

# Children And the Art of dressing them

BY ELIZABETH AMES

ALL happened at a tea. My idea, I mean. I think it was the first small tea of the season, but in some respects it was the most amusing function which I have attended in many years.

And the reason was simply this: All the young matrons of the last five years were there, and baby talk prevailed—all at last the unmarried ones had to put their hands to their ears and beg for mercy.

Gradually, however, the standard of the conversation was raised from the topic of the children to that of their clothes; and at this point my interest was somewhat enlisted and I began to listen.

I thought that possibly the subject of young girls' dresses might be an interesting one—possibly as interesting as the fashionable garments of the women of society.

"I always dress my baby in white lawn," declared one of our wealthy young matrons.

"Oh, I don't," exclaimed another; "mine always wears crepe, and can have a good time playing in the dirt."

"How do you dress your little girl, Mrs. H.?" asked one.

I became more and more interested then and really waited with something like eagerness for the answer, because I knew that Mrs. H. is a woman of good sense, and good judgment.

"But," she answered, "my baby is no longer a baby, she is a 'little girl,' and has already begun to go to school."

This announcement made the topic in hand even more interesting than before. The fact that baby dresses, which might be as dainty and elaborate as possible, had been put aside, and real dresses were under consideration proved of the greatest interest to the young mothers.

Naturally they asked eagerly for ideas about school dresses. But Mrs. H. said: "Simple things are the best for school girls."

Somehow this suggestion did not seem to be greeted with enthusiasm—it appeared to close the discussion too abruptly. By way of opening it up again, one very attractive young woman said: "Oh, I saw such a pretty little dress at Maguin's the other day, and when my little girl is older I want her to have one just like it."

From the description which she then gave of this dress that had pleased her so much, I should imagine that it was a very elaborate affair, indeed.

Gradually I learned a great deal about baby's raiment, and the gradual development of it, from the long slips, then to the short dresses, and next to the creepers, which seem to be such a sensible invention. After this comes the miniature combination suit of bloomers and waist, which protects delicate dresses from much of the unavoidable wear and tear, and, besides, gives real comfort to the child. All this more than compensates for whatever they may lack of daintiness of appearance.

Until a little girl reaches the age of 4 or 5 the mamma can indulge in every possible whim as to the children's dresses. Nothing is too sweet and pretty for them. French baby clothes are simply adorable!

When I was in Paris last year one of my friends gave me a commission to buy some baby dresses for her little girl. Although I was appalled at the limitations of my own judgment and experience in buying babies' dresses, I found that all I had to do was to go to the Grand Maison de Blanc, on the Boulevard des Capucines, and there were babies' dresses of all sorts, kinds and prices, enough to make one's head swim.

The hand work was marvelous! Nothing would be such a fad nowadays that nothing would be so satisfactory except garments made and embroidered and tucked by hand. Thousands of little tucks run by hand are put on the tiny dresses, and beautiful hand embroidery is added, to excite the envy and admiration of mothers who long to see their little ones prettily dressed.

But the cost of these beautiful ornamented garments! It makes one gasp to note the fabulous prices which are put on hand embroidery.

Therefore I venture to advise mothers who wish to see their small children clad in hand-embroidered dresses to take



BLUE CASHMERE WITH WIDE BLUE LACE COLLAR

lessons in embroidery—unless, indeed, they are already proficient in the art—and to make the little dresses at home.

If it were pretty work—no fancy work, is prettier—and is very easy. Like many other things it is very simple when one knows how.

A plain little dress with a hand-embroidered yoke is very sweet and simple, and is easily made at home.

But when the time comes to go to school, from six to twelve years of age, then the little girls' dresses involve serious thought. My friend, Mrs. H., in whose judgment I had great confidence, very wisely, as it seemed to me, warned all the young mothers against the possible error of overdressing school girls. She still urged simplicity in dress.

All this conversation excited my curiosity, and decided me to look up the subject of the fashions for young girls' dresses, and I find that Dame Fashion has not overlooked this department. On the contrary, the different fashions are many and varied.

Like the styles of their mothers or older sisters, the sleeves of the children's dresses must be large at the top and tight at the wrist, and the skirts must be full or gored. In short, they follow in these particulars the fashions of all the women's dresses of the day. Probably the best style of dress for young school girls is a pretty dark blue serge sailor suit, which is comfortable, and warm enough, and always looks neat. Besides, it admits of the more or less rough usage incident to play time.

The Russian blouse suit is also attractive and pretty. It is very simple, but usually very becoming to all children. The straight lines of it, together with a long-waisted belt effect, give this kind of suit a very stylish appearance. It can be made or bought in different materials, but for winter wear blue serge seems the most sensible. If, however, serge may prove to be too warm for some children, heavy linen or duck can be substituted.

Aprons are no longer worn—more's the pity, for they were "mother's delight." And so it results that when a child gets home from school the first thing for her to do is to change her school dress for a play dress. A play dress, it is needless to say, must be made of some material that will stand rough usage and a lot of wear and tear—like gingham, which is not only strong, but neat and pretty.

Of course it is most important to cultivate in all children, boys as well as girls, habits of neatness and order, but still they should be permitted one



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WHITE EMBROIDERED PIQUE DRESS

they should be spotlessly clean and neat, and that at dinner they should change their dress and should be made to look as sweet and as pretty as possible.

There are certain changes that a young girl ought to have, merely as a matter of propriety and comfort. In winter, for example, she should be provided with two good school dresses, four play dresses that can be washed, and two "best" dresses for occasions.

Then there should be a school coat, a dressy coat and, if possible, a rain

## CHIMMIE FADDEN AND THE REFORMER

"ME SON," I says, "did you ever see a political reformer wit a double chin; did you ever know a tariff thinker who could sing a song or make a punch? Be careful, Kiddie," I says, "or you'll get dis ting on de brain, and dis you'll have nothing else dere, and your dress will fly from you like you was a yellow fever. Have nothing to do wit things dat is not like odder things, and you'll live to be a good old man wit a digestion and bank account."

I had to give me son a straight talk because I saw de danger he was in, and knew dat if I didn't put him right at de beginning he might join out a reformer and break his father's heart.

Dis was de way of it: Kiddie comes home from his school for a week-end once a month, and he's wit us now. I was asking him how he's getting on, and he says it was all to de good, for he sure would make dis football team. So I asked him in de noon, and I put dis black eye; and I want to know why dis is so—dat de teacher says New York has no Senator in Washington."

"You done right to poke him in de nose, me son," I says, "because dat was not a nice ting for de boy to say,

But it's a pity some one doesn't poke de teacher in de nose. He's de mug who should get thirty days in jail. No Senator from New York! Me son, we has two of de finest. Dey is cut out for team work; one of 'em never made a speech in his life, and de odder never made anything else. Can you beat 'em?"

If it wasn't dat I has such a good job whar I am I'd go to dat school all de time, and we gets it.

I know politics; I know dat it is a trade dat is governed like every odder trade or commerce, dat it is governed by de law of supply and demand. Whar a good Senator is called for dere is a good supply of 'em on hand; whar only a second-rate article is wanted, de course de supply gets a bit woldy and frazzled. But New York? What? We wants de best in de market, and we gets it.

I tells me son something like dis, and yet he is wozzy on de proposition, for he says dat de same teacher told de big boys dat Senators should represent all de people of de States.

On de level, did you ever hear such rot like dat? One of our Senators represents de railroads and de odder de express companies. Isn't dey better dan de people? Has de people any railroads for to be took care of? Has dey any express traf to be kept in order? What right have de people to butt in and try to get a Senator? I tell you, boss, dat dis matter is governed by de law of supply and demand, and you can't get away from dat. If de people had a supply of railroads or express companies tucked away in deir jeans pockets, den it would be time for dem to set up a holler for a Senator or two; but whar dey has only a supply of hot air whar de dey come in on de proposition?

But it isn't dat de teacher teaches de kids such foolishness dat I gets grouchy—'tis because dey teaches anything about de matter at all.

Listen: You can't keep your Uncle

Sammy from de bunko men. He's too good a mark; he is too easy, and when you start out to try to keep him off de Rialto and away from de sure-ting you start to make yourself dippy. I tells me son dat he'll never be captain of his football team if he tries to dope out who is de people, and whar dey is. De man dat tink grand thoughts about de people never will get a look-in at de temple of fame whar dere is places wanted dere for de ind dat makes a new record for trunning de hammer or putting de shot.

Leave politics for de politicians—whar do we pay 'em for? Don't go growling all over de lot when you are keeping a dog to bark for you.

You never saw a man who has big ideas about de rights of de people rooting at a baseball game, rowing a boat for fun, or coasting down hill on a sled filled wit kiddies.

When I'd told me son dis he wasn't satisfied yet, and he says dat de teacher told de class dat de people had a right to vote in de Senate as well as de railroads and de express companies.

So I says: "Look here, me boy, did de teacher say who was de people? Ain't I de people as much as him? If I wanted a job in de Custom-house wouldn't I get it? Sure I would, because Whiskers would tell our Senators to give it to me, Whiskers carrying a cargo of stocks and bonds in deir companies. Your teacher is like de rest of his kind—he's dippy. But don't be hard on him. Now dat I has give you good advice, don't be afraid to join whar he teaches you—only forget it. I want you to be a great scholar—only don't let it sink in. I'm no great scholar, so you will always have some one handy to put you wise, place you next, tell you how things really is. Take your teacher's teachings, for dey will do you no harm now dat you knows whar dey really means; and de teachers must earn a living, I suppose. But when you need to be told de trute about such

things come to your dad. He'll never put up to him early, when it would be relised to keep his head clear and wise."

I was glad dat Kiddie had de game put up to him early, when it would be relised to keep his head clear and wise. Some folks don't hear of such things as de teacher was saying until dey is too old to get over it easy, and den it's tasta to case of mind and good digestion. Whar's de use of trying to make tings de way dey isn't when it's so easy to take 'em de way dey is?

It's in de blood, of some mugs to go dotty on reform and de rights of de people. Once when I was to Washington wit Mr. Paul he takes me to de gallery whar we could see de Senate at work. I pipes 'em off and Mr. Paul was piping me off. After a while he says, "Chimes," he says, "can you pick out de frens of reform and de people and den pick out de dents dat is here not for deir healths?"

Dat's too easy, sir," I says, and I checks off de gang. All dese dat looks lean and serious and eager and poor, and had lots of coco above deir ears, what looks like dey was hired to watch a bank and had a tip dat a gang of yeggmen was comin' dat way, dat seems to be shy on vallets and long on wrinkles, dat keeps in deir seats and listens to de speeches, I puts down on one side. On de odder I puts down all de double chin boys, de lads dat goes most to de cloakrooms for a cigar and a nap, dat looks prosperous and sleek and content, and was long on close and short on worry, dat was taking things easy and looks like dey was pitying de odder mugs—dese I puts down on de odder list.

Mr. Paul he looks at me lists, and den he kind of laughs and he says: "Which is which?"

"Don't ask me, sir," I says. "I'd be ashamed to guess about such an easy one as dat."

Well, I was telling Mr. Paul what

Kiddie told me of de teacher, and he tells it to Whiskers to get a rise out of him. He got it all right. Whiskers put up a stack of boodle for dat school years ago when it needed it in its business, and he was for going dere by de next train and have dat teacher fired.

"He's no better dan a nannychist!" he says. "Tings has come to a pretty pass," he says, "if de morals of de youths of de nation is to be corrupted at de pump. I have seen in some of de papers de same wicked tings dat dat nannychist teacher says; dat New York is not represented in de Senate. Who isn't represented? Isn't de conservative, vested interest class represented. I want to know?"

"Better in our beloved State dan in most States," says Mr. Paul.

"I should hope not, sir," says Whiskers. "Do de nannychists and Huns tink dat we who-wil de widows and orphans—have our money invested in railroads and express companies, is to go unrepresented in de Senate? Nonsense! De de people tink dat we are going to let a lot of tariff tinkers and rate radders break into de Senate and scatter nannych and disorder and free trade and bombis and reform and dynamite all over de country?"

"I should hope not, sir," says Mr. Paul. "I remind you of an incident which shows whar de people really tink of nannychists and bomb throwers. Once a citizen said he would give his life for free trade—and de people wouldn't elect him Mayor of New York. Den de citizen began to tink more of his life and less of free trade, and de delighted people made him President. Dis beautiful incident occurred some hundred years ago, so you may have forgot it."

Whiskers he grins, and he says: "No, I haven't forgot it—nor has de citizen you refer to."

I wonder whar dey was talking about!

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.  
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## AUTUMN BRINGS ITS MESSAGE OF JOY

WHEN our eyes light upon the first scarlet banner which the early maturing trees or shrub flings out to the autumn breezes we are dull of soul if we do not look upon it as a sign. Beautiful is that bit of crimson foliage and still more beautiful is the scene when the color spreads, and embroiders the hillsides and forests with strands of red and brown and gold that no human painter can ever equal. But all this gorgeous display is designed not for the eye of man alone but for his heart as well.

Autumn hath not so many bards to sing its praises as hath the festive spring-time, but it carries its own peculiar message and has its own distinctive blessing. It is too often looked upon as the forerunner of winter's rigors and it too often induces a purely pensive mood. I know a man whose temperament is such that he begins as early as the month of April to dread the autumn. "This is a bright spring morning," you remark as you meet him. "Yes," is his lugubrious reply, "but it won't be long now before the days will begin to shorten and the winds of autumn will begin to blow." He has done this for so many years that he actually now takes delight in these gloomy prognostications.

But why should not autumn as well as spring be a season of pure joy in physical existence? In these golden October days we may well repeat Longfellow's lines, who, singing of an autumn of long ago, says:

There was that nameless splendor in the air, That wild exhilaration everywhere, That made the passers on the city street Congratulate each other as they meet.

The lassitude of the summer ought to yield to the tonic of this glorious season. With the blood tingling through our veins, with a new elasticity in our step we may not only be more civil than we have been to chance acquaintances on the street but eager to be up and doing.

Indoor occupations and diversions grow more attractive now. The evening lamp brought earlier into requisition draws the members of the family together and in countless homes groups made up of parents and children or of friends with congenial tastes pass profitable hours with books and games and in social converse. In the summer we seem to be forced to fritter away a good deal of time, but somehow as autumn approaches our consciences smite us if we are not making good use of the swiftly passing days and of the fragments of time at our disposal.

Autumn is the season of harvesting and while the farmers are stacking their corn and bringing in the golden pumpkins we may well ask if a period of in-gathering ever comes to us, and, if so, what are the fruits which we pack away so carefully in our storehouses. Are we harvesting anything out of the labors of preceding seasons besides dollars and pleasure? Have you any more confidence in your fellow-men, any more faith in God than you had a year ago? If you have not, may it not be well to begin at once to sow the kind of seed out of which those rich possessions shall fruit by and by?

For we cannot escape the fact that autumn signifies the hurrying forward of the year toward its completion. An ended cycle will soon be here. We are not to play the baby over the swift on-going of time. Neither, on the other hand, should we fail to heed the message of the autumn. Life is meant to ripen and mellow to its finish. We cannot count on an unending succession of happy days. What we must do we must do quickly and because we have only one life to live we must choose to do the things worth the doing, for, as a certain poet says, who has within a few weeks gone himself to the heavenly life bearing in his hands many sheaves garnered in years of worthy living:

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's  
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;  
Soon thou wilt need the sympathy of others.  
The time is short.

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,  
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness brought;  
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of heaven.  
The time is short.

THE PARSON.

great many of the nice hats for children are made of it this year.

French children almost universally are dressed in white—white dresses, coats, hats, stockings and shoes. Paris, however, has the advantage of being the cleanest city in the world, and little children in Paris rarely seem to be dirty. I can hardly think that a little French girl would ever dream of making mud pies—possibly, in Paris, she would not find mud enough for the purpose, or perhaps such an amusement would not appeal to her. At all events, Parisian children always seem dainty and clean. I have heard it said that a French woman could cross a muddy street without a spot on her shoes. If this is true, it must be due to careful training from childhood.

It seems to me, however, that a close acquaintance with mother earth is healthful and good, and I believe in letting children play out of doors, even if they do get themselves dirty in their games. But, of course, they should be dressed with a view to that possibility.

I went the other day to a dancing class of young children, and it was certainly a pretty sight. There were children there of all sizes, and dressed in all styles. One little girl that attracted my attention wore a white muslin dress, with a long waisted effect, and had a large bow on one side of her head. The pretty pink sash around her waist seemed a ridiculously short distance from her knees, and below it were some tiny flounces and lace. She wore little white stockings and shoes, and altogether she was a vision of fluffy daintiness.

Then came a little ten-year-old girl, wearing a white serge sailor suit. She was dancing with a little chap who was also dressed in a white serge sailor suit, and the little couple made a charming sight.

One little girl was dressed in a blue cashmere suspender suit that was particularly pretty. These suits, particularly if worn with dainty mousseline gimpes, are charming. They also make very nice school dresses when made of dark material and worn with plain white waists.

A French dress that I saw on a sweet little girl of about twelve years of age was made of white dimity with a blue dot in it. The waist buttoned down the back, and was made with a collar and round yoke of all-over open work embroidery. The yoke was set on a round strip of the dimity, which was edged with two flounces, one wide and one narrow, of open-work embroidery to match. Down the front of the waist, starting from the yoke, were two box pleats trimmed with buttons. The waist was made to blouse over a wide belt. The sleeves were made with quite a full puff at the top, joining a long cuff at the elbow, which was made of tucks and embroidery. The skirt was plain and full, and edged with two flounces of embroidery edging, one flounce being wide and the other narrow, like those on the waist.

All-over embroidery is very fashionable for children this year, and it is very effective for coats. A beautiful coat, made by Bachwitz, of Paris, was made in the Empire style and of all-over open-work embroidery. It buttoned in front with three handsome buttons. At the top of the sleeves were two flounces, giving the appearance of capes. The sleeves were full, with a cuff at the bottom. It was made quite short, reaching only a little above the knee, and about an inch and a half from the bottom of the dress. The lining was a very soft silk.

For a dressy coat, tan cloth is a very pretty material.

All the children's coats this year are very loose, and most of them are made in the Empire style, which is very becoming to children.