

happiness. Two friends, Jack Winston and his charming little wife, Molly, took it into their heads to comfort the love-lorn Lane. They drove him off to their home in a motor-car. "Such a dear, darling of a girl gave her to me," she tells Lane, "a girl you would get on with splendidly." Molly prescribes a tour through Switzerland with a guide and mule, and the patient takes the advice. During the trip he meets a boy travelling with two pack donkeys, and a woman to look after them. The boy attracts him particularly, though he is much annoyed, on one occasion in a crowded inn, that he will not permit him to share his room. They travel together for some time, and Lane meets an old acquaintance, a lovely Contessa, who is much interested in the mysterious-looking lad, with the beautiful eyes. The lad eventually proves to be the "dear, darling girl," who gave Molly the motor-car, and the end can be easily guessed. The story is capitally written, and well illustrated.

The "Boston Literary World" has the following account of Mr. Dooley's career, which should be of interest just now.

"In 1898 happened two memorable affairs. One was the war with Spain, and the other was the appearance of 'Mr. Dooley.' Truly, the two heroes of '98 were Dewey and the philosopher of Arr-chey Road. And the philosopher has surpassed the soldier; he has remained constantly popular. When we have forgotten what ships took part in the battle of Manila Bay, we shall still delight in the pages of 'Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War.'

"In Chicago, in St. Patrick's parish, was Mr. Dunne born on July 10, 1867. As all good American boys do, he went to the public schools, and in 1885, at the age of eighteen, after his moderate schooling and some little knocking about, he entered the literary world by the

side door of journalism. Of course he began as a reporter. Only the rich amateurs, or the lucky heirs to some newspaper property, begin as anything else. Many of the ablest newspaper men are reporters to the last.

"In 1891 he was made city editor of the Chicago 'Times'; and from that time till 1898 he occupied various positions on various newspapers, after the manner of Chicago journalists. In 1898, the year of his bound to fame, he was managing editor of the Chicago 'Journal'; and, like most other managing editors, he still found leisure moments for private practice. It is one of the principal duties of a managing editor to see that all the other members of the force work resolutely, dutifully. Many a bag of peanuts has been shelled in that autocrat's room.

"Soon after the beginning of the war the biting humour of Mr. Dooley found soft places in Washington, and particularly among the department of fops and fossils. Bombast, red tape, procrastination, incompetency, stupidity, overzealousness, jealousy—all these flaws and foibles were exposed, laughably yet mercilessly, by the Chicago Irish-American. Especially funny and severe was he with the famous Board of Strategy. In fact, he brought that blundering body into national ridicule, and so thoroughly and inimitably that other writers, with a few inconsequential exceptions, granted him a monopoly, and the people at large enriched their common sense.

"Weekly the friends and foes of the war looked for Mr. Dooley's comments on the procession of events—looked as eagerly for those comments as for the despatches from Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines. And then the war ended; and then it was whispered in divers rural side-stations of literature that Mr. Dooley would end. But no. Simply his present vocation ended. His philosophy is not like an arc-light—one steady, con-