



### FIRST TROUSERS.

Little man, little man,  
With your little trousers blue,  
I wish that I were happy,  
My little man, like you,  
Is there ever anything in life  
That gives such pleasure true  
As the first pair of trousers,  
So stunning and so new!

Little man, little man,  
You with sturdy stride and bold,  
Pray, have you seen my baby boy?  
He passed this way, I'm told.  
His little dress is fresh and white,  
His clustering curls are gold—  
He's naught else but a baby,  
For he's but three years old!

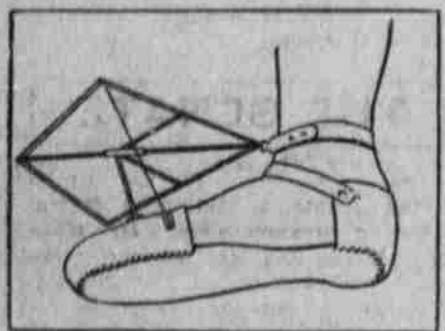
Little man, little man,  
Why can't I really be?  
When I ask if you've seen him,  
You say that you are he!  
You with your stride and trousers,  
And magic pockets three!  
'Tis quite hard to believe it,  
You look so strange to me.

—Life.

### DEVICE TO HELP SWIMMERS

New York Man Designed Appliance  
Which Makes Wearer Web-Footed  
and Aids Stroke.

While it does not follow that every possessor of a pair of big feet will make a good swimmer, there is undoubtedly an advantage in having a large surface to kick with. Witness the pedal architecture of a frog, which amphibian is generally ac-



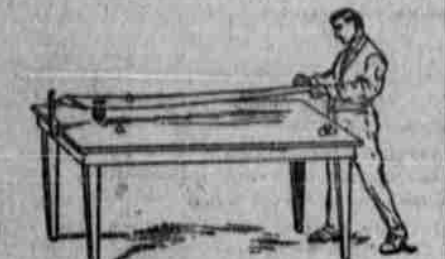
Device to Aid Swimmers.

knowledgeable to be a model for pupils of natation. Working on this principle a New York man has designed a swimming appliance which makes the wearer web-footed and adds much to the power of the stroke. The device consists of a series of ribs with a membrane stretched over them, forming a sort of fin. This "fin" straps around the ankle and is attached to a sandal-like footpiece consisting of a sole with heel and toe pieces. With one of these rigged on each foot the swimmer will be surprised at the progress he can make, the fin folding up on the forward motion so as not to impede it.

### AMUSING GAME FOR PARLOR

Considerable Skill of Manipulation  
Required to Keep Balls From  
Running Off Band.

The illustration given herewith shows a parlor game, the requirements of which are a set of balls, a flexible band provided with a pocket



A Parlor Game.

near the lower end, and a clamp standard. The standard is clamped to one end of the table, and the band is attached to it and extended over the table surface to the other end, where it is held by the player. The game consists of rolling the balls down the band into the pocket. Considerable skill of manipulation is required to keep the balls from running off the band.

### Unique Little House.

In Somerset street of Boston is a queer little house that looks as if it might have been normal in size at one time, but got squeezed together by the two big buildings that press against it on either side. This odd building, which is only four feet wide at the front, is said to be the narrowest house in Boston. It is four stories high and shaped like a wedge, the front being just wide enough to permit of a door and casing of usual size, and the rear being ten feet in width. Each floor has an old-fashioned front window, directly over the door, and each window, which reaches almost from floor to ceiling, is supplied with a balcony. Over the top balcony is a sloping roof, or awning. The queer structure is made of wood and is wedged between brick buildings. Each floor has two rooms—a fair-sized back bedroom and a front room ten feet deep and less than five feet wide at its widest part. A narrow stairway almost like a ladder leads from floor to floor. The building fills a space that was the termination of an alley years ago.

### Couldn't Be the Candy.

"Oh dear!" moaned small Tommy, "I've got such a dreadful toothache."  
"No wonder," replied his mother, "you are all the time eating candy."  
"It can't be that, mamma," said Tommy; "I eat candy with all my teeth, and only one of them aches."

### A BATH-TUB JOKE.

Clean and sweet from head to foot  
Is Jerry, but not his twin.  
"Now for the other!" says merry mother,  
And quickly dips him in.  
Jim and Jerry, with lips of cherry,  
And eyes of the selfsame blue;  
Twins to a speckle, yes, even a freckle—



What can a mother do?  
They wink and wriggle and laugh and giggle—  
A joke on mother is nice!  
"We played a joke!" 'twas Jimmie who spoke,  
"And you've washed the same boy twice!"  
—By Anna B. Bryant.

### YOUTH OF THE PRESENT AGE

Ingenious Method of Merchant in Selecting Office Boy—One Wasted Valuable Time.

"Wanted.—A bright boy to begin at the bottom of the ladder in my office and gradually work up by his own conscientious efforts until I can take him into partnership and marry him to my only daughter. Call at 9462 West Fourteenth and a Half street."

Mr. Gotrox sat in his office impatiently awaiting the answers to his ad, which he knew would come. In a few minutes, one after another, a large number of lads filed in, some of them breathless from running, having read their morning papers a little late. Mr. Gotrox looked them over quickly with his eagle eye and dismissed all but two. "Now, boys," he said, after he had talked with them a bit, "I like the looks of you both, and will employ the one who does a simple thing the best." (He should have said "better, inasmuch as there were only two boys, but he was not that sort of a man during business hours.)

"Here are two packages, just alike, which have been delivered here," he said. "John," addressing the sad-eyed, dreamy youth, "let me see you open this parcel."

Then John winked at himself and said in his heart: "This is indeed a snap. How glad I am that I am upon or on to this little scheme." And with great care and patience he tugged and pulled at the hard knots, and after long effort took the cord off in one piece, wound it into a neat coil, carefully folded up the coarse wrapping paper and stepped back, trying hard to conceal the triumph in his eyes.

Mr. Gotrox made no reply, except: "Now, Sam, it is your turn."  
"Foor Sam! He had never had any advantages to speak of, as he had been obliged to hustle a good deal all of his life and had never read any stories of good boys who had become great. He whipped out his jackknife, cut the cord in four places quicker than a wink and kicked the wrapping paper into the corner.

"You're the boy for me," shouted Mr. Gotrox, "and you may go to work at once, John," he said, "you are a good boy, but you should have lived in 1847. You are not in it this year. We do not care nowadays to waste six cents worth of time to save 1 1/2 cents' worth of paper and twine."

### HE'S NOT SO GENEROUS.



Aunt—And you won't give me a kiss? Your sister gave me three.  
"Ah! She kisses for nothing."

### A Hungry Walrus.

After Rainwhit has eaten 400 clams and twenty-five codfish without any salt he is still hungry. He is fed once a day and might be fed oftener, if his meals did not cost so much. He is the finest walrus in the country, they say in the Bronx park zoo in New York, where he has been living for the past month. Two arctic explorers brought him down from the north and gave him to the park, but the gift might not have been accepted so readily if the keepers had known how much the walrus would eat. It takes two men two hours a day to get dinner for Rainwhit, but the good feeding seems to be worth while. Rainwhit has gained twenty-eight pounds in weight since he came to New York.



### DOULTRY

#### INCREASES THE EGG YIELD

Mash Diet Made Up Solely With Corn meal Mixed With Warm Milk Gives Excellent Results.

A mash diet made up solely of corn meal mixed with warm milk was fed to a pen of layers, mostly Leghorns, with the following result: First, a remarkable increase in their egg yield; second, an increase in their weight; third, frequent and sudden deaths from apoplexy.

These results were due to the high fattening food given, and proved con-



Leghorn Cockerel.

clusively the grave danger encountered by adopting such a system of feeding.

A meal mash in the morning and whole or cracked corn at noon and night brought about the same results.

These experiments were tried during the spring months before the fowls had access to yards or free range.

Later in the season when on free range the same rations were fed with the same result, but attended with fewer deaths.

There is danger in feeding the flock too highly, or, in other words, upon food too rich in blood and fat-making ingredients.

The first shipment of Leghorn fowls to America from Leghorn, Italy, was in the year 1834. The variety immediately became popular from its prolific laying and non-sitting qualities, holding the same place among poultry that the Jersey holds among cattle. Leghorns are excellent foragers, of lively, active, restless dispositions and will pick up a good part of their living, thriving best when allowed a wide range.

### VALUE OF POULTRY MANURE

Excellent for Corn on Account of Large Percentage of Available Nitrogen It Possesses.

Poultry manure has twice the value of horse or cow manure. It is especially valuable for corn soil, since it possesses a large per cent. of available nitrogen, the element required in greatest quantities. It is a good manure for hotbeds. But this manure must not be applied to growing plants; it will injure them. It must be worked into the soil before planting.

If poultry manure can be obtained in abundance it will be a temptation to load it on a manure spreader and haul it to the field. But no manure spreader can handle it successfully unless it is mixed with coarse cow or horse manure. It is better to follow the old "armstrong" method—apply it by shoveling from the ordinary wagon. This gives you the advantage of controlling the thickness of application. The field should not be plowed very deeply after the manure is applied. It would be much better to harrow it in, but a shallow plowing is satisfactory.

Many plies of hen manure are allowed to go to waste on the farm because the results from its application were not satisfactory. If applied according to these instructions, bearing in mind that it is rich in nitrogen, the increased production will be gratifying.



### DOULTRY NOTES

Large flaked bran is the best. Millet seed contains considerable flesh forming substance.

Common field peas make an excellent egg producing food.

According to the food is the health and prosperity of the hen.

Meat scraps should be kept in a cool place to avoid heating.

White middlings contain more nutriment than the brown kind.

It is claimed that carrots improve the color of the yolk of the egg.

Barley should be fed only occasionally as it is a hard grain to digest.

The chief losses in setting hens are lice and interference of other hens.

Early hatching has been a great factor in the production of winter-laying strains.

It is an easy matter to overfeed fowls, and poultrymen should bear this in mind.

In order to manufacture eggs it is necessary for a hen to be supplied with the proper material.

To make sure that fowls have enough grit it should be kept where they can help themselves at will.

## Too Much Peter

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

Kate Allen bent her curly dark head to peep in at her baking bread. Then she gave the oven door a little slam and went to her potato paring.

On a side table in the immaculate kitchen stood a chocolate pie, fresh salad dressing, peach preserves and other evidences of approaching dinner. Mary Sweet was perched on a corner of the cabinet.

"Kate," she ventured, "why the rather becoming frown and the banging of oven doors? I thought you enjoyed full swing during cook's vacation?"

Kate only wiped her hands and began to beat eggs for a cake.

Mary's teasing drawl continued. "Well, at least tell me what—and who—is for dinner? I want to decide whether to have a pressing engagement at home, or to fish for an invitation to stay here."

"It will be commonplace," snapped Kate. "Porterhouse and potatoes, salad, sponge cake and poaches—use your eyes—and—Peter! You'd think Peter Ford was daily bread in this family! Mary, you have not seen enough of him to be wearied; he has all the virtues, health, good looks, money—couldn't you take him off the family hands?"

"Thanks," said Mary. "But I wouldn't rob Elizabeth. He hung over her at the play last night like the sword of Damocles. She wore a bunch of violets as big as a house—and in January! He's at least generous. I thought it was—"

"Settled? No telling! Suppose Elizabeth should refuse him? I'm next in age—also last. If something isn't done he'll come straight along the line to me—and be slain. It would be no compliment—simply a habit of proposing to an Allen girl. I wish there was a man in this family to consult with!"

"Idiot—meaning Peter, of course!" continued Kate. "He nearly lost his mind two years ago when John Hayes came along just in time to save Dolly from becoming Mrs. Peter. It was horrid of Dolly—but I don't blame her. Peter suffered horribly until, during, and for several minutes after, her wedding. Then mother and Cresida petted and consoled him and a few months later he and Cresida went for a walk—and came back engaged. The poor girl would choke with jealousy for months afterward every time Dolly's name was spoken. It would seem that Dolly, wicked enchantress, had snared, lured and ill-treated dear Peter, dismissing him through wanton coquetry! And all the time he had really, you know, loved Cresida."

Kate gave her ringing little laugh, her dark eyes bright. She pulled out the fragrant bread, then went on with her tirade, Mary listening.

"Well, you and the world know that Cresida began her trousseau, and all might have been well. But Peter wanted to be rid of Elizabeth, who was her adoring shadow, so he imported a friend, Henry Dawson. Henry fell in love—but not with Elizabeth. Without any frills or warnings he and Cresida eloped and were married. It was a shock to society and to Peter. I was warned mother about letting Elizabeth console him, but mother adores him and is blind as a bat. I wish Jerry Grayson were not at college. Well, I must say Peter has made himself almost indispensable about the house—there seems no dividing line. But it's bound to stop somewhere."

"Why doesn't your mother keep him in bounds?" asked Mary, slipping to the floor and folding her work.

"Mother? She's hypnotized. He works her every hour of her life. I've done complaining to her. Mary, which would you think was worse, to have people say that in time 'One of those Allen girls' will capture him, or that sooner or later he will capture one of the Allen girls? Small choice! I know one thing—I'm tired of seeing him under the family feet and it does me good to sputter about it!"

Mary stood with a gleam of pain—and of malice—in her long, gray eyes. She was little and very, very pretty and fair-haired. She twisted her dolly into a tight ball as she prepared to go.

"I think I won't stay—I hate your Peter Ford! But I must say I don't blame him about Dolly and Cresida—a stone image would fall in love with them and afterwards wonder why. They had a case of Peter as they'd have measles! I've watched him—and he has sound, solid sense—and a sound heart, too. It is not your mother who is blind—it is Peter—and you, Katherine Allen! We'll see how long it takes you to wake up—goodness! I'll go before a glance slays me!"

She slipped out at the back door. Kate stood staring after her, her olive cheek aflame, her eyes bright and angry. Then she started at sound of a languid voice behind her.

"Something is burning—cake, I should judge—cake madly overdone—charged with the abomination—vanilla," remarked Peter Ford from the door of the dining-room where he stood, coat still on, fur cap in hand. "I recommend rescuing the cake, my child. Don't—mind Mary's malice—but she is no fool. Her main trouble, in fact, is seeing too much."

Kate turned from saving the cake and something in her face warned him to silence. Then while she prodded

the potato with a fork he ventured purely impersonal information.

"Elizabeth deserted me. The Graysons in full pack were out on the ice. Jerry is home—fired from college some fresh prank. She went to dinner with them—said I was to tell you and attend to my own welcome. I see food and a lady cook—but apparently no welcome! Wrath sits upon the cook's brow."

Kate still ignored him, her face burning, and flew about at her work. Tall, fair, serene, Peter Ford leaned in the doorway and regarded her with a wistful look in his blue eyes.

At this she whirled about, gave him a contemptuous look and spread out a thick, juicy-looking steak ready to be broiled.

"I wish it were the right kind to pound," she said. "I'd love to pound something just now! Do go away and amuse yourself. Mother will doubtless be lovely to you—I won't."

"No, you never have been. It does no good to try to please you—here I am, lovable, sympathetic, ready to help—am not a kind word coming my way in three years! Katherine, honestly now, why is it you hate me so?"

"I have to stem alone the sickening tide of adoration that sets toward you in this senseless family. Peter Ford! I'm only thankful tonight that I have not been cooking a dinner to celebrate another of your Allen engagements."

Now that Jerry has returned and Elizabeth has escaped suppose you vary the program? Break the Allen spell, once for all and make love to Mary Sweet. I know you have to make love, just as you have to breathe. Mother will be inconsolable—but consider my relief. Am I never to be regarded? Can't you see I suffer from too much Peter? You are very nice—but there's too much of you, somehow. Mary—"

"Mary?" Peter flung off his coat pushed back his cuffs and donned a big apron from the drawer, with his maddening manner of being at home.

"Mary!" He ruminated. "Are you fair to Mary? She hates the sight of me, does on my very absence—and then I—" he paused to try the potatoes again and lit the gas under the broiling oven.

"I would 'Dote on your absence'—if I ever had a chance," began Kate politely, but her eye met his clear gaze and fell, in spite of her, in sheer confusion.

Mary's words, which he must have overheard, made her self-conscious, angry, ashamed. To relieve her embarrassment she seized a towel and took from him the steaming kettle of potatoes, meaning to drain off the water. She reached the sink, glad her back was turned to this disturbing person, but just as she tipped the kettle its lid slipped in her nervous grasp. The boiling liquid splashed over her left hand.

She gave a little cry and would have dropped the kettle save that Peter with a step was beside her and had put it on the floor. He flung his arm about her, lifting her bodily to the shelves. He snatched a towel, held it beneath her hand and recklessly deluged the smarting fingers with salad oil.

"There! Poor little paw! That will shut out the air and if it hurts after dinner we'll call the doctor to dress it. Does it smart, dear?"

He talked soothingly on, his arm again about her. But this was the last straw to the girl's burden of irritation and trouble. And Mary Sweet had made her conscious of a new, disturbing thing within. Not trying to escape from his hold, Kate leaned against Peter Ford and began silently to cry.

Thus it happened that Peter, for further consolation, turned the curly brown head to rest against his shoulder and murmured love and comfort to a child. Of course he had always loved—Kate. Hadn't she seen it? He had known it even before Mary Sweet's hints? Elizabeth knew it—he had told her. He was afraid of his little Kate, she had so avoided him, taunted and haunted him. Didn't she love him? Couldn't she?

Kate nodded her head and he understood. She knew now what the sweet trouble had been. And he explained how his feeling for the other girl was only a silly boy-fascination—not real love, of course.

It was quite time for Mrs. Allen to go—hungry and come to see about dinner. Peter opened his mouth to explain—again. But that lady laughed, a ringing laugh like Kate's own.

"Never mind," she said. "Don't bother now. I always knew you would both come to your senses some time, you silly children! If I hadn't known more than you, Peter Ford, I should never have let you philander about in my family so long."

## The ONLOOKER by WILBUR D. NESEBIT



I done been readin' whah de good book say  
Time shall be no mo'.  
Terday, termorror ner yestehday—  
Time shall be no mo'.  
En drive me byah en drive me dah  
En dey cam' boss me when I res' a bit—  
Time shall be no mo'.

O, White Man, sen' dem clock han's roun',  
En grin when all de whistles soon',  
En drive me byah en drive me dah  
En keep me hustlin' neah en fah,  
But de good book hit say so—  
Time shall be no mo'.

I won' be wakin' ter de 'lahm-clock  
bang—  
Time shall be no mo'.  
I won' be sweatin' in de shovell gang—  
Time shall be no mo'.  
I won' be prayin' fo' de res' at noon,  
Ner axin' night fo' ter come long soon—  
But I'll des lay 'round en I'll sing dia  
chune:  
Time shall be no mo'.

O, White Man, cuss me all yo' please  
En dock me when I stop ter sneeze!  
Yo' run dis worl', an' fusa en ves—  
Yo' eahn' blow whistles in de nex'!  
Fo' in de good book hit say so—  
Time shall be no mo'.

### She Took the Commission.

"We offer \$10,000 reward for the capture of the criminal," say the authorities to Mrs. Herlock Shomes, the famous female detective, whoseadroitness and acumen have made her the marvel of the civilized world.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," replied the great lady detective, "but even such a reward as that does not interest me."

The committee turns away/disheartened, when one of its members has a happy thought. Bidding his fellows wait a moment he returns and says: "On second thought, madam, we have decided to offer, for Monday only, a reward of \$9,999.99."

It is interesting to note that on the following Monday Mrs. Shomes brought the fugitive to the lockup.

### Needs Must.

"My dear," said the wife of the hardworking humorist, looking over the bunch of manuscript he has turned out during the morning, "I notice that you have written quite a large number of jokes about the spring bonnet. Don't you think you have done enough on that subject?"

"My love," responded the hardworking humorist, without looking up from the paper on which he was at that moment arranging a bonnet con mot. "I've got to do ten more of these things before I've got enough of them to pay for that bonnet you've set your heart on, so don't criticize me, please. I haven't kicked on the bonnet."

### The Winner.

"They say Thinkitt is making money hand over fist with his correspondence school," remarks the man with the misfit ears.

"I should say he is," answers the man with the uncertain whiskers. "That man Thinkitt stumbled onto the best idea for a correspondence school that anybody ever heard of."

"What was it?"

"He advertises: 'Learn by Mail How to Run the Best Paying Business in the Country. Ten Easy Lessons Fully Instruct You How to Conduct a Correspondence School of Any Kind.'"

### Kind Offer.

"My wife," says the first man, "wants me to get one of these swayed-backed overcoats. I don't know what the technical name is for them, but I mean one like that new one of yours, which has a waist line and flared skirts. She thinks they're fine."

"Does she?" asks the second man. "Say, I got mine to please my wife, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you mine."

### Exposed.

"He is a most considerate man," comments the friend.

"In what way?" asks the doubter.

"He is always very careful of what he says or does; evidently he is always thinking of others."

"Booh! He is always thinking of what others will think of him. That's what's the matter with him."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.