

THE ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT

A SWINBURNIAN GARDEN

If sticks were what the rose is
And rubbish were the leaf
I need not ask your pardon
For showing you my garden;
'Twould be what each one knows
Of flower beds the chief—
If sticks were what the rose is
And rubbish were the leaf.



If weeds were what green hedges are
And plantain were but grass,
My lawn would be a fair one
And not a skimmed and bare one
With bald spots where the edge is.
I would not say "Alas!"

If weeds were what green hedges are
And plantains were but grass,
If burdock were but clover
And sand were candytuft
The bees in gladness coming
Would fill the air with humming
Instead of darting over
As though in tempers huffed,
If burdock were but clover
And sand were candytuft.

Were parsley morning glories
And pigweed hollyhocks
Then nodding fragrant flowers
Would sway through sun and showers
Like honey-laden dories
Tied up to fairy docks—
Were parsley morning glories
And pigweed hollyhocks.

Were dandelions pansies
And thistles mignonette
Then would my little garden
Be as the vale of Arden
Filled with all scented fancies
In blossom-beauty set—
Were dandelions pansies
And thistles mignonette.

If plantain were but blue grass
And sand were only turf
Each morn my clinking mower
Would only serve to lower
The velvet of the new grass;
I'd be a singing serf
If plantain were but blue grass
And sand were only turf.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES.

Son, go ahead and be a millionaire, but after people get tired of asking where you got it, they will begin pestering you to know what you are going to do with it.



There should be some special form of medals for heroes who refuse to say: "I only did what any other man would have done."

Some men confound an excuse with an apology.

Ezra Potts says that preachers always deliver sermons against women's dress when they want the men to contribute to some fund or other.

A magazine is running a series of articles on "How a Woman May Retain the Love of Her Husband." One way is for her not to insist on reading the series of articles to him.

Whenever I read some great man's rules for success and note how he dwells upon the hard-work idea, I have



a mental picture of him dictating that stuff with his feet on the desk and his auto waiting at the curb.

There is about as much talk about an old woman who dresses like a girl as there is about a girl who dresses old-fashioned.

No Mistake. "Daughter," says the ambitious mother, "I am afraid you made a mistake in treating Mr. Billocrat as you did."

"How do you mean, mamma?" "By acting with such hauteur toward him when he stole a kiss. I know he is a trifle impetuous and all that, but—"

"But I didn't make a mistake, mamma. I didn't act the least bit angry until after he had kissed me."

Its Last Request. The hunter had just bagged his first quon on the African plains.

"There is just one last request I would make," it sighed. "Please do not simplify the spelling of my name when you send your report in to your publishers."

Welcome Home. "Why, there's Smith!" his friends are shouting.
"Where the dickens have you been?"
"I've been out upon an outing
In an inn in an inn."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

CHANGES IN FIGHTING SHIPS.

United States Naval Designers Have Recently Made a Number of Improvements.

The principal changes are the removal of bridges, the taking out of the old military masts and the substitution for them of the new circular latticework masts for carrying the fire-control platforms. The after bridge and its associate armored signal tower have been removed and the forward bridge has been greatly cut down. The extensions of this bridge on each side of the conning tower are now so arranged that they can be quickly removed in time for battle, the captain of the ship being henceforth compelled to take his station within the conning tower, where he properly belongs. By the removal of the top hamper it will be possible for the captain to command the horizon, except through that arc of it which is shut out by the smokestacks, says a writer in the Scientific American.

This change will remove one more of the picturesque and popular episodes of the earlier days of sea fighting. The captain will no longer fight his ship from the flying bridge and in the open. The conning tower was built for him, and a due regard for the issues of the battle demands that he remain within it. It was the death of Admiral Vithoff, of the Czarevitch, that threw the Russian line into disorder in the great sortie from Port Arthur, at the very time when the chances of shaking off the Japanese seemed favorable. The captain of one of the battleships in that fight told us that the admiral was struck by a shell as he was leaning with folded arms upon the railing of the bridge watching the Japanese line. That shot also wrecked the conning tower, it is true, but the latter was of a design which would not be considered in our navy.

In addition to the removal of top hamper, the whole of the accumulated layers of old paint throughout the ships is being removed; and in future, with a view to further reducing weights, no ship will be allowed to carry an accumulation of stores beyond the regular six months' supply. As showing the absurdity of the statement that the structural changes mentioned above are being made in order to bring the "deeply-laden ships" up to a lighter draft, it may be mentioned that when the alterations are completed the draft will be only from three-quarters of an inch to 1 1/2 inches less than before.

Drinking Cups of the Ancients. Silver cups made by such famous workmen as Myron, Myos and Mentor, were preferred to gold cups. They were beautifully engraved and of workmanship which has never been equaled. When gold cups were enriched with precious stones, they sometimes became peers of the engraved silver vessels.

Of all sizes, shapes and designs were these drinking cups, and their value was measured more by their form and design than the material of which they were made. Some had two handles, some only one and some none at all. They were large and small, low and tall, narrow and oblong. They were purely the product of the varying fancy of that prodigious age, which seemed to scorn uniformity.

The early Greeks and Romans drank hot water from cups, as we now drink coffee and tea, these beverages being unknown to them. Coffee originated with the Assyrians, and tea was first used by the Chinese at a very early age.—National Food Magazine.

Excelsior and Cullinan.

The two largest diamonds in the world have been brought to light within the last score of years. Great diamonds have been the objects of zealous pursuits for centuries, and even the cause of murders and wars instigated by the mad desire for their acquisition. In the case of the great historic diamonds, however, we lack complete and authentic information regarding every stage of their history which we possess in reference to these magnificent diamonds in our own day. It is true that no important historic happening has yet been associated with either of them, but we are making history every day, and there can be little doubt that in the future the story of the Excelsior and Cullinan diamonds will be as eagerly sought for as is that of the Koh-i-nur, the Regent and the Orloff.—From Dr. George Frederick Kunz' "The Two Largest Diamonds," in the Century.

Enjoying a Show.

Here's a hot one on Powell Hale. He entertained in Whiteville, N. C., in April, so Edwin Weeks says, and a negro boy went to the op'ry house with him to tote his grip. After the show was over and the Senegambian servitor and good old Hale were meandering back to the drummer's home, the entertainer said to Snowball: "Did you enjoy the show?" "Yes, sah. I 'joyed mos' of it." "You did not enjoy it all, you say?" "No, sah. I 'joyed it all but de very las' piece what you spoke."

"Why, what was the matter with that piece?" "Well, sah, all dem white folks luffed so loud dey kep' me 'wake enduring de las' piece"—The Lyceumite.

At a Casual Glance.

"Don't you think my poetry resembles Tennyson's?" said the confident young writer.
"It does," answered Miss Cayenne, "in the capitalization and the arrangement of lines into varying lengths."

HIS, KINDLY HEART

CHAMPION SENSITIVE MAN WAS THIS VERMONT CITIZEN.

His Mantle of Kindness Even Spread Over That Pesticidal Enemy of the Human Race, the Blood-thirsty Mosquito.

"I think the most sensitive man I ever knew," said Col. Calliper, "was an old friend of mine named Jonathan Saglow, who lived at one time in Storkville Center, Vt. He couldn't bear to see pain inflicted on man or beast, and any sort of cruelty filled him with great indignation.

"On Mr. Saglow's place there was a little bit of swamp land which he had never drained and which furnished a breeding place for what I suppose were the greatest and fiercest mosquitoes that ever grew, but Saglow had no screens on his porch or windows. He did have some once on his porch but he took them down the next day after he put them up.

"People hesitated to call on the Saglows in summer on account of those mosquitoes. There were mosquitoes, sure enough, elsewhere in Storkville Center than around where they lived, but none quite so big and ferocious as those that grew in Saglow's swamp.

"Then one day, to Storkville Center's great astonishment, Mr. Saglow was seen putting up screens around his front porch; the next day, to its still greater astonishment, he was seen taking them down, and Mr. Saglow wasn't a man that everybody could run up to to ask the whys and wherefores of anything he'd done, but one day in a friendly mood he told me why he had taken down the screens the very day after he had put them up.

"He admitted freely that that one night they had had on the porch with the screens up had been most comfortable for them all; that to sit there and not be bored into by those giant mosquitoes had been an experience that they had all greatly enjoyed; but what he saw in the morning when he came to look the screens over by daylight prompted him to take them down immediately.

"Sticking through these screens, all over, all around, everywhere, he saw mosquitoes' broken off beaks—you can judge what sized beaks they were when I tell you that those screens were not very fine meshed—big beaks which mosquitoes had thrust through the netting in their efforts to get at the people inside, and which had become wedged there and been broken off when the mosquitoes had beaten up against those screens and how many had stuck their beaks through and still been able to get them out again nobody could know, but here were 94 broken off beaks still sticking through the meshes of the netting.

"Now most people, you know, would have found a sort of savage joy in the contemplation of those broken off spears and in the thought that so many giant pests had thus been made innocuous; but not so with Jonathan Saglow.

"When he saw those 94 broken off beaks the first thought that came to him was of the poor wounded and maimed mosquitoes wandering beakless around the world deprived of their only means of sustenance; and straightway he tore down the screens so that others might not by them be made likewise to suffer; for not even upon the sufferings of mosquitoes could he dwell with serenity, this most sensitive man I ever knew."

Malaria. Malaria ever has been, and is yet, the great barrier against the invasion of the tropics by the white races, nor has its injurious influences been confined to the deaths that it causes.

It has been held by careful students of tropical diseases and conditions, that no small part of that singular apathy and indifference which steal over the mind and body of the white colonist in the tropics, numbing even his moral sense and alternating with furious outbursts of what the French have termed "tropical wrath," characterized by unnatural cruelty and abnormal disregard for the rights of others, is the ready work of malaria.—Outing.

Reducing the Range of Wit.

Mark Twain once said there were but seven original jokes. Now there are but six. The management of a long chain of vaudeville houses has decreed that no actor in playing in its circuit shall spring the mother-in-law joke upon the helpless audience; and while this action does not quite eliminate the joke from common usage it so cripples it that it may be regarded as a hopeless invalid doomed to early oblivion or dissolution.

Matching His Feelings.

"Ragsby is very cheery since he started to buy a new house."
"Yes, so much so that he insisted on getting one with a swell front!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Color Blind.

Servant—A pound of tea for the missus.
Grocer—Green or black?
Servant—Shure, ayther will do. She's as blind as a bat!—Judge.

When Women Vote.

He—Aren't you ready to go down to the polls yet, dear?
She—Not yet.
What are you doing—trying to make up your mind or your face?—Yonkers Statesman.

Bonner's Famous Advertisement.

When the New York Ledger was wavering on the brink of failure, Robert Bonner, the proprietor, sent to the New York Herald a brief advertisement, to be set up in a single line. So Greeleyesque was Mr. Bonner's handwriting that the advertising manager interpreted the directions as ordering that the copy be run in full page which instructions he obeyed, though marveling greatly. The Herald came out the next morning with one whole page devoted to the crisp adjuration to read the Ledger's new story. The effect upon Mr. Bonner was almost fatal, first from chagrin at the thought of the possible bill, then from amazement as subscriptions began to pour in, and finally from satisfaction, as they continued to flood the office, until the fortune of the publication was made. The novel, though accidental, device had struck the public's fancy. Mr. Bonner was hailed as the pioneer of a new and daring theory of exploitation, and the advertisement gained tenfold currency by being commented upon as a feature of the news.—Collier's.

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