Society's Water Nymphs.

Marvelous Aquatic Feats Performed at Newport, Bar Harbor and Narragansett Pier by Leaders of Fashion—Smart Women Who Handle Yachts Skilfully.

The society season of sport is wide open, and the tendency of women in the smart set seems steadily turning toward specialties in one exercise or another. Few fashionable dames or damosellies appear to have the time or inclination to develop themselves into all around athletic women, and she who scores best at golf does not pretend to stand in with the circle of horse lovers or know an anchor from a binnacle.

On the other hand, the swimmers are supremely indifferent to brassies and long putting shots, and this summer the flock of fair human ducks is bigger than ever. All along the coast the women are making stunning records in the water, and Mrs. Reels Post, for example, has pretty nearly broken all former standards for diving. Given a pool of deep water and a springboard, this slim woman, flexible as a piece of whalebone, can put your heart in your mouth by her surprising exploits. She will take the water head on after turning a couple times in the air like a circus rider, or plunge into the sea from the highest point to which she can climb on her husband's yacht.

DIVING OFF THE YACHT.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, another fashionable fish who learned to swim at Bermuda, and her specialty is swimming under water, dropping down to bring sand up from the bottom and parting her long hair under the green sea wave.

At Narragansett Pier the crack swimmer is fair, slender Miss Robinson, who can strike out farther beyond the surf into the cold Atlantic waves than most men who have tried to measure her strength, and Miss Helen Benedict has silver cups to prove that she is one of the most daring and graceful divers that ever took the waters of Long Island sound head on.

At Newport, Miss Alice Barnard and Mrs. Elisha Walker lead all the other mermaids, and the fashion this summer is for the women guests off on a yacht-ing party to dive from the side of the bowsprit of the gallant schooner or steamer with all the nonchalance of the most seasoned salt. Not to be able to do this much is as great a disgrace as to foozle your ball when playing with a good golfer.

Their Turn at the Tiller.

Curiously enough, it is not given the women who swim, dive and execute marvelous gymnastics in the water to make the most capable sailors, nor be it the sailor women who develop into the first-class swimmers, and a short while since the art of yachting made small appeal to womankind. Society of the gentler sort has been recently, however, bitten with a mild marine fever, and the ambition of every woman whose husband, brother or sweetheart owns a boat is to qualify herself to take her turn at the tiller.

Mrs. George Gould is one of the energetic souls who think it more fun to guide a huge steamboat through the waves than trot a four-in-hand, and last summer she took a course of lessons in navigation from her husband's yacht captain. This season she takes the wheel as often as not, and puts the handsome steamer through her paces as cleverly as a first-class pilot.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is a new recruit to the list of feminine sailors. She has chartered a steam yacht for cruising about European waters, and is going to learn how to run her boat herself, if it is necessary to get out papers and study hard to do it. Mrs. Paget is a third candidate for nautical joys. She, too, will have a superb steamboat for the summer, and stand at her own wheel to explore the coast or run down the St. Lawrence, and not least of these lady pilots is Mrs. Howard Gould, who knows how to make the Niagara show her heels to plodding merchants and passenger shipping.

Early Morning In the Bachelor Quarters of Great Country Houses.

Among the very capable sailing pilots, whose boats and exploits we hear so much.

Great American Country Houses.

Our rich Americans are nothing if not hospitable, and in the country houses that have just been completed, or are going up at choice resorts, the chief command of the owner to the architect has been for plenty of guest rooms. At Henry Villard's huge house on the Hudson provision is made for two dozen friends at once by means of a second house erected on the grounds, where bedrooms only are provided. This is less cosy than the wise arrangement in the tremendous home of John Sloan at Lenox, Mass., where fourteen guest chambers are arranged under one roof, and then, in a ponderous square red tower, the ample room space is given up wholly to the comfort of any ten bachelors who may be included in the party.

Perhaps the top-notch of guest accommodation has been reached by that fashionable and generous hostess, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, for under the red roof of her greystone mansion in the Berkshires, she is able to shelter in uncrowded content sixty friends simultaneously. There are mighty few spreading English castles that can beat this record, and this is but one of Mrs. Stokes' institutions for making her friends happy. She also keeps going a luxurious camp in the Adirondacks, where no less than eighteen people can lodge with quite royal ease, and her closest rival in this happy scheme of things is Mrs. Seward Webb, whose truly palatial mountain camp can hold twenty fortunates under its sheltering tents and log huts.

George Vanderbilt is able easily to put up half a hundred guests at Biltmore, it is true, but he rarely taxes his great chateau to its utmost, while Mrs. Walter Webb, at Scarborough; Mrs. William D. Sloan, at Lenox; Mrs. Twombly, at Morristown, and Mrs. Thorne at Millbrook, keep their twenty guest rooms apiece easily full all the season through.

Mrs. George Gould can do as well as any of these hostesses by her friends in her great house at Lakewood, and since our millionaires have begun in the English fashion to erect well-appointed palaces in huge private parks, the fashionable seaside resorts have suffered. It is now considered a far more distinguished honor to be asked on a round of country house parties than air one's gowns on Bellevue avenue; a far more notable thing to possess a house with forty guest rooms and fifty acres of lawn than a splendid jewel box affair perched on a cliff, and all this proves that our social ideas are rapidly changing, until baronial halls and deer-haunted parks will be as much the acme of good taste and splendor here as on the other side.

Fashionable Bread-winners.

When riches slip out at the window our fashionable folk by no means permit poverty to come in at the door. If you have the interest, just pick up the business directory and find how assiduously and profitably dame industry has been cultivated by men and women who began life in the lap of luxury. The success with which they do this is the result of the modern tendency for educating even the wealthiest boys and girls to learn a trade or an art that at any moment could be turned into a profession.

In the list of fashionable bread-winners we find milliners, dressmakers, landscape gardeners, actresses, florists, lawyers, designers, caterers and restaurant keepers.

It was a woman who had her living to get who turned to landscape gardening when necessity arose, and Miss Beatrix Jones put considerable money in her pocket and valuable reputation to her credit by beautifully laying out Mr. John Kennedy's place at Bar Harbor and assisting in designing the great gardens at Biltmore.

So soon as ill-luck crossed her father's path, Miss Florence Lauterbach decided to put her shoulder to the family wheel. After graduating from a New York law school she entered her father's office to work like a clerk, with dreams of one day being taken into the firm to sustain her in her drudgery.

There was a tide of ill-fortune that forced Miss Kitty McLane to look about her, as she put away her ball gowns and made some big check aprons, and now she has the biggest pigeon run on Long Island. It took her two years to make it pay for itself, but now it pays her handsomely, just as Miss Elizabeth Marbury earns $20,000 a year as an agent for foreign playwriters, and Mrs. John Bloodgood and Miss Elsie de Wolf keep their homes up from their salaries on the stage. It took Miss Weatherspoon only just a year after the loss of her fortune to set up a dressmaking business that asked favors of nobody, but now keeps sixteen sewing machines running the season through. Mrs. Leslie Cotton puts $500 in her pocket for every portrait she paints, and her orders are anything but few and far between. These are all women who wholly support themselves by their own exertions, and a dozen more could be named who from the veriest butterflies have at need metamorphosed themselves into the busiest of honey-gathering bees.

EMILY HOLT.

THEIR OWN SAILORS ON THEIR OWN YACHTS.

SOCIETY OF THE QUEEN'S KISS.

A Charming Story of a Set of School Girls.

At Raleigh, in the county of Essex, has just died an old lady, almost a centenarian, who enjoyed a certain popularity in the neighborhood. She was called "the old lady who had kissed the queen for a shilling." She had, in fact, kissed her majesty on both cheeks in exchange for a piece of silver. This is the story:

The little Princess of Kent was about a year old, and her nurse used to walk with her every day under the trees in the park of Richmond. One day, in summer, the nurse met the young ladies of a neighboring school promenading. Among them was a pupil whose father was employed at the princely house. She pointed out the royal baby to her companions, and they all surrounded the nurse and begged permission to embrace the infant. "Let each of us give her a kiss, and we shall give you each a shilling."

The nurse re-entered the palace with a nice little sum of money, and ingeniously told of the adventure.

The Duchess of Kent at once sent her physician to the school to find out the state of the health of the young girls who had indulged in such audacious familiarity. She was reassured. The pupils were scolded, and the Duke of Kent made an expression of paternal pride which chroniclers have preserved.

"Nurse," he said, to the weeping servant, "you are pardoned. For my part, do not think it wrong for my daughter to be admired. Nothing more natural. It is the finest baby in the world. But for the future I forbid you to let her be kissed for less than a guinea. And yet, that is for nothing!"

After this incident the pupils of the school formed a sort of association under the name of Society of the Queen's Kiss, and when the Princess Victoria of Kent mounted the throne they recalled themselves to her memory. "We are," they said, "the first among your subjects from whom your majesty has received homage."

At all important occasions, the Society of the Queen's Kiss addressed new homage to the sovereign, but the number of members grew less, and there only remained these days the old lady of Raleigh. The Society of the Queen's Kiss is now extinct.

KITCHEN WISDOM.

Suggestions of Constant Value to the Housewife.

Always heat a frying pan before putting anything in it, not scorching, but hissing hot. Test it with a drop of water—if it dances about a little hissing globule, the pan is just right. Things laid in a cold pan and then set over the fire are certain to stick, besides they lack the appetizing crispness which is the main reason for frying. In breakfast bacon, particularly, it makes all the difference in the world in flavor.

Unless vegetables are taken direct from the garden they are improved by freshening in clean cold water. Wash them well, then cover them an inch deep and let them stand two or three hours. They will cook tender and full flavored, whereas if put on to boil half wilted, they are apt to be insipid and stringy. This is especially true of such things as cauliflower, asparagus and Brussels sprouts, also of pie-plant. If new potatoes are soaked thus, the work of scraping them is made very much easier and the potatoes themselves turn out mealier.

Mint for sauce is best cut with a pair of clean, very sharp scissors. Hold a dozen stalks of even length in the hand, and clip them all through at one stroke, of course cutting the bits very short. Thus you avoid the bitter, bruised taste so often made in chopping. Keep the mint in water until wanted, and do not make the sauce until the meat it is to accompany is on the platter ready to serve. By using fresh lime juice instead of vinegar, with a dash of good brandy and a little cayenne, your mint sauce may be quite transfigured.

ROYAL WOMEN AND THEIR DRESSMAKERS

It is not very generally known, perhaps, that some years ago Queen Victoria caught the dress reform fever and joined an association. She furthermore inveigled a number of her dowager friends into becoming members.

Although the queen never astonished her court by appearing in a dress cut a la reformation, she thought the idea of some not too radical reforms in dress a capital one—at least for the other women.

Through the queen's influence the Princess of Wales and her daughters became interested, and for a brief season Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Fife appeared upon occasions in garbs that were at least semi-reformed.

It cannot be said, however, that they ever became violently enthusiastic upon the subject.

During the last fifteen years the Princess of Wales has scarcely varied the fashion of her costumes at all. Through the age of big, puffed sleeves she clung to the small ones. For the make of her gowns, the style known as "Princess" has always been adhered to and no one has ever seen a "picture hat" on her royal highness' head. She wears only those dainty little bonnets which bear her name. Tailor-made frocks and jackets she dotes on, although before going into mourning for her mother she had blossomed out in very stunning toilets.

She does not favor the fashion of high shoulder knots, and her ball dresses are made with the old-fashioned court bodice, the shoulder strap drooping onto the arm.

The Princess Beatrice' attire is apt to be of the simplest description upon ordinary occasions. One traveling the continent who had a peep at Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice, wrote home, "nothing could be plainer than their gowns."

The Empress and Her Staff of Dressmakers.

The German empress, too, has well defined ideas about dress, and once organized a dress reform order, which counted among its members many high and mighty dames. The empress, however, is too fond of fine dressing to carry these reforms very far. Twelve dressmakers are kept constantly employed in the empress' tailoring department, as it is called, under the superintendance of a lady of the court. The staff is increased to forty at certain seasons, when court festivities are going on, or the empress is preparing for a journey. Blue and white are, by the way, the favorite colors.

The empress buys yearly 100 evening and state dresses, twice as many carriage and visiting costumes, and about 150 demi-toilettes and house dresses—450 frocks all told. The sewing machine is an unknown quantity in the empress' tailor shop. From $25 to $50 a yard is paid for the silks and satins of which her dresses are made.

The Czarina's Wardrobe.

The empress of Russia spends more on her wardrobe than any royal lady in Europe. Until and for a short time after her marriage, she dressed with almost severe simplicity, but the grand ladies of the Russian court took no pains to conceal their disapproval of the empress' indifference to regal splendor of attire, and the result is that her majesty is gorgeous now in raiment which might be likened to "wrought gold." Shoes are an important item, for the lady has a pretty foot with a high instep and her size is No. 2 B.

Royal Handkerchiefs.

Queen Margherita has a passion for dainty handkerchiefs and the costliest lace handkerchief in the world belongs to her. It is valued at $30,000, a not exorbitant sum, when one considers that three artists worked at it for twenty years. It is so filmy, that it can be folded up and placed in a gold sheath about the size of a Lima bean.

The favorite dress of Queen Olga of Greece is of blue and white striped or checked domestic silk, these being the national colors, and besides the makers of silk in her realm have not learned to dye it any other colors.

The cast off demi-toilettes of royalty and carriage and house dresses are the perquisites of the "head woman of the bedchamber," who, after making a selection for her own use, in some cases, she either sells them to private parties or to on "old clothes" establishment. Here they are not allowed to be sold, as they are received, but in all cases, they must be remodeled so as to obliterate their special features. Actresses are among the principal customers of these shops.

Aristocracy's Fine Clothes.

The Countess of Warwick, whose wit, beauty and philantrophy are often paragraphed, is magnified at times in her attire—like unto royalty itself. She is a woman with exquisite golden hair, deep blue eyes, finely marked brows and a graceful, elegant figure. An American lady who recently met her at an outdoor function says that the countess wore on that occasion, a French blue cloth dress, trimmed with silver passementerie, and she trained her handsome skirt about the yard with a nonchalance that showed there were plenty more where that came from.

Consuelo, the Duchess of Marlborough's ball gowns are beautifully soft, white and fluffy and she invariably wears strings of pearls as ornaments, and keeps her diamonds for gowns of more imposing material. With "Lothair," she thinks that there is a reserve about pearls, which makes them best fitted for white dresses. One of her pearl necklaces consists of sixteen rows of magnificent pearls. Another one has ten rows of pearls, with great diamond slides—this seems almost too heavy for her tiny throat.

Another grand dame whom we can claim as one of our countrywomen, the Countess Castellane, has a large and magnificent wardrobe; she seldom wears a gown more than three times at most.

Black—but black of the airiest and most sparkling description—is Lady Randolph Churchill's favorite material for gowns, while white moire embroidered in silver is chosen invariably by Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain for her ball dresses.

The woman who has more gowns than any other of this or any other age—2,000, it is said, with 500 women to care for them—is madame, the wife of Li Hung Chang.

In striking contrast is the attire of the Comtesse de Martel—"gyp"—as she is better known by her nom de plume. She plays an important part in the social life of Paris, but is noted for the simplicity of her attire. Her plain poke bonnet and Quaker-like dress always make her conspicuous.

KATHARINE KING.

PROFESSIONAL ANXIETY-BEARER

Young Woman Who Shows Hostesses How to Be Happy.

How to be happy, though the hostess of a large dinner party with a long menu, is what an exceedingly thoughtful young lady, at the rate of from $3 to $5 an evening, is showing a number of wealthy women. This young lady, who enjoys a great gift for all artistic devices and practical measures in connection with entertaining, lost her own fortune not long ago, and in looking round for a means of bread-winning decided to become a professional bearer of dinner party anxieties.

Her idea was too good not to fall into prompt and profitable working order, and last winter she had rather more engagements at $5 an evening than she could fill. What she does literally, is to manage dinners, or wedding breakfasts, or large luncheons, and though she neither cooks nor waits on table, she fulfils a most important mission.

She stands before the hostess in all worry. A half hour before the meal is served, she appears in the dining room and sees to it that the butler has got the table set and his own toilet arranged and the pink of perfection, that the wines are rising or falling to precisely the right temperature, then she dons her big apron, and as guests file into the dining room she takes her stand by the pantry's dumb waiter, to not only observe that every dish comes up exactly on time, but piping hot when it ought to be hot, chilled to the marrow when the chill is necessary, but, furthermore, she tastes it to see that its flavor is exactly what it ought to be.

Having a quick wit, resourceful mind and a profound knowledge of French cookery, she takes care that no dish passes onto the table that is not above reproach. Where she stands in the pantry there is heard none of the crash and grind of dinner party machinery; no long waits between courses elapse, and the first drop of every wine poured must first be tested on her sensitive pink tongue.

Now this may seem a sinecure, but grateful hostesses look upon her work as an exalted modern philanthropy, for even if the butler is a perfectly new man, the cook a possible traitor to her trust, and the caterer apt to play tricks with his ices and sorbets, so long as the dinner manageress is at the pantry helm nothing can go wrong, no cold soups, hot champagne, dried up birds, or scotched vegetables will ever make their appearance at the table. With all the ease of an unfettered soul the hostess can give her whole mind to her guests. If she is a hostess new at the business she can send for the manageress before hand and have her dinner all planned for her, every detail considered even to the color of the flowers and the pattern on the table cloth, and the very latest surprise in an epicurean delicacy worked up for the envious delectation of her guests. But this is an extra.

CHINESE COOKS AND THEIR TELEPHONES

Innovation That Has Brought Comfort to Housekeepers.

In San Francisco, where cooking and the matters pertaining to the kitchen are the subject of more thought than in the east, there has been introduced what is known as the kitchen telephone, and it has been voted such an unqualified success that no well-appointed house in California is without a "hello machine" in its kitchen.

The maid of all work and the kitchen fairy of the Pacific coast is a Chinaman. This peculiar feature of the far west has not yet come into favor in the east, but those Americans who have tried it say that there is no superior to the pig-tailed chef, and that the addition of an almond-eyed president of the kitchen realm is a distinct advance in the direction of overcoming the national complaint of dyspepsia.

But to send the cook out to order the dinner was found to be accompanied by various drawbacks. The tradesmen were disposed to "guy" the Celestials; the Celestials were not averse to paying a visit to the nearest fan tan game when sent on an errand, and the troubles that followed in the train of this dereliction of duty were almost too numerous to enumerate. So the Californian housewives set about to discover some means of communicating with the provision dealer, the grocery man and the fruit merchant, without the necessity of sending a messenger to them, and the telephone was the result of their cogitations.

It took a long time to get the Chinese cooks educated up to the idea that the telephone was a perfectly harmless invention. Every Chinese cook in the west had not read that Confucius speaks of the use of the telephone in deceiving the guileless Chinaman of thousands of years ago, and it required a special meeting of the Chinese cooks, at which the story was read to them, to convince them that the god of the telephone would not visit his wrath upon their heads if they dared to exercise him in the way suggested by the white employers. The story told by an intelligent Chinaman, who was pressed into the service by the California women when they were endeavoring to educate their cooks up to using the telephone, went on to say that the priests of the time of a few thousand years before Confucius had two temples, in one of which the confession of the Chinaman would be received. Then the confessor would be told to go post haste to the other temple, where the second priest would grant him absolution. While the Chinaman was covering the space between the two temples the first priest was hard at work telephoning the substance of the confession to the second one, so that by the time the Chinaman arrived at the second temple his story was ready to be reeled off to him until he was compelled to grovel before the supernatural being who possessed such powers of divination.

Since the innovation described the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company has gone among the 25,000 Chinese in San Francisco, many of whom are wealthy merchants, and has induced so many of the Chinese to subscribe that a telephone exchange has been established in Chinatown, which is the only one in the United States.

The Liver Keeps People Well.

When the liver is sluggish, all other organs are involved. You suffer from Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Indigestion, Pain in Back, Chills and Loss of Energy. You will never know how promptly these troubles can be cured until you use Herbine. It cures quickly when other remedies utterly fail. Regulates the Liver, Purifies the Blood. Herbine is a Harmless Vegetable Remedy that gives new life and energy almost from the first dose. Price 50 cents. Free Trial Bottle at Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

JULY EASTERN EXCUSIONS

Via Rio Grande Western Ry.

Detroit and return, $51, on July 1-2-3.

Richmond and return, $59.75, on July 8-9-10.

Indianapolis and return, $46, on July 16-17-18.

For full particulars call or write ticket office, Dooly block corner. The Rio Grande Western railway offers two fast trains to the east daily, with through Pullman Palace and ordinary sleeping cars. Perfect dining car service. Magnificent scenery. Cool and delightful ride across the Rockies.

FOURTH OF JULY RATE

Via Rio Grande Western Railway.

On July 3 and 4 the Rio Grande Western railway will sell excursion tickets to any point on the lines at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets good until July 6, 1899. Best local train service to Ogden, Provo, Eureka, etc., etc.

EASTERN RATES

Via Union Pacific Railway Company.

July 1-2-3, Detroit and return, $51.00.

July 8-9-10, Richmond and return, $59.75.

July 16-17-18, Indianapolis and return, $46.00.

Company's office, "Old Stand," 201 Main street.

At Lagoon Sunday at 8:15. The (4) four Miltons—saxophone quartette—vocalists—character comedy. America's musical experts. Admission free, grand stand 10 cents.

Grips the Figure Closely.

New Traveling Dust Coat Fits From Neck to Knee—No Gracious Flare at Shoulder or Hip—Novel Yachting Cap With Pudding-shaped Crown.

New York, June 30.—Slanky, slankier, slankiest has been the progress of the season, but a revolt of woman is already in the wind for autumn. At this very minute in Paris the fate of the winter styles is hanging in the balance. The heads of the great dressmaking establishments are in conference, and one bit of news has leaked out, that is we are to have larger sleeves next autumn. Let us hope we are also to have shorter, fuller skirts, for our latitude of body has been so dreadfully sacrificed to secure excessive longitude that womankind begins to bear, when in her grand Parisian toilet, less resemblance than ever to humanity and a more and more striking likeness to a dragon fly.

A Smart Jacket.

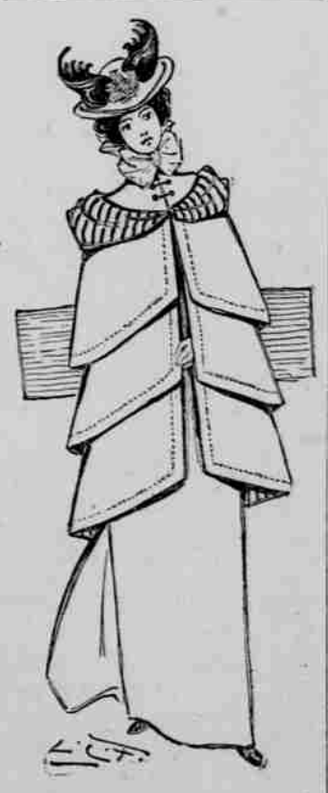
Now behold, in the interest of what has been said above, some of the wraps that are typical and influential in the realms of the smartly dressed. Black silk and pongee and brilliantine dust cloaks are strong elements in every full wardrobe, and some of them are made with great art, while capes with three falls, knee long redingotes and cutaway top coats in very light melton, covert, sand cloth and Scotch reversible, are the wraps taken along when junketing at cooler northern resorts.

One and all these comforters are cut to grip the figure closely from neck to knee. Capes depending in three falls are the newest design, and there is no gracious flare at shoulders or hips. On the capes, in place of the time-honored though superfluous hood, a scarf of bright silk is draped about the shoulders, either a Highland plaid or a silk showing Roman bands is adopted, and this undeniably has a pleasing effect against the sober browns and grays which all the capes are colored.

Summer Outing Coats.

The really lovely dust cloaks seem almost imperative adjuncts of the driving toilets, at golf tournaments, polo games, etc., and ostensibly they serve as protections against glare and dust, for the delicate muslin, lace and foulard gowns they cover. In reality they do duty as foils for the ethereal toilets, and their high medici collars, all frilled with lace, answer as fine backgrounds for flowery bonnets.

A perfectly loose sacque of lightest gray waterproof cloth falling to the knees and belted by a band of the same goods, is the smart sea wrap, whether for yachting, pacing the sands by moonlight, or crossing the ocean, and a queer output of the season is a growing partiality among women for wearing caps. At the seaside younger women have suddenly developed a profound liking for a big pudding-shaped affair of the roughest white serge, gathered at the center of the top to a huge red silk ponpon. A broad white silk visor, lined with pale pink taffeta, juts well out over the face, and this, with a veil of the faintest pearl pink chiffon laid over the face, crossed at the back of the head and tied under one ear with a bow and ends nearly a yard long, is one of the favorite caps for yachting.



For Hard Country Drives.

Some Golfing Novelties.

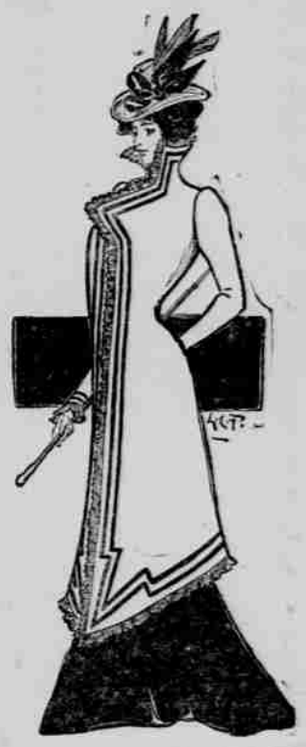
Golfing women are finding comfort in gray felt Robin Hoods that are the quaintest, prettiest caps out. The crown of a Robin Hood is round, fits the head easily, is moderately high, and against this the unbound two-inch wide brim, that diminishes to a mere nothing in the rear, turns up on both sides so that a long pointed visor extends over the eyes. On one side, where the brim flattens against the crown, a long, very flexible cock quill is thrust through slits in the felt; on the other side a rosette of bright silk fastens brim and crown together with a bright brass or steel disk button. Beside these novelties is the polo that tennis-playing girls use, while those who ride about a-wheel or a-horse lean to the easy stitch cloth M. F. H., which is cut on an enlarged pattern of the velvet cap a master of the fox hounds wears.

The one drawback to the caps is that only young and pretty women look well in them, and no woman, if she has passed the first quarter of a century mark, should attempt a cap unless she is slim, small and looks five years less her age.

All women will do well to adopt the Liberty silk streamers that were first introduced at the French races in the spring. A piece of the filmy silk, some three yards long and nearly a yard wide, every woman who drives or sails this summer, wears, tied in a big bow under her chin with loops and ends flaunting to the breeze and some of them buy very transparent chiffon and cover their large hats and their faces with it as a veil, cross the scarf, knot it under the chin and throw the ends to the breeze. Nothing seems more daintily feminine than these fairy sails, usually sweetly perfumed with orris, rippling about head and shoulders, shedding fragrance and becoming shadow on the wearer's head and face.

Killed By His Own Popularity.

Definitely the chain is gone. Too great popularity killed it. In its place the bangle ventures to put forth, but the result is doubtful, and by determinedly putting off their watches women have ceased to make themselves the slaves of time. In truth, never was so little jewelry worn as in this summer of grace, and the fancy for Oriental patterns is as marked as ever. At night in the coiffure very charming wreaths of small clear green enameled leaves, ivy, myrtle, laurel, bay and grape foliage fasten among puffs and braids and sometimes a row of leaves forms the top edging for a tucking comb.



A Traveling Coat.

With the setting in of a temperature that is significant of the dog days, stiff linen collars have been cast from their proud company with shirt waists, for feminine kind finds great comfort in stocks of snowy pique or cheviot that do not finish with the four-in-hand or water fall fold in front. When passed twice about the neck the ends of the easy chokers are hooked together, and then a flourishing bow of lawn or muslin, soft as a cloudlet and crisped with lace is pinned under the chin, and lo! perfect comfort and fashionable frivolity go hand in hand.

The making of these bows is, by the way, a sort of delicate employment for the agile hands of country house visiting, piazza lounging ladies, and swan bows they are called out of compliment to their whiteness and fluffiness. Some of them are large enough to form perfect facades for shirt waists, their frills and tips falling to the waist line, but the neck band to which they are attached is invariably a double twist of starchless white cheviot.

Thread gloves, having for years been the joy of the simple and sensible, have recently been taken up with a rush by the fashionable and rather freakish element. This is chiefly because with their capital suede lisle gloves the manufacturers have achieved a cotton hand covering that fits exactly and smartly. Thread gloves in a variety of soft tones are very preferable to silk, and women with pretty plump hands and arms wear elbow sleeved muslins in the afternoon with flesh, pink or lilac suede lisle gloves reaching to the crook of the arm and end of the sleeve. One potent argument in favor of these hand coverings is that not only are they cool, perfect protectors against sun burn, but they wash just like lisle thread stockings.

Gauze thread hose and hand embroidered stockings are the choice for wear with slippers in place of the luxurious spun silk, and though of linen woven they are no less costly than the best silken web. Some of the hand embroidered hose have tiny green leaves and scarlet berries strewn on black ground, or minute butterflies and dragon flies are picked out on the gauzy film of linen. All these fragile splenders are set off with low heeled, perfectly plain black satin slippers, shaped with wedge toes and cut as low as possible about the foot.

MARY DEAN.

Giving Him a Pointer.

(Chicago News.)

Mrs. Neurich—How's my son gettin' along with his lessons?

Private Tutor—Very nicely, madam, although it is rather difficult for him to catch an idea at times.

Mrs. Neurich—Well, I'd have you know he don't have to catch 'em. We can afford to buy him all the ideas he needs.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a rundown invalid. Only 50 cents, at Z. C. M. I. drug store.

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