

ETCHINGS

FOLLY AND FOOLS.

FOOLS rush in—and often come out millionaires.

When a man realizes what a fool he is, it is sometimes the first dawning of intelligence.

The thought that it is not pleasant to have fools around has never yet led any of us to take our departure.

Few productions of nature can equal the fool that a wise man can make of himself.

When we think what idiots we've made of ourselves, we generally console ourselves with the reflection that we must be remarkably shrewd to discover it.

The man that has never committed a folly is like a river that has either dried up or is about to overflow its banks.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," may be a very wise adage, but the sole effect it has upon most of us is to convince us that if we could only once get rich, we'd never again be poor.

H. C. Boulton.

A NEW VERSION OF SOME OLD VERSES.

(With acknowledgments to the "other" poet.)

OH, say not woman's heart is caught
With every idle pleasure!
Ah, no! 'Tis only when she learns
Golf's name; it wanders never;
Deep in her heart that passion grows—
In spite of cyclones, rains, and snows,
She golfs, and golfs forever!

Ogden Ward.

HOLDING THE SKEIN.

WHEN Madge and I were sweethearts, in the
winters long ago,
We used to trace the future in the fire's ruddy
glow.
The pictures are forgotten, but the memories
remain
Of Madge the yarn a winding, and I—I held
the skein.

I watched her nimble fingers with their tips
as red as wine,
And if the yarn grew tangled—why, it wasn't
fault of mine,
For I was building castles where my little
queen should reign,
While Madge the yarn was winding, and I—I
held the skein.

Demure as any nun was she, this little queen
of mine,
'Twas plain that I should be the oak, and she
the clinging vine;
She bent to every whim of mine, and ne'er
did she complain
In those days when she wound the yarn, and
I—I held the skein.

But since we now are married, and our children
clamber round,
And find the fire pictures that so long ago we
found,
And now that there's a frock to mend and
little socks to darn,
She winds me round her finger as she used to
do the yarn.

Roy Farrell Greene.

SYLVIA IN THE SPRINGTIME.

VOICE of the youth of the year,
Wren song and thrush song and cuckoo note
clear!
Melody's core, the articulate soul of the
Spring—
Oh, to hear Sylvia sing!
Flower of the youth of the year,
Bell of the hyacinth, daffodil spear!
Day dream of beauty and veriest vision of
grace—
Oh, to see Sylvia's face!

Clinton Scollard.

IN A GARDEN OLD.

THE hollyhocks grew prim and tall
Along the sunny garden wall,
And wore a staid and stately air,
But none with Polly could compare—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.
The roses nodded by the walk,
Heads touching as when lover's talk,
Though sweet they were, and fair to see,
Polly was sweeter far to me—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.
Though lavender and thyme both grew
Along the walk, and, gemmed with dew,
A tangled border of grass pinks,
Yet Polly was more sweet, methinks—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.
And fragrant lilies, white and fair,
Poured out their subtle incense there,
But hung their heads with very shame
And envy when sweet Polly came—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

The four o'clocks oped wide their eyes
To greet her with a glad surprise,
And not a garden flower but knew
That one as fair as she ne'er grew—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

And though long years have come and flown,
And left the garden walks o'ergrown
With briers, weeds, and tangled grass,
In visions still she seems to pass—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

For of all scenes of bygone days,
Untouched yet by oblivion's haze,
Is that old garden, trim and fair,
And Polly waiting for me there—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

Henry Cleveland Wood.

FORESHADOWED.

OUT from a frame with silver rim
That glints and gleams in the lamplight dim,
Looks the face of a maiden fair,
With eyes that follow me all about,
And a smile—the most adorable pout—
And a comb set high in her hair.

I saw it first, that radiant face,
Shrined in a dull photographer's case,
And straightway, then and there,
I fell in love with the witching wile
Of the tender eyes, the sunny smile,
And the Spanish comb in her hair.

So, though she smiles from my mantel shelf,
Among my treasures of rook and delf,
And brightens my fire shine,
I haven't a notion of what's her name,
Or where's her home, or whence she came,
For only her shadow is mine.

But I'm half inclined to believe it fate,
And that somewhere, some time, soon or late
I shall meet her face to face—
And then, if the sun caught half the truth,
I shall tell my story and beg, forsooth,
That she reign in her shadow's place!

Laura Berteaux Bell.

EIGHTEEN.

TODAY she is eighteen—oh, joy bells, ring
gaily!
Ring out for the flower of her grace;
Her lips are the petals of newly blown blossoms,
The whitest white rose is her face.
And violets are dreaming beneath the dark
lashes
Of eyes that are looking afar;
Yes, violets are dreaming in that gentle radi-
ance
That shines like the light in a star.

Oh, glory of golden hair, royally crowning,
Shines fair o'er her beautiful face!
And, slender young throat, like the stem of a
blossom,

What gave thee this exquisite grace!

Oh, lily bud hand, lying gently unfolded,
Asleep in thine own fragile calm,
Go hide thee away ere some too happy lover
Be stealing the dew of thy palm!

A tilt of her head, see, her dear face uplifting,
And now all her fair thoughts are given—
Some love frightened message sent down by the
angels,

And sweet with aroma of heaven.

And e'en should I whisper her fair name so
gently,

'Twould ruffle the down of her wings,
'Twould snap the fair cord of her weaving
and dreaming,
And thinking of far away things.

And if I should tell her I love her, I love her,
Her wings would unfurl with a start;
For more than the charms of the humanly
sweet is

The Kingdom of God in her heart!

Bettie Garland.

MY LITTLE CLOCK.

A LITTLE clock I have within
Keeps perfect time for me,
Dependent on no calendar
Nor tides of moon or sea.

It does not mark the silly hours,
But what of that reck I?
All time is wrong; some minutes drag,
Some days in seconds fly.

It has a system quite its own,
And ticks for me to hear
Whether another little clock
Is far away or near.

I feel the tiny pendulum
Go throbbing to and fro;
Sometimes 'tis like to run away,
Sometimes 'tis faint and slow.

And when it ticks so loud and fast
It drowns the whole world out,
Oh, then I know that other clock
Is near, beyond a doubt!

But when I scarce believe it goes,
So faint its time beats are,
The slow, dark minutes crawl like snails—
That clock is very far;

And if that other should run down,
My little clock, I know,
Would faint—and faint—and fainter tick,
Then gently cease to go.

Abbie Farwell Brown.



"SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I BEND TO THEE AND KISS THY PERFUMED PETALS RARE."

Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I bend to thee
And kiss thy perfumed petals rare,
And beg that thou wilt tell for me
My heart's fond story to my fair.
When she shall come with dainty tread
To breathe thy sweets—ah, then for me,
When o'er thee bending, lift thy head,
Give her this kiss I give to thee.
And may thy gentle touch convey
Unto her all my heart would tell,
For dare I speak, this would I say,
Sweet Jacqueminot, I love her well.

Meet thou her eyes, and like the flush
Of thine own bloom, then will her cheek,
Adorned with sweet confusion, blush
To hear the vows I bid thee speak.
And let thy every gentle art
Of sweet persuasion plead for me
Until thy story move her heart
To love's impassioned sympathy.
And when she takes thee for her own
To lie and die upon her breast,
I would thy fate were mine alone,
For I could know my love is blest.

James King Duffy.

