

A CHEAP edition, limited to 100,000 copies, of "Tom Brown's School Days," is announced by Macmillan and Company, uniform in style with their paper-covered editions of Charles Kingsley's novels, of which something over a million copies have been sold in the past six months.

ALL efforts to prevent the publication and introduction into England of the American Sheridan Ford's collection of Whistler literature having failed, Mr. Whistler himself will now, it is said, undertake a complete publication of his writings, including much that is wanting in the Ford edition.

AMONGST the distinguished Canadian *literati* invited to the McLachlan testimonial banquet given recently at the Walker House, Toronto, was Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., of Ottawa. Dr. O'Hagan is a warm friend and admirer of the veteran Scottish-Canadian poet.

Two brief, unsigned articles on Marie Bashkirtseff are printed in the *May Century*. They are written by women. One critic is very enthusiastic, and the other is much less so. The "views" are accompanied by new portraits of Marie Bashkirtseff and by reproductions of some of her own pictures.

In the *May Century*, Mr. Kennan has an article entitled "Blacked Out," in which he describes the methods of the Russian Press Censor. Two pages of the *Century* for August, 1889, are reproduced in *facsimile*, showing how the Censor endeavoured to prevent Mr. Kennan's article in that number from being read in Russia.

TOLSTOI's latest novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata," deals with the marriage question. It is an unusually brief story for this author, containing only 120 pages in the German. The size of Tolstoi's books is evidently in keeping with the waning of the Tolstoi craze, which has given place to the Ibsen fad, which, in its turn, is going out of fashion.

ANOTHER bit of unblushing plagiarism has come under our notice, viz., the issuing of one of Mr. F. Blake Crofton's humorous short stories, as an original production, in No. 63 of the *Magazine of Short Stories*—an English publication. Mr. Blake Crofton is Provincial Librarian at Halifax, and a well-known and valued contributor to THE WEEK.

A TWENTY-FIVE cent edition of "Marie Bashkirtseff, the Journal of a Young Artist," is announced for publication on May 15th, by the Cassell Publishing Company. It contains the same matter as the two dollar edition, and has the portrait of the young Russian girl on the cover. It is printed on good paper, and is a most remarkable book for the price.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER AND COMPANY are selling the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature" "on the instalment plan." On receipt of the price of a single volume they deliver the complete set of eleven volumes and collect the balance in monthly instalments. This is not a new departure in book publishing, for "Appleton's American Cyclopædia" was sold on the same plan.

IN "Little Saint Elizabeth and Other Stories" Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has given to the world, fond of such pabulum, another of those pathetic stories which inevitably follow when an author, having succeeded in making one accidental hit in writing of child nature, attempts to run a thousand-ton-a-day literary mill on a very thin vein of literary quartz. Little saints are very tiresome literary subjects. It is not child nature to be saintly.

MESSRS. MERRIAM AND COMPANY of Springfield, Mass., have issued a circular calling attention to the fact that the "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," now placed upon the market by a Chicago firm, is a reprint of the edition of 1847, the copyright having expired through lapse of time. It goes without saying that to buy such an antiquated authority as the Webster of nearly half a century ago is sheer waste of money. The only book entitled in honesty to be known by the name of "Webster's Unabridged" is that published by Messrs. Merriam.

MISS JEAN INGELOW, in order to carry out a charity dear to her heart, has furnished Roberts Brothers with autographic copies of some of her favourite short poems, such as, "The Martin Flew to the Finch's Nest" (from "Mopsa"), "Goldilocks," "The Nightingale Heard by the Unsatisfied Heart," "The Warbling of Blackbirds," "Coo, Dove, to thy Married Mate" (from "Brothers and a Sermon"), "When Sparrows Build," etc., each bearing her signature with the date, and these the publishers propose to send to any address on receipt of \$2 for each poem.

MR. GLADSTONE, at the invitation of the editor (Mr. Thomas Catling), has just written an article for *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, in which he deals with the social progress of the people—presenting a review of the past, a study of the present, and a hopeful anticipation of the future of labour. After maintaining its present form for forty-seven years, the paper founded by the late Edward Lloyd is about to be enlarged, and Mr. Gladstone's article will be the first of a series of contributions by leading writers. *Lloyd's* is said to have a circulation of more than 700,000 copies.

"It was curious," says an English correspondent of the *Christian Union*, "to see how the heart of England was stirred but the other day by what was in itself a trifling incident, but, taken in connection with such a man as Mr. Gladstone, a fine and touching index of character. For two weeks previous to the beginning of the present Parliamentary session Mr. Gladstone went into residence at Oxford, residing in 'rooms,' dining in hall, meandering through libraries, just as he had done when an undergraduate sixty years ago. And his fortnight on the banks

of the Isis was not spent in idle musings; it was a period of genuine and severe study. This was Mr. Gladstone's method of recuperating himself for his Parliamentary labours!"

LA PATRIE of the 29th April criticises strongly, though amusingly, a poem in French which appeared in THE WEEK entitled "Rhapsodie d'un Vieillard." Our readers will remember that the verses in question were a tribute to the genius and gifts of Albani. But *la langue française* is dearer just now to the heart of *La Patrie* than aught else, and it declaims against the audacity of "Amicus" in rashly using a medium, the subtleties of which, *La Patrie* judges, he so faintly grasps. Finally "Amicus" is recommended to cease maltreating the sacred tongue of the Gaul if he wishes to enjoy the eternal happiness of the "chœur seraphique." All of which, contrary to French tradition, is rather more candid than courteous.

APROPOS of the coming publication of the diary of Sir Walter Scott, the *London World* says: "When Lockhart was writing Sir Walter's biography, only a few years after his death, he had the whole diary privately printed, and three copies were struck off, one of which was given to Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, and another to Dean Milman, who, with Lockhart, formed a secret committee for the purpose of deciding how much of the diary might then be published. As a matter of fact, only a small part was ultimately printed in Lockhart's work, and Dean Milman and Mr. Morritt having returned their copies of the full diary to him, he left them among his papers, and I presume that it is one of them which is going to be published, for the entire diary may now appear without offending anybody, and very interesting it will be. Lockhart turned over every shilling of the large sum he received for the 'Life' to the fund for paying off Sir Walter's debts, which amounted in 1847 (the year they were finally wiped out) to about \$125,000."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DEAD CITIES.

THE spell of ruined cities. Who shall see
Even in dreams their glory? In mine ear
Their names are great and strange to hear,
A sound of ancientness and majesty;
Ninus and Shushan, Carthage, Meroë;
Troja, long vanished in Achæan flame,
Crowned with dead prowess and the poet's fame;
On and Cyrene perished utterly.

Things old and dim and strange to dream upon;
Cumæ and Sardes, cities waste and gone;
And that pale river by whose ghostly strand
Thebes' monstrous tombs and desolate altars stand;
Baalbec and Tyre, and burned Babylon,
And ruined Tadmor in the desert sand.

—A Lampman, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

IS LITERATURE LUCRATIVE?

A COMPARISON between the profits of authors in England and authors in the United States shows a striking difference. When I remember how enormous were the gains of Sir Walter Scott, how brilliant were the profits of Charles Dickens; when I recall that Bulwer received a hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of printing a cheap edition of his novels for ten years; that George Eliot was paid thirty-five thousand dollars for "Romola," and made seventy-five thousand dollars out of "Middlemarch;" that within three months after the publication of the fourth volume of Macaulay's "History" the Longmans sent him a hundred thousand dollars, I wonder in what fairy-land these things could have occurred. I know not what Tennyson's arrangements are with his present publishers, but at one time he received the fixed sum of twenty-five thousand dollars a year for his copyrights, whether he published anything new or not. It would be interesting to compare these figures with Longfellow's yearly receipts. Trollope frankly tells us just what he received for his novels, which in many instances was not less than fifteen thousand dollars down. Mr. Roe was the most successful of recent American novelists, and yet it is doubtful if any of his much-read novels yielded him more than half this amount. Anthony Trollope's prices were not at all exceptional, every English novelist in the first rank obtaining as much, and a few considerable more. Some single books in this country, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Wide, Wide World," "Ben-Hur," have yielded their authors a large profit; but I know of no author publishing rapidly book after book whose average receipts are at all equal to those of English authors of corresponding rank. And if we compare exceptional books, England still pays much more liberally than we do. George Eliot, as I have already mentioned, is said to have made seventy-five thousand dollars from "Middlemarch." "Ben-Hur," large as the returns have been, can scarcely equal this. If a disinterested person desired to ascertain the comparative literary activity of two countries, he would naturally compare the literary journals of each with the other. Could there be a surer test? If we place before us copies of the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Spectator*, we see at once what is going on in the English world of letters. If we place by their side the only three American periodicals with which comparison can be made, the *Nation*, the *Critic*, the *Literary World*, the difference is rather astonishing. In a copy of the *Athenæum* now before me I count thirty-six columns of

book announcements and advertisements; in the *Nation*, of the same date, about seven columns, the columns being of equal length. In another number of the *Athenæum* I find twenty-three columns against four columns in the *Nation* of the corresponding issue. The other American literary journals exhibit a similar disproportion in comparison with English journals. How are we to account for this remarkable difference? —*Publishers Weekly*.

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN.

THERE is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession and they are what men like in women.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like the courtesy of the fireside.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by-the-by, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies and quiet colours; not by showy colours or designs.

They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain.

They like a companion—a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them, who is interested in their lives and their plans and in their hopes; who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling.

They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in a woman and is disappointed if he does not find it.

They like women to be affectionate—there never was a man yet, no matter how stern, no matter how cold, no matter how repressive as far as his own feelings were concerned, who did not like a loving squeeze of the hand, or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him.

These are some of the things that men like in women.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

THE LAW OF THE STREET IS "MOVE ON."

FOR the travelling public, as we have already seen, the law of the street is motion; a law not more strictly enforced by the London policeman ordering Jo to "move on," than it was in New York, when an enterprising dealer blocked the way by exhibiting to curious crowds seven sisters in his show-window, combing their wonderful hair. The court considered such an exhibition highly sensational and condemned it, and the consequent obstruction as a public nuisance. It was abated, and the public procession resumed its movement. But it is not encroachments only that embarrass public travel. The opposite courses and cross currents of travel itself cause inconvenience, and have led to a variety of rules of precedence and passage which, taken together, constitute our "law of the road." This law of the road is somewhat complex and uncertain, being still in the formative period. Pedestrians meeting each other may pass to the right or left, according to their whim. So may riders on horseback. So may vehicles proceeding along streets crossing at right angles, or passing each other in the same direction. In all four cases each is bound to exercise due care not to injure the other. But vehicles moving in opposite directions must pass each other to the right. One attempting to pass or to keep to the left, even though in a loaded wagon meeting a light one, takes the risk of possible injury without chance of redress; but his offence would not justify his adversary in wilfully running him down. For many years it was sought to establish that in the public streets, as on the highway of the sea, the stronger must give way to the weaker; that vehicles should yield to the pedestrian; but the struggle was in vain, and it is now settled that drivers and walkers must maintain mutual watchfulness and look out for each other. If, however, the driver goes at a reckless rate, especially if, as is irritatingly common, he dashes over a cross-walk, he is liable to a strict accountability at the complaint of any injured foot-passenger.—*Francis Lynde Stetson, in May Scribner*.

THE REVIVAL OF CHESS IN JAPAN.

THE *Japan Mail*, referring to attempts now being made to revive chess in Japan, says that during the long peace enjoyed by that country under the rule of the Shoguns the game of chess flourished. Once every year, on the 17th day of the 11th month, the masters of the game met in Yedo and fought a grand tourney in an appointed place within the precincts of the palace. Judges, umpires, strict rules and all things necessary to