Daisy May At Narragansett Pier.

Breezy Chitchat Of a Breezy Writer From a Breezy Place.

MY DEAR DOROTHY—August is the gayest month of the year at Old Atlantic, and Narragansett being notably in the lead. Dozens more sultry days were pretty sure ahead than for the three preceding months. Those who went home for the "season" were all sent back for the "latest." From my Castle perch yesterday I studied the odd bathing suits on the beach, and decided that Narragansett, somewhat in reality Tragetlie, where dashing waves rush in part and panel of the attractive French resort.

First of all, I observed a curiously old elf, who solemnly had effected a doubtful compromise between modesty and inclination. She wore pantalettes of brown flannel, heated to even knee, over which fell a pleated blouse of navy serge. Her wavering locks not yet gone, and a hat of pink straw with pinched middle. Around her waist was a knotted scarf. Her companion, and likely sister, were so equally striking costume, varying slightly as to details. I concluded that she was a bicycle enthusiast, as she made a concession to substitute knickers for the profusion petticoats. "It is so tough," I answer you, when you make a study of fashion and those people who collect freaky clothing are objects both to shrink and shrink.

There were two other bewaters, and, if not too late in the season, as some of them. There were many suggestions in the picturesque costumes worn by a girl who seemed an exception from with every good looking fellow who came her way. No—you do not, as would like to know, both clothes and water were stunning. The suit was of cardinal serge with black trimmings. The dress was not so sensitive as some of the rest, but quite correct to stroll about the beach chatting with members of the friendly groups which dotted the shore. I hope your eyes will not fail, dear, when you glance at the accompanying sketch; and indeed it is no use nothing as to color. I myself am not even any of Mrs. Jack Astor's red roses bathing gowns, which heretofore have been my standard of costumes. The model girl there had on navy-particolor blue and white, flannel and skirt cut in one piece above knee, carefully adjusted by many rows of silk cord ratings (which a new idea if one wanted to repeat the dress in a new shirt. The polka dot pattern, arranged in groups of three and a bow with ends of red ribbon, was the most captivating accessories bonnet. I almost grew envious, and did wish with all my heart that I had legs, a fine back and graceful arms. No ball dress I ever chanced to see was quite so alluring as this gem of a surf suit.

I was divided between two opinions when another showed me a tiny silk skiff some inches out of water. I make up my mind whether or not to advocate exposed ankle as an accompaniment to the light neck dress so much in vogue. I will only say now that there is nothing in the way of small belongings which lends greater confusion to an ordinary outfit than the aforesaid silken muff. There are two champions of the style here, and each one I see is an argument in favor of muff adoption. It is sometimes carried with a feather boa, and in this case will be simply the foundation which supports a great bunch of roses or hydrangea blooms when the boa is of that peculiarly fascinating gossamer style. Elderly women are wearing chiffon and ostrich feathers for hat and collarette, with which they carry a muff of the diaphanous materials. A charming young girl visited the other day in a muffed tulle blouse, with a muff to match. I think one would scarcely tire of the soft, fluffy blouse which will find fulfillment when the shadows get back to town.

This year I notice that the short waist has been treated much as the bell sleeve of dress time, a more inferior location on account of comfort. Here are the dresses cut off at the commission and resemble the original Empress waist, being slightly full in front and almost pretty plain at the back, being with high collar instead of stock.

The girl brought back a brief note from dear Anne Hattz, who was putting up secretly at the mother of some writers, but inclosed the information you desired concerning the author of "Dromo," the writer is

"Hatie Cornell" is the pen name of Miss Mary Mackey, the daughter of the late Charles Mackey, LL. D., a prose writer and poet, of whom you have read. Mary consider her "Romance of Two Worlds" her best and strongest book. It is her own favorite, and was the first of her writings to be published. She said of it: "I had no expectation that it would meet with any special attention. I wrote it simply because I felt the force of the suggestion I sought to convey in its pages." Its success assured a welcome for her following works. "Wormwood," "Arcadia," "Vendetta," etc. Miss Mackey is a tiny woman with petite features, suggesting sometimes rather than strength. She is really small, as I write it, but looks much younger, and to see her in one of her favorite simple dresses of light blue or pale white one would suppose her to be still in the twenties and would find it difficult to realize that she was the author of many powerful books.

I know Aunt Hetty's letter will bore with foreign information regarding dress, which I shall be happy to transmit to you. She is a keen observer and a woman of excellent taste, an estimate in which I'm sure you will concur.

The best ball I've attended was given by Amy's aunt, Mrs. Lee, the accident function of the season. The fashion for wearing flowers in the hair was much in evidence, and I must say that prettily than the debutantes. Amy, with her wreath of them gave white roses and the effect of green leaves in her fair hair. Bunch charmed. Dorothy are needed to call the wreath. The Golden Bouquets to purple flowers were becoming to another girl, and I noticed a cluster of pink roses were very low down on the shoulders of a slender woman, looking very old world and exquisite. Sometimes a flare of diamonds, especially a chest one, remains gracefully with flowers, clasped a wreath set at the back of the coiffure, and a high crown with flowers lying flat in front of it.

There's a fresh faced English woman at the Inn who is rather hated than the majority. She wears these simple unlined gowns in linens color with a tiny thread of color woven in. Nothing is more admirable to the formation of those delicate curves, which is well known that she will take. Every inch of brim is lifted rather to the left of the front and beneath cluster flowers—big bunches for choice. Her gowns are always signals of our people with the gay linings of the country. These, together with her fresh and whisper that the season is at its close, wherefore visit the beaches wanderers into well intentioned enclosure. It is a lesson of what a wonderfully rich looking face that is. The whole ornament was of purples, most beautifully shaped and mixed in with a fringe of gradations, varying in tones which but ever killed flowers of black pearl effects set in white. Nothing could be more effective. To obviate the possibility of a too flat effect at the back, which would not be becoming to a lady of a certain age, a fringe of the purples fell in graceful jabot there want to lose. No such improvised was I that I refrained from telling the name of the dressmaker who really appealed to trouble about the requirements of elderly women, but she watched her work, giving a glance that she didn't care for a regime of her pet gown, as such an expensive always spoil her business opportunity. I admired her honesty, but regretted her conversion.

Of course you received my telegram and letter following, announcing my inability to come down Wednesday as expected. Aunt Hetty made up her mind to suddenly to call that where was little time for anything but getting ready to start. The date you're not accustomed every morning, and I understand. Aunt Hetty should take. Dorothy's letter and the number complete. It's always right not to interfere with your friend's arrangements, and under the circumstances I should not have done so, but it was in behalf of your own county. Southwesterners are genial people, but are some how not keen a host's ideas for gaiety. Affectionately,

DAISY MAY.

Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Famous Collection of Orchids Owned by a Woman.

MRS. GEORGE B. WILSON of Philadelphia, who owns the largest collection of orchids in the country, and whose conservatories are the show of the fashionable of Germantown, has recently lost a portion of her choice specimens through the epidemic of cold weather.

In spite of the vigilance constantly to guard her treasures plants, two valued bottle from Mexico, of an extremely unique form, and a number of cultivated barb from orders. Those two specimens Mrs. Wilson is the most sorrowful as these, and say would be worth $1,000.

This theft subscribed the one taken to watch the children from all parts of the country, and the police have been put to work this afternoon. The owner of a still stranger thing happened, or that evidence Mrs. Wilson, instead of the conservatory as usual, and say would pose," said the gardener as he watered the beautiful plant. "Two strangers, one man came into the bedroom and stood an unusually long time among the flowers. One of the accompanying gentlemen was with them, a short time and he drew the back toward the open. Subsequent night the back gardener noticed the door ajar and told Mrs. Wilson that somebody was the matter with the plant she said was. It was thoroughly examined. Everything was found to be in order, but on Wednesday he went in, and saw that the two plants had been taken. Their absence was not noticed for some time, as they were in a comparatively secluded corner, and it would have not been discovered for a week or more.

The theft has caused the owner much grief, as she has spared no pains or expense in collecting her specimens, of which I have been told she has a large number, which perhaps could not be duplicated in the whole country. She has also suffered considerable notoriety on account of having also acquired a reputation for having the finest collection of orchids in the country. Mrs. Wilson is a wealthy lady, and has been interested in the study of orchids for many years, and has spared no pains or expense in collecting specimens. Some of the plants were obtained from Mexico, and others from Central America, and the rest of the world for specimens of the species of orchids. Some of the plants were obtained from South America and the rest of the rare species, such as the Cattleya, which is the most beautiful of the orchid family. Mrs. Wilson has published a book containing a description of her collection, which is considered a work of reference by all those interested in the study of orchids.

In this book more than 1,000 orchids have been brought together at the Wilson mansion in Philadelphia.

In its line this undertaking is one of the most famous and most extensive in existence. A few years ago the collection, as it now stands, was practically unknown. Now people are interested in the addition of this young lady to the Exotic Growing artists of Albany, which it had taken 40 years to build.

That a more plant with a not particularly attractive blossom should command thousands of dollars in the market seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true. Some of the rarest varieties are the least beautiful, and by the eye alone have no commercial value at a commission. All of the most prized flowers have protuberant and unsightly growths, which are almost deformities. They keep the full bloom of the flowers of the Amazon and various rivers and are exposed to the deadly fevers and poisonous of stealing the specimens and have to undergo the fatigue of the exile to be encountered.

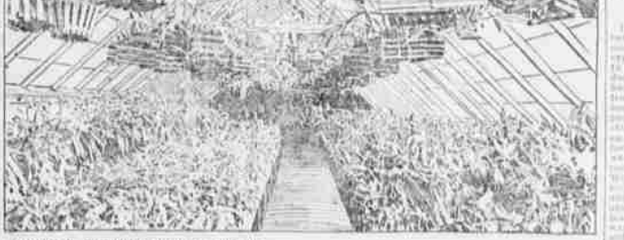
The most successful accomplices to the Himalayas and Andes are thronged in every direction by those hardy and fearless natives to a fad, and the Indians of Java and Borneo, with all their difficulties, have been searched from their fastnesses in the inhospitable East. The Borneo are not for hire, but they have never been paid for by the specimen of human life.

Mrs. Wilson's collection is described in several books which have been published in the line of the Wilson name.

WASHING THE FACE IN SUMMER.

IT HAS always seemed to us regrettable that summer should be the season when the personal comfort demanded to make more frequent use of it than we do in the winter, when the skin is dry, and so perspiration is scant, or almost, and not getting so serious as dirtier to render us uncomfortably. The soap we use is of great importance, and not getting so cheap. Those who have experience about the manufacture of textile soaps are aware that the material used is nothing so white. Much is of any other shade, it is because coloring matter has been added to it to hide the impurities. Such soaps are especially injurious to the skin, because the free alkali contained in them is not neutralized by the oil, as in the case of the oil soaps, and so irritates the skin. There are many of medicated soaps on the market, which claim to cure the skin of all superficialities, and transform the most into a beauty of

ON THE BEACH AT NARRAGANSETT.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF MRS. GEORGE B. WILSON'S ORCHID NURSERY.

Women In All Climes.

A California woman has received a $10 hunting device for opera glasses, which can be found on address the tailor of the same, having a fur trap. Astonished by words of a believable witnessed, which advises it to drop back when the trout is brought into a battered position.

The women club movement has attracted such an extent that it has attracted the attention of the United States department of labor, which has recently issued an elaborate report on the subject of women's clubs toward social democracy. Accompanying the article are some statistics which indicate that there are few continents of any size in our glorious country without a woman's club. The notes, however, and purpose of each of 1,500 women clubs are given in detail, and it appears that this by no means exhausts the list. An examination of the list shows that next to the rural city of Women's club, Shakespeare's name is a favorite one.

Mabel Gerdrude Mahonay, a member of the Lotterling order, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest one in America. She is 95 years old and took the veil at the age of 20. It years ago, she is now an inmate of the Lorette infirmary in Morton county, Pa.

Miss Helen Gladstone, in an article on the admission of women to the Cambridge degrees, calls attention to the fact that no fewer than six Cambridge colleges were founded by women for women—Clare, by Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Clare; Pembroke, by Marie de St. Paul, Countess of Pembroke; Queen's, by Queen Margaret of Anjou; Christ's and St. John's, by Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who also founded a university professorship, and Sidney Sussex, by Lady Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex.

The oldest bell woman from the ever was born and the oil mark was never more clearly established than in the cases of Mrs. Lucy Lemmon and Miss E. Mattie Bell, of New York. When Mrs. Guthrie went to her club early in the afternoon she had no idea that she would become a star and did not go home until between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning at the end of a dance in the course of which a present was presented to her. Miss Bell's home is famed by the life. Passing from one house to another, she subsequently gave a reception in honor of her friend.

Several of the Boston clubs, which are chiefly a matter of social, some of the most prominent women in the city are members of Arlington Literary Union. Mrs. Edward Everett Hale, the well known writer, is president of the Arlington Street Church Union, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and a number of the most prominent women in Boston are members of the Twentieth Century club.

The Cushing's Island has a fine showing of literature and promises a successful season. Among the well known members are Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the suffragist, who has been a resident of Melrose since 1857, and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, whose home is in Connecticut.

Mrs. Wilson is now in Boston, where she is entertaining a number of friends who are attending the Boston musical festival. Mrs. Wilson is a lover of music, and has appointed chairman of the Wisconsin branch of the Women's Auxiliary to the Pan-American exposition, to be held in Buffalo next year. Mrs. Wilson is also interested in the musical profession, having been a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra association. She is also a member of the Philadelphia Choral society.

Mrs. Wilson's collection is described in several books which have been published in the line of the Wilson name.

COUNCIL'S LADY CHAIRMAN.

Lady Isabella Lister, the widow of Sir William Lister, Bart., formerly of Gisburne, Yorkshire, England, has been appointed chairman of the Women's branch council for the coming year. She is noted for her skill as a speaker, has been elected to a similar position in the country. Without a literary crisis, Mrs. Lister and Lady Aberdeen are known as the two most prominent women in the public life of Great Britain. She is also a member of the Manchester local district council.

A WORTHY FRAILTY.

"It is distasteful to be tortured with a tiny bit of vanity," said a little woman, as she pulled down the veil before the glass.

"That's a most unselfish sentiment, indeed," remarked her companion.

"Do you think so?" said the little woman, looking on her guests inquisitively, "I am not sure of that. I know that I should not be able to fulfill the duties I have in hand if I were not conscious that my toque was pretty, my dress well given thanks and well fitting, and that the little details of my attire are correct—under. As it is, I know I look well and that people like to see me. Now, if I was plain from out and out I would, in that vanity [illegible] some other name for it."

"It sounds very like vanity," said her companion, with a laugh, "but I'm sure you have no need for it. When I was leaving and I looked in the glass and noted the becomingness of my clothes, I was rather sorry.

"Dear, dear, just notice my gloves for me, and I will tell you what I have in mind. I'm not sure that I ought to tell you, and if so I don't care, I shall continue it, and, moreover, I will not make you for the future. If I don't seem to try to make myself look pretty, and, I'm sure, it is not even to dress what is proper. Lots of people do not want a little bit of attention to their own person to become charming minds. It would be a charity to tell them to dress them, and I really believe that it is my social mission to do so. Don't look shocked, for I'm going to begin on you. You know you are not half as handsome as you might be if you made the best of yourself, so I shall take you in hand, and I am sure you will be grateful to me."

Her friend laughed, but when she found how much confidence and attentiveness she gained as a disciple of the self-styled exponent of vanity she felt that she had good reason to thank her.

HOW THE CORSET CAME.

Catherine de' Medici first introduced the corset into France. Her example, however, was not followed by Mary Stuart or Diane Poitiers, though it was admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was utterly indispensable to the beauty of the female figure. In those days the corset was in the shape of a cuirass, rather than anything else, as it always came down to the waist, and was strengthened with steel plates, which gave it the appearance of a coat of mail. It was not considered proper to lace the corset, but it was always worn very tight and pliable.

The corset found great favor in the eyes of Louis XIII. of France, and in his reign it was decorated with embroidery, jewels and lace. Fashion took a turn and made tabs, many of which were worn open, guided by the taste of Bender, in whose pictures many of them appear in costumes and corsets of the time. Louis XIV. encouraged the corset, and Madame de Montespan, Louise de la Valliere, Duchess Fontanges and many others in succession and extensively used it to accentuate and enhance their charms.

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WASH YOUR HANDS.

It has recently been claimed that many of ailments that used to be considered fit as others were have been explained by the doctors as a vehicle, for carrying germs, especially of every description. Scientists are aware and a decided thing that every one must thoroughly wash their hands before eating or handling food. Physicians are [illegible] to the fact that one person [illegible] of influenza, pneumonia, smallpox, etc. It is most [illegible] to [illegible] before eating or handling food which is taken into [illegible] should be carefully and [illegible] with [illegible] soap. The most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]