

times, that the reader, like the connoisseur in fine wines, must have the same refined educated taste to appreciate the delicate aroma of its rare wit and grace.

Only on one subject does the author let himself out, the brutality and absurdity of the German student. Duels and then beer swilling, alone seem to have stirred him up to write with fierce scorn and rage against ridiculous exhibitions of savagery and animalism. The absurd English tourists which one meets in Europe are every bodies amusement. Their over-bearing manners have done more to make it hated than all our conquests and our colonies.

In describing one specially absurd English pair, he gives it out that they were actors employed by the French Government, after Fashodo, to go about and personate the British traveller. It made the French laugh—"surely we could never go to war with such an absurd nation."

The Foreign office in Paris lent the pair to Berlin when England raged about the Kaiser's message to Kruger, and the extraordinary travellers had the same effect on the Germans.

One of Jerome's best and truest sayings is about the spread of the English language over the world. Of course all these observations are not really serious. It is British supremacy in commerce and colonization that spreads the language.

Shakespeare and Milton may have done their little best to spread acquaintance with the English tongue

among the then-favored inhabitants of Europe. Newton and Darwin may have rendered their language a necessity among educated and thoughtful foreigners. Dickens and Ouida may have helped still further to popularize it. But the man who has spread the knowledge of English from Cape St. Vincent to the Ural Mountains is the Englishman, who, unable or unwilling to learn a single word of any language but his own, travels purse in hand into every corner of the Continent. One may be shocked at his ignorance, annoyed at his stupidity, angry at his presumption. But the practical fact remains; he it is that is anglosising Europe. For him the Swiss peasant tramps through the snow in winter evenings to attend the English class open in every village. For him the coachman and guard, the chambermaid and the laundress, pore over their English grammars and colloquial phrase books. For him the foreign shop-keeper and merchant send their sons and daughters in their thousands to study in every English town. For him it is that every foreign hotel and restaurant-keeper adds to his advertisement: "Only those with fair knowledge of English need apply."

Did the English-speaking races make it their rule to speak anything else than English the marvellous progress of the English tongue throughout the world would stop. The English-speaking man stands amid the strangers and jingles his gold.

THE FARRINGDONS.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Hutchinson & Co., London.

Miss Fowler made her debut as a novelist with great success. "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" gave brilliant promise. "A Double Thread," her next effort, a fantastical idea

was cleverly worked out. The plot was never convincing; every reader felt that the double thread was merely a sort of literary clothes line on which the authoress could hang