rue love with the quelling of religious opposite sex, inclined toward books and The GRAFTON in many respects unusual, and where not life he was of the type usually styled the nusual, not at all hackneyed. The illusrations, by F. M. Ashe, are excellent.

"The Man of the Hour," by Octave Thanet, (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.), deals with the early life of a man who is the offspring of parents whose characters are diametrically opposed. His mother, a Russian princess, had become involved with the socialistic and revolutionary societies with which Russia is honeycombed. To escape the results of her indiscretions she marries a hard-headed American. "Captain of Industry," who by his own exertions had raised himself from the position of a common workingman to that of the wealthy president of a large manufactory in a western town.

The result of this mismated union is the hero of the story, in whom the two natures derived from his parents, struggle for the mastery. The mother, disappointed at not finding the hoped-for socialistic democracy in America, where every hand is outstretched to help, aid and lift up the unfortunate and the weak, and the father, who has learned too late that the marriage was assented to and hastened because of the unfortunate political activities of the wife, drift farther and farther apart, while continually struggling for the control and influence over the boy. The story of how he yields first to the control of the maternal influences, totally misunderstanding his father, until he has spent a fortune and proved to his own satisfaction the impracticability of these beliefs, and his gradual growth into the fine, manly character which his father had desired, is one of most thrilling interest.

Through it all runs a very pretty love story which is artistically subordinated to the greater problem with which the story deals. The intimate acquaintance shown with the labor problems of the day, and with the means used by unscrupulous leaders to accomplish their ends, makes it a story of much more than usual interest, and especially suited to the present time. The illustrations, by Lucius W. Hitchcock, are very well drawn.

"Double Trouble," by Herbert Quick (The Bobbs-Merrill Company), treats of a subject which readily lends itself to both speculation and humor. It describes the strange workings of the subliminal consciousness, whereby a man may become, bles all the morning, tiring of play, and as it were, another man, losing all reseveral years this new life, and then suddenly awakening in the midst of his new surroundings to the recollection of the old life, while the events of the intervening years are erased from his memory.

With this as a basis one can picture to himself the complications which would arise upon this awakening. But the seriousness of the situation is increased when one learns that the hero in his first state was a man of the greatest self- a lie," bounding up, he said: restraint and circumspection; that he was quiet in his tastes, exceedingly shy of the thoap!"

"man of the world;" that he often looked upon the wine when it was red, and as well when it was yellow and had bubbles in it; that he was very much at home with the ladies, and in fact had become somewhat involved with a "strawberry blonde" from whom he was having much difficulty to escape; and finally, that he had become engaged to a most beautiful young lady, and the wedding day was fixed for the near future.

To add to his troubles, he consults Madame Le Claire, a hypnotist and occultist who could temporarily restore him to his subliminal state, and whom he takes along to aid him when he returns to the scene of his activities, thereby arousing the jealousy of his flancee. Does not this furnish a stage setting for all sorts of complications? And the author takes advantage of them all. It is a book we can safely recommend to any one who wants to drive dull care away. The illustrations, some of which are of unusual excellence, are by Orson Lowell.



The Dawn of a Tomorrow.

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an unusually beautiful and touching story. It's beginning is harrowing. A man who has reached the highest place in business and financial circles, believing that insanity is fastening itself upon him, determines to end his life in such a way that he shall disappear, and his own world shall know him no more.-He has lost all belief in God, or at least thinks of him only as an all-devouring, irresponsive power.

When he is about to earry his design into execution, by steps which seem the veriest trivialities, he is led away among the lowest social outcasts, where in the company of a begger child, a thief and a woman of the town, he is brought, step by step, to the light of a new gospel; he learns that suffering comes not from the will of God, but from our own violation of His most benevolent laws.

The story is most beautifully written, calling to mind in its purity of style that masterpiece of sweetness and pathos, "The Story of the Other Wise Man." One can read it in a couple of hours, but he will think of it for days. The illustrations, in color, by F. C. Yohn, are unusually good.



Would Make Sure About the Soap.

A little boy who had been blowing bubsuddenly growing serious, said: "Read membrance of his past life, living for me that thory about heaven; it ith tho gloriouth."

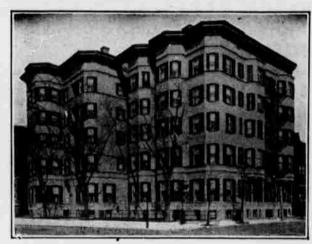
"I will," said the mother; "but first tell me, did you take the soap out of the water?"

"Oh, yes; I'm pretty thure I did."

The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight; but when she came to the words, "No one can enter there who loveth or maketh

"I gueth I'll go and thee about that

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