

one reads Green one feels one is being addressed by a bank-holiday clerk."

WESTERFELT. *By W.N. Harben.* (New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.) In this dingy little love story from the mountains of North Georgia, with the tragic shadows of moonshiners moving through it and clouds of "white caps" circling around it, Cupid is represented as a rude little monster addicted to the drink habit and to drawing fogs of sulky sentiment through his pipe stem. And for this reason, probably, all the women in the novel are morbid, while the men show a disposition to murder each other. Philosophy is reduced to a few proverbs, and the only humor current is a sort of long-fanged canine wit that draws blood oftener than it creates mirth. The author has made a study of mountain folk, and his selection of words is mathematically correct, but they are lacking in the suggestion, tone and color which genius imparts to language.

COLLOQUIES OF CRITICISM. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price, 3 shillings 6 pence, net.) A series of quiet dialogs on bookish topics, discussing chiefly the character of the modern reading public and the effect of this public on literature. There is due recognition of the benefits accruing to art and literature from the new democracy of taste, altho the vulgarizing tendency of this taste is clearly analyzed. Some of the distinctions drawn are finely subtle, as for instance the contrast in the last dialog between the crudeness and the common sanity existing together in the taste of the multitude. In the same dialog a clever comparison of fine manners and good writing ends with these sentences:

"That is to say, tho literature may gain in some ways by appealing directly to the democracy, it tends to lose, by doing so, one of its chief charms, tho not, perhaps, one of its chief values—namely, that grace, dignity, polish, ease and reticence of manner which it was obliged to cultivate when it addressed itself primarily to an aristocracy. I always think of this with a sigh when I contrast the mannerless styles of historians like Green and Freeman with the style of Gibbon, or even of Macaulay. When one reads Gibbon one feels one is being addressed by a man who has the manners of an accomplished diplomatist and the dignity of a statesman whose coat is covered with orders. When one reads Freeman one feels one is being addressed by a man in his shirt sleeves. When

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. *Edited by Edward Dowden.* (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25 a volume.) Two volumes—"Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"—of this new edition of Shakespeare have come to us, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best edition for general reading we have yet seen. The volumes, including each a single play, are of fair size (not effeminate little books that get lost in the hand) printed clearly on paper of light weight. The notes are at the bottom of the page—where they should be; and the whole make-up is simple but attractive. The text is conservative, altho Professor Dowden has the temerity to introduce a few new emendations, and the substance of the annotation brief but serviceable.

THE CURIOUS COURTSHIP OF KATE POINS. A Romance of the Regency. *By Louis Evan Shipman.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.) The plot is exceptionally good and full of possibilities which the development hardly realizes. There is considerable delay about setting the wheels in motion, and even then the speed is not accelerated enough to make us entirely unconscious of the machinery.