

TWO NEW BOOKS.

THREE MEN ON THE BUMMEL.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

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THE author of "Three Men in a Boat," "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and divers other delectable essays and stories made his own public long ago when he was quite a youngster. Now the lightest production from his pen is welcomed by an ever-widening circle of admirers. The latest of his works now before us makes no pretension to importance; it is frankly a very light production, and the fun occasionally far-fetched and farcical; it is not to be compared with Jerome's earlier books.

It gives the experience of three friends on a bicycling tour in Germany, their preparation for the trip and their adventures. The "Bummel," German for a spree, is of the mildest and most innocent character, only one member of the party falls a victim to the seductions of German beer.

Readers of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" will naturally compare it with that sparkling and lively production, probably the best extant Tourist's guide to the Fatherland. The two books won't bear comparison.

Clemens has everything in his favor as a joker—an inimitable dialect which gives point, and pungency to such a masterpiece as "The Jumping frog," a reckless play with all that is held sacred; an occasional wild profanity shocking to the elect gives zest like caviare to a large proportion of the children of the world. Jerome is an Englishman. He uses no vernacular; his

humour is largely made up of quips and cranks, amusing incidents racily told, sudden extraordinary burlesque turns of thought.

The first part of the book, describing how two of the adventurers managed their wives. How they finally got leaves from their beloved ones is rather thin and not specially amusing. When at last they arrive on the Continent Jerome gives a lively picture of Germany and Teutonic ways. The much governed country of the Kaiser is satirized, but all in a kindly way. The police regulations in their fearful and marvellous minuteness.—"You must not hang your bed out of window or dress in fancy costumes on the street; you must not shoot the cross-bow on the thoroughfare; even the infantile German cannot in a lawless way make dirt pies or sand castles by the wild sea-shore. Actually, in German parks and public gardens, special places are provided for him, each one supplied with a heap of sand. There he can play to his heart's content. To the German child a pie made of any other mud than this would appear an immoral pie. It would give him no satisfaction; his soul would revolt against it."

The serious view of the Fatherland—the way men dare speak only in bated breath of their Rulers—the grinding military tyranny, the crushing weight of the conscription, is never touched on; all is light and airy, traced with a delicate humor so fine, so everescent at