

OUR FASHION LETTER

COLOR EFFECTS AND SCHEMES ARE CONSIDERED.

Some New Shades—Dress and Dog Must Match in Color—Some White Foulards—Dog Schemes and Colors A Fair Opinion.

Color effects and color schemes are now talked about so much that every one is supposed to have a good eye for color and to be able to tell intuitively what shade of coloring is most becoming to her particular style of beauty and what will be most effective as to trimming or strong contrast.

The new shades of cloth are very soft and delicate and whether the designers or manufacturers have matched their cloth according to the fashionable dog or the dogs have been chosen to match the cloth desired.



A Reception Gown.

Rose colored barege is here combined with tucks white silk and white bead passementerie.

In style and charm.

ed upon them, and are quite ready to have the collar or tie that gives the little contrast that is needed to match the touch of color at the throat, belt or lining of the coat.

In one of Ouida's most popular books the heroine was always dressed in velvet gowns and always had beside her superb greyhounds who simply gave an additional rendering of the same color. It is not so many years since one of New York's most fashionable and best gowned women bought herself a gray velvet gown to match the skin or coat of her greyhound.

Match the Dog.

For the widows.

many of the women of the city to be very sporty, to have a taste for dogs, but the solution to the difficulty has been easily solved by bringing back into fashion the black and white spotted coach dog, who looks remarkably well with any polka dotted costume.

White Foulard

An exceedingly smart white foulard gown with black dots has a short bolero of white pique, trimmed with a tan colored lace, as nearly as possible matching the color on the dog.

Some women who are particular about their mourning contend that all the dull coated Pomeranians or other canine, is not exactly first class, but a widow, especially, who has much better if she has with her one of the uncurled poodles with the best left its natural length.

It is natural that there should be an opposite extreme in dress when short skirts and no stockings are in vogue.

The style and charm of the American woman are quantities discovered fresh with each passing week of the Paris Exhibition.

Match the Dog.

For the widows.

For the widows.

A DAY IN THE WOOD.

A feller feels like drowsin'—for the sun is full o' dreams; Far off the cow-bells tinkle by the cool an' shaded streams.

Sing a song o' summer— "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" "Cattle boys a-sleepin' Where the honeysuckles swing!

It's good to be a livin' in this weather—n-ght an' morn; When you hear a song o' plenty in the rustle o' the corn!

Sing a song o' summer— "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" "Fishermen a-noddin' Where the honeysuckles swing!

On and off the Thames.

I was disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years not since our Balliol days.

The day came and I was in a fever at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed.

His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust.

In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hatched weeds, as I thought of them, were a charm to me.

I was now in lovely blackwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The bankside flowers were more abundant and nearer to me.

The water was clearer, too, wonderfully clear. I was lying slowly along between the lawns, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant growth.

leaves kissed, as zephyrs ran pages of a poem, by the zephyrs. I had never seen so glorious a picture, nor one that burst upon my vision so suddenly.

For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered, "Where am I?" Her answer was perfectly calm, but it was not chill; no, her voice was so soft that the simplest words that she uttered were a melody.

Then she bade me go and I could not. Nor would I if I could; and when at length I obeyed her and was about to go, she bade me stay.

Two roses that I had not seen before, bloomed on her face, and she gave away light-footed and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house.

At last I grew ashamed of my intrusion, and, stooping from under the fruit-covered branches of the old apple tree, I went to my canoe, unfastened its moorings, and was about to withdraw.

I said what I felt, regardless of all order of all propriety. "Eve," I said passionately, "you do not know me, nor who I am, nor I you; but I know this, that I love you. Yes, I love you and shall love you forever.

"What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry?" "It is, by all that's wonderful!"

"I'm awfully sorry my dear chap, that I couldn't join you on the river to-day. Abominably unwell you must have thought me. But I didn't know you knew my sister."

"And we shall know each other better," I whispered to her later. "Now that I have discovered you to be your brother's sister, you bear an added charm in my eyes."

Mrs. Soothing—I am afraid you're going to buy a drink with that dime I gave you.

ART AND PATHOS.

SIDE LIGHTS ON DAILY ROUTINE OF ART STUDENTS' LIFE.

They believe in Art for Art's Sake—Many Cherished Ideals are Unrealized—Struggles of the Poor Student—Their Amusement.

Near a whole city full! Just think of the pity of it! An art student in the largest city in the country almost starving to death!



They believe in Art for Art's Sake—Many Cherished Ideals are Unrealized—Struggles of the Poor Student—Their Amusement.

Of course there are two sides to art students' life as well as to everything else. The cheerful side is very cheerful, and the pathetic side is very grim.

Against Dependency.

There have been tragic instances when privations have told fatally just as success was in sight.

It is a wonder that cases of privation among women art students are not heard of more frequently.

Cases of Privation.

Even the pathos of poverty has however, its brighter side. It serves to bring out the human qualities of pity and kindness among the fellow students of the poor young fellow or girl.

Mrs. Soothing—I am afraid you're going to buy a drink with that dime I gave you.

A HOME FOR PRINTERS.

A Place Where Veterans of the Craft Spend Their Declining Years.

In a picturesque nook of the historic Raritan Valley, under the sheltering arms of the wooded Watchungs, pierced by Bound Brook's limpid stream, lies the paradise of old time printers.

Here, if the chance visitor approach near the "grub" hour, he will see the rusticated compositors, weary of the "case" and "stick," forced to the wall in the progress of the linotype.

And if he approach when the "grub" has been consumed he will see a handful of the city farmers grouped about some fortunate youngster of sixty-five.

Across a tottering rustic bridge saunters the man from the city, to find a perfect garden spot, with a seared and rotting well curb, yellow and shaky with age, like many of the printer farmers, who pause as they pass for a draught from its venerable bucket.

On, on, past odoriferous bushes, weighted down with their splendor, to sad sweet willows, so suggestive of sorrow for days that are lost and opportunities missed, as they and two silent printer fishermen droop above the brook.

Back to the house, and Rover, the founding Irish setter, and Nellie, of indescribable breed; and Nigger, the motherly mouser, with her trio of assorted kittens, in solemn lie lead the way through the long dining room, with its one great table, to the kitchen, where big, good natured Mrs. Farquhar, a printer's widow and matron of the farm, presides over the cooking for the family of forty "boys."

Here is the life of the printer who goes to the farm from the city! He rises at five or half-past five and goes to the well for his toilet. At seven he is ready for breakfast—oatmeal, eggs, potatoes and coffee, with plenty of good bread and butter. Then away to the fields for four hours, returning at noontime for dinner—a big plate of corned beef and cabbage, with corn bread and prunes and potatoes, and a choice between apples and pudding.

This farm is the first institution of its kind supplied by the active workers in a trade for the indigent men of their union. It is said that several other trades have similar ideas in contemplation.

Even the pathos of poverty has however, its brighter side. It serves to bring out the human qualities of pity and kindness among the fellow students of the poor young fellow or girl.

Billie I saw, I think scoldily, either it, but her voice glancing did so, and stood fellow, to such a the money