

chronicle of longshoremen and life. We see the longshoreman, in these thirty sketches of his, in every conceivable aspect of life. Sketches that are humorous, ironical, pleasing, or tragic jostle one another for place in this truly realistic human document of fisher life. As an example of the ironic, we give the pain to "Bengie and the Bogey Man"; of the humorous, "Log of the Bristol Beauty"; of the pleasing, "Dear Papa's Love Story"; and of the tragic, "Turned Out." But all are inimitable, and stamp Mr Reynolds as being without peer as the mouthpiece of the longshoremen, who are indeed fortunate in his championship.

**The Grey Terrace.**

Mrs Reynolds' plot has the double merit of originality and reality: A London doctor, while attending an incurable patient in a mean lodging house, hears cries of murder in a room below. Going downstairs, he discovers a drunken man trying to murder his mistress. By a feat of skill he manages to wrest a knife out of the brute's hand and throws him to the floor, only to discover a minute or two later that the would-be murderer is dead. Upon which discovery the intended victim, with truly feminine inconsistency, dubs her preserver meddler and murderer. A consultation with another doctor proves the dead man to have been of apoplectic habit, and the woman's preserver is acquitted of homicide, though the fall may have accelerated the would-be murderer's death. Of the delightful love story that runs like a silver ribbon throughout this story, and of the complications that come about through the base action of the woman who was saved from a horrible death, the reader must, if he wishes to learn more, buy the book and read for himself a pathetic story which arrests and absorbs from start to finish and leaves the reader asking for more. Not very high-class fiction this, but true to life and incident.

**Mothers to Men:** By Zane Gale. (New York: Macmillan and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

A theme that we have often wondered has not been chosen by novelists has been chosen by Miss Gale in "Mothers to Men." In these days, right or wrong, of woman's suffrage, it is too often lost sight of that women are mothers of men, and that amended legislation could be without fiction brought about by women realising more clearly their duties and responsibilities as mothers of men. The book's scenes are set way back in a very primitive village in America where women suffrage and other modern innovations and forward movements are looked upon with distrust but are actually being carried out to the letter. The recital of how these ladies ran the township's one newspaper for a day, and the object lessons shown to the men of what the duty of cemetery boards and other parochial institutions are is simply and right humourously and instructively told. In short, "Mothers to Men" is as entertaining, as interesting, and as cleverly shrewd as it is original and inspiring. And if any woman is in the least doubt as to what is woman's proper sphere she cannot do better than read "Mothers to Men," which is pure genius.

**The Shadow of Noeme:** By Lady Bancroft. (London: John Murray. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

We remember Lady Bancroft over thirty years ago when, as Marie Wilson, she melted us to tears or ravished us with her superb personations of Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces," and in her capacity as one of the finest dancers in comedy on the English stage. We also, many years later, read a collaboration by Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, which dealt most interestingly, entertainingly, and informatively with their joint experiences and reminiscences on the stage and off, and also some very much later reminiscences. And now comes a novel which is founded on an incident of real life which was told to Lady Bancroft when recovering from an illness; a recovery so weary and protracted that Lady Bancroft amused and occupied herself by weaving the story of "The Shadow of Noeme" around it. Frankly, "The Shadow of Noeme" has little entertaining merit, and is too patently sentimental to suit modern readers. But it is one of the most naturally told stories we have ever been called upon to review, and its plot has the

merit of originality and cohesiveness. But the dialogue is banal to a fault, singularly so for a lady of Lady Bancroft's experience and charm. Nevertheless, it may be that owing to her transcendental talent on the stage we have set too high a standard for the author of "The Shadow of Noeme." And so in common gratitude for past benefits received we conceive her entitled to that indulgence always given to a beginner.

**BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.**

**Some Irish Balls.**

"A neighbour was inquiring from Mrs. Clancy how she was able to recognise the twins, they were so much alike in form and feature, face and limb." "Ah, that's aisy," replied Mrs. C., "I just put my finger in Palsey's mouth, and if he bites me, shure I know it's Mike."

"A vicar was showing a friend round the churchyard, and coming to his own little plot he remarked, 'That's where I'm going to be laid if God spares me.'"

"An Irishman was sleeping with a companion. In the middle of the night he was discovered out on the floor. Asked by his bedfellow what he was doing there, he calmly replied: 'I got out to tuck myself in.'"—"Bulls, Ancient and Modern," by J. C. Percy. McCreedy, Percy and Co.

**The New Woman.**

"Vulgarity, nor more nor less, The modern maid entices— At first she did but ape his dress, She now affects his vices!" —"By the Way of the Gate," by Charles Cayzer. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner.

**A Little Moralising.**

"Culture is knowledge gained not for its own sake but for the sake of the refining of the mind and the sweetening of the world. To know by heart-rote and not by heart-rote, all the rules of politeness, would never make a man polite. Knowledge is for loving use."—"Literature and Life," by Rev. L. MacLean Wall. Black.

**The Danger Zone.**

"In South Kensington the female population exceeds the male by three (or even more) to one. It is a dangerous region, and he is a bold or reckless bachelor who is drawn into an entanglement in it. Such news in a region flies with a swiftness exceeding that of any known force in Nature."—"Little Brother," by Gilbert Cannan. Heinemann.

**A Neat Simile.**

"The world's a big oyster, and education is the knife to open it with."—"Riddles," by Paul Neuman, John Murray.

**A New Whistler Story.**

"Whistler once bought some tapestries of a Frenchman named Barthe, who, not being able to get his account settled, called one evening for the money. He was told that Whistler was not in; but there was a cab waiting at the door, and he could hear his debtor's voice; so he pushed past the maid, and, as he afterwards related, 'Upstairs I find him, before a little picture, painting, and behind him to braziers Greaves holding candles. And Vistiaire, he say: 'You ze very man I vant; hold a candle!' And I hold a candle. And Vistiaire, he paint and he paint, and zen he take ze picture and he go downstairs, and he get in ze cab and he drive off, and we hold ze candle and I see him no more.'"—"Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London," by A. St. John Adcock. Dent.

**"There's Many a Slip."**

"Few, probably, know the history of 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' which is a translation of a Greek proverb. Anceus, an ancient king of Samos, was fond of gardening, and planted some vines in his garden. But he was told by a prophet that he would never taste wine from them. Time went on, and the wine being duly made, Anceus was lifting a cup of it to his lips, at the same time asking the prophet mockingly where his prophecy was now. 'There are many things between the cup and the lip,' replied the prophet. As he spoke a loud tumult was heard outside, and Anceus was told that a wild boar had broken in. Hurriedly putting the cup down without drinking, he rushed out to join the hunt against the boar, and was killed. And the prophet's remark, turned into a hexameter *versus*, passed into a proverb."—"The Pithy Essays of John Churton Collins," by J. M. Dent.

**A Good Beginning.**

"When Percival Charles Grandstand won the 'Daily Mail' prize of £50,000 for making standard bread out of sweet peas while crossing the Channel in an aeroplane, a reporter said with some confidence that this was but the fitting crown to a career of exceptional brilliance. He was correct. I wrote a patriotic article on the subject myself, entitled 'Where we Excel Germany,' and sent it to the 'Spectator.' The 'Spectator' sent the article to me again. I have still got it, and you can have it if you like. On the other hand, if you don't you needn't."—The opening sentence of Barry Pain's story in "Printers' Pie."

**Making Conversation.**

"I was never a born conversationalist, and always found that business was more difficult in the intervals between the dances than on any other occasion. There is not time to get up a political discussion; metaphysics are a little out of place, and family talk is bound to be one-sided. There is such an air of sentiment about that the only possible subject seems to be love, and there I am at my worst. I can never talk about love without making it; so I plunged into the topic forthwith.

"If I declared, referring to my programme and finding it illegible, 'if only I knew your name I would ask you to change it.'"

"Never mind," she answered, 'for I never accept proposals at a dance. One never knows whether or not they will be remembered and confirmed next morning.'"

"Don't talk about 'accepting proposals' in that bald way. It sounds just like a heastly insurance company."—"Men about Town," by F. O. L. Humphreys.

**Her Dullness.**

"No really nice woman is ever reasonable. It's simply another word for dull."—"A Three-cornered Duel," by Beatrice Kelston. John Long.

**Her Career.**

"Marriage is one of the most difficult of careers for a woman to follow satisfactorily. Women may be born mothers, but they are not born wives."—"The Third Chance," by Gladys Waterer. George Allen.

**From "The White Shrine."**

"Compromises are like new boots—until we have become used to them they pinch the extremities of our principles."

"Love is passion hallowed by dreams. Sentiment is the sleep in which the dreams may come."—"The White Shrine," by Gerald Villiers-Stuart. Andrew Melrose.

**Eve, Plus Art.**

"Artistic women have always been the devil. Use them, but don't trust them. The turn of an ankle has more than once corrupted a Cabinet."—"The Outward Appearance," by Stanley Makower. Martin Secker.

**The Perfect Husband.**

"The really agreeable husband must be a person who takes you for better for worse, and shrugs his shoulders and loves you all the same, and doesn't care twopence three-farthings about your ideas; but never forgets that you take sugar in your early morning tea, and never has your hands when he does up your blouse for you."—"Up to Perrius," by Margaret B. Cross, Chatto and Windus.

**Richelieu in Love.**

"Queen Anne and her confidante were one day conversing together, and could talk and laugh at nothing save at the expense of the amorous Cardinal Richelieu. Madame de Chevreuse said: 'He is, I assure you, passionately smitten, and I know of nothing which he would not do to please your Majesty. Shall I send him here some evening, dressed in baladin, to dance a saraband? Would your Majesty like it?' 'What folly!' replied the Queen; nevertheless Anne was young, she was full of spirit and fun, and the idea diverted her. The great Minister, although he had in hand all the politics of Europe, could not defend his heart from the assaults of love. He accepted the singular rendezvous proposed by the duchess—for already he believed himself sure of conquest. Bloacan, who played admirably on the violin, was summoned. Richelieu appeared clad in pantalons of green velvet, at his garters hung silver bells, on his hands wore castanets, and he danced

a saraband, which Bloacan played. The Queen and her favourite remained concealed behind a screen through which the gestures and movements of the dancer were seen."—"The Married Life of Anne of Austria," by Martha Walker Freer. Eveleigh N. S.

**The Tote-a-tote.**

"A man and a woman may become quite intimate in a quarter of an hour. Almost certainly they will endeavour to explain themselves to each other before many minutes have elapsed; but a man and a woman will not do this, and even less so will a woman and a woman, for these are the parallel lines which never meet. The acquaintanceship of the latter, in particular, often begins and ends in an armed and calculating neutrality."—"The Charwoman's Daughter," by James Stevens, Macmillan.

**Beauty's Fate.**

"All beautiful people are spoiled."—"The Drunkard," by Guy Thorne. Greening.

**Experience Wanted.**

"The thing that a woman demands most of love is that she may prove it."—"The Prelude to Adventure," by Hugh Walpole. Mills and Boon.

**From "Austin's Career."**

"A man can't argue with the woman he loves."

"A widow is free to choose any sort of friendship, a sentimental friendship, a financial, or an intellectual friendship."—"Society is a Rare-show nowadays. Only offer it something expensive and unusual, and you are the talk of the town."

"Women lose a number of pleasant things by remaining single, but by marrying they get nothing nine cases out of ten but unwelcome shocks and a bad bargain."—"Austin's Career," by Violet Tswetale. Long.

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