CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

HUNGRY BILLY.

Everything Turned to Candy, But It Was Only a Dream.

Billy said he was hungry, but he wasn't, really, for when his mother offered him a generous slice of nice bread and butter, he pushed it away, saying that he didn't want any "old bread and butter," he wanted a nickel to buy candy with.

"If you can't eat bread and butter, Billy," said his mother, "you aren't very hungry."

"But can't I have the nickel, mother?" pleaded Billy.

"No," replied his mother; "you are only candy hungry, not really hungry. And candy isn't good for little boys."

Billy didn't agree with his mother in this matter. To be sure, he had spent five cents for candy only the day before; besides he had his Saturday money every week, but he chose to feel aggrieved on this particular afternoon, because he was denied that which he thought he should have.

Without another glance at the despised bread and butter, Billy slung himself out of the house and up in the orchard where he lay down on the grass under an apple tree, feeling that he was very badly treated. It was very pleasant up there, with the sunlight flickering down through the green branches. Billy gazed idly up at the blue sky, wishing he was a man with lots of money so that he could buy all the candy he wanted.

Presently he heard a bell ringing loudly. Wondering if supper was ready, he arose and went into the house. There, on the dining-room table was

Billy Gazed Idly Up at the Blue Sky.

placed one plate, one knife and one fork. But he could see nothing to eat. Taking up the plate, he started toward the kitchen, thinking, perhaps, the supper was ready, waiting for him on the stove, but he stopped short, for he perceived that the plate was made of candy. On examining the knife and fork, he found that, they, too, were of the same sweet substance. In the kitchen, it was the same thing. The pots, kettles and stove, were all made of licorice, while candy dishes, pans and a chocolate broom gave the room the appearance of a regular candy shop.

Billy wondered vaguely if his mother was going into the business. He thought he would hunt her up and ask her what it all meant. For she surely would know. So he ran up the candy stairs to her room. Here, also, every bit of furniture was composed of sweets. Bed, chairs, pillows, and even the curtains, hung in stiff folds of solid sweetness. By the window stood his mother. He went quickly up to her, but to his horror, as he touched her hand, he saw that she, also, was turned into candy.

This was too much for poor Billy. He burst into bitter weeping. "Oh, oh, what shall I do! Everything is candy. Even my dear mother is turned into candy. What shall I do!"

"But I thought you were so fond of candy."

"Oh, oh," wailed Billy, horrified at this dreadful speech. "I'll never eat candy again. My own dear mother. Oh, oh!"

With a start, he awoke. His face was covered with perspiration, and his heart was thumping like a little steam engine. Oh, how thankful he was to find it all a dream.

Sitting up, he gazed about him in a dazed sort of way, for he was hardly yet wide awake. "Dear me," said he aloud, when his heart had slowed down a bit. "I came near being turned into a candy kid myself. I guess the Saturday money will be good enough for me after this."

He went back to the house and into the kitchen. There, on the table, still lay the piece of bread and butter his mother had left for him. Seizing it, he took a big bite.

"My, but that tastes good," said Hungry Billy.—Annie Briggs Fox, in Good Literature.

Conundrums.

Q.—Why is a hen crossing a road like assault and battery?

A.—Because it's a foul (fowl) proceeding.

Neck Adornment

SHEER blouses and sheath gowns have been jokingly called "back to nature" garments, but perhaps there is some truth in the name. Surely there is a trend toward unadorned simplicity. We have the tight-fitting gown, the one piece dress, the sandal fad, the old-fashioned sun hat and now the comfortable, cool and artistic Byron collar.

The "Gibson" collar, with its artificial height, is still with us. It is plainly fitted, and the bones under the ears serve to preserve the unbroken line of the neck and shoulder. One of the beauties of low neck is that it reveals the curve from the ear to the top of the shoulder, and when a high collar is properly fitted and properly boned the curve is easily discovered. The ruche around the top merely serves to soften the line of the face. It does not in any way break the beautiful line, though it would were the collar a little lower.

The collars of handkerchief linen and bits of precious lace are also used only for informal occasions; with them it is allowable to wear a little bow made of lace or fine linen.

Handkerchiefs make charming collars and bows of this type, particularly when combined with baby Irish or real valenciennes edging.

Hand embroidery, too, turns a plain linen collar into a thing of beauty, and many of the prettiest are decorated with English eyelet work. With these one may wear a little linen bow, also embroidered in eyelet.

One beauty of the low collar is that it is the most becoming style of neck wear for the younger girl, the maiden who is just at the awkward age. For her the high collar is inappropriate, and the band at the top of the dress is not a very attractive finish. She may, therefore, appropriately wear a broad low collar, whether it be of plain linen or embroidery.

What a charming school dress may be made of blue serge—waist and skirt quite plain, the neck finished only with a plain stiff linen Eton collar and black four-in-hand tie! It is girlish, attractive and serviceable.

It seems odd that in one season there should be such a difference of style—only the very high and the very low collars are really the fashion. The half-way, medium-height collar has no place at all in the present scheme of things. But, after all, the high collar suits the woman with the long neck, the low one suits her with the short neck, while the average woman may wear either that appeals to her fancy. As usual, Dame Fashion seems to have a reason.

BODICE FOR VOILE DRESS.

Here is a pretty bodice suitable to be copied in voile or any thin material; it is made on a tight-fitting lining of sateen, which is fastened at the back, the trimming of filet guipure of the color of the material is bound each side with silk; a strip of finely-tucked silk is carried from the waist back and front over the shoulders. The puffed sleeves are gathered into a band of silk-bound guipure.

Materials required: 2 yards 46 inches wide, 1 yard silk, 3½ yards trimming, 1½ yards sateen.

The Lamp Shade Hat.

A new hat which has just arrived from Paris is called the lamp shade. It is immense. It has a huge brim that slopes down over the head at almost the angle of a lamp shade.

At the top of the crown is an immense frill of lace or plaited tulle.

The other new hat to make its appearance is called the Botticelli. It is not necessary to explain where this got its name. The only question is, will it be a success?

Fancy Broadcloths.

Chiffon broadcloth appears in all the new colorings and of a lightness and softness even surpassing that achieved by the manufacturers last year. Fancy broadcloths in one-tone colorings and woven satin or chevron stripes are numerous.—American Register, London.

SERGE FOR SCHOOL FROCKS.

Is Rapidly Superseding All Other Materials in Popularity.

It looks as though serges would take the place of almost all other materials for those dressy little frocks that children wear to school. The patterns are good, too, being in jumper styles, with outlines made with piping, and the underwaist of a soft material in like color with the sleeves trimmed with anchors or pretty emblems suitable for such purposes. One dark blue serge dress was made plain with a plaited skirt, each plait about two inches wide at the waist line, gradually broadening at the hem. The jumper waist was also plaited in similar style and made with wide armholes, outlined with a narrow band of woolen braid in a brick-red tone. The V-shaped yoke was fashioned in the same manner. However, the yoke had a heading about 2½ inches wide, cut the shape of the yoke and outlined on each side with braid; the dress fastened with small brick-red buttons.

Hand Embroidery on Blouse.

Hand embroidery is not positively necessary as a means of introducing color in a blouse, although a little hand-work of this sort is very desirable. Very fine and dainty embroideries of batiste, with embroidered vines or dot patterns in color, are to be had, and can be introduced as trimming in combination with a little valenciennes or cluny lace in a blouse of sheer white fabric. White mull frills, scalloped in color, are also good in the finer machine-made embroideries.

Plaited Tulle.

For mid-season wear, and later on for theater and restaurant wear, is the huge toque of plaited tulle.

Large as it is, it is only half as large as the great sailor hat. It has a mob crown, which is rather low, as mob crowns go, and has a tiny brim laid in small box-plaits, the crown wrapped about with black or colored satin.

For other trimming there is added a single black gauze rose, with a center of gilt beads or rhinestones.

Handkerchief Picture Frame.

A neat little frame for a picture is made with a handkerchief. It is first stiffly laundered. All points are directed toward the center and ironed. The four points are then turned back, just reaching the edge. They are pressed and held in place with baby-ribbon rosettes. This leaves a small square for the picture. Hang it diamond shape on the wall.

The Gypsy Life.

"Just as soon as my husband and I have $500 saved up besides our fare we are going back to England," said a woman player. "Then we are going to buy one of those gypsy wagons they have over there. They are too awfully jolly for words, don't you know. They are quite wide, have bunks, a cunning little kitchen and sitting room. You wander through the country all day; then at night you stop, cook your supper, sit under the trees and sleep out in the open or in the wagon, just as you choose. Many of my artist and theatrical friends have them and just wander from place to place. It is an ideal way to live; beats houseboats or bungalows. If you have ever slept out in the open and watched the stars over your head you feel smothered in a bedroom. I played through Australia, and we went from place to place in a big wagon, sleeping out of doors at night."—New York Times.

Ballooning Among the Clouds.

It has been my lot to see in arctic regions some hundreds of thousands of icebergs close at hand, and I have always believed them to be the most beautiful objects on earth, but the clouds of the sky, close at hand, are almost as beautiful. If you mount above one of these majestic things, swiftly overtopping one by one its folds and wreaths, and if remembering how high it is you look down and see only small green patches of earth through holes in the cloud carpet below, you have a little thrill of conception of how lonely a man would feel falling away down there and not being able to see the spot where he must alight. It is a safe little thrill, however. You know that you are not going to fall. Such dizziness as some persons feel in standing near great heights on the earth is almost unknown in ballooning.—Albert White Vorse in Success Magazine.

THE MEAT OF IT.

The home of Pasquale Dercardi of New York was partially wrecked by the explosion of a dynamite bomb. He has received Black Hand letters at intervals during the past year.

Joseph Georgeopolis was shot and killed by Jennie Dempsey at Chicago. She claimed Georgeopolis had wrecked her life.

Latest estimates place the number of lives lost by the typhoon in the Cayagan valley, Island of Luzon, at 500.

Three members of the family of Frank Hachert of Schenectady, N. Y., are dead from ptomaine poisoning and three others are in a critical condition.

Benjamin F. Gilbert, 18, was found guilty of murdering his sweetheart, Miss Amanda Morse, at Newark, N. J. The jury recommended mercy.

Seventeen of the London suffragettes who recently stormed parliament, have been given jail sentences ranging from three weeks to three months.

J. H. Bockgood, assistant postmaster at Slabtown, La., is under arrest charged with applying $2500 of the funds of the office to his own use.

MRS. BOOTH ON BALLOT.

The woman suffrage cause has a valuable advocate in Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, who was the chief speaker at the annual meeting of the New England Woman Suffrage Association. She said: "I believe emphatically that a woman's place is home; but where is her home? Mine is all the way from Boston to San Francisco and from Canada to the Gulf. The question is not what a woman should be allowed to do, but can she do it properly? In this reform, home is the very watchword, for all the interests of the home and all the evils that affect the home, are largely dependent upon politics. Women not only should have the power to deal with these, but they could wield it effectively."

COST OF LIGHTING.

How much do you suppose the people of this country pay out for the simple item of illumination? Well, the total bill is $360,000,000, according to recent figures. That is to say, the tax is $4 apiece a year for every man, woman and child. Electricity leads with a charge of $156,000,000. Then follow kerosene with $133,000,000, gas with $60,000,000, candles with $11,000,000 and acetylene with $6,000,000. Candles, it seems, are steadily coming back into use, contrary to what most people would imagine. It is because candle light is the easiest on the eyes and candles are less liable to cause fires than most other means of lighting.

Goldsmith's Actor.

Lord Nugent was one evening very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M. (a bad actor). "But, my lord," said Goldsmith, "you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles."

"Waddles?" said Lord Nugent.

"Yes, he waddles like a goose. Why, you know we call him Goose M. Well, and then, you know, when he endeavors to express strong passion he bellows."

"Bellows?" said Lord Nugent.

"To be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M. Well. Then," continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, "his voice breaks, and he croaks."

"Croaks?" said Lord Nugent.

"Why, the fellow croaks like a frog. We call him Frog M."

"But M. is a good actor."

"Why, yes," said Goldsmith, "barring the goose and the bull and the frog and a few other things I could mention, and, not wishing to speak ill of my neighbors, I will allow M. is a good actor."—"Memoirs of the Earl of Nugent."

ANYTHING LOST—found, for sale, for rent, advertise in the classified column of THE NEWS.

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The skating season is now open and the rink is crowded nightly. During October we will be open

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