

NEVER SUCH AN EXCESS OF FINERY

ORNAMENTATION OF WOMEN'S DRESSES RUNS ALMOST TO MADNESS THIS SEASON.

NEW YORK, April 14.—Sweet Simplicy's occupation is gone, and ostentatious elaboration, that trembles on the verge of rank vulgarity, is the fault we have to find with the new Spring fashions. Too many buttons, tucks, stitched straps, lace encrustations, velvet bands, pearl agrettes, bows and frills, and danglers are working together just now for the destruction of the grace and taste and distinction of dress. The old adage holds that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and it applies with melancholy force to the modes of this year, and the smart woman of the moment is shockingly over-dressed. Which arrayed in her best she looks distressingly like a freak advertisement for all the new fabrics and fancies of the hour. From her bosom to her hat plus she is elaborated to the point of sheer absurdity, because she insists upon wearing all the pretty products of the counters combined in an overwhelmingly intricate, dazzling, stuffy toilet.

motifs of lace were considered very chic, and time, and the repetition of this mode of decoration, has not dimmed its charm and variety. Everything, from the linen shades at our front windows to the most dainty production in night dresses, accepts lace encrustations with grace and benefit. There is an aspect of the most sumptuous extravagance given any ma-



Charming wash dress.

The Black Surtout.
All these comments lead up to the announcement that undersleeves are bigger than we have yet known them, trains are longer, and hat frames, made almost solidly of pearl beads, are rampant in our streets. The craze of the hour is for a long, loose black glace silk coat; this has suddenly come into rivalry with the Eton coat made of black moire silk. The moire coat has given the little tucked taffeta affair a secondary place in the general estimation, but any one who owns a good taffeta coat, and who wishes to bring it into line with the prevailing style, must freshly face its reverse with ten-colored lace and hang a couple of little stitched, leaf-shaped tails to its rear waist line.

The heel-long black glace surtout is meant for street wear, and it is rather coquettishly finished about the shoulders with high-waist capes, piped on their edges with white or a line of color. These take the place of the cloth Hurlingham and Hempested coats so popular last Winter, with the difference that the Summer topcoat has prodigious folded falling cuffs. Box backed, straight front cloth carriage coats, three-quarter in length, and draped with accordion pleated chiffon or gorgeous lace are the amazing wraps introduced for afternoon wear.

One of the excuses for the adoption of these big coats, with their Renaissance collars, falling sleeves, and huge sleeves, is that they are actually required against the shrewish Spring days when bland sunshine is not to be trusted. More than ever have we forced this season by wearing transparent fabrics and tulle silk muslin yokes and sleeves long before Easter, and your economical woman buys one of these fine coats with the justifiable excuse that it makes a serviceable evening wrap in Winter after its Spring season of usefulness is over.

Collars and Shirt Waists.
Tassels of silk, gold, or silver at the ends of bullion cords, narrow velvet or satin ribbons of the same color, are one of the pretty momentary fancies for lacing and tying together the ends of a collar, or for use in place of hooks on a cuff, and one sees them frequently utilized, in place of buttons or links, on the cuffs of delicate lawn and wash silk. The extreme fancifulness of the season's shirt waists is not without a reasonable excuse. Your shirt waist should, in color and trimmings, match the skirt with which you wear it, and the advantage is clearly shown in the nice Summer tub suit of Wedgewood blue linen. This shirt waist has a Gibson front with a band of blue and white needlework over the button flap. The skirt is of the same coarse, cool, blue linen, and its flounces, with a hem-stitched edge and a tucked top, is headed by a band of embroidery that matches that on the waist. A Yale blue satin ribbon forms the belt and sash for as sweet and serviceable a gown as a day's journey through the shops will show.

This costume, and its wash madras companion, emphasize the effort that is everywhere made to give the shoulders great breadth and the hips and waist exceeding slenderness. A wash madras in this instance is a soft gingham with a fine, silky finish, and this same model has been copied in teak brown Tussore, in sturdy voile d'Avrie and in butchers' linen. Its skirt is laid in side tucks with their outer creases stitched, and body is given the fullness at the foot by three overlapping tucks, the edges of which are stitched three times. The Eton coat, with its plentiful shoulder-broadening collars, is worn over a black and white pin dotted shirt of crepe de chine.

A half a dozen years ago inserted

terial to which lace is applied; a case in point is the afternoon toilet in the double-column cut. This is a clear poppy red silk on the order of a Louisiana. It was snatched from the bargain counter for a trifle over 50 cents a yard, and tucked and treated with black lace at 25 cents a yard. Minute steel buttons were lavishly sprinkled upon the straps that broke the surface of the lace-covered waist, and a yard of black panne formed the belt and collar. There was not one expensive item in the whole composition of the gown, and yet the result was rich and brilliant in the extreme.

A touch of lace, for that matter, is important, and today almost unavoidable in all the departments of dress. It plays a most serious role with the milliners.



A suit of blue linen.

and it is used as freely on wool as on silk. Tete-a-tete with the poppy red gown is a smart little study in slag-colored camel-hair veiling, set off with straps of black taffeta. The yoke and undersleeves are of coarse black fishnet lace, laid upon white silk, and the taffeta girle is held by an arched gilt buckle covered with heavy turquoise blue enamel. Both of these gowns fasten down the back.

Organdies of Many Kinds.
There is every indication already given that organdies will outsell all the other thin Summer goods. Next after the organdies come the dotted muslins, with

dimities cutting a very small figure. It is as well for the lover of this enchanting fabric to know that there are a half dozen different kinds of organdy; organdy de sole, organdy d'Indienne, organdy that is hand-stamped and hand-embroidered, machine printed and mechanically embroidered. All of them are pretty, and machine-made cotton organdy is, to the eye of all but the very rich and particular woman, quite as effective as one with a woad of silk and decorated by expert Irish needlewomen.

A very lovely type of ecru, white and colored organdy comes as a box robe, all tucked and embroidered and prepared for erection into a gown. One such, bearing the strange new color defined as "milk blue," is shown in a sketch. It is worked in designs of ciel blue and further garnished with touches of sapphire blue velvet kerchief and sunshade used with this are made of the same organdy.

Very gaily flowered machine-printed organdy is very much utilized for the making of pretty odd evening waists; to wear with white duck skirts to small country dinners and dances, and the proper fairy-like throat ornament to wear with such decollete waist is a three-inch wide and two-yard long strip of white or pale blue silk tulle, strung at intervals of a half inch with tinted imitation pearls. This, wound round and round the neck, sets off the charms of a pretty young throat, or conceals the blemishes of an old one, to the greatest advantage.

MARY DEAN.

CHILDREN EATING BETWEEN MEALS

Sermonette With a Dietetic Twist Addressed to Thoughtless Mothers.

ONE scarcely knows which to commiserate, the child of humble parents, living chiefly on bananas, cheap meats and soda biscuits, or the child of rich but enlightened parents, condemned to a rigid diet of health foods. As far as his own enjoyment is concerned, the poorer child is evidently the richer; and even as far as his physical and moral development is concerned he may not be so badly off as the parents of the second child would have us believe. Because, even after all the investigations into the nature of food and digestion, we really know, as yet, very little about either; but one of the few things we do know is the fact that enjoyment is necessary to the complete digestion of any food. Or perhaps we should say, no food assimilates perfectly and gives the body what it needs, except food that is relished. Notoriously, food which we are forced to take because it is good for us, is not relished. Since the beginning of time, forbidden fruit has had the more excellent flavor.

It would be a curious experiment, not altogether unworthy of a trial, to put away the various breakfast foods, so commonly abhorred by all healthy-minded children, upon the top shelf of the pantry and forbid the youngsters to touch them. If the adults partook of these succulent dainties freely at the same time, in the presence of the children I have no doubt the youngsters would soon set up a howl for the very food they now despise.

But, however gratifying the outward result of such an ingenious device, it must remain open to objections upon moral grounds. The most sanitary diet cannot outrank in virtue the habit of preferring things within the law rather than things without its pale. Why, then, we may ask ourselves, do we persist in pursuing this line of conduct in relation to articles of food which have no sanitary value? Olives, for example—is it necessary that we should create in our offspring an intense craving for these little, green, salty things, merely because we keep them out of reach and label them forbidden while yet we freely indulge ourselves? There is, in this case, no physical advantage to make up for the moral advantage.

Something of the same fictitious value is given to candy, by the injudicious way in which the matter of its consumption is treated. To the infant mind, eating candy must have something of the same fearful joy that smoking has for the growing boy. It is seldom freely permitted; the box or bag containing the bonbons is jealously guarded, and its contents gingerly meted out to the expectant child. As he stands watching and waiting, with gleaming eyes and watering mouth, the coming morsel is invested with a hundred charms not its own. His mind glorifies it before ever his mouth tastes it. Moreover, it is held out to him as an inducement to right conduct, and as a solace for pain. He is daily taught, in a hundred subtle but unmistakable ways, that candy is a joy for which he is expected to be devoutly grateful to the adult who provides it, in which he must not indulge too freely, but which, in itself, may be expected to make up for most of his young afflictions.

All children love sweets, and, as far as chemical investigations of our animal economy can be relied upon, they go to show that children really need more sugar than adults. Why not, then, see that they get it? We need not exaggerate its importance, nor underestimate it, but simply arrange so that wholesome candies are at hand ready for the child's need, just as we see that water is at hand. Nor would this result in an undue gorge. Even if at first the quantity eaten might seem to be abnormal and expensive, it would certainly sink to its due proportions later on, when the freedom to indulge had ceased to be a novelty. Every-one knows, for example, by recurring to memories of his own childhood, how strangely candy lost its savor at Christmas-time, until one had to force one's self to partake by reminding one's self how grievous it would be, a week later, to look back upon this period of plenty and remember how its opportunities had been wasted.

There was once a mother who put this theory to the test, and, from the time her children were babies, allowed them to eat all the candy they wanted. She always kept it on hand and gave it out whenever it was asked for. The children often asked for it, but it was noticeable that they never took more than one or two pieces at a time. Generous-minded relatives, bestowing pennies, were surprised and sometimes even disturbed, to see how little these gifts were valued. Such coins generally found their way into the toy banks, when they were not lost, and it was not until the children had grown large enough to go shopping for other things than candy that they got anything like an adequate idea of the advantages of money. In a commercial age and country like this it might not always be a bad thing, one would think, thus to defer the beginnings of the love of wealth.



A LIGHT SUMMER WOOL. A MILK BLUE ORGANDY.

It is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women.



Mrs. Watson tells all suffering women how she was cured and advises them to follow her example. Here is her first letter to Mrs. Pinkham:

(PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.) "March 15, 1899.

"To MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.:"
"DEAR MADAM:—I am suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free from pain when lying down or sitting in an easy chair. When I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I believe my troubles were caused by over-work and lifting some years ago.

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they did me but little good. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it fair trial.

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard to my case"—MRS. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice was promptly received by Mrs. Watson and a few months later she writes as follows:

(PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.) "November 27, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to you the benefit that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing-down pains in lower part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer"—MRS. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Watson's letters prove that Mrs. Pinkham's free advice is always forthcoming on request and that it is a sure guide to health. These letters are but a drop in the ocean of evidence proving that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound CURES the ills of women.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles or such hosts of grateful friends.

Do not be persuaded that any other medicine is just as good. Any dealer who suggests something else has no interest in your case. He is seeking a larger profit.

Follow the record of this medicine and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by

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, Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.

the children could not share; and, if one lays down the rule that a healthy child can eat any well-cooked vegetable or meat, any fruit, provided it be fresh and ripe, and any ordinary innocuous pudding or dessert, one perceives at once that the family need not be at all distressed at such a limitation. The truth is that the digestive powers of a healthy child are likely to be in advance of the powers

of his parents, rather than below them. The vexed question of letting a child eat between meals is another problem which besets the anxious mother. No sooner are the lunch dishes fairly washed and put away than in rushes a famished boy from school. "Oh, mother, I am starving! Haven't you an apple or a piece of cake, or even a piece of bread and butter?"

Our canny grandmothers, in this emergency, used to say, "You can have the bread, but not the butter. If you are really hungry, that will taste good to you."

And, no doubt, it would prevent absolute starvation. But is there any real reason why we should act thus to hunger between meals, when we do not so act toward hunger at meal times? The argument is as sound one time as the other. If, on the other hand, we feel it right to please our lads and lasses at meal times with toothsome dishes, why not between meals? Because it will take away their appetite? Just watch and see. The apple or candy eaten just before dinner may spoil that meal, to be sure, but the same apple eaten