

## BOOK AND HAMMOCK.

Light Literature for Use in the Enticing Summer Web.

Summer Suggestions for the Leisure of Literary Inclination.

Choice Selections for Light Hours and for Somber Reflections.

"Our Best Friends" Assorted and Arranged for Globe Readers.

May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnician, or whoever it was that invented books; but a greater blessing descended upon the head which gave us the hammock, where we can read in comfort during these dog days. On the porch and cool, shady corner of every house in town, and on the broad veranda of the cottages overlooking rippling White Bear and Minnetonka this enticing webbing is hung. Fill it with soft cushions of moss—preserve us, oh shade of Mephisto, from feather-filled pillows—don your loveliest white flannel and drive dull care away with a huge palatial fan. And to sweep the cobwebs of the mental sky, what shall we read? What did people do without light literature before the days of the Town and Country series and other summer reading? To be sure, they are epicureans, and like our light afflictions, but for a moment, if your sole object in reading is to improve your mind, and anything else but vanity of vanities, let me recommend Spencer's "Justice" and Renan's "History of Israel." But if you are a playmaker Jack a dull boy, and need mental dumb-bells and Indian clubs, so that his cerebral muscle will be better developed for the winter study.

Put first on your list "The Squirrel Inn" by Frank H. Stockton. It ran in the Century magazine a year ago, and has just been issued in book form.

If you have read it, then it will seem familiar, but read in some other place, and you will find, in all means, is the right way to use your summer books. In reading, as in life, are doubled if shared. "The Squirrel Inn" is a whimsical tale, and you can always trust Stockton enough to know you cannot trust your own forecasts or predictions. The characters are sure to do what they would not do under any other author's pen. Each is droll or original, and anything else and gladness there is no equal to Frank Stockton.

"A Little Norsk," or "On Papa's Flaxen," is a new book by Hamlin Garland, author of "Main Traveled Roads," and one who has done much in using the literary material of the North. It comes fresh with the wind that sweeps the great prairies, and the exceptional power with which he treats this life on the plains, makes the sketches as vivid as Bret Harte's stories of mining camps or Cable's crooks. We who live so near where the breezes blow will appreciate "A Little Norsk."

Kate Sanborn's "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," although not new this summer, will make a good addition to the books read in the sight of the waving fields of successful farms. It is a funny, humorous sketch of a woman who demonstrates that woman can farm, and Tennessee.

Wrong in His Man for the field and woman for the hearth, man for the plow, and for the needle. But she didn't do it. New England women have never been so wrong, but they cannot bring to a fertilizer the rocky hills of Massachusetts. "The Rakes refuse to let the vegetables rise to come up, and the taxes would not go down."

Another book which for local coloring is a success is "A First Family of Tassajara," and in Bert Harte's earliest, best. It is a story of a family which reaches the wealth of the West, and means which are not strictly creditable to its head, and the one son who knew of the manner in which the wealth was obtained is cast out by the father, and becomes an ornamental appendage to the new F. F. C. The descriptions of the West are so vivid, and the characters are so perfectly drawn, that those who knew Bert Harte's earlier romances, "Don't put 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' in your grip. It is such a black story, gruesome and unhealthy. I know, like most of Thomas Hardy's novels, it is a book of literature, and not of art. It is a story of the glory into your life instead of the gruesome. It is bad enough for an author, conscious of his power in making people happy, to place such a load of sorrow on the book shelves at any time, but one who will deliberately perpetrate such an outrage, and whose outpourings ought to be forevermore tabooed.

Books of Travel are becoming among the most delightful for summer reading. The old attitudinizing and moralizing before the wonders of the old world are being relieved by a lighter background of the funny happenings. Each man sees Europe with different eyes, and his kodak reveals some curious phases of life over the briny. A book which is kodak in the sharp keen outlines of the sketches is "A Too Short Vacation," written by two women who saw Europe not as others see it. Sara Jeannette Duncan's books are of last summer's count. "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London" are rare fun. Miss Duncan seeks men and things with a reporter's scent for the novel, and writes them so merry, often satirical mood of her so true as if he had been taking beef, iron and wine.

Miss Agnes Pepper's little volume of essays, "Point of View" was published early in the year, and is excellent in the light and critical vein. She tears down literary idols with a vandalism that is somewhat alarming at first. The light in which life is laid out rivals the glow western evenings seen for a look through rose colored spectacles and believe in the gospel of love. For a light psychological study read "A Fellow and his Wife" by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. It tells of an ideal husband and a wife whose confidence in her own artistic ability is in excess of her love for her husband. To evade sex prejudice, perhaps as a result, to idealize—the man writes the woman's letters and the woman the man's. Of course the hero is a woman's ideal of a perfect man, and not a weak one. He is perfect in conduct but his herce inward struggles show how hard it is for the best of men to be entirely true. The woman is a more sated, tender, self-admiring, selfish, whimsical, but more of a perfect man, and more lovable, and perhaps more true.

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of the hot weather and to give the judges an opportunity to take a needed summer vacation. They will proceed with the jury calendar by Aug. 1. The attorneys interested in the chancery calendar are asked to appear in the office of the clerk of the circuit court Wednesday next, to make suggestions as to re-setting the chancery calendar.

THEY'RE AFTER M'GEE. The Second Ward Works to His School Work.

To the Editor of the Globe. A great deal of dissatisfaction is being expressed by citizens of the Second ward over the management of the Van Buren school. We feel that the principal, Charles McGee, is not only incompetent, but that he does not work for the best interests of our school. He has proved this conclusively by not recommending Miss Taylor for the position which she has held for years so ably filled, a fact which he has himself heretofore acknowledged. McGee has been in the school for a year by year from the third to the eighth grade, then he has proven himself incompetent and should step aside, or rather be pushed aside, to make room for one less dull of comprehension.

But we as patrons of the school, sother of whom having been under Miss Taylor's charge for five years, do not feel that we can afford to lose a teacher of such untiring energy and zeal, and one to whom the pupils of the school have entire confidence, in order either to please the caprice of a man who, in withholding his recommendation, has proven himself to be either unjust or incompetent, or to make room for some other person. We feel that parents and taxpayers that we have a right to be heard, and that our earnest petition should be respected.

We feel that we can well afford to lose the petty despot whose chief care, it would seem, is to maintain himself in his position, and draw money from the taxpayers for an amount for which we feel he has not rendered an equivalent.

It is a well-known fact that heretofore his modes of discipline have been detrimental to the best interests of our pupils. The citizens of the Second ward will not maintain a slinger in the person of the principal of their school, nor will they longer submit to have their children under the influence of a man whose example can be proven to be pernicious, and who can not command the respect of even the pupils of the school. All the efforts of the teachers to maintain a respectful feeling for him among the children is of no avail in some cases of friends, and in all means, is the right way to use your summer books.

We demand a principal who will exert enough restraint to restrain the bad conduct of the school, and we demand a principal who will not allow the school to degenerate into a place where the pupils are sure to do what they would not do under any other author's pen. Each is droll or original, and anything else and gladness there is no equal to Frank Stockton.

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It was very hot, and only a few assembled to hear J. G. Woolley this morning speak. In the afternoon, Rev. H. Mason spoke on the conversion of Paul. In the evening, Lamb, the evangelist singer, spoke on God's estimate of man. Very few people attended the services on account of the hot and threatening weather. Tomorrow, being the last day of the convention, will no doubt bring a large crowd from all neighboring towns. The corner stone of the Frances Willard cottage will be laid tomorrow.

Boys' Vacation Suits. Boys' Suits at Red Figure Prices at the Boston on Third St.

The Week's Rainfall. For the week ended yesterday the average rainfall reported from that portion of this state mainly comprising the watersheds of the Minnesota and upper Mississippi rivers was 1.07 inch. It was heaviest from St. Paul to southeast, and lightest from northwest. The details of the rainfall in inches and fractions thereof are as follows:

STATION.	RAIN.	STATION.	RAIN.
St. Paul, Minn.	1.30	Port Ripley, Minn.	1.28
Alexandria, Minn.	.75	Redwood Falls, Minn.	1.13
Forbes Falls, Minn.	.50	Green Valley, Minn.	.75

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

Do You Want to Buy A good first mortgage upon St. Paul real estate? I have a number to sell in various sums, at 6, 7 and 8 per cent interest, payable semi-annually, title guaranteed. Address N. H. Wilcox, P. O. Box 2499, St. Paul, Minn.

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COURT BRIEFS. C. S. Lane has entered suit against Philip Maguire to enforce a mechanics lien for \$424.40.

Mrs. Fannie E. Morrill, who is insolvent, has filed schedules showing liabilities to be \$2,489.20.

Camilla Harrigan was adjudged insane in the probate court yesterday and ordered taken to the Rochester asylum. She is insane on religion.

The personal injury case of Archibald H. McLaughlin against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company is still on trial before Judge Thomas and a jury in the United States circuit court.

The ejectment case of James Clark against Philip and Roger Donahue was taken up in the United States circuit court yesterday before Judge Edgerton. A jury was sworn and the evidence submitted to the court. The verdict will be made Thursday.

Judge Thomas, of the United States circuit court, heard the argument yesterday on a motion for a new trial in the case of William Walton against the "Omaha" Railway company. The case was argued by J. H. Joseph and was examined as to his sanity in the probate court yesterday, and ordered taken to the Rochester asylum. He came here three weeks ago from Chicago. He is thirty-five years old and is identified with his past and drew money from the taxpayers for an amount for which we feel he has not rendered an equivalent.

Joseph Ruloff was examined as to his sanity in the probate court yesterday, and ordered taken to the Rochester asylum. He came here three weeks ago from Chicago. He is thirty-five years old and is identified with his past and drew money from the taxpayers for an amount for which we feel he has not rendered an equivalent.

Judge Kelly has refused to grant a new trial in the case of William Thompson against Sarah W. and William B. Conant, which was brought to recover possession of a lot in the city of St. Paul. The case was argued by J. H. Joseph and was examined as to his sanity in the probate court yesterday, and ordered taken to the Rochester asylum. He came here three weeks ago from Chicago. He is thirty-five years old and is identified with his past and drew money from the taxpayers for an amount for which we feel he has not rendered an equivalent.

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## GIRLS IN A SADDLE.

The Double Wheel of the Cycle Not Meant for Man Alone.

We Girls Grew Envious and Decided to Try It for Once.

Some First Experience That Doesn't Look Well in Print.

The Joys of Cycling When Once the Art Has Been Won.

It was, to me, a wonderful feat of engineering skill when I first saw a petticoat teacher before he had advanced beyond the first lesson. I pondered long on the superiority of masculine equilibrium and for the billionth and one time in my life wished the Fates had been kinder and sent me trousers instead of skirts. My brother and other girls' brothers would sail past like winged Mercuries on the silent steeds, utterly oblivious—no, I don't mean that—supremely conscious that man was for the wheel and woman belonged to the infancy. We rebelled. Secretly, we decided to try it. We decided that we wouldn't take a back seat, which in wheel parlance means posing one's self on that infinitesimal mounting seat, with the ball of the foot as the center of gravity, and leaning your arms around the young man's shoulders and declaring when you dismount that you had a lovely ride. Of course you didn't. The only lovely part was for the young man and his friends to be wondered that it took such a long time and men were so reluctant in dismounting and their arms around the young man's shoulders and declaring when you dismount that you had a lovely ride. Of course you didn't. The only lovely part was for the young man and his friends to be wondered that it took such a long time and men were so reluctant in dismounting and their arms around the young man's shoulders and declaring when you dismount that you had a lovely ride. Of course you didn't. The only lovely part was for the young man and his friends to be wondered that it took such a long time and men were so reluctant in dismounting and their arms around the young man's shoulders and declaring when you dismount that you had a lovely ride. Of course you didn't. 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