

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

Important Notice.

IN response to many applications, particularly from the British colonies, it has been decided to extend the time allowed for sending in manuscripts for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's £1000 Prize Novel Competition. The last date for receiving manuscripts is changed from August 31, 1911, to January 1, 1912, by which date all manuscripts submitted for the competition must be received by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4. Novels may be sent at any time previous to this date.

A Change of Title.

Mr. Percival Gibbon's new book, which is to be published in the autumn, is to be renamed "Margaret Harding." "Flower of the Peach" was, if we remember rightly, the title originally fixed up. Mr. Gibbon's novels are pearls of price, and his novel will meet with a cordial reception, we are sure, by all who have been privileged to make his acquaintance through the medium of his writings.

A Scientific "Who's Who."

"Who's Who in Science" is a new annual that Messrs. J. and A. Churchill have in preparation under the editorship of Mr. H. H. Stephenson. It will meet a long-felt want in the scientific world. It may be argued that whoever is anybody in particular in any branch of art or science is mentioned in "Who's Who." But though "Who's Who" grows in bulk every year, it is not possible to include a very large percentage in the various ranks of society, the professions, the arts, and the sciences. So that this publication is bound to meet with a cordial reception in scientific circles.

REVIEWS.

When the Red Gods Call: By Beatrice Grimshaw. (London: Mills and Boon. Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 2/6 and 3/6.)

Miss Grimshaw's skill in the depiction of the islands, and the life of the Pacific, is too well known in this Dominion to

need dilating upon. Miss Grimshaw is one that likes to know the things, places, and conditions of which she writes so vigorously, and with such plenitude of accurate and absorbing detail. In "When the Red Gods Call" the reader is transported to British New Guinea, and is kept there spellbound, while vivid pictures of semi-tropical life and happenings are exposed to his now admiring, now indignant or reluctant gaze. Hugh Lynch, an English man of good birth and education, having left the Old Country under a cloud, eventually comes to anchor in British New Guinea. Mistake number one, he marries a native wife, a heinous crime according to white etiquette, and then commits mistake number two by leaving her for a few months, on business that would make for their mutual benefit. Whereupon this "honest Injun" reverts to race. Mistake number three and greatest, again according to white etiquette he follows and slays her seducer, who is, of course, the usual beach-combing trader. Then leaving this island paradise of his he had made an island paradise for her, some days sail from the mainland, which his wife's seducer had been at pains to remove and destroy by pillage and fire) he sailed to the capital of New Guinea, where he woos and wins, very much against the Governor's wish, the Governor's daughter. Mistake four, we wish we could say last, he marries his love without telling her his tragic story. For the rest of this uncommonly adventurous and exciting narrative, which is an uncommonly absorbing one, we refer readers to the book, which needs no advertising. One reader of it, in a community of readers, will advertise it sufficiently. We have read no travel story with such riveted attention for years. We are indebted to Messrs. Mills and Boon for our copy of a book, which, if only for its marvellously vivid description of the native life, habitations, customs and scenic wonders of the Purari Delta in British New Guinea, is alone worth its price.

Mrs. Maxon Protests: By Anthony Hope. (London: Methuen and Co., Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 3/6. Co., Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 3/6.)

"Mrs. Maxon Protests" is but a more modern variation on "The Woman Who Did." Mrs. Maxon is married to the old-fashioned type of man who thinks his

wife's life should be modelled on the somewhat narrow plan of his own drawing. Naturally, "Mrs. Maxon protests" to such purpose that she leaves her husband, who is a rising barrister, of exceedingly comfortable fortune and considerable social prestige, in order to try independence on the £150 a year which had been left to her by her deceased father. Mrs. Maxon takes refuge with a cousin of comfortable means, and of ultra-liberal views in many things opposed to conventional ideas. Here she meets two men, one of whom bolsters her up in the course she has adopted, and with whom she eventually enters upon an irregular union, and the other, who really loves her, and would make her his wife if he could with honour, is left lamenting. Of course, the irregular union ends, as 99 out of every 100 such unions do end, in the man deserting the woman. Mr. Hope's story is as old as the hills. Nor can we see what point he intended to make by its presentment. It is not enough from a moral point of view that the irregular step Mrs. Maxon took turned out disastrously. Her final happiness with Dick Denchey is wrong, both from a moral and a merely conventional point of view, Mr. Hope justifies Winnie Maxon's existence on the ground that she "had raised questions in unquestioning people"; questioned, for instance, as to whether it was not strict equity for man and wife to part on a point of incompatibility of temper. It had been better for Cyril and Winnie Maxon had they met each other half way. We mentioned that Mrs. Maxon had two lovers—we should have said three. This third lover, the real hero of the book, would have married Mrs. Maxon when she was free, but for the duty and the example he owed to his sovereign and his regiment. This lover is our hero—readers may choose their own. A little more thought given to natural selection and much marital sorrow and trouble and social scandal and bad example might be saved. In the meantime, it is absolutely farcical and worse for men and women to solemnly bind themselves by a religious ceremony for better and worse, and then at the first sign of worse, calmly abjure their vows and lightly lay down their responsibilities. Marriage laws may be, nay, are, faulty; irregular unions are crimes both against the laws of God and man. And woman for many reasons will always be the greater sufferer. Questions of the kind mooted by Mr. Hope in this story raise a greater crop of evil than of good. For one convert to the repeal of the present marriage laws, Mr. Hope has made himself morally responsible for 100 seeders from the procreation of a law which, however seemingly inadequate in these days of slack morality and increasing laissez faire, is the only protection, in the legal sense, woman has from man. Laws are not made for individuals. And in the main the marriage laws have stood that greatest of all tests, viz., time.

The Story Girl: By L. M. Montgomery. (Boston: L. C. Page and Co., Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 3/6.)

Readers of "Ann of Green Gables" will anticipate a treat of no small dimensions from Miss Montgomery. Nor will they be disappointed, for "The Story Girl" surpasses by far either that old favourite or "Kilmealy of the Orchard." And yet it is simpler in plot and style than either. It is just a few sylvan chapters culled from the lives of a few adults, and of children on the threshold of youth, whose immature intelligence had just begun to wrestle with the many and varied problems born of the hopes, fears, joys, perplexities, aspirations and loves, that are peculiar to dawning young man and womanhood. The scenes of the book are laid in that Prince Edward's Island which Miss Montgomery has so familiarised her readers with, as to visualise for them its peculiar charm and scenic beauties. The Story Girl—Sara Stanley—is equally felicitous, whether she is relating the love stories of the neighbours or her near or distant relatives, or in ghost stories, that alternately thrill and fascinate, or telling the story of the milky way, or of "How Kissing was Discovered." In short, Miss Montgomery is a born story-teller, and she has such a vogue in this Dominion that a description of her personality may not come amiss to her readers. Miss Montgomery has lately been staying with Mr and Mrs L. C. Page, the publishers of her American editions. Boston is the first big city she has ever visited, and she is described by the Bostonian journals thus:—"Miss Montgomery is short and slight, instead of a form almost childishly small, though graceful and symmetrical. She has an oval face with delicate aquiline features, bluish-grey eyes and an abundance of dark brown hair. Her pretty pink evening gown somewhat accentuated her frail and youthful aspect. She has no favour for woman suffrage; she believes in the home-loving woman; we could not imagine her as 'a woman of affairs, or aught but the modest, quite little gentlewoman of the warm heart and the vigorous, creative brain that she is.' Bostonians are charmed, it is said, no less with her unique personality than with her books. Of the evidence of the immense popularity of these is only necessary to refer to the fact that her "Ann of Green Gables," is selling as well as ever in its twenty-fifth edition, and "Ann of Avonlea" is now in its twentieth.

BITS FROM THE VERY LATEST BOOKS.

Convicts—and Ourselves.

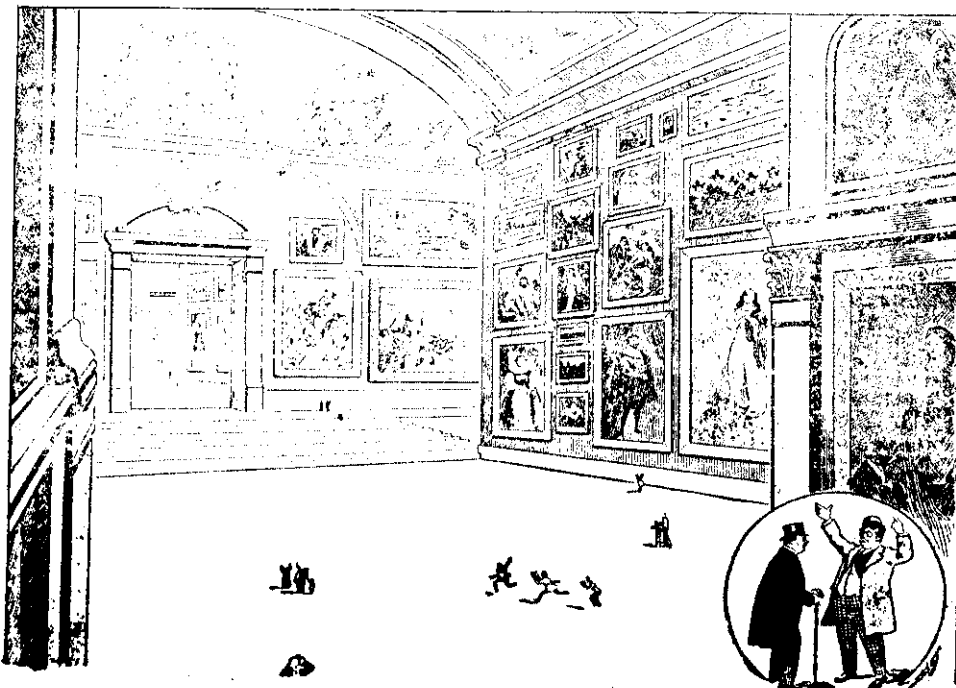
"The next time you look upon a convict, let me beg of you to do one thing. Maybe you are not as bad as I am, but do one thing; think of all the crimes you have wanted to commit; think of all the crimes you would have committed if you had had the opportunity; think of all the temptations to which you would have yielded had nobody been looking; and then put your hand on your heart and say whether you can justly look with contempt upon a convict."—"Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation," by Herman K. Kittredge.

A Wagner Idiosyncrasy.

"Wagner's sister, Fran Avemarins, was the first guest to arrive at our little dance at Dresden, and we had to tear down all the floral decorations with which we meant to impress our famous friends, as the scent made her quite faint. The idiosyncrasy apparently belongs to the family, for whenever Wagner came to us either the flowers or we had to leave."—(Baron von Starnitzel) Letters from India," by Lady Wilson (A. C. Macleod). Blackwood, 7/6 net.

The Eternal Feminine.

"A woman never feels good unless she loves someone."
 "The difference between being fond of a woman and being really fond of her is not as easily explained to the woman as to oneself."
 "The penalty for a mistake is heavier than the penalty for a sin."
 "With life, as with fiction, a woman is always eager to peep at the last chapters first, but a man generally prefers to take the chapters in their order."
 "Double Lives," by Francis Grubb. Eveleigh Nash.



EUROPE, AS THE ART ENTHUSIAST "SAW" IT.