

"Mr. Dooley in Peace and War."

Our older readers, whose memories go back to the early days of the Civil War, well may recall the delicious humor as well as the sound common sense of the Orpheus C. Kerr (office seeker) papers. The late war between the United States and Spain has furnished occasion for a book of the same class, which, in its wider range of subjects, and in some, at least, of its inimitable gems, easily surpasses its predecessors. We refer to "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." Mr. Dooley is a Chicago Irishman who runs a small saloon and who is blessed with two sympathizing friends to whom he imparts his views. He is a typical Irishman in the fullest sense of that term, and his observations are characterized by all the keen insight, the shrewd sense and ready wit of his country. His remarks upon the New Women, and the way in which his friend Mr. Dunahue dealt with a specimen of that genius must be read to be appreciated. His description of the expert evidence given in a murder trial is at once side-splitting, and at the same time a very fair comment upon what has become almost an absurdity in the judicial system. We have only room for one extract which deals with the superiority of the Anglo Saxon over the Frenchman, which is particularly timely in the present state of relations between England and France:

"The difference in furrin politics is the difference between a second rate safe blower and a first class bunco steerer. The French buy a ton iv dinnymite, spind five years in dhrillin' a hole through a steel dure, blow up the safe, lose a leg or an arrum, and git away wid the li'bilities iv the firm. The English dhress up for a Methodist pracher, stick a piece iv lead pipe in the tails iv their coat in case iv imargincy an' git all the money there is in the line. In the front dure comes the Englishman wid a coon king on ayther arrum that's just loaned 'im their kingdoms on a prom'ssory note and discovers the Frinchman emargin' from the rooms iv the safe." "What arre ye doin' here?" sez the Englishman. "Robbin' the naygurs," sez the Frenchman, bein' thoughtful as well as polite. "Wicked man," sez the Englishman. "What arre ye doin'," sez the Frenchman. "Improv'in' the morals iv the inhabitants," sez the Englishman. "These pore benighted savidges, he sez, 'll not be lift to yer odjious morals an' yer hootchy kootchy school iv thought," he sez—"but," sez he, "undher the benificent rule iv a wise an' thrue gove'nmint," he sez, "'ll be thruly prepared fur hivin whin their time comes to go," sez he, "which I thrust will not be long. So I'll thank ye to be off," sez he, "or I'll take the thick end iv the sling shot to ye," he sez.

The Frenchman is a brave man and he'd stay an' have it out on the flure, but some wan calls out, "Abase the Chinnymen," an' off he goes on another track. An' whin he gits to the Chinnymen he finds the English 've abased thim already. An' so he dances from wan part of the wurruld to another, like a riochous an happy flee, an' divvule the bit of progress he makes, on'y thrubble fur others an' a merry lite fur himself."

We strongly advise our readers to enjoy the book for themselves. It is full of wit and of real philosophy, with at times a vein of dramatic power and a touch of real pathos.

Mr. Dooley is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. It may be had at Carters' Bookstore.

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"The Honorable Peter Stirling."

Though it can hardly be classed among new books, we make no apology for calling attention to "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford. A story whose scenes are laid among the Democratic Ward politics of New York City, with its bosses and caucuses, would at first sight seem to promise little to