

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

Visit to Collins Bros., Limited.

THE inestimable boon of cheap literature was never so fully brought home to us as the other day, when we paid a visit to Collins Bros. splendidly equipped wholesale warehouse and offices, the spaciousness of which somewhat surprised us, until we remembered them as a firm who supply the last thing in educational books, stationery, etc., to a Government whose pet hobby is education for everyone. But, naturally, the department which concerned us most nearly was the firm's book and publishing department in the former of which are to be found nearly every standard work of biography, travel, and adventure, fiction, etc., and here we lingered for the best part of an hour, revelling in peeps into their famous shilling classics, which include no fewer than 149 masterpieces of English, French, and American authors, among whom we noticed Thomas Carlyle rubbing covers with Victor Hugo and Dickens and Thackeray, also, despite the comparisons which are always being instituted between them, and which are so obviously unfair, since each is so unlike the other, and each, in his own domain, is master. De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater" was flanked on either side with "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," and that fine work of Bulwer Lytton's, "Rienzi" and "Alice in Wonderland," leaned for protection on "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." We found, to our astonishment also that that stupendous work, "The Origin of Species," could be obtained in this series, as could also "Sesame and Lilies," "The Ingoldby Legends," "Sartor Resartus," "Les Misérables," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." A pleasant souvenir of our visit in the shape of two of these shilling volumes, lately added to the series, now lie on the table before us, which we shall notice in our next issue. They are respectively entitled, "Uganda to Khartoum" (Albert B. Lloyd), a record of life and adventure on the Nile, and "A Life for a Life" by the author of the inimitable "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Cheap Literature.

Innumerable as are still the outcries of pessimistic authors against cheap literature, the cheaper literature movement is still briskly and gallantly carrying along to the great benefit of that omnivorous reading public that is still asking "for more." Many and varied are the arguments used against this cheapening of new fiction. Authors say it will not pay. Publishers fear it will not, but are willing to try the scheme, knowing that if they do not they will soon be out of the race; while pessimists prophesy the deterioration of literature if it is cheapened. Now, there are many reasons why fiction in these days ought to be cheaper. To begin with, most modern novelists are journalists, or novels are written in journalistic vein, and consequently novels are slighter, and, frankly, not worth the price formerly paid for the "standard" work; secondly, the cost of production is less. Materials are cheaper. Machinery has simplified, hastened (and, in many respects, improved), and lessened cost of production, while the markets and the facilities for distribution have increased more than tenfold. Anybody that has ever had occasion to print even a few circulars will know that it is the first hundred or two that counts in the cost of production; after that the cost of a thousand, or more, is comparatively nominal. So that material excepted, as soon as the initial cost is covered, the best is more than half profit. And so in the wider sale that is bound to follow in the wake of a cheaper literature, both author and publisher should be able to recoup themselves.

A Romance of Strenuous Affection.

Rex Beach's new story, entitled "Going Some" (Harper Bros.) is all about a house party on a Western ranch—they are a jolly group of young people. Trouble arises from the fact that the hero has led his friends to believe that he is an athlete, when, as a matter of fact, he never did anything

more athletic than lead the cheering for others. His predicament and that of a fat man, who is with him as his "trainer," form a humorous background for a dashing love romance. The book's illustrations are by Mark Fenderson.

Chesterton on Thackeray.

A writer in "Current Literature" cleverly sums up Mr. Chesterton's critical essay on the great Victorian novelist in this wise. Thackeray, says Mr. Chesterton, is a romantic pessimist. He loved all fresh and beautiful things, like other romantics, but loved them with a deliberate recollection of their eternal recurrence and decay. Those who think Amelia Sedley "so soft," and Becky Sharp "so interesting" are wrong, continues Mr. Chesterton, and fail to see Thackeray's point. His point surely is that Amelia was a fool, but that there is a certain

his weakness we shall fail and by his enormous sanities we shall endure.

An Interesting Publication.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, daughter of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, who is the leader of the Suffragettes in England, has prepared a personal narrative, which is considered an authoritative statement of the Suffragette movement in England and America. The book, which is to be entitled "The Suffragette," is to be published in the autumn by Sturgis and Walton (New York). Mrs. Pankhurst's American experiences are included in the work, together with a chapter, which deals with the outlook for Suffragism in England and the United States. The book is to be profusely illustrated with snapshots and drawings by the author.

A New Scribner Publication.

A book of short stories by that writer of repute, Richard Harding Davis, which bears the attractive title of "Once Upon a Time," is to be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons. Readers who remember this author's highly romantic "White Mice," will await with impatience its arrival in this Dominion.

ject of an appreciative article in the July "Bookman," which Mr. Ashley Gibson is to write. Other important articles in this number will be "The Fine Art of Letters Humane," by Dr. William Barry; "John Stuart Mill," by Henry Murray; and "The Spacious Days of Great Victoria," by Mr. Thomas Seecombe.

Two New Novels.

Novels awaiting review are "The Fortune Hunter," by Louisa Joseph Vance; author of that fine Indian story "The Bronze Bell" (Dodd Mead and Co.), and "The Heart of Noel," by Fred Whishaw; George Bell and Co. Both these books have reached us through Wildman and Arey.

Notable Writers of Edward the Seventh's Reign.

A summary of the writers who may be said to have risen in Edward the Seventh's brief reign, has resulted in a meagre list of eight. Mr. Chesterton heads the list, Mr. John Galsworthy comes second, and Archibald Marshall, Alfred Noyes, W. H. Davis, and Herbert French follow in succession. But beyond question, says a writer in the "Bookman,"



IN LOVE.

sanative and antiseptic element in virtue, by which a fool manages to live longer than a knave. For after all, when Amelia and Becky meet at the end, Amelia has much less energy, but she has much more life. She is younger; she has not lost her power of happiness; her stalk is not broken. She could really, to use Thackeray's own metaphor, live again. But the energy of Becky is the energy of a dead woman; it is like the rhythmic kicking of some bisected insect. The life of the wicked works outward and goes to waste. The life of the innocent, even the most stupidly innocent, is within; if anyone dislikes the battered sentiment of the word love, I will say that innocence has more zest, more power of tasting things. Mr. Chesterton argues that it is better to be open to all emotions as they come than to reach the hell of Rebecca; the hell of having all outward forces open, but all receptive organs closed, for the very definition of hell is energy without joy.

Thackeray Contrasted With Dickens.

Dickens differed from Thackeray inasmuch as while Dickens was concise, Thackeray was diffusive. Dickens in a few words says all that it is essential to say about anyone, while Thackeray works by a thousand touches scattered through a thousand pages. Thackeray was a man of impressions rather than convictions, sensitive and receptive, while Dickens was creative. The world imposed on Thackeray, Dickens imposed on the world. In short, concludes Mr. Chesterton, Thackeray represents, in that gigantic parody, called genius, the spirit of the Englishman in repose. This spirit is the idle embodiment of all of us; by

What Roosevelt Likes to Read.

Mr. Roosevelt has been telling the readers of "The Outlook" the names of the books that constituted the now famous "pigskin library," which accompanied him to Africa. Ex-President Roosevelt's taste in literature is catholic, as will be seen by a perusal of the list appended below:—"I almost always had some volume with me," Mr. Roosevelt says in the "Outlook," "either in my saddle pocket or in the cartridge-bag, which one of my gun-bearers carried to hold odds and ends. Often my reading would be done while resting under a tree at noon, perhaps beside the carcass of a beast I had killed, or else while waiting for the camp to be pitched; and in either case it might be impossible to get water for washing. In consequence the books were stained with blood, sweat, gun-oil, dust, and ash; ordinary bindings would either have vanished or become worthless, whereas pigskin merely grew to look as a well-used saddle book."

Here are enough names of authors to show Mr. Roosevelt's catholicity of taste:—"Bible," "Apocrypha," "Shakespeare," "Borrow," "Marshall," "Carlyle," "Keats," "Dante," "Butt," "Harris," "Mark Twain," "Euripides," "Grecian Lives," "Froissart," "Cooper," "Thackeray," "Dickens," "Lowell," "Emerson," "Shelley," "Bacon," "Percy," "Marlow." This "pigskin" list, which we cannot give in full, owing to lack of space, was considerably augmented in Africa, with books of more serious import. Mr. Roosevelt also liked fiction, and it is catholic in fiction as in serious literature. Kipling's poetry, however, is the poetry Mr. Roosevelt best likes.

The July "Bookman."

Kate Douglas Wiggin is to be the sub-

ject of an appreciative article in the July "Bookman," which Mr. Ashley Gibson is to write. Other important articles in this number will be "The Fine Art of Letters Humane," by Dr. William Barry; "John Stuart Mill," by Henry Murray; and "The Spacious Days of Great Victoria," by Mr. Thomas Seecombe.

EPIGRAMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Few Maxims of "Maruanduke's."

Methuen's have published in book form a selection of wittily wise maxims from the writings of that brilliantly clever journalist, Mr. Charles Edward Jennings, who, for 20 years and more, has contributed to the pages of "Truth." Some of the maxims selected have appeared in an earlier issue of the "Weekly Graphic," but those appended below are new to us:—

It is not our bitter enemies who do us the most harm; it is our bitter friends.

A man never takes so much care of himself as he does when he has a woman to take care of him.

"This is the age of the wolfed ill head."

We say nothing but good of the dead, for we have exhausted our stock of evil of them when they were living. It is a relief no longer to have to strain our brains.

All who have made a noise in the world have had the little dogs bark at their heels.

The fool succeeds where the wise man fails, for the former generally has the courage of his folly; the latter, the fear of his wisdom.

Conversation is listening to yourself in the presence of others.

Love: A sentiment we all entertain for ourselves, and occasionally imagine others entertain for us.