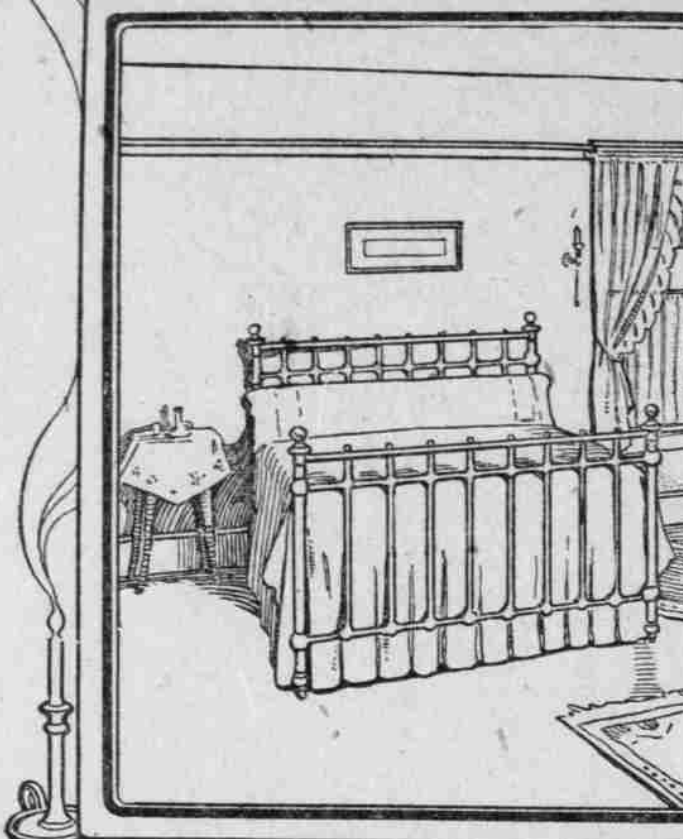
Copyright, 1908, by Margaret Greenleaf.
The ideal home that portion of the house which is shut off from the more formal rooms, and from the intrusion of the less intimate visitor, is as complete in its appointments as are the reception rooms of the first floor.

In the furnishing and fitting of the bedrooms, the individuality of the various members of the household is evoked, or in small families the mistress of the house finds here an opportunity to exercise her taste and ingenuity in many ways, as each room or suite is complete in itself and can be furnished without reference to adjoining rooms.

Today when hygiene, spelled with a capital "H," is so largely and rightly considered, the actual sleeping-room or space where the bed is placed is frequently only an adjunct to the room proper. The sleeping porch, opening on a glass door from the chamber has become more than a fad, and is indulged in not only by the invalid, but by those who have a longing for unlimited supplies of fresh air. However, when this arrangement exists, the characteristics of the room are unchanged, save by the absence of the bed. The dresser and couch, easy chairs, book-shelves and screens are assembled, and with the presence of the bed the room is furnished.

Wall papers of suitable color and design are selected, or the walls are made sweet and attractive by a delicate water-color tint on rough plaster, and completed by a drop ceiling covered with paper of floral design against a clear ground.

In the drawing shown of a guest-room the walls have been decorated with a half-garland of dainty pink blossoms, green leaves and a bit of floating blue ribbon in the design is applied to the ceiling, extending to the picture rail. A similar design is shown on the material used at the windows as over curtains and in the covering of the winged chair. The side walls are tinted green in a soft pastel shade. The central rug is a simple design showing tones of mossy green. The standing woodwork of the room is of ivory white enamel, and the built-in bookcases are treated as part of the standing woodwork. The small table and several chairs, as well as the screen frame, have also been enameled. The table and chairs were bought unfinished at a department store, and were originally designed for kitchen furnishings. The work of an amateur, but as the material employed is easy to apply and re-



THE ROOM READY FOR THE INDIVIDUAL TOUCHES

quires no rubbing between the coats, the finished effect is excellent.

The rug was the most expensive part of the furnishing. It cost \$20. The cotton print, given a mottored finish, shows lovely soft colors, and costs 40 cents a yard. Next the glass of the windows are hung creamy Madras curtains, which are neatly caught back on either side.

The decorative details of this room were composed and evolved by the woman who loved her home and beautified it. The extensive lamp shade shown on the small table and the candle screens were the

work in her hands. There is no single glaring note in the entire color scheme. The various shades of rose and of green tone the one into the other, while the exquisite ivory of woodwork and furniture is repeated in the creamy curtains of the windows.

The room designated in the illustration as "a man's room" is especially interesting and characteristic. The bold, sturdy lines of the dark oak furniture include the cottage bed, a McKinley armchair, a candle-stand and, last but not least, a bachelor's chiff-

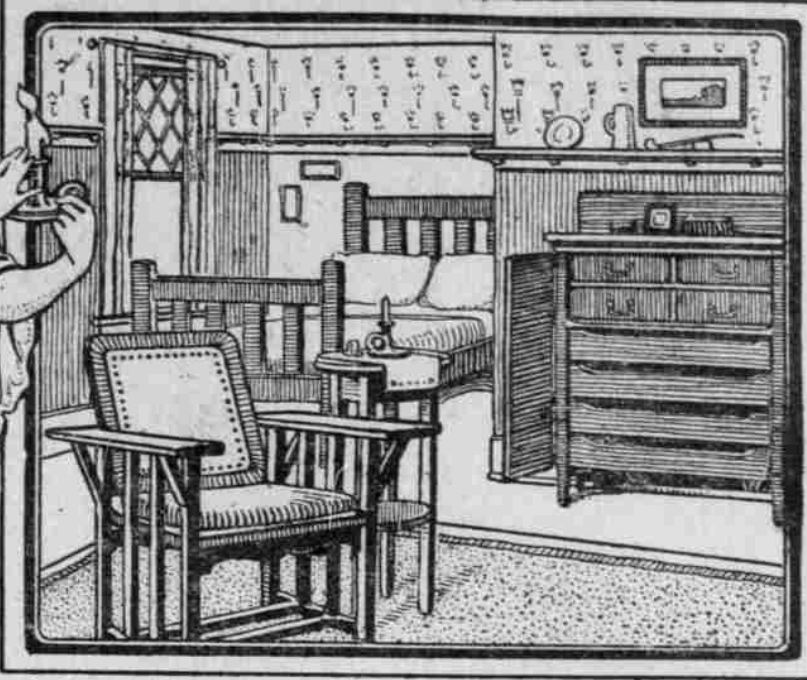
oner. This furniture is not expensive, though it is well built, and, as will be seen by the illustration, simple of line. It was brought in an unfinished state and stained to match the woodwork of the room. Each chair found here spells comfort. The bed is unusually long and more than three-quarters in width. The chiffonier is arranged for the convenient stowing of shirts and trousers, as well as the smaller accessories of the toilet. The walls are simply treated, the upper third being covered with a paper of

dead-leaf brown, showing a conventional design in old blue at spaced intervals. This, with the darker brown of the woodwork and the two-toned brown stripe paper used for the lower wall, is relieved by the ceru tone of the tiles about the mantel and the ceiling color, which is repeated in the plain of drapery at the windows.

The other room shown is complete in its furnishing, and yet in comparison with the neighboring drawing one feels its incompleteness. This room lacks the individual touches. It would be



A CORNER OF THE GUEST ROOM.



A MAN'S ROOM WITH FURNITURE OF DARK OAK

impossible to determine in looking at this room the characteristics of its occupant. Such a room, however, is as often found in the homes of well-to-do people who are fond of beautiful things as in a hotel.

I receive many letters from women who, after carefully fitting the rooms in their homes, feel that they are commonplace, and, as they often express it, "do not look homelike or inviting." It is to these that the invitation is extended to write to the department, saying before me the problems which confront them and to such I can safely promise assistance.

Correspondence.

A troubled woman writes: "I have a room with green paper in stripes of two shades of the walls and nice Nottingham lace curtains at the windows. The woodwork is golden oak. The curtains reach to the floor and are caught back, but somehow they do not look well. My carpet is a kind of yellow-brown and green, the furniture golden oak. The curtains are the trouble with this room. I would like to have them changed. Can you advise me?"

Answer:—Take down the curtains and buy some madras by the yard—from 75 cents to \$1 will give you a good quality. Select a design of green, with yellow and green figures. Make the curtains to come only to the sill, and finish with a three-inch hem. This will improve your room.

"Would you be kind enough to look over the specifications for my new house and advise as to the interior finish, tiles and hardware. I would be glad to pay for this, as it would be a great help."

Answer:—Send your specifications and a blue print of plans, and I will be glad to give you the requested advice. These columns are open to all readers and no charge is made for any advice given.

"A. B. C." writes: "Could you tell me where I can get a nice blue and white paper for a little girl's room, to cost about 50 cents a single roll? Also what kind of a bed shall I get? She thinks it means one would be nice."

Answer:—I will send you several samples of blue paper suitable for a little girl's room, that you may select from them. These range from 25 to 40 cents a roll. A brass bed is suitable in the room you describe.

PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE CRUELTY OF WAR

THE OREGON HUMANE SOCIETY recently offered a first prize of \$1250 and a second prize of \$750, to be awarded to High School students of Portland who wrote the best composition on the following subject: "War is Cruel and Inhuman, and Will Ultimately Give Way to Arbitration."

Many competitors were submitted and the judges were Miss Anna Ditchburn, the late Judge Thomas G. Halley and Rabbi Jonah B. Wise. The first prize was awarded to James B. Oakes, 287 Morris street, and the second prize to A. Watkins, 236 Grant street, both students of the West Side High School.

The Oregon Humane Society has given like prizes in the past, and hopes each year in the future to award prizes to students of the High School for similar subjects.

For many years the Humane Society had given first and second prizes for each of the Grammar schools of Portland, but there are now no more such prizes, and the funds of the society are so limited, that this excellent work had to be temporarily discontinued, although inestimable benefit would have resulted from the pupils carefully selected, and the pupils submitted essays that were indeed creditable.

FIRST PRIZE

BY JAMES B. OAKES.

THE subject that war is cruel and inhuman and will ultimately give way to arbitration, is of vast importance and of a corresponding interest; of importance because it affects all nations, big or little; of interest because it shows a disposition on the part of the nations of the globe to lay aside their dread playthings of war and to settle their differences of the future by man would settle difference with man, not by jealousy, but by generosity; not by narrow-mindedness but by broad-mindedness, not by blood but by the court of justice.

This question is not a growth that has sprung up during the night, on the other hand, it is a plant that took root years ago, when the improved munitions of war came to be used, that became firmly implanted and has grown thrifly ever since. It is a question that has gained weight and favor at least with this country from the time of the Mexican War, and it has gained steadily in the eyes of all nations, from the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Boer, the Japan and Russian, to the present day.

The more cruel and inhuman may be taken as applying to the wars of the last century or so, or from the time when gunpowder became the chief munition of war, and changed it from a pursuit of renown and glory to a struggle for power. War today is not what it was centuries ago. Then, though war to a certain extent was cruel, a warrior had a chance for his life in single combat; he was admired for his personal deeds of valor, and his achievements were marked by a certain romanticism. Now few men see a whole campaign, few individuals have a great notice take place. Men, like so many toys, go into battle and are mowed down by the regiment. If on the field, or down by the shipboard, he was a great warrior, he is now a mere name. In dealing with this subject, one must center his thoughts on two things:

the one, that war is cruel and inhuman, not the one in battle but for those at home as well; the other, that war will ultimately give way to arbitration.

War is cruel and inhuman because history proves it to be so. Although the deeds of bravery, loyalty and heroism send thrills of admiration through us, many competitors were submitted and the judges were Miss Anna Ditchburn, the late Judge Thomas G. Halley and Rabbi Jonah B. Wise. The first prize was awarded to James B. Oakes, 287 Morris street, and the second prize to A. Watkins, 236 Grant street, both students of the West Side High School.

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One result of war, which must be considered as cruel and inhuman, is the fact that it breaks up the homes of a nation. If the father and husband is killed, the home loses its protector and largest winner, not only in battle, but also in the dread war prison. The pupil's text-book of history does not pretend to portray prison life in the Civil War—tell of its indescribable filth, horror and meagerness of provision; indeed, few ever have succeeded in doing so. History or even the old soldiers themselves may give us the facts, but we can only wonder at and imagine the rest. "Libby prison and the prison at Andersonville have gone down as synonyms for all that is horrible and revolting in warfare. Let us turn from these thoughts, appalling, to say the least, and consider the inventor.

The inventor is one who is not to be despised. As long as there are things to be done, he invents, the inventor finds them out. Centuries ago it was seen that the spear and the arrow were too antiquated, that they did not kill enough, that they did not kill enough. The inventor was summoned, as it were, was told the need, when, presto! the single-shot, muzzle-loader was forthcoming. This facilitated matters somewhat, but still not enough men could be killed; therefore the inventor was summoned again, matters explained to him and presto! our modern breech-loading repeater. Soon on the water the trim wooden frigate, though useful in its day, had to give way to the modern battleship of monster guns. Investment became more certain and deadlier than defense, though strongly defended by man's works or by the hand of nature, too difficult to defeat the genius of the inventor. Port Arthur stood the test a long while, but it had to give way in the end. Vicksburg held out a long time, too, but the suffering from sickness and starvation at this place was a parallel in the world's history.

In a great measure the inventor is responsible for these changes. His mind is never dormant, for, while we live on, it is ever planning how to wreck a coast by an electrical tidal wave, how to overwhelm a modern Dreadnaught with a seemingly insignificant explosive, how to destroy armies with bullets giving forth gaseous poisons. In short, war is cruel and inhuman because the fertile mind of the inventor has made it so.

Then again, war is cruel and inhuman because little or no regard is paid to human life, because battles are fought

SECOND PRIZE

BY A. WATKINS.

"WAR is the trade of barbarians," said Napoleon. He was right. Of all the relics of ancient barbarism, the most unreasonable and the most iniquitous is that legalized murder, commonly called war.

In olden times war was fought simply for the sake of fighting. In more modern times the cause of war, in practically every case, can be traced back to some selfish motive.

The effects of this iniquity, however, are what we have chiefly to deal with. On the average citizen mere statements have little effect. Only those who have had actual experience can realize the horrors of the battlefield. "I am tired and sick of war," wrote General Sherman. "Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell."

Perhaps those with whom we sympathize the most are the near and dear ones who believe in war. We see the aged mother, bereft of her only support and joy, pining away the rest of her days in sorrow and sadness. We see the young widow, whose husband has died for his country on a far-off battlefield, patiently toiling over a steaming wash-

ing tub to earn a meager portion for herself and her little ones. We see them, and are sorry for them.

War ruins the business of a nation. Consequently, large numbers of working-men with wives and children—are put out of employment. And these can see with careworn faces, trudging wearily along, searching for the means whereby to support those dependent on them, and we can see their children, with pale, pinched cheeks, growing weaker and weaker from lack of proper food and nourishment.

The result of war on a nation as a whole is disastrous. It causes the loss of its best men; it drains its noblest blood; it empties its treasury; it stops its business; and last, but not least, it effectually arrests its natural advance and progress.

But your demagogue does not tell you of the misery, the cruelty and the inhumanity of war. No; he mounts it on a pedestal of gold, surrounds it with a mist of glory, crowns it with honor and waves a flag above it and the whole country, entirely carried away, surrounds it and cheers madly.

An Irishman once dealt a blow at the glory of war in the following way: He was a poacher and was standing before a judge in a rural district of Ireland on a charge of shooting rabbits. When asked if he had any defense to make, he said, sarcastically: "When a man puts on a suit of velvet, an' goes out an' shoots a rabbit, he's a dangerous criminal; but if he put on a suit of red, an' goes out, an' shoots a man, he's a brave hero."

A large number of people who uphold war would be glad to see the world to the earth's happiness, but explain that it is a necessary evil. That statement will, in course of time, be absolutely disproved.

The only substitute for war is arbitration. We agree that war is cruel and inhuman, that it is altogether wrong, that it is a necessary evil. That statement will, in course of time, be absolutely disproved.

When two men have a serious disagreement about anything that requires to be settled, what do they do? They take it to a court of justice. Then why not with nations as with individuals? The assertion that arbitration is impracticable is a mere fancy. It has been used thousands of years; arbitration has been resorted to. The ancient Greeks used it. So did the Romans. The practice grew still more popular in the Middle Ages. In modern times, arbitration has been used frequently. In 1907 years from 1794 to 1894 it has been used by the United States at least 47 times, and by Great Britain 37 times. Arbitration, therefore, does not look like a mere theory.

People there are who say that war—great and terrible war—is not only necessary, but an impossibility. Boer, in his book, "Is War Now Possible?" claims to have proved, I believe, however, that such things as existing conditions, is possible, but not probable.

As time advances, war becomes less and less a likelihood. The wants and necessities of the nations increase, the nations depend more and more on one another for them. And the time will come when such will be the dependence of nation upon nation, that war between two of them would be the ruin of either or both of them.

That time, I say, will inevitably be reached, whether the peoples of the earth believe or do not believe in war. But that time will be reached much sooner on account of the opinions expressed by people of every kind and color. I will take two distinct examples—and these two because of their rapidly increasing influence all over the world.

The first is the Christian Church. This church, which includes Protestants and Romanists of every shade of opinion, has entered heart and soul into the crusade against war. They maintain that war is directly opposite to the message which announced the birth of their Lord and Master into the world—the message of

OREGON HUMANE SOCIETY'S AWARDS TO TWO PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

"peace and good-will toward men." Such is the reason of their great stand against war.

The second is the labor party, which is rising to such power in the practical world with its members, both as individuals and as parts of a mighty organization, are fighting war, because of its great unfairness. They take the same stand that Carlyle did. They declare against it chiefly because of the fact that thousands of brave and honorable men are killed or crippled as a result of a quarrel with which they have absolutely nothing to do. They express, in a most emphatic manner, their belief that war is altogether unworthy because of its great unjustness.

People are not now so easily carried away by cries and catch-words. They are beginning to understand the spirit of true patriotism. They are beginning

to see that courage can be shown in other places than the battlefield. They are beginning to realize that the grand old martial spirit of our fathers would not be lost in the decay of war; that a grander and a nobler would spring up than that which would cause the slaughter and destruction of human beings, and today that same old fighting spirit of our ancestors is struggling unwearyingly, steadily and bravely against the greatest of abominations, war.

With these feelings of education, civilization and Christianity, with the reaching of the time when men have learned to reason without allowing their evil and unworthy passions to dominate over their sense of right and wrong, will dawn the day when war will receive its death-blow, and be forever discarded from the earth—that grandest of victories, which shall be the herald of eternal peace.

The World's Largest Pawn-Shop

It is the Million-Dollar Dorotheum in Vienna.

WITH his usual tact and a check for \$15,000 the Emperor Francis Joseph has just suppressed another royal scandal, not indeed this time exactly in his own household, but in that of another royal family closely allied to the Hapsburgs. Only a short time ago the many frequenters of the "Dorotheum," Vienna's government pawnshop and auction rooms, were amazed to find a great hall filled with gorgeous wearing apparel that had evidently belonged to a lady of exalted rank. There were silk dresses by the score, and articles of lingerie woven of the most delicate fabrics, costumes and coats, and hats and furs of the costliest description. There were, too, literally hundreds of fans and other articles, including many pieces of expensive silk and brocades for making up into dresses. The whole collection, a little bit draggled, it must be admitted, was announced for sale the following week.

But the name of the owner was kept a profound secret, and it was some time before it leaked out that it was none other than the Princess Louise of Coburg. The Princess' adventurous career, including her incarceration in a madhouse and her escape from it some three years ago, is as well known in America as in Europe.

How the Princess' dresses found their way to the Vienna Dorotheum is, however, a new story. It dates back some ten years ago, when the royal owner, the Princess Louise, Monte Carlo, became hard up and was forced to pawn her surplus wearing apparel to some Jewish money-lender. And finally, after a few months, the Princess' dresses found their way to Vienna, where they were exposed to public auction within half a mile of the stately palace of the Coburgs.

The money-lender had appealed to Prince Philip to repay the amount they had advanced, calculating upon his doing so in order to escape the disgrace of seeing his wife's wardrobe exposed to public view. But the Prince is nothing if not obstinate, and refused to part with any money, although at one time the Princess' dresses had been offered for public view. But the Prince is nothing if not obstinate, and refused to part with any money, although at one time the Princess' dresses had been offered for public view. But the Prince is nothing if not obstinate, and refused to part with any money, although at one time the Princess' dresses had been offered for public view.

But more interesting than the large portions of his wardrobe were those of the effects of the ill-fated King Alexander of Serbia and his not much happier father, King Milan. These were the personal and personal belongings of Serbia's assassinated King and Queen were brought from the Konak in Belgrade to be sold in Vienna. To these were added the furniture of King Milan, who died in Vienna. The collection attracted buyers from all parts of Europe and many Americans. It filled all the available space in the Dorotheum and required nearly a fortnight to dispose of.

The Dorotheum is a great public utility. Aristocrats out at elbows, actresses and opera-singers, breaking up their establishments, and private citizens of all classes, find it a most convenient medium for converting personal property into ready cash. There are many who sell anything from a chair to an automobile. Fashionable young men with small incomes, of whom there are many, get very respectable prices for their worn suits there, much better prices, indeed, than the second-hand clothes dealers offer. There are buyers of one sort or another every day except Sunday. The commission charged is moderate, and the institution is extremely well organized and managed.

The present building is most admirably adapted for its purpose. There are at least a dozen the rooms for holding auctions, of varying sizes according to the character of the goods to be sold. One of the finest, the "Kaiser Karl Saal," is set apart for some of the choicest sales, which they must needs attract buyers, the chief feature of the building is the magnificent main staircase of white marble, which leads to the principal rooms. There are offices and storerooms for a large staff of attendants, clerks, bookkeepers, servants and attendants. The building is steam-heated and equipped with elevators and modern appliances.

It affords a great contrast to the old place, which was dingy, and even dirty. That was frequented only by small-scale hawkers and peddlers, and today include even Archdukes, Counts and Barons, Diplomats, popular actresses and singers, Generals, high officials, bankers, and merchants and their wives must be seen there every week. The Viennese women indeed are particularly fond of attending the sales and will spend hours there in hope of obtaining a bargain. The institution is entirely managed by the government and all the employees are government servants. It makes a profit of several thousand dollars a year.—Indianapolis Tribune.