

FASHIONS



Epitaph on a Dead Box Coat.

Beneath this monument, three golden tails, That swung, deserted, dead; Gave life to glory, Mobe Coat, Like the flower the reaper moweth, thou art fallen.

The squire, a copper's night stick; Thy knell, a hurry wagon's rattle; Hath sounded! Thou art dead, Deader than any nail in doornail buried! Ah, poor Coat, no more thou'rt spun the avenue.

'Twixt cab and door—all awning-bung; Now with thou wait within the portable wife Of Bilitis and Sherry's, the night, The opera is over! Down like the star that shoots Across the night to darkness, the descent has been.

Swift, sure and terrible! When first thou sprang, full-born, All London-tagged and smart, we marveled at thee, And hastily we hid and bade our tailors Build us some like to thee:

Then, on a tally through Lenox lanes we drove thee, With golden-rod enamel; On Newport's roads we sported thee behind our backs.

And then—and then— The Winter came—and blossomed thou again, All ready-made—and scallowed—overtrimm'd Into a ludicrous semblance of thyself.

And then thou started on the downward chute, All broad and primrose-green—that led thee where? A station house—a cell—thou wert torn to and fro.

'Tis said thou art a robe—a scarlet cloak—that one May only wear through lobstered haunts of men. One is thy glory, Mobe Coat—two short years Have seen thy glory, Mobe Coat—two short years' brief span.

And madly merry at its close—sunk from thy high estate, Thy grave grates for thee—ready dug— Above thee we shall plant the cedar tree, Blossoming patriarchal—clubs—for sure enough, poor Coat, Thou art a dead one! Requiescat In Pace.

—Mistress Girl in Dramatic Mirror.

JUNE'S NEWPORT ADVENT

Fashion's Vanguard With Farbelow Galore, Takes Possession of Rhode Island Resort.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 11.—The abundance of rain we had during the early summer has made Newport, if possible, fresher and fairer than ever before.

The sky this morning is a clear, brilliant blue, and the sparkle of the waters is dazzling. The leafage of the trees that overhang Bellevue avenue is as lush and heavy as it might be in green England. The soft, warm air is scented with the perfume of roses and ripening strawberries. And the summer life is under full headway. Later in the season there may be larger and more formal gatherings, bigger dinners and more imposing dances, but the freedom of the early summer and the freshness of its costume provide in Newport in June an ideal spectacle.

Of a morning on the great shaded lawns and in the rose gardens which form so attractive a feature of Newport cottage grounds, it seems as if every woman were wearing white, the flatter of snowy skirts, the flash of gleaming draperies as incessant as the wheeling of gulls above the harbor.

White lawn, white plique, fine white flannel, and especially white linen, are whisked this way and that, in and out among the flower beds, across the tennis courts and up and down the shopping streets on innumerable errands. White muslin peeps from hooded beach chairs anchored under great elms, and white batistes flutter from the seats of runabout and automobiles.

So much white gives to the landscape a festive look. One expects those distant, gleaming figures, as they approach, to appear with flower-crowned heads and arms beaded with dew blossoms. One listens for the sound of music, and expects to come upon a daisy field filled with dancers, for it is as if the city were perpetually en fête and every day marked a great out-of-door June festival.

White and Gold Girls. These white frocks are very simply made. These of linen have tucked skirts, with blouse bodices and perhaps small boleros. Sometimes they are trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and sometimes they are made more dazzling by gold galloon or bands of gold cloth applied both to skirt and bodice, and matching a gold cloth belt with a big gold buckle. This morning I have had a close view of a white and gold girl. She was walking along Bellevue avenue with her arms full of daisies. She was really a daisy girl, with her plump, pretty figure and her round, not too reflective, face, and her dainty white dress, whose little bolero jacket was tied with gold bullion tassels, and whose long white sash was finished with gold bullion fringe.

Her white duck hat was cool-looking and light, and it, too, carried the daisy colors, for it had a band of gold around the crown.

Pretty enough this costume might have been and yet commonplace but for the big black velvet bow at the back of the hat, which gave it the little needed touch that made it charming.

Arcadian, indeed, are the white and gold Newport daisies, perfect in their simplicity, and yet many hands have toiled and have spun to provide them with their gleaming ornament.

I remember a bevy at breakfast on a vine-bung veranda. One wore a white plique dress, with a bolero of gold cloth covered with an applique design in white and gold.

Another wore cream-colored canvas, with a wide folded belt and standing collar of blue silk. Her Eton jacket opened over a vest of Cluny lace, and the plaits

of her skirt were stitched from the waist down with gold.

A third wore fine white flannel striped with a hair line of yellow. Her skirt was hemmed with a wide band of silk scalloped with gold embroidery, and her little bolero was corded with gold and fastened with gold buttons. A black velvet cravat was knotted low over a white lawn blouse, while black muslin formed a wide draped girder.

But there are other flowers in the fields than daisies, and there are other colors than white and gold at Newport. Blue is clear, light tones is much worn, and there is a good deal of red. A favorite combination is ecru and green.

A woman whose millions are famous all over the continent was driving yesterday at a small reception given on the lawn, which was displayed a bold decoration, in applique, of green leaves and vines. The design, which partly covered the jacket, was carried down the skirt and around the hem, giving a most picturesque effect against its neutral-toned background.

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Mrs. W. R. Vanderbilt, Jr., is wearing a small reception given on the lawn, which was displayed a bold decoration, in applique, of green leaves and vines. The design, which partly covered the jacket, was carried down the skirt and around the hem, giving a most picturesque effect against its neutral-toned background.

Another of Mrs. Vanderbilt's outing dresses is of pale blue linen duck, with vest, collar and cuffs of gold cloth covered with white guipure. Her white straw sailor hat is worn with gold band, and has at the back a huge rosette of white panne dotted with black.

The golf dresses worn at Newport show little of the green of last season. Red and gold pink are the favorite colors, these giving far more effective contrasts with the landscape.

There is not as yet a great deal of bathing, but bright blue and pink linen beach dresses make brilliant pictures, and at the chosen hour one sees a few dresses really meant for the water.

Pretty Bathing Dresses.

The best of these are of black satin, high necked and long sleeved. A very pretty one that appeared this morning was of black mohair trimmed with stitched bands and brightened by a sash of red India silk.

Another bathing dress of white flannel had collar, cuffs and sash of blue flannel embroidered in white.

A quaint suit of dark blue mohair had a box plaited skirt and a deep sailor collar faced with white mohair and trimmed with braid. It was worn with a poke bonnet of rough straw.

There is no promise of any novelties in bathing suits, nor of any departure from the simple, unseasonal costumes of last year.

One of the prettiest dresses that I have seen in Newport was worn on the beach. It was made of rose-colored linen, the skirt laid in panels of fine tucks, which were released to make a sudden flare at the bottom. Bands of rose linen strapped with white formed the trimming, both on the skirt and on the bolero. A fine white muslin blouse was worn, and was finished around the waist by a deep girder of Persian foulard. The upper part of the sleeves was made of linen, the lower part of muslin.

There was worn a flat picture hat of beige-tinted Tuscan straw, which was trimmed with a scarf of green tulle and with rich damask roses. At the back the hat lay close to the head rested a big yellow butterfly.

There was carried a large, plain rose-colored parasol. ELLEN OSBORN.

MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Signs of Age in Women, as Decried by Dress.

It was the first day this season that the hostess had served tea on her piazza, and her visitors were tarrying for the interesting discussion that had sprung up as to when a woman first began to feel that she was growing old—no man being present. They had agreed that it had nothing to do with such a fact. And if they were to stay for a short time recently a woman who is 70 years old if she is a day. Her wig was the blonde of a girl in her teens.

Her wrinkled face was powdered, and her perpetual and unvarying flush bloomed on her old cheeks. She affected pink and other colors of youth, and was altogether so pitiable that I begged to be delivered from such a fate. And if you are trying to be kinder, do, pray, put me in a straitjacket. —New York Press.

BARGAIN-COUNTER INSANITY.

Its Victims Help Merchants to Sell Unobtainable Goods.

"The so-called bargain counters remain a source of perpetual delight to women," said a well-known drygoods merchant to a New York World reporter. "They are also a boon to merchants. They offer the only solution of how to get rid of hard stock. There are some things that will not sell in the department. No one will have them. Put them on a counter with a big placard announcing the price and declaring it 'for today only' and by nightfall every one will be gone."

"Another feature about these sales is that a lot of women get around the table, elbowing each other and often quarreling for the possession of a certain article that each thinks is a little better quality than the others on the table. Sometimes the crowd gets so thick that it blocksades that part of the store, and it is almost impossible for the clerks to catch up with their sales."

Then the floorwalker is called in. He informs the shoppers that they can go to the department where these articles are sold and get them at the same price, thus saving time. Some of them look at him with incredulous scorn and stick to their posts. Some may take him at his word. In a few moments they will almost invariably return and declare that the things in the department are not the same quality—yes, in fact, much inferior.

"Occasionally a woman comes back and tells him, with a superior smile, that she is too old a shopper to be deceived. Now, these women are serious, and yet the articles in the department are exactly the same quality."

"We had an instance lately of just how valuable the bargain counter is to the merchant. We had a lot of green—vibrantly, brightly green—ribbon on hand. We had bought out the stock of a manufacturer who failed and this had been included. It was a shade that would not be becoming to any living woman. It would have turned Venus into a fright. And we had bolts and bolts of it. We threw it on the bargain counter at 10 cents a yard. We further stated that not more than 10 yards would be sold to one customer. Soon the women gathered and fought over it. They sought the floorwalkers and importuned them to allow them to have 10 or 15 yards."

"Some of them went to the superintendent and indignantly told him how ridiculous it was to limit the sale to 10 yards a customer. We had a lot of green—vibrantly, brightly green—ribbon on hand. We had bought out the stock of a manufacturer who failed and this had been included. It was a shade that would not be becoming to any living woman. It would have turned Venus into a fright. And we had bolts and bolts of it. We threw it on the bargain counter at 10 cents a yard. We further stated that not more than 10 yards would be sold to one customer. Soon the women gathered and fought over it. They sought the floorwalkers and importuned them to allow them to have 10 or 15 yards."

"Only a few days ago two women struggled for the possession of a lace yoke that was on the bargain table until they

timed the bachelorette girl, who had talked most. "I hate to say good-by to my youth as badly as any one on earth can, but I beg and pray, as you are my friends, that if I do not say it at the proper time you will compel me to. I have just seen at the hotel, where I stayed for a short time recently a woman who is 70 years old if she is a day. Her wig was the blonde of a girl in her teens.

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"Fellow! I don't believe that is a good sign to go by," put in a younger girl. "Look at Mrs. Dash; she is younger than any of us, and she goes around looking like anything, and she doesn't mind it in the least."

"Ah, but that is because she is married," protested the bachelorette girl. "I did not say that my rule would apply to married women, who often let themselves down in the matter of dress as soon as their wedding finery is passed. We who have something to live for yet are likely to keep ourselves up until marriage or old age overtakes us."

"I think the sure sign of growing old in a married woman and a mother is the appearance of that liking for the exchange of patterns and the comparing of systems of dress," was the opinion of another of the unwed, whereas two youthful-looking maidens laughed guiltily.

"No," said the hostess, "there is something more than that. It is when each husband wants one to do downtown to dinner to one of the haunts that it used to be such fun to go to, and one finds herself making excuses and preferring to stay at home to taking the trouble to go out."

"There is the matter of Mother Hubbards, and not caring about the arrangement of one's hair," some one murmured. "Oh, oh, that is too dreadful!"

"Except when the children are sick or something as bad as that," protested an anxious-looking little body.

"There is just one thing about it," continued the hostess, "and that is when each husband wants one to do downtown to dinner to one of the haunts that it used to be such fun to go to, and one finds herself making excuses and preferring to stay at home to taking the trouble to go out."

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