

HAPPENINGS

in the

BIG CITIES

"Jackie" Finds Fishing Good in Hotel Fountain

NEW YORK.—For almost three hours at dinner time recently the water of the fountain in the fountain room of the Ansonia hotel was quiet. The usual inhabitants of the fountain were totally absent and the tinkle of the splashing water against the metal sides of the tank was missing. It was customary each evening for the diners as they passed into the fountain room to stop at the fountain, gaze for a moment at the Japanese goldfish swimming about and wish the head waiter a good evening. They stopped and looked, but they saw no goldfish, and in their desire to know why and where they had gone they forgot to wish the head waiter the usual good evening. A hurried investigation, whispered conversation between the waiters and the diners and the story was out.

Little "Jackie" Williams and his father arrived at the Ansonia recently from their home in Bay St. Louis, near New Orleans. "Jackie" who is eight years old, was one of those who stopped a moment the night before to watch the goldfish. They reminded him of the fish in the pool of his father's garden at his home. The tables were set, but no one was in the dining room when "Jackie" appeared later armed with a bent pin on the end of a string and his father's cane.

When one of the bellboys discovered "Jackie" far from the hustle and bustle of the life of a busy city, the little fellow was vainly trying to catch with his hand one of the funny creatures which had refused to be lured to the hook. The rest of the gold fish family were wriggling and flapping themselves into a state of coma in several plates which had been placed near by to contain soup. First aid was administered by the bellboy, the fish were watered and "Jackie's" father notified.

The result was a bargain and sale of the fish by the hotel management to Mr. Williams so that "Jackie" might not feel homesick. The fountain was stilled so that the last member of the family might be captured, and a new assortment ordered.

"Human Fly" Has Crowd Gasping; Just Wants "Chew"

COLUMBUS, O.—It was a moment of great excitement. People collected there on the sidewalks, six floors below where the painters on their frail board swung in the spring breeze, close to the side of the new building.

A man on the scaffold was signaling one below. In his voice there was a startling note of eagerness. He was pointing to a rope upon the end of which, just leaving the ground, was a can of paint. As it rose, foot by foot, the voice of the man above grew more distressed. People passing stopped to look. A little crowd began to collect. Were they to witness some great tragedy which the newspaper would plaster all over the first page? It was stinking to think of how hard is concrete and how soft and mashable is the human organism. A woman turned with a little scared cry. The hearts of strong men stood still. Then a dare-devil youth drew close to the building, so close that he was nearly under the swaying scaffold—so near that he could distinguish the words of the man screaming high above.

"What's the matter?" asked a man in a bated voice, as the youth drew away, starting to leave.

"Nothing," said the youth, "only that guy up there wants 'em to send up a 'chew.'"

Burglars Play the Phonograph as They Loot Flat

MINNEAPOLIS.—Daylight burglars made merry in the home of Mrs. C. Aubrey, on the second floor of 1105 East Lake street, on their recent visit. They played several records on the phonograph. Two of the numbers were dance selections and the visitors danced. They even moved heavy furniture around to make room for the foxtrotting.

Then they served lunch, cleaning up most of the provisions in the larder.

The music, the dancing, the moving of furniture and the rattle of plates and silver were heard all through the apartment building. Their boldness apparently saved the burglars from detection, for neighbors thought members of the Aubrey family were home and were having a party, and gave the matter no further attention until Mrs. Aubrey returned at 6 p. m. and found her flat ransacked.

Two gold watches, \$4 in change and some clothing were part of the loot taken.

On the first floor of the building were Mrs. Mary Gilbert and her daughter, Louise. Mrs. Gilbert is partially deaf, but even she heard the noise made by the robbers.

Centuries of Bad Luck Await This Unhappy Man

NEW YORK.—If there is any truth in the superstition regarding seven years of bad luck after wrecking a mirror the case of James Carty is something to consider. He broke three tons of mirrors last night in upper Broadway, and the first indication of the angered Fates was his presence in a cell of the West One Hundredth street station.

Carty, who lives at 515 West One Hundred and Thirty-second street, was the motorman of a southbound Broadway trolley car. He had reached Ninety-ninth street on the trip downtown and, being unharmed by passengers at the crossing, bore along at a good speed. What appeared to be an iceberg brought him to a stop. The iceberg was an open motor truck filled to a considerable height with mirrors and owned by Morris Armstrong of 792 Amsterdam avenue. The driver, Eugene Morgan, apparently saw everything but the car. They met. The automobile was driven ten feet sideways and finally toppled over, splintering every mirror it contained.

Two men on the seat of the automobile, Samuel Cohen and Richard McCrave, who had been assisting the driver, were hurled to the pavement and Morgan was thrown several feet.

CHECKERS VERY MUCH IN FASHION.

Found! A new use for an old game. The man who suggested checkers as a summer resort indoor sport may not have been a genius, but a visit to a popular water front amusement place near Baltimore will prove that it was a happy idea.

At this resort the management has installed half a dozen small tables, each with a checker-board top. There the checker, "fend" may get five cents' worth of diversion, or more if his pocketbook can stand it. In addition to the pleasure of the game there is the added attraction of an admiring gallery, for there is always a crowd about the tables when games are on.

It is possible that checkers are destined to take the place of bowling at the suburban resorts.

FANCIES AND FADS OF FASHION

By Julia Bottomley



Summery Frock of Sheer Material

Here is a little summery frock of organdie which might just as well be of lawn or voile or any other material, just so it is sheer and crisp enough. There is a refinement in sheer fabrics which is half their charm, and this accounts for the use of lively colors in transparent cotton and silk goods. Either may be used to make a dress exactly like the model pictured which is sure to compel admiration.

There is nothing difficult in its construction, so that the home dress-maker will be able to turn it out as satisfactorily as a professional. It is merely a straight, full skirt and a gathered blouse, joined at the waistline by a narrow belt. But its up-to-dateness is apparent in the method of decorating the skirt, and in the management of sleeves and collar. In the picture it is shown in plain white organdie, but one can hardly think of a thin summer fabric that will not look well made up in this way.

Ruchings, two inches wide, are made

by cutting the goods crosswise into strips and joining them into one long strip. This is to be hemmed on the sewing machine in the narrowest possible hem, along both raw edges. It is gathered lengthwise along the center, and this work is also done on the machine. Or if a plaited ruching is preferred the hemmed strip is laid in double box plaits and these are basted down and afterward stitched down on the machine. They may be made of taffeta silk.

The skirt is hemmed in a three-inch hem and two groups of narrow tucks introduced in it, one above the hem and the other above the knees. The ruching is set on above and below the lower tucks, and at the lower side of the other group. It is used for joining a wide frill to the elbow sleeves and as a decoration for the blouse.

The blouse opens at the front in a V, and one might expect it to be finished with a quaint fichu. But instead it is collared and caped in the unmistakable 1916 mode, and instead of a sash a narrow ribbon girdle is fastened with a little cluster of cherries.



Adjusting the Bridal Veil

Let the brides of today take notice that there are many new ways for draping the wedding veil. If it is an heirloom of lace the fortunate bride who is to wear it will wish to emphasize its richness and its age. She will consider just how to wear it to the very best advantage of the veil and herself. And all at once, since June arrived, a great number of new arrangements have been launched, noticeable because we have not seen their like before.

Almost all tulle veils fall from caps made of this ethereal material. One of these caps was covered with small shirred tucks massed together. A frill of tulle fell over the brow, and the long, ample veil of tulle streamed from the back of the cap. A wreath made of white roses and orange blossoms was posed at a sprightly tilt about it, and an upstanding spray of roses and orange blossoms stood up bravely at the right side near the back.

Another fascinating and novel cap was made of narrow moire ribbon. Several bands of it, springing from a plaiting of tulle which extended in a

band about the head, were brought together in a rosette of loops and orange blossoms on top of the head. A little cluster of orange blossoms was poised at each side, on the plaited band, just over the temple. From the remainder of the band the full long-veil of tulle depended.

The veil of lovely old lace shown in the picture looks as if it might have graced a royal bride. It is shown in two arrangements. In one there is a Juliet cap of pearl and crystal beads and the veil is boxplaited across the back and side, falling from a head-dress in keeping with it. In the other arrangement the veil is laid in box plaits across the brow and gathered in at the back to form a cap. Accepting traditional ideas, orange blossoms and buds are placed in little sprays at each side and over the plaiting at the back. There is no more appealing charm than that of the veil draped with orange blossoms about the brow. But many a bride foregoes it, choosing to wear her orange blossoms in a corsage or wrist bouquet, for the sake of novelty in the adjustment of her veil.

England makes 25,000,000 needles weekly.

Gathered Smiles

AS TO COUPONS.



Myrtle—Father seems impressed with your talk about coupons. Have you really any, George?
George—Sure. Got 700 saved up toward the furniture for our little flat.

That's No Lie.

Some people deem it policy to think before they speak. But if some others did the same They'd be silent for a week.

Safe.

"Are we going anywhere this evening, dear?"
"No, love."

"Is anyone likely to come to see us?"

"I hardly think so. The weather is so agreeable that everybody will be glad to stay at home."
"In that case you may pass the scallions."

Pointed.

Mistress—"Well, Jones, I hope we shall get more out of the garden this year. We had next to nothing last year."

Jones—"Ay—twere the plaguey pheasants 'ad most on it last year."

Mistress—"If you ask me, I should say it was two-legged pheasants!"—London Punch.

Beyond His Powers.

"How'd you like to be president?"
"In normal times I wouldn't mind it," answered the prominent citizen.

"Yes?"
"I flatter myself that I could assist at the laying of a corner stone or the dedication of a monument about as well as the next man, but I'd hate to tackle this submarine question."

Not All Wasted Energy.

"Your candidate seems to be making a great deal of noise."

"Yes."

"Do you think he will be elected?"
"That is rather hard to say, but he'll probably attract enough attention to get a few chautauqua engagements."

No Cause for Alarm.

"If this country were to call for volunteers, do you think many men would respond?"

"Oh, yes," answered the optimistic citizen. "I feel sure so many would respond that those who pretended to be hard of hearing would not be missed."

Easily Explained.

"There must have been a terrible struggle," said the detective. "I see finger prints on every wall and door."

"Struggle, nothing," said the head of the house. "We have four children and the only place you won't find finger prints is on the ceilings."—Detroit Free Press.

TELL US.



"A gentleman should dress in quiet colors, but how kin I dress right when ma keeps puttin' red and purple patches on me pants?"

Yes, Verily!

The pessimist is apt to find His groans he cannot give away; But the grins of the jolly optimist Pass current round the world today.

Close Ones.

"Why are you asking for help? Haven't you any close relatives?"
"Yes. That's the reason why I'm appealing to you."

From Canada's Fertile Fields. Canada's 1915 crop yield is valued at \$800,000,000, with wheat heading the list at more than \$312,000,000.

AN ICONOCLAST.

"If everybody were like Professor Diggs it would be impossible for me to make a speech," said the old-fashioned orator.

"Why so?"
"He says William Tell is a myth. George Washington did not cut down that cherry tree, Nero was not the monster he is said to have been, and Cleopatra was too old to be more than passably good looking when she led Mark Antony astray."

Similar but Different.

"Yes," remarked the globetrotter. "I've been everywhere, seen many queer sights and had a lot of fun, but I've also been in a good many tight places."

"While I have never traveled much," rejoined his companion, "I've had some gay old times, been tight in a good many places and have incidentally seen some mighty peculiar things."

Socially Ambitious.

Blondine—Gitty Giddig told me she spent \$3 for a city directory.

Brunetta—Surely she has no particular use for a city directory.

"That's what I told her."

"What did she say to that?"

"She said it was worth the money to see her name in print any time she cared to look at it."—Youngstown Telegram.

Fleeting Remarks.

Rankin—I understand the audience took a decided dislike to Beanbrough and his lecture last evening.

Phyle—Yes, people began to throw loose things at him.

"What did he do after the talk?"

"Just made a few running comments."—Youngstown Telegram.

No Middle Ground.

"Wouldn't you be willing to take less than the price you have put on that painting?"

"Yes," replied the artist. "But I've got to ask a whole lot for it in order to keep people from thinking it isn't worth anything at all."—Washington Evening Star.

OF COURSE.



Earlie—Why does the eye have lashes, pa?
His Pa—Because it has a pupil, my son.

One of the Wise Virgins.

The young man whispered soft and low: "I never loved another."

Then spake the maid: "I didn't know Ananias had a brother."

Mamma Was Wise.

Young Wife—Tom presented me with a lovely pair of diamond earrings this morning.

Her Mother—Indeed! I wonder what he's been up to now?

Getting Into Society.

"Guess I'll have to rig up a middle name," declared Flubbub. "I never really had one, but I gotta have one now."

"Why so?"
"My wife demands one to print on her visiting cards."

A Woeful Work.

"I suppose the Grabcoff reception was characterized by the usual eclat," remarked Mrs. Gagsion.

"Well, no," answered Mrs. Biffkins. "I understood some of the gentlemen to say that Mr. Grabcoff didn't have a drop in the house."

Got Some More.

Lady of the House—Didn't I give you some sandwiches yesterday?
Tramp—Yes'm, but it doesn't take as long to eat your sandwiches as it does some people's.

Blocked by Her Think.

"I once thought seriously of marrying for money."

"Why didn't you then?"

"The girl in the case did some thinking, too."

Puzzled.

"Alice, if I told you that I loved you dearly, that there was no other girl in all the world for me, would you promise to be mine?"

"Would you mind telling me first whether that is a proposal or a hypothetical question?"

At the Show.

Edith—I noticed you wiping your eyes when "The Sorrows of Sarah" film was being shown.

Jack—Yes, it was a moving picture.—Boston Evening Transcript.