

PREPARING SUMMER FROCKS

MARCH is the month when the woman who supplies ideas for building her own gowns gives herself over completely to the study of late Spring and Summer styles. It may be said that to burst forth like a butterfly on Easter morning, but one likes to feel conscious that a genuine Easter confection is hidden in one's closet, to spring directly to the ban is lifted. It is equally comforting to know that one's Summer sewing is planned, and, more important still, that a competent modiste and a capable seamstress are engaged.

The Summer girl no longer leaves frocks and frills for a last rush order. She is the first at the Spring openings, and has her plans well laid before the snow really ceases. This season it behooves her to prepare earlier than ever, for handwork is to be the thing.

Go where one will among girls with deft fingers, and there's embroidery, French knots, or applique under way on Summer fabrics. One may buy handwork, or the simulation thereof, but at what price! An ingenious young woman who was hurried by kindly advisory friends to a sale of embroidered linen robes thus described her tour of inspection:

"The patterns were of linen, the skirts seemed and braided in an elaborate fashion. The waist patterns showed embroidered or braided vests, deep collars and cuffs—all for \$11."

Her auditors gasped. "But wait till you hear the rest. I was fascinated, of course, by the view through plate glass, but when I made a close investigation, I found that the weave was loose, like the crash we use for dish-towels. The gossamer was not cut on true lines, and the braiding or embroidery, whichever was used, was done entirely by machine. So were the French knots. That dress would shrink, the skirt would draw and the machine stitching, once it got started, would pull right out. And so I bought these."

She laid out ten yards of dainty blue linen, 15 medallions in Hamburg, a dozen more in the same pattern, but of smaller size, and a bunch of white linen embroidery floss. Then she explained:

"It will cost me \$20 before it is finished, to say nothing of my time, but it will last all Summer and have an air of distinction which only handwork can give these days. First, I will have my dressmaker, who works for us at the rate of \$2.50 per day, cut and fit the dress. Then, marking the seams carefully with basting threads, she will take it apart, and I will do the handwork. When my work is finished, she will put the dress together once more and give to it the finishing touches."

The dress is to be a seven-eighths skirt, inset with the large white medallions, circular in shape, which will be surrounded by several rows of French knots. Smaller medallions will finish the waist and sleeves, and also the drooping collar, which imparts the correct sloping effect to the shoulders. The use of medallions and French knots gives the appearance of fancy work to the average dress, but, just the same, it is to be the correct thing for Summer.

A blue linen dress, showing oblong medallions set in the many rows which form the front of the skirt, had a circular back. The vest was of all-over embroidery, and the sleeves, ending at the elbow, were finished with a deep ruffle of embroidery.



A STUNNING BODICE OF PALE GREEN VOILE IN DIAMOND-SHAPED PIECES, JOINED BY FAGOTTING.

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Dinner bodices for Spring and Summer wear are composed almost entirely of handwork, and in many instances are mere bands of cloth or silk, connected by masses of fagotting or herring-bone. A

stunning sample is the bodice of a pale green dinner dress of voile. It has a bolero form, fitted with tiny iridescent spangles and connected by fagotting. Instead of a collar, there is a yoke of white chiffon, laid in narrow strips and connected by silk fagotting. The short

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She Who Is Deft With Her Needle Is Already Busy A Hand Work Distinguishes the Linen Gown.

In realistic tints of silk, padded to perfect simulation of the fruit. The vesting and the foliage are done in embroidery. The pattern also shows the fruit in small size on the pieces to be utilized for bolero and sleeves. These embroidered robes, showing skirt, bolero or jacket, scarf and sleeve pieces, are the striking features of the Spring models.

Crepe de chine is a popular fabric for Spring bodices, and requires only fagotting and French knots to make it most effective.

A dainty bodice in pink crepe de chine displays a bertha effect in bands of the crepe, sprinkled liberally with French knots and joined by fagotting. From under the bertha, falling like a fringe and hanging on silken tendrils, is a circle of tiny sweet peas made from chiffon. The sleeves come to the elbow where they are finished by a gathered ruffle of chiffon, caught up with small bunches of the chiffon sweet peas.

Everything in the way of accessories for the dainty Spring frocks follows the stole effects. Gone are the roly-poly feather and chiffon boas which robbed the most tired face of a year or so of age, and in their stead we have the quaintest of stole studies. Among the striking black and white combinations for Spring boas is a flat accordion pleating of black chiffon, covered by a lattice work of black chiffon in very full rose pleating. In the center of each lattice-like square is applied a medallion in white lace. The ends reach to the hem of the skirt, and are finished simply with a flat pleating of the chiffon.

With a striking gown of white tulle over tulle, finished with panels of cluny lace, is worn a long, flat stole built entirely from white poppies, done in chiffon and falling from velvet stems.

Costures promise to be somewhat low for the post-Lenten festivities, and a number of new and dainty hair ornaments are seen. The ribbon flowers have been so abused and exaggerated that they are going out. In their place have come some exquisite nature studies in chiffon and equally elegant fabrics.

Orchids, with maiden-hair fern, and cyclamens, gleaming with silver dew, are exceedingly good form and distinctly new, while among the wreaths a pretty ornament comes in mistletoe, which is no longer reserved for Christmas wear, and shows waxen berries in gray-green leaves.

For Spring dances, the new fans are enticing, and display triumphs of art in combinations of paper and lace. This is due to the rage for all things Japanese, and the fans come considerably higher than one would imagine from the use of the word "paper."

A fan showing a Watteau pattern has the figures in delicate colors outlined in silver against black lacquer, the sticks being in dainty enameled wood.

The sticks of a truly Japanese affair end alternately in paper blossoms of the most Oriental type, and piquant female figures, each perfect in its smallest details.

Another striking combination shows ivory sticks enameled in gold and a paper finish of heavy silk, studded with spangles and inset with black lace, also spangled.

There is a distinct return to old styles in fans, and among the trifles which will please girls is the discovery of a fan in ivory, which they will find particularly useful when they attend the commencement promenades and other social functions incident to college life.

Vice-Empress of India, she is next in rank throughout the British Empire to Queen Alexandra. It is due largely to the grace and cleverness of her own personality that she has become a world-wide proverb of success.

At a dinner given recently in New York in honor of a distinguished Englishman, the latter was led to discourse a little too freely on the strange customs of America and the obnoxiousness of our sending Ambassadors abroad without glittering robes of office. A woman nearby, incidentally, who has climbed, listened with wrapt attention.

"I am affected always by your formalities," she replied, "but when in Calcutta, as my husband and I were, we were the gutter in order that the Vice-Empress and her train might pass. I was more than glad to yield to an American."

SIMPLE DISHES FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPERS

THE tremendous increase in the population of all large cities has brought to public attention the possibilities of small apartments, particularly those which are known as bachelor suites.

An ingenious bride can convert an apartment consisting of two rooms and a bath into a Garden of Eden, even if it is located among chimney pots, and a quartet of bachelor maids will learn the true meaning of home in a four-room suite.

Time was when light housekeeping was one of the trademarks of the artistic circle, and the Latin quarter in particular. Now it is the salvation of many a worker in the cities, and the most dangerous rival that the boarding-house-keeper has.

To meet this condition, compilers of cook books and heads of cooking schools are racking their brains for tempting concoctions which can be made in a chafing dish or over a one-hole gas stove. Light breakfasts, luncheons, suppers and Sunday night teas may be managed with the few conveniences, and the aid of a radiator for keeping dishes hot. Usually the occupants of small suites take their dinners out.

In preparing all dishes calling for cold meats, the light housekeeper should bear in mind that she can buy at a delicatessen shop any amount of cooked meat, from a single slice of ham to a whole roast, and it is infinitely more appetizing when served in the form of a made-dish than when laid out cold and cold on a parsley-trimmed platter.

The following receipts are prepared with a view to serving not more than four people:

Cream Potato Soup.
Pare and quarter two good-sized potatoes. Cook in cold water, and when half done, pour off this water and add one-half pint of fresh boiling water, a small slice of onion, a sprig of celery, and one-half bay leaf. Boil once more until the potatoes are done, and then press them through a sieve. Bring a pint of milk to the boiling point, thicken with half a tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth in one-half tablespoonful of flour, bring to a boil, and pour over the potatoes, serving in a hot dish with bread sticks.

Mock Bismarck Soup.
Have ready one-half can of tomatoes and three cups of fresh, sweet milk, a small tablespoonful of flour, and the same quantity of butter. Press the tomatoes through a sieve and add one-half can of milk to the boiling point, thicken the tomatoes to one side. If you have only a single-hole gas stove, when the milk is hot, add pepper and salt and the butter rubbed in a cream in the flour. Cook several minutes. Bring the tomatoes to a quick boil, add one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, pour into the boiled milk, and serve immediately. This is an excellent first course for an otherwise cold luncheon.

Creamed Oysters.
Bring a pint of sweet cream to a boil with a small piece of mace. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, smoothed in cold milk, and add salt and pepper to taste. Bring the oysters to a boil in their own liquor, strain carefully, strain off the juice, and drop the plumped

oysters into the cream sauce. They can be served plain or on toast, and are easily made in the chafing dish.

Lobster Newburg.
This is made with one small can of lobster, one pint of sweet cream, the yolks of three eggs, a wingglass of sherry or Madeira, one tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of cayenne, and salt to taste. Pick the lobster meat into bits that are not too fine and drain off the juice. Cook for five minutes with the butter, salt, and pepper. Add the wine, beat the yolks light, and stir them into the cream. Pour this mixture over the lobster and cook in the chafing dish or over boiling water until thick.

Veal Balls.
Mince fine some cold veal, add a few bread crumbs, an egg, and pepper and salt. Mold into balls and fry in butter. When browned, remove from the pan and arrange neatly on a hot platter. Make a rich cream gravy of milk, flour and butter and pour over the balls, serving with parsley.

A Tempting Breakfast Dish.
Melt three ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour, simmer and add some chopped onion and a little parsley. When browned, season with pepper and salt and add a cup of good stock or gravy. For the thickening, add one egg yolk, beaten, and a dash of lemon juice. Cook for five minutes, then stir into the sauce cold beef, minced fine. Heat gradually, thickening more flour, if necessary. When thoroughly heated, serve in a tablespoonful of catsup and serve at once on hot toast.

Glaze Tomato Salad.
Dissolve one-eighth of a box of gelatin in a little cold water. Measure one-half can of tomatoes or, in season, skin, and stew four good-sized fresh tomatoes. Press the tomatoes through a sieve to remove all the seeds, season with pepper and salt, and pour over the gelatin while very hot. Pour into a fancy mold to harden, and bring to the table whole, in a nest of lettuce leaves.

Chocolate Blanc Manger.
Dissolve one-eighth box of gelatin in cold water and stir it into a pint of boiling milk. When at the boiling point add two ounces of grated chocolate and two ounces of pulverized sugar. Let this mixture boil until the chocolate is melted and a uniform color secured. Then stir in two well-beaten eggs and strain into a mold. Serve with whipped cream.

Pineapple Cream.
Heat to the boiling point one can of shredded pineapple. Strain one-half ounce of gelatin, which has been dissolved in cold water, and add to the pineapple. Remove from the fire, and when it begins to chill stir in the beaten whites of three eggs and one-half pint of cream. Pour into a mold and set on ice.

Cheese Balls.
To one cup of dry grated cheese add three drops of Worcestershire sauce, the whites of two eggs well beaten and a pinch of salt. Mold into soft balls, roll a bread crumbs, lay in a wire basket and dip them into hot lard and fry until golden brown. Serve with toasted crackers.

Corn Oysters.
Grate enough fresh corn to fill nearly a pint measure. If canned corn is used, press it through a fine colander or sieve



W.C. Bolton

If you have any business with Mr. William C. Bolton, President of the Bolton Drug Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., you must elbow your way through a crowd of customers, and you will find him working at a modest little desk in the rear of the long counters.

A man who has five large stores to look after must learn to do at least two things at once, and Mr. Bolton, whom a reporter found at the store, 364 Fulton Street, continued to work as he talked.

"I have been in this business long enough to see many proprietary articles rise and fall," he said. "I have never stopped to analyze the reasons for the failures. As for the successes, merit and good management account for them; merit chiefly."

"Take Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, for example. In our stores we have handled them for years, and the sales have gone on increasing right along despite lively and persistent competition."

"There are thousands, yes, tens of thousands of people in this good borough of Brooklyn, who consider them standard household articles, as thoroughly to be depended on as to-morrow's sunrise."

"In my judgment, the bold of Cuticura Remedies upon the public confidence is explainable upon one ground only; that they really do all they are said to do."

"If they failed to cure eczemas, rashes and other torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and blood humors, or if the Soap and Ointment did not possess delicate emollient properties especially fitting them for toilet

purpose, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, the facts would have been known long ago, and Cuticura would have gone to the graveyards of medicinal failures."

"As a matter of fact, Cuticura Remedies are very much alive. Of course our salesmen do not ask questions of people who come to buy them, but from the ever growing demand I assume that the good work of Cuticura has been spread through the community by word of mouth, and with all due respect to the newspapers, that is the best advertising in the world."

"Time and competition are the hardest tests, and Cuticura has withstood them both. Mothers use the Soap and Ointment to relieve their tormented babies, whose tender skins itch and burn with eruptions as unsightly as they are agonizing, because it is not only effective in the highest degree, but it is pure, sweet and wholesome."

"Grown up people who buy the remedies for their personal use, swear by them, I know. Cuticura Soap is the most popular of skin soaps. As its sale probably exceeds that of all other skin soaps combined, we have sold at retail over \$5,000 worth of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent this year, and have as yet not heard one word of complaint."

"I have no more interest in Cuticura than in other things we sell, but since you ask my opinion, I give it as freely on this subject as I would on any other."

er's desk the audience rose to receive her. Save for the heavy green glasses she wore and the peculiar manner in which she thumbed a little book which contained her notes in the raised letters of the blind, no one would have imagined that she was sightless. She seemed to be glancing here and there over the lecture-room, and frequently referred to sight in a way which would lead one to infer that she possessed it physically as well as mentally.

"A great many people sympathize with me," said Miss Crosby, smiling sweetly, "but although I am grateful to them, I really don't need their sympathy. What would I do with it?"

"You see, I was blind from the time I was six weeks old, and I never knew what it was to see with my eyes, yet when I was a year old I could climb a tree like a squirrel and ride a horse bare-back."

"I wrote my first 'piece' when I was 8 years old. It went like this:

O what a happy soul am I
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be;
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot and I won't."

"And I never did," added the blind woman.

Following are the first verses from some of Miss Crosby's most famous hymns:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love I'm overshadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'Tis the voice of angels,
Singing in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the Jasper sea.

Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear me humbly cry:
While on this earth I am soiling,
Do not pass me by.

All the way my Savior leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly love divine comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell!
For I know what's best for me,
Jesus doth all things well.

I thank thee, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

This country invented the parlor, sleeping and dining cars, the pressed-steel freight car, many of the best features of the modern locomotive, the airplane, the automatic coupler and a host of other devices, and it runs the fastest long-distance trains.

And many other painful and serious ailments from which most mothers suffer, can be avoided by the use of "Mother's Friend." This great remedy is a God-send to women, carrying them through their most critical ordeal with safety and no pain. No woman who uses "Mother's Friend" need fear the suffering and danger incident to birth; for it robs the ordeal of its horror and insures safety to life of mother and child, and leaves her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured. Our book "Motherhood," is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by addressing application to Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

SOCIAL CLIMBERS OF THE PAST

WHILE it is supposed by the undiluted that Mrs. Astor's revised directory of New York society contains 60 names of those who have really and truly arrived, in truth, it might be divided into three chapters, devoted as follows:

First—Those who surround the social apex by right of birth and family.

Second—Those who have arrived by means of persistent, legitimate climbing.

Third—Those who are still climbing breathlessly, but with every prospect of success.

As the average American admires above all things, right, a hard-won fight and a successful climber, socially or otherwise, perhaps the climbers of the past, who now rest on their laurels, form the most interesting class.

When dear old Commodore Vanderbilt sat in the kitchens of New Jersey's haughty patricians, and related his ambition of putting into commission a small boat to travel weekly to New York, for such merchandise as these good people might desire, he was not regarded as a thrillingly romantic individual. Even when his dream had merged into a reality, his achievement passed without rousing any great interest in the minds of those who then formed the aristocracy.

In fact, it was not until the Commodore could establish a man's fortune in the financial world by a nod of his head, when his sons began to erect colossal mansions on Fifth avenue, that society sat up straight and began to inquire who these new-made millionaires would entertain, and a mimic civil war in the social holy of holies was waged for a time over the burning question.

Then Mrs. Astor, serene in the consciousness of unquestioned power, pulled the door bell attached to the residence of the late W. K. Vanderbilt, and for a few better minutes permitted herself to be entertained in his sumptuous drawing-room. Once more society breathed freely. The climbing days of the Vanderbilts were over forever. They had arrived. Their ascent had been marvellously quick.

With one member of the family, the Duchess of Marlborough, holding a corner of the canopy during the coronation of Queen Alexandra; while another member, her father, William K., responding to the pet name of the "American Prince of Wales"; with George Vanderbilt, royally exclusive, enjoying a more splendid estate than any feudal baron, incidentally creating about him a town and altering the running time of trains; and with yet another member, Alfred Gwynne, the richest young man in Christendom, it is not to be wondered at that the drapery of romance and greatness envelopes the memory of the family's founder.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's Climbs.

Again there are those who climb, arrive, and, what is even more essential, have their climbing forgotten all in a life time. Thus has it been with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who surely scintillates on the summit of society.

Never, however, was Mrs. Fish lacking in ability, nor was she of other than gentle breeding. Again, through her early marriage with a member of one of New York's oldest families, one whose traditions are interwoven with those of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton, it at once became possible for her to draw the proverbial line in the face of the very exclusive. Her social ambitions ran high, and were fueled along by originality. She possesses, moreover, a knack of entertaining freely. Society likes to be entertained, and Mrs. Fish is past-master of the art.



A FLAT STOLE IN FLUTED CHIFFON, WITH MEDALLIONS OF WHITE LACE.