THE ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT.

A CLANDESTINE SUMMONS

Dear Doctor: There' something th matter:
I'm really awfully ill.
Each nerve is jus' worn to a tat ter—
I yearn for a powder or pill.
I want to be loosening stoppers
And rubbing or liniment, too,
And fooling with medicine droppers—
(I'm writing in secret to you.)

My mother would heal m b thinking,
My sister b psychical waves—
A tonic I'd love to be drinking;
That's what my poor inner man craves.
But mother sits by in abstraction
Attempting the true thought to strike,
And sister's unlimbered for action
But so far is failing to psych.

When mother adjures me to ponder
On beautiful pictures of health
My stubborn reflections will wander
To you and your powders by stealth.
When sister's subliminal notions
Impinge on my heretic brain
I dream of your salves and your lotions
And all of their efforts are vain.

Come, doctor, bring your anti-toxin,
Your calomel, quinine and pills,
Your peptoids from sheep and from oxen,
Your tinctures and products of stills—
But doctor, dear doctor, be careful
Lest mother and sister should know;
Approach me with caution most prayerful,
Come up the back way on tiptoe.

Slip in through the kitchen; be quiet,
Come up the back stairs to my bed,
Or else an incipient riot
Will center about my poor head.
Come, smuggle the medicines to me
While mother and sister are out;
They think of the good they can do me—
I know what I'm thinking about.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES.

"Glad to see you" is the oftenest-told lie in the world.

Even though a man dislikes to begin fixing up his furnace for [illegible] with the thought that the cold weather will stop the anti-peek-aboo cranks.

Lem Short is disgusted. He took up physical culture just when knotted muscles ceased to be a curiosity to the general run of people.

Be as busy as the bee, son, but don't be like the bee, so terribly busy you don't see that somebody is stealing the honey you gather.

A man never cuts recipes out of the household column except when he is hungry.

It does a man good to worry. The man who never worries usually has patches on his pants and nothing in his pockets.

An Open Letter.

To the Editor of Advice to Our Girls Column:—Three months ago I wrote you, asking you what would be the most effective way of dissuading a young man from attempting to kiss me. I explained that he had been calling for several weeks, and each time he called he tried to kiss me. I thought you would tell me some perfectly genteel, and at the same time positive, method of showing him that his actions were not viewed with favor, but the only answer I have seen in your column that might be construed as referring to my query was a formula for removing scent of onions from the breath. After watching the paper all this time I took the matters into my own hands, and last night when he tried to slip his arm around me I hit him on the point of the jaw and then gave him a straight-arm jab in the eye. When he ran down the street people fled from him in alarm and the police turned in a riot call. I hope I have done nothing unladylike, but when you won't hasten to the rescue, I have simply got to let my gymnasium training help out as far as it will go.

Beneficial Climate.

'Leffingwell," we say to our friend, "your auto does not cough and gasp and pant as it did a few weeks ago. Have you had it fitted with new engines?"

"No," he explains. I took it through Arizona and New Mexico on a road trip and the climate did wonders for it."

Nelson D. Nesbit.

The KITCHEN CABINET

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.
(With Apologies to Thomas Hood.)

WITH fingers dusty and grimed,
With blistered palms, and red,
A woman got down on her knees to sweep
The dust from under the bed.

Sweep, dust sweep—with a broom and a piece of old shirt,
And yet, in accents full of hope,
With broom and mop and lots of soap,
She sang this song of the dirt:

Scrub, scrub, scrub down on the kitchen floor,
And rub, rub, rub till I can wash no more.
Seams and gussets are torn,
And buttons come off the shirt,
But while the linen is wearing out,
out,
We're getting rid of the dirt.

Sweep, dust, sweep, with a broom and a piece of old shirt,
And still with a voice of cheerful pitch,
(What fun they miss, the idle rich)!
She sang this song of the dirt.

The Home "Office."

This suggestion was made in an old number of a magazine, and just recently brought to light. It is so good as to bear repeating.

Have a "home office"—a place where the housewife can go at once, in the dark, if need be, and there get paper, pencil, ink, old bills, receipts, and the daily account book. If there is no room for a separate "office" set aside a corner in any little used room, and regard it as sacred to the house business. Then when there is a bill presented, or the man of the house asks for the grocer's account, there is no confusion, no hurried examination of boxes, old trunks, dusty drawers or neglected corners. Things are in order and proper place, and excitement, perhaps, tears, are saved. Go to the "home office." The desired bill, checkbook, recipe, will be found in the desk, or on the table or shelf (all three should be there), set apart for the housekeeper and the home.

Idea for Table Decoration.

Instead of a centerpiece of flowers, a pretty effect is obtained by simulating a lawn in the center of the table. About it place tiny pots of flowers, or little Dutch tubs, filled with any chosen flower. The square of lawn can be effected by a square of green plush edged with smilax. Or if the plush be not handy, use ferns, or even moss, if it can be kept dry, so as to protect the cloth.

The little pots scattered about give an old Dutch garden effect and at long a change from the tall centerpiece.

Baskets of flowers here and there, too, make a charming effect if the table is long and bare.

HAM FROM HOME.

WHEN my wife goes to see her Ma,
She comes back, loaded down
With everything — from home-made bread
To doughnuts, golden brown.

She has a glass of jelly, or
A little pot of jam,
And, sometimes, in her telescope
Is stowed a whole, boiled ham.

They say that "absence makes the heart
Grow fonder," day by day,
And that is true, yet, I confess,
I often stop and say:

"Why doesn't wife come home?" and when
The front door-bell starts ringing,
Although my "heart has fonder" grown
I wonder what she's bringing?

Lean or Fat?

The query is often made: "Is it possible to regulate flesh by diet, and is medicine safe?"

These are questions for the family physician to decide, but it is safe to say that diet does, to a great extent, govern the accumulation of flesh. Sweets, of course, rather than acids, tend to increase weight, and drinking water is good for those inclined to thinness. Starchy foods, potatoes, rice, etc., make flesh, and much exercise tends to reduce it. Above all, perhaps, does temperament govern, and habit of life is a strong factor. For instance, the woman who lounges about all day, is going to have a hard time keeping her flesh within the prescribed fashionable limits.

For her whose object is flesh, the following lines must be followed negatively, but the lady of embonpoint will do well to treasure them, learn them by heart and take for daily guidance:

If you wish to grow thinner
Diminish your dinner,
And take to light claret instead of pale ale,
Look down with an utter
Contempt upon butter,
And never touch bread till it's toasted or stale.

Hints on Cabbage.

Cabbage, is, in the first place, more easily digested raw than when cooked, but there are ways of cooking which preserve the best in the vegetable—not as indigestible as has been popularly supposed. If water is boiling and well salted, the cabbage will not have the disagreeable odor while cooking. Leave it uncovered, and cook until tender and white. If it turns pink it has cooked too long.

Olive Barton Strohmer