

The vulture, naked necked and hideous,
above,

Vengefully waiting to undo thy love.

Again the talons clutch thee, as of old,
Again the carrion tainted wings enfold;
Again, O Titan! must we mourn for thee,
Torn by the vulture of monopoly,
Which shrieks its fetid insolence to Heaven
And filches back from man the fire which
thou hast given.

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in N. Y. Herald.

In the olden time a certain man,
being stricken with grief, consulted
the oracle at Delphi.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said the
oracle.

The man was not a little perplexed
by the advice, but concluded that
about the first thing to do was to dig
a hole. Now this was not easily to be
achieved in the rocky soil of Hellas;
and, whereas, when he began to dig
the man thought a very large hole
would be necessary, his idea was
modified as he proceeded until, in
some 15 minutes, it seemed clear that
a real moderate hole would suffice.

Having dug such, the man looked
around for his sorrow, but it was
nowhere to be seen. Turning upon
himself, he searched his bosom care-
fully.

"There's no heartache here!" he
said.

In fact, the only ache in sight was
a backache, and this did not matter,
for the man was well supplied with
liniment.—Puck.

When a brutish, insolent fellow re-
marked that it cost more to live now
than it had cost eight years ago, the
trust president lost his temper.

"Isn't it worth more to live in a time
of prosperity than in a time of depres-
sion?" he roared.

The boor made no reply, but slunk
away like a whipped cur.—Life.

A small girl who has just begun to
attend school recently brought home
a pumpkin seed and told her mother
that the teacher said that although
the seed was white, the pumpkin
would be yellow.

"And what will the color of the
vines be?" asked the mother.

The little girl replied that the teach-
er had not taught her that.

"But," said her mother, "you know,
dear, for we have pumpkin vines in our
garden."

"Of course I do, but we ain't ex-
pected to know anything until we are
taught."—Morning Oregonian.

"No, sir," declared Gazzen, as he
warmed up to his subject. "You'll
never be happy so long as you are in

debt. Pay your debts, Swayback, pay
your debts."

"But I have no money," said Sway-
back.

"Then borrow it."—Detroit Free
Press.

BOOKS

COLOUR IN SONG AND PROSE.

A delight to all who love colour
—we keep the English spelling in
deference—is the little pamphlet is-
sued by the class of 1905 of the Chi-
cago Kindergarten College under the
above title. What the poets in song
or prose have said about red, yel-
low, blue, and other colours, has
been brought together by patient
search into a collection worthy of
some beautiful setting of illustration
in the themes here celebrated.

This little booklet may be a re-
minder to teachers and parents of
the service and happiness they may
render to young folks by even the
suggestion of colour. The young eye
often needs only a suggestive word
to open up for its lasting delight the
perpetual panorama of the earth's
many schemes of colouring. Say to
the child looking over a country
landscape or a city park, Count the
greens you see. What a surprise!
They all looked alike before. So the
yellows, the reds, the browns, and
the rest, in endless variety. Happy
the child whose heart and eyes are
early opened to the beauty of every
shade of colour under the sun; and
so we beg to congratulate the com-
ing kindergartners upon this colour-
thought of theirs.

J. H. DILLARD.

THE ANARCHISM OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

So many references have been
made to the great revolution in
France as an exemplification of an-
archism in the concrete, that a His-
tory of the French Revolution (Chi-
cago: Abe Isaak, Jr., 331 Walnut
street) by an anarchist, and with a
view to distinguishing what anar-
chists would call its "archist" from
its "anarchist" characteristics, may
surely be regarded as a desirable
contribution to the literature of this
political and social upheaval.

The anarchist in this instance is
C. L. James, son of that G. P. R.
James whose name was familiar to
an earlier generation of book read-
ers. Mr. James names Condorcet as
the only noted Frenchman of the
revolution who "was what we call
now an anarchist;" and with Condor-
cet he associates Thomas Paine.
The period which he regards as most
nearly anarchistic ran from the
Spring of 1790 to the Autumn of 1792;
for then "France was as near as any
great nation ever has been to having

no government at all." Nor does he
think it to have been very different
between September, 1792, and March,
1793. "There was, indeed, a king,"
he explains, "from 1791 until August,
1792, and a legislature; but these
coordinate branches blocked each
other's wheels so effectually that an-
archy on the whole continued." Hav-
ing thus delimited the period of an-
archy, he characterizes it as "the
revolution's halcyon days." Despite
constant provocation and bound-
less opportunity, there was scarce
more crime in France then than in the
best governed countries during the
quietest times. It is not this period,
writes Mr. James, but the one that
immediately followed, which "will
be remembered by our latest poster-
ity as the reign of terror;" and that
one, so far from being a period of
anarchy, was distinguished by an ex-
traordinarily strong government.

Mr. James's history is so closely
condensed, yet deals so liberally with
details, that it is not in all places
easy reading. But it presents a point
of view which entitles it to more
than passing consideration.

LITERARY NOTES.

The editor of The New Christianity
(Yonkers, N. Y.) has entered seriously upon
the study of socialism and is printing his im-
pressions editorially as he proceeds. The
first installment, which appears in the issue
for January, is entirely judicial in spirit and
gives promise of a series of articles that
may be read with profit by men of all shades
of sociological opinion.

The winter number of the Single Tax
Quarterly (11 Frankfort street, New York)
is the best that has yet appeared. For its
principal article it has an account of the
Boston single tax banquet, at which six
college professors of economics discussed
the subject of ground rent. The portraits,
excellent half-tones from photographs, in-
clude one of the late Father McLaughlin
and one of Congressman Robert Baker.

The last Bulletin of Charities and Cor-
rection makes special announcement of
the next national conference, which is to
be held in Atlanta in May. Child labor in
the Southern cotton mills will doubtless
force itself as a subject, though it is not
announced. A contributor from Georgia in
this number says: "Cotton factories are
being built all over the State and for the
past 20 years the number of children under
12 years of age working in factories has in-
creased nearly 300 per cent. Owners of
mills have their agents all through the
country persuading parents to come to
town and put their children to work in the
factories."
J. H. D.

The second contribution of Agatha's im-
pressions in the Nation is a disappointment.
The most serious weakness of the modern
college or university is not touched. This
is, that false ideals are predominant. We
say predominant; because, while false
ideals prevail, there are still in the back-
ground truer ideals which we cannot believe
to be permanently quiescent. But the now
prevailing ideals are false. They magnify
loudness and show and any kind of suc-
cess. The invasion of the newspaper re-
porter into the college has so far been a de-
cided evil. He naturally sees, hears, and
reports what is loudest. In this way he
fosters the very side of college life which
is unhappily predominant. The man who is
willing to be a quiet, thorough student in
the modern undergraduate ranks has many
forces against him.
J. H. D.

If you are a fatalist with a socialistic
trend and enjoy breezy egotism, you ought
by all means to read Wilshire's Magazine.
Mr. Wilshire's egotism is as delicious as it
is innocuous, and its flavor is in every num-
ber and almost every page. In the earlier
days of his demand for a hearing it made