

Fashions for Young Girls for the Dancing Class

There Are Juvenile Styles in Both Extremes---Loose Frocks Preferred by Teachers for Beginners in Dancing---Pompadour Silks Are for Service Wear---The Young Gallant May Don Pique, Broadcloth or Velvet---Smarily Dressed Little Maids All Wear Aprons to School This Year---Many Quaint Patterns Are Revived



DANCING clothes play an important part in juvenile togger. Few parents now ignore the importance of the graceful accomplishment, which is thought necessary to the healthy development of young limbs.

In costuming the youngsters for the dancing class, a certain athletic ease of dress is exacted by the better dancing masters. Gowns for little maids must be loose-hung, in fact, preferably from the shoulders, and footwear for the youngest of both sexes must be heelless. Pretty dancing shoes are the regulation ballet slippers, tied on by narrow ribbons.

When considering the question of appropriate and pretty dancing attire the first thing to be said is that garments should not be too warm. Many teachers insist upon a removal of fannels during lessons, though warm wool jackets and knitted shawls are provided for resting moments. Parents are requested to furnish these, even during the summer months, as overheating and relaxed muscles afford a fine field for colds.

Materials suggested for frocks for first soirees, especially for the tiniest maids who require constant guidance, are wash lawns, made gay with embroideries, lace and ribbons. A French lawn dress suggesting Mother Hubbard shape, is one sort which displays the necessary dancing looseness and infantile prettiness.

The skirts of these charming little frocks are variously trimmed at the bottom, and hang from yokes of numerous sorts, but a certain French doll quality pervades them all. Narrow laces or embroideries trim, with tucks, the wide skirts, and below the short puff sleeves there are sometimes bishop undersleeves in a thinner texture. Fashioned on the same lines are sometimes seen little frocks of untrimmed white or yellow pongee, which, with gymnasium shoes, are provided by practical mothers for the earliest lessons.

But it is the pretty dancing frock which involves a waltz, a polka and a partner that is most interesting. The little maids thus far advanced show off dainty finery, and the small gallants who guide them through the mazes need to be as smartly costumed. Some soiree dresses shown for girls from

five to eight are of pretty pompadour silks with frills bound with plain taffeta. The skirts and low bodices of some of these little frocks are all frills, as well as the short puff sleeves, and with such gowns the gimp worn under are cut to expose a bit of baby throat. Below the little shoulder puff of the sleeves dimpled arms are bare, except for a gold bracelet or a string of corals worn perhaps tight around the wrist. Suits for boys of the same ages are often of white pique in sailor or Russian models, though the finer suits are of white broadcloth, made rich with embroidered emblems.

Black velvet is also an effective dancing material for boys, and it is enhanced by the addition of lace-trimmed shirts, whose wide collar, cuffs and front plait create quite a rich air. Black patent leather pumps and silk stockings are the smartest foot coverings for such suits, which are worn by boys from six to ten. After this age Master Tommy's dancing suit is much on the order of his street garments. His best bib and tucker are worn at the soiree, but if he is a Beau Brummel in embryo there is a special evening get-up in plain or diagonally black cloth, consisting of knickers and Tuxedo coat. Patent pumps likewise go with this suit, but tinier boys are often

permitted the girlish strap slipper which is easier to keep on.

Most charming are the dancing gowns shown for girls from eight to sixteen, especially those for soiree wear. Here the party quality is given full play. Chalfies, as fine as silk, are herring-boned in colors to match the pattern, and made up with silk or velvet ribbons for the smaller girls. Organdies, swisses and dotted muslins figure largely in the models for the teen ages, wide and magnificently dowered ribbon sashes giving the white and cream a gay touch. Half-bows standing up in high butterfly fashion go with these, in colors to match the sash or pure white.

A charming blouse dress shown by one shop was of all-over batiste embroidery in a rich cream. White Valenciennes lace, fully quilted, formed an under edge for the deep collar of this, and deeper lace, arranged the same way, lent fullness to the bottom of the skirt. The half-bow and sash were of blue velvet ribbon, and pure white was advised for the kid shoes and stockings.

In the same shop, for a boy of ten, a very handsome velvet suit in a deep blue was displayed. The accompanying shirt was of fine lawn with knife-plaiting frills, and without the

babyish cuffs to turn over those of the coat. The coat was in sack shape and frogged handsomely at the front with black, a narrow silk braid giving the same note at the outside seam of the knickers.

Quantities of ribbons are used to ornament some of the dance frocks for misses who have come to the dignity of French heels, which, however, must not be too high. Fetching dresses in white or palely tinted veillings show little ruffles of the flowered or plain sorts, put on full in groups of three, sometimes headed by a group in points. The waists for such little gowns, especially if the girl is developed in figure, have often a very French and worldly stamp, for they are adjusted in the present close fashion and run to coquettish elbow sleeves. Many a bodice for a girl of sixteen has also the surprise element in the grown-up world, and the stiff Louis bows and rosettes affected by mamma embellish high girdles and robe fronted skirts.

Narrow satin ribbons, gathered full, and shaping all sorts of pointed and scalloped bands, are also excellent trimmings for the youngest girls. Fairly inexpensive materials provide good backgrounds for such glistening undulations, and when the coarse organdies

or Swisses are made up, they seem quite fine creations. Lastly come dainty dancing fans made in the shape of flowers from painted, spangled and frosted gauze. Girls of almost any age are proud to carry these, for, like the thin gold chains and blue enameled or gold lockets, they are as much the privilege of eight as eighteen.

The revival of the pretty old fashion of teaching sewing in even the smartest schools has brought about the return of the bib apron. Time was when no well brought up child was without her drawer of pretty aprons, some of which provided afternoon elegance through dainty embroideries or lace. Bibs in those days, however, were the tiniest squares or heart pieces, pinned against flat little chests with an infinitesimal apron part below. Mother and daughter wore the same sort and when a little maid was "real smart" she drew the threads in the scrim or coarse linen which was to form her dress protector. Afterwards she put in other threads of turkey red cotton--perhaps doing "canvas stitch" (cross stitch now) above the open work.

In several dainty designs these charming and useful little accessories are to be found at the children's out-

fitters and at the places where women's work is displayed. A few follow at the bottom of the old-fashioned apron lines, which show a rounding at the sides and a full gathering into the belt, but bretelles running over the shoulders to a piece at the back is the more childish arrangement of every bib. Shirred pockets ornament some aprons, and the plaques and linens of those in the heavier materials supply a fine medium for the hand embroideries used. The thinner stuffs, such as lawns and batistes, employ lace-edged frills for effect, and through the headings which sometimes go with these may be run pretty ribbons or black velvet.

Singular innovations are seen, such as a bib pocket for the handkerchief, or a single big pocket at the front of the apron. The latter spreads in a wide shallow way, which gives it something of the look of a yoke. Another single pocket is a shirred pouch put at the right hand. Most of these pretty aprons are tied with wide strings in the same material--especially those in the thinner textures. But many of the heavier sorts finish with the band, which may be ornamented in some way, and to these black ribbon strings are sometimes sewed. --Mary Dean.

SHORT STORIES BY THE GLOBE JUNIORS

THE GLOBE Junior department, started Nov. 13, by the children and for the children, has proved an unqualified success, and many contributions of real merit have been received and printed, the greater number of the successful writers being boys and girls not over twelve years of age. Any boy or girl, however, of ordinary school age, is eligible to write for the department, and all stories of merit received, providing the rules governing the department are followed, will be printed.

The age of the writer will in all cases be considered in making awards. Contributions will be accepted from any school child in the Northwest, whether the child's family numbers a subscriber to The Globe or not. In the future the rules of the contest will be strictly followed and prizes will not be awarded to stories which contain over 100 words, although all stories of merit will be published.

Since the department was started prizes have been awarded to the following school children:

Willie Delonails,
Lella Stickles,
Mabel Green, 9 Second street north, Minneapolis.
F. J. First, 453 St. Clair street.
Clifford Paul, 683 Wabasha.
Charles O'Grady, 370 Carroll street.
M. Karroll, 346 Market street.
James Konke, 17 West Winifred street.

A Story of a Cent
I am a little cent. My home is usually in some one's pocket or pocketbook and some times in a bank. I originated in the large city of Philadelphia. After remaining awhile in that city I was removed to St. Paul. There I remained for a few months until one day the place in which I was kept was burned to the ground. But just as luck happened I was saved by the iron box in which I was kept. There, in the wreckage and ashes, my friends and I remained for quite awhile before we were found. But one day we were found by two men. Then I was removed from the box and at last I wandered into the hands of a bad boy who cut me with an ax, and now nobody wants me. --Harold Mulvihill, 57 West College avenue. Cretin high; first commercial grade. Age 15 years.

FIRST PRIZE

A Narrow Escape
One beautiful morning last vacation my brother Joe, sister Mary and I went out to Lake Harriet to spend the day. As we walked along we passed some strawberries by the roadside and being fond of strawberries we turned off from the road to find some more. We came to a place where there were ever so many, and I was so taken up that I never noticed that somehow my brother and sister had disappeared. Suddenly I was startled by some noise from the woods, and on looking up I saw a great big bear coming straight towards me. I wanted to run but I was so frightened that I could not move from the spot. Then I tried as hard as I could to scream, but could produce no sound at all. The bear, as if certain of the effort I made, I sat up, looked around quickly and was so happy that I was in bed and not in a strawberry patch. --Anne Gartner, 249 Marion street, St. Bernard's school. Age 14 years.

An Adventure
On a frontier there was a solitary log cabin, which was situated about half a mile from a small lake. There were two boys, James and John, who with their mother, kept a little farm and some chickens, which they prized very much. One day the boys went hunting in the woods and ran across a bear, which they killed. Then they climbed up a tree and made a platform and awaited the coming of its mate. After awhile they got tired and were about to get down, when they saw six Indians in their war paint, coming towards the bear. The Indians detected the boys and took them captive for about a week, when they escaped. They made for home, anxious about their mother, and found her hunting in the woods for them. That was a happy family that night, because they were all safe. --Milford Stowell, 775 Marshall avenue. Cretin high; second commercial grade. Age 15 years.

Carelessness
There was an awful noise and the engine in an automobile exploded. It had not been running well and the man who was running it went into a repair shop to have it fixed. There was a team of horses on a milk wagon nearby. The horses started to run and just got past a street car, knocking off the back wheel. They ran slower until the pole broke that was on the wagon and they then ran free. In about fif-

Our Bird
My brother Albert saw a bird hopping on the ground and he picked it up and said, "Oh, I found a bird," and I ran quickly and said, "Albert will you make a little house for him?" "Yes," said Albert, and he made a house for him. He fed him, and then put him up into the tree and he lived in the house for a few days until he could fly. When he could fly, he never came back and we never saw him again. --Minnie Danner, 661 Winslow avenue. Emanuel Lutheran school; grade six B. Age 11 years.

A Hunting Trip
One day my chum asked me to go hunting with him. Of course I was glad to go. Each of us had a rifle. For a long time we did not see anything. As we were walking along we jumped a rabbit and we were gone before we had time to shoot. We saw more rabbits that day. But they were too quick for us to shoot. My chum said, he wished they would sit down and pull their whiskers like you see them in pictures. So we could shoot them. --Floyd W. Stanchfield, Kenyon, Minn. Age 12 years.

The Chicken Stealer
A few times this summer, our neighbors lady said: "You eat those chickens every morning at five o'clock." But one morning when I was in the garden, she asked me, "Do you still have your cat?" I answered, "Yes." Then she said: "Your cat stole a chicken this morning." I said to her: "This can not be, as our cat has a sore foot." After that she never said anything more about our cat stealing her chickens. So then our cat was not the chicken thief. Let us always be sure before we blame anybody. --Emanuel Lutheran school; grade seven A. Age 11 years.

The Snow Bird
One winter day my cousin and I were standing by the window when we saw a snow bird sitting on a tree. My cousin said: "Shall we throw him some crumbs?" I said, "Yes." We went and got some crumbs, and threw them to the bird through the window. The bird ate them, and when the bird had ate them, my cousin asked, "shall we give him some?" I said, "No," we can give him some more another day." If we see him again, but he flew away, and we did not see him any more. --Cora Urruh, Sunfish Lake road. Emanuel Lutheran school. Age 13 years.

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Forbidden Fruit
One day two other boys and I went out to the country to visit my uncle and aunt. My companions, John and Homer Bedard, are brothers and about my size and age. One day Homer and I went down to the creek to have a swim. Johnny said "He did not feel well" and so remained home.

SECOND PRIZE

Write on one side of paper only, otherwise your story will not be published.
This department is conducted by the children, as well as for the children. Any boy or girl of school age is eligible as a correspondent, as the department is absolutely free.

Send stories or poems of not over 100 words. Write on one side of paper only. Where a large number of stories are received in one week it will be necessary to let some of them go unpublished till the second or third week, but all stories that have merit will appear, providing above rules are complied with. Prizes will be awarded for the three best stories each week, as follows:
First Award--Scholar's Twentieth Century Dictionary, 1904 edition.
Second Award--Fourteen-karat gold fountain pen.
Third Award--Book of poems.
Age of writer will be considered in making awards.
Address all communications to "Amateur Journalism Department," The Globe, St. Paul, Minn.

Sporty's Appeal
Sporty is our great pet, and has so much sense that he can almost talk. One day we were sitting in our garden when he heard scratching up to me. He jumped, looked at me, and then put his injured paw on my knee, as much as to say, "Help me." I took it and found a sheep burr stuck into his foot. The place was much inflamed, and so sore that I could not take out the burr without hurting him very much. So I waited for papa who was a safe expert and knows how to manage such things. He laid Sporty on his back and held him down while he drew out the burr with pincers. It was like having a tooth drawn, and Sporty yelled with pain but it was soon over and he capered with joy at the relief. --Clara Strauss, 230 West Central avenue. McKinley school; B second. Age 7 years.

Love Our Enemies
One Sunday as I was coming home from church I saw a man who had been drinking. There was a minister coming a long way. He put his hand on the drunk man's shoulder and said, "My brother don't you know that wine is our worst enemy?" The drunken man answered, "But the Bible tells us to love our enemies." --Jessie McCombs, 662 Bronson, St. Paul, Minn. Age 10 years.

A Thanksgiving Accident
One day we were out skating. It was Thanksgiving and we had a jolly time. All of a sudden we heard a splash and a cry and a boy fell into the water. Every time he came to the top a big fellow would jump up and holler. My uncle who was only a boy of eighteen, jumped out in the water and caught the boy by the hair and dragged him out. The boy managed to get home carried by others. The big fellow was ridiculed. --Darwin Truax, 662 Bronson, St. Paul, Minn. Age 10 years.

The Wild Duck
You must be very quiet if you wish to see the ducks in the water for they are very timid and watchful. We must get near enough to notice how pretty the ducks are. During the shooting season the drake wears his finest feathers. His head is glossy and his neck he wears a white ring like a collar. The four middle feathers of his tail are black and curl over in an odd little tuft. The other feathers are grayish brown edged with white. His wings have two white bars across them. The flesh is good to eat. --William Lynch, 153 Iglehart street. Cretin high; second intermediate grade. Age 13 years.

THIRD PRIZE

A Boy's Kindness
James had half a dollar to go to the circus near his home. So he got cleaned up and took his money to buy his ticket. While he was walking down the street he saw a little girl crying and she told him that her father fell from a building while painting, and that she had lost the money with which to buy some bread.

James walked down the street until he got to the circus and he heard the man shouting and selling tickets. He was just about to go in when he thought of the little girl so he walked back and gave her his money. Then she ran to the store and bought her bread and asked him if he would come to the house. The father thanked James for what he had done, and James came very often to see how he was getting along. --Frank Frenzel, 671 Cedar street. Cretin high; second commercial grade. Age 15 years.

Trying to Fool Santa Claus
Last Christmas I tried to play a trick on Santa Claus. I hung up my stockings on the mantel with a great big hole in the bottom, thinking Santa Claus would fill it and it would drop out on the bottom and I could get ever so much more than I would otherwise. But old Santa Claus was too smart for me he soon noticed the hole and filled it up with paper and only put a few nuts on the top, so instead of getting more I got a great many less. --Norbert Pothan, 312 University avenue. Age 9 years.

The Turkey
I am a turkey. I live in the farm-yard with my brothers and sisters. We have had a very nice time for the last month. The farmer has given us all the corn we could eat. But this is a dangerous season. Do you know why? I will tell you. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving day. Who knows but the farmer will come with his ax, chop off our heads, pick off our feathers and cook us for his dinner. But I know what I will do. I will go out in the woods and stay there until after Thanksgiving day. --Arthur Anderson, 1200 Marshall avenue. Cretin high; second intermediate grade. Age 14 years.

The Boy Who Had His Hair Cut
One day my brother, who has curly hair, wanted to go to the barber. He liked curly hair and so he said to the barber, "Please, Mr. Barber, I want you to cut my hair curly, and you ought to hear the barber laugh." --Doris Truax, St. Paul Park. Age 7 years.

The Story of the Mouse
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Eugene Peter Danz
161 West Sixth street. Cretin high; first commercial grade. Age 14 years.

Greedy Jim
Greedy Jim was a very appropriate name for this little boy. I will tell the story about him. As Christmas was approaching he thought he would like to get more than all the boys. So he made a long stocking of rubber that when Santa Claus put the toys in it, it would reach from top to the floor. So he went to sleep that night very happy. Santa Claus came and filled it. I tell you with something not very nice. Jim got up that morning very happy but it did not last long. For he looked into his stocking but it held nothing but air. --Jeannette Wiltwerscheid, 375 Iglehart street. St. Joseph's academy. Age 12 years.

I Won't Do It Again
One day not very long ago when recess came I thought I would not go back to school, but go home and play football. I did not think my mother could find it out and I did not think about my teacher, but as mama was coming down the sidewalk all my schoolmates took pains to tell her. "Ray skipped school." When I got home, before I shut the door, my mother said, "Why did you leave school at recess?" "O I got a secord." When I got home, mama came home to see what I had done. He wrote a note to my teacher and told her she could punish me. I won't do it again. --Ray Gufer, 629 Mississippi street. Houthorn school No. 6. A second. Age 8 years.

The Handle With Wheels
Little Agnes was playing house some days before Christmas. Her mother was sitting near her reading a newspaper. Agnes jumped up suddenly, ran to her mother and said: "Oh, mamma, I just thought how nice it would be if Santa Claus brought a doll buggy for me. Mamma, won't you please tell him to bring me one?" "No, dear," said her mother. "Santa Claus has so many buggies for boys that he won't do it next year." Little Agnes began to sob and said, "Well mamma tell him to bring me a handle with wheels on them." --Adella Janssen, 59 Atwater street, St. Paul, Minn. Age 12 years.