

# CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

## INTERESTING LORE OF HAND

**Few Men Can Tell the Truth While Their Hands Remain Open—Some Signs and Symbols.**

When a man is not telling the truth he is apt to clench his hands, as few men can lie with their hands open.

A man who holds his thumb tightly within his hand has weak will power. Strong willed persons hold their thumbs outside when shutting their hands.

Shaking hands in greeting was originally an evidence that each person was unarmed.

Among savage tribes when a man holds up hands it is a sign of peace, an evidence that he is unarmed or does not intend to use weapons. An outlaw says, "Hold up your hands!" meaning thereby to make his victim powerless to resist attack.

When a man kisses the hands of a woman he expresses his submission. This is also the idea when kissing the hands of kings. By this act their superiority is acknowledged.

When an oath is taken it is done by raising the right hand, or laying it upon a bible.

In the consecration of bishops, priests and deacons, and also in confirmation, the laying on of hands is the essence of the sacramental rite.

A bishop gives his blessing with the thumb and first and second fingers. In this the thumb represents God the Father, the first finger stands for God the Holy Ghost, the three together symbolizing the Holy Trinity.

The wedding ring is placed upon the third finger of the woman's hand to show that, after the Trinity, man's love, honor and duty is given to his wife.

Besides the deaf and dumb there are many people, notably of Latin and Semitic races, who talk with their hands.

## FISHING POINTERS FOR BOYS

**Proper Method of Fastening Line to a Hook is Shown—Some Quite Useful Suggestions.**

The drawing shows the proper way to line a hook. This method holds the hook at right angles with the line, and thus keeps it from getting tangled. The best place for sunfish is in a shallow, quiet place by the side of a large stream. After you catch the first one, be very quiet and try to keep your line constantly in the water, for they travel in schools and are easily scared. They will not linger about the same place long unless something to eat is in sight. If



Line Tied to Hook.

you are pulling them up rapidly just bait the top barb of your hook.

Bullheads abound in weedy places and bite best after a rain, when a west wind is blowing.

### Quite a Difference.

Little Bess—What does your father do?

Little Nell—He's a horse doctor.

Little Bess—Oh, dear. I guess I'd better not play with you then. I'm afraid you don't belong to our set.

Little Nell—Why, what does your father do?

Little Bess—He's a vet'nary surgeon.

## INTEREST IN SOAP BUBBLES

Those Made of Soap Water to Which Glycerine Has Been Added Are Quite Attractive.

Have you ever stopped to think what a really interesting thing a soap bubble is? Soap bubbles are not only interesting to boys and girls, but they have long been a source of wonder and interest to men of science. In fact, scientists have employed soap bubbles in trying to perform certain experiments.

A soap bubble is nothing more than a film of water molecules (tiny particles that cannot be seen with the naked eye), held together by the sticking power of dissolved soap. As most all of us know, in making bubbles the bowl of a common clay pipe is dipped into soapy water. The bubble maker blows air into the pipe and the bubble at once expands. While bubbles made of plain soap water are interesting, those made of



Making Soap Bubbles.

soap water to which some glycerine has been added are even more attractive, because they have such pretty colors.

There are many ways of making bubbles. For instance, smoke may be blown through the pipe into the bubbles or one bubble may be blown inside of another. Very large bubbles can be made by using the hands instead of a pipe. Cover the hands well with suds and then hold them so as to form a cup, as if drinking with the hands from a spring, but leaving a small hole in the bottom. With the mouth about a foot from the hands, blow a current of air into them. Some of the bubbles will be more than a foot in diameter. Try this experiment the next time you wash your hands.

## PUZZLES.

How can I get the wine out of a bottle if I have no corkscrew and must not break the glass, or make any hole in it or in the cork?

Answer—Push the cork into the bottle.

A person tells another that he can put something into his right hand, which the other cannot put into his left.

Answer—The last person's left elbow.

How must I draw a circle round a person placed in the center of a room so that he will not be able to jump out of it though his legs should be free?

Answer—Draw it round his body.

What Made Baby Cry.

"Why, Nettie," said a mother to her small daughter, who had been left in charge of the little brother "what is baby crying for?"

"I don't know," answered Nettie "unless it's cause he can't think of anything else to do."

Awful Solemn Smell.

It was a church wedding and the church was handsomely decorated with flowers, the air being laden with their fragrance. Little Lola exclaimed in an audible whisper: "Oh, mamma doesn't it smell awfully solemn in here?"

# ICELAND, PARADISE OF SPORTSMEN



HOT SPRINGS NEAR REYKJAVIK

It is probably difficult for the average tourist, health seeker or sportsman to realize that within four days Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, can be reached from Leith.

Yet such is the case, and perhaps it may be more surprising to learn that during the summer months the climate is mild and equable, although the extreme northern part of the country is north of the arctic circle says a writer in the Dundee Courier.

Last year I spent four months in this historical and romantic island, the inhabitants of which still keep to their ancient customs in language, dress and government.

The latter, although nominally Danish, as the king of Denmark has the veto, have, since 1903, had their own minister, who, under the direction of a parliament which meets every two years, looks after the affairs of the country. The crown has not yet once exercised the right to dismiss or amend any of the bills passed by the althing since the practically home rule bill of 1903 was passed.

During my visit the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jon Sigurdson, the great patriot who established free trade with all nations in 1854, was held, and the opportunity taken to open the new university. Former students had to study at Copenhagen or other recognized universities, but now they can take their degree in law, medicine or divinity at Reykjavik.

The opening was very impressive and picturesque, the whole town and countryside turning out in gala attire, many coming from villages or lonely farms forty to fifty miles distant on their strong little ponies, which are almost the only means of traveling, as there are no railways in the country. A few had little carts decorated with shrubs and artificial flowers. After the ceremony, which took place in the parliament house (the university proper is in the parliament house, but there are several classrooms in various parts of the town), the mayor made a short speech, after which the band struck up the Icelandic national anthem, a very weird and doleful tune.

Reykjavik an Up to Date Capital.

A procession was then formed, headed by the band playing the Danish national anthem, followed by the foreign consuls, who were all in uniforms, the town and county councillors, the decorated cars and little girls and boys (the former all dressed in white) carrying the national flag came in the rear. The procession then proceeded to the cemetery, where a massive laurel wreath was placed on Sigurdson's grave, which is marked by a handsome monument.

The capital itself is modern and up to date. While I was there a Danish theatrical company performed in the little theater, and an excellent cinematograph entertainment was held every night, where one might see everything from the coronation procession to the Grand National.

One of the two large and comfortable hotels boasts of excellent music in the restaurant every evening, both summer and winter.

The althing or parliament consists of forty members, who represent the 70,000 inhabitants on the island, of which 11,000 reside in Reykjavik.

It is not generally known that Iceland and not Britain is the mother of parliaments. In 929 a representative parliament was constituted, and its first meeting was held at Thingvellir, a great sunken plain between two lava rifts, with Thingvall lake before it and the gigantic Broadshield mountain looking down upon it.

Thingvellir, which is thirty-five miles distant from Reykjavik, has a weird and indescribable beauty and fascination of its own. There are many rifts and fissures in the lava covered plains, which make it dangerous for strangers to roam without a guide. Many of these rifts in the lava rock are almost hidden by the undergrowth and an unwary step might precipitate one forty feet into ice cold water of an unknown depth.

Quite close to the inn and the parsonage is the largest rift. In the center of this is the Rock of Laws, which is almost an island, where nearly 1,000 years ago laws were made and judgments passed. Further south a detached rock is known as the bloodstone, where for certain offenses the backs of criminals were broken and the bodies were thrown into the deep transparent water, which rises from some subterranean source and runs from the rift underground toward the lake.

The ruins of the booths where the members of the thing, or parliament, and where at times long ago the heroes of the Sagas dwelt, are still visible.

Iceland an Anglers' Paradise.

The Thingvall lake teems with trout and char, as do almost all the lakes and rivers in Iceland. The rivers mostly belong to farmers who own their own land and who charge from 1 to 2 kroner (1 kroner is equal to about 25 cents) a day per rod. Trout of from one to five pounds are plentiful and it is a rare occasion indeed when one does not return with a full basket.

There are a number of salmon rivers, the best of which is the Laxas, near Reykjavik, which is let to an Englishman, but excellent sport can be got in remoter districts at a moderate charge.

In the season excellent shooting can be obtained. No license is required and the farmers generally give permission to shoot over their land. Ptarmigan, snipe, whimbrel, plover, ducks and wild swan abound.

Among the trips which can be taken from Reykjavik are Thingvellir and Hekla, the latter about 5,000 feet above sea level, which is the highest volcanic mountain in Iceland, and as late as 1878 was in eruption and did a great deal of damage to the surrounding farms. Fortunately, no lives were lost. It commenced on September 2 and lasted over four months, the ashes actually being carried as far as Shetland.

Excellent accommodation can be had at the Parsonage, Fellsmull. It is usual, however, to take several pack ponies, as well as riding ponies, to carry tents and other equipment to camp out. If the Great Geyser is included the trip will last at least a week.

There is an inn near the geyser where a bed can be obtained and soap purchased. Strange to say, the Great Geyser will sometimes not descend to spout unless he receives from 20 to 60 pounds of soap, and then he may remain sulky for a full week or even longer, but on occasions he may sput several times a day. Why the soap affects him is unknown, and likely will remain unknown for all time coming.

On the main country roads caravans of pack ponies from five to twelve in number are frequently met with. The ponies are tied head to tail; that is the leader will have a rope attached to his tail which is fastened to the bridle of the following pony, and so on; and sometimes cows and goats are included.

Punctuality is not a strong point with the Icelanders, a few hours here or there making no difference in keeping appointments. Taking them all round, however, they are a good natured and extremely intelligent lot, and certainly put the average Britisher to shame in their knowledge of languages, nearly all speaking Danish and English, as well as their own. The recognized guides are highly educated and cultured men, who can be relied upon to provide good ponies, riding saddles and pack saddles.

Iceland has no trees with the exception of two or three small woods on the east coast. The government has been endeavoring to cultivate pines and firs near Reykjavik, but hitherto have met with but little success.

In Reykjavik there is a large and handsome museum, which from an antiquarian point of view is of immense interest. Among its collections are many manuscripts belonging to the old Saga writers. Under the same roof is a natural history collection embracing specimens of all the animals, birds and fish in Iceland. There is also a splendid library and a good reading room with some thousands of books of reference in Icelandic English, German and French.

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Scientists Believe There Is a Reason for Bugs



WASHINGTON—Secretary Wilson is looking for bedbugs in his official and not his private capacity. Mr. Wilson wants all the bedbugs he can get, and furthermore he is willing to pay a fair price for them.

This is not a hobby with Tama Jim. In fact, he has no intention of ever coming in personal contact with the unpopular bipeds or quadrupeds or centipedes, whichever class they happen to belong to. Mr. Wilson wants as many of this species of the bug family as he can buy at a nickel apiece—for purely experimental purposes.

On the old Lewis farm, near Vienna, a few miles from Washington, the department of agriculture maintains an experimental farm. Every class of bugs that have any part whatsoever in farm life are being studied by the department's scientists.

In the railroad station at Vienna this sign was posted:

"WANTED—Bedbugs. Five cents will be paid for each bedbug delivered at the office of the experimental

farm of the department of agriculture."

The farmers of Vienna intend to call at the farm and make sure that accommodations have been made for the safekeeping of the bugs.

Some of Uncle Sam's scientists believe there is a reason for bedbugs and if they manage to substantiate this theory they intend to put them to work at a more gratuitous task than that upon which they are generally engaged.

There is a theory that most self-respecting species of bugs will have no dealings with bedbugs—in fact, they will not live in the same neighborhood.

This theory is based upon two assumptions. The first is that bedbugs are scrappers and beat up and kill anything else that happens to cross their way in bugdom.

Now the department of agriculture's scientists have about decided which bugs do the most damage to fruit trees. These experiments have been carried on at the Lewis farms for many months. The most deadly bugs, as far as fruit is concerned, have been segregated in boxes and bottles.

The bedbugs are to be introduced to these select fruit killers and then the scientists are going to see what happens.

If the bedbugs carry off the honors Uncle Sam may try to induce them to leave their present abodes for fruit orchards.

## Ah, It Was a Sad Day for "Count" Perreard

JEAN PERREARD, true son of Paris, he of the Cafe de Perreard, was disconsolate the other day.

It was the Sabbath and also the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. And for the first time in years the "count," as he is familiarly known, failed to observe the day. The count's celebrations have been notable events in Washington for years, but the count let the day pass quietly because it fell on a Sunday.

Everything about the Chateau de Perreard was normal, except that from a window breezed the tricolor of La Belle France.

Stilled were the clinking glasses, because it was the Sabbath day. The hearty chanting of "The Marseillais," as only the count could chant it, was not wafted out into Thirteenth street from the chateau windows as in the past.

In fanciful retrospection the count recalled the celebrations of yesterday and his friends missed them. The bon vivants of the town, who call Perreard the count, recalled the trips down the river as his guests and how he used to chant the cabaret



songs of dear old Paris. And all remembered how the count used to say, when asked how he would celebrate the independence day of France:

"Oh, eet will be ze grande time."

The continental Sunday has about as much chance in Washington as the count would have had in the Marathon, and so the only way the head of the house of Perreard could observe the day was to sip a little green stuff, as it filtered through a loaf of sugar. But all the time the tricolor floated in the breeze from the casement of the cafe.

The count could not have a public party, and so he had none. It was a bad day for France.

And the count was very, very sad.

## Agricultural Department an Aid to Housewives



NO branch of the United States government comes so near to the life of the people as the department of agriculture, which deals with the cotton and other fibers of which our clothes are made, the flocks and herds we raise, the crops we produce, the food we eat and the timber of which our houses are built.

The closeness of the relation between the department and the people is in great measure due to the fact that the use which is made of agricultural products receives as much attention as their production, and the great bulk of these products is used in the home.

Commenting on this phase of the department's work Secretary Wilson said:

"Commercial industries were long ago studied by scientific methods, since it was found that gaining knowledge by experience was much more costly than gaining it by systematic study. It is only lately that we have come to realize that it is equally profitable to study the housekeepers' problems.

"Fifty years ago few such questions had been taken to the laboratory and few schools gave instruction in such subjects. Today very many men and women of scientific training have taken the home problem to the laboratory and are finding ways of helping the housekeeper to solve her problems satisfactorily.

"The department of agriculture has studied many questions which relate to the use of agricultural products on the farm and in the home, but perhaps none of them has a closer relation to the household than the nutrition investigations of the office of experiment stations, which have to do with the use of agricultural products as human foods and whose object is to help the housewife in her efforts to provide good living at reasonable cost, without undue labor."

## Turkey Trot New? Danced 500 Years in Borneo

IT WILL be news to many doubtless that the much-criticised "turkey trot" has been danced to the rain god of a savage tribe in the north of Borneo for more than five hundred years. Several young women of one of Washington's exclusive circles were astounded when Prof. Edward Davidson, a Washington dancing master, made this statement to them during a lecture on the history of dancing.

Professor Davidson said that the "trot" is one of the holy of holies in the religion of the savage Muruts. When there comes a prolonged dry spell these head-hunting natives perform the trot day in and day out until the great rain god has heard their prayers. The professor visited the north of the island several years ago. He says he saw them dance around the image of the god an entire night.

"During the latter part of the eighteenth century the turkey trot was introduced into the dancing schools of Italy and Portugal, and soon everybody was doing it. In the first part of the nineteenth century it gradually died out."



"The clergy of Italy, Spain and Portugal made a loud outcry against the 'heathen dance,' but the physical culturists and dancing masters favored it on the ground that it was good exercise. In the fashionable dancing schools of Rome it was all the rage for a short time. Traces of the turkey trot can be seen in the folk dances of Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, Italy and France.

"In 1888 an Italian named Giovanni Casini introduced the dance to San Francisco. For a time it was not appreciated much outside of Barbary Coast circles. Then it came to New York and certain prominent dancing masters introduced it into the Four Hundred."

## IN THE CAMP OF THE "CAMP FIRE GIRLS."



On the Estate of Mrs. Thompson Seton, Greenwich, Conn.

A primitive way of making one's toilet. A mirror hung on a cross-piece and there you have mi lady's dressing room, with the dome of the blue sky over head.