

the reader's attention pleasantly until the end even if it is hardly likely to keep him sitting up nights. But while announcing itself as a mystery story it departs from the type in that it gives us no bloodshed, no tragedy of murder, guilt or deception. When the mystery is cleared up, no one has suffered, except possibly one attractive youth who turns out to be not quite as reliable as he should be. But even he is a gainer by his experience in that he has learned his lesson and will do better next time. A mystery story with a happy ending is a good commercial asset and we can wish this one all luck on its way.

All the pleasant turmoil of mystery hinges about the breaking into a safe in the Winthrop country home, and the theft of a ruby. For a time it brings tears to pretty Evelyn Winthrop and anxiety to some other members of her family. Yet in the end, it fulfils an excellent purpose in that it brings together in mutual love two young persons who seem eminently suited to each other. Therefore, since the preservation of the race is an all-important matter to this old world, a mystery which serves so good an end cannot be too highly recommended. The solution of the mysterious disappearances and reappearances of the ruby is a clever bit of modern scientific reasoning. But the reader must find out for himself what happened to the ruby and to the white sapphire, for it would be cruel to him to rob him of a very pleasant hour by revealing the plot here.

#### LEE FOSTER HARTMAN'S "THE WHITE SAPPHIRE"\*

It is greatly to any author's credit if he can do the unusual thing with his first book. Not that *The White Sapphire* as a novel is particularly unusual, it is an amiable, well-constructed story written in easy, natural style and it holds

\**The White Sapphire*. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.