

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

MISS LILLIAN BELL WRITES ABOUT "THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS."

"AN ETHICAL MOVEMENT."

STEVENS CRANE'S NOVEL OF LIFE IN A NEW YORK TENEMENT HOUSE.

WILLIAM BLACKS "BRISIELS."

"A Marriage by Capture" or "In the Sight of the Goddesses"—The Folly of Eustace—Notes.

"An Ethical Movement" is the title of a volume of lectures by W. L. Sheldon, lecturer to the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

In the first lecture, "The Meaning of the Ethical Movement," Mr. Sheldon discriminates between what he terms the theological side of religion, which lays emphasis on the terms "God" and "worship" and the ethical side of religion which keynotes are "doing" and "duty."

and use of the old rallying-cries of the soul of man. To such it seems needful that the words which have always meant the highest things to the finest natures should be brought to mean the highest still, and their struggle to maintain their own definitions is the modern version of the Crusade for the Sepulchre.

It is where Mr. Sheldon leaves the distinctly religious side of the ethical movement and considers the relation of the Ethical Idealist to the ferment of modern thought on social subjects that he is strongest, and his sincerity and reasonableness show to best advantage. The lectures on "Social Ideals and What They Signify," "The Difficulty for the Idealist," and "Can Ethics Justify Private Property," are wholly admirable in their candor, high-mindedness and wisdom.

The weakest parts of the book are the chapters, "Methods for Spiritual Self-Culture," and "On the Value of Poetry to Those Who Wish to Live in the Spirit." Their inadequacy is perhaps due to the fact that their suggestions would be of no value to those who are not able to think of such things for themselves. And here we touch upon the supreme difficulty of ethical culture as a universal religion—it necessarily presupposes more civilization than the average human creature possesses.

Those who are equal to it are able to do without it, or possess a better thing. The "Ethical Movement," by W. L. Sheldon, New York, Macmillan & Co., \$1.75. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

"The Under Side of Things" by Lillian Bell is a book that is well worth reading. Miss Bell has a vivacious manner in telling a story, a keen, yet kindly insight into human nature and a clever way of stating the results of that insight.

The story sparkles with bright things which emanate largely from Miss Kate Vandevort, one of the most spirited and interesting young women who has appeared in fiction of late years. The frame-work of the book is built of simple, but enduring materials.

"Brisiels," by William Black, New York, Harper & Brothers, 15 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Will Mr. Robert S. Hichens kindly cease writing studies of freaks in person who are not able to think of such things for themselves? His latest book, "The Folly of Eustace" contains three short stories. The first deals with one of our authors at the age of fifteen because it struck him as a short cut to celebrity and distinction.

Persisting in his whimsicalities long after he has wearily done the work of a man, he finally drives her into an elopement just as he has achieved his life-long ambition in the shape of a cartoon in Vanity Fair. The story is really a study in person, is about a man who choked a cat to death in his cruel boyhood and is punished in after-life by marrying a young woman in whom the soul of the cat had been reincarnated, and who takes vengeance upon him for his former cruelty. The third tale is one of collaboration, one of the collaborators being engaged in the process of committing murder and suicide at the end, leaving his coadjutor to write the final chapter, containing these ghastly incidents.

The stories are well-written, but it is a question as to whether they were worth doing, especially when one reflects that their author could do much better things.

"The Duchess of Powysland," by Robert S. Hichens, New York, D. Appleton & Co., 15 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

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The latest issues in Lippincott's Lotus Library are Robert Buchanan's "Mistakes by Capture" and "In the Sight of the Goddesses" by Harriet Ride Davis. Mr. Buchanan's story is located in Ireland and deals with the kidnapping of a hard-headed heroine by a lord who had expressed his conviction that the woman would marry unless captured in some such way. It is rather crude in style as well as headless in plot.

"Mrs. Davis" is a very pleasantly written tale of Washington life and society, depending for its sentimental interest upon the love-affairs of a Senator's daughter and his private secretary. The story is related in alternate sections by the young people who are permitted to be happy in the end.

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The merits of "Maggie," a story by Stephen Crane, written some three years ago, but only just presented to the public, are merits of style rather than of subject. Dealing with tenement house life in New York in its most repulsive aspects, the book is essentially an unpleasant one, but as some compensation for its inherently objectionable qualities, it shows the force and vigor which make every page of it really interesting or not.

Maggie is a tenement-house girl who drifts to the bad end, finally, into the river, not from any kinship with evil, but through her worship for one Pete, a "bar-keep," who commends himself to her rudimentary soul as something infinitely worth making sacrifice for. But Pete, who has no soul at all, possesses a very limited appetite for worship and prefers the scorn of a more audacious type of woman, who robs and despises him mercilessly. The subtlety of the author touches where the author brings out these characters is artistically, the best thing in the book. Without anywhere sitting in judgment and declaring this English world, the writer makes his opinion of it as clear as if he had denounced life instead of depicting it through an hundred and sixty pages. The feat is not done for the sake of doing it, but other material might have been used in doing it. It was perhaps worth

while for Mr Crane to write "Maggie," for doubtless it served as the safety-valve for some of the fiercest feelings of revolt against the hideousness of existence, but it was hardly worth while to print it, for it infects the reader with the same unwholesome disgust which the author, we trust, rid himself of in writing it.

"Maggie," by Steven Crane, New York, D. Appleton & Co., 75 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

There are, apparently, no more surprises for us in the "William Black" block, but there is, nevertheless, much pleasure to be gotten from his always sweet and graceful stories in which heather and lovely girl customarily play conspicuous parts. In "Brisiels" the lovely girl is a Greek, though with Scotch blood in her veins, and she wanders through the heather with an old uncle, who discovers the "silver albatross" an Aberdeenshire hill, where some naughty boys had sworn it to mislead the elderly naturalist, breaking his heart over the never-recaptured bird from the discovery that he has been made the victim of a cruel jest, and dies, leaving Brisiels to an unhappy life. The young Scotchman, whom she had met at school, is so generous as to rescue her from an existence of drudgery as he would have been if he had not gone salmon fishing too often with the wrong girl, entangling himself in an engagement thereby. There is much consequent misery, but the reader's confidence in the author is not misplaced, for in the end everybody who deserves it is made happy as well as one or two people like Miss George LeStrange, whose claims upon happiness could hardly be prosecuted upon the ground of their deserting her from the discovery that he has been made the victim of a cruel jest, and dies, leaving Brisiels to an unhappy life.

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chiefly reproductions of French posters, are admirably chosen and strongly reproduced. The advertising pages of the magazine are not the least interesting part of it, as they contain several illustrations in color, which are good both in line and color.

On our Book Table.

From the publishers: "My First Opal," by Sarah Warren Brooks, \$1. "A Voyage to Viking Land," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele, 50 cents.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. "Lady Val's Disappointment," by John Bickard, 50 cents. "His Honor and a Lady," by Mrs. Eversard Coates, \$1.25. "Liberia," by Eleanor Kirk, \$1.50.

TUPPER HANGS ON. Will Not Give Up His Job for Another Week.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 26.—The Tupper ministry intended to hold office for another week, at least. Political friends are crowding her to the door, but she is determined to stay, but she is feeling in the party is that the conservatives would be greatly injured by such action.

STRICTLY FOR SAVINGS ONLY is the business of the Ontario State Savings Bank, Germania Life Bldg., 4th and Main sts.

THE HON. PATRICK KILFINANE WINCH.

From Temple Bar.

It was one evening about a fortnight ago that I installed myself in a little villa at Siena; I had just sat down to dinner, and was waiting for Concetta, my elderly parlor maid, to take the lid off the tureen of minestrà, when she came into the room, a little flushed and indignant, and announced that an "individual," evidently a foreigner, was waiting in the hall, and desired to speak with me on a matter of the greatest importance. Who could it be, I wondered, for I knew scarcely a soul—certainly no foreigner—in Siena? I was struck, too, by Concetta's emphasized use of the word "individual," for an Italian servant is usually ready enough to give "person" the benefit of the doubt and call him a signore. He must be a tolerably low specimen, I reflected, but I felt bound to go out and interview this most mysterious visitor.

There stood before me, in the dimly lighted hall, a being whom I would have passed without a thought in a London street, but who here, in remote Siena, compelled my closest scrutiny, and aroused to the full all my faculties of observation. He was a small mean creature, with small, bald head, small, puckered features, small pursed mouth and receding chin. He was dressed in a black frock coat, and his upper lip and chin were covered with a three days' stubble. He was wearing a seedy brown overcoat and shiny black trousers. In his hand he held a black billycock hat, oily and crinkled with age and much wear, and he looked as if he had been sitting down to a long and weary day's work.

He looked at me with a steady gaze, and his eyes seemed to pierce my soul. I felt a little nervous, but I tried to keep my composure. "What is it, sir?" I asked. "I am very pleased to see you," he replied, with a slight smile. "I have a matter of some importance to discuss with you."

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AN IDEAL STORE. Is a place where you buy all these things without paying more than you ought to. Where every effort possible is made to give you satisfaction. Where you can go with any complaints and be sure of having "things made right." We believe our store is ideal in every way. We feel morally certain that your money will have more buying power here than anywhere else. We will sell for cash and on the partial payment plan—which ever way is most convenient to you.

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Winch was lodged that night in the St. Louis Hotel. I made inquiry about him later on. His name was Richard Davis. He was born in Vermont, and had been in the army of the Union during the war. He had been in the army of the Union during the war. He had been in the army of the Union during the war.

"Mr. Utchinson, sir," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on me, "I am very sorry to hear of your loss. I am sure you will be able to get it back. I am sure you will be able to get it back. I am sure you will be able to get it back."

"At that moment there was a loud, impatient peal at the front door bell. It was Patrick Winch with pink with excitement. "Mr. Utchinson, sir, I am sorry to hear of your loss. I am sure you will be able to get it back. I am sure you will be able to get it back. I am sure you will be able to get it back."

"I slowly unbuttoned my coat and felt in my breast pocket. As I did so there came a knock at the study door—then a pause—then another knock. I felt that to cry "Come in" would be like pulling the trigger of the revolver. Another knock, then Concetta opened the door. She saw the scene, and, "Pass, Signor," she cried quickly.

An Italian policeman briskly entered the room. Why only one, I wondered; why not three or four when so desperate a ruffian was in question? Killifinane Winch had replaced the revolver in his pocket, and was mopping his forehead with a dirty red bandana. The guardia had evidently seen nothing.

Never had I felt so kindly toward any human being. The guardia was a sturdy, thick-set little man, inclining to embonpoint; his round face had the mellow red and brown glow of a healthy man; his black eyes twinkled pleasantly; a thick black mustache alone served to impart to him a little of the truculent air necessary to his profession. "Come in," he said, every Englishman's manner was his ally. He bowed repeatedly and began by apologizing for disturbing me at that hour of the evening.

"Don't mention it," I said, heartily; "you came at a most opportune moment for me. I am happy to be of service to you. I am happy to be of service to you. I am happy to be of service to you."

"What?" cried the guardia, in amazement. "Is it possible that in you I have not the honor of addressing the Signor 'Ootchisso'?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I am the Signor Utchinson."

"But," he answered, with the suavest courtesy, "it is you, signor, that I want."

This was too much; I almost recoiled. Here was a man, evidently a notorious scoundrel, who must surely be holding a revolver with a few inches of my head here. He was in my room, within the easy grasp of the law, and the police politely inform me that of the two it is he they want. I was about to remonstrate angrily.

The guardia looked good naturedly incredulous. I could see what was passing in his mind. Evidently a person who had failed to report Patrick Killifinane Winch. He had sunk into an arm chair, his head had fallen forward, his teeth were chattering violently; there were streaks of silmy foam on his small pursed lips.

The guardia bent down kindly and raised his head. "The man has gone mad, signor," he said.

"It was true enough; half-mad at the best of times, his brain had evidently wholly lost balance in the excitement of his attempt upon me. The guardia produced the terrible instrument that had been so nearly compassing my death.

"It is of ancient make, signor," he said, "and covered with rust and mud. It must have four or five inches of lead, and see, signor," he continued, with a polite smile, "it is not even loaded."

"Not loaded? Oh, the ignominy! Oh, the ignominy! I ground my teeth again and again. Precisely the same thoughts took through my brain with ever maddening

swiftness. I noticed every trifle, too. I noticed that my cigar was still in my mouth, that my teeth were tightly clenched upon it, that my mouth was full of smoke, that the smoke was lazily oozing out of my mouth, and that yet it did not choke me.

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Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in CONTESTANTS by using them backward and forward? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, but do you really know a good word? The word is: CONTESTANTS. The word is: CONTESTANTS. The word is: CONTESTANTS.

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