

## THE GRAY AND THE GREEN.

The gray streets of London are grayer than the stone.  
The gray streets of London where I must walk my lone,  
The gray city pavements are hard to tread,  
My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.  
For down the winding breen the grass is soft as silk,  
The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges white as milk;  
Gray dust and gray houses are here, and skies like brass,  
The lark is singing, soaring o'er the Irish grass.  
The gray streets of London stretch out a thousand mile,  
O dreary walls and windows, and never a song or smile!  
Heavy with money getting, the sad gray people pass.  
There's gold in drifts and shallows in the Irish grass.  
God built the pleasant mountains and blest the fertile plain,  
But in this sad gray London God knows I go in pain.  
O brown as any amber, and clear as any glass,  
The streams my heart hears calling from the Irish grass.  
The gray streets of London they say are paved with gold;  
I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold;  
I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass  
For the dew that's gray as silver on the Irish grass.  
I think that I'll be going before I die of grief,  
The wind from over the mountains will give my heart relief;  
The cuckoo's calling sweetly, calling in dreams, alas!  
Come home, come home, acushla, to the Irish grass.  
—Fall Mail Gazette.

## HUNTING BIRDS' NESTS

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

DISCLAIM all responsibility for the events; they were the direct and immediate outcome of that tempestuous and careless tomboy, Aline, and, in a way, I think I may say, of Miss Deighton's imprudence. You see, she should have known her sex better. I assume that she also was once as Aline, and none so long ago. I never was, and could not be expected to know. Nevertheless, I did have misgivings. Perhaps I ought to have communicated them to—but, in any case, how was I to guess?

The trouble really started when we entered the park, though the beginnings were small. You can go through a heavy gate or you can cross a stile into the park. Miss Deighton and I thought the gate was locked, and so we mounted the stile. At least she did, and, pausing, looked back on the green valley.

"How beautiful!" said she, in a meditative voice.  
"Charming," I assented, my eyes drifting with hers. It must have been just then that Aline discovered that the gate was not locked, but we did not notice her or it, as we were exchanging some fanciful thought about the view. Miss Deighton gracefully, but not too securely, seated on the gatepost. My gaze was the first to leave the prospect and come about. Aline had pulled back the gate to its utmost limit, and now, in full sail, was gathering force as she swung, sweeping home like a circus. The cumbrous gate creaked into its place, I gave a cry and Miss Deighton went backward.

I caught her just in time as you may gather when I say that one of her feet took me on the chin. She was ruffled and red and a little scared when she came to the perpendicular again.

"Aline!" she cried, angrily. "What on earth?"

"Sorry," said the tomboy, frankly, and her penitence disarmed further criticism.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Deighton to me graciously. I helped her to the ground and we resumed our way, but the thread of that admirable companionship I had been enjoying had been broken. Aline recovered in about two minutes; at least, she was babbling of linnets before we had gone a hundred yards.

"I know where there's an owl's nest, but it's hard to get at," she remarked, pensively.  
"Perhaps I could reach it?" I suggested, gallantly.  
Aline regarded me dubiously. "You don't look as if—But perhaps you could," she amended, hopefully. It's over a pool and you have to creep out on rather rotten branches."  
To say the truth, this did not sound inviting. I wondered if I had enjoyed such things when I was a boy and why. Miss Deighton's discomposure lasted until we emerged on the heath, with its blaze of furze bloom.  
"You can get out just down there," Aline assured us. "There's a path there, and there are sure to be lots more linnets' nests."

I don't think Miss Deighton cared about the linnets' nests, but she did care about the path, and we pushed our way toward it. The ground was very uneven, and we stumbled several times. Also the furze was very thick. I heard my name, and found Miss Deighton looking at me pathetically over a huge, spreading bush. "What am I to do?" she asked, weakly. I guided her round it, took two more "followers" off her dress and pulled her out of a hole into which she had floundered.  
"This is dreadful!" she complained, gasping. "Aline, wherever is the path?"  
Aline was our only guide, and we had to cling to her. She pushed ahead vigorously, and we followed through the undergrowth.  
"For goodness' sake, let her find it and show it to us, and let's go," murmured Miss Deighton to me. "And this is birds' nesting!"

Aline brought us up before an amply spreading, yew, and, creeping into its darkness, pointed up with emotion. "It's there!" she said, "but it's hard to get up to it; it's so thick. If you could give me a leg up, Mr. Frobisher, I think I might reach it."  
I gave the required assistance, and Miss Deighton impatiently seated herself on a fork of the yew, waiting until such time as this madness should be overpast. It was beautifully dry, and so I sat on the ground near her.  
"Good heavens!" she said, in an undertone, "And this is what the young like!"  
"They are barbarians, of course," said I, "but I suppose we were, too."  
She considered. "I don't think I was—I'm sure I was not."  
"Didn't you collect eggs and tear your clothes and scratch your legs and—?"  
"I think I was too sensible," she said. "I don't believe girls are like that, as a rule. They're not savages, like Aline."

Aline's voice, smothered in the leafage, came to us just then.  
"I've got it—there are four," it seemed to say, triumphantly.  
"Now, at last, we shall get back," said Miss Deighton, with a sigh of relief.  
The next moment there was a crash, something snapped above, and Aline descended in a lump. She fell on Miss Deighton, who toppled off her seat upon me. I suppose the force of two bodies thus heavily discharged on me had its due effect, for I was not aware of anything for a moment or two, save of the difficulty of getting breath. Then I became aware that Aline was sitting on Miss Deighton and that Miss Deighton was sitting on me.

"Sorry," I heard Aline say, and then she got off us and sputtered. "I had the eggs in my mouth," she told us.  
We wouldn't have cared if she had had the eggs in her hair. Miss Deighton was panting hard. Her hat had been crushed in and her looks were in disorder, but she still sat on—on me.  
"Would you mind—?" I began, breathlessly, but, I hope, politely.  
"Oh, I didn't see—I didn't know!" She rose, and I, too, got up. "I hope you're quite satisfied now," she remarked, indignantly, to me.  
"But it wasn't me," I pleaded. "It was—"

"It was me!" cried Aline, honestly. Miss Deighton was occupied in straightening herself. "Will you be good enough to guide me out of here?" she cried, coldly and freezingly, to Aline. She ignored me. Awed by her lofty manner, the tomboy obeyed, and I followed meekly in their train.  
Free of the abominable wood, we descended across fields to the village. The silence hung oppressively, and I opened conversation with the prime found of all our woes.  
"I hope you didn't get hurt, Aline," I said, hypocritically.  
"Oh, no!" said she, throwing back her ambrosial locks and now fast recovering from the shock of that wounded dignity. "I only got a bruise on my leg. Did your leg get hurt, Miss Deighton?"

"No!" snapped Miss Deighton, her lissom form moving swiftly.  
"Aline, were those eggs fresh?" I asked.  
Aline made a face. "Well, one of them was, I think," she said, dubiously. "But I should rather like a drink of water."  
"Better run on ahead. We can find our way," said I, encouragingly.  
"I'm sorry if you were hurt by falling on me," I said, apologetically. She made no answer, but seemed to be anxious to overtake Aline. "Especially," I went on, "as I liked it."  
"How absurd!" said Miss Deighton. "Why, you could hardly get your breath."

"That is true," I observed. "But, thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that there are times when one does not want to get one's breath."  
"Indeed!" said she, indifferently.  
"And when one likes to be sat on," I added.  
Miss Deighton said nothing, but seemed interested in getting to the village.  
"I liked it both times," I said.  
"Both times?" she echoed, in surprise.  
"Yes; when you fell off the gate you kicked me."  
"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said she, in confusion. "Where?"  
"Here," said I, coming to a pause and putting a finger to my chin. Miss Deighton examined it, blushing.

"I'm so sorry," said she again. "I didn't know—it was all that little wretch, Aline."  
"I don't know that she's quite a wretch," said I. "There's a thorn or something in your hair. May I—?"  
"Thanks, very much," said she.  
"It's—it's rather silly," said she.  
I turned. "There's no particular reason why we should get to the village, is there?" I asked. "We haven't swallowed birds' eggs."  
Miss Deighton laughed. "It is a beautiful day," she murmured, as she turned with me.

Unknown Iceland.  
During the past two years the Danish government has begun a careful topographical survey of Iceland, a work never before undertaken except in a few parts of the island. The least known region is the southern coast, which is impassable in the summertime, owing to the immense quicksands and the inland ice masses pushing down from the mountains. Last spring, as long as the frosts kept the morasses and streams in a traversable state, the survey was pushed, and one of its results was to show that the highest point of Iceland is not the Oræfa Jökull, as hitherto supposed, but the Hinnadalshnúkur, the elevation of which is 9,933 feet.—Youth's Companion.

## CARE OF THE HANDS.

What to Do for Perspiring Hands and Suggestions to One That Does Housework About Gloves.

The victim to perspiring hands may use a lotion which will tend to reduce the moisture, and must always dust them thoroughly with powder after bathing and before going out.

Women, who have to take active part in their housework, will do well to wear white cotton gloves whenever the hands are in use; they are inexpensive and should be washed every day. Rubber gloves will prevent the wrinkling of the skin caused by the hands being immersed in water for any length of time; they are also a boon to the woman who uses gasoline. To many cleaning with this liquid, is a really painful process, and is injurious to the skin as well.

Special attention is needed for the proper cleansing of the hands. Don't wash them carelessly—frequent dabbling of them in cold water simply reddens and coarsens the skin. Instead use soft, tepid water, good soap and a nail brush (the water can be softened by almond meal or a pinch of borax). Cheap soaps, abounding in alkali, will ruin the texture of the finest skin.

Having washed your hands, properly dry them and rub in a few drops of a good glycerine mixture. Systematic care will make recourse to cosmetic gloves unnecessary.

Now for the care of the nails; this is if possible more imperative than the hands, for dirty finger nails are positively repulsive.

The habit of biting the nails is a very deforming one, for besides destroying the shape of the nail, in time the tips of the fingers become thick and awkward.

## CALICO SHIRTWAIST SUITS.

Very Dainty and to Be Highly Recommended If One Can Face Laundry Bills.

There are shirt waist suits this year made of calico of the variety which comes at considerably less than ten cents a yard. They are very dainty, and if one can face the laundry bills without embarrassment they are to be highly recommended for the summer wardrobe.

Calico comes in buff, brown, blue and pink, and of course there are cream-colored calicos and gingham of cheap grade closely related to the calico family.

Five pretty shirtwaist suit patterns are suitable for any material. One has the blouse waist fastened invisibly and trimmed with little groups of wash crystal buttons. The skirt is many gored and trimmed with a ripple round the foot, with the top of the ripple trimmed with buttons and wash ribbon.

Another is the surprise waist, and this could be carried out in lawn, chiffon, taffeta and all the other nicer materials. It folds across the front, and is trimmed with a shirred ribbon design. The skirt is laid in tiny gathers at the belt, while the foot is trimmed with a more elaborate design in shirred ribbon.

Three shirt waist suits are made, respectively, with a yoke and panel front; with skirt into which fans are introduced and with a flare round the foot. All three have foot trimmings such as stitching, braid, bands or wrought designs, and there are shirt waist suits which are made with the redingote in view. They are plain, and designed to be worn with a redingote.

## WITH ETIQUETTE A HABIT.

Well to Have Good Manners More Than a Superficial Matter and Advice to the Summer Girl.

Soon many of my correspondents will be going to the numerous summer resorts and the thoughts of teas, receptions, theater parties and balls will for a time be put aside. I hope, however, that none of them will feel that they can also put aside all the nice little points of etiquette which they have found very necessary in social life.

A correct form of etiquette should never be looked upon as something necessarily practiced when at home or on ordinary occasions, says Elizabeth Biddle, in the Philadelphia Press. It is not like a beautiful ball gown which is suitable for some state occasion and can be taken off and laid aside when that function is over.

A person who is careful in every little detail of etiquette, who is always courteous, as well as attractive in manners and dress at home, will be sure to be at ease when in public, and will certainly gain the admiration of everyone.

One of my young readers writes me that she expects to spend the summer at one of the favorite mountain resorts with a party of young people under the care of an elderly married woman. As she has no mother or older sister to give her advice, she writes to me for a few instructions.

First, of all, my dear girl, you must remember to always respect the wishes of your chaperon, even if those wishes may at times seem to you to be somewhat unreasonable. Remember that you are under her care and that she has been kind enough to assume the responsibility of acting as your chaperon.

## PARISIAN FANCY FOR RED.

Geranium Red in Favor and Also Cerise, But One Might Say This of the Whole Rose Family.

All Paris has gone wild upon the subject of red. Red is worn in the most unexpected ways.

It is important at all times to get one's colors right. Therefore it is only just to say that all shades of red are not fashionable. The woman who comes out in brick red makes a mistake—though you see her very often—and the woman who wears a red that does not go well with her hair makes a double mistake.

The reds most in vogue just now are the tomato and geranium colors. The red of the geranium is also worn and the matchless red of the carnation. These shades are seen everywhere and in everything, but particularly is the red of the geranium worn a great deal. The most popular red for gowns is cerise.

While buying red do not forget that this color includes the whole rose family and that there are very pale flesh-colored pinks as light as one could desire—if one is hunting an evening gown—figured in pink roses, or in red roses, and which make up very brilliantly with pipings of geranium-colored taffeta.

It is a pity to let the summer season go by without having one or two bright-colored gowns, for they seem in keeping with the warm weather. Soon the cool days will come when the brilliant colors must be put away, until the sun calls them out again, so now is the time to dress in red.

The woman who is going in for red, and to whom red is becoming, can buy one red gown for the piazza. It should be of red crepe de chine, of a shade like the June cherry. It should be made of walking length and without trimming. The hips should be flat and laid in plaits, or shirred, and the foot should be very full. There should be a red taffeta petticoat to match and the shoes should either have red tops, or if one prefers a quiet shoe, there are the patent leathers which are also dressy and which can be trimmed with steel. A hat trimmed with red lace goes with this and a red parasol for the sunny spots of the piazza. This gown, which is called a piazza gown, is also a lawn party dress for lawn teas.

For evening there come the very thin silk grenadines, the chiffons, the flowered organdies of a quality so thin that they seem like fairy gowns, and there come the heavy silks which are also worn in geranium, tomato, cerise, geranium, cherry, beet, pomegranates and cinnamon red.

Then there comes the consideration of the small things of dress and here one can come out strong on the red note. There are the nearest of red leather belts, wide and soft, with dull gold buckles, which are designed to go with red linen stocks embroidered in white.

The prettiest of red stocks are those that are made of white linen, hand embroidered, through which wide red satin ribbon is run. And there are the white linens with patterns of red embroidery upon them. The linen belts and stocks are lovely and have the great advantage of being such that any woman can make them for herself.

A NEW SHIRTWAIST BOX.  
Made of Japanese Matting and Bamboo and Decorated with Ornamental Circles.

Shirtwaist boxes are articles of such practical value and there is so much demand for them that they may be had in many different varieties of style and at prices to suit pocketbooks of all sizes. In addition to those of ornamented wood, which are quite expensive, there are cheaper ones, covered with burlap, chintz or cretonne, and even those covered with wall paper, the most reasonable of all in price, are not only equally practical, but quite

as artistic. A new shirtwaist box which has the additional attraction of novelty is shown in the illustration. It is fashioned from a fine quality of Japanese matting and framed in bamboo. Its distinguishing note is the front decoration, in the form of disks of oak, very thin and in forest green hue. There are four of these ornamental circles, and they give just the dash of color required by the neutral hued matting and bamboo.

Cucumber Lotion.  
Expressed juice of cucumbers, one-half pint; deodorized alcohol, 1½ ounces; sweet almond oil, 3½ ounces; shaving cream, one dram; blanched almonds, 1½ drams.

This is a suave lotion, very whitening, softening and cleansing. Take the shaving cream and dissolve in the rose water by heating in a custard kettle. Beat the almonds in a mortar, and by degrees work in the soap and water. Strain through muslin and return to the mortar. Stir constantly, working in gradually the alcohol, in which the oils have been already dissolved.

For Pimples.  
A teaspoonful of lime water in a little milk is good for a bad stomach. Take at meal time. Both charcoal and lime are correctors of constipation, the cause of pimples on the face and muddy complexion. These unsightly blemishes may be made to disappear by drinking freely of tea made of clover blossoms, or of dandelion root, either of which may be had for the gathering.

# Bread and Cake

By G. L. Pfeiffer.

White bread, light bread.  
Brown bread and pone.  
Sweet bread, gingerbread.  
Well-bred little ones.

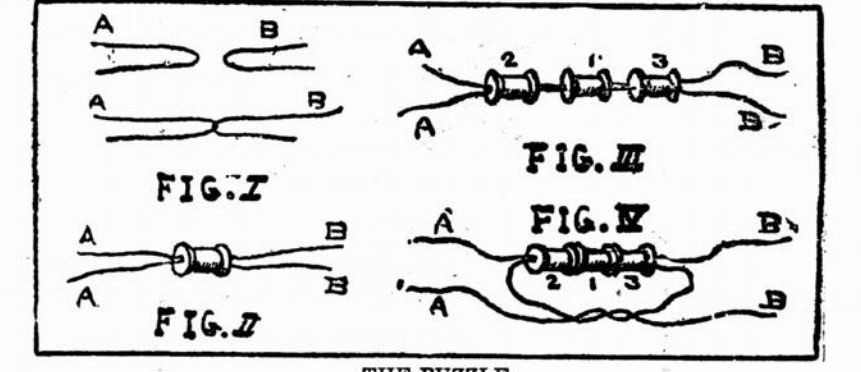
Coffee cake, layer cake,  
Angel cake and pound;  
Jelly cake and stomach-ache  
When Teddy is around.

BROOKLYN EAGLE.

## Puzzle of the Strings

A little preparation is necessary before you can perform this trick. Get two pieces of twine four feet long, and three ordinary spools. Fold each piece of twine double as shown in Fig. 1. Pass about half an inch of the looped end of A through the loop in B, and fold in back on the tape A, which will thus be hooked in B.

Pass the open ends of B through a spool and draw the spool over the in-



terlocking loop as in Fig. 2. This spool must not be moved from its position at any time during the performance of the trick, as it conceals and holds the looped ends of the twine. Next, take the two remaining spools and pass one on the twine, B, and the other on A, as shown in Fig. 3. The whole contrivance is now ready for use.

Ask two persons to assist you. Give the ends of the twine A (Fig. 10) to one and the ends of B to the other, desiring both to hold the tape and spools out level between them.

Now explain that the spools are strung onto the twine, moving the two outer spools (not the middle one) to illustrate your explanation. Then in-

thus drawing the three spools together and securing them perfectly.

This done, grasp the spool with your right hand and instruct the assistants to be ready at the word "three" to pull the string with a sudden jerk. You then count, "one, two, three," and the jerk is given, the spools remaining in your hands, the two strings remaining in the assistants' hands and joined in the middle of the knot you tied.

Thus the spools are removed from the tape without passing them over the ends held by the assistants, and your audience is greatly mystified until you explain the secret of the twines.—N. Y. Mail.

## ST. LOUIS BOY'S RECORD.

Press Dispatches from Boston Tell of Success of the Former Westerner.

Press dispatches from Boston say that Eugene Arthur Hecker, of St. Louis, a senior at Harvard, during his four years of undergraduate life, has received a total of \$1,480 in prizes and scholarships.

Hecker is a son of Mrs. Atlanta Hecker, who teaches in the Sherman public school. In his freshman year Hecker was awarded the \$200 "Price Greenleaf" prize; in his sophomore year he won the Bowditch prize of \$250; in his junior year the \$300 "Price Greenleaf" and won in addition two Bowditch prizes, one of \$200 for a dissertation in English, and the other of \$50 for a Greek translation; and this year, his last in college, he holds the Richard Augustine Gambrill scholarship of \$450 and the Palfrey exhibition of \$80.

Although so strikingly successful in his studies, Hecker finds time for other things. He is not a "grind," three or four hours a day at the most is all the time he spends at his desk, the rest is devoted to athletics, club life and the other recreations of college.

He has always taken an active part in athletic exercises. Besides an hour or two in the gymnasium every day, he is fond of long-distance cross-country running and walking.

In the social life of Harvard he is also a prominent figure. Besides being secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa society, he is a member of several of Harvard's most famous and exclusive clubs, and has been selected to represent Harvard at a dinner to be given at Yale next month to the representatives of the different chapters of the Phi Kappa in all the big eastern universities, and is slated for an after-dinner speech.

Besides all this Hecker is partly paying his way through college. Since his first year at college he has tutored other students who were behind in their work. During his vacations he has engaged in various sorts of work. One summer he was a clerk in a hotel at a summer resort; at another time he was a conductor on a street car line between the university and Boston.

Hecker is only 20 years of age. He graduated from the St. Louis high school in 1907, and entered Harvard in the September of that year with Walter Randall, the other St. Louis boy, who has made so much of a stir in staid old Cambridge.

Although Hecker does not graduate until June, he has finished his actual work at college and is now a teacher in the Boston high school. He hopes to study for the degrees of M. A. and Ph. D., and with these behind his name apply for a professorship in one of the universities.

Hecker comes of a studious family. His father, Alexander Hecker, was a great scholar. He is also a close relative of Edward Pretrorius, editor of the Westliche Post, who recently declined the Order of Red Eagle, which Emperor William wanted to confer upon him.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

FIDO'S SYMPATHY.

My Fido is a nice old dog. He barks in sympathy. When I fall down and bark my shins, why Fido barks at me.