was rarely carried farther. I chanced to pick up the 'Tales of a Traveller' some years ago with a view to an anthology of prose narrative, and the book flew up and struck me: Billy Bones, his chest, the company in the parlour, the whole inner spirit, and a good deal of the material detail of my first chapters all were there, all the property of Washington Irving. But I had no guess of it then, as I sat writing by the fireside in what seemed the springtides of a somewhat pedestrian inspiration; nor yet day by day, after lunch, as I read aloud my morning's work to the family. It seemed to me original as sin; it seemed to belong to me like my right eye."—R. L. Stevenson, in "The Art of Writing."

The Irish Tangle.

The Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt. D. has written, and Macmillan's have published, at 10/ net, a book entitled "Revolutionary Ireland and Its Settlement." The period covered by Dr. Murray is brief if pregnant, viz., the period which elapsed between 1688-1714, during which time the conflict between William III. and James II. was being waged on what is now known as the "Irish question." The outcome of that conflict is, thinks Dr. Murray, part of the complicated fabric of modern Irish politics. The question frequently raised by Dr. Murray in the book, says a writer in "The Literary World," is, whether difference of race or of religions, or both combined, is behind this complexus of Anglo-Irish relationship, and he gives material upon which may be founded some understanding of the stubborn resistance Ireland has always offered to British rule. Irish self-government, as this book makes clear, is more than a hope and sentiment; it is a memory and a tradition. In the quarter of a century covered by this history, Ireland was the cockpit in which the battle between liberty and despotism, between Gallicanism and Vaticanism was fought, and the Revolution in Ireland must be viewed in the light of contemporary international politics. The European schemes, of Louis XIV. reacted upon the domestic history of Ireland, and for a time at least, she was under the influence of the diplomatic and military movements created by the rivalry of the Grand Monarch and William III. Enough has been quoted to show the trend of this very able work on the "Irish Tangle," and which we commend to those interested in Home Rule and Irish history in general.

Books to Read.

New fiction well worth the reading is "Book of a Bachelor" and "Magic of the Hill," by Duncan Schwann; "The Broken Phial," by Percy White; "Exchange of Souls," by Barry Pain; "Mrs. Maxon Protests," by Anthony Hope; and "Adventures of a Modest Young Man," by Robert Chambers.

"Myrtle Reed"—Obit. August 17, 1911.

"Myrtle Reed," (McCullough) according to a London cable, dated August 18, died the day before that date from "an overdose of sleeping powder." It has been said so often that it has come to be a generally-accepted truth, that no really happy woman ever took to the writing of sentimental fiction. In Myrtle Reed's case she has left documentary proof reflecting upon her husband's ill-treatment of her. No one who has the gift of reading between lines could have come to any conclusion other than that "Lavender and Old Lace," and kindred novels, were written by a woman at the point of heart-break. For the excessive sentimentality of Myrtle Reed's little books we never cared. But there was a certain old world daintiness about them that always pleased and satisfied our fastidious senses. And her ideals of love and duty were beyond cavil. We regret exceeding the manner of her death, as will countless readers to whom Myrtle Reed was ever the last word in sentimental prose, and whose pages fairly exuded dainty old-world scents of lavender, lads' love, lilac and alas, rosemary and rue.

Our Modern Ways.

"Nothing on earth is quite so easy to understand as what is popularly called Science. The only way that men have been able to make it at all difficult is by inventing a very frantic terminology—which they habitually mispronounce—and by carefully suppressing all habit of simple and lucid speech."

"Education for the child means a march into the unknown. He is told that he has to do quadratic equations, but nobody ever dreams of telling him why. He has to know the name of the capital of Portugal. He has, in extreme cases, to know the names of the kings of Israel and Judah. The patience of the child is remarkable. He really does consent to lumber up his mind with all this nonsense, merely because papa, or the governess, or the schoolmaster wishes him to do it."—"An Exchange of Souls," by Barry Pain. Eveleigh Nash. 2/.

The Oriental Attitude.

"Prince Li Hung Chang was escorted to Wall-street, and in a certain broker's office he was shown a 'ticker' machine rolling off the prices of stocks. It was expected by his host that he would be astonished, if not bewildered, at these financial heart-beats made visible on a strip of paper. When asked what he thought of it he replied, 'I think I should prefer to play in a game where I can see the cards shuffled."—"The West in the East, from an American Point of View," by Price Collier. Duckworth and Co. 7/6 net.

One Hundred Years Hence.

A somewhat unusual case will shortly engage the attention of the courts. Last year the Republic of Nicaragua sold the entire kinematograph rights in its wars to a well-known New York firm. This firm is now suing the Republic for heavy damages because in a recent Revolution, it is alleged, the Government forces, in direct contravention of the agreement, began a battle before the kinematograph apparatus was ready."—"100 Years Hence," by Walter Emanuel. Nash. 1/ net.

How to Write a Comedy.

"Comedy is the manufacture of a misunderstanding. Having manufactured it, you place its culmination at the end of the last act but one, which is the point at which the manufacture of the play begins. Then you make your first act out of the necessary introduction of the characters to the audience, after elaborate explanations, mostly conducted by servants, solicitors, and other low-life personages (the principals must all be dukes and colonels and millionaires), of how the misunderstanding is going to come about. Your last act consists, of course, of clearing up the misunderstanding, and generally getting the audience out of the theatre as best you can." "The Doctor's Dilemma," etc., by Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6/.

A Contest of Wits.

"Goethe was so often intruded upon by the curious in his house in Weimar that one day, made impatient by the determination of an unknown Englishman to force an entrance, he suddenly ordered his servant to show him in. The Englishman entered. Goethe planted himself erect in the centre of the room, his arms crossed, his eyes on the ceiling, motionless like a statue. Surprised for the moment, the stranger soon comprehended the situation, and, without being in the least disconcerted, he put on his glasses, walked slowly around Goethe, inspected him from head to foot, and went out."—"Wagner at Home," from the French of Judith Gautier, by Effie Dunreith Massie. Lane.

A Burlesque Heroine.

"Gertrude cherished the memory of her parents. On her breast the girl wore a locket in which was enshrined a miniature of her mother, while down her neck inside at the back hung a daguerreotype of her father. She carried a portrait of her grandmother up her sleeve, and had pictures of her cousins tucked inside her boot, while beneath her—but enough, quite enough. From her earliest infancy Gertrude had been brought up by her aunt. Her aunt had carefully instructed her in Christian principles. She had also taught her Mohammedism to make sure."—"Nonsense Novels," by Stephen Leacock.

Our Interesting Lower Class.

"In England, while good form restrains and levels the Universities and the Army, the poor people are the most motley and amusing creatures in the world, full of humorous affectations and prejudices and twists of irony. Frenchmen tend to be alike, because they are all soldiers; Prussians because they are all something else, probably policemen; even Americans are all something, though it is not easy to say what it is; it goes with hawk-like eyes and an irrational eagerness. Perhaps it is savages. But two English cabmen will be as grotesquely different as Mr. Weller and Mr. Wegg."—"Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens," by G. K. Chesterton. Dent. 7/6 net.

SUNDAY.