

Voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The everlasting query in a girl's novel, such as this one, is: Has an engaged girl the right to demand that her lover shall instantly tell her all the misdeeds of which he or his family has been guilty? Has the man the same right to demand a similar confession from the girl? Ought rather the two sweethearts not take each other on trust?

The case in point is as follows: Tom Vail, 28 years old, good looking and of fine address, secures a position as draughtsman in the office of John Morgan, architect, and Mr. Morgan's only child, Miss Nina Morgan, falls in love with Tom. She invites him to dinner at her father's home, and plainly shows where her affections are: Mr. Morgan wonders if Vail's family is "all right," and otherwise respectable?

Judge Oliver Morgan, Nina's uncle, calls on Tom's mother, and to his surprise recognizes her as the widow of a client of his who had been sentenced to jail for embezzlement. Mrs. Vail was much distressed, and said: 'Judge Morgan, my son does not know," She meant that Tom had not 'Audge Morgan, my son does not know." She meant that Tom had not been told his father died in jail, sent there for embezzling \$250,000, while he was a trusted bank official and Sunday school teacher, the victims con-isting principally of women and chil-

"Madam, you may rely on me," said the judge.

Nina grows fond of Mrs. Vail, her uture mother-in-law, and in the meanime Nina had been told by her ather and uncle of Tom's convictather. Mrs. Vail dies, protesting that fom does not know of the stain on he family name. Nina tells her family hat she will marry Tom, anyhow. So ar so good.

Mr. Morgan sends Tom to work in a istant town, and while there Tom

istant town, and while there Tom leets a man who, on hearing the ame Vail, tells the story of Vail, the onvict. Tom recognizes the man de-cribed to be his father. Judge lorgan meets Tom's informant, hears the story told to Tom, and notifies ina that her lover is at last aware the family skeleton. Now, Tom did not instantly write Nina and tell her of his unfortunate

scovery, and this hurt her. How dare om have any secrets from her? This the central note of Nina's character. the central note of Ninas character, he admired frankness and truth, and buildn't stand deceit. She was a stern dge. Tom calls on her, and the meet-ig is happy, although a little strained, hey talk of lover's nothings.

"Haven't you anything more to tell e?" asks Nina, in a whisper. "Only that I love you," he says. Now, reader, what course should na pursue? Should she forgive Tom id forget his father's past? If you e a woman, and were in the posi-on of Miss Nina Morgan, what would subject forms an interesting

ade Morals, by Edward D. Page. \$1.50 Concerning Justice, by Lucilius A. Emery \$1.35. Yale University Press, New York

Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth I Province" is the outgrowth of a rise of lectures delivered to the iduating class at the Sheffield Scienduating class at the Sheffield Scien-school of Yale University, in 1911, 1 book, written in learned, optimis-vein, furnishes an impressionistic ure of the interrelations of society, rals and mind in their effect upon conduct of the business man. Con-vable research work is in evidence. Concerning Justice," by a former of Justice of the Maine Supreme ert, is made up of addresses delivered ore the law school of Yale Univer-, and is learned and technical. One ludge Emery's definitions is: "There is exist something, some virtue, some timent, however undefinable in undefinable plie their natural selfishness, and thout which they would fall apart. Is this virtue, this ligament of soci-

Scout Talks, by Charles A. East-Pairmount's Quarfette, by Etta An-Baker. The Ranch at the Wol-s, by B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Roston.

that we call justice,'

ts, healthy, well written advice to who venture into the woods in purof health or pleasure. tor health or pleasure. A guide-ok for boy scouts and campfire girls, sook that ought to have a large sale. Fairmount's Quartette," \$1.30, for is 12 to 16 years old, an admirable yel picturing life at Fairmount ademy, a finishing school for girls the banks of the Hudson, N. Y. The the babks of the flugson, N. Y. The of characters portrayed are four girlums who are now seniors.

The Ranch at Wolverine," \$1.30, is trong, masterful novel of cowboys, ch life and cattle-stealing in Idaho, sof the very best stories this entersing author of life in the open has litten.

The Last Raid" is the fifth and las me of "The Young Missourian's es," and tells in stirring fashion of lla warfare in Missouri, in our War time. A story for boys and

inning the Wilderness" tells in utic. graphic style how Asher lot, once soldier in the United Army and later a soldier of Ilization, takes his young wife to a
m on the bleak Kansus prairies—
makes a family home. The period
ust after our Civil War. The story
vinning, glowing and has plenty of
rt beats.

Tek of Oz, by L. Frank Baum, and any, the Joyons, by Edith Stow. Illus-ated. Relily & Britten Co., Chicago, III, wo fascinating holiday books for

dren.

Tik-Tok" belongs to the series of ous Oz books known mostly to all dren able to read easily. This time en Ann, of Ozgaboo, with an army 16 soldlers and one enlisted man, 'out to conquer the world and the she has— There are 272 pages.

hy novel about a young maiden a knowing. Nancy is a mountain Containing 253 pages, the book

Tsanoft, \$1.55. New York City. arid and romantic, this novel of the of Macedonia trying to shake off Turkish yoke has plenty of intrigue bloodshed. The tale is one succes-

ers of a Self-Made Pullure, by Mauric itzer. Illustrated, 51. Small, May rd & Co., Beston. om Jim to Bob, an elder brother younger. Advice in the form of rtaining letters, and lots of it. One "It is easy to advise others, but are you a worthy model?"



Margaret Deland, author of The Hands of Esau"

"Haven't you anything more to tell of the best bits of counsel is: "It isn't the job that makes the man; it's the job that makes the job." Jim owns lis own house and is worth \$35,000, which he got by saving \$1500 a year for six years and being in a position, when one of Miss Nina Morgan, what would not insist on Nina wealing her past, say, of one of her accessors who 1,000,000 years ago, obably ate his captives.

The subject forms an interesting

The best bits of counsel is: "It isn't the job that makes the man; it's the job that makes the job." Jim owns lis own house and is worth \$35,000, which he got by saving \$1500 a year for six years and being in a position, when one of the partners died, to buy out his interest for cash. So—Jim has a right to give advice on many subjects. The book is wise, epigrammatic and witty.

The Backwoodsmen, by Charles G. D. Rob-

The Backwoodsmen, by Charles G. D. Roberts, 50 cents, an admirable reprint of splendid out-of-doors novel (MacMillan Co. N. Y.). The Wonder-Worker, by Vincent Brown, \$1.35, a novel about an old couple each more than 70 years old, who had not married, yet had children. In their innocent, child-like lives, comes a great preacher-reformer. The effect is nearly electrical. The story has a wealth of emotional power, Liamoyle, by B. M. Croker, \$1.35, a clever and racy novel of Irish life. (Brentano's, N. Y.)

Jesus, the Carpenter, by Rev. Walter Benwell Hinnan, L.L. D., 50 cents, 125 pages. The J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

The author of the 15 sermens contained in this helpful little book is the eloquent pastor of the First Baptist Church, of this city, a church which is widely known along the Pacific Coast as "the people's church." Dr. Hinson is an exponent of Christianity, and especially the democratic tianity, and especially the democratic element therein. Consequently, he has become known in Portland not as the preacher of a particular sect, but of and for everybody.

To speak frankly, there is a suspicion

To speak frankly, there is a suspicion of dryness, often of dry-rot, in many learned sermons. It is a pleasure to state, however, that these sermons are not in that category, and are as lively as a May morning, and as reverently inspired as a fine orchestral symphony. We hear of people who say, with great sincerity, that they are neither "church people" nor believers in any one form of ecclesiasticism. Very well, then. Read these friendly advices. For then. Read these friendly advices the churched and non-churched, the lit-tle book is to be heartily commended. The Christ it pictures is a human one, just as if he were passing on the streets of this city going to work. He is pic-

ured as a real friend.

The book is published by the Baptist Young People's Union of the First Bap-tist Church, "in honor of 'the Car-penter' who furnished the plans and material."

Miss Phyllis Forsythe is a rich gir Miss Phyllis Forsythe is a rich girl with a rich, doting father and an invalid mother. Phyllis is 16 years old, and she is sent to be educated at Byrd Academy, down South, with plebeians as her scheolmates. Phyllis is sweettempered, noble in character, and is a blessing to all around her. She keeps a diary which she calls "Louise," and this novel, comforting and wholesome, is the result of "Louise," The story is a remarkably natural exposition of a young girl's life.

A play in three acts, with love as its A play in three acts, with love as its motif. "When has a man found the treasure? When he has found his soul. When he is filled with joy and peace. When he knows that love for man and beast and things, is life." The construction of the play is beautifully poetic, and the sentiment expressed, artistic. The mechanical part of the book is an art treasure of the printers' best.

The Quitter, by Jacob Fisher. \$1.20. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Co., Phila-Ransford Hallam, rich, muscular, and indolent, loves Miss Sophie Burton, but she will have none of him and calls

him no good, a "quitter." She wants a baby musk-ox coat, and Hallam goes to the Arctic Circle to get musk-ox skins. While there he meets Norma Leonard, child of Nature, and she makes a real man of him. A novel of fervent, romantic interest.

The Hunting of the Snark, by Lewis Carrell 50 cents. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. New York City.

One of the new series of the popular-priced Macmillan's Juvenile Library. The book is a reprint of a well-known and admired verse collection of far ful adventures, loved especially children of all ages.

Love, Home and the Inner Life, by Arth H. Blenson, 60 cents. Fred A. Stokes C New York City. A little gift book of friendship or affection, especially suited for a young woman. The talks are all serious and helpful; 104 pages.

The Cost of a Promise, by Mrs. Baillie Rey nolds. \$1.25. Geo. H. Doran Co., Nev An English novel of force and bright-ess. The heroine is a suffragist. JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED. Her Wings, by Frances Newton Symm Allen, \$1.25, a smart, well-written novel aginative work of an elevated character."
The Swindler, by Ethel M. Dell, \$1.35, a series of short stories, powerfully drawn up, on the general text of love and marriage (Putnam's Sons, N. Y.)

Maid of the Mist by John Oxenham, \$1.80, a desert-island story, with a revelation of wonderful love experience.

Bellamy, by Eliner Mordaunt, \$1.35, a novel of uplift, with a hero who begins as a mill-hand, believes in advancement, and scales the ladder of success. (John Lane Co., N. Y.)

Books Added to Library

Victoria, queen of England-Early con of Queen Victoria, by Clare Jerrold, 1912. BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES .. Babad-History of America, in Yiddish, Carr-Guida degli Stati Uniti per l'in Carr—Guida degil Stati Uniti per l'immigrante italians.
Carr—Guide to the United States for the Jewish immigrant. In Yiddish.
Carr—Praewodnik po Stanach Zjednoc-zonych do usytku polskich imigrantow.
Peigenbaum—Washington; a sketch of the great General Washington; a sketch of the great General Washington. In Yiddish.
U. S. Constitution—Constitution of the United States and The citizen under new laws; in English and Yiddish; tr. by Alexander Harkavy.
Gaboriau—Repe about the neck; a novel in 4 parts, tr. by Krantz. In Yiddish.
Gordin—Afleja ben Abuyah. In Yiddish.
Gordin—Heisa Afros. In Yiddish.
Gordin—The slaughtering; a drama in 4 sets. In Yiddish.
Harkavy—Columbus; or, The discovery of America. In Yiddish.

Acts. In Yiddish.

Harkavy-Columbus; or, The discovery of America. In Yiddish.

Hurwits-Biography of Benjamin Frank-lin; freely tr. from the Russian. In Yiddish.

Margolis-Of the present time; satires and stories. In Yiddish.

Nordau-Selected Zionist writings. In Yiddish.

dish.

Rosenfeld—Hettrich Heine. In Tiddish.

Seiffert—Cuba; or, The Spanish inquisition
of the 19th century; a modern novel with
historical basis. In Yiddish.

Tolstol—The Kreutzer sonats. In Tiddish.
Weisenberg—Selected works. v. I. In Yid.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL Jerrold-Humpton Court, 1912, FICTION.

Martin-Barnabetta. Walpole-Duchess of Wrexe. FINE ARTS.

Emery—Elements of harmony, 1907,
Emery—Elements of harmony; supplementary exercises, chants and chorats, 1914,
George—Game of suction pinnochic, 1913,
Lynes—Key to Emery's Elements of harmony, 1960,
Spain—Equal temperament in theory and
practice, n. d.

HISTORY. Vickers-England in the later ages, 1912. LITERATURE.

Guthris-Vital study of literature, 1912, Magnus-Introduction to poetry, Ed. Moore—Rail and farewell; v. 5, Vale. 1914 Bharp—Studies and appreciations, 1912. PHILOSOPHY.

Hall-Mastery of grief. 1913. RELIGION. New York city Christian science institutivital issues in Christian science, 1914.

DUCHESS HELD AS FOE Germans Take Red Cross Workers but American Gets Them Out.

THE HAGUE, Sept. 24.-Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland and her Red Cross workers left for England by way of Flushing recently. The party had an adventurous experience during the bombardment of Namur, working in a hospital established in a convent and nursing 150 Belgians, 45 French and eight German wounded. After the Ger-

The Wonder-Worker, by Vincent Brown, 13.35, a novel about an old couple each more than 79 years old, who had not married, yet had children. In their innocent, child-like lives, comes a great preacher-reformer. The effect is nearly electrical. The story has a wealth of emotional power. Lismoyle, by B. M. Croker, \$1.35, a clever and racy novel of Irish life. (Brentano's, N. Y.)

Lady Cassandra, by Mrs. George De Horne Vaigey, \$1.35, an English novel of love and sacrifice.

The Dread of Responsibility, by Emile Paguet, \$1.25, powerful—assays which have as their principal text a constructive suggestion for what the author calls a true aristocracy, a government under democratic forms.

Jean Gilles, Schoolbey, by Andre Lafon.

BY ANTICS OF KEYMEN

Two Finally Learn Why Operators in Happy Mood Stop to Listen at Iron Post, Murmur "O. K., O. K.," and Then Wander Away,

SLEUTHS ARE PUZZLED

WITH uncertain steps he appagain? Whatchu listening to there? proached the corner of Broadway and Stark streets. He was not drunk, "just comfortable." in police vernacular. At the corner he stopped suddenly and listened. Some familia sound attracted him. His eyes rested on a lamppost. He approached the post

and put his ear to it. For a long time the man remained in this position. Finally Patrolman McCulloch noticed him hugging the

"What's the matter, won't it stand up?" inquired the officer.

The man still listened intently, only turning his head to grin at the police-

man.
"Here, you'd better move on. You'v stood there long enough," ordered Mo Culloch.
"O K, O K, old man, O K," replied
the stranger, and sauntered up the

"Huh?" ejaculated McCulloch, with a puzzled expression as the other went

A few nights later Detectives Price and Mallett stood on Broadway directly across from the same corner. The part-ners were contemplating. Finally Mal-

lett spoke.
"I'm watching that son of a gun across the street." he said, reflectively.
"He's been standing with his ear to that lamppost for five minutes. Let's see what's the matter with him." The two crossed the street.
"What's the noise there?" asked

"What's the hoise there; when Price.
The man gringed.
"Whatcha standing there listening like that for?" repeated the officer, showing his star.
"O K. O K." said the man. "All clear on this end. O K." and walked away.
"What's that O K stuff he's pullin'?"
Price asked Mallett.
"The same thing another fellow told McCullech," Mallett said. "Something funny about this corner."

funny about this corner."

Price put his ear to the post.
"Whaddaya hear?" asked his partner.
"Nothing except a little ticking."

McCulloch Comes By. Both put their ears to the post. Just then McCulloch walked by on his beat and saw the detectives. "What the—" he began. "Say, I just chased a fellow away from there half an bour swo."

chased a fellow away from there half an hour rgo."

"What did he say when you chased him away?" asked Mallett.

"Said O K. O K. just the same as another fellow a week ago."

"I can't figure it out." said Price.

A few nights later another man in happy frame of mind came to the same corner and listened. He also put his ear to the pôst.

Mysteries are solved by accident.

ear to the post.

Mysteries are solved by accident.

Price and Mallett accidentally came
along and saw this man.

"It's Burke," said one.

"I know him," said the other, and
grabbed the man by the shoulder.

"Saw, do you want to go to the can. ong and saw this man.

"It's Burke." said one.

"I know him," said the other, and rabbed the man by the shoulder.

"Say, do you want to go to the can

demanded Price.

Burke grinned.

"O K, O K, I'll go home. Seventy-three, old man," and when the detective loosened his grip Burke walked away.

"O K, 73," repeated Mallett. "Say, John, what does he mean by 73?" "May be a number on Br Let's catch him and find out."

The sleuths overtook the fellow and prought him back.
"Now look here, Burke," said Malett. "What does everybody listen to

that post for and then say O. K., O. K., and go away? What does it mean?"

Burke laughed uproariously.

"Listen," he ipvited, and the three put their ears to the post. "Hear anything?" he asked.
"Only a little ticking." growled Price
"That's it. Telegraph, somewhere

"That's it. Telegraph, somewhere "Let's take a look."
He peered inside the Hotel Oregon At the Postal branch office, an open ator was busy at a desk.

Burke Pounds Post. puzzled a bit, and then hammered the his

post with his fist.
"There it is, sec. The wire's working in there. You can hear the sounder out here, but the post's hollow, and somehow it sounds like it's coming from the post. That's all there is to it." "Clear as mud," agreed Mallett. "But what does everybody listen for and

what does everybody listen to then say O. K. and go away?"

Again Burke laughed loudly.

"You know crooks, all right, but you don't know operators. This sounds like it's coming from the post, so they listen. Every time an operator hears instrument he naturally looks. an instrument he naturally looks around to see where the sounder is.

* * Especially if he's got something under his beit." Burke added.

"What's this O. K. stuff?" inquired

awn Olara Edna Ferber.

me. The long, lazy Summer days with lau have slipped by. There is an Autumn waukee! tang in the air. The breeze has a Of cou

me. The long, lasy Summer days have elipped by. There is an Autumn tang in the air. The breeze has a touch that is sharp.

Winter in a little Northern town: I should go mad. But Winter in the city: The streets at dusk on a frosty evening; the shop windows arranged by artist hands for the beauty-loving eyes of women; the rows of lights, like jewels strung on an invisible chain; the glitter of brazs and enamei as the endless procession of motors flashes past; the smartly-gowned women; the keen-eyed, nervous men; the keen-eyed, nervous men; the shrill notes of the crossing policeman's whistle; every smoke-grimed wall and pillar taking on a mysterious shadowy beauty in the purple dusk, every unsightly blot obscured by the kindly night. But best of all, the fascination of the People I'd like to Know. They pop up now and them a vague regret. Sometimes I call them the People I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Like to Know and sague regret. Sometimes I call them the People I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the people I'd like to Know and the limit of the limi

in the shifting crowds, and are gone in the shifting crowds, and are gone the next moment, leaving behind them as vague regret. Sometimes I call them the People I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd Like to Know and sometimes I call them the People I'd Know I'd

Chapter IV—Continued.)

ON DERHARD was here in August.

Lindis and the air nor from the second of the continued of the contin

around to see where the sounder in.

* * Especially if he's got some thing under his belt," Burke added. "What's this O, K. stufff" inquired Price.

"Just the same as you say I gotcha, Steve," explained Burke. "When you get the stuff they're sending, you say O, K. on the wire, see?, Any good shop-talking operator will say O, K instead of "alright."

"Pretty simple, then," said Mallett turning to Price.

Burke started to leave.

"What a minute, there," yelled one of the sleuths. "What was this room number you gave us?"

"What?"

one looking out at the world with as the world liself.

I can understand the emotions of a broken-down warhorse that is hitched to a vegetable wagon. I am going to a vegetable wagon. I am going to be and church sociables and afternoon make the gods hold their sides and bridges. A hunger for the city is upon me. The long, lazy Summer days with laughter, After New York—Milwept layer and the child was summer to th

ports in Germany Not True.

LONDON, Sept. 25 .- Three surprised Americans drifted into London recently from Berlin, who had been residents in the capital for over a year, According to the German newspapers According to the German newspapers Leeds had been destroyed. Edinburgh burned out and London was in ruins. "Well," said one, "if the Germans could only be told the truth, there'd be some riots."

Any Book

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