

by other English writers through whom the great dramatist borrowed at second-hand. The story is not adopted without considerable modification, and a comparison of the two at once makes it obvious that every change introduced heightens the dramatic interest.

The other book is a work on Chivalry, or rather on the Code of Honour as applied to duelling, by the Marquis of Alfano. After a vigorous defense of the institution from an arraignment by some contemporary moralist, he proceeds to discuss the occasions that require every man of honour to vindicate himself by a challenge, and also the qualifying circumstances that may permit him to forego satisfaction. In *As You Like It*, it will be remembered that Shakespeare makes Touchstone introduce himself as a courtier, since among other things he had had four quarrels and narrowly escaped having to fight one duel, owing to the fact that it was only upon "the seventh cause" or "a lie seven times removed." According to him, the degrees of an affront are first, the Retort Courteous; second, the Quip Modest, and so on up to the Lie Direct. All of these might be avoided except the last, and even that might be adjusted with an *if*. Of course this is meant to be only a take-off, and there is nothing quite so absurd in Alfano's book, or probably in any other, on the subject. But there is enough to lend

point to the ridicule. Touchstone's claim that courtiers "quarrel in print, by the book," becomes intelligible in the light of a production like this.

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Speaking of chivalry, Ginn and Co., of Boston, have just published a new edition of Don Quixote in a series of classics for children. Ormsby's spirited translation is taken as the basis of an abridgment by Miss Wheaton, who has also prefixed a brief life of Cervantes, and added a few useful notes explanatory of unusual words. It is not often that a mere skit has been able to make for itself a permanent place in the world's literature, however clever. But the popularity of the modern dime novel, portraying the adventures of scouts and pirates, shows that there is enough of absurd romance in the make-up of every boy to lend perennial interest to a work like this which takes it off in such a farcical way and with such infinite good humour. Every boy should read it at least once in his life and let the lesson stick.

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The Open Court Publishing Co., of Chicago, which exists for the purpose of advocating what it calls the Religion of Science, has re-printed in a cheap 25-cent edition Max Müller's Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought. Why they have deemed it worth while to do so is difficult to say.