

How to Be Well Dressed in Salt Water

BATHING COSTUMES TO BE MORE GRACEFUL AND MODISH THAN EVER.

A FLANNEL that will not shrink and a mohair with a thread of pure wool in it are inventions that promise to make for the happiness of the women who relish their salt sea baths. Two months ago the novelties in bathing suits were sold to the happy few who seek the Florida beaches and the West India islands in the depths of our winter, and the non-shrinkable flannel and the wool mohair were pronounced worthy of a long period of water usefulness. The improved flannel does not thicken or shrink after prolonged wear, the mohair is given more body by virtue of a heavier thread, and the shoppers for bathing suits ask with rare exceptions for white and silver gray swimming costumes only.

White suits, garnished with braid, or stitched bands, or facings of a clear, cheerful color, promise to predominate on the sands this summer, though there are a few expert floaters and paddlers who ask for all white beach gowns, and there is always the wise and temperate stout woman who clings to black and dark blue. Given a white flannel or alpaca, the rule is to round the blouse of it out flat about the neck with a square collar, or long dress coat collar. A sailor's vest fits into the V in front, and a floating scarf of gay, washable silk knots in a four-in-hand on the bust.

The Dominant Collar.
Very much stress is laid on the collar's shape, and a most surprising amount of variation is found in its decoration. There are shawl collars that roll back over the shoulders with straight-edged or notched revers tapering as far as the waist line; short, shaped collars and double sailors. Some of them are braided in patterns, some are bound with a color and speckled with French knots on the broad binding, some have gay applications of elaborate colored silk, or flannel, or linen flowers, and some show stitched straps further set off by groups of tiny pearl buttons.

Whatever may be the decoration of the collar its form and color are the motifs used in repetition on the belt and dress hem, and, while all collars are flat, no pretty or fashionable suit is ever cut more open in the neck than is in accordance with the custom followed by professional sailors. Sleeves are shorter than ever. A puff or broad band covering just the top of the arm is the requisite of fashion, and the blouse pouch and bag more generously than ever. A woman who knows how to set her figure off to advantage in the water holds her dress just the top of the arm is the requisite of fashion, and the blouse pouch and bag more generously than ever. A woman who knows how to set her figure off to advantage in the water holds her dress just the top of the arm is the requisite of fashion, and the blouse pouch and bag more generously than ever.

Bathing Skirts.
Numbers of women who take their fashions with a pinch of salt are ordering their bathing skirts made with three pleats folded toward the central rear seam of the skirt, and the pleat hole opens a little to the left side in front. Others pleat the skirt all around in folds deep enough to throw the fullness of a source in at the bottom. Such pleats are stitched down flat, and the proper way of achieving this result is shown in a sketch of two white flannel and one silver gray mohair suit. Silver gray, by the way, is by no means a poor choice for a bathing suit when touches of sea green are introduced in the decoration or warm coral red is worn with it.

Gay Water Kerchiefs.
The scarlet, white, navy blue and bright plaid handkerchiefs will be worn as usual over the oiled silk caps as ear protectors, and the proper bathing stocking is black with what is called triple toe, to protect tender soles and toes from rough stones. The best bathing hose are worn with supporters that are fastened to the belt of the blouse and finish in loops that catch about buttons in the stocking's tops. A few, but only a few, women patronize the bathing corset department, where really sensible little stays of heavy net, stiffened merely with cordings, are made for those whose figures do not otherwise display to advantage in the easy-going swimming suits.

Bathing Toggers.
In the true seaside, yachting and plain boating dresses the struggle this spring is between wool and linen. Cotton beach and deck suits have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the odd-est compromise are now seen of wool suits trimmed with linen and linen skirts and waists weighted with wool bands, collars, cuffs, etc. The most sumptuous thing in yachting toilet is a colored linen encrusted with very stout gullup or Russian lace, under which the goods are cut away to show white linen beneath. A hat of colored linen suits overlaid with lace and bearing big white or gray wings is a chosen accompaniment to this.

The bond of union between wool and linen is clearly set forth in the sketch of an ideal boating suit in supple blue Trouville serge; a light weight, springy and almost dust-proof goods. Straps of turquoise blue linen are stitched on the skirt and waist, and a little chemise and scarf of linen, in the same tint, fills in the open space left by the broad rolling collars. The remainder of this simple scheme of decoration is carried out in flat dots embroidered on turquoise blue linen thread, and a hat of stitched blue linen, with a pair of dark blue wings, gives the reasonable finale to a quite perfect costume.

Homburg Robes.
Net robes treated with the inevitable lace encrustations, or trails of applied silk figures braided down on the transparent web, are called Homburg robes, or Spa costumes, because there is a tradition that they were first worn at those gay health resorts of Germany and Switzerland. Over here we give them no special name, but no woman feels she can clearly read her title as a fashionable woman unless she owns one of these confections. If she is an economical woman she buys a point d'esprit robe threaded with applications of imitation Irish lace or point de Venise; if she enjoys a long purse she buys a complete robe of what is called lace net and on this appear applications of silken flowers, Brussels lace, real Valenciennes flounces at the foot and motifs of the richest gullup laid on wherever a space or opportunity offers. To tell the truth, we wear too much lace, and the rich women are to blame. They like to have their gowns of solid duchess, ruffled with mechina and overlaid with the most costly Florentine Renaissance, and though the result is rich in extreme, it is not artistic at all.

A Summer Dinner Dress.
Another vulgarity of fashion is the spreading of real lace, and all the lace inlaid silk muellins are bespangled like the heavens on a clear night. One of the chaste sorts of lace garnished robes is sketched to show the form of the most modish possible summer dinner dress. This is a pearl gray point d'esprit woven with tiny black dots and dropped on an under slip of rosy lilac. Very delicate tendrils of imitation chianti are applied with big conventionalized silk



A NET ROBE WITH LACE ENCRUSTATIONS.

passion flowers. Lilac chiffon flounces, edged with black baby ribbon, stuff at the foot. Among the dainty inventions for the glorification of an evening toilet are the bows, shoulder knots, etc., made of chiffon roses. Trails of these delicate lovely flowers are appearing on the gowns of the Spring debutantes, and all the young girls take a lively satisfaction in the big Liberty satin ribbon roses that are made for the hair. Green, red, blue, white and yellow roses are all made of ribbon loops, and one such blossom nestled in the low pinned folds of hair is esteemed an adequate and becoming ornament.

MARY DEAN.

Women, Nerves and Tea

NEW YORK'S LATEST FAD WHICH HAS SUPPLANTED ICE CREAM SODA.

THE tea rooms are newly arrived on these shores as a place of refreshment. Over in London and Paris they have flourished long and successfully, and attempts made to imitate them in Boston, New York and elsewhere fell pitifully flat. Nothing could be done to introduce the 5 o'clock habit until the women took a liking to it, and hitherto the American palate craved soda water, with plenty of ice cream in it, at that hour.

A few months ago, however, a physician, who has no connection with any tea house or restaurant, casually dropped the remark that one way to injure a nice complexion would be to drink soda water and drink it often enough, and having a nervous woman patient under his care, he recommended a half-hour rest every afternoon, with a cup of weak hot tea and even a mild cigarette after the drink. His idea was to offer the restless creature a temptation to relaxation, and the tea and cigarette cure pleased her mightily. She communicated the prescription and its results to her friends, and one of the few tea rooms that had been opened two seasons ago and managed somehow to keep itself going suddenly found its patronage swelled beyond hopes of accommodation.

Tea, Toast and Quiet.
What all the women asked for was tea, toast and quiet; dim lights, obliging and swift attendants and the privilege of

dawdling as long as they liked over their cups and smoking a cigarette if they pleased. The proprietress saw what was wanted, supplied the need, and long before Lent came in she began to make money in a way that exceeded her wildest dreams. It was not very long before other women with a commercial instinct began to realize that the era for the tea room had arrived, and in a very few weeks the accommodation had doubled and trebled.

There are now Japanese, Dutch, East Indian and plain American tea rooms, and at the correct tea drinking hours of the day they are filled with women to whom gallons of the amber liquid, hot and hot, are served. One feature of all these rooms is the warm, pleasing coloring and the subdued lighting that pervades them. In the long ago, when women took their tea lightly and wholly disregarded the spiritual as well as physical refreshment that a cup of the stuff could give, the idea was to resort to one of the big, garish dining-rooms of a very fashionable hotel and munch toast and take in the crowd. No woman who realizes what her means endangers the virtues of its effects in this fashion, and those who cater to her thirst have provided her with just the environment in which her soul as well as her body can relax.

At the Dutch and American tea rooms they have brought this feature out with the most profitable result. The Dutch

room is paneled as high as the tallest woman's head in black oak; above this a yellow brown cartridge paper is put on, and the draperies are done in brown pongee silk. Black iron lamps and lanterns, shaded with brownish yellow silk or heavy burnt amber glass, shed a rich, diffused light through the big room that is furnished in black oak. It is massive oak, too, with broad-shouldered, high-backed, costly-cushioned chairs that positively invite tea dreams and confidences.

Pretty waiting maids in brown pongee silk gowns and white big yellow silk bows on their heads, in place of muellin caps attend to the customers' wants. They dispense tea by the cup, tea by the pot; or, on the low, black oak table before the thirsty visitor, a complete brass and brown delectable tea set will be set, and one can brew one's tea to suit one's individual fancy. All the linen used on the little round table of a cup is of brown, and the cakes, crumpets, toast or browned biscuits are served as fresh and crisp as though just from the oven.

The Yearning for Rest.
At the American tea rooms the soft luxury of the situation is increased by bowls of cut flowers here and there, and on cold afternoons a big wood fire crackles on the wide hearth, while the latest fashion papers are strewn on a big writing table by the window. What the managers of the little resorts have tried to give is an essentially feminine and home-like appearance to these rooms, and to get as far away as possible from the aspect of the hotel restaurant, where the proprietress tried to introduce tinkling guitars and mandolins behind palms on the stairs, but her customers fled. They wanted quiet, and they left her to go to a tiny little room behind a flower shop, where the roar of the city is unheard and where the plain, green painted walls are hung with magazine pictures framed in passe-partout.

In this little snuggerly they declared they could relax, and the more mildly dispensed could get a corner of a divan, smoke cigarettes no bigger than broom straws, cash up their shopping accounts, consider samples and whisper secrets. Not in all of these resorts is it possible to

smoke, but in the majority this privilege is accorded those who wish to enjoy a few puffs, and in one there is even a cupboard in one corner where different brands of dainty cigarettes are kept for the convenience of those who have their preferences in tobacco.

Crystal Spoons and Saccharine.
Special stress is laid, however, on the tea and its methods of brewing, and the women have pronounced emphatically in favor of a soothing tea. What the American woman desires is a brew that is bland and innocuous and not fattening, and this is where some special tea scores. The order murmured to the maid in attendance is usually for a cup "mild," with a crystal spoon and saccharine tablets, or a full-strength cup sweetened with white rock candy. It is rarely, or never, that the order includes cream or milk, for your artistic tea toper wants to enjoy the bouquet of the leaf, and furthermore she has been told that it is the cream in tea that injures the complexion and dries out the hair, while tea taken straight tones the stomach, braces the nerves and clears the brain.

The stout women all take saccharine in their tea, and use spoons with crystal bowls, for there is a fancy that metal and saccharine create an unpleasant chemical condition in tea, and that white rock candy is far superior to plain, cut leaf sugar.

At the East Indian rooms, where the tea hall is all done in dull red, and the gleam shed from the big, swinging Benares brass lamps is as dim, religious and becoming as that of a cathedral, silent, brown-skinned, white turbaned, cat-footed men serve the customers, and the regular patrons will order often enough a brew of perfumed tea. The perfume is gained by putting a couple of dried orange blossoms, three or four Riviera violets, or a few desiccated rose hearts in with the leaves before the boiling water is poured on. The effect is pleasing to jaded palates, but the women who take tea for tea's own sake regard these frivolities with appropriate scorn of connoisseurs and arch epicure.

MILLICENT ARROWPOINT.

For the Frugal Housekeeper

FIRST FRUITS OF THE SEASON. • THE STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY.

Like the crocus among flowers, the strawberry is the first of its kind, a bright, ruddy, juicy substance, full of the freshness, sunshine and promise of the early summer. Like all the first growths of the new season, it plays the part of a condiment rather than a food. Full of juices, flavor and succulence, it is an inappreciable part of the newness, beauty and joyousness of the first days of summer.

In the sweet flavor of the sun-ripened berry, fevered thirst disappears and the system is cleansed of its morbid humors by the best of laxative fluids. We have yet to acknowledge the supreme importance of flavor in fruit, nay, in all our food. The statement was recently made by a noted professor of science that the "energy of foodstuffs is due to the chemical energy in electrically charged molecules," and the perfected flavor of ripened fruit is the outward manifestation of the presence of these electrically charged molecules—the electricity generated by the sun's rays and stored in abundance in the sweet, juicy pulp of ripened fruit. To aid us in our choice, Nature marks the highly flavored, that is to say, electrically charged, fruit with a deeper color, so that intensity of color and flavor are, as a rule, complementary. But flavor gone and all the healing virtues, all the pleasure-giving properties of the fruit vanish like the smoke in the presence of the dread destroyer, Julep.



A blue Trouville yachting gown.

ness, succulence, perfection of form and size, are all for naught. Not only is its value as food destroyed, but it may act as a serious disturbing element in the system; all evidence bearing us to the inevitable conclusion that too much value cannot be placed upon this mysterious quality called flavor, the spirit of the substance of our food.

Both the strawberry and the raspberry have too much of the evanescent quality of the young days of summer to enable them to lend themselves readily to culinary operations. Heat quickly dissipates their flavor, fades the whiteness of their color, and breaks down their juicy substance. Hence we shall find those culinary combinations most satisfactory which contain them in their fresh, uncooked state. Neither the strawberry nor the raspberry should be served with an acid vegetable, or, more broadly stated, no acid fruit should be served at the same time with an acid vegetable. Strawberries and tomatoes form the worst possible violation of this common-sense rule. Yet it is no uncommon sight to see at a restaurant on a summer day a pretty damsel enjoying a luncheon of strawberries and tomatoes, with a bread and butter accompaniment.

There is no better way to serve fresh berries than to sprinkle them with powdered sugar 10 or 15 minutes before they are served. True, it spoils the shape of the berries to a slight extent, but it improves their flavor, which is a matter of greatest importance.

There is a disposition among housekeepers to preserve the shape of certain articles of food to the detriment of their flavor and digestibility. Fruits, grains and vegetables are too often sent to table half cooked, in order that the shape may not be spoiled. The eye is thereby gratified at the expense of the stomach. Said the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, an unimpeachable authority on gustatory matters: "Put ripe berries in a dish, add a little cold water, break them down with a spoon, adding just enough sugar and water to make them half liquid, and you shall find many another dish less delicious."

Strawberry Shortcake.
Mix and sift together one pint of sifted flour, two round teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Gradually stir into it two-thirds of a cup of milk, one beaten egg and one-quarter of a cup of melted butter and lard mixed; when thoroughly mixed, turn on a flour board and roll out half an inch thick. Cut with a large blacut-cutter. Bake either in the oven or on a greased griddle, or in a chafing dish. Split round the edge only, tear open, spread with refuted butter, put together again and serve at once. Have strawberries sweetened and heated, and as you serve the cakes lay them open and cover generously with the fruit. In this way the cakes are not made

heavy by long soaking, and if all of the fruit is not needed it will keep better separate.

Strawberry Canapes.
Cut slices of sponge cake in rounds or squares. Have ready one cup of strawberries sliced and sweetened; heat them just enough to melt the sugar, add one tablespoon of butter and pour it over the toasted sponge cake.

Delicious Strawberry Blanc Manger.
Make corn starch blanc manger as follows: Scald one pint of milk and stir into it two round tablespoons of corn starch previously wet in a little extra milk, a pinch of salt and butter the size of a hickory nut; stir constantly for three minutes; remove from the fire, flavor with vanilla and pour into a border mold previously wet in cold water, and put away to cool and set. Turn out on a platter, fill the center of the blanc manger with stemmed strawberries or fresh raspberries. Serve with sugar and cream.

Strawberry Ice Cream.
Sprinkle one cup of sugar over one quart of washed and bulled berries, mash to a pulp, and let stand till the sugar is dissolved. Press through a coarse cheesecloth until nothing but seeds remain. Add to the juice from one to two pints of table cream which has been scalded and cooled. Add sugar to make it quite sweet, and freeze. Use one part rock salt to two parts ice and turn the freezer till the cream is smooth and stiff.

Raspberry Fudding.
Sprinkle one cup of sugar over one quart of raspberries; mash and let them stand until the sugar is dissolved, stirring and mashing the mixture occasionally. Squeeze through a coarse cheesecloth. There should be about one cup of juice; add water to make one pint of liquid, and put it on to boil. Wet three tablespoons of corn starch in a little cold water, and stir into the boiling syrup. Add a saltspoonful of salt and cook 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, but not quite dry, and stir them into the thickened syrup just before removing it from the fire. Turn into a mold wet in cold water, and set away in a cold place. Make a custard of the three yolks and one pint of milk, and serve with it.

Raspberry Ten Cakes.
Two and one-half cups pastry flour; one-half teaspoon salt; 2½ round teaspoons baking powder; one egg; one-half cup of sugar; one cup of milk; one tablespoon of butter, one cup of red raspberries. Sift baking powder with flour, work the butter into it with the tips of the fingers, and add remaining ingredients in the order given. Bake in deep pans or cups. Drop the berries in after the batter is poured into the pans.

Raspberry Shrub.
Twelve pounds of red raspberries; add to

TIRED SALESWOMEN.

Employers Should be More Considerate. Mrs. Pinkham Asks Tired Women to Write Her for Advice.

In the vast retail establishments of large cities, many women are employed as saleswomen.

Men formerly held the positions that women now hold, and while women's organism is less strong than men's, they are expected to do the same work. Their duties compel them to be on their feet from morning to night, and many of them, in a short time, contract those distressing complaints called "female diseases."

Then occur irregularities, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, indigestion, leucorrhoea, general debility, and nervous prostration.

They are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness.

In such cases there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. The following letters prove this. They also prove the value of Mrs. Pinkham's advice.



"I Can Work Every Day in the Week Now."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write this letter for you to publish for the benefit of poor, suffering women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me a great deal of good. I have taken three bottles and feel like a new woman. When I began the use of your medicine I was hardly able to be up; could not do half a day's work. I ached from head to foot, was almost crazy, had those bearing-down pains, and stomach was out of order. Now all of these troubles have left me and I can work every day in the week and not feel tired."—MRS. JENNIE FREEMAN, 402 Pennsylvania Ave., Lima, Ohio.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have read with interest your advice to others so much that I thought I would write to you for I have been suffering for a long time. This I did some time ago.

"Now I can hardly find words to thank you for your wonderful Vegetable Compound and advice.

"I was in a terrible state, every part of my body ached, was very nervous, had hysterical spells. I think I would have become insane had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your medicine has cured me and I cannot express my thanks."—MISS HATTIE DEGNART, Succasunna, N.J. (March 8, 1901.)

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

No other person can give such helping advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Pinkham, for none have had such a great experience—her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free—if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't.

\$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 will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

them five ounces of tartaric acid; cover the fruit with cold water and let stand 48 hours. Strain. To every pint of juice add 1½ pints of sugar; stir and dissolve the sugar; bottle and cork. In a cool, dark place, this will keep for a year. Strawberry shrub is made in the same way. ELLEN R. MILLER.

THE CRAB.

A Dainty Sea Food.
Of all the food products of the sea, none is more unique in flavor, and few, if any, more delicious than this little

monster, the crab. About its white, tender fiber, lingers a flavor that calls up visions of tumbling waves, of sandy beach and quiet pools, left here and there by the receding tide, the hums, also, too often of this shy, wary and much hunted little creature. In the flavor of no other sea food is there concentrated so much of the essence of the sea. Of whatever culinary creation the crab may form a part, a suggestion of deep-sea mysteries still lingers like an aroma. Yet the flavor of the crab rapidly de-

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ONE OF THE TEAROOMS.



THREE SMART, SENSIBLE BATHING DRESSES.