

ETCHINGS

"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY."

THE papers now are telling—and claim they tell not half—

About a new device they call the "Wireless Telegraph";

Of the "waves" it makes through ether very learnedly they write,

But I know of a "wireless" one that puts theirs out of sight.

When Madeline is near me, and tender thoughts arise,

A flash of soft heat lightning lights up her bright blue eyes;

And what I say or think about, she notes with nod or laugh,

And I am the "receiver" of this charming telegraph.

Its "Hertz waves" are just heart waves, and they never fail to beat,

When we meet within the parlor or pass upon the street;

We both know how to make it make plain our keen desires,

And we do it in an instant without the aid of wires.

I'm willing all the world should shout, and very happy be,

When reading of the wonders of that new telegraphy;

I do not doubt its strangeness, or its high commercial worth,

But mine has been coeval with the long age of the earth.

It will not go out of fashion, with eyes of black or blue,

The things it says are lovely, ineffable, and true;

It offers more delight than one can hope for or can guess,

And its most ecstatic message is its sweetly whispered "Yes."

Joel Benton.

GOLFING SONG.

WHEN from his bed the sun doth rise
And flecks the links with gold,

And blossoms rub their drowsy eyes,
And to the day unfold,

Oh, then away with sluggard sleep!
The caddie waits below;

And far afield, the clubs to wield,
A golfing we will go,

Heigho!

A golfing we will go.

The turf is firm beneath the tread,

The course is fair to see;

The hazards challenge far ahead;

So quickly to the tee.

Aye, out with ball, and to the tee,

And drive for all you know.

So, heart and soul, from hole to hole,

A golfing we will go,

Heigho!

A golfing we will go.

Around the course, and on the card

A score of eighty nine!

With blood aleap and muscles hard,

And appetite to dine.

Come, lads and lassies, to the links,

And get your cheeks aglow;

And life shall smile upon you while

A golfing we will go,

Heigho!

A golfing we will go.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

PRESUMPTION.

I AM not worthy e'en to press my lips

Upon the dainty imprint of her feet,

As in the springtime glad my lady trips

Her maiden way across the meadows sweet.

Yet once I raised my eyes unto her eyes,

I seized her trembling little hand—the wine

Of one kiss, stolen, made me bold—and wise—

I clasped her to my heart—and she was mine!

Brand Whitlock.

TO THE POSTMAN.

GRAY coated messenger, I vow

In all your weary round

None waits your coming with such hope

As makes *my* pulses bound;

No maiden, filled with eagerness

For lover's billet doux,

Can list and peer as daily I

Do peer and list for you.

Most times, my rights ignoring quite,

You calmly thrust on me

Some certain manuscripts that I

Had thought no more to see.

In fact, so quickly oft you act

'Tis very evident

You simply kept them in your pouch,

And they were never sent.

But when you've baited me so long
That murder's in my eye,
You bring a check, or notice that
One's coming by and by.
Thus doing saves your life, dear sir—
And mine as well, indeed,
By furnishing me wherewithal
For postage stamps and feed.

I would I knew if you detect
"Acceptance" from "return"—
Such earmarks show that much I fear
The difference you discern.
And though I always try to smile,
Too feebly to deceive,
You see how mad I am, inside,
And chuckle in your sleeve.

Edwin L. Sabin.

TO A MOSQUITO.

O TINY insect, pity take;
Go hence; the haunts of man forsake,
We pray you.
For should our baser passions wake,
You'll rue the day—make no mistake;
We'll slay you.

For many weary years, it's true,
A table d'hôte we've furnished you
All gratis;
When you had nothing else to do—
And that was pretty often, too—
You ate us.

With cheerful buzz you'd ply your sting,
And then away would gaily wing,
So fleet, oh!
But now you've had your little fling,
Begone—or we'll not do a thing,
Mosquito!

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

THE LIGHTNING.

Now while the tempest doth unfold,
And winds are thunder shod,
Upon the parchment cloud behold
The autograph of God!

Robert Loveman.

THAT RECIPE BOOK.

WHAT pain to my heart are my husband-
hood's musings
As the real, ever present presents them to
view!
'Tis not to the outward, but inward abusings
I refer in my grief, when I sing as I do.
'Tis not of the various householdic troubles,
'Tis not of grim poverty's pinch, nor of pelf;
These bother me some, but they are but as
bubbles
Compared with that recipe book on the shelf.

The things in that booklet are not the mere
scraping
Of Sunday newspapers and magazine cult:
For years has my wife her inventions been
shaping
And here in this book is the dreadful result!
Original thoughts, embryonic, of dishes,
Some made up to match all the tints of
her delf,
While others she's planned, as she states, for
my wishes!
She's got them all down in that book on
the shelf.

That book stands for pains that are transient
and chronic;
I know, for I've been several times through
the list.

There are things in that book that the
healthiest tonic
In vain would try hard night and day to
resist.
If you faithfully follow the written directions,
You can see every night each imp, devil,
and elf
That goes with acute gastronomic dejections,
By means of that recipe book on the shelf.

When I die let this book to my headstone be
taken
And put there in place of an epitaph trite.
I would have the world know why my home's
been forsaken—
That I'd rather lie always than sit up at
night!
And no matter what dark deed in life I com-
mitted,
They'll say, as they read, that it wasn't
myself—
That whatever the crime, I myself should be
pitied;
'Twas due to that recipe book on the shelf.

Tom Masson.

THE AVERAGE MAN'S MISTAKES.

AN average man at the end of life
Sat counting his life's mistakes;
And half of them, as he said to his wife,
Were those that rashness makes.

And the other half—here he lifted his head;
He could scarce believe his vision—
Yes, fully the other half, he said,
Were caused by indecision.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A FLOWER.

THOUGH in the fragrant garden close I see
Bloom upon bloom in radiant riotry,
I have no care for any flower save one—
The blushing rose she pressed her lips upon!

Clinton Scollard.



IRVING WILES' PORTRAIT OF MRS. S. S. CHAUNCY OF NEW YORK.