

centrated blaze ; it is more like the diamond, with its many-sided brilliancy. In plain words, Mr. Dooley proved that he could flash at every turn. 'Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen' proved to be as witty and as wise as had proved 'Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War.' "

In these days of public libraries we do not buy many books, but we can still realise the truth of this extract from the "Boston Literary World" on the subject :

"The buying of books is something like the making of friends ; more often than not it is a hazardous business, delightful, precarious, fraught with great consequences, expensive, necessary, and sometimes most unfortunate. How many we must try before the one we really have been waiting for arrives ! How eagerly we take the newcomer with high hopes for the joy it is to bring us ! And how often we are disappointed ! Then, too, how deceitful appearances are ! The first glance, the name, the make-up, often repel us for a time, only to reveal at last hidden treasures of wise counsel and charming companionship which we would not have missed for the world. While the sudden acquaintance, picked up with so much enthusiasm, gradually discloses itself to be a vapid bore, or a sounding sentimentalist full of glitter and clap-trap. Or we may have known a book slightly for a long time, hearing its praises sung by our neighbours, remaining all the while incredulous to its belauded qualities, and come at last to realise its worth and take it to our heart for ever—the most treasured of possessions."

The following is an extract from an article in the "Literary News," dealing with the doubtful advance in literature :

"Thoughtful comparison between the novels of to-day and of fifty years ago shows for those of the

present greatly increased numbers (hardly a matter for congratulation), more ingenuity in plot and a certain facility in style ; yet the old-fashioned reader will look in vain for the high standards and single-minded purposes of those less complex days. Then right was right and wrong was wrong, and if the heroines portrayed in the novels of those past generations were less clever and self-dependent, they at least were pure-hearted, more really womanly, and the men were more honourable, brave and more chivalrous than the characters which crowd the pages of our latter-day problem stories. Advancing civilisation brings in its wake many counterbalancing evils, so may it not be possible that higher mental culture may mean a lowering of individual and national ideals ? It would seem this result is mirrored in the plays and novels of the time !"

A recent number of the "Publishers' Weekly" gives the following examples of the boorishness of Schabelitz, a Zurich publisher, who was an extraordinary character, but "a shrewd man of business, an excellent linguist, and a versatile writer."

"When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the post card with the acceptance the proviso, 'I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar.'

"To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by post card : 'I do not care to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy, because you didn't enclose enough postage. If you will forward it, together with the money this card cost me, I will send it to you ; but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part.'

"One of his post cards to a novelist reads about as follows : 'For heaven's sake, come and take away