

"Pass Donovan the box av tobaccy an' a match," cried Mulligan; "he has a polpeav 'is own. An' kape schtill, Donovan, or ye'll hov the single tax thranslated into a span av mules an' a lumber wagon!"

"Phwhat is thot single tax, anyhow?" asked Flynn. Mulligan was in no hurry to answer. But presently, as he arose and began buttoning on his overcoat, he said:

"The single tax, fer wan thing, wud prevent tax dodg'n'."

"An' phwhat's the objection to ut thin?" asked Flynn.

"It wud prevint tax dodg'n'," said Mulligan.

"Oi undherstand;" said Flynn, "but phoy not adopt ut thin?"

"It wud prevint tax dodg'n'," repeated Mulligan, as he lifted the latch. Flynn was getting red in the face. "That's three toimes ye've towld me thot," he ejaculated, "an' Oi understud ut the furrst toime, and the second toime, and the thurd toime! An' now, if ye know (which Oi'm not think'n' ye do!), since ye're so sure ut wud prevint tax dodg'n', phwhat the devil's the rason they don't put the single tax in operation?" By this time, Flynn's crescendo had reached the top pitch, the last word fairly jarring the tea caddies; and he looked like one who felt that he had demonstrated his ability not only to hear and understand, but also, at a pinch, to speak the English language intelligibly!

"Oi beg yer parrdon, Misther Flynn," said Mulligan, in sonorous, modulated, yet distinct enunciation; "but Oi understud ye t' ax me, phoy didn't they adopt the single tax?"

"An' phwhat else did Oi ax ye?" fairly shouted Flynn, his choler rising again!

"Well, thin," said Mulligan, "for the fourth toime—count thim!—Oi'll answer ye, that the rason they don't adopt the single tax is because, it wud prevint tax dodg'n'!"

Mulligan was gone. Flynn observed a smile in Donovan's eyes, and playing about the corners of his mouth. He brought out the box of cigars, and extending it, said: "Put wan av thim in yer face, Donovan; an' if ye see Mulligan, tell 'im there's wan here for him."

HORACE CLIFTON.

"Did he pass the examination for the post office position?"

"No. When the examiners asked him what honesty was he said it was the 'best policy.'"

G. T. E.

An eclectic system of therapeutics is perhaps best; say, allopathy forenoons, homeopathy afternoons, and Christian

Science nights, with osteopathy Sundays and legal holidays.—Life.

"What if it is proved that Smoot has more than one wife?"

"Then it will be proved that he isn't competent to be a Senator."

G. T. E.

BOOKS

THE NOVEL THAT MADE TROUBLE IN MISSOURI.

When Speed Mosby's novel, Ben Blunt (Speed Mosby, Jefferson City, Mo.) was first published, in a St. Louis newspaper, it made trouble for its author, who was at that time a deputy clerk of the Supreme Court of Missouri. Mr. Mosby was promptly and peremptorily requested to resign, because some of his superiors or their familiars felt the novel as a hit at themselves and could think of no more original way of ejaculating "ouch!"

Now that the novel appears in book form, those virtuous Missouri officials who seem to see the advancing shadow of some relentless Folk whichever way they turn, are not likely to be any the happier. Had they suppressed their indignation, Mr. Mosby's novel might easily have passed as a political satire written on lines somewhat different from those of the conventional novel of that kind, and as personal to no one in particular. As it is, readers can hardly avoid the inference that the characters of the story, instead of being types, are actual portraits. On the assumption that they are portraits, one can hardly blame the originals for venting their indignation upon the all-too-faithful author. Such men would rather not be photographed faithfully.

The hero of Mosby's story, Ben Blunt, is one of those honest souls who get a living at work below their abilities and live and move and have their being in their books. A lawyer by profession, but impatient of legal practice, Ben Blunt works as a department clerk and plays at being a tolerably useless scholar. He is as simple minded as Pickwick; and, like Pickwick, he experiences marked intellectual growth as the story goes on. It culminates in his becoming a great editor.

Through his employment in a government department, Blunt comes in contact with exalted and highly respectable public officials, whose peculiarities and slantindicular doings supply the story with much of its spice. The governor, the State auditor, the chief justice, the prosecuting attorney, the hangers-on of these in politics and society, all pass before Mr. Mosby's camera for a snapshot, and the snap-shot is remorselessly developed. One need not know the State officials of Missouri in order to appreciate Mr. Mosby's silhouettes; the type may be encountered at almost any State capital.

As a novel the story would probably not stand close criticism. It is not a rounded narrative, but is built rather upon the model of the loosely constructed Pickwick. Though the characters are clearly outlined, and the outlines are filled in well enough to excite interest in them, their mutual relations are more those of accidental contact than of inevitable intercourse. But loose construction does not detract from satire, as the Pickwick Papers amply testified to a former generation; and the sketches which Mr. Mosby has given us of official life in the United States, may prove to be all the better for their lack of artificiality.

THE AMERICAN CLASS STRUGGLE.

This is a little pamphlet by A. M. Simons (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave. Price, 10c.), who traces the development of classes in the United States along the usual socialistic lines of exposition. It is an interestingly condensed story of certain economic phenomena. Mr. Simons naturally falls into the same logical ditch that caught Karl Marx. The present class struggle, he writes, "arises from a condition where the sources and means of national life are created and used by one class and owned by another"—as if the sources of life were created by any class. This is not an accidental and immaterial slip. All that is distinctive in socialism depends upon it. To get out of the logical ditch into which Marx led the way is to get out of socialism. A similar stumble, characteristic, however, of later socialist thought, relates to trusts, regarding which Mr. Simons writes: "The trust and concentrated industry have made all production collective." This notion that industry has only recently become collective is a favorite with socialist propagandists. Yet it is no more true than that horse racing has recently become speedy. Horse racing is more speedy than it used to be, and industry is more intensely collective; but that difference in degree is not a difference in kind. Industry in general has been collective ever since division of labor and trade began.

ESARHADDON.

Tolstoy's contribution to the destitute Jews of Kishineff and Gomel (Esarhaddon, and Other Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price 40 cents net.) consists of three simple allegories. "Esarhaddon, King of Assyria," the leading story, is made to exemplify with telling effect the ethical importance of now and then putting yourself in another's place; while one of the others impresses the lesson of securing happiness through working for one another. The third teaches that the most important time