

Onlooker

WILBUR D. NESBIT

When the Curtain Drops



When the curtain drops
And the music stops
Then the flare of the footlights fades
away.
And the gleaming gems
Of the diamonds
Go back to the paste that they are by
day.
And the rich-robed king
Is a common thing
While the painted fool is a sober one,
And the gracious queen
With her grace serene
Is a woman—then when the play is done.
Then the lords and earls
And the lace and curls
And the pomp and pride are forgotten—
them—
When the curtain drops
And the music stops
They must all become what they are,
again.
It is so with life,
When the mimic strife
Has been put away with the mimic
mirth.
When the kings have sighed
And the slaves have died
And the queens have all gone the way of
earth.
When our pride and pomp
And our rout and romp
Have an end—and the prompt-books close
for us—
When we've played our parts
With our hands and hearts
Then the costumes fall and the play ends
thus.
So we should not grieve
For the make-believe
Of the mimic life we have lived, for
then
When the curtain drops
And the music stops
We shall all become what we are,
again.

The Micks Resented It.

Mr. Clancy and Mr. Casey, being on a train which was delayed for half an hour on a siding at a mining station, sauntered into the only bar room in the settlement.
"Me good man," said Mr. Casey, "make us a couple of nice Manhattan cocktails."
"We don't sell mixed drinks here," replied the bartender.
For the next five minutes there was a very pretty fight, and at the end of that time Mr. Casey allowed the bartender to arise from the floor, while Mr. Clancy, who had been watching the argument and longing for a chance to mingle in it, gave the battered bartender this sage advice:
"Nixt time have more rayspict for ih' Irish."

Sagaacious Man.

"They say the minister preached against the folly of modern fashions Sunday."
"He did, and his sermon made him more popular than ever."
"But I understand that he mentioned the women by name and told how much he thought their spring dresses and bonnets cost."
"So he did, but in each instance he overestimated the cost of the things, and the women are delighted."

Unanimous Objection.

"You say there are people who object to my marrying you?" asked the young man. "Who are they?"
"My father and mother," faltered the fair damsel.
"But they can be reasoned with."
"My brothers."
"We can defy them."
"I know, but there is still another."
"Who is that?"
"My fiancee."

Force of Habit.

Dr. Cuttem is so absentminded, says the man with the uncertain winklers,
"What has he been doing now?" asks the man with the ingrowing mischiefs.
"It happened to be in his office the other day, and he started to sharpen his pencil. Before he used his knife, however, he chloroformed the pencil."

Knew His Haunts.

"She told her husband if he didn't stay at home evenings hereafter she would go into the chorus of some comic opera company."
"Poor thing! That shows how greatly she longs to be near him evenings."

Corner for the Juniors

VEGETABLE HAND AND FACE

Curious Freak Produced by Two Ears of Corn—Potato Has Face Like Bloated Old Loafer.

Of course we all know that corn has ears, but the accompanying picture will convince you that a stalk of corn may be gifted with a hand as well. The picture was taken from a photograph made of two ears of corn, each of which closely resembled a human hand. The one shown in the illustration was the more perfect of the two specimens, and you can readily see that most of the proportions resemble those of a hand with amusing correctness. Hands of corn are not uncommon, a certain variety of the vegetable having been named "hand corn" by the Indians owing to its tendency to produce hand-like ears. Nature produces some curious freaks, particularly among potatoes. Often the potato digger will turn up a great, fat tuber looking for all the world like the face of a bloated old loafer.

The Chinese and Japanese make a practice of cultivating curiosities of the vegetable kingdom. At the World's Fair of 1893 some Chinese stunted plines were exhibited that were only a few inches high, but were hundreds of years old. These curious little dwarfs had all the characteristics



Vegetable Hands and Faces.

of gnarled old trees, and it was asserted that they had been family heirlooms for over 1,000 years in some cases. The trees grew in pots, and some of the smaller ones could be easily hidden under a silk hat.

MOST DURABLE KIND OF DOLL

American Concern Has Brought Out Toy, Said to Be Wonderful Advance in Construction.

Although Germany has for many years been credited with the newest and best ideas in children's toys, an American concern has designed and brought out a doll which is said to be a wonderful advance in doll construction. In the first place, the new type of doll is all wood, the head being solid. The head, arms and legs are joined to the trunk by means of steel-spring swivel and hinge joints, which completely eliminate the use of rubber cord. The face, being of solid wood instead of composition, is artistically



New American Doll.

carved, and painted in oil colors so that it can be washed. The nicely shaped hands and feet are cut from solid hardwood. In the whole make-up of the new dolls, there is nothing to easily wear or get out of order.

Spiders Store No Food.

It is said that spiders store away no food in winter quarters. Quantities of eggs are laid and carefully sheltered in velvety cobweb sacks that defy the weather. These sacks may be found swinging by silken ropes from the goldenrod and corners of board fences and stone walls. The little spiders creep from their cozy sleeping bags which the wise mother has provided for them, and if they escape their cannibal brothers and sisters they enter at once on a career of trapping and hunting.

Meaning of Death.

Small Robert did not know the meaning of death, so when he was told a man across the street was dead he asked his five-year-old sister what it meant to be dead. After a moment's hesitation she answered: "Why, to be dead means that—that you are all in."



There's a Tee at the Golf Links I heard Sister say And as I've been Shopping I'll stroll down that way— Because I am thirsty— said May— as can be— And I hear that they have there An excellent Tea!

MAKE YOUR OWN DOLL HOUSE

Directions for Making One That Any Little Girl Can Put Under Her Arm and Carry Away.

You have probably heard of the man who took up his bed and walked, but here is a bedroom that any girl can carry under her arm without the least difficulty. The best of it is that the young housewife can make the whole thing by a careful use of glue and part of some old book. This is the way to go about it:

Get your father to give you some old volume with sound covers and a strong back. Then carefully cut the pages out of the book and stiffen the back with a piece of strong cardboard, which must be glued into place. Then cut two pieces of cardboard of equal length for your end walls and cut another piece sufficiently long to make the ceiling. These strips should be as wide as the space formerly occupied by the leaves. Glue the three strips to one of the book covers to correspond with the end walls and ceiling of the bedroom in the picture. This part of the bedroom can be made stronger by pasting bracing pieces at the joints. It is a simple matter to cut out a window similar to the one in the picture, and any bright girl can shape the necessary bedroom furniture from pretty colored cardboard. An Open Window club button will complete the furnishing after the window has been



A Pocket Bedroom.

draped with a curtain. Perhaps a better way would be to get your boy friends to whittle you out a dainty bedroom set.

One of the advantages of the book room is that a thrifty housewife can add to the number of her apartments as rapidly as she may make the rooms. In this way a girl might have a veritable mansion of rooms that, when placed up on a shelf, side by side, would look as dignified as a set of books.

WHY DO WE COUNT BY TENS?

Easily Seen How Much Easier and Better It Would Be to Reckon by Dozens—Fingers to Blame.

Why do we count by tens and not by twelves? It is unfortunate that our system of numbers has not two more signs so that the first number of two figures would be the number we now represent by "12." Twelve can be divided by two, three, four and six, and ten can be divided by only two and five. You can see how much better and easier it would be to reckon sums by dozens when you must divide the numbers every once in awhile, and you might think that the people that invented numbers would have seen this. But nobody did invent numbers. Numbers were already invented before people knew that there could be such a thing as counting.

Look at your hands, and you will see why people count by tens. Every one counts on his fingers, sometimes, and there was once a time when not every one could do even that. Some savage tribes in Africa are so stupid that they cannot count above five. When they have got that far they say they have counted a "hand," and two "hands" are a "man." If men had been born with 12 fingers instead of 10, we should have counted by dozens almost from the beginning.

Quite Changed.

"Why, papa," said Frances, who was looking at the album, "surely this isn't a picture of you?" "Yes," replied papa; "that is a picture of me when I was quite young." "Well," commented the little girl, "it doesn't look as much like you as you look now."

MOON-BLINDNESS

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Marplot! Have I got to tie you?" Mrs. Velvin demanded gleefully, flinging a length of ribbon about Rayner's arm. "No doubt you want to go inside and talk to Patty. Content yourself, sit with me! Even me! Patty is a luxury. She wouldn't be at all good for you. Not for your career. And I have but just got her and young Atherley well settled for the evening. If he stays up!" "I shall know he has proposed."

"How shall you know?" Rayner interrupted, smiling, yet not quite easily.
"Mrs. Velvin laughed softly. "Patty is a wise virgin," she said. "She never sacrifices her beauty sleep for triflers. O, no!" as she caught Rayner's look of annoyance. "She won't accept him—not on three days' acquaintance—she will merely take him under consideration. Trust my child for that! I have brought her up even more beautifully than if she were my very own."

"Hm! Are you six or two years her elder?" Rayner demanded.

Again Mrs. Velvin laughed. "As though it mattered—the least bit," she said. "By bible count I am four years ahead of my husband's near daughter. Spiritually I'm four centuries—but for me the child would have grown absurdly sentimental."

"Then—I wish she had had another stepmother," Rayner broke out. "Still—I refuse to believe even you, much as she loves you, can make her mercenary, cold and calculating. When she marries it will be a man, not his money."

"Why not say a man and his money?" Mrs. Velvin asked archly. "You can't deny, jealous as you are, that Atherley is a good sort."

"But not good enough for Patty," she—she deserves the very best," Rayner began eagerly.

"Meaning yourself?" Mrs. Velvin interposed with a pretense of a yawn. Then she got up and half dragged Rayner out into a moonlit garden, rose-scented, vital with the spice-breath of pinks.

"Listen to the words of wisdom," she began. "I'm your friend in this—even more than Patty's. You are frightfully ambitious—you have so much in you it is no wonder. Remember Kipling. 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' With Patty you'd be too happy—you'd let go everything but money-making—care for nothing but to keep her in cotton-wool, and give her jewels and rings and all the fine things. Take my word for it, you'll never be a great man without the spur of unhappiness."

"Stop mocking!" Rayner said, hotly. She went on as if he had not spoken. "As Patty's husband, you'd have five years of bliss absolute. Thee—you'd remember—and regret. You'd see the men you know are your inferiors going ahead, each in his way—and you standing still. You'd be sour and discontented. And that would make my girl miserable. So let her be. I won't have her miserable. She was made to be 'fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life.'"

"I don't believe it. Anyway I shall ask her," Rayner said more hotly than before. He stepped past Mrs. Velvin and onto the piazza that had quitted. It gave through long French windows upon the dim-lit parlor, where Atherley sat basking in Patty's presence. Rayner peered at them, grinding his teeth. He had sought them full of a mad impulse—it died at sight of them securely conventional—Patty at the piano, striking a minor chord now and then; Atherley telling sprightly tales of life in Paris.

He had spent a year there, making believe to study philosophy. He had come away not much wiser than he went—still he had a certain air. Further, his globe-trotting gave him a long advantage conversationally. He had good eyes, and a certain knack of seeing the humorous side of all things.

How could even a desperate lover burst in upon such a pair and demand that the girl take instant choice? Rayner had been courting Patty steadfastly for six months. He had never got around to proposing—by ill luck he had thought—now he began to realize it was by will of Mrs. Velvin. Atherley was palpably hit—still he was not a declared autor. Convention may shackle even burning jealousy—Rayner merely called a gay good-night through the window, shot past it, mounted and galloped headlong away.

As the thudding hoofs grew fainter, Patty got up and walked to the window, training her eyes through the moonlight, yet seeing nothing. Suddenly she shivered. "I wish Billy were not riding Daredevil tonight," she said. "He is gentle as a dog by daylight—but impossible sets him wild."

"O! I dare say his master can manage him," Atherley returned. "They tell me at the club he can manage anything, even women," laughing significantly after the last word. Then with a mock sigh, "You don't wonder I envy him a bit?"

"Why! How can you help it?" Patty cried with artless cruelty. "He is so out of the common every way. He manages horses and women by not being afraid of them. Both know they can trust him—unless they happen to be moon-blind."

"So you believe in moon-blindness. I thought that superstition had been thoroughly discredited," Atherley said lightly.

Patty did not answer—she was listening too intently. There was a break in the hoofbeats—with wilder thudding after it. Over her shoulder she cried to Atherley, "Daredevil is running now—come help me find Billy."

"You think he has been thrown!" Atherley panted, struggling after the flying figure.

"I know it—he would cold Daredevil to the last," she answered, her voice sharp with terror.

They ran silently down the road until it turned sharply in a little glide. The white moon made it almost as light as day—thus Patty saw two figures in the middle of it—Billy Rayner safe and sound, supporting a woman evidently half-fainting. Atherley touched her arm, saying significantly:

"I think we had better go back."

Patty could grow no whiter, but she turned upon him eyes that blazed.

"I am not spying," she said clearly, then in higher key: "Billy—what is the trouble?"

"I don't quite understand—yet," Rayner answered. "This lady, bowing to the drooping figure, had lost herself—and came out of the woods to ask the way. That scared Daredevil—I got down from him though—and he ran off home. Perhaps you can reassure the lady—she seems to be upset."

"No—only unhappy," the stranger cried, suddenly uncovering her face. "Go unhappy I shall die unless you tell me where to find him. You know—the man I love—Steven Atherley."

"I have brought him to you," Patty said, running forward and dragging Atherley.

The stranger flung up her hands—white hands, soft and heavily ringed. "O Steven! Steven! Forgive me!" she moaned. "I—I had to come. Remember I have not seen you since Paris. And the minute I knew—"

"Please spare explanations, Mabel," Atherley said curtly. "I suppose you are staying with the Cutwins—let me take you to them at once."

"Anywhere—so you take me," the woman sighed, drooping toward him.

He looked helplessly from her to Patty and back again, then held out his hands to imprison both of hers. Something in Patty's steadfast gaze had shamed him into manliness.

"I will explain," he said, his head high. "Mabel—Miss Gray I mean—was my good angel in Paris. Indeed I think we should have got married there but for a senseless quarrel. Neither of us saw things quite right."

"I know, you were moon-blind. People get that way the same as horses," Patty interrupted, with an eloquent look at Rayner.

He took her hand openly and laid his lips against it, saying joyously, "Happily it is only a temporary affliction; we come to clear vision after a little while."

"Oh, do we?" Patty asked with her most superbly indifferent air.

He shook his head at her, but said emphatically, "We do. In proof take this."

And with that he kissed her full on the mouth.

But Will They Go?

People of common sense will not be much disturbed by sentimental talk just now current over employment of women in the harvest fields of the middle west. From the traditional American standpoint it strikes a little unpleasantly to see women engaged in the coarsest forms of manual labor. Yet under the light of hygiene and broad common sense, is not labor in the fields far better than labor over sewing machines, washtubs and weaving shuttles under the conditions in which these labors are performed in multitudes of factories? Surely the generation which sees thousands of women and girls, worn and pallid, pass out of the department stores and sweatshops of our great cities every evening, ought to view without shock the labor of women in fields and gardens. In the older countries women bear as active a part in outdoor labor as men; and it has not been observed that it has worked to their physical or moral detriment. Certainly the ruddy-cheeked Swiss girl with hayrake in hand makes quite as pleasing a picture as the indoor-shop worker so constantly in evidence in our American cities.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Latest Improvement.

"What a cunning chiffooner!" she said when she had got through kissing the bride.
"Oh!" replied the glad young woman who had been married since June. "That isn't a chiffooner. That is a combined ice-box, gas stove, bath tub, clothes-closet and folding bed."

He Paid for It.

Caddie—I got that ball we lost this morning, sir—got it from a small boy. Gopher—Good. Let's see—er—what did you give him for it?
Caddie—A slip under the lug, sir.
Punch—A slip under the lug, sir.

Reform.

Knicker—What's the matter?
Bocker—My wife is trying to apply the fixed-post scheme to me.

POULTRY

COCHIN IS SPLENDID LAYER

Second Only to the Leghorn in the Matter of Eggs and as Table Fowl It is Simply Perfection.

As layers the Cochins are second only to the Leghorn, laying good sized eggs and lots of them. As a table fowl it is simply perfection, having



Cochin Cockerel.

ing an attractive, round, plump, yet low carcass, with flesh fine grained, tender and juicy. As chicks the birds are hardy and easily raised, and come up to broiler size in a short time, compared with many other



Cochin Hen.

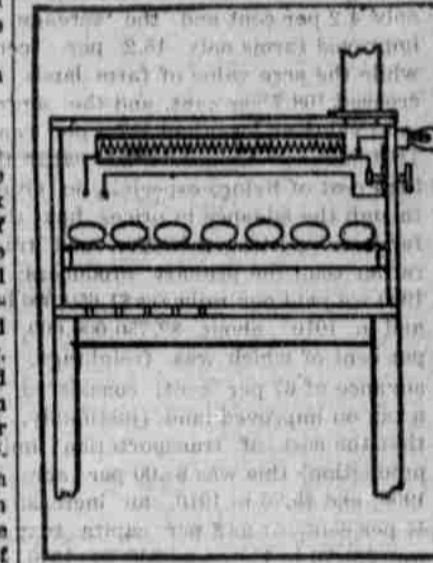
breeds, yet they make splendid mothers. Chicks come both light and dark in color.

Another point in favor of this variety is the fowls are strong and vigorous. No doubt they inherit their vigor from the Light Brahma, which is very strong and rugged.

ATTACHMENT FOR INCUBATOR

Electric Light Operated by Thermostat on Outside of Box Shows When Temperature is Right.

A time-saving attachment for incubators that should increase the efficiency of these mechanical hens has been invented by a Louisiana man. Chickens cannot be raised without a great deal of attention, and the poultry raiser who uses incubators usually puts in a good part of his time going around among them to see if the temperatures are right. If there are many of these machines, and he has to consult the thermometer in each one it takes time. The attachment here consists of an electric light on the outside of the incubator and operated by a thermostat. The light can be regulated



Incubator Attachment.

lated to burn either weakly when the temperature in the box is too low or to go out altogether, or to burn only when the incubator requires attention. Whichever way it is, the owner can tell at a glance around his group of hatching machines whether any need his services and, if so, which it is.

Runway for Chicks.

When a large box is used for a summer coop for chicks, after they have left the brooder or are weaned from the hen, it should be provided with a small inclosed run. This run is made by nailing a wooden frame to the open side of the box and covering it on all sides and the top with closely woven poultry netting. In such a coop or colony house the chicks will have all the fresh air they need at night and will be otherwise protected and cannot escape till they are fed in the morning.

Fresh Air Essential.

Fresh air for laying hens is just as essential as for young chicks. One cannot expect to get plenty of eggs if the hens are confined in a tight house either winter or summer. Have plenty of doors and windows in the roosting house and keep them wide open all through the hot weather. Open front poultry houses are best.

Wilbur Nesbit