BOOKS of the HOUR

RUMMAGING AMONG THE LATEST BOOKS

Andrew Balfour's "The Golden Kingdom," Wood's "The New Thought Simplified," Etc.

The Golden Kingdom—By Andrew Balfour. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

A very curious and ingenious book, this. It purports to be a manuscript found by an English soldier in a deserted Boer farm house after the late war. The story is supposed to have been written by Dr. Henry Mortimer, who flourished at the end of the seventeenth century. The tale opens in one of the English country districts at the bachelor home of Dr. Mortimer, where he takes in a mysterious wander-

A REDISCOVERED FORERUNNER OF OMAR.

er whom he finds starving outised in the snow. He resuscitates him and discovers him to be an adventurer of the most extraordinary character. Cockran—which is his name—has but one ear, the other having been cut off in some savage encounter, and on a chain running through the loose skin of his neck, is strung a green bauble which opens and contains the map of a strange country. More grewsome still, this ancient mariner has been scalped, and when he wishes to terrify the beholders, he takes off his wig and displays an uncovered skull. The doctor is much mystified by his unknown visitor, and wishes he could rid himself of him, but he is spent and hungry, and the doctor hates to turn him out in the storm. Finally the fact that he is harboring some disreputable stranger leaks out in the village, and the doctor became so unpopular that his house is stoned, and the old sailor tells him his secret and begs him to go with him. The map he wears about his neck is of the golden kingdom of Monomotapa, which the mariner has discovered and explored. It is a storhouse of gold and precious stones, and he persuades the doctor to leave his village home and set sail with him. With them goes the village smith, a very Hercules in strength, who plays a most important part in the subsequent proceedings. The remainder of the book is an account of the adventures in this strange kingdom situated in the very heart of Africa. The awesome appearance of Cockran's uncovered skull saves them more than once. Rider Haggard, Clark Russell and several other writers would better look to their laurels, for Andrew Balfour outdistances them all in this remarkable story. It is a book which will be a mine of delight to boys, and is sufficiently entrancing to the ordinary reader.

The New Thought Simplified—By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Henry Wood has written several other volumes on the "New Thought," and this small one is in reality to make his other books plain to the uninitiated. The adherents of the so-called new manner of thinking claim for it that it is better than the old religions, and, in a manner, takes their place. In reality, the "New Thought" seems to be a mixture of Unitarianism and humanitarianism, and in place of the glorification of Christ, is the glorification of man. The book is full of Christian Science phases, such as the at-one-ness, the over-soul, the all-in-one-ness, and while the writer claims that he is explaining the "New Thought" simply and without occult terms, there are many worthy persons who would put the book down wondering what it was all about. In the appendix are some mental and spiritual gymnastic exercises which, after "going into the silence," you to read aloud to yourself. These, it is claimed, will, in the course of time, bring the searcher after truth into the new thought and make it possible for him to espiritualize himself. All these books of the new thought show that their writers and promoters are acquainted with fragments of a great spiritual science known for centuries and practiced by holy souls who have purified their hearts and lived for God. The followers of modern thought have taken what they pleased of this science, eliminated Christ as God, and put in His place a glorified humanity. Then changing old terms for novel ones, they have called this old idea the "New Thought." The fundamental principles are as old as Christianity; you get whatever you give, aspire to good and evil will not touch you, live in the presence of the all-good, that is, the presence of God. In spite of these claims there is nothing new about these maxims; they were exemplified in the lives of virtuous persons centuries ago who lived above the world for the greater glory of God. Now we are to be virtuous for the greater glory of man.

A Story of the Wilderness—By Charles Clark Munn. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

It is needless to say that Charles Clark Munn has his audience. He won instant appreciation with "Pocket Island" and vastly extended his devoted circle of readers with "Uncle Terry." In his latest and ablest work, "The Hermit: A Story of the Wilderness," the latter term being used to mean the unbroken forests of upper Maine, Mr. Munn has gone to his own familiar ground, close to the heart of nature. The joy of woods and waters is here; there is much of camp life and wood lore. The power of the forest is strong upon the reader, and the spell is increased to the greatest intensity by a thrilling double mystery in the deep Maine forest, involving the character who gives the title to the book. It is, moreover, a genuine old-fashioned love story of the kind that the public never tires of reading. The hero is the most mature and manly of all Mr. Munn's similar characters, and all will sympathize with the noble-hearted manner in which he seeks to atone to the heroine, a superb type of attractive and capable young New England womanhood, for an earlier mistake. Of the other characters, Aunt Comfort, central figure, is a "Mother of Israel," of the kind that every country-born man or woman remembers. Old Cy Walker is a modern Leatherstocking, and the others fill their parts admirably. Both the humor and the pathos of village life are impressively shown in the description of "Greenvale," and presented with all the knack of a good story-teller who knows his subject as does almost no other writer in the field where Mr. Munn reigns supreme. The dedication, "To those who love the sparkle of rippled lakes hid in the wilderness, the glowing camp fire chasing away darkness, the song of birds greeting the sunrise; or whose hearts vibrate to the memory of the old brown schoolhouse, the moss-coated mill and pond smiling with lilies," well expresses the spirit of a book which will be sure to be very widely read.

Six Girls—By Fanny Belle Irving. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston, publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Few books have enjoyed greater popularity than the "Six Girls," written by a niece of Washington Irving. Although first published more than twenty years ago, its success seems to be growing rather than declining. The reasons for this are obvious to any one who has read the story. Books written for girls are common, but books written from the point of view of girlhood and embodying its very spirit and atmosphere, are exceedingly rare, as every publisher and many parents have discovered.

The author of "Six Girls" was endowed with the gift of realizing the period of girlhood with sympathy and imagination. Her young heroines are absolutely real. At least, so the reader, while following their fortunes, confidently believes, which is the main point. The publishers are frequently in receipt of letters from women who were brought up on the history of Bea and Kitty and Ernestine and the rest, who are desirous of introducing their own daughters and those of their friends to the same charming society. A book like this needs no advertising. It wins its way by something far more effective; personal recommendation among readers.

The full-page drawings by Mr. Learnard, made especially for this new edition, catch the spirit of the author with uncommon fidelity.

The November Century will begin publication of some new Thackeray letters, relating the story of "Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family." For years the existence has been known of this series of jealously guarded and entirely unpublished letters by Thackeray, written to various members of the family of the late George Baxter, of New York city. Permission to publish these letters in the Century has finally been obtained from Miss Lucy W. Baxter, who contributes introduction and notes; from Mrs. Ritchie, the great writer's accomplished daughter; and from Smith, Elder & Co., the London publishers of Thackeray's works. The letters, it is promised, will have well-nigh the interest and completeness of a new story from the magic pen which wrote "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes."

A singularly fortunate union of subject and author is seen in the October Atlantic, to which Lyman Abbott contributes an appreciation and personal estimate of Henry Ward Beecher, whom he succeeded in Plymouth church, and with whom he was for many years an editorial co-laborer. Mr. Abbott's is, indeed, perhaps the most searching and authoritative study of that remarkable man which has yet got into print.

Deposits received subject to check and interest paid monthly upon Daily Balances. Security Trust Co., N.Y. Life bldg.

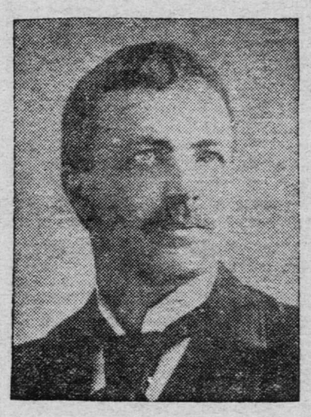
DETECTIVES' VIEWS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Opinion of the Head of Scotland Yard, Which Doyle's Hero Slighted.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—Sherlock Holmes, confided to Dr. Watson so many times his unreserved opinion of the official detectives, or "Scotland Yarders," that Conan Doyle's readers will be especially interested in what Sir Robert Anderson, head of London's criminal investigation department, has just written—apropos of Holmes' "return"—concerning the estimate which the "regular" men held of the amateur sleuth-hound of Baker street.

Perhaps it will be best to give Sir



RAILROAD OFFICIAL AND AUTHOR

Robert's views, as a practical criminal agent, upon certain details of the "Adventures" before quoting what the famous ex-commissioner of police has to say regarding Holmes' gibes at the methods of the regular force.

"It implies no disparagement of Dr. Doyle's art," he says, "that in the 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' the element of exaggeration is seldom wanting. 'The Final Problem' exemplifies this in a notable way. To an expert, at all events, the story of Moriarty's tracking Holmes to Switzerland is preposterous."

Sir Robert goes on: "In this country, an accused person must without the slightest delay, be brought before a magistrate. But, in the 'Study in Scarlet,' we are told that Jefferson Hope was to be 'put before the magistrate in the course of a week!' In 'The Man With the Twisted Lip,' the police at Bow street 'hush the thing up' apparently without the intervention of a magistrate at all. And in 'The Sign of Four' the closing scene reminds us of one of Dickens' bagman stories. Jonathan Small makes a quartette with our two frineds and the Bow Street officer, whose prisoner he is, in the Baker street lodgings we know so well, and ensconced in a comfortable chair, with a glass of spirits and water at hand, he spends a pleasant hour in telling the story of his crime. And even this is capped by Dr. Watson's being allowed to carry away the treasure chest, the corpus of the crime, which is supposed to contain jewels of priceless value. He conveys it in a cab to the house of his fiancee, and in her presence he breaks it open with a poker!" And thus the practical detective goes on at some length.

Evidently, however, Sir Robert Anderson does not take Holmes' gibes at the expense of Scotland Yard with great seriousness. "There is a wide difference," he says, "between the work of the responsible police officer, whose business it is to bring criminals to justice, and the work of the 'private detective,' who has merely to ascertain facts and to solve seeming mysteries. But the difference is not so vital as that which distinguishes the fancies of the novelist from the facts of real life. He must be a poor sort of creature who cannot solve his own problems. And it is delightful to notice how accurately the Sherlock Holmes keys invariably fit the Sherlock Holmes locks, and how invariably his two and two make four. But in real life keys are apt to get mixed or mislaid, and two and two have sometimes a way of making twenty-two; all of which may be quite unpreventible and is always most embarrassing."

William Faux, who has just retired, was rather a picturesque figure in the English literary world. For the last thirty-six years he has selected all the books handled by W. H. Smith & Co., who, besides conducting an immense circulating library, are the sole proprietors of railway book stalls throughout the United Kingdom. Frequently Mr. Faux acted as censor—declining to allow a certain novel or other volume to be handled by his company—which was bad business for the author of the work unless he could manage to make sufficient advertising capital out of the occurrence. Faux spent practically the whole day in his office, "judging" books—that is, satisfying himself if they would be worth handling. In this way he developed such an instinct that in some cases a few pages would tell him whether a book would "do"; in others, a chapter. Unluckily, however, he never kept any record of the number of works thus dealt with. He began life at 12 in a commercial house, but soon gravitated into a book shop, and then joined the Smiths, whom he served fifty years, rising from one post to another. Mr. Faux says the first book he remembers reading was "Roderick Random," and "Robinson Crusoe" is his favorite novel. His business brought him closely in touch with both publishers and writers, and he was intimate with Sir Walter Besant and James Rice.

The recent dinner in London to the memory of Henry George attracted a good deal of attention, especially as delegates were present from the United States, Natal, the Transvaal, Canada, India and Australia. Oddly enough, the gathering was held at a house once occupied by Edmund Burke. The English League for the Taxation of Land Values was, of course, host, and in his speech its chairman declared that few men had loomed so large as George on history's page, that few had exercised more force of intellect, more power of imagination, and that few had more fully impressed their ideas upon not only their own generation, but upon generations to come.

So comparatively few continental novels are translated into English nowadays that it may be worth while to give an idea of the plot of a recent Italian romance which has scored heavily in its author's country. This is "La Nipote di Professors Romualdo," by Enrico Castelnuovo. The professor here occupies the chair of mathematics at an Italian university, but chemistry is his real love, and he has led a life of practical seclusion in his laboratory up to the time when word comes from Brazil that his sister, a widow, has died and left her little daughter to his care. He has the child brought to his home, and, of course, she grows into a beautiful girl and he falls in love with her. Equally, of course, she bestows her affections on a younger man, an artist, who is attracted solely by her beauty. But one day while the professor, accompanied by his niece, is experimenting in his laboratory a terrible explosion occurs, which ruins the girl's looks. Her "lover" breaks off their engagement, when the damsel turns to her uncle, who finally marries her, enabled to do so by a special royal decree. Whereupon the gods bless the union by restoring the girl's beauty in greater perfection than ever.

BOOK NOTES.

Recent reports from Russia of a revival of anti-Semitic persecution will increase interest in Mr. Michael Davitt's investigations of this subject. The position taken by Mr. Davitt in his remarkable book, "Within the Pale," just published by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., is confirmed by the recent report of J. B. Greenhut to Secretary Hay. This report declares that the Russian government believed a permanent blow could be struck at socialism, but Mr. Greenhut makes no mention of the ritual murder propaganda which incited the Moldavian peasants to the Kishineff massacres.

It seems somewhat remarkable, in view of the dramatic interest and importance of steamboat traffic on the Mississippi, that George W. Ogden has been almost the only writer since Mark Twain to see its literary opportunities. It will surprise many readers to learn that the steamboat traffic of the Mississippi and its tributaries employed 4,000 boats in 1850. Mr. Ogden's forthcoming novel, "Tennessee Todd," which is to be published by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., refers to a still more exciting period—the time of the Civil war, when there was a struggle for existence between the steamboat traffic and the railroads.

"Monna Vanna," Maeterlinck's remarkable drama, has been presented for the first time on an American stage. A German version was received in Chicago recently with unusual enthusiasm—the press being unanimous in its favor. The English version, translated by A. I. du Pont Coleman, was published recently by the Harpers. Mr. Coleman, who is a graduate of Oxford, is at present instructor in the College of the City of New York.

If you want to get out of the classroom rut, away from stereotyped phrases and time-honored formulae, you should read Sherwin Cody's handy little books, "The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language"—Vol. I. Word Study (new method of teaching spelling); Vol. II. Grammar and Punctuation ("Your notion of simplifying grammar is worthy of the widest publicity." Dr. E. Benj. Andrews); Vol. III. Composition (Franklin's method—fifteen simple masterpieces representing fifteen different styles of which you would like to catch the knack); Vol. IV. Constructive Rhetoric—Part I. Business Letter Writing, Part II. Short Story Writing, Part III. Creative Composition. These books contain a revised reprint of Mr. Cody's "Art of Short Story Writing," called by Zangwill "the best treatise on the short story that has yet appeared in England."

Miss Ruth A. Cook, author of "Along Four-Footed Trails, Wild Animals of the Plains as I Know Them," is a remarkable girl, whose early life was spent on the plains, about which the animals found there she writes most pleasantly and graphically. She was formerly assistant in nature work at the Children's Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. The book is in the nature series, and has a decided Western atmosphere. In it an effort has been made to tell the life history of the animals described. In style the book is somewhat conversational, and the facts stated in the subject matter are based directly upon Miss Cook's personal observation. It contains delightful pictorial features by Miss Mabel Williamson and will appeal, both as to text and illustration, to young and old. The publishers are James Pott & Co.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, whose new novel, "A Candle of Understanding," is attracting so much attention, made a name for herself, as all will remember, in following the example of Magellan; her account of that experience, entitled "A Flying Trip Around the World," was received with intense interest. Among those who complimented her most highly upon the exploit, and upon the merit of her story at the time of its publication, were Mr. Howells and Murat Halstead. In connection with Miss Bisland's later book, it is interesting to note that its dominant thought is intense, deep-seated love for the Southland; whereas, a new novel by Hamlin Garland, entitled "Hesper," which follows it closely from the Harper presses, has for its dominant thought an intense and appreciative love for the far West.

With "Marjie of the Lower Ranch" a new writer from out the West makes her bow to the reading public this fall. Miss Frances Parker has succeeded in doing something for her state, that of Montana, what no woman has before accomplished. She has pictured in this story the life of a Montana ranchwoman, as it really is, with all its pleasures and hardships, with all its Western chivalry and romance. She recently told in an interview with the Detroit Free Press how it happened that she turned to literature.

"I have always written for pleasure," she said. "When a girl, I wrote loads of stuff because I could not help it, and then burned it up. I wish now that I had preserved some of it. No, I have never written short stories, and I do not believe I ever shall. It seems to be easier to evolve a novel.

"'Marjie of the Lower Ranch' is a love story having its scenes in Montana, and it describes, as well as I am able, things as they really are. You know that part of the West is a district which has never been much written up correctly. Most of the stories are by Easterners with a superficial knowledge of the people. I have lived on my uncle's ranch since childhood and believe that I understand the inwardness of things."

A volume from first to last attractive by reason of it human interest is "Royal Palaces and Their Memories," by Sarah A. Tooley, to be issued immediately by the A. Wessels company. Mrs. Tooley's aim is to present a graphic history of the royal palaces and is almost an anecdotal history of the English throne.

The history of Windsor castle is particularly well done and the author's endeavor succeeds completely to focus the great events as they have transpired century by century until the present time. The illustrations are excellent and quite worthy of the letter press.

Jack London's new book is called "People of the Abyss." A little more than a year ago Mr. London went down into the East end of London and lived for a few months among the poorer working people of the slums; and in this book he tells what he saw and did, and how the people in that part of London live. The book, which has been running as a serial in one of the magazines, will be fully illustrated from photographs.

The Macmillan company, which has just published Canon Ainger's Life of Crabbe" in the English Men of Letters series, promises for publication before Christmas Mr. Austin Dobson's "Life of Fanny Burney" and the "Life of Jeremy Taylor," by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

When a young writer places his first novel with a publisher before it is even typewritten, and on terms that include a liberal advance royalty, he may be considered in luck. But when a prominent London publisher, after reading the galley proofs, accepts his novel for simultaneous publication in England, the unknown writer may with some reason be said to have struck it rich. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Philip Payne has done with his dramatic story of Chicago life and American politics entitled "The Mills of Man," which is considered by many critics the nearest approach to "the great American novel" that has appeared in ten years. In any case it is rapidly becoming one of the most talked about and consequently one of the most widely read books of the day.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. are Mr. Payne's publishers in this country and Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. in London.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Marion Crawford has spent most of the year in Italy writing his new novel, "The Heart of Rome." He has studied Rome in all its phases, and has been writing novels and serious books about it for twenty years; but this time he has undertaken to put the heart of the city into a novel, and the result is one of the few really fine and enduring books about Italy's capital. The author of "Saracinesca" has here written his strongest and clearest book; a novel in which, around an absorbing love story, are grouped and pictured the manifold elements that go to make up the whole of Rome of the present day. The story contains more action and a stronger and more vital interest in life than most of Mr. Crawford's recent books. The story is the thing from beginning to end. Mr. Crawford, whose biography of the late pope is well under way, has just returned to New York to superintend the publication of his novel.

Jack London's philosophy of life has a fine ring. The only things necessary, he says, are good health, work, a philosophy of life, and sincerity. "With these, you may cleave to greatness and sit among the giants." Part of his philosophy is the following capital aphorism: "Light out after it with a club; if you don't get it, you will nevertheless get something that looks remarkably like it." He is refreshingly frank and determined in his dislike of nonsense. Some florid person who wished to pay him a compliment said that his present style was "a marvel of conciseness and strength, Mr. London." "Any style I may have has been acquired by sweat," replied the author of "The Call of the Wild."

Two books by Stewart Edward White are announced for publication this fall, and the titles are closely similar. One of these is "The Magic Forest," which describes the adventures of a little boy who loses himself in the Canadian woods and ends by spending the summer among the Ojibways. The other book is called merely "The Forest," and is not fiction. "The Magic Forest" is illustrated with a number of full-page plates printed in colors like those of Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," and with a quantity of imaginative drawings in the text.

"The Metal of the Pasture" ranks first and "The Call of the Wild" fourth on the Bookman's list of best-selling books through the month of August. Mr. London's novel has been greeted with as much enthusiasm in England as here, Clement K. Shorter writing in the Sphere that "The Call of the Wild" is "the most remarkable book of fiction written by so young a man that I have ever read."

The enormous labor which the biography of Gladstone has laid on John Morley's shoulders is indicated by the simple statement that he and his secretaries have in the course of their long task examined about 400,000 documents. Mr. Morley's book, which the Macmillan company will publish in three volumes, will contain generous extracts from Mr. Gladstone's private diaries.

In her introduction to the Macmillan company's reissue of Maria Edgeworth's "The Parent's Assistant," Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie says:

"Once when the present writer was a very little girl she suffered for a short time from some inflammation of the eyes, which prevented her from reading or amusing herself in any way. Her father, who had just then returned from the East, in order to help her pass the weary hours, began telling her the story of the 'Forty Thieves,' and when he had finished, and had boiled down the wicked thieves in oil, and when she asked him to tell it over again, he said that he would try and find out something else to amuse her, and looking about the room he took up a volume of 'The Parent's Assistant,' which was lying on the table, and began to read aloud the story of the 'Little Merchants.' The story lasted two mornings, and an odd, confused impression still remains in the listener's mind to this day of Naples, Vesuvius, pink and white sugar plums—of a darkened room, of a lonely country house in Belgium, of a sloping garden full of flowers outside the shutters, of the back of a big sofa covered with yellow velvet and of her father's voice reading on and on. When she visited Naples in after days she found herself looking about unconsciously for her early playfellows."

The stories in "The Parent's Assistant" (a most unhappy title) were written when battle was in the air. As Mrs. Ritchie says, "These quiet scenes of village life were devised to the sound of clarions."

Budapest is intensely foreign, in peasant costumes and old customs that have still survived through centuries, and on the other hand surprisingly modern, a queer mixture which lends a picturesqueness to this half Oriental, half cosmopolitan city. Its splendid modern civilization, which still retains plenty of the Oriental atmosphere, makes it one of the most unique peoples of Europe. It is the Magyar, the true Hungarian, which is the keynote there, fighting for independence from the Austrian yoke. Hundreds of these are well-bred, noble men, whether titled or not, living in luxury surpassed by no city on the globe. It is all described in F. Berkeley Smith's new volume, entitled "Budapest, the City of the Magyar."

St. Paul has a new magazine, published monthly at the Manhattan building. It is called Opportunity, and is devoted to Western interests. Among its offerings for October are a number of interesting stories, including "Winter Travels in the Wilds of Alaska," by Joe Smith, of Seattle, Wash.; "Irrigation in the Great Northwest," by Herbert L. Dore, of Winnipeg; "The Growth of Macaroni Wheat," by Prof. W. M. Hayes; "Tea Growing in Texas," and many other articles descriptive of various phases and opportunities in the West.

LOOKED INTO AN HAWAIIAN VOLCANO

Explorers Ascertain the True Inwardness of the Restless Mauna Loa.

HONOLULU, Oct. 18.—An exploring party of thirteen, the first to reach Mokuapopo, the summit of the crater of Mauna Loa, gives reliable details of the eruption. The party suffered severely from mountain sickness and cold. They found the inside of the crater very active. Out of the mass of molten lava fiery geysers were shooting to the height of 200 feet or more, but there was no overflow. An increase of heat in the Dewey crater, lower down, indicates the possibility of an outbreak there. Kilaukea remains normal.

WOMEN TURN THE HOSE ON EACH OTHER

Are Severely Drenched as Result of Neighborhood Quarrel.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 18.—Mrs. Rose Desmond, 1719 Lake street, secured a warrant from Judge Fritz yesterday for the arrest of "John Doe" Brignoli, her next door neighbor, on a charge of disturbing the peace. The two families have not been on speaking terms for months, and to prevent daily quarrels a fence twelve feet high was erected recently between the two houses.

Mrs. Desmond says she heard something tapping on the roof of her house, and on going outside she saw the annoyance was caused by Brignoli's feet. She procured her hose and played it on the roof till Brignoli was forced to beat a hasty retreat. Brignoli told his wife, and to get even with Mrs. Desmond she played the hose over the fence for some minutes, till Mrs. Desmond could stand it no longer, and, grabbing her hose, she turned a stream of water over the fence into the Brignoli premises.

The two women stuck to their posts on opposite sides of the fence till they were forced to quit for fear of being drowned. Mrs. Desmond wants to have the law on Brignoli for inducing his wife to disturb her peace by playing the hose on her.

LECTURES CHRISTIANS FOR NEGLECTING BIBLE

Dr. Willett Says the Book Has Stood the Test of Higher Criticism.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 17.—In a sermon at the Northwood Ward Congregational church tonight Dr. Herbert L. Willett, of the University of Chicago and dean of the Disciples of Christ Publishing house, severely criticised church members and professing Christians for their ignorance of the Bible.

"Are our traditional teachings true or do they need repair?" he asked. "Higher criticism has attempted to answer that question in the affirmative, but without subtracting one iota from the value of the grand and only book. It has, on the other hand, added to its value and shown its supremacy

"You feel guilty if you are asked if you have read some of the current authors and you must confess apologetically that you have not. Did it ever occur to you that you have read nothing or such an insignificant part of the book which you profess by being a Christian to be the light of your life and the guide for your effort? If there are untruths in the Bible it is pretty near time that we should know them. The Bible should be submitted to literary criticism. But fortunately it can stand the most minute scrutiny.

"The difficulty caused by persecution or perhaps ridicule was nothing to the details of higher or lower criticism. It has come out without a blemish as the greatest of all books, and yet you do not read it. In England, in Scotland, in all the motherlands, our forefathers read the Bible in their families. Those who do that in this country are considered old-fashioned.

"I should tremble if a census were taken of those who have read the Bible beyond the couple of first books of Moses in patches and a few things necessary to pass a grammar school-like examination. And these few pages are soon forgotten. Yet it is the book you swear by."

BAGGAGEMEN AND BRAKEMEN MAY STRIKE

Dissatisfaction Exists at the Course of the Pacific Express Company.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 18.—President F. E. Modie, of the Brotherhood of Railway Expressmen, today stated it had been reported to him that on some of the runs where the Pacific Express company has contracted with the railway companies to handle the baggage, brakemen and baggagemen, members of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, have been pressed into service to handle the baggage and that it is working harm to the employes of the company who are demanding an increase in salary.

President Morrissey, of the trainmen, is investigating the matter, he said, and if such is the case and the practice is not stopped the baggagemen and brakemen will be called out. Mr. Modie stated that there is a probability that the brotherhood men in the employ of another express company in Texas may be called out unless that company discontinues carrying some of the Pacific Express company freight on a tonnage basis.

"An order to this effect will tie up the whole state of Texas," he said, "as the Brotherhood of Railway Expressmen is strong and well organized there."

SHERMAN, Tex., Oct. 18.—An injunction against striking employes of the Pacific Express company and their associates has been granted in the United States court here and an order has been issued to the enjoined men to desist from intimidating or using violence to prevent other employes of the company from performing their duties at Texarkana, Marshall or Longview. Large crowds met every train at Longview and prevented any attempt to load or unload express matter. On most of the cars there are no messengers.

At Marshall a man, who was put on as messenger at New Orleans, was escorted to the hotel by the agent here, accompanied by a jeering crowd. When he reached the hotel counter some one struck him and the hotel proprietor threw a cup of hot coffee in his face and ordered him out. The express strikers finally got him and he was persuaded to leave town.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 18.—The only noteworthy feature of the Pacific Express strike today was the announcement by the company that it would resume the handling of perishable goods tomorrow.

WAIFS OF THE WIRES.

LAREDO, Tex., Oct. 18.—While there are still many cases of yellow fever in the city, the work being done by the marine hospital service and the state health department shows results in the gradual decrease in the number of deaths. The official bulletin for the past twenty-four hours, as issued tonight, is: New cases, 20; deaths, 6; total cases, 400; total deaths to date, 27.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Oct. 18.—C. Schmitt, of Chicago, president of the Amalgamated Association of Butchers and Meat Cutters, has been in conference here today with the local men who have made demands for an increase of 10 per cent, but no results were reached, and it seems probable that about 1,500 men in the packing houses here will strike on Tuesday.

HONOLULU, Oct. 18.—The steamer Isleworth left today for the Gilbert islands with 200 Gilbert islanders, the last of several thousand imported during the last twenty-four years for plantation labor. As laborers they have proved unsatisfactory. Many of them are destitute.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Oct. 18.—The installation of Dr. Kaufman Kohler, until recently of New York, as the successor of the late Dr. Wise in the presidency of the Union Hebrew college, was an international occasion here today, with many prominent visitors.

MEXICO, Mo., Oct. 18.—Abel Mitchell, a negro, aged twenty, known as "Sonny Boy," killed another negro, Jim Hayes, and wounded three others at a negro dance in this city last night. All the wounded will recover. Mitchell escaped.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—After a visit of two weeks in this port, the French triple screw cruiser Jurien de la Graviere, in command of Capt. Lemoyne, departed today for Philadelphia and the West Indies.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., Oct. 18.—Northern New York had its first snow storm of the season today. The mountains about Lake Placid, Loon lake, Chateaugay lake and Lake Titus are white with snow.

ON TENTED FIELD AT FORT RILEY

Something Choice in the Way of Maneuvers Promised for This Week.

FORT RILEY, Kan., Oct. 18.—The largest military camp ever formed in this country in time of peace is now located here on the government reservation. About 12,000 men are here and by tomorrow, it is expected, the total will be increased to 13,000. The general scope of the maneuvers, which will commence in full strength tomorrow and continue for a fortnight, is the most comprehensive that has been arranged, and practically every situation that a soldier can be called upon to face in time of war, save the two so eminently disagreeable—danger of death and lack of rations—is comprised in the programme. It is safe to say that from a sanitary point of view no better camp was ever devised.

The force is divided into four brigades of infantry, commanded respectively by Brig. Gens. Grant, Bell and Barry, of the regular army, and Hughes, of the Kansas National Guard. It is expected there will be a greater number of foreign military attaches in attendance upon the present series of maneuvers than upon any previous similar occasion. Col. Raspopoff, of the Russian army, and Col. Foster and Col. Kirkbeck, of the British army, have been at Fort Riley for two days. Lieut. Col. Monteverde, of the Spanish army, arrived today in a uniform that put to shame anything that ever shone on the plains of Kansas, with the possible exception of the midsummer sun. His cap and blouse were dark blue covered with gold lace, and his riding trousers, of expensive pattern, were of a vivid aggressive scarlet, seemingly intrusive enough to leave a glow behind him after he had turned a corner. The colonel, who is a courty gentleman and a soldier of excellent record, was received with every attention by Gen. Bates and his officers. Gen. Ian Hamilton, of the British army, is to arrive this week.

The work for tomorrow will be an attack upon a rear guard. This is to be commanded by Col. Duncan, of the Sixth infantry, which is to march out early in the morning and at 12:30 is to start back to the camp. As he starts, Gen. Barry, with the remainder of the troops, will be after him and Col. Duncan must get into camp the best way he can.

MURDERED OR HELD FOR RANSOM?

Large Reward Is Offered for the Finding of a Young Philadelphia Millionaire.

BRISTOL, Tenn., Oct. 17.—It is now five days since E. L. Wentz, the young Philadelphia millionaire, so mysteriously disappeared in the mountains of Wise county, Va., and notwithstanding 1,000 men have been scouring the mountains for four days no clew has been gained as to what became of him. The missing man's brother, Daniel L. Wentz, has increased the reward from $5,000 to $25,000, provided the young man is returned alive. The reward, if the young man should be found dead, is $5,000. The father of the missing man is hurrying from Philadelphia.

The most plausible theory is that young Wentz has been murdered in the mountains as a matter of spite work, for his firm had dealings with trespassers on the lands of the Virginia Coal & Iron Co. It is not improbable, however, that kidnapers are holding him for ransom.

DEATHS OF THE DAY.

Special to The Globe.

CROOKSTON, Minn., Oct. 18.—Mrs. H. B. Finch died very suddenly early this morning. She gave birth to a child which was alive and well. She was only sick a few hours. She leaves three small children. Her husband is H. B. Finch, manager of the Finch-Smith Wholesale company. The deceased was highly connected both in Minneapolis and Grand Forks.

Z. L. Sargent, one of the pioneers of the city, died today from a stroke of paralysis. He had lived here many years and had several sons and grandsons in business here. He was the founder of one of the best known families in this city.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Aime Charles Beatrand, a famous ballet master, who had charge of the ballet for a number of years the Alhambra Music hall in London and the Auditorium theater in Chicago, and of the ballets of the "Black Crook," "Babes in the Wood," and other well-known productions in this country, died tonight in the pyschopathic ward in Bellevue hospital. Beatrand's mind had become weakened, and he took to playing incessantly on his old violin until his neighbors complained, and had him taken to the hospital last Tuesday. He refused to go until he was deluded into believing that he was needed at the Metropolitan Opera house, but even then he insisted on having a violin, and he would go into the pavilion only when he was given a violin by one of the doctors.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Tonight | MATINEE WEDNESDAY
Under Southern Skies
PRICES | Nights.... 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 | Matinee.... 25c and 50c
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Jefferson De Angelis
And His Company
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THE TOREADOR
Beginning Thursday Evening.

GRAND JACOB LITT PROPRIETOR.
Best Musical Farce Show in America
Ward & Vokes.
—55 PEOPLE—MOSTLY GIRLS—
"A PAIR OF PINKS."
Oh! Such Pretty Girls.
Matinee Wednesday.
Next Week—Eugenia Blair in "Zaza" and "Magda."

STAR | MATINEE DAILY | EVENINGS 8:15
ALL WEEK.
American Burlesquers.
ANOTHER BIG SHOW.
Ladies' Matinee Fridays.
Next Week—The Thoroughbreds
SEATS 10c 20c 30c

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Week commencing Sunday, Oct. 11, 1903.
EMPIRE BURLESQUE COMPANY.
In the Successful Comedy Burlesque,
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Two Dozen Pretty Girls.
Two shows for one price. Admission 10c and 20c

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