FASHION'S PARADE ON THE BOARD WALK AT ATLANTIC CITY.

ATLANTIC CITY PRAISED BY DAISY MAY.

COME to Atlantic City, Dorothy dear, if you would review fashions. No finer opportunity anywhere is offered for observing the prevailing modes. While one doesn't find so much of quality as quantity in the fine dressing, the latter makes the panorama all the more pleasing. This of course as compared to Newport. I have been most agreeably disappointed in the place and find the people charming. It is a great rendezvous for southerners who winter in Washington and habitually flee to Virginia or the mountains when the Carolina olive congress adjourns, to leisurely wend their way northward before dog days are begun.

Atlantic City this year, Bob says, is the "half way house" for Pennsylvania preps, old Etta sons and Princeton boys to meet sisters of their southland chums, which, I've learned, is a veritable fact. I am awfully glad to accept his invitation for a week's stay, and, confidentially, I am delighted with his pretty southern beauty. She is quite unlike the usual type of small woman—doesn't seem at quaintness or pose as a prototype of the Dresden china doll, although she controls an ultra smart manner in clothes. An hour ago I espied her from my window gowned in corn colored moiré, wearing a bagheera hat covered with lilac tulle checked and shirred into fancy bows, with a cluster of lilac blossoms and bright green grasses arranged in an Alsatian bow stowed-in against the front. Contrary to the usual rule, there was no outlining to gain height and the brown hair lay flat against the brim.

Her color combinations are particularly pitching, and while the accompanying sketch of her costume is not an individual triumph in selecting the more delicate contrasts, lilac and green is a variety of choice I have seen together somewhere then, but not much I saw Miss Penny Doty arrayed in pajamas lilac clothes and lettuce green did I become recognized in the wedding of these two opposites. As an example of this odder variability I must tell you of this irresistible frock. In itself the gown was simple enough, conventionally cut with a long train. There narrow plaitings of ivory white, green and blue, one above the other, were placed in stripes about the bodice apart all the way up the skirt. The bodice was similarly decorated, and there were a green yoke and sleeves veiled in white broidered chiffon. For it was provided a blue velvet stock with shaded scarf of green, falling away to white at the ends, for all the world like the real vegetable leaves, and a girdle of the same with circle ends perpendicular the bottom fabric. Under it was worn a light blue shot silk with a faint glimmer of green showing through, the opposite in the costume just before mentioned. It is a national outcome worthy of Paris parentage, but bearing the trademark of a Baltimore modiste, who escapes Miss Penny Doty's own designs.

I shall tell you nothing more of our prospective sister-in-law. I think I've said just enough for you to be convinced with entirety, which later will be a potent factor in hurrying along the yachting invitation Bob declares will include "the little girl."

This, my Fourth, has been an ideal day and my devoted of excitement. Early this morning our clique went bathing. One enthusiastic swimmer lost the fur of her stocking; another lost temperance dancer was seized by a crab, and our college professor was partial from his toupee.

Each afternoon I've watched the crowds and groups of the adjournees on the board walk, jotting down the good things in dress as I saw them. As I noted at the beginning of my letter, it is an admirable place for the study of midsummer fashions, and I think the information on the subject which follows will bear out my assertion.

For Morning—Every other woman wears a linen or duck suit. Tan linen shirts and Eton jackets braided in white and blue, with white revers and cuffs are the latest caprice. Robin's egg blue duck with polka dot stripings and trims fastened by the gross was encountered on the brunette beauties who study effects. White pique are handsomely braided. The newest one do not show corded weave, but are figured, and in "yo ohee ohee" belonged to the Marmolice family. Occasionally the braiding is heavily done, describing an intricate pattern, but more often fancy braid is used to simulate a tunic or outline a draped flounce. Figured organdies have seen their day. Dotted Swiss muslin displays their beauty of texture without interruption by either leaf, stem or stripe. Dotted swiss in colors is assuming the right of way. Some smart frocks with a dot the size of a dime have appeared in the afternoon to please and startle. A scarlet one trimmed in white velvet ribbons and black lace belonged to the latter class, and well became a stunning ash blonde.

White bolts fall away over all. In lawn, scrim, voile and chiffon it has a greater number of followers than all the rainbow hues combined.

As to parasols, color is the only question. They are of medium size, much turned and little trimmed, but always to match the hat, which matches the gown, which matches the shoes, which the American housekeeper has built. The handles sufficiently elaborate to make up for any lack of decoration, are of ivory, either blond or of natural wood but some are tipped with bone of dark stone, more commonly called jade.

To catalogue the hat models on parade would give no idea of their real charm. Chiffons today are built to suit the face and few can lay claim to any specific shape. Tulle continues supreme for foundation and trimming. Frilled straws seem to resemble the bright blue and white and strawberry and white satin laced hats so numerous the fact that their owners have just returned from the other side. These new straws are an autumn production, and by September will be quite the vogue. Rolled hats are invariably smarter and not less numerous, sportively turned with checked or dotted ribbon tied in jaunty bows. The poke bonnet appears at all afternoons. A pet model in which I surrendered has a flower wreath tucked beneath the upturned brim, falls strings and a single long stemmed rose drooping to one side. A dainty white tulle hat with wee frills of black velvet over which bird of paradise plumes wave airily is the prize possession of a winsome bride among us. Tuques continue to grow in size, dipping right over the head. Strings have come to stay and are daily growing greater.

The separate bodice for the time being has ceased to clamor for recognition. Skirts and waists of like material are approved. Street a bloc of dirt waists is contemplated, and according to good authority cutting suits to crush or jupes are two passed.

I have been in Philadelphia long enough to know that the Duchess of Marlborough was radiantly beautiful at Ascot in pearl colored moiré and lace with a close fitting barred straw bonnet, trimmed in black and white feathers. Doesn't this suggest to you a new color scheme of orange and gray? A crepe de chine in gray with orange silk trimmings sufficed to cream lace, a gray leghorn bow and black picture hat faced with ivory lined straw describes a costume I've in mind for the international cup race. What think you of it?

From the same source I quote an interesting paragraph, the last line of which will appeal especially to you. "It is not often that one can chronicle anything really new in the matter of shoes, so I am glad to say that I have come across a real novelty in this line. The shoes in question are in 'mode' leather, like fine bookbindings, and it is easy to imagine the Bell opened up for appropriate decorations. The first pair were 'tooled' with a design of flour de lis in gold on brown leather, and another pair endowed by the same lady were to have small carnations in violet stamped on white leather, these shoes also being embellished with violet bows. When one reflects on the extremely ornamental good white shoes are, and how badly they go with the profusely trimmed white lace dresses that are so much in vogue at this moment, it will be seen that this new departure will prove both a book and a blessing to women who have hesitated for years and like to take their shoes into consideration."

I have been Monday for Tuesday, stopping a day with Aunt Hetty, who wants me to go to Desert hunting. She'll probably take in all the jewelry shops, and next time I write I may have something to say of baubles and trinkets and finger rings.

Your account of the barnyard fowl's arrival was vastly amusing, but I enjoyed more the debate of Tom W.'s alpaca frock coat, and your hat beside dark trousers twice creased. Wasn't it odd that Sir R. should choose a white striped casement? Do you think it possible that he remembered I had him in the white fedora and ordered a suit to match it? As I very much wish to balance the true, if you've double keep them to yourself. Oh, but he's a handsome cavalier tricked out in white silk shirt, lime clothes and white hat! Keep tabs on M. M., and tell his at bottoms to her.

With love, I am your affectionate sister, DAISY MAY.

Atlantic City, N. J.

TITLE WORSHIP BY FOOLISH WOMEN.

The American women who have adopted the International Council of Women in London are sending accounts of how they have been entertained by London society and nobility.

One of the most picturesque of their captives is the heir to the throne of Afghanistan. Habibullah, son of the progressive old barbarian who for nearly a quarter of a century has been a skillful piece of diplomacy in which England and Russia have figured.

Habibullah is the son of the ruler's third wife, who was originally a slave woman. The royal mother of Afghanistan has six wives. Although only about 18 years old, Habibullah knew right at one years ago was married to the daughter of one of the great nobles and military officers of his country. Since then there seems to be no record of matrimonial experiments, although as he is a Mohammedan and the Koran, as well as the custom of his country, approves a literally filled harem, it is quite likely that there are a number of other dusky beauties to share the house with her, one of the eastern potentate's tributes to American brains and beauty was a handsome inscription for certain favored club delegates.

Habibullah professed himself charmed by the fine appearance of American men that appeared in London. He spoke English very well and when an especially fair charmer was scheduled to read a paper on the rights of advancement of women, would be at the convention seeks with admiration and applause. There is no record to the effect that he proposed to introduce their reforms into Afghanistan, which he should rule alone on his barbaric throne. The American women got a little mixed as to his title and call him the sultan of Afghanistan, in appearance he is a very good looking oriental, his features being clear cut and regular, although his complexion, as one elderwoman put it, is "a sort of mahogany hue." He dresses in European fashion, and no one is long at the piccadilly seeks, agreeable young eastern prince would infer that he is the coming ruler of one of the fervent peoples in Asia, in whom country the chopping off of a man's head for a trifling offense is an everyday occasion.

THE BORN COOK MAY BE KNOWN BY HER HANDS.

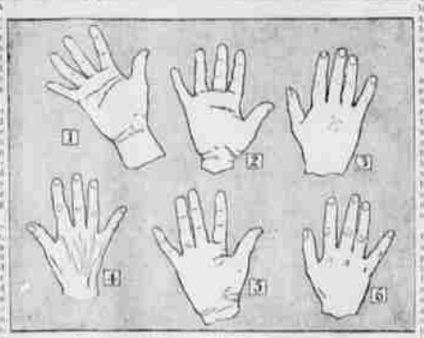
HOW to be happy, though married, is a question that yields to none in importance to the mind of the average young man or young woman. According to sage, if somewhat cynical philosophers, it may be answered with the sad and humiliating statement that the way to a man's heart is via his stomach. If a man would be happy, though married, let him select some modest, disinterested girl as much by feeling and doubtful charms of person as the wisdom of a Solomon, the oldest, whose face permanently shows that rarely sage, brought out by close and constant communion with a cooking range.

There are thousands of women who might be more skilled if they could only realize the supreme homage which is paid to a good cook, and was in her own mind, convinced that she could imitate the delicacy of the sarcastic and kitchen, if it had been a long accepted tradition that good cooks are born, not manufactured at cooking schools.

Therefore, to know whether a woman is or may be a chef de cuisine, read the answer in her hand. To be a good cook, says the palmist, the first essential is a well balanced mind. The cook must not lose her head when the soup boils over and time upset the pot or lie the cheese burn while she rescues the cassoulet, she must know instinctively the calm and dignified source of recourse, even if it entails the burning of a finger or two. After that do not run the finger into the mouth and pirouette about the kitchen in an insanely and totally war dance. Tie the finger up in sweet oil and a nice white rag and smile affably at boiler in spite of the pain of it. This further he should do when she has held into the door to sniff the good things.

Small hands generally express more economy than large ones, says the seer. This means that such a woman would not be skimping about the butter or sugar or the number of eggs in a cake. The larger the hand the less likely you are to get any eggs at all in the pastry. Such simple dessert as prunes and baked apples and rice pudding three times a week will be more likely your lot. When he is to be the lord cook, he will use every scrap of food and provide marvels of toothsomeness for the table.

The head line is the line that crosses the center of the palm, parallel with the wrist. If this line is well developed and other conditions are favorable the owner of the hand will be a good cook. Rings have come to stay and are daily growing greater.



HOW TO TELL A COOK BY HER HANDS.

1. Fine cook. 2. Danger! The curve of the fingers signs extravagance. 3. Lazy, impatient, inconsiderate. 4. Back of a good cook's hand. 5. Practical, orderly, commonplace cook. 6. Back of practical cook's hand.

Square on the small hand hand hardly is indicative extravagance. The man who marries the square will be more hurried to butcher and baker and grocery bills.

The girl with the long, sloping head is fine on a small, short hand is alleged to be unsuccessful and pessimistic. If the line is long and sloping the will probably be a disappointed rather than a practical cook.

The hand which has this finger badly filled in the palm at the base is the hand of a bad cook. "As contrasts," says the owner of the plump, shapely hand, will herself be fond of eating, and therefore will be very likely to be a good and discriminating cook.

A palm wide at the base indicates a large, hearty appetite. He owner will be inclined to variety in cooking, loading her to experiment with many and strange dishes. Those who eat to sit permanently at the owner's master's table should be by nature endowed with strong stomachs; they will be needed.

The woman who shows a palm with narrow base will be fond of dainties, such as desserts and salads. She will be sure for the more solid and substantial fare, and a man who is partial to corned beef and cabbage is warned that in marrying such a woman he will be taking a chance for his happiness. The corned beef and cabbage type of man should marry the woman who has a square palm; her bills of fare will be of the substantial order, and if the head line is properly developed her dishes will be well cooked.

The line of the finger indicates the daintiness with which the food will be prepared. The woman with pointed finger tips will serve the food in an artistic way, affording a feast for eyes as well as palate. The square palmed woman will not worry much over appearances; she will be satisfied to see a child, at the center of a stone platter as the epicure with her handsomely garnished roast on its rare china plate, handed around on a silver salver by the white capped, white aproned maid or stately butler.

Round and tousled finger tips indicate fastidiousness in regard to eating and all other things. If the nails are slightly square at the ends, or some of them are square and others round or pointed, it signifies a combination of practical and artistic temperament.

ALICE DE BERDT.

WOMEN IN MANY CLIMES.

Female barbers are quite numerous in Austria, but are supplied by the barbers and hairdressers' union of Vienna to pass an examination before going into business. A properly certified woman barber must have a knowledge of and pass an examination in shaving, hair cutting, hair dyeing and shampooing. Four persons and others who are fringe serve as subjects for experiment.

Mrs. Florence Hall Harris recently completed her 40 years' connection with the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church of Jamaica, N. Y., as scholar and teacher, most of the time as teacher. For the last 20 years she has taught the Bible class, which position she now holds. As a token of esteem for her valuable services a beautiful gold watch, suitably inscribed, has been presented to her by the teachers and others of the church.

Here is the true tale of a Melbourne homemaid. Her employer has just discovered that her most handed Phillis is a teacher of the violin in her spare hours. Phillis has letters addressed to her as "Professor of Music," which is a little startling to the most advanced parents of and pass an examination in the matter of the number of eggs in a cake. The larger the hand the less likely you are to get any eggs at all in the pastry. Such simple dessert as prunes and baked apples and rice pudding three times a week will be more likely your lot. When he is

Mary Scott Rowland On Personal Beauty.

ONE of the greatest charms which we have the good fortune to possess is, undoubtedly, that of personal beauty. Since the creation of the world there have been three acknowledged factors, viz., beauty, wealth and personal adornment. Of these three beauty alone commands at all times and places. How frequently we hear the expression "Her face is too fine-tone," yet, while we realize that beauty is only skin deep, what a vast difference exists this little thickness makes. There is one thing the world demands of woman—beauty! Are there is nothing so much admired as a soft, smooth, healthful complexion, of fine texture and free from blemish.

There is as great a variety in skin texture as there is in the texture of any other fabric. Some women have a fine, dry, harsh skin, while others have quite the reverse. The complexion can be made fair, soft and beautiful by both inside and outside treatment, just as a harsh, dry skin can be transformed under the guidance of a skillful fairy into it becomes smooth and delightful to the eye.

It is worth while to refine and improve the texture of the skin, because it is the exception to find many admitted irregular features are overlooked, and even positive disfigurements are less frequently noticed when the complexion is fair and pleasing.

I have seen many ladies whose faces were very dry, harsh and wrinkled, and so delicate in old as though they had been aged an astringent. The natural oil, probably never has flowed, but has been exhausted, the skin had dried and cracked, and was generally in a deplorable condition.

A face of this sort should never be washed in ordinary water unless a pure face cream has first been rubbed into the pores, as dry skins are usually abnormally delicate, and ordinary water sets much than the potash. Mine Pauli never uses water on her hands' complexion unless she is sure that it is free from lime and other destructive properties. Rain, distilled, or rainwater is best for the skin of the face. Almond oil is beneficial to a dry skin after washing, but a pure cold cream is much the best. Very little soap should be used on a dry skin, and that by all means should be real Spanish olive oil soap.

When Pauli washes her face she never fails to make use of a good cold cream and rubbed into the skin. This cold cream is especially prepared for her, and is not, as a foolish newspaper paragraph states, "prepared by herself over an alcohol lamp in her room. Pauli thinks too much of her skin to roast it even over an alcohol lamp.

Mary Scott Rowland.

New York.

THE WEIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

Among the many stories relating to the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Egypt is one which gives a good example of "things one would rather have left unsaid." Just after an inspection of the troops by the wife, outside Omdurman, to which the duchess had accompanied him on horseback, the girths of her saddle suddenly gave way. There were no means of repairing them, and it was impossible for royal highness to get back a sort of sedan chair was improvised from a gun carriage. On this she was carried by Egyptian gunners, who were in charge of a native officer who could speak a little English. On the way the duchess said to him, "I hope your nose will not be sired after carrying me," and was horrified to receive the unpalatable reply, "Indeed, no, madam; you are not heavier than the guns they are accustomed to carry." The gun in question weighed about half a ton.

"You are so lovely that the gun carry are never accustomed."

WHO THEY WERE.

Mrs. Singleton put her head over the garden wall and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her week's washing.

"A family has moved in the empty house across the way, Mrs. Clothes-line."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice their furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two van loads, and I wouldn't give a cookie of dollars for the lot. Carpets! I wouldn't put them down in the kitchen. And the chiffonier! I wouldn't allow mine to associate with them. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are?"

"I know them."

"Do you? Well, I declare! Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister!"

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES.

There lives at Rotvenden, a village in Kent, England, a Mrs. Barbara Mum, now an old lady of 98, who has a particularly interesting history, for she was present, as a child, at the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Her father was a color sergeant in the Third battalion rifle brigade. She was born at Gibraltar in March, 1811, stationed at Malta, and when her father after the peninsular war, went with his regiment to Waterloo, the child and her mother accompanied him.

An extraordinary thing is that at the age of 18 Mrs. Mum could not write but one letter from another, but she then began to learn at a Bible class, and was now read with facility. She still retains possession of all her faculties, has a good memory, and often refers to the day when she left Waterloo in a baggage wagon.

Ladies of high class in China use the daintiest trousseau imaginable, some of them being carved from sandalwood, others being inlaid with ivory, and others being made of rare and costly stuff, on which all manner of quaint and fantastic designs are engraved.