Fashion's Caprices At Newport

Many New Things For Feminine Adornment

DESERET DOROTHY — One more week has passed, and I am again in Newport. I cannot begin to tell you how thoroughly enjoyable was the rest of the New York yacht race, for my cup was fraught with pleasure in drinking, but I will speak of pretty gowns and otherwise feminine adornment I saw and was wearing. The weather was so uncertain that it demanded all sorts of clothing, from the heavy cloth with cape to the light silk with sleeves, and some chiffon over satin, both as pretty as the flowers that bloom in May.

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I almost forgot to speak of the pretty belts, which, by the way, are narrower this year. Leather belts are outcasts, and ribbons, silk, satin and velvet have dropped into their places, having as inseparable companions small jewelled clasps instead of buckles.

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There came my way the other day, on a very slight girl, with dark hair and a pale face, a wonderful dress of the new shot silks in the expensive colors of the opal. It looked like silk, only there was no metallic sheen about it, and, of course, when no one can afford a really expensive dress, one of the new moires is the choice that chooses to made. This particular model must have been built by a master hand in the science. It was cut on princess, and yet the bodice reached a point. The flounces was made of irregularly shaped pieces, and yet it was so beautifully stitched in, though exactly how I could not see. Lace coats are coming today in a trifle doubtful; one can hear not how many of the men present may be Sunday school superintendents but with corsage one might without offense tell the bodice's tender if he happened to be there.

Usually at 5 o'clock tea is served on the veranda. The crowd there and then is in that lazy, languid state which follows exercise in summer and is ready to be amused, nay, thankful to anyone who will afford them something to laugh and talk about. There are always at summer places scores of flirtations in which the participants not only take considerable interest, but whose various stages are watched with amusement and curiosity by all the other guests. Any one who will serve to throw light on the intentions of the romantic ones who are objects of gossip is sure to become popular.

If the season is a new girl, and of course all summer girls are new, she can help her chosen considerably by the information with which she deals out her stories to the late comer and their attendant swains. Then, if there is an amateur woman at the hotel, what a chance the fortune teller has to make her informant! Women are generally the most enterprise type at summer resorts, for they have a way of calmly appropriating all the men in sight, even though their allegiance is elsewhere pledged. Then the widow has such a superior way of talking to the eligible bachelors and such an interesting way of sowing trouble between men and maids whenever it is to her own advantage. The girl who can tell fortunes has revenge in her own hands.

Now, to tell fortunes with success is very simple, but the girl who is shrewd will prefer that it is not. For, like the flower that grew in the poet's garden, much admired when rare, when every one could raise it, it was regarded only as a weed.

Suppose the group is sitting, sipping its cups of Oolong or Young Hyson on the veranda. The girl who reads the future tips her cup up a little when the last drop of tea has disappeared from the fragile shell and remarks: "Dear me! I'm going on a journey!"

"Oh! Are you?" somebody will say. "Yes; I read it in the teacup," should be the serious answer, and then there will be a general chorus:

"Oh, can you tell fortunes with teacups?" And every woman who is possessed of a large proportion of the sex will pass their cups under the eyes of the gifted girl.

Of course a cup in which there has been coffee or chocolate or cocoa will do just as well, but the summer girl is divining for her own benefit as much as for that of those about her, and she prefers the easiest and most satisfactory way. It is more comfortable and more picturesque to pour in the great wicker chair at the end of the veranda, with a romantic background of hills or sea than to sit at a prosaic breakfast or dinner table, dilling out the future when people are anxious to get away to their various recreations.

In selecting a first victim always take some one who will be generally interesting—the prettiest girl, the popular fellow, the principal in the most absorbing flirtation. The consulting victim must hand to the seeress the cup from which she has been drinking. The best cup for fortune telling is a white china one. If it does not contain enough grounds, let the questioner of fate pour some more in from the teapot. When enough grounds have been added, the fortune teller must take it up and swing it three times around her head, this is to spread the grounds into a picture. The cup should then be inverted on the saucer to drain away superfluous moisture.

The first thing likely to be noticed in the picture will be lines. A number of straight lines, long or short, indicate a long life and happy old age. Straight, long lines always prognosticate tranquility, while wavy lines denote vexations and loss in proportion to their length. Short curves presage engagement rings; if initials can be made out near the ring, they are the initials of the future husband or wife. Larger circular figures relate to money. Triangles, large or small, typify treasures, stages or places of residence, an initial near them indicating the name. Squares betoken protection from danger, peace and happiness. Along square usually family quarrels. If only one strong figure appears it announces the arrival of a letter. If the strong figure is in the clear part of the cup, it presages the arrival of good news; in the clouded part it means bad news. If dogs surround the strong figure, it will bring money. A bow letter is anticipated by the proximity to it of a heart or a single dot.

A single line quite detached from the picture is an omen of a journey. If the line be broken, branched or intercepted by other figures, there will be obstacles to the trip. A straight line always augurs a successful journey.

Although the ring hints at a prospective marriage, it it should be quite at the bottom of the cup, the engagement will be broken. Crosses of any kind suggest death or adversities. Fish shapes and pictures presage an unsettling life.

Two circles connected by a bar advise one that expected money will be delayed; if this bar be broken, it portends treachery in money matters.

Hopping cockadoo trackers; cockadoo trouble; birds are good omens. A serpent in the cup is one of the worst signs to be found. A branch figure or any article of clothing denotes a visitor.

Flowers, a trefoil or a bouquet are lucky signs; they are emphasizes of the opposite. Any one who will serve to throw light on the intentions of the romantic ones who are objects of gossip is sure to become popular.

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Fate In a Teacup.

An Amusing, If Senseless, Diversion For Summer Afternoons.

READING fate in the stars or in the hand may be a very interesting operation, but there are so many amateur palmists that the girl who goes in for novelty and seeks for something that will serve to divert the attention of the crowd on the summer hotel veranda. Cast fortune telling is a trifle doubtful; one can hear not how many of the men present may be Sunday school superintendents but with corsage one might without offense tell the bodice's tender if he happened to be there.

Usually at 5 o'clock tea is served on the veranda. The crowd there and then is in that lazy, languid state which follows exercise in summer and is ready to be amused, nay, thankful to anyone who will afford them something to laugh and talk about. There are always at summer places scores of flirtations in which the participants not only take considerable interest, but whose various stages are watched with amusement and curiosity by all the other guests. Any one who will serve to throw light on the intentions of the romantic ones who are objects of gossip is sure to become popular.

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The New Fluted Hat.

Among millinery novelties of the season are hats with fluted crown. These are usually of some light and airy material and are crowned with the most fluffy tulleus and flowers.

Summer Morning Gowns.

Simplicity for outdoor gowns and plenty of lace and ribbons is the standard for the late summer morning garments. The sculptor gowns are usually trimmed with double or triple rows of lace insertion, the collar covering well nigh the entire bodice. The outdoor gown for morning is a simple skirt with a soft, loose bodice belted in at the waist and a short fancy jacket of tweed for damp or chilly days. These jackets are finished with fancy revers and short sleeves having a deep flounce of embroidery or guipure.

into a variety of hairy thing, too, we see on show a great deal, which have added for still more hats. The women, in point, were equal to the occasion, for the seers seen lovelier chapeaux than those with flared brims appeared to me seriously. One of pale green chiffon, with a rim of water lilies placed jaunty in front under a pliable brim of the same crown, suggested a thought of its consequence to you. And made and worn it, You should certainly have one like this. You can buy the chiffon already pinted, which is half the battle. It will take five yards of plaiting and eight of "lemon" straw to construct it, on a wire frame with a low crown and flared brim. Put two rows of chiffon on top of the brim and one beneath, taking tulle together every two inches, for the fluid into platter shape. Take care to fit the crown to box platter. Place three full shaded roses and lilies of many buds, with long, dark green stems, which will twine about your crown, thinly concealing where it and the brim meet.

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A new girl wore a "pompadour" in hand woven straw, with a softness of silk lines and white chiffon bodice, with the cut of her appearance. I felt this to be undeniably true when I gazed toward her. I perceived that even the most critically dressed woman in our midst could be elevated from the commonplace by wearing a smart hat. Along with the newly named chapeau "pompadour" was introduced the latest mode of hairdressing. Part your hair in the middle and wave over a small rim at either side. Permit a few curls to escape and fall low on the forehead. Gather the back into a bodice, with one long or two short curls escaping from the left side.

I never saw such beautiful coloring as can be done of the big hats; it may seem to novice shades of lace and embroidered straw, and one of these was trimmed with yellow and white Arles lace, with beautiful green leaves, while another had a wreathing of rose Nerne, deep, rich brown and green, tulle as embarrassed straw. There is quite a page now for those black flowers, and a delightful bar of black tulle had let loose and gauzy black butterflies as its only adornment. The hats made of nothing but tulle are quite lovely, and one of these has the tulle all run in neat little tucks, with a lining of yellow crepe de chine and black tulle and black soiled tightly together round the crown and fastened up in a big bow, with jet pins. Knowing, as you do, my weakness, I need not apologize for my enthusiasm over the lovely creations of the milliner's art which I have just reviewed.

* * *

The evening frock's opportunity came when we attended a hop at the Lenox boat club. There were some new models, which were simply fascinating. One of the prettiest was of pale, green lace chiffon, with an overdrier of gold embroidered net and a sash of moiré chiffon. Then there was a spotted net and white satin footed, with a little more elaborate of insertion and sash, to add a color of the pulled coarse blue. And there also were some dear little frocks of sash silk and muslin, as well as the perfect lingerie of chiffon and point lace, the latter worn by some of our boating crowd, who preferred strolling by moonlight to walking. Here, also, I saw a duplicate of Consuelo Vanderbilt, duchess of Marlborough's Astor ball gown—white moiré embroidered in silver swallows.

* * *

I had a peep into my neighbor's Gladstone bag as I passed her cabin the other morning. It was filled with wonderfully beautiful lingerie from Paris. Simplicity is now the thing, and these were not only the prettiest silks in silk covered with embroidery and lace, but, what is the newest thing, a little nightgown of batiste, with very an embroidered collar and cuffs. There were also all sorts and shapes of "remove shoes"—some of silk, with the frocks a mass of lace and insertion, with tiny little silk bows, and others of batiste and insertion. There were also a tea jacket of gold crepe de chine and a tea gown of sapphire blue crepe de chine and a tea gown of

Summer Morning Gowns.

Gowns of Prominent Women.

While in India, Lady Curzon is endeavoring to advance the social prestige of the Lotte family through her position as viceroy of India, it is interesting to learn that the Marchioness of Dufferin, the most popular viceroy in India ever had, is working quietly in England to better the condition of the women of India, to whom she has never ceased to take an interest. Unlike the daughter of the Chinese city, Lady Dufferin went to India with no Paris gowns, for her family and that of her husband, while one of the most aristocratic in Great Britain, are land poor. Lady Dufferin, although not endowed with gold, is the possessor of talents that have made her one of the most remarkable women of the time. The Marquis of Dufferin is said to be one of the ablest diplomats of his time. Much of his success is due to his brilliant wife, famous as a wit and social leader. He has acted as governor general of Canada, vice regent of India and ambassador to all the great courts in the world. The diplomat is a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. His wife, who was a famous Irish beauty, one of the Hamilton, is said to be in echo of her years one of the most fascinating women in England. The money fees given by the marchioness at Blackheath for the benefit of the Dufferin fund for supplying medical aid to the women of India was honored by the presence of the Duchess of York.

The Marchioness of Dufferin being a great favorite not only with Queen Victoria, but with all the royal family, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York were photographed together. The result is remarkable beauty. The Duchess, who also gives up a great deal of her time to charity, was in the village in Sandringham, Norfolk, a few days ago, and was seen by a reporter with a basket of cut flowers, which she had just been to place on the graves of her dead children. She was dressed in a gray silk waist and chiffon ruching, and her head she wore a cape of old gold and smoky rose. The marchioness, who is noted for her tact and good taste of her gowns, was attired in black figured net over brown silk. Her bonnet was of black chiffon and flowers. Lady Tweedmouth, the daughter-in-law of the marchioness, is an American girl, being Miss Elva Duryea, daughter of a New York millionaire.

BITES OF INSECTS—TO TREAT THEM.

DURING the summer the appearance and comfort of even a healthy man is often interfered with by the bites and stings of insects. The fly found visiting bug, which made such a sensation, has attracted special interest to remedies for such annoyances.

No summer resort is altogether free from those pests of summer pastimes. The best remedy for the bite of the mosquito is carbonate of soda. Witch hazel is another good remedy.

The reason there is a painful swelling after the bite of a bee, fly or flea is owing to the insect having been stung on some mortifying, poisonous matter and some of the poison is left in the flesh. And exactly as it would were any other poison injected. When we remember the minute size of a bacteria—the one hundred-thousandth part of an inch—we can well understand how myriads of these may cling to the mouth of the fly or gnatten. When with its sharp oral apparatus it pierces the skin of a human victim, one or more of these bacteria reach the blood, causing violent inflammation and eventually mortification.

If bitten by an insect and the inflammation does not yield to the use of witch hazel and such simple remedies, a physician should be consulted, for fear of blood poisoning.

For snake bites the best remedy is whisky. As one who tramps about the woods should be equipped with a flask of whisky and if ever bitten by a snake, should drink as quickly as possible a quantity of whisky. There should be no delay about this, as even a few minutes' delay may be too late. If there is no whisky or other remedy at hand, suck out the poison from the wound, spitting it out of the mouth at each time of course. Every effort should be made to prevent the poison from getting into the system. The whisky may offset the poisonous effect of your locomotion, but the shock of the poison to the heart must be neutralized by some other agent. Should the whisky, although an exceedingly large dose may be necessary, will under such circumstances do no harm.

Mary Scott Cleland.

Women Who Work.

Dr. Mary Bunce was lately appointed city health officer by the board of aldermen of Lamart, Ia. She is the first woman in the state to hold that office. The appointment caused considerable excitement, as the voters had emphatically refused to elect a woman on the school board only two weeks previously. It is now claimed that a woman is ineligible to the office in Iowa.

Mrs. Thankful A. Price of Cortland, N. Y., has left $1,000 and a valuable farm in Cortland county to Syracuse university for scholarships.

Mrs. Julia Burrett, a white ribboner of Sacramento, Cal., being an expert stenographer, a woman of peculiarly practical genius and an ardent missionary, has wrought out a system of stenography for the Chinese language.

Miss Katherine Adams has been elected on the board of trustees of Rockford college, Illinois, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her father, John Quincy Adams of Chicago.

Miss Frankie Freeman of Rapid City, S. D., has discovered what Atlin mining men believe to be the greatest quartz mine in Alaska and British Columbia. It consists of an ore vein from one to six feet in width and nearly a mile long.

Miss Elizabeth Custer, probably the oldest woman telegrapher in the world in point of service, has abandoned the key, and will hereafter superintend the force of seven operators at Union station, Harrisburg, Pa., in which office she has received messages for 25 years.

The University of Georgia set aside custom and bestowed the real and hardwood the honorary degree of master of arts upon Miss Julia A. Plotch of Milledgeville. She is the first woman who has received a degree from the university of Georgia. Miss Plotch is a graduate of the Lucy Cobb institute.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, who has given millions of dollars to the university bearing her name, believes it mistaken, but insists the number of young women in the university at any one time is 500.

In the will of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, late superintendent of the women's prison at Sherborn, Mass., and widow of Rev. Oliver Johnson, the principal bequest is one which will amount to about $100 to the city of Boston. The amount is to be used for the erection of a drinking fountain for men and horses on a boulevard. "A Gift to the City of Boston, in Memory of Jesse C. Johnson by Ellen C. Johnson."

Miss Ethel Carter is going for the fifth time to the Union Sabbath with Lady Aberdeen, and has been one of its best and most Magnificent for three years, in memory of her dead children, the last of her making as a means of self support.