

THE ALL-WHITE SUMMER WOMAN

LATEST THINGS FOR FEMININE WEAR TO TALK ABOUT * CHANGES IN SLEEVES.

HOW many women are there in the United States?

Consult the statistician and you will have an estimate of the Summer girl—so numerous will she be.

There lives no woman with soul so dead or body so cold that she flingers sparks of Summer girlism may not be found within. Were she in the most advanced stages of personal despair, once glance at the Spring windows would awaken her. Two glances would draw her into the store on Summer bargains intent, while a third glance would send her home determined to construct herself a gown that would place her in the Summer girl's hood.

But you cannot be a Summer girl in a linen skirt, and a shirtwaist, with a simple sailor top and lowly heels. You must fuss and frill, tuck and cord, lace and embroider until you have driven away the accusation of simplicity as well as the look of severity from your material. The Summer girl is an ambitious daughter.

Yet there are those who assert that there are two styles of Summer girls—the outgoing girl, with her blue canvas skirt and her white shirtwaist, crowned with straw sailor, white felt fedora, ruffled Tam of straw, or ready-to-wear hat; and the frilled Summer girl, she with the flounces and the furbelows, the one who has been called the fluffy Summer girl.

Be that as it may—two kinds or one—it is certain that for a long time to come, certainly until the glorious Fourth sends its screech into the air, it is the fluffy Summer girl that we shall have in our midst, and, since she is here, or coming fast, it is not best to study her.

A Morning Glory Gown.

A morning glory gown rivals in prettiness its attractive name. It is in apple green, with little pink flowers upon it. The flowers are delicately unobtrusive, as flowers upon a cotton gown should be, and they show a tendency to disappear at the outlines, not standing out in as much boldness as the vulgar prints of two years ago.

The waist is tight-fitting and corded. No, that is not the way to tell it. It is a shirtwaist with fine tucks. It is fitted in the back and so arranged at the sides that bones can be slipped in the lining and hold it to the figure. The front is a trifle baggy, so that it can be pulled out over the girdle—for there is a girdle.

The pin tucking is so fine that for your life you cannot distinguish between tucks and cords. The sleeves are tucked in this fine manner right to the elbows. Then there is a puff of pale pink silky lawn, just to hold the elbow, and then there is a flat band of heavy lace, so arranged that it sets close to the arm.

This makes a short sleeve, as you can imagine, but short sleeves are fashionable. The girdle is in lace, cut to a point above and below the belt, front and back, and lined with silk and boned and all that. But the lining and the bones do not show. And the lace girdle is certainly pretty.

The skirt is as tight as it can possibly be and tucked with the finest of tucks running straight down from the waist to the very shoe tops. Then comes a band of lace above a flounce.

This name "morning glory" gown is borrowed from the flounce, which is very full, and is set upon the skirt, very near the bottom to make the sudden flare—the morning glory flare—around the foot.

Every Summer woman should have one of these gowns, and why not copy the morning glory gown? It is so simple to make.

No More Wash Dresses.

Cotton gowns are supposed to be wash gowns, whether they are in muslin, lawn, batiste, cheviot, madras, mercerized material or chaille. The very idea of a cotton gown, its essence of recommendation as well as of desirability, lies in the fact that it will wash.

But, do you realize it, the cotton gowns of this Summer are not intended to be laundered. They are too elaborately made for that. Their linings are too fine, their

plan too complicated, their trimmings too delicate. One good soap-sudsing would ruin them, if applied with the aid of knuckles and a washboard.

These died in New York the other day an old woman who made a fat living washing valuable laces and fine linens for the Vanderbilts, Belmonts and other wealthy folk. At the time of her demise she was at work upon a Venetian lace article which cost \$3000. For years she cleaned these fine materials with naphtha and with peculiar washing compounds of her own.

It would pay any Summer woman to give the subject of laundering her fine gowns careful attention, for the modistes declare that the chief obstacle to the making of pretty Summer gowns is the fact that they soil easily and must on that account be tubbed.

Take such a gown as has just been made for the Summer campaign. Its ground-work, or, better to say, its material, is a very pale, sun-colored batiste, all yellow, without even one little satin dot to help it out.

It is made with elbow sleeves, very tight, a round waist, cut on the shirtwaist order, and plain straight skirt, of sweep length, close at the top and gradually widening into the lily shape.

For the Lily Skirt.

When the gown was completed, all ready to be put on, with each seam sewed and every finishing touch applied, then came the real workman'ship.

Out of some Spanish lace were cut some flowers, and these were applied to make a border for the skirt. Two rows of them were set in, one above the other, and stitched on. In the middle of the front the flower design widened and came up to a great pyramid with the point at the very belt line, a pyramid of Spanish lace flowers applied to this sun-colored batiste.

The waist was trimmed with two rows of these leaves, one around the waist and one around the yoke, or where the yoke would come. The sleeves had a few flowers applied upon them.

Finally, in this process of making a Summer gown, came the application of black satin ribbon to the dress. This was put on in rows from the bottom of the skirt up to the waist, the rows four inches apart, so as to stripe the skirt from top to bottom. The satin ribbon was cunningly slipped in under the lace figures, and the lace lay over them. Probably the striping was done before the lace leaves were applied. There was a belt and stock of white.

Each Summer gown this year is a romance, each an individual dream, wrought out in wonderful colors and executed with the fidelity of a fine art creation. You can't make one in a day, and you will do well to get one up in a week, even with the aid of a seamstress. But you can save money on your materials if you cannot on your time. It is just the season for the making of your own gown. Go to work, or be willing to pay the price the modistes charge. And it is a fat sum.

"There are all kinds of girls," "So runs the topical song. And this Summer the sash girl will be added to the number. The sash girl is one who always wears a sash. And her gowns are built for this ornament and she is never seen without it. Her reason for wearing it may be of several.

Why She Wears a Sash.

The sash girl may wear a sash because it is fashionable.

She may wear it because she is flat at the back—hollow backed.

She may wear it because it gives height.

She may wear a sash because a sash of all things dresses up a gown the most. Perhaps she wears it because the imported Paris gowns nearly all display them.

Her sash may be a ribbon one, and, for this purpose, there come ribbons as delicate as millinery ribbons, this mouse-colored ribbon and soft, very delicate ones. Perhaps she clings to the liberty and the panne ribbons or is decorative enough to want the big flowered affairs that come a foot wide and sell very high.

The made sash of the dress material is a thing that is seen upon the imported gowns. Its design is very simple. In front it is tucked and there are bones to shape it and give the long point. At the sides it is rolled into a soft band, while at the back it is tied in a tiny bow with two standing loops, but very long ends. This, though a French sash,

is called the Princess, for the reason probably that it is worn so much with the Princess gown which are very trying without the sash, belt or waist trimming of some sort.

The Dutch sash, so called, is a queer arrangement in ribbon, with little windmill bows at the back of the belt. A foot lower the ribbon is tied in another little bunch of loops. Below this the ends hang and there are bunches of loops near the end of each.

So difficult are these sashes to tie that they are, for the most part, made before they are put on and fastened with a hook and eye under the bow at the back of the belt. That is really the best way to manage.

The All-White Gown.

The all-white gowns are too delicately planned and too beautifully charming for light consideration. They are built of the thinnest material.

India lawn is a favorite: linen batiste is another. Fine linen comes this year of just the right stiffness for handsome gowns and there are so very many of the sheer linens with mercerized surfaces. They are silky and expensive, but, you really, if you have social ambitions, must possess one at least, for it will be the accepted gown of Summer for very nice occasions.

A woman who dresses a great deal has planned a white India linen gown for a June wedding. As a guest she will be gowned in this dress made over a glazed white lining.

Beautiful lace insertion will trim the skirt a little below the knees, two rows of it going around the skirt. Below this there will come more of the insertion, put on in the Van Dyck order, all points, top and bottom, to make a pointed lace trimmed flounce, which in the back is quite deep. Between the lace points tucked lawn will be set in. Finally, there will be a delicate lace ruffle three inches wide around the foot. Could anything prettier be imagined than this white India linen gown, crisp, sheer and of a silvery whiteness?

The waist is quite a poem in the shape of a bloused sailor waist, with deep sailor collar and baggy front, caused with narrow white satin ribbons. The sleeves are to the elbow with their frill of lace. And, lest the fingers of the dressmaker grow idle, there are insertions of lace, only an inch wide, set in the rows around the sailor collar, and upon the blouse waist and in the sleeves row after row.

Sleeves Are Changing.

A Paris designer, being asked this Spring to make up half a dozen cloth gowns for an American patron, refused to do so.

"Does madam intend to wear the gowns in the fall?" asked he.

"They are for Spring and Fall wear, tailor-made gowns," replied the customer.

"Then, madam, I must decline to fill your order," replied the designer, "for much as I desire your patronage, I cannot risk my reputation by making a gown now that is to be worn next fall."

In reply to the astonished gasps of his patron the French dressmaker explained that the styles were changing rapidly.

"Never," said he, in his most polite French, "were they more transitory. Any sleeve that I would make for you now might be positively Gothic in the Autumn."

Should this prediction come true, there is this to be remembered that sleeves, while important, are not a large part of the gown and can be easily changed without injuring the mode. Any capable seamstress will, in a few hours, remove a sleeve and substitute one to her patron's liking.

The fluffy Summer girl can look forward to sleeves that are close upon the shoulder and to make this closeness more conspicuous the seam is a little low.

At the same time the Gibson shoulder is seen and collars that are very wide give broadness to the shoulders. All the lace collars project a little over the sleeve and there is a consequent squareness.

The upper part of the sleeves are tight and made tighter by cording and tucks, and by bands of ribbon, and every device that can render them snug. They are the fat woman's horror, for her arms must be stuffed into these flesh-like outlines. But at the elbow the whole scene changes and then comes the fullness that amounts to bagginess in many cases.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

"I'm Simply all Worn Out."



Overworked Women.

Fatigue is the natural result of hard work, but exhaustion results from weakness.

Hard work for a weak woman is traffic in flesh and blood.

It makes little difference what the field of work is, whether at home or elsewhere, if there is weakness, work brings exhaustion.

Ability to stand the strain of hard work is the privilege of the healthy and robust.

How our hearts ache for the sickly women that work for daily bread at some ill-paid factory employment!

How distressing also to see a woman struggling with her daily round of household duties, when her back and head are aching, and every new movement brings out a new pain!

If the mere looking on at these suffering women touches our hearts, how hopeless must life be to the women themselves!

Their devotion to duty is a heroism which a well person cannot understand.

Can these ailing, weak women, who are called upon to do work which would tire a strong man, be made to see that they can easily and surely better their condition?

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, convince them of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the FACT that it WILL HELP THEM be made plain?

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Read the letters from women in the opposite column of this paper, and when you go to your drug store to buy this sterling medicine, do not let yourself be persuaded to accept the druggist's own valueless preparation because it is a few cents cheaper than

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

\$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

Evidence of Mrs. Pinkham's Cures.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—One year ago I read a letter in a paper telling how much good one woman had derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had been sick all winter and was nearly discouraged, as the medicine the doctor gave me did me no good. I had kidney complaint, leucorrhoea, itching, bearing-down feeling, and painful menstruation. I wrote to you describing my trouble and soon received an answer telling me what to do. I followed your instructions, and have taken nine bottles of Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash and one box of Liver Pills. I am well now, do not have those sick spells at the monthly period, but can work all day, and that I never could do until I began taking the Compound. I cannot praise the Compound too highly. I do hope every suffering woman will learn of your remedies and be cured as I have been. I wish all success to the Compound; it has done wonders for me and I am so thankful.—MRS. GENIE KELLOGG, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to let you know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation from which I suffered terribly. I really believe that I would be insane to-day if it had not been for your medicine. I cannot praise your Compound enough, and feel that if all who suffer from female troubles would put themselves under your care and follow your advice they will find relief.—MISS K. E. SCHOLTES, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For eight years I have suffered with inflammation of the womb and bladder, profuse and painful menstruation, and at times it seemed as though I should die. I doctored most of the time, but seemed to fail every year. A short time ago I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am to-day a well woman. Your medicine is woman's best friend.—MRS. L. L. TOWNE, Littleton, N. H.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for six years, sometimes being unable to get about at all. It seemed to me as though I could not live, and I did not care to. I had womb trouble, kidney trouble, leucorrhoea, backache, was nervous, and had no ambition. Was obliged to give up my trade. I tried three doctors, but they did me no good, so I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and I felt better after the first bottle, and by the time I had taken six I was able to resume my work again. I shall always praise your Vegetable Compound.—MRS. MARY A. RUSSELL, Chincoteague Island, Va.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for seven years without any relief, although treated by two of the very best doctors in this city. A few years ago I was nothing but a living skeleton. The doctor said my heart was the cause of all my sickness and that I could only be relieved, but never get well. Sometimes I would get so exhausted and short of breath that I would not know what to do. My nerves were very weak, blood impure. Was troubled with hands and feet swelling; also had leucorrhoea. I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel well once more. I have gained twenty-seven pounds and am able to work all day in the store, and do not feel tired when I get home at night. Words cannot express my gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me.—PETRA M. LOYA, care of L. Wolfson, San Antonio, Texas.

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CORONATION GOWN

SHE INSISTS THAT IT SHALL BE AS MODERN AS POSSIBLE

THE one thing that the Queen has insisted on from the beginning is that the grace and beauty of her coronation robes shall not be sacrificed to historic precedent, or to the College of Heralds. She has no mind to walk to her throne in Westminster Abbey, looking like a picture of the middle ages. Her robes will have a modern style, so far as possible, says a writer in the London Daily Mail.

The Queen has had her share in the anxieties belonging to the preparation of ceremonial dress during the long period of her reign as Princess of Wales, but all that sinks into insignificance in comparison with the choosing of her costumes for the approaching great event.

Her Majesty thinks it a good thing that a coronation can only occur once in a lifetime. The selection of robes for such a historic ceremony involves countless considerations of detail, which do not enter into the choosing of dress for State ceremonials in general, as, indeed, the peeresses have discovered, who until a few days ago were in a harrowing state of uncertainty as to the form of their kirtles and the length of their trains, which the Lord Chamberlain's regulations will permit them to wear.

The Queen has her trials also, and her boudoir at Marlborough House has had on occasions the appearance of a school of design and a modiste's establishment combined. Shall it be silk or shall it be velvet? Is it to be embroidered with gold or studded with gems? Shall the heraldic devices be put here or shall they be put there? are questions which the Queen and her ladies are even yet discussing.

Her Majesty for long years has been an example of elegance and suitability of dress to the women of this country. Never from the day she wore that lovely gown wreathed from her waist with orange blossoms has she failed to take the palm for dress at all great ceremonials, and she is not going to lose her reputation at the coronation.

Many designs for robes taken from those worn by previous Queens Consort have been placed before Her Majesty, and those of Queen James II have found most favor. Indeed, as the crown made for Mary Beatrice is the basis of that to be worn by the Queen, it seems in keeping that the robes of that same beautiful Queen should be suggested at the present time.

She wore a train of purple velvet bordered with ermine, and a kirtle of white and silver-brocade. Her stomacher blazed with jewels and her robes were looped with rope and tassels of pearls. Purple and silver have usually been dedicated to the use of Queens Consort and red and gold to monarchs. The stately Caroline of Anspach were magnificent

purple velvet robes and walked to her throne under a canopy carried by the Banners of the Cinque Ports, while her train was borne by the Princess Royal and the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, attired in purple robes.

The Queen will not walk under a canopy, that ancient custom being omitted from the coronation ceremony; but the precedent of having her train carried by her three daughters may be followed, and would certainly give distinction to the procession and prevent rivalry among the peeresses.

The Queen will wear everything new on her coronation day, down to the most insignificant item in her apparel, saving only her jewels, and the garments worn will be preserved as mementoes of the occasion. Indeed, the "new clothes" custom will be observed throughout society, and the sense of the poor quarters of London clothing clubs have been started, by which people can invest against coronation day.

The crown was one of the earliest matters under the Queen's consideration, and when it was brought from the tower for her majesty's inspection the Queen viewed the ancient headpiece of royal coronation with a shudder. "Well might she have asked in consternation: 'How can I wear it with my coiffure?'"

In days gone by Queens were content to hide their lovely locks under a top-heavy, cap-like crown, suggestive of pantomime performances, and their liege subjects would as soon have thought of criticizing the shape of this symbol of regnant royalty as of taking exception to a peeress' tiara.

We live in more democratic days, and the loyalty which is exhibited by all classes with regard to the approaching coronation does not prevent people having their ideas on the dress of royalty. All will be pleased that the Queen has practically discarded the old crown of previous Queens Consort, and that the gem which it contained will be reset in a new crown of more dainty proportions and lighter design. It will rest quite prettily and naturally around the Queen's hair without disguising it.

The purple velvet cap upon which it will be mounted will be less obtrusive than in the old crown, and the border of ermine less pronounced. So far as it can be said to be modeled after any crown it will resemble the one first made for Mary Beatrice, the Queen of James II, and the loveliest royal consort until the present time.

It has, I believe, been finally decided that the Koh-i-noor will not occupy the central position of the crown, but will be worn as an ornament in front of the Queen's bodice. In the same way the her late majesty wore it of late years. Australia has a hope that the wonderful great pearl on the way to this country may be accorded a place of honor in the Queen's crown; but this is a matter of conjecture, like the Queensland opal, which its possessor has tentatively placed

with the jewels who are preparing the King's crown.

The scepter and cross and the rod and the dove which will be placed in the Queen's hands after the crown has been put on her head will follow the traditional design, but be of light weight. The Archbishop of York, who has to perform the delicate office of crowning the Queen, may be trusted to accomplish his work with tact. Dr. MacLagan is a man of charming manners, and will divine exactly where that crown should be placed, with due respect, if one may mention it, to coiffure.

All the ladies of the Queen's household take some part in discussing and arranging her dress for the coronation, but to the Mistress of the Robes technically falls the ordering of things which being at the head of the robes department.

It is her privilege also to attend her royal mistress on all great occasions and to superintend the robing of the Queen for state ceremonials. The office is semi-political and one which does not become void through the demise of the crown, hence the Duchess of Buccleuch remains Mistress of the Robes in the new reign. She was a friend of the late Queen, and her kind, homely, yet without dignified, bearing cannot fail to inspire the confidence of the new Queen. Her Grace was an Abercromby, and to the exclusiveness of the Buccleuchs she unites that charm and graciousness which are characteristic of her house. Lady Lansdowne is her sister.

But putting aside the official position of the Mistress of the Robes, there is no one on whose judgment the Queen relies more implicitly than on that of the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, who has held the office of Woman of the Bedchamber for some 20 years, and enjoys her majesty's confidence and affection in a marked degree.

The Queen's private behoists are carried out by Miss Knollys, and with her she will discuss her wardrobe more intimately than with any one else. The recent illness of the Queen's consort has somewhat delayed her majesty's preparations for the coronation, but happily Miss Knollys is now convalescent and in a day or two she will again be in attendance on her beloved mistress.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

A Prince Henry Pudding.

German cooking, as a whole, is not popular in America, but the following pudding will be found a delicious exception, if care be taken to use positively stale light bread as a foundation. None under two or three days old will answer. Soak a pint of crumbled bread in a quart of milk for an hour, then drain as dry as possible and beat well, now blend to a cream half a cup of warmed butter with the yolks of five eggs and add the carefully grated yellow rind of a lemon. At the last stir in the stiffened whites of eggs. Put a thick layer of this mixture in the bottom of a buttered mold, then a

layer of orange marmalade and continue until full. The top layer should be bread-mixture. Cover, tie with a cloth and boil for an hour. Decorate with marmalade after turning out on a hot dish. This top dressing is greatly improved by mixing it with the juice of an orange or lemon. The marmalade is supposed to give sufficient sweetness, but a little sugar may be added, if wished. Eat with hard or soft sauce, as fancied.

Golden Butter.

The much talked-of terrapin, served to Prince Henry, at the New York dinner, owed much, both as regards flavor and appearance, to the sauce which is always served with it when cooked "Philadelphia style." This sauce is within the compass of any cook with a "knack" and is delicious with salmon or halibut. It is made as follows: Melt a teaspoonful of sweet butter and when boiling hot stir in an egg and beat well. Add a little salt and do not allow the butter to brown. Add gradually to the thickened butter half a pint of milk, when thick and smooth add this

to the yellow only of two eggs, which should be in readiness, well beaten, in a bowl. Do not cook after the eggs are added. Season to taste and always pick out for this sauce eggs of a deep yellow.

Sardines in Cover.

Choose sardines of good size and firm.

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