CONSIDERED.

Some New Shades-Dress and Dog Musi Match in Color-Some White Foulards

and what will be most effective as to is not nearly so hard to get the right are fashionable. Pet dogs are im- match satisfactorily in any white mensely fashionable, and not only in goods, and it is easier to match a Paris and in England, but in this spaniel, or even to take the sharp concountry, are considered as important a trast already spoken of in the black part of a woman's outfit as her mackintosh or umbrells-more so, indeed. when a very small dog is used to carfor if she has her own trap she, of ry out the color scheme the shading course, will not go out ever in weath- has to be less carefully looked after er when either umbrella or mackintosh will be needed whereas a dog is, as has been said, absolutely necessary to complete the picturesque effect of, her appearance. 'New Shades.

The new shades of cloth are very soft and delicate, and whether the designers or manufacturers have matched their cloth according to the fashtonable dog, or the dogs have been har left its natural length. There is chosen to match the cloth the desired a mething about the coats of the results in many instances have been obtained. The soft browns of the dachshund, the mouse gray of the greyhound, the red brown of the Gordon setter and the jet thack and snow white of those pets of society the Pomeranians not to mention the perfect beige color of some of the French poodles, give enough variety to in-

sure the women choosing becoming

dogs. The dogs themselves seem quite

ernectous of this added charm bestow.



Rose colored barege is here com-

bined with tucked white silk and white bead passementerie.

ed upon them, and are quite ready to or lining of the coat

books the heroine was always dressed pectally large contingent of transatin velvet gowns and always had boulde mantic cousins over this year, the her superb greyhounds who simply freater number women neatly gowned, gave an additional rendering of the but for the most part not well skirted, since one of New York's most fash- mornate at the waist and prominent ionable and best gowned women red ker beneath the arm All clear; and now that I knew he was bought herself a gray velvet gown to det match the skin or coat of her grey- thre to rest with this book under their annoying, and, as I loved dear old mound. The picturesque effect was undeniable, and the woman's success that year was unprecedented. The: dachahunda have lately been chosen | by young girls who can wear that warm shade of brown to advantage.

Match the Dog. me a piece of material as meariy the color of my dog's coat as possible," has been a request that has! been often heard lately, but was treated at first as a very idle and silly fad. Like most fads it had something to recommend it. Witness the gowns and dogs of to-day. If anything prettier could be imagined than these same brown gowns, absolutely unreliev d by any color, and the accompanying d g. it would be difficult to find it. The great Danes are all that could be wished for as regards coloring, but the color is just a little trying and has to be relieved by yellow or scarlet or a deeper shade of brown. A woman in a gown to match her Dane is most stunning if the color is becoming, but the trouble is it has a tendency to make her look sallow Consequently there are not a great many great Danes seen. This is not saying they are not fashlonable dogs, but they are not the constant comof more favored colors are.

For the "dows or a widow thre is nothing so

turquoise. When the polks dotcame in fashion this sum-

the state of the s

OUR FASHION LETTER many de la comen de la to be very sporty, to many hereas of dogs, but the solution to the do'culty has been easily solved by bringing back COLOR EFFECTS AND SCHEMES ARE into fashion the black and white potted 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 -ther Schemes and Colors A Pari bolero of white pique, trimmed with a tan colored lace, as nearly as posrible matching the color on the dog. Color effects and color schemes are | This has been found most attractive. now talked about so much that every and it is not difficult to get a dog to one is supposed to have a good eye for match, but, after all, the wasest color and to be able to tell intuitively with all these color schemes is to buy what shade of coloring is most becom- the dog first, and after he has been ing to her particular style of beauty discovered to be a becoming color it trimming or strong contrast. One of shading of the material to be used the funniest instances of this color for the gown. The white poodles and scheme is now seen in the dogs that the white Pomeranians are difficult to Pomeranian or poodle . Of course, than when there is a large dog whose cout comes directly against the gown.

> Some women who are particular bout their mourning contend that afto: all the dull coated Pomeranian or is red cantene, is not exactly first tring and a widow especially, ks much better if she has with her

of the uncurled posities with the es that suggests the weep re in at ' Macterily and when the dog has

crape bow on its head and is held by heavy let or gun metal chain or a - kened from one he containly giv s e supression of deep mourning. The or fon sia siaflor bas enfait in leavy as they were. They are often mole of gold or allier but a little a her cord is considered quite smart

: ough and it is really letter to bit the expense in the collar or in the er to epeak more correctly the ank. at the virtue spotts in the ear la's The bows of ribbon on the col-'r or as with the pood'e tied in with the top-knot must always be chosen with due regard to a becoming color to the dog's owner for a most unfortunate combination has sometimes runed the smartest get up. A ref. he ribbon of a shade other than the flowers in the hat that the dog's companon is wearing, makes the whole ostume banal and absurd, and no areful dresser but avoids an antilimar.

short skirts and no stockings are in of hard exercise and a long chat the model for a method of costuming | were. he a hoyden with tanned knees and rig at the boathouse agreed upon half arms at one hour of the day and a an hour earlier than we had mutualprim tot who must not fall ov r her ly fixed. But Fry did not come. The thirts at another time. The close half hour went, and another, and ace cap short waisted dress with full another. I know of nothing more irriskirt, and broad flat collar are dis- tating than to have to hang about tinguishing features of the modern as for another fellow to turn up when of the historical Puritan maiden s cos cone is alone like that. At last I got tume which is made from som hin a note by his servant. If he had sent cottor, linen or silk stuff

In Style and Charm. The style and charm of the Ameri-still characterize Fry and he sent his have the collar or tie that gives the can woman are quantities discovered little contrast that is needed to match afresh with each passing week of the the touch of color at the throat, belt Paris Exhibition An Englishweman cres us in this light. "Judging cur-In one of Oulda's most popular sortly there would seem to be an essame color. It is not so many years carrying the inevitable leather porte-



Misses' Waist.

The design is adapted to barege, alabatross nun's veiling, challis and light weight su tings

pillow and in their dreams never fail at the same time to employ a garrulous guide Their craving to absorb the Albert Memorial.

fashionable to have and, it might be the American woman is far ahead of narrow creek which it now pleased me said, to hold, for these small dogs us in a true appreciation of cut as op- to explore. have to be held very often, than the posed to fit. The latter is with them, Jet black Pomeranians. To be sure as it should be, a secondary considera- derfully clear " was the fur, or coat, has more gloss than ton-though a close second, it is true ly along between the lawns. I looked is generally allowed in deep mourning. -and a few slight wrinkles are pre- into the depths of the water, with all this a crape bow or a bow of mourning ferable in their sight to a bad, un- its wealth and wonder of plant agers of the professional baseball club. ribbon remedies all that. These lit- proportionate cut. When shall we as growth, the waving forest of submatie black Pomeranians, though, are a nation, I wonder, grasp this great rine weed, where I could see shoals of trajectory motion to a leathern not entirely relegated to deep mourn- modistic truth? Perchance the next minnows. Now and then a school of ing and are carried by women who generation will have a suggestion of perch startled by my paddle, darted college. wear black gowns trimmed with lace its importance in its blood. For it is, into the shadow of the weed, and a and with touches of light blue. An ex- believe me, just the whole difference huge jack, sulking in a deep green ceedingly emart black mousseline de between the common and the chic, the pool, made me long for a rod and sole gown, with a sash of brocaded smart and the dowdy, the understand-line. blue ribbon, has a small black Pomer- ing and the modistically ignorant. It While thus engrossed, bending my anian with a large blue satin bow at matters not at all to the mind of the head over the side of the canoe, in his throat: or, if expense is no object, average Englishwoman if all the which I continued to drift slowly as it generally the case with women seams of her coat converge like a net along, I failed to notice how narrow the can allord to have the dogs work of railway lines toward her the creek had become until suddenly match the gowis, a collar studded waist, so long as she feels, as she I found myself close to a lady lying graphically terms, it, the garment, on a lawn—so close that I was almost I gave you. Now a Frenchwonian, on the other touching her. She was quite at the at arit a little difficult hand, does not need to feel; she sees edge of the grass, which sloped to gauge, leddy. Ten cents don't buy me

The second secon

A DAY IN THE WOOD.

A feller feels like drowsin'-for the eas is full o' dreams; Far off the cow-bells tinkle by the cool an' shaded streams; An' the wooin' winds invite you where

the bees are on the wing. An' the birds are makin' merry where the honeysuckles swing

Sing a song o' summer-"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" Cattle boys a-sleepin'

weather's fair and fine.

Where the honeysuckles swing!

An' the fishin' rod's a-bobbin' to the throbbin' o' the line; An' the river banks invite you where

a breezy chorus swells, An' scenes o' joy desight you where the cattle shake their bells.

Sing a song o' summer-

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling"" Fishermen a-noddin' 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 garden.

rustle o' the corn' When a picture of the harvest shines in every drop o' dew. An' the old world's rollin' happy of love.

Sing a song o' summer-I'ng a ling a ling' All the country sindin' Where the honeysuckles swing' -Atlanta Constitution.

'neath a livin' bend o' bue!

## On and off the Thames,

I was disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day for bloomed on her face, and she rer years not since our Balliol days, unwels that are in the bracelets, til I saw h m again after seven years spring. Then eight or nine of us, all old Balliol men, dined together, and we had a refreshing talk over all that had occurred while I was away in I Canada Six years of it I hal there, and when I returned was surprised to ow carelessly tied in a dog's hair, and everybody. But d'ar old Fry was the same as ever, staunch and genuine and generous When I met him in Lombard striet, a fortnight before it was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip on the river. It was to be on June 15, It is natural that there should be and we were to have had a long n opposite extreme in dress when bealthy exhibitating day, with plenty ogue The Puritan maiden furnishes about old times-old chums that we

> The identical person may ! The day came and I was i a wire. I should have had his message sooner, but old-fashioned courtesies groom eleven miles with a long note of explanation and apology.

His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trusters, and afterward he had to see his sister on husiness of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip-that was · tcans, I am persuaded, re- not to join me, I was content. It was Fry. it was a disappointment. But I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair sk ff and had out a single cance.

> In five minutes I was "on the bosom I paddled on I thought how a gay you knew my sister." heart wants no friends. Solitude has. He looked at her and he looked at a lonely woman to get along in a city charms deeper than society an af- me. I think we were both blushing, than for a man! Men can congregate goes to the farm from the city!—He ford. Out of my memory teemed Whether it be unmanly or not, I con- in little clubs and coteries, and a man rises at five or half-past five and goes troops of friends, and they were will fess I was. Aye, I was red to the is apt to have a little more foresight to the well for his toilet. At seven sill and varished as I was a when But you do know each other, don't art without having carefully weighed of good bread and butter. Then away me as I willed. They came at my roots of my hair. his loyal, brotherly spirit, communed he had made some faux pas. with me and was dispelled again as a more recent chum who had tracked many a bear with me in Canada glance she gave me was a grateful baunted my memory.

I was now in lovely blackwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The bankside flowers were more abundant and nearer to me-indeed, they hedged me about. Tho pale blue eyes of innumerable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, the yellow toad-flax grew out of the clay information is truly supreme; nothing banks, wild roses and brambles panions of their mistresses that dogs presumably is too dull to daunt their bloomed amidst their thorns, the sequiring minds, not even excepting leaves of the osiers which red everywhere and weeping willows hung bells rang out merrily, for Eve and I "And equally am I persuaded that their arching boughs right across the

The water was clearer, too, won-

with an eye of knowledge and under the river. Half a dozen cush ons were no drink. It just gits me a taste.— And that a girl student is sick they a balance in its demand and supply. tanding and that seeing suffices list, about her—her book lay open, its Denver News.

a poem, by the zephyrs. I had never seen so gierious a picture, nor que that burst upon my vision so suddenly. She was in something white and

leaves kissen, as belitted the pages of

dainty, her hat was hung on a branch and the old, gnarled tree under whose shade she reclined was covered with apples. Her hair was tangled and golden and her eyes full of light and laughter.

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 feller feels like loafin', for the soft that the simplest words that she uttered were a melody.

"You are in my father's garden," she said.

"And I-I--?" "You are a trespasser."

But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her face. "And you?" I said. I know not

what I said, but soon I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve. "And this is paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old apple-tree at all the beauties of the

Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear of Canada—and

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.

So I staved and soon had moored my canoe and stood upon her lawn. I cannot tell how I, of all men-modest almost to bashfulness-could have done so, but I did.

Of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. She was my queen there and thenceforth forever; and so I told her, the poets aiding me. Two roses that I had not seen be-

on the river 1 had not met him for away light-footed and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house. But I could not leave; I could not! I looked for her, but she did not come.

> Once I saw her face peering out upon me but she would not come again. Well, I stayed—that was all! How had the impudence to do so I can-

not tell-but I could not go. She was a long while indoors. had so much alteration in everything heard her at the piano. I knew it was her touch, though I had never heard her before but I was confident it was she. Besides, now and then the piano stopped suddenly, and I saw by the movement of the window curtains that she was peeping to see whether

> had gone. 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.

But, as luck would have it, just as I was about to get into the cance, she came out to me across the lawn. Her gesture to me was that I must go.

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. Your heart is my Eden. Do not shut the gates of this, my earthly paradise. I must, I must see you again, and L will' Sav that I mav."

She looked down and blushed. "May I." I faltered.

She did not reply, but her silence was a better answer than words. 'When?''

"To-morrow." She looked so pretty when she said that I was about to dare yet more

arms and steal from her lips a kiss nials made for the sake of his art that when I heard a shout. "Hullo, old chap! Is that you?" I looked up.

It is, by all that's wonderful!"

"I'm awfully sorry my dear chap, of old Father Thames." The hack- that I couldn't join you on the river neyed words, as I thought of them, to-day. Abominably uncivil you must' ner n'homse've om' it and as have thought me. But I didn't know

thought of another suggested Even you?" he said, for we both looked so his means. But often a young woman Fry himself, with his hearty laugh, awkward that he seemed to think that comes to New York to study art know- of noonting for dinner a his plate of

"Oh, yes!" I said, "we know each for one year, yet fully determined to other," and I stole a look at Eve. The

"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.' Three months afterward there was a

river wedding, as we were rowed away from church in a galley manned by four strong oarsmen, and I handed her out of he canopied boat on to her father's lawn, the wedding were man and wife, and I gave her a husband's kiss under the old apple

Too Scholarly.

What can you do?" asked the man-"i can impart a most pronounced sphere," repli edthe athlete just out of

"That won't do," they rejoined. "We want a man who can pitch a curve hall."

And they turned him down .- Chicago Tribune.

Misjudged.

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

Bill Bumpers-Ye didn't size me

## ART AND PATHOS.

SIDE LIGHTS ON DAILY ROUTINE OF ART STUDENTS LIFE.

They Believe in Art for Art's Sake - Many Cherished Ideals are Unreafized - Struggles of the Poor Student, Their Amuse-

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! We have charities a-plenty, but none yet which can make allowance for the proud spirit, which prefers death to humiliation.

Some years ago to be on the ragged edge of life would have seemed quite consistent with the idea of bohemianism which, in the popular mind, was associated with art. But nowadays, however much art students may disagree as regards the subject which they



want to treat on canvas or paper, the all agree that the best thing to draw is a salary. Therefore, the long haired maiden have gradually disappeared from our art schools, and art students have the conventional allotment of

hirsute covering designed by nature. 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 very grim. It means poverty and grind, and in the end, perhaps, the disappointment which is bitterest of all. Nowadays talent is not enough. So fierce is the competition in a.t, as in other walks of life, that you must have the financial means to keep yourself in proper physical condition to stand hard work and not to break down under disappointment.

Against Despondency.

You must regularly train yourself against the despendency of mind and spirit caused by the bitter conviction that you are not appreciated. Every person who has not the talent to reach the front rank thinks he is not appreciated. That constant feeling of self-confidence, ending perhaps in despair, requires real physical stamina and moss covered that it must have casions when an art student has to gulp down his tears are only too frequent. There are some fifteen hundred students at one art school alone in this city. Of these not more than one comes to the front in the course of a year; the others either drop out and go back to some more commonplace occupation, but one more in keeping with their real talents, and, consequently, more remunerative, or join the hosts of the disappointed and become shining ornaments of that cheap eating house which has become known as the "Restaurant of Fail-

There have been tragic instances when privations have told ratally just as success was in sight. I have in sorrow for days that are lost and opmind a young artist, fresh from his portunities missed, as they and two I had the temerity to formulate the art studies, whose physique was so idea that I would take her in my worn out from the strain of self-de- the brook. he was too frail to withstand an at- foundling Irish setter; and Nellie, of tack of typhoid fever. He died with- indescribable breed; and Nigger, the out even the consolation of knowing motherly mouser, with her trio of as-What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry? that his picture had been accepted for sorted kittens, in solemn file lead the the leading exposition for the year.

Cases of Privation.

It is a wonder that cases of privation among women art students are Farquhar, a printer's widow and manot heard of more frequently. Some- tron of the farm, presides over the how it is so much more difficult for and not to come to the city to study stretch her little fund over two. The choice between apples and pudding. Art Students' League has a Board of ed by the Board, and it provides at to sleep. art students of small means. Pathes of Poverty.

Even the pathos of poverty has

however, its brighter side. It serves five chickens. to bring out the human qualities of pity and kindness among the fellow students of the poor young fellow or time methods of relief and charity will girl. The girls, with their sweet. sym. pathetic characters, always respond quickly when asked to extend a helping hand to a less fortunate sister. tial solution of the great problem of Not only that, they try to find out removing from the field of competition who among them need help. If they of surplus labor and the maintaining of are quite ready to share their own

scant means with her and to take turns in visiting her and in trying to cheer her up. Sometimes, without letting the beneficiary's name be known, a girl, on learning of another girl's distress, will go around among the students and take up a collection. If a girl who has had a chance to study in Paris leaves there for home with only her passage money in her pocket, she will find her sister students ready to scrape together money enough to buy her ticket home.

## A HOME FOR PRINTERS

A Piace Where Voterans of the Craft Spend Their Declining Years.

In a picturesque nook of the histor. ic Raritan Valley, under the sheltering arms of the wooded Watchungs, pierced by Bound Brook's limpid stream, lies the paradise of old time printers; and there beneath the spreading walnut and the towering pine "Big Six's" veterans may end their days in peace.

There, from the broad veranda of the ancient manor house, flaunting its one hundred and thirty-five years from gable and cornice and from dormer corbels, stretch one hundred and eighty-six acres of farm land-orchards of apple trees, sweet in their pink and white fragrance, and the drab fields, dazzling in ploughed multiplicity of parallels. This is the 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, perhaps jogging in from the fields, where they have been planting their own potatoes in the converted Herbert . farm.

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 who still has sharp eyes and is reading aloud from the single treasured paper of the day from New York.

But if he approach during the hours of toil, when the agriculturists by adoption are striving to "get a living out of the soil," he will find the most interesting living pictures, the finest studies for the sociologist.

Before him stands "the man with the hoe," a white haired veteran, who "stuck type" in the fifties. Not far beyond this aged toiler for "the prime necessity" stands a soldierly man, who has jocularly dubbed himself "the master of the pigs." And that is really what he is, for it is his duty, and only his, to care for some forty little black swine, who chortle with delight at his every caressing word or look.

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 nause as for a draught from its venerable bucket, so old and oaken and iron bound been the one in the song, the compositor agriculturists say.

On, on, past odoriferous bushes. weighted down with their splendor, to sad sweet willows, so suggestive of



silent printer fishermen droop above

Back to the house, and Rover, the way through the long dining room, with its one great table, to the kitchen, where big, good natured Mrs.

ooking for the family of forty "boys." Here is the life of the printer who he is ready for breakfast-oatmeal, ing that her means are sufficient only corned beef and cabbage, with corn bread and prunes and potatoes and a

Then after a session of reading the Control, which tries to relieve cases of news in the one New York paper he this kind, and this Board knows only returns to his plough and the field too well about those narrow hall bed- and makes up the eight hours of larooms under the roof, so cold and bor, with supper at six in the evening cheerless that the students would | "mush and milk," cold meat and rather loiter discouraged around the beans. In the early evening the men league, long after lesson hours, than sit around and play cards and checkgo to such a "home." This dark side ers and dominos until the darkness of art students' life has been recogniz- falls, and then they all go to bed and

the league a luncheon the cost of | This farm is the first institution of which can be reckoned by pennies, and its kind supplied by the active worklate in the afternoon furishes a cup ers in a trade for the indigent men of of tea and a biscuit for a cent. How their union. It is said that several different this afternoon tea from the other trades have similar ideas in confashionable "five o'clock," and yet how templation. The men are made to feel far more sensible in its purpose and that they are thoroughly independent. how much further reaching in its ef- as they earn enough to pay their fects! The league tea is a "five board and lodging, which, it has been o'clock" which is most sociable, yet found, amounts to \$1.6! week apices.

at the same time does an immense! The farm is located thirty-one miles amount of real good to all who partic- from New York city and one mile ipate in it. It is not a "crush;" it is from the Bound Brook station of the a cheery little function, and one of Central Railroad of New Jersey. The the bright spots in the daily ! of printer-farmers boast of six wagons. a chilled plough, two harrows, a potato planter, a bean planter, a seed planter, a corn planter and six cultivators. There is a coop of thirty-

> This new departure from the old be watched with interest, for out of the experiment being made by the great printers' union of New York city will possibly come at least a par-

"For Is it

Mari youn paus the you whic fore, possi the t burs bare abou Bill.e word awar ment and back "T

"A1 town tures ery si by th was s:gns grand pictur gee!' Gra getica Billie pictur awfu] was ' every

come

That

---fifte

glorie

scripti

gave

Bill

bare-a Roma steeds on a radian skirt. the m admir and breath heard picked across hot on pucker whistle "Mot

done?'

intoler

conver

"Mos

old lad "Ain't Billie i She fingers away o ture. ''I ca your fa That's settin' his cho You her "Yes"

There

had gor see thre was iro seemed had fly too, the men, a circus & achable, Billie?" "Duni looked | the toe. can't ge elephant way."

the room tone, str ticularly tionate He had expression had som secrets, did her were ne protectio ly knew "Say, you'd lik self!" "Me!"

"The

-graciou ed that notice it think of Billie I how," he think so boldly, "

Whateve

head? N

either, if but ther her voice did so. fellow.

glancing and stoo to such a the mone