BOOKS of the HOUR

The establishment and success of the Booklover's library has been watched with no little interest by publishers and others concerned in literary matters. The founder and manager, Seymour Eaton, of Philadelphia, is well known in newspaper and literary circles, and has long cherished the desire to undertake such an enterprise and has had faith that it would be popular among the people. His faith has been justified by the result; indeed the Booklover's has become a fad. It furnishes the best of books, well bound and unhandled, to its patrons and the most critical would find it difficult to cavil at the service. Added to this it sends free to subscribers twice a month the "Booklover's Bulletin," a pamphlet of literary news and notes of the latest books. The library is now being established in England, and the English are again being given an example of American enterprise and originality.

As we hear so much fault finding with our own public library here in St. Paul, or rather our lack of a library, it is just as well to say something on the other side. The truth is that cur public library is not a poor one, indeed there are many more ill equipped, many less up to the times. The library board uses every effort to supply the latest books, and that within reasonable time, and the reference library is acknowledged by all to be excellent. Above all the courtesy with which reade s are treated, the trouble that the young women and men will take in waiting upon the library patrons cannot be too highly commended. Complaint at the poor housing of our books is legitimate; this will be remedied in time and with added space, and adequate facilities will naturally come a fuller library, but under pre ent circumstances it is not too much to say that the St. Paul public library could not be better.

Richard Le Gallienne, who spent a year, or nearly a year, in Minneapolis recently, is asking himself futile questions and answering them in the newspapers. A late discussion started by him was the result of his asking "Do women write better novels than men?" This, of course, started novel writers of both sexes to talking for publication, and incidentally led to a good deal of nonsense getting into print. This result is undoubtedly what Mr. Le Gallienne counted upon, and one can fancy his thoroughly enjoying the tea-pot tempest which he raised. All the women novel writers rushed into print to say that they did not for a moment think they wrote better than men, while the masculine novelists condescendingly admitted that some women wrote very well indeed.

Apropos of Le Gallienne there is a good story of him which has not appeared in print in this vicinity, although the incident occurred when he resided in our sister city. Dr. Burton was then giving a course of lectures to the teachers of St. Paul, and Le Gallienne told Burton he would be pleased to come over with him and hear one of the lecturers. So one evening these two interesting men appeared at the lecture room door, where stood a teacher taking the tickets. "Miss Blank," said Dr. Burton, "this is Mr. Richard Le Gallienne." But the fame of the gentle Richard had not reached this particular teacher, so she said, "I am happy to meet Mr. Le Gallienne," and then to Dr. Burton, "Is the young man going to take the entire course?" The story was too good to be kept, and some literary folk in New York got hold of it, and when Le Gallienne reached there his life was made a burden.

The near approach of what is known as the silly season brings the same influx of foolish stories relating to the lovelorn maiden with a hard-hearted papa who separates her from her beloved one, only to relent after five chapters and allow of the very "swell wedding" which usually forms a happy ending for this sort of literary sustenance. Of course one does not care for disquisitions upon metaphysics in the dog days, but one wonders whether a halt will ever be called upon the tremendous output of trash which always marks the spring season.

A popular literary magazine doubts the often-seen statement that we have too much fiction in this country, and as a people are too much given to novel reading. To prove its contention it notes the figures of the sales of "David Harum" as being the most popular novel by an American, as only just past the 500,000 mark, and appears to clinch its argument by the statement that there are 40,000,000 persons in this country who could read books if they chose.

Henry Harland's new book, which as yet, has hardly reached reviewers, is entitled "The Lady Paramount." To lovers of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox"—and who that has read that exquisite love story is not a lover of it?—this will be welcome news. It is said to be in the vein of his most popular story above mentioned. It is interesting in this connection to know that Henry Harland is none other than the author so well known at one time in New York under the pen name of Sidney Luska, the writer of Jewish stories. His fame came later, however, when he left New York for England and began to write over his own name.

In the current Critic there is a most interesting account of Charles F. Lummis, his work and his home in Los Angeles. Lummis is the editor of "Out West," a California magazine formerly known as "Land of Sunshine," but perhaps he is more widely known as the author of "The Awakening of a Nation," "Spanish Pioneers," and several other books relating to the Spanish occupation of the Southwest. Indeed Mr. Loomis is regarded as an authority upon the early settlements of this country, and it is said that not only is his learning deep and wide but his memory wonderfully accurate as to rates and figures. Personally, the writer in the critic says, he is a man of marked individuality which many persons call eccentricity. He is building with his own hands a stone house which he says will stand for 1,000 years; it is rambling and queer and destined to be a monument to the genius of this remarkable man. The writer says Mr. Lummis works ten hours with his hands by day and ten hours with his brains by night and knows no such thing as fatigue or a flagging of his powers.

"Naughty Nan" is a story made up of conversations on the order of the Dolly Dialogues, though less witty. Sufficiently so, however, to make the fame of the writer, John Luther Long.

"The Conqueror," Gertrude Atherton's latest, and some say her best, contribution to fiction, will be reviewed later in these columns. It is a story of Alexander Hamilton, and according to one enthusiastic reviewer, justice is at last done this historic personage. It is pleasant to know that Gertrude Franklin Atherton (as she now calls herself) has written something worth while and redeemed the bad impression left by her "Senator North," a most ridiculously impossible book which was without doubt a base libel upon official life in Washington. It is strange that with all the discussion pro and con the color question, that no one has mentioned this book as a case in point of the utter impossibility of any social mingling of the two races. It was in this story that a high-born Southern girl introduces the illegitimate negro daughter of her father to a cousin of hers, passing her off as a white woman and he ultimately marries her not suspecting the taint in her blood. Although nearly white and very handsome, the girl eventually reveals the secret to her husband and the shame induces him to kill himself which example his wife follows. Whereupon the Atherton heroine gives a dinner party a few days afterwards and continues her intrigue with Senator North, just as though she had not been responsible for a tragedy. It is well for Gertrude Franklin Atherton that she has given us something to take the taste of that out of our mouths.

There are very few books written, especially of fiction, that are utterly without reason for being in the matter of plot or incident, but it would be difficult for even the least critical to comprehend why George Horton wrote "The Tempting of Father Anthony." It is the account of a Greek boy who got hold of the lives of the saints and determined to become as like St. Anthony as possible. The novelty of a modern boy desiring to become a saint may from its rarity be conidered not too strange for fiction, but the story based upon this idea is absurd and valueless. This Greek Anthony becomes a monk, but finds that monks are very different in reality from what he has pictured as monastic life in his imagination and so he leaves and eventually falls in love with a girl, renounces his vows and marries her. It is one more added to a large class of tales built upon perjured vows, escaped nuns, and unfaithful monks for which th world was never any better and in which scandal and sin have been glorified into romance.

One more has been added to the flood of Napoleon books of which there seems to be no end, although it is doubtful if the supply exceeds the demand. "Napoleon," by Thomas E. Watson, is the latest contribution and is an interesting account of the life, struggles, character and achievements of Bonaparte. It does not pretend to be a deep investigation, but a readable survey of the strange career and the great successes and pitiful failures of this most fascinating figure in history.

—The Book Lover.

"The Man Who Pleases."

"The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Fascinates." By John A. Cone. New York and London: F. Tennyson Neely.

In a little volume just given to the public Mr. Cone discusses the mystery of personal magnetism in an entertaining manner. Taking due account of the fact that some men and women become almost instant favorites with almost everybody they meet, he analyzes the question and points out some of the chief reasons why this state of things arises. Mr. Cone names Thomas B. Reed, James G. Blaine and Aaron Burr as types of men who attracted men to them almost without apparent effort. He points out that the secret of Mr. Blaine's personal fascination lay in the single point—his power to excite in another person happy feelings of a high degree of intensity and to make that person identify such feelings with the charm and power of the cherished cause of them.

Mr. Cone admits that not every man can be magnetic, but gives some of the personal elements which are most conducive to influence over others, among the chief of which he names good manners, a pleasing voice, personal neatness, taste in dress, tact, good morals, culture and refinement, physical beauty and intellectual force.

Mr. Cone then turns about and gives the women some advice, most of it wholesome. Starting off with the statement that mere physical beauty does not attract and hold men, he says to interest men a woman should, by reading the papers, acquire and be able to express a reasonably clear idea of what is happening in the world. Men, he says, like the womanly woman, but do not like the overdressed woman. He adds that a sense of humor is a valuable gift in a woman who wishes to please. The writer instances Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and Mme. Patti to show that many women have been fascinating when beyond middle life.

Mr. Cone adds to his book interesting chapters on the art of conversation, tact in conversation, good manners, dress and personal peculiarities and closes with apt quotations from authors of note from Shakspere to John Boyle O'Reilly.

"The Madness of Philip."

"The Madness of Philip." By Josephine Dodge Daskam. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

These stories of childhood have appeared in McClure's Magazine, where they achieved immediate and wide popularity. Philip, the demon-ridden; Edgar, the Choir Boy Uncelestial; Ardella, the little street girl who didn't approve of Arcady; the Three Pirates; Dicky, and the others are as genuine as they are amusing and attractive. The charming child-romance of "The Little God and Dicky," and the naive humor of "A Study in Piracy," show Miss Daskam in two widely diverse but equally characteristic types of her work.

"The Rewards of Taste."

"The Rewards of Taste and Other Essays." By Norman Bridge, M. D. Chicago and New York: Herbert Stone & Co.

In these days, when the trend of authorship seems so much turned toward fiction, it is a relief to find a volume of essays which have in them the brightness of wit, keenness of observation and general evidence of sound common sense to be found in this second volume from the pen of Dr. Bridge. His earlier volume on the "Penalties of Taste" deserved to be well received, and the same may be said with equal truth of this book. A physician who goes through life with his eyes open to what surrounds him may easily find many things to be set right, and when he has also the ability to say brightly the thoughts suggested by his practice and every-day experiences he adds to our literary life that which it needs. Eight essays are comprised in this new volume—some tangents of the ego, the mind for a remedy, the etiology of lying, man as an air-eating animal, the rewards of taste, the pshychology of the corset, the physical basis of expertness and the discordant children. The broad charity of spirit that is shown in all these essays accords well with the various subjects, but that sort of liberality does not necessarily mean a carelessness of treatment or a lack of firmness in opinions. Dr. Bridge has some very clearly defined ideas as to the treatment of children, as well as of adults, and he expresses those ideas in a way to make the reader think seriously over the problems of life.

"The Blazed Trail."

"The Blazed Trail." By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is essentially an American novel dealing with an essentially American type—the lumberjack of the Northern forests. Thorpe, a green "landlooker," establishes his claim to a valuable tract of timber land, organizes his camps, and fights for his rights against a powerful and encroaching lumber corporation. The life of the lumber camp is depicted from experience, for Mr. White has been brought up in the timber districts of Michigan, of which he writes. Interwoven with the virile story of the woodland campaign is a charming and poetic romance. Thorpe's first meeting with the "dream girl" in the forest (chapter 39) is an exquisite bit of description. There are few chapters in recent literature which compare for vividness and vigor with the account of the log jam and its breaking (chapter 48), when Jimmy Powers "threw his hat in the face of death," and went down with most of his gang in the cataract of timbers.

An Epic of the South.

"The Leopard's Spots: A Romance of the White Man's Burden," by Thomas Dixon Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Dixon, long famous as politician, preacher and lecturer, has proved good his claim as a novelist in a book which is bound to be one of the most widely discussed books of the past twenty-five years, and which may be destined to change the current of American fiction. "The Leopard's Spots" is a powerful and dramatic panoramic picture of the South since the Civil war, through the period of reconstruction, carpetbag and negro dominance, down to the present time. It may well be called an answer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in that it gives the Southern white man's point of view of the negro problem. Furthermore, Mr. Dixon has boldly used in his story several of the characters made famous by Mrs. Stowe. Simon Legree occupies a large place in the newer book, as do also Tim Shelby, George Harris Jr. and Dave Haley, trader. Great as was the risk of this venture, Mr. Dixon has been, on the whole, more than successful in the undertaking.

The reader will be somewhat perplexed after laying the book aside as to what estimate is to be placed upon it. The very fact that it is in its nature controversial, a book with a dominant purpose, must needs detract from its value as a work of fiction. And yet it is not to be inferred that Mr. Dixon falls short in the powers of the novelist. But despite all the elements of pure romance in the volume the central theme remains the "white man's burden," the negro problem in its complex forms. "Can the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin?" is the text from which Mr. Dixon preaches his powerful sermon. The answer at every turn is a violent negative.

Judged on its merits the book is an amazing performance; it is charged with elemental power. Its dramatic intensity is such as to carry conviction, and sweep the reader on irresistibly with the author in nearly all the conclusions of the book. The pages are full of a thrilling eloquence, of powerful, convincing and unanswerable argument; and there is a love story, sweet and placid as a dream, flowing through the terrible and tragic stress of the main theme.

It could hardly be expected that a book ostensibly written from one view-point of so momentous a question as this would be wholly free from extravagance, from inaccuracy and from a certain partisan touch. But these elements in this book are small defects in the splendid whole, which will remain for a long time as perhaps the most perfect fictional picture of the reconstruction period in the South.

And it must be acknowledged that the reader, whatever his prejudices, will lay the book aside unable to resist the feeling of great sympathy for the South, great indignation for the wrongs heaped upon her defenseless head by the shameless intrigue of wolfish politicians who grasped so greedily the field for spoliation left unprotected by the death of Lincoln, whom Mr. Dixon speaks of throughout the book as the best friend the South ever had. And it must be generally conceded, that barring the inevitable exaggeration, almost essential to dramatic writing, Mr. Dixon has, in the main, painted his picture with historic fidelity.

He has been most lavish in his use of material, of which there is enough in the book for several good novels. The love story of Charles Gaston and Sallie Worth is a beautiful idyl in itself; the character study of the preacher, John Durham, and his wife, contains incidents enough to do for a complete novel. The carpet-bag regime in North Carolina makes a book by itself, and there are other, more psychological, elements which really form a separate phase of the story.

The novel is divided into three books. The first book, "Legree's Regime," is a nightmare of hideous reality which almost suffocates the reader. It begins with a beautiful and pathetic picture of the return of the Southern soldiers to their devastated homes after the war, of the hope with and silent heroism with which they turned their faces to the stupendous task of building anew the shattered remnants of their statehood. Mr. Dixon well says:

"The task before the people of the South was one to tax the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race as never in its history, even had every friendly aid possible been exerted by the victorious North. Four million negroes had suddenly been freed and the foundations of economic order destroyed. Five billions of dollars' worth of property were wiped out of existence, banks closed, every dollar of money worthless paper, the country plundered by victorious armies, its cities, mills and homes burned and the flower of manhood buried in nameless trenches, or worse still, flung upon the charity of poverty, maimed wrecks. The task of organizing this wrecked society and marshaling into efficient citizenship this host of ignorant negroes, and yet to preserve the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race, the priceless heritage of 2,000 years of struggle, was one to appall the wisdom of ages. Honestly and earnestly the white people of the South set about this work, and accepted the thirteenth amendment to the constitution abolishing slavery without a protest vote."

Then he pictures the terrible wreck that came to these dreams of Southern hope, upon the death of Lincoln, describing with almost brutal truth the dominance of the carpetbagger and the enfranchised negro.

It is with a great relief that the reader comes to book second, "Love's Dream," and puts eagerly behind him the sickening dread of the first book. The love story is one of the most beautiful in recent fiction. It is an idyl of rare delicacy of feeling and sentiment, of quaint humor, of dramatic power here and there, and finally of splendid triumph. It proves that Mr. Dixon is a story writer by divine right.

The book is full of incidents which prove the author to possess creative power of a high kind. The preacher's resignation of his church to go forth to shoot the villain who has vilely slandered his wife is direct, powerful and natural.

One of the strongest situations in the volume is the chapter in which Mr. Dixon takes a rap at the claims made that the negro has equality in the North that is denied him in the South. George Harris Jr. is educated by Senator Lowell and lives in his home with him. Listening to one of the senator's powerful speeches on the negro question, a plea for giving the black man all the white man's rights, Harris is inspired to ask Lowell for his daughter's hand in marriage, only to be turned into the streets, where, with all his education and ability, he is unable to find work.

Among the pictures the author draws of the new South and its spirit and the new republic of which it is a part, is the following:

While this fight was in progress and Sallie was in Europe, the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor stilled the world into silence with the echo of its sullen roar. There was a moment's pause, and the nation lifted its great silk battle flags from the capitol at Washington and called for volunteers to wipe the empire of Spain from the map of the Western world.

The war lasted but a hundred days, but in those hundred days was packed the harvest of centuries.

War is always the crisis that flashes the searchlight into the souls of men and nations, revealing their unknown strength and weakness, and the changes that have been silently wrought in the years of peace.

In these hundred days statesmen who were giants suddenly shriveled into pigmies and disappeared from the nation's life. Young men, whose names were unknown became leaders of the republic and won immortal fame.

We were afraid that our nation lacked unity. The world said we were a mob of money grubbers, and had lost our grasp of principle. The president called for 215,000 men to die for their flag, and the next morning 800,000 were struggling for places in the line.

We feared that religion might threaten the future with its bitter feud between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant in a great crisis. We saw our Catholic regiments march forth with the flag of our country above them to fight an army that had been blessed by the pope. The flag had become the common symbol of eternal justice, and the nation the organ through which all creeds sought for righteousness.

We feared the gulf between the rich and the poor had become impassable, and we saw the millionaire's son take his place in the ranks with the workingman. The first soldier that fell before Santiago with a Spanish bullet in his breast was an only son from a palatial home in New York, and by his side lay a cowboy from the West and a plowboy from the South.

Sectionalism and disunity had been the most terrible realities in our national history. The Union was saved by a sacrifice of blood that appalled the world. And still millions feared that the South might be false to her plighted honor at Appomattox. The ghost of secession made and unmade the men and measures of a generation.

Then came the trumpet call that put the South to the test of fire and blood. The world waked next morning to find for the first time in our history the dream of Union a living fact. There was no North, no South, but from the James to the Rio Grande the children of the Confederacy rushed with eager faces to defend the flag their fathers had once fought.

And God reserved for the South, land of ashes and tombs and tears, the pain and glory of the first offering of life upon the altar of the new nation. Our first and only officer who fell dead on the deck of a warship with the flag above him was the son of a Confederate soldier. The gallant youngster who stood on the bridge of the Merrimac and set a new standard of Anglo-Saxon daring was the son of a Confederate soldier.

A single round of the guns, and all was over. The yellow flag of Spain, lit with the sunset splendor of a world empire, faded from the sky of the West.

A new naval power had arisen to disturb the dreams of statesmen. The Oregon, that fierce leviathan of hammered steel, had made her mark upon the globe. In a long black trail of smoke and ribbon of foam she had circled the earth without pause for breath. The thunder of her lips of steel over the shattered hulks of a European navy proclaimed the advent of a giant democracy.

He who dreamed this monster of steel, felt her heart beat, saw her rush through foaming seas to victory, before the pick of a miner had struck the ore for her ribs from a mountain side, was a child of the Confederacy—that Confederacy whose desperate genius had sent the Alabama spinning around the globe in a whirlwind of fire.

America, united at last, awoke to the consciousness of her resistless power.

And, most marvelous of all, this hundred days of war had reunited the Anglo-Saxon race. This sudden union of the English-speaking peoples disturbed the equilibrium of the world, and confirmed the Anglo-Saxon in his title to the primacy of racial sway.

The book is destined to be widely, and, perhaps, bitterly discussed. It is no surprise that 50,000 copies have already been sold. Whatever the reader's personal views may be, it is eminently fair and just that the South, for the first time since the war, should have its position fairly and adequately stated by one of its own people. And, on the whole, it is fortunate that Mr. Dixon has been the man to perform this needed task.

Dr. Mabie's Latest.

Parables of Life, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Outlook Co., $1.

Mr. Mabie's name has long been accepted as a guarantee of the high quality of any book on which it appeared, an assurance that within its pages would be found the classic beauty of simplicity, large spiritual vision, buoyant hope, and sublime serenity, and a passionate promising prophecy of man's possibilities. All these elements are to be found in the "Parables," which are clear cut gems of living inspiration. Here is a fragment from the book:

Slowly and painlessly consciousness returned. He looked about him and remembered. It seemed but a moment, and yet the life he had lived on earth was as far from him as if he had died a century ago. In the stillness and the measureless quiet which enfolded him after those last agonizing hours he knew that he had already entered into rest. So deep was the peace which fell softly as if from the vast heights above him that he felt no curiosity and was without fear. He was in a new life and he must find his place in it, but he was content to wait; and while he waited his thought went swiftly back to the days when, a little child, he looked up at the sky and wondered if the stars were the lights in the streets of heaven. One by one the years rose out of the depths of his memory and he recalled, step by step, all the way he had come; childhood, youth, manhood and age. He read with deepening interest the story of his life—all his thoughts, his words, the things he had done and left undone. And as he read he knew what was good and what was ill; everything was clear, not only in the unbroken record of what he had been, but in a sudden perception of what he was. At last he knew himself, and while he pondered one stood beside him, grave and calm, and sweet with the purity that of perfect strength. Into the face which turned toward him, touched with the light of immortal joy, he looked up and asked: "When shall I be judged?"

And the answer came: "You have judged yourself. You may go where you will."

Gospel of Good Cheer.

"Good Cheer Nuggets." Compiled by Jeanne G. Pennington. Portrait of Hugo. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, 45 cents; crimson leather, gilt edges, $1.

Miss Jeanne G. Pennington has compiled another little volume of passages from suggestive writers, which well bear out the phrase she applies to them—"bits of ore from rich mines." The volume is entitled "Good Cheer Nuggets," and takes a welcome place in the now well known Nugget series beside the other two of her compilation—"Don't Worry" and "Philosophic" Nuggets. The authors of the present collection are all favorites. The first writer is Maurice Maeterlinck, inspiring a calm serenity in accepting whatever life has to bring. The next is Prof. Joseph Le Conte, who, like John Fiske, shows the grand view of the divine method in the evolutionary philosophy, and lucidly explains its application to spiritual as well as physical development. Victor Hugo, dauntless portrayer of the evils of society, points forward to a nobler future; and Horatio Dresser, whose inspiring idealism furnishes much of the helpful contents, spreads the cheerful light of tolerance, benevolence, kindliness and active beneficence along the road that must be traveled by the individual and the race to attain to the "life of the spirit." The title given to these extracts—Good Cheer—is capitally chosen, for they tend to the serene upper atmosphere, they diffuse sweetness and light, they will counteract morbid melancholy.

Gilbert Parker on Fiction.

Among the things said by Gilbert Parker about the art of fiction in an address to the Sesame club in London a fortnight ago were these:

"A man must know truth to write fable."

"Fiction can be learned, but cannot be taught."

"No great writer has ever had the idea of founding a 'school' of this or that—of idealism or symbolism or romanticism or realism. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories; they get hold of a few principles and by these they live."

"In the art of fiction the individual is thrown on his own innate talent."

"Love and fighting are not necessarily romance; nor are soup kitchens and divorce courts necessarily realism."

"In the very first chapter of the book the note must be struck which shall recur throughout the book like the motif in an opera."

"There is only one test for a novel; that it be first and before all a well constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserves idiosyncrasy; but, before all, that it be wholesome."

A Minnesota Product.

Mr. Haydn Carruth, with whose contributions to the "Drawer" readers of Harper's Magazine have long been familiar, was born at Lake City, Minn. He was for many years in journalism, and early in his career he ran a newspaper of his own out in Dakota, called the Esteline Bell. Lated he was for five years an editorial writer on the New York Tribune. Among Mr. Carruth's best known books are "The Voyage of the Rattletrap," "Mr. Milo Bush, and Other Worthies," and "The Adventures of Jones," of which the last named has had a very large sale. Mr. Carruth accounts for the considerable success of this book by the supposition that every man named Jones has purchased it; and a friend of his has suggested that when the resources of the Jones family have been exhausted, that subsequent editions of the book be successively entitled "The Adventures of Brown" and "The Adventures of Smith," by which means its exceedingly funny stories may be indefinitely read and enjoyed.

Best Selling Books.

1. "The Right of Way"—Parker.
2. "Sir Richard Calmady"—Malet.
3. "Audrey"—Johnston.
4. "The Man from Glengarry"—Connor.
5. "If I Were King"—McCarthy.
6. "Lazarre"—Catherwood.
7. "The Crisis"—Churchill.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM BOOKS.

Those who have real merit are the last ones to see it in themselves and the first to see it in others.—Josh Billings' Allminax.

Every woman who loves a man and is anxious about him is sure that if she can be alone with him for a moment he will tell her the truth about his condition. The experience of thousands of years has not taught women that if there is one person in the world from whom a man will try to conceal his ills and aches, it is the woman he loves.—Marietta.

A man in whom the elements are really well mixed troubles very little about women, in so far as physical charm is concerned.—The Art of Life.

The things men inherit are mostly weights; they must grow their own wings.—In White and Black.

Slander is the crime of saying what other people think.—The Giant's Gate.

It is that which by one chance or another so commends itself to a creature as to incite it to the emotion called love, which is really of importance, and which, not speaking in figures, holds the power of life and death. Personality sometimes achieves this, circumstances always aid it; but in all cases the result is the same and sways the world it exists in—during its existence.—The Methods of Lady Walderhurst.

One of the keenest whips with which a woman can be scourged is the undeserved confidence of her friends.—The Story of Eden.

Th' laaw is made f'r the good people, but 'tis real be th' coorts f'r th' other wans. If they's a hole in it, th' lawyers shticks a crowba-ar in, an' th' judge gives a bit av help, an' bechune th' two they ma-ake th' op'nin' big enough f'r to put a locomotive injine through.—Policeman Flynn.

It is always unwise to pry into matters that are kept from us from motives of friendship or affection.—A New Messiah.

There's times whin the divvle's a saint to what a man is, an' times whin a saint might wink at the divvle, friendly like, out av remimbrance of the ould days.—Patricia of the Hills.

Men are singularly unoriginal when they make love or pray. Women and the Deity have been perpetually hearing the same thing from the beginning of speech.—The Story of Eden.

More murder has been done in the sacred name of faith than in all the shibboleths which man has manufactured to justify his crimes.—A New Messiah.

There do be three grades of liars. Th' common liar lies f'r th' fun iy it, th' artistic liar lies f'r pur-rpose, an' th' politician lies because 'tis his nature to; he do be built that wa-ay.—Policeman Flynn.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

When the seizure of the Virginia Records was ordered, Gov. Berkeley and Lord Culpeper were present. Find them.

Solution for yesterday's puzzle: Father's forehead against stone wall. Mother's face in girl's hair.

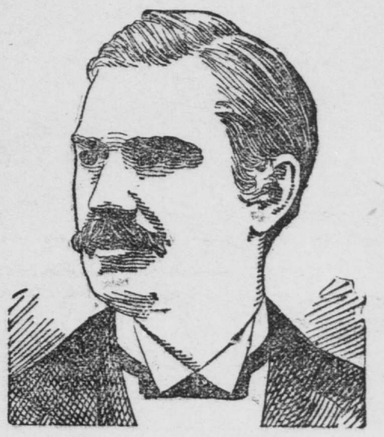
Strength=Health=Vigor

NEW PRACTICAL SYSTEM FOR DEVELOPING AND PERFECTING THE PHYSICAL MAN. DISCOVERED AFTER YEARS OF STUDY. THE WONDER OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PROGRESS.

Needed by All, Possessed by So Few. Perfect Manhood Is the Key to Success. Anywhere, Everywhere Strong, Healthy, Vigorous Men Rise to the Top.

PARTICULARS FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

There is nothing so Strengthening, so invigorating, nothing that builds up vital force and energy like Dr. Cole's Creo. Every day brings fresh proof of its power. It is the healthful essence of vitality that makes men strong and vigorous.



No other treatment, electric or medical, has ever yielded higher percentages of cure than Dr. Cole's Creo. It is the quickest, safest and surest method of restoring to weak men the full strength, vigor and vitality of perfect manhood.

Men who wish to acquaint themselves with the state of their own health can do so in no better way than to consult Dr. Cole and Council of Physicians. This is the foremost institution in the Northwest in the treatment of chronic and private diseases of men, having the largest patient list, which has been secured and is maintained without the employment of cheap catchpenny schemes. You can feel as safe in your dealings with them as with any bank in the city.

IF YOU ARE NOT CONVINCED FROM MY ADVERTISING THAT I CAN DO ALL I CLAIM, CALL AT MY OFFICES AND LET ME EXPLAIN THE ADVANTAGES OF MY METHOD OVER ALL OTHERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF YOUR PARTICULAR CASE.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.

I AM AN OLD, WHITE-HAIRED PHYSICIAN. I have studied in the best medical colleges in the world. For over a quarter of a century I have been searching for a certain permanent cure for nervous exhaustion, physical decline, mental weakness, brain fag, and all forms of nervousness. I have traveled extensively in many lands and varied climes, among all people, and ransacked the globe to find the best treatment for these weaknesses. I have discovered important life-sustaining principles. In London I had an opportunity to study English hospital methods. In Paris I visited, in company with a city physician, places where NERVOUS PROSTRATION is made to order, and I ascertained the most effective treatment in that hotbed of vice for the cure of wrecked manhood. In Old Mexico I had the good fortune of learning many secrets of ancient medical lore. I have studied and studied; I have investigated and investigated; I have worked hard, early and late, at home and abroad, in behalf of suffering humanity. Few physicians have had equal opportunities. Few physicians are as earnest and indefatigable in their methods of original research. I have worked for the people. I have learned how to cure their maladies. I am willing to help all who want my help. I do not want a fortune for my services. All I require is a fair compensation for the services I render. I doctor thousands of people, and a small fee from each gives me all the income I want or have any use for. My mission is not a mercenary one; it is to do good whenever and wherever I can. All are welcome to my advice and none will be turned away.

SYMPTOMS OF WEAKNESS IN MEN

Weak and relaxed state of body; easily tired; backache; headache; nervousness; despondency; melancholia; too frequent urination; palpitation of heart; unable to concentrate thoughts; poor memory; sleep disturbed with dreams; tendency to doze during the day; specks before eyes; aversion to society; lack of ambition; weak organs; shrunken parts; dizzy spells; vital losses; bashfulness; hesitating in speech; poor circulation; cold; lifeless, and worn out.

Why Suffer With NERVOUS DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, IMPOTENCY, LOST MANHOOD, SMALL ORGANS, EMISSIONS, WASTE IN URINE, ENLARGED PROSTATE, GONORRHOEA, GLEET, BLOOD POISON AND BLADDER DISEASES? When You Can Be Cured

I want to talk or write to every man who is afflicted with any of the above diseases, and who feels that he is not up to the proper standard of health, vitality and manhood. I especially wish to interest patients who have been unsuccessful in their search for a cure; men who realize the seriousness of their condition, and who will appreciate successful, scientific treatment and a permanent cure. I will take pleasure in explaining to you the true nature of your condition, and describing fully the system of treatment I will use in restoring you to good health and power. The question of good health is of vital interest to every man, for on its possession depends your future happiness and success in life. I give a written guarantee in every case accepted, and can refer you to reliable business men, whom I have cured of these diseases. And when you place yourself in my care you may rest assured you will receive the very best treatment obtainable, and that you will be cured in the shortest time possible.

Many cases can be treated successfully at home. One personal visit is preferred, but if it is impossible for you to call at my office, write me full description of your case as you understand it, plainly stating your symptoms. I make no charge for consultation. Inclose 2c stamp for Dr. Cole's free 32-page booklet, written when he was in Paris visiting and investigating the French hospital system. WRITE for FREE symptom blank.

Dr. Alfred L. Cole and Council of Physicians

24 WASHINGTON AVE. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

OFFICE HOURS—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8:30 p. m.; Sundays—10 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.

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The Oldest and Most Reliable Specialist in the Northwest for the cure of CHRONIC, NERVOUS AND PRIVATE DISEASES.

Men suffering from evil effects of youthful indiscretion, later excesses, recent exposure, nervous debility, varicocele, unnatural discharges, lost vitality, failing memory, unfitness to marry, blood, skin, kidney or nervous diseases are speedily cured. Dr. Wyatt employs the most approved methods and will attend you personally, and complete a perfect cure, in strict confidence, at moderate expenses.

Ladies suffering from any form of Female Weakness, Painful or Irregular Sickness are quickly restored to health.

Dr. Wyatt has had thirty years' experience and been located in present offices sixteen years, proving himself an honorable, reliable and skillful physician.

Free Consultation. Call or write for list of questions. Home treatment safe and sure.

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays—10 a. m. to 12.

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For it cures the most difficult cases of Rheumatism—after every other form of treatment has failed.

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