

hither and thither! Such a search for bits and ends and strings of barks and leaves and feathers! Nothing comes amiss, not even cobwebs or snake skins."

Among the birds at Big Tink Lake, Pike County, Pennsylvania, I noticed the red-eyed wren; but I had heard the loud, pleasing song of the male every morning for several days before I saw the birds. They were building the neat, pensile nest of the species in a small pine-tree not far from the house, for though this Vireo frequents the tree-tops, the nest is built low, not more than three to five feet from the ground. The Vireos were under observation by others beside, myself. A flock of reckless, disreputable birds, who had a tramp's interest in the housekeeping of their neighbors, came from neighboring fields to avail themselves of the labors of birds more honest and industrious than themselves. I had often watched these reprobates—the males with their throat feathers puffed out, wings depressed and tails spread, making queer guttural sounds which is their manner of making love, and the females moving unconcernedly about with a fine affectation of indifference to their advances. Demonstrative as the male cow-bird is, however, he does not in the least mind the attentions paid by some other male to the female that he has selected.

Like the cuckoo, the cow-blackbird builds no nest, but foists its eggs upon other birds, generally birds smaller than itself, imposing upon them the labor and care of rearing its young. It is as destitute of maternal as it is of conjugal affection, and is careless as to where and how it disposes of its eggs. Many are wasted by being dropped on the ground, others are placed in any old half-rotten and deserted nest which the mother cow-bird encounters, and sometimes so many are laid in one nest that incubation becomes impossible.

I awaited the result of the visit of the cow-birds to the grove near my cottage, well aware of what it would be; and sure enough, on the next occasion of a visit to the Vireo's nest I found in addition to two of the nest-builder's eggs two parasite ones of the cow-bird. The two eggs of the Vireo had been punctured by the cow-bird. I took the two cow-birds' eggs, put one in my collection and the other in the nest of a blue-gray gnatcatcher (*Poliophtila cerulea*) in an oak tree which I could reach from the roof of my cottage. There was none of the gnatcatcher's eggs in the nest at the time. The large egg was properly incubated by the little gnatcatcher, which laid none of her own; but how the little birds managed to satisfy the voracious

appetite of their great, ungainly changeling is a mystery to me, as it is how they can believe that the monster is their own child.

Really, though, impelled by what occult influences I know not, birds invariably neglect their own offspring in those rare cases where such offspring has not already been murdered by the mother cow-bird or her young one, to care for and coddle the interloper. However this may be, it was the most comical thing in life to see the overgrown young ruffian following his little foster-parents, clamoring with his incessant cry of "Seerr! Seerr!" to be fed until his gasping mouth was filled. Queerest of all, as he still grew larger, they took up the practice of alighting on his back and feeding him from that vantage point.

Not all birds are credulous and imbecilic enough to be so easily duped by eggs smuggled into their nests that resemble their own in neither size nor color. The summer yellowbird does not hesitate, but immediately builds a new nest upon the old one, a second story to its house, in which it lays its own eggs. As many as four nests, all built one upon another by these birds to escape hatching the strange eggs left by cow-birds have been collected.

A VACATION INVESTMENT

By Kilbourne Cowles

"SUPPOSE you had a delightful time, Amy," said Louise Drew when her roommate came back a few days ago from her vacation. "Ye-s," answered Amy. "I had a good rest." "Why didn't you write? Every day I expected a letter from you." "I couldn't afford a postage-stamp," sighed Amy. "Oh, if you didn't want to write, of course—" "Don't be a sensitive old goose, dear," interrupted Amy. "I never spoke a truer word than when I told you I couldn't afford a stamp. A postal-card would have been a wild extravagance. I was never so financially embarrassed as I have been these last two weeks."

"Why, I thought you saved up a lot of money for your holidays."

"I did. I took fifty dollars with me."

"Then why in the world didn't you have any?"

"Because Evelyn Garnett wanted it."

"Why, you were visiting her, weren't you?"

"Yes. You know she keeps house for her brother

George. He gives her an allowance, and she is anxious to show him that she can live within it."

"If she is so careful as that, what did she want of your money?"

"Well, you see the very day I arrived she received two bills, which she had forgotten all about. One was for forty dollars from her dressmaker, and the other was from a florist who had furnished her ten dollars worth of flowers for a luncheon that she gave last winter."

"Oh, dear!" she lamented when the maid told her the collector was at the door, "I haven't the money to-day. I wonder what I can do. George just hates to have bills anywhere. I wish he was home now, so that I could get the money from him."

Then turning casually to me she said: "Are you in funds, Amy, my dear?"

"Of course I immediately turned over my hard-earned-savings, innocently imagining that she would repay me in a few hours. Fancy my surprise, when her brother asked her that evening if she needed any money, to hear her reply

sweetly with a conscious air of rectitude that she was well supplied.

"You won't be inconvenienced without your money for a day or two, will you Amy?" she asked in an off-hand manner the next morning. I couldn't say anything except no. Maybe you think it was pleasant not to have a cent in my purse? I was denied doing any of the things that a visitor likes to do, such as buying candy and sodas, inviting Evelyn to drive or take country outings. I had thought that with my wealth of fifty dollars we could have numerous little jaunts. As it was, we both were so impecunious that we couldn't even go on trolley rides. Then, too, I felt so guilty when we went to market. It was about our only amusement, Evelyn was having everything charged, and she would ask me if I liked berries or melons in a tone that made me feel as if I was eating a path for her to the poorhouse. The one comfort I had was the consoling fact that I had had the fore-

thought to buy a return ticket. I saw that if I had been obliged to wait for Evelyn to reimburse me before starting home, I should have had to stay there all summer."

"You poor girl! Your vacation must have been a complete failure."

"No, I shouldn't call it a failure exactly. You know Evelyn and I were great friends at school, and I was glad to see her again."

"But I think her treatment of you was perfectly outrageous! Did you get back your loan?"

"No, not yet; but George is going to send me a check."

"Oh, did Evelyn tell him after all?"

"No, he sort of guessed it. He was seeing me off this morning, and to my confusion he took me into the parlor-car. I insisted upon paying for my chair. Of course he protested, and just imagine, Louise, how silly I felt when he glanced into my empty purse and laughed."

"I believe you're as extravagant as Evelyn," he remarked teasingly.

I blushed, and before I realized how it would sound, said that girls who earned their own living couldn't be quite so reckless about money matters as she was.

"The child's been borrowing of you. No use denying it," he said as I shook my head in an attempt to act "no" without telling a falsehood. "I know her rattle-brained ways." He thought it was generous of me to suffer all that inconvenience in silence, and he says that the women who make the best wives are those who know the real value of money."

"Amy looked down a trifle consciously at her travel-stained gown. "The train was a few minutes late in starting, and we had quite a chat."

"So George was the attraction? I wondered how you ever happened to go to that stupid place. I congratulate you, dear. You certainly invested that fifty dollars most fortunately."

"Thanks," replied Amy, returning Louise's kiss. "I'm very well satisfied, and the check will make a good beginning on a trousseau fund."

ON THE ROAD TO ROSY BAY

By Wm. Lightfoot Visscher



Beside the hill and through the woods,

With many a graceful bend,

Among the golden fields of wheat,

With undulating trend,

So runs the road that's bordered

With roses, pink and gay,

And with me rides a lassie,

On the road to Rosy Bay.

We toil the hills, up-going,

And we coast them, coming down;

We skirt the creek that tumbles

On its rocky way to town.

Sometimes we wish the village

Were farther yet away,

As we wheel—myself and lassie—

On the road to Rosy Bay.

A squirrel sits upon a log

And lifts his cunning paws.

The rascal wonders—so it seems—

At what can be the cause

For passing him without a word.

He doesn't know—the jay!

I'm courting that sweet lassie

On the road to Rosy Bay.

The years will come, the years will go,

And many another road

We'll wheel along—with joy, I hope—

And if there is a load

Of anything but happiness,

I'll carry it away,

And bless her for her answer,

On the road to Rosy Bay.