

ETCHINGS

THE DANCERS.

RUSSET and ruddy and amber
The cheeks of the dancers are ;
So light their feet they could clamber
The stairway up to a star.

When you think they are standing steady,
With never a dream of a swirl,
They break into boisterous eddy,
And are off with a whisk and a whirl.

They meet in a march sedately,
Then change to a trip or a trot ;
They leap from a minuet stately
To the swing of a gay gavotte.

They perk into prim position ;
They rally, retreat, advance ;
And the wind is the blithe musician
That plays for the leaves to dance.
Clinton Scollard.

A SUMMER SONG.

THOUGH the days of summer are lighter
In the breath of perfume and flowers,
And the skies are cloudless and brighter
Than ever were ours ;

Though the flush of the streams onflowing
May murmur a wood noted song,
And the wild hearted daisy is growing
The woodside along ;

Yet the sullen, sad silence of winter
May keep with the trend of the heart,
And meetings come only to glint a
Rare moment, and part.

For rather the somber clouds starting
Than ever the skies' lightest hue,
If lightness comes but with the parting
From you.
Archibald Douglas.

RONDELET.

CUPID can see !
In olden days the god was blind.
Now he can see.
He's wise, too, and will snare for thee
A sweetheart suited to thy mind :
Wealth, beauty, birth, shall be combined.
Now he can see.

Cupid can see !
O youths unvoiced, take heart of grace,
Now he can see.
All done his random yesterday.
For with the times he keepeth pace,
And lo, there reigns, in Love's high place,
Cupidity.
Bessie Gray.

THE DÉBUTANTE.

HERE in her dainty chamber
On the snow white bed it lies,
The dress that brought such a sparkle
Of joy to her violet eyes.
A wonderful garment fashioned
In yards upon yards of lace,
With knots of silvery ribbons
To fasten the folds in place.

Go lay it away forever
In the sweet, dead leaves of the rose,
With the fan and the fairy slippers,
The gloves and the silken hose.
The bodice, too, that was fitted
To her girlish and graceful shape,
And, heavy with frosty fringes,
The long white opera cape.

For Madge she is done with dancing,
And the pleasures and pains of life ;
No babe shall call her mother,
And no man call her wife.
For below in the darkened parlor,
With her slender feet unshod,
She lies on a couch of lilies,
All dressed for the Court of God.
Minna Irving.

A DEDICATION.

FRIEND of my heart, but not my lover,
Here, bound up in an artless sheaf,
I send you roses and rue and clover,
Ay, and the nightshade's leaf.

My life's poor growths, all thrown together
At random, each as it showed its head ;
Valley lilies and mountain heather,
And the poppy's burning red.

Just my life with its futile rages,
Its hopes, its sorrows, a gruesome band ;
Friend of mine, as you turn these pages,
Pray will you understand ?

Did we reap as we sow, I should never utter
Mutinous words at the poor, parched show ;
But my lawless lips rebellious mutter,
That we reap as others sow.

You will miss as you turn my pages over,
The subtler underthought within ;
Friend of mine, had you been my lover,
How rich had my harvest been !
Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

TO LADY MINE.

DAINTY maiden, oft thy lustrous eyes
Make sacrifice with love fires to the gods ;
Ah ! canst then marvel that the evening skies,
Close drawing cross their azure gray cloud dyes,
Refuse to flame their stars against such odds ?
Clay Arthur Pierce.

A MEETING.

HEY, I saw a lassie coming,
On her head a load of grass,
And the blades about her roaming
Round her head had made a gloaming,
So she scarce could see, alas.

Necks are white, and eyes are azure,
Flowers are found when falls the grass;
Red young lips are well worth seizure,
Rage and tears are soothed at leisure,
Lasses come home late, alas!

Hey, I see a lassie coming—
Flowers are culled as well as grass,
But within the memory's gloaming
All sweet ghosts may go a roaming—
Hail to thee, my lass, alas!
Emile Andrew Huber.

DOLLY GRAY.

'Twas a winding woodland way
Where I met you, Dolly Gray,
And you passed me with a glance
Of your hazel eyes askance.
But you never blushed nor turned,
While the heart within me burned,
Oh! you knew not how I yearned,
Dolly Gray!

Just a year ago, today,
Since I met you, Dolly Gray;
And the slightest word I speak
Paints a rose upon your cheek,
As we wander 'neath the shade
Of the winding woodland glade.
What a change a year has made,
Dolly Gray!

James Buckham.

REGRETS.

WHERE art thou now, sweet love of yesterday?
How oft I wonder what has been thy fate;
Alas, dear heart's desire, to my dismay,
I realized thy graciousness too late.
I loved thee then, methinks I love thee now;
Perchance 'tis but the mem'ry of our past,
The lips pressed close to mine, the whispered
vow,
The keepsakes of a love too sweet to last.
Alas, of all my loves that I must say,
Where art thou now, sweet love of yesterday?
Henry B. Culver.

DOROTHY'S ROSE.

THIS is the flower that Dorothy gave,
A blush rose, sweet with the fragrance of
love,
Caught from her lips with the joy thereof,
Odorous yet where her warm lips clave.

Where is Dorothy? Answer, O grave!
Whisper, O angels from heaven above!
This is the flower that Dorothy gave,
A blush rose, sweet with the fragrance of
love.

Death, was it kind of thee—Death, was it
brave,
Kissing to sleep the soft eyes of my dove?
Hadst thou not triumphs and treasures
enough?
All thou hast left me of her whom I crave
This is—the flower that Dorothy gave,
A blush rose, sweet with the fragrance of
love.

Vincent F. Howard.

CONSISTENCY.

"LOVE not the world," preached worthy
brother Paul,
And 'twixt his "fourthly" and his "fifthly"
sighed
To note the nodding heads that, heavy eyed,
Dreamed mundane joys, or slept nor dreamed
at all.
Yet still he preached of earthly snares, the
thrall
That woman weaves, her vanity and pride,
How men might these avoid, and much be-
side;
Then, ending, forth he went at duty's call.

Upon his way, from out their cool retreat
The violets gazed like maiden eyes on him;
The grasses swayed before the breeze's
whim
As with the passing of a maiden's feet.
Then from those lips whence whilom came
the truth
Fluttered a love song of his bygone youth.

Robert Gilbert Welsh.

A SUNSET ON THE BEACH.

ABOVE the billows blue and bright,
The Lord of Luster settles low,
And shines with wan and wavering light
O'er all the twilight world below.
Around our boat the waters flow,
Their murmurs warbling on the wind,
And swell with deep and dying glow
Amid the foam we spread behind.

And o'er thy brow and in thine eyes
The sunset shimmers faint and fair,
And dims the glory of the skies,
To shed their starry glamour there.
It hovers in thy dusky hair,
And tints thy temples, till the light
Fades twinkling from the rosy air,
And ocean sighs the sun good night.

The charm is broken; still you sit,
Lost dreaming to the world and me.
The ghostly shadows fade or flit,
Where day and darkness cease to be,
Till music rippling o'er the sea
Spellbinds the plashing wave and oar,
And on its strain my soul with thee
Would drift and dream forevermore.

Cal P. Johnston.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE TREND OF SPORT.

EACH successive summer, for several years past, has been chronicled as "the greatest summer for sport on record." Such is the natural result of the steady increase of public interest in almost all phases of athletic exercise; and the present season promises to mark a still further advance in the same direction. Both on land and on the water, on the baseball diamond and the tennis court, on the golf links and the cycle track, with oars and with sails, sport is "booming."

This is to be a memorable year for yachting. In 1893 we emphatically asserted our tenure of the America's Cup, often challenged but so long and so splendidly maintained. Last year our champion yacht met defeat in British waters. This year's contest, it is felt, comes as a sort of "rubber" game, and will give the most decisive and interesting test of international yachting skill we have ever witnessed. The result is that as we write, early in the season, popular interest is already keyed up to a high point.

Bicycling, this year, has taken a notable stride from being a sport for the few toward becoming an almost universal means of locomotion. Golf, a comparatively new game in America, has grown into favor with remarkable rapidity. Tennis has had a fillip of international interest from the brief visit of two transatlantic champions. The Cornell eight's plucky trip to England has done the same for rowing, and the American campaign of the London Athletic Club promises it for track athletics.

This has been a good year, financially, for the baseball leagues; but here we enter upon professional sport. It is less pleasant to record that in amateur athletics—and where amateur athletics should be at their best, namely in college athletics—a blot is cast upon the record by intercollegiate bickerings. Differences that seem, to an outsider, petty and unreasonable, have prevented a meeting between English and American collegians, have put an end, for this year at least, to the meetings of Harvard and Yale upon the football field, and have aroused feelings and demonstrations that cannot but be regarded as unpleasant and unsportsmanlike.

The representatives of our colleges should remember that their place—the place accorded them by public sentiment—is at the forefront of the advancing tide of athletics. They should hold that place by deserving it.

As to the general result of the growth of sport, the great majority of observers contemplate it with satisfaction. It is not an unmixed good, but its benefits decidedly outweigh its dangers. As a people, we are the hardest and most efficient workers in the world; there is no fear, for the present at least, of our becoming a

nation of idlers and amusement seekers. The very keenness with which we enter into our athletic sports shows that.

ARE WE GROWING BETTER?

So many theories have been advanced of late to explain away the unpleasant assertion that crime is increasing in this country, in proportion to our population, that the paper recently written by Frederick Wines, the statistician of the Criminal Bureau, comes as a welcome relief. The most relieving of all of Mr. Wines' statements is his contradiction of the supposition that there has been any real increase of crime in the past ten years. This declaration, backed with authentic figures, leaves the pessimist without a foot to stand on. There are always talkers and writers who find their incentives in argument along lines of actual or supposed deterioration, and to such as these Mr. Wines' opinion will hardly appeal, though he is probably in a better position to judge of the matter than any one in the country.

It is not an easy matter to ascertain what part of a vast population is really criminal, because it is hardly probable that all criminals are where they can be counted when the census is being taken. Still, prisons and penitentiaries are the only sources of criminal statistics. Again, an inmate of a prison marks no degree of criminality in the census. A man under life sentence registers no more than one whose punishment is a single year for some comparatively petty offense. But Mr. Wines, viewing the matter more closely, finds that the number of convicts whose crimes were of such gravity as to send them to the penitentiary for a number of years is only thirteen in a million, while the prisoners who bring up the aggregate criminality from 1,169 in the million in 1880 to 1,315 in 1890, were sentenced for trivial thefts, for drunkenness, and for other minor misdemeanors.

The fact that crime is more certainly detected now than in years past may conduce to the belief that it is more prevalent, or that it is on the increase at a rate in excess of our advance in population; but Mr. Wines' conclusion will set such beliefs to right. In our older communities—in New York city, for example—it is certain that not only has crime not increased in proportion to the increase of population, but it has actually diminished, and this in the face of the fact that now, more than ever before, there is a determined effort on the part of the authorities to detect and punish it. What the elements tending to decrease criminality have been, is more or less of a question. Societies for the suppression of disorder and the prevention of vice are numerous, and their work has probably done much to lower the criminality figure, but the optimistic man is inclined