

These changes gave light and air and a sense of space to the room, but it was so small and the kitchen cabinet was so large that there was no place for the furniture.

The cabinet reached from floor to ceiling and across the entire east end of the room, except for the door into the kitchen at the corner. A ladder-sized little stair began by this door and ran upward, behind the cabinet. Under this stair, and in the center of the cabinet, was my work shelf, with cupboards at either side and above it.

The whole thing seemed a white elephant. But I hit upon a happy idea.

We cut an opening through the wall, above the shelf, as large as the space between the cupboards, with a door made of wall board framed in light lumber.

When this little door is open, besides increasing light and ventilation, it seems to add to the size of the dining room, and the view of the white kitchen seen through it is not displeasing. Through this opening food is served and dishes passed between dining room and kitchen. And when the door is closed the kitchen is shut out.

I gave the whole cabinet, inside and out, two coats of white paint and then enameled it. And when I had put my china and silver into the dish cupboard, my glassware on the shelves, my table linen into the drawers, and canned fruit into the closet under the shelf, I had a sideboard, china cabinet and linen closet combined.

Combining the porch and the small room gave us a half summer, half winter dining room. There was light and air and enough

space, for we now needed room only for table and chairs. All the other dining-room furniture was combined in the cabinet. So I turned my attention to decoration.

The screen walls of the dining porch were pictures of field and meadow, woods and sky, and I knew they would be all the

colors from the exuberant canvas of spring to the etchings of winter. The walls of the dining room were paneled in wall board, and I must color them myself. I painted them a silvery gray—the lightest shade of a white oak's bark—which would not be discordant with any of Nature's colors, and I made the woodwork snow white to match the cabinet.

Around the outer edge of the floor I painted a border of rich brown, like the floor of the porch, and covered the center with a linoleum rug in tones of brown and tan and ivory.

I did not like the oak dining table and chairs in their new setting. They were heavy and cumbersome, and their color brought too much darkness into the room. But I had them, and it seemed an

extravagance to buy others. This made me quite unhappy, until one day a large department store in the nearest city, trying to get the farmers' patronage, sent me advertisements of a furniture sale, and I read that for only \$10.95 I could buy an unfinished drop leaf kitchen table and six chairs to match. Delivery charges were included.

Two days later one of my neighbors was delighted with her bargain—my good oak table and chairs for only eleven dollars—and a truck delivered my new ones. Their lines were simple and charming. I gave them two coats of paint and one of ivory enamel, with a line of blue. It is surprising what a pretty dining-room set they make.

The last question was curtains. Nothing that I could see or plan seemed to fit the character of the room and to add the exact touch that my imagination demanded. But at last, rummaging among my stores in the attic, I found some pieces of white scrim and a remnant of fine blue-and-white gingham plaided with brown

and tan. I made the curtains of the scrim, to hang in straight folds at each side of the window, and edged them with narrow strips of the gingham.

When they were hung our dining room was complete. The blue in their trimming picks up the blue on chairs and table, the blue of my willow-ware dishes, the blue apple plate on the sideboard and the blue match jar on the clock shelf; the brown and tan plaid brings up to the walls the colors of the rug.

In summer this combination dining room and porch is as airy and cool as a tent with the sides raised. The doors into kitchen and living room are opposite each other; a door opens into the bedroom with its large double windows, and the whole dining room is open to the north porch.

There is air from every direction, and the little open stairs concealed by the sideboard act as a chimney. When upstairs windows are open this stairway draws air in and down, or pulls it up and out, according to the direction of breezes outdoors.

The porch end of the room is open to north and east, with a window to the west into the living room, and near the other end a window into the kitchen. In summer this porch is the dining room. The porch table is painted to match the chairs of the dining-room set. There is no other furniture except a little sewing rocker, and decoration is unnecessary, for the porch is outdoors.

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