

She can see—oh, poignant clear—
The form of one in the heap,
The man to her pain-racked heart most near,
Shelk-kissed to endless sleep.

His eyes at least are blind,
His ears are deaf to the strife,
But, Mother of God, for her and her kind
What is there left in life?
The music dies in the air,
The cheers are silenced, and then
They turn these women to face their care,
And cry to God for their men.

For there is the child at her breast,
And there is the child at her hand,
And the heart that breaks can find no rest—
And they will not understand.
For life gives no release,
And tho' her heart be dead,
The cries of the children will not cease
If she fail to find them bread.

So, you in the vine-clad cot,
On a hill that slopes the sun,
She must toil lest the grapes in the vineyard rot
And young life be undone;
And here in the city, gray,
Where the sun beats hot on the street,
Her woman's wit must find a way
For little stumbling feet.

The day shall come when she
Will bow her head no more,
But facing her God with unbent knees
Will curse the crime called war.
And curse the men called kings
Who seek their shining goals
On a pathway paved with bleeding things
That once housed living souls.

O wombs refuse to bear,
O breasts refuse to nurse,
Until thy sons who toil shall dare
To end this age-long curse!
The world is sick of thrones,
And pride-mad monarchs' lust—
The day soon dawns when it disowns
All gilded human dust!

BOOKS

THE BUILDERS.

Town Planning for Australia. By George A. Taylor.
Published by Building, Limited, 17 Grosvenor
Street, Sydney. Price, two shillings and sixpence.

The most striking feature of this little book is the spirit in which it is written. Instead of beginning with a magnificent civic center, with broad avenues and boulevards lined with fine buildings, Mr. Taylor has an eye upon the back streets. He holds that no matter how grand the buildings on the avenues, no city can claim to be

well planned that has dirty back streets filled with congested tenements.

Mr. Taylor, himself an artist, has made free use of illustrations to trace the evolution of the city, from the Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman down to the present day. The historic cities form a setting for, and lead up to, the federal capital of Australia, Canberra. The various efforts to replace the slums and tenements of Sydney, Melbourne and other Australian cities and towns lead up to the prize-winning designs of Walter Burley Griffin, who not only planned the federal capital, but has been commissioned with its building. Mr. Taylor details the incidents of the world-contest, the granting of the three prizes, and the effort to substitute a "built-up" plan that was supposed to embrace the best features of the other plans, but in reality was a hodge-podge favored only by some politicians and a few ultra-patriotic architects. The account of this struggle—in which the author played one of the chief parts—is most dramatic. A turn of the political wheel had brought in a new prime minister, Joseph Cook, to whom the petition of unselfish architects made a moving appeal. The original design of Mr. Griffin was retained, and its author was appointed Federal Director of Design and Construction for a period of three years.

The broadness of view of "Town Planning for Australia," its fine execution and its sympathetic treatment of town planning in all countries make it a valuable book for those who are interested in this important question.

S. C.



There was a certain bishop who had a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he might meet during his country walks. One day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual opening to conversation.

"Moindn' swine," the lad replied, stolidly.

The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Ah, is that so?" he commented. "And how much do you earn a week?"

"Two shillin's," was the reply.

"Only two shillings?" remarked the bishop. Then he continued, pleasantly, "I too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

The lad looked at him suspiciously for a minute, then he said, slowly:

"Mebbe you gets more swolne nor me to moind."—
Tit-Bits.



A "cheap-jack" was offering cheap clocks, finely varnished and colored, and with a looking glass in front, to a lady not remarkable for personal beauty.

"Why, it's beautiful," said the vender.

"Beautiful indeed; a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady.

"Then, marm," replied the man, seeing a bargain