

*White Roses*, by Katharine Holland Brown, is another pleasant little idyll of the Far West. Corinna Curtis is a young woman who gives her relatives considerable anxiety because, while surrounded by a growing swarm of admirers, some of whom are eligible while some are not, she gives not the slightest indication of any wish to make up her mind and to settle down sensibly. When her cousin, Tom, is sent to Arizona to superintend the survey for a new railroad, his wife, Millicent, has numerous misgivings about taking Corinna with them, ostensibly because she is afraid the poor child will have a rather stupid time in the midst of a desert, but really because she foresees the havoc which Corinna is going to cause among the scattered male population throughout a hundred mile radius. In this respect, her misgivings are amply justified: and therein lies the whole sum and substance of the story. Upon Corinna's ar-

rival at the desolate little railway station, eighteen miles from the nearest house, with no one waiting to meet her and no idea of what she must do next, she meets and incidentally snubs a certain man by the name of Morgan, whom the natives have exalted to a hero and fondly call El Amigo. This man, sprung from unknown parents and possessed of only the fragmentary education that he has been able to give himself, forms a note of exaggerated romanticism throughout what would otherwise be a graphic and perfectly natural portrayal of real life. Aside from the first chapter and the last, Morgan comes but little into the story; but in every chapter a single, mysterious white rose arrives by mail for Corinna, gathered no one knows where, in the heart of the desert. And in every chapter just as one eligible suitor after another has reached the crucial point in his declaration and Corinna is about to capitulate, something or other is sure to happen to bring into her mind a comparison with Morgan—a comparison always unfavourable to the other suitor. Of course, one foresees from the very structure of the book that it must end only one way—with the triumph of romanticism and white roses. And perhaps there may be some readers who will share the author's evident admiration for her hero, El Amigo. But even those of us who think otherwise will be repaid for reading the book by its pervading tone of clever comedy and by the exceedingly natural and often tender domesticity in the chapters devoted to the intimate interests of Corinna's cousins Tom and Millicent.