

# ETCHINGS

## BOATING SONG.

Row away, row away,  
Through the mellow summer day!  
All in trim, lightly skim  
O'er the waters blue.  
Cloudlets shy wander by—  
We are sailing on the sky!  
Mid the gleam of the stream  
Shine the heavens through.

Lightly dip! Brightly dip!  
O'er the waters feathered slip!  
All in time, tune, and rhyme  
Fly the merry oars.  
Down the hills shine the rills  
In a thousand rippling trills—  
Misty green—blue between—  
Crowns the flying shores.

Blithely sing on the wing,  
While the spray we backward fling!  
Diamonds bright, gleaming light,  
Jewel all our way.  
Lightly sail! Freely sail!  
Follows us a silver trail,  
Growing wide as we glide  
All the golden day.

*Mildred McNeal.*

## O SAXON BORN!

STAND on the prow of some seagoing ship,  
When tempests press their murk upon the  
bay;  
When far born whirlwinds sweep the driving  
spray  
In sheeted snow from off the wave's white lip;  
Far in the gloomy hollows feel her dip  
In headlong plunge that bolts the hurtling  
skies,  
Foam weltering from that dark embrace to rise  
As by the keel the wave's great shoulders  
slip.  
Thou wilt not fear; where sweeps the heaving  
sea  
In dark immensity of storm and foam,  
Where wild winds sing and wave tossed sea  
birds roam,  
The heritage of ages rides with thee,  
O Saxon born! O child of sea kings free!  
The towering wave, the tempest, these are  
home.

*Winthrop Packard.*

## AT THE BARS.

WHEN Nelly goes after the cows at dark,  
I wait for her by the bars,  
And watch each soft and silvery spark  
When the angels light the stars;  
And along the air comes stealing there  
A sweet and summery smell  
Of new cut hay at the dusk of day,  
When I wait at the bars for Nell.

When Nelly goes after the cows at dark,  
I hear her musical voice  
As clear as the call of the meadow lark  
That the morning makes rejoice;  
She sings as she goes, my dear wild rose,  
And it's not so hard to tell  
Why the whole world seems like a land of  
dreams  
When I wait at the bars for Nell.

Now Nelly is only a dairy lass,  
And I but a farmer lad,  
But when she comes to me over the grass,  
In simple dimity clad,  
I feel sometimes that even the rhymes  
That the poets write so well,  
Can't hope to show the love I know  
When I wait at the bars for Nell!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

## POPPIES AND ROSEMARY.

NORMA, of the sea deep eyes,  
Full of loving magicries,  
Prithee, sweetening, do not wear  
Poppies in thy twilight hair—  
Poppies through whose veins there run  
Juices of oblivion—  
Lest, perchance, thou shouldst forget  
Love and all his deathless vows!  
Rather would I have thee set  
Rosemary above thy brows  
In the shadows of thy hair,  
Keeping sweet remembrance there!

*Clinton Scollard.*

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

HIS eyes were a regular Yankee blue,  
While the soft Rebel gray hers wore;  
And nobly they fought, as they talked of the  
war,  
As their fathers had fought before.  
The fair little Rebel was stanch and brave  
Like the Rebels in days of yore;  
Yet somehow or other that Yankee won,  
As his father had done before.

So they said, when they came to the treaty of  
peace,  
That they couldn't do less or more  
Than agree to an union firm and true,  
As their fathers had done before.

*Dixie Wolcott.*

## THE WOODLAND POOL.

ALL the forest fairies love it,  
Calm and clear and cool;  
Brooding bend the boughs above it,  
Pure, pellucid pool.  
Golden glammers at the noontide  
Gild it and its moss;  
Silvern subtleties at moontide  
Flit its face across.

Here the restless water spider  
Weaves his agile dance ;  
Overhead the dragon rider  
Shakes his lustrous lance ;  
And the feathered hermit near it,  
While the waters list,  
Frees his song o'erburdened spirit,  
Passion's litanist.

If, when all the woodland over  
Gray the shadows sink,  
You, a silent footed rover,  
Should approach the brink,  
Haply there two fair young faces,  
As you lean above,  
Will lift lips in fond embraces—  
Hylas and his love !

*Clinton Scollard.*

#### A SEA ROMANCE.

A MERMAIDEN beautiful,  
Clever and dutiful,  
Sat on a sea billow trimming her frock  
With coral and spangles  
She'd found in the tangles  
Of seaweed that grew by the side of a rock.

A merman was roaming  
About in the gloaming—  
A handsome young merman who dwelt in the  
sea,  
And he spied the sea fairy  
So graceful and airy,  
And said, "She's the very mermaid for me!"

When the starlight was fading  
He went serenading,  
And played on a lute that was studded with  
pearls ;  
And he sang, "From your pillow,  
Come dance on the billow,  
Oh, sweetest and dearest of all the mergirls !

"Be mine, and together  
We'll float like a feather,  
And sail far away in the curl of a wave ;  
But if you reject me,  
And scorn and neglect me,  
I'll go and I'll bury myself in a cave."

The mermaid listened,  
Her amber eyes glistened,  
She fled from her slumber to dance in the foam ;  
And when they were married  
A green billow carried  
Them off to their beautiful sea grotto home.

*Hattie Whitney.*

#### THE SONG OF THE IDLER.

You needn't tell me that there's nothing but  
work  
To make a man happy and wealthy and wise ;  
The art's as important to properly shirk,  
Though a truth mediocrities often despise.  
So here's to the workmen stretched out  
at their ease,  
Who say just what they think, and do  
just what they please ;

Work hard when they're working, but  
don't work too long,  
Nor forget there's a sun, and a pipe,  
and a song.

Your boy wins the medal the faculties give ;  
Take care lest the gain prove a loss at the last,  
Lest in studying Greek he forgets how to live,  
Disregarding the future, regarding the past.

So here's to the truant who, one day in  
seven,  
Slips off to the country to find it a  
heaven,  
And reads in the sunshine, the fields,  
and the brooks,  
A wisdom the truest, not printed in  
books.

And you, Milord Bullion, commercial renown  
Or "money to burn" isn't all that is best ;  
You're happy on 'change, at your desk, in the  
town—

But you don't know the meaning of pleasure  
and rest.

So here's to the merchant who knows  
when to stop,  
Who can idle a day, and talk some-  
thing but shop,  
Who can throw by his contracts, forget  
about gold,  
And be young for a season before he  
grows old.

Here's to cleric and layman, good, bad,  
short, and tall ;  
To Congressman, dry goods clerk,  
newsboy, and all,  
Who work hard when they're working,  
but don't work too long,  
Nor forget there's a sun, and a pipe,  
and a song.

*Warwick James Price.*

#### COMPENSATION.

SOME hearts are too happy for greatness,  
Life works them a blissful wrong ;  
Love kisses the lips into silence,  
That sorrow has smitten to song.

*Grace MacGowan Cooke.*

#### AS TOLD BY TOMMY.

I THINK our newest servant girl's a very jolly  
one ;  
She came to us on July third, before the  
Fourth begun ;  
From somewhere 'way off she came, she  
said, "across the say"—  
A country where they never had an Indepen-  
dence Day.

She put my cannon cracker in the silver candle-  
stick  
When it came dark, and lighted it ; she thought  
it was a wick,  
And when it went off with a bang and blew up  
all to dust,  
She said right out, "Oh, mercy me ! The fat  
red candle's bust !"

*Winthrop Packard.*

# IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

## A NEEDLESS ALARM.

A loud alarm has been sounded over the alleged prospect that the cheap labor of the orient will shortly enable the progressive and ambitious manufacturers of Japan to undersell their American rivals at every point. We are treated to imposing statistics of the millions of spindles now spinning cotton in the island empire; of matches delivered in San Francisco at thirty cents per gross; of bicycles at twelve dollars; of shoes, clothing, clocks, and a long list of other staples that can be shipped across the Pacific at half or a quarter of the American prices. Such competition, we are told, cannot be met by our producers. Japanese goods will entirely displace home made articles, and the result will be the utter ruin of the industries of the United States.

As is usually the case with these impressive warnings of impending calamity, the prophecy of disaster is so sweeping that it carries its own refutation. Goods cannot be purchased abroad unless the purchaser can pay for them; and how, if our industries are destroyed, can we reimburse Japan for her products? It is clear that the ruinous stream of cheap imports will automatically cease.

The far east has for some time supplied us with certain articles—such as matting and fire-crackers—more cheaply than we can make them here. It may be that in coming years a few additions will be made to the list, to the benefit of both parties in the exchange; but that is all. The alarmists' cry is based upon misinformation as to facts and misunderstanding of the principles of international commerce, as well as most unpatriotic timidity. Do its authors really believe that seventy millions of enterprising and industrious people, occupying an ample and fertile territory, cannot continue to earn their living in the future as they have done in the past? That we shall have to emigrate *en masse* to Japan, Kamskatka, or Timbuctoo, in order to avoid ruin and starvation? This is a poor sentiment for the Glorious Fourth.

## PROFESSIONAL WOMEN AND SOCIETY.

THE news has come over from London that Anthony Hope Hawkins is engaged to marry Miss Evelyn Millard, a very beautiful young actress who has been playing *Flavia* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Barrie also married an actress not long ago. The stage and literature are much more closely connected there than in America. Over here there is less social life for either than in England, where most "smart" people make a point of having at their entertainments a few guests who are artists in one field or another. In New York, the stage celebrities who are known socially outside of their own set might almost be counted

upon the five fingers of one hand, and the literary men and women are pretty nearly as badly off.

So great an authority on social and other topics as Chauncey Depew made a speech the other day, in which he was reported as saying that women who earned their living had no social position in New York, presumably because they did so. Women say that men are always superficial when they discuss the affairs of the other sex, and they will point to Dr. Depew's statement as an instance. It does not make the situation clear as it exists. A woman who has no social position does not gain one in New York by advancing in a profession, while in England the same professional success would bring her recognition. But if she is already placed, she loses nothing by working, so long as she is doing work suited to her accepted character. But on the other hand no man has ever gained a footing in New York society solely by advancing in a profession. He might be the greatest lawyer at the bar, the finest electrician, engineer, physician, or what not, but he would never be seen at the feasts of the elect without some other qualification than honorable success. If he makes his way to the inner circle, it is because he is an eligible prospective husband, or because he has a clever wife. New York has seen famous millionaires whose families were commonplace compelled to sit in outer social darkness for generations.

There are more business men than business women in society, because in most of the chosen families the sons work, and the daughters do not. Yet the most fêted belle of the past ten years in the metropolis lived in a boarding house and painted little water colors for a living.

## WOMAN'S WIDENING REALM.

A RECENT newspaper paragraph comments upon the female commercial traveler as a latter day social phenomenon. It seems that she is becoming more and more numerous, and that she is an ambassador not only for the makers of toilet articles, perfumeries, and feminine adornments, but for hardware houses, shoe manufacturers, and wholesale grocers.

It begins to look as if man must make up his mind to meet female competition in every line of industry. Twenty years ago a report showed nineteen standard occupations in each of which tens of thousands of men were employed, and not one woman. Twelve of the nineteen have since been invaded by the so called weaker sex, and we may shortly expect soldiers and sailors to be alone in their masculine exclusiveness.

The old motto that woman's realm is the home is not untrue, but it is almost ridicu-