

## My Boyhood Pantaloons

To-night as I sit in my cozy den  
My mind runs back to that old time when  
I'd just completed a couple of Junes  
And had been presented with pantaloons.

Mother had made them of Pa's old pants  
Without a pattern and taking a chance  
That the things would fit—little they did,  
But I was the all-fired proudest kid  
My folks had seen for a month of moons  
When I broke out in pantaloons.

Even to-night my old skin itches  
When I recall those boyhood breeches;  
The cloth was "jeans," a jiggery stuff  
That was always stiff and always rough;  
Wherever it rubbed it left its mark—  
Scarred up the skin like hickory bark,  
And my little legs were always sore,  
Because of the boyhood pants I wore,

It occurs to me now that it gave me pain  
When I learned how easy the cloth would stain;  
That in spite of all I could do  
To keep them clean for a Sunday or two,  
Something'd happen—I'd spill some juice,  
Tomato or apple—it was no use;  
Those spots would get there all too soon  
And soil my boyhood pantaloons.

—But in gray-haired age I'd freely trade  
My present pants that were tailor made—  
The corduroy kind and the hand-me-downs—  
The kind I've bought in a hundred towns—  
I'd give them all and much to boot  
For the principal part of that coatless suit  
That I got at the end of a couple of Junes—  
Oh! I love them yet—those pantaloons.

—Selected.