

A BOY'S CALENDAR.

Down on their knees in the schoolyard, marking a ring in the ground, Posing the prizes of battle each on its little earth mound, Breathless, for luck, on the shooter, playing by time-served laws, Slightly eyeing the glasses and moving back-ward to law;

THE VERDICT.

I had always thought Jack Gisburn rather a cheap genius—though a good fellow enough—so it was no great surprise to me to hear that, in the height of his glory, he had dropped his painting, married a rich widow, and established himself in a villa on the Riviera. (Though I rather thought it would have been Rome or Florence.)

ment: "Jack is so morbidly sensitive to every form of beauty." His childhood eyes dim, and his cheeks paled a little under their handsome sunburn. "Never think of it, my dear fellow—any more than if I'd never touched a brush."

"Or water-colour—or etching?" His childhood eyes dim, and his cheeks paled a little under their handsome sunburn. "Never think of it, my dear fellow—any more than if I'd never touched a brush."

"Hang it, Riekham, with that face watching me I couldn't do another stroke. The plain truth is, I didn't know where to put it—I had never known. Only, with my wits under my public, a showy splash of colour covered up the fact—I just threw paint into my eyes."

An Answer to Roosevelt. As one of the half a million citizens of this country who are proud to style themselves "Socialist," I ask you to give me space for a few brief observations suggested by Mr. Roosevelt's recent arraignment of Socialism in the editorial columns of your magazine.

liberalism." The former had no part in the Paris Commune, the latter was not yet in existence. Socialism was not "tried" in 1792 or in 1781 or at any other time. Socialism is so far only a movement. As an ideal of social organization it represents a future phase of civilization. It can no more be said that Socialism has been tried than it can be said that the twenty-first century has been tried.