

Limousin in Literature

By RENÉ GALLAND

"Ah! Limousin, franche terre courtoise."
—Bertrand de Born.

ALMOST every year I spend my summer holidays in Limousin, whose hills—a part of the so-called Massif Central—are not as yet invaded by the tourist tribe. It is a land of singular beauty and charm, strikingly contrasted with the flat Beauce on the North and the chalk plain on the West, though less so with Auvergne on the East, reminding one at times of the greenest spots in Devonshire and of the grey hills characteristic of a Scotch landscape. One hundred and fifty years ago it was much wilder, and in 1787 Arthur Young, as he drove through its forests, was much impressed by their solitude and the scarcity of inns on the roads. In the account in his journal of the last stage of his journey towards Limoges, he notes (June 4, 1787): "Not a trace of human habitation, no village, no house, . . . not even any smoke to indicate the presence of man;" and after halting at an "execrable inn," where he intended to spend the night, he found so little comfort that he decided to go straight on to Limoges. Balzac, whose "Curé de Village" (The Village Priest) has for setting, in the first part, Limoges, the chief town of the district, and in the latter part a remote village,—Balzac, whose genius caught everything at a glance, was struck by the backward state of the land and of the cottagers, and immediately suggested schemes of irrigation and reforestation to reclaim leagues and leagues of waste country, and to bring health and happiness to the miserable peasants. His ideas slowly found their way and now the desert plateau of Millevaches is being planted with pine-trees and beeches, and is being turned into a kind of national park, where anglers come to fish for trout (the plateau is well-known as the reservoir of many rivers), and poets to dream their dreams.

A singularly attractive countryside of "infinite variety" is this Limousin, monotonous only when seen in a bird's-eye view. Its old, old mountains, worn away by the ages—the highest are but 3,000 feet—existed at a time when the rest of France, with the exception of Brittany, was under the waters, and when the Alps had not as yet risen from the earth—a fact which explains the plateau-like appearance of the country; but as soon as one begins to travel through it, green meadows amid laughing valleys spring into existence; bounding streams deep down in desolate gorges beneath the ruins of medieval citadels perched upon the rocky spurs; russet moors receding far beyond the reach of human eyes, and dreamy ponds on wild plateaux; ever-babbling springs and giant rocks,—rocks a child can move with its hand and brought, so they say, by the fairies; pastures of short, scented grass, where russet cattle graze; and stubble plains where flocks of sheep, watched over by some shepherd-girl in hooded smock, wander beneath a lowering sky. In short, a Brittany of the South, a land of granite, planted with chestnut-trees instead of oaks, with a wind of southern glow about it; a Celtic land too, like Brittany, but more deeply latinized, owing to the proximity of Gascony and to the Roman highways, which, leading from Toulouse northward and joining Bordeaux and Lyons, intersected at Limoges. Caesar, in his Commentaries, mentions the "Lemovices," and Caesar's camps are still to be pointed out north and west of Limoges, the town named after the Gallic tribe. But the land remains Celtic at bottom, as testify cromlechs and menhirs, still to be found in the country, as well as Roman Catholic sanctuaries, which have replaced on high places the old fanes dedicated by the Druids to the divinities they worshipped.

It would be surprising if such a romantic land possessed no poets; and, indeed, the first of the medieval lyric poets, Bertrand de Born, and Giraud de Bornelh were born on the borders of Limousin and Périgord, whilst Bernard de Ventadour, as his name implies, is from Ventadour in the south of the former province. It is no light privilege to have been the cradle of Europe's lyric poetry; and Jeanroy's admirable book, "The Origins of Lyric Poetry," makes clear what medieval Europe owes to the troubadours (or "finders"—from "trobar," to find) of Gascony and Provence. In their pastourelles, "aubades" and debates, these old-time poets "found" (to say nothing of their theory of "courtly love") the rhythms and the stanzaic forms which were of use to the Hugos and the Swinburnes of a later age.

What is rather astonishing is that the Renaissance did not reawaken the poetic energies dormant in the people. Maybe they expressed themselves through folk-songs in dialect, which are still remembered and sung to this day. The artistic genius found, too, another outlet in the craft of enamelling. The works of Leonard Limousin, of the Pénicauds, and other artists have found their way to English and American museums and their names are better known than those of Marmontel and Montegut, two talented writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively, who failed to displace the then established prejudice that Limousin was another Boeotia.

Hardly a Boeotia, but certainly, in spite of Turgot's efforts, a very backward land, as poor as Ireland, so poor that most men emigrated and went either abroad or to Paris to take on work as masons. The last fifty years, however, have wrought a great change. Thatched roofs have been replaced by slate or tile. Meat, which used rarely to be eaten, is now to be seen along with wine on the cottage-tables. Limoges is an industrial city as well as the centre of a rural district. Its porcelain is world-famous and the old craft of enamelling has been revived. Literary societies are numerous and poets abound; but the best of these write *prose* poems:—Jean Nesmy, Jean Giraudoux, Jérôme et Jean Tharaud, Charles Silvestre.

The two brothers, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, were born at St. Junien on the banks of the Glane, which drew Corot to paint some of its riverside scenes. But they have not remained rooted to the country. Great travelers both, they have been led by their curiosity from Marseilles to the Cape and from Albanian Scutari to Morocco. Untiring chroniclers, eager seekers after new themes, they study the great movements of the day. They have presented in a perfect form the past and the future of Judaism in "L'Ombre de la Croix" (The Shadow of the Cross), "Un Royaume de Dieu" (One of God's Kingdoms), "Quand Israël est Roi" (When Israel Is King), and "L'An Prochain à Jérusalem" (The Coming Year at Jerusalem). Of Morocco too, they have studied the aspects, and transformations in "Rabat ou les Heures Marocaines," in "Marrakech ou Les Seigneurs de l'Atlas." Historians rather than novelists, they have devoted excellent biographies to Ravallac, to Déroutède, and to Péguy.

One of their books, however, is a novel—and a masterpiece—which has its setting in Limousin. "La Maîtresse Servante" is the tragedy of a youthful liaison. In the now distant pre-war days, students, who were fortunate enough to be sent by their family to Paris, sometimes prolonged their studies and lived with a "grisette." Such was the case of the teller of the story, the only son of a Limousin country squire. He cannot bring himself to separate from Mariette, even when the death of his father obliges him to return to the country to take over the management of the estate. His mother wants him to break the tie, but he remains firm and comes back to his home bringing his mistress with him. His mother obdurately holds the poor girl aloof, succeeds in winning over her son, and arranges for him a marriage suited to his position. Mariette, however, passionately tender and forgetful of self, nurses her lover's mother through an illness and stays on with her as a servant.

A simple story, admittedly, but a story told with a poetic charm, a restrained emotion, and an affecting, sad, simplicity, worthy of the country in which it takes place, a country whose "meadows, even in the heart of summer, yield beneath the tread like a sponge," whose "water, kept near the surface by a granite bed, runs in rivulets everywhere, often collecting into a square and sparkling reservoir, called a 'serf,' as though to indicate that a spring is there enslaved. . . . Mariette often reminds one of those captive springs, ever at hand for man's use and mirroring the sky."

Charles Silvestre, very different in one way from the Tharaud brothers, has not, like them, been a wanderer. Has he ever left, except during the war, his village of Peyrat in the north of Limousin, near to Bellac, that sleepy little town, which was the birthplace of Giraudoux and of Suzanne "of the oval heart"? Has he ever given as setting to a novel any other place than that little corner of Limousin he knows and loves so well, that "land of faith and

perseverance, . . . that emerald land where water springs up beneath the fairies' wand and keeps alive eternal greenery"? His early works, "Le Merveilleux Médecin" and "Cœurs Paysans," gave promise of a poet; but his fame dates from after the war with the publication of that moving story, "L'Amour et la Mort de Jean Pradeau," the story of a peasant who returns from the war with one arm amputated to find the girl he loves has proved faithless, and who, heartbroken, his moral energies sapped, becomes an easy prey to the consumption which causes his death.

In "Aimée Villard, Fille de France" (which has been translated into English and is to be published in the near future by Macmillan), Silvestre tells the story of a young girl who is left in charge of a farm by the sudden death of her father, of the resistance she shows to an unscrupulous neighbor who would like to force her to sell some of her land, and of her refusal of an offer of marriage and an easier life in the town made by one of the friends of her childhood. She remains faithful to the soil and, maintaining intact the property and heritage of her brothers and sisters, finally receives her reward in the love of an honest lad.

The latest of Silvestre's works is "Prodige du Coeur," which was awarded the Femina prize at the beginning of this year. The story is once again of the simplest. Claire Lautier has taken charge of her nephew Simon, whom she brings up. Upon him she lavishes the love she had for her brother and for her fiancé, both killed at the war. Simon's mother, elegant and frivolous, has quickly consoled herself for the loss of her husband by accepting the overtures of a rich manufacturer, who lives with her—the reason for her separation from her child. Her lover, however, agrees to marry her, accepting even the condition she had imposed—the inclusion of Simon in the household—and she writes to Claire announcing her intention of coming for her son and of taking him back to Paris with her. The idea that Simon is to be taken from her, the thought that at Paris, amid rich, loose surroundings, he will lose the charming frankness and purity of a child brought up in the light of other principles and in communion with Nature, this idea, this thought, make Claire ill, gnaw dully at her vitality, and Simon has scarcely left before she is obliged to take to her bed. Yet before dying she succeeds in getting Louise, her sister-in-law, to renounce, for the love of her child, her projected union, and to bind herself not to part with the property which will be his inheritance. The miracle accomplished by Claire's great-heartedness is the total and seemingly impossible conversion of Louise,—the changing of her heart.

Such are a few of the idylls of the rustic life described by Silvestre, idylls that make one think of those of George Sand, of those now classic stories, "La Mare au Diable," "François le Champi," "La Petite Fadette," and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs." In both writers there is the same nobility, in both the same purity, that of natural things; and Silvestre's characters show what reserves of moral strength exist in this ancient land of France, unknown to those who think to derive a true idea of it from a short stay in the Latin Quarter, or from visits to Montmartre, and who obstinately persist in judging a river by its scum. Silvestre, it is true, does not hide the faults of certain peasants, their avarice, their materialism, their harshness; but side by side with these, he brings out their devotion to the soil, their generosity, their readiness to help each other; and this realistic author bathes them, like Miller, in the poetry of Nature and of their old traditions. In his books are to be found all the customs, the simple beliefs, the superstitions even, of an old province, with its folk-songs its saws, and its proverbs.

Silvestre may remind one of George Sand, but his tone is all his own, more poignant if less even than that of George Sand. One could say of passages in his works what he himself has said of "Jacquou le Croquant" (Jacquou the Peasant), a novel which Meredith admired and which deals with rural life in the Périgord of last century. The Christmas night, the return to the cold, unlighted, cottage recall to Silvestre that song of Moussorgski, in which the storm overcomes a lost wayfarer. There is in Silvestre's works a quality both poetical and musical, which reminds one at times of the Russians, but more often of the religious fervor of César Franck. Read for yourselves chapter ten of "Aimée Villard," describing the Rogation Days' feast, and then say whether the organ-like harmonies of the Belgian master do not irresistibly flow back to the memory.

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The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Drama

WAT TYLER AND OTHER PLAYS. By HALCOTT GLOVER. Viking Press. 1927. \$2.

In a day in which the historical play is a rarity, Halcott Glover's "Wat Tyler" and "The King's Jewery" demand a very real respect. Both of them possess a rich poetic quality which colors their point of view as well as their plotting. It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Glover has brought either history or poetry to the theatre through the dull methods of the traditional historical play, which walks so meekly and so stupidly along Elizabethan pathways. Mr. Glover is a modernist both in form and in feeling. Consequently when he treats the "first proletarian uprising" in "Wat Tyler," or race prejudice in England at the time of Edward I in "The King's Jewery," he does so with a radiant straightforwardness, in speeches that are as imageful as they are unpretentious, and in plots that have a healthy, even a rugged, simplicity. Of the two "The King's Jewery" seems the less adapted to the theatre, and suffers from a certain monotony of "jury speeches," which the very ordering of the play demands. "Wat Tyler," however, is a vividly exciting play, crowded with colorful and actable parts, which is cadenced to the theatre's needs, but which, unfortunately, has so far not found its way to production. "Hail Caesar!" the third play in the volume, is an elaborate and baffling and hence infuriating play about Ireland, the meaning of which is by no means clear, but which, with all due and thankful credit to the jacket, is meant to be "the comedy of a woman's part in Ireland's struggle for freedom." All three plays have a curiously personal quality which, perhaps, is largely responsible for the fascination they hold as reading.

Fiction

LOST ECSTASY. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Doran. 1927. \$2.

Although Mrs. Rinehart's intention may have been "Lost Ecstasy," her achievement comes much nearer to being "Missed Ecstasy." The author has set herself the difficult and delicate task of showing simultaneously, as it were, both sides of that curiously-wrought medal which human beings know as love. It is as if she had said to herself that while the optimistic-romantic novel is all too content with only the sweets of love and while the realistic-pessimistic type equally overreaches itself in being limited to the bitter, the truth lies somewhere between the two in the flooding and ebbing of the tide of love in some subtle balance of attraction and repulsion which may be attained after the more violent swinging of the pendulum either way. "Lost Ecstasy" is for Mrs. Rinehart a deeper delving into realities than is her wont, and to her public, a large and enthusiastic one which has always leaned a little toward sweetness and light in literature, it should come as something of an innovation.

There can be no doubt about the success of the background in "Lost Ecstasy." Mrs. Rinehart writes with authority and with sympathy of the Northwest cattle ranch country. The story of this cattle-country and its ambient life never misses fire it will be a sharp memory to those who have known the land, and a new beauty to those who have not. Interwoven with the fortunes of the heroine, Kay Dowling, and her lover, Tom McNair, are old tales that have long gone from ranch to ranch on winter nights, and cowboy songs with minor melodies and repetitious words.

As long as the novel deals with the general life of this country, and its people as a folk-group, it is notably successful; with life in the east, and particular characters it often becomes mechanical. Kay's father, mother, and fiancé run along for the most part very much as stage creations allotted these rôles. On the other hand, the men on the ranch and the circus group are drawn to a nicety. The hero, who, thanks to Mrs. Rinehart's having the courage of her convictions, is scarcely a hero at all, is far from being the typical cowboy of fiction. He has the same color, boldness, and charm, but with these he has reactionary and conventional attitudes that would give pause to his supposedly more conservative eastern brethren. His entrance into the story

reminds one of that other much-loved cowboy of some time since—the Virginian. Being asked by a lady, from a window in a passing train, if he was a "real cowboy," Mrs. Rinehart's McNair answers "Real as hell, lady."

It is this Thomas McNair, capable of splendid gestures but capable also of pettiness and narrow intolerance, with whom Kay Dowling, the delicately reared heiress, falls in love. So far, so conventional—but no further. From this start the story plunges into three hundred and seventy-two pages of the warfare inevitable when two characters of such intrinsic and environmental differences try to yoke themselves together. It is unfortunate that whereas one gets decidedly the revulsions of feeling against each other that come to the crippled cowboy and his work-weary wife, the call that each has for the other is not made equally explicit. Because the ecstasy is so little present, it is hard to think of it as lost.

O'FLAHERTY THE GREAT. By JOHN CURNOS. Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. \$2.50.

In "O'Flaherty the Great" we have a novel of Ireland written by a Russian. Considered purely as such, it is a remarkable performance, just as Hugh Walpole's novels of Russia are remarkable, solely because they are the work of an author essentially English. Indeed, Mr. Curnos must have spent a great deal of time and thought preparing for this book, and the urge to write about Ireland must have been very strong to make him forswear so completely the field in which he won his first success. Unfortunately, application and ingenuity are not the only things required of a novelist, nor does the author's nationality count for much in judging his writings about strange lands and people. For, regarded as a book and not as a bit of racial prestidigitation, Mr. Curnos' new novel comes off badly. His Seumas O'Flaherty is a caricature of all that has been said and thought about the "poetic" qualities of the Irish. He speaks like one of Boucicault's early heroes, and the psychological dressing with which he is served up only muddles the reader. His story is badly told, and conceived without regard to the probabilities of character or existence. Nowhere is there a trace of the sincerity and awkward capacity for feeling which were found in "The Mask" and "The Wall." This is a far smoother book, a more professional one, and yet surely the gain in fluency has been worthless to Mr. Curnos since he no longer has anything to say.

HIGH WINDS. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribners. 1927. \$2.

The lawyer and the novelist fuse satisfactorily in Mr. Train's latest story. As the legal contribution to "High Winds" we have a satirical and heartily unsympathetic portrait of a stupid woman and her Paris divorce. All the trickery, the mean evasions, the petty schemings of the Parisian system as it aids such a person are mercilessly enumerated. Anyone contemplating a fancy divorce combined with a shopping trip would do well to read this side of the case—but probably she will be too busy. As novelist, Mr. Train keeps his wrath in check and tells an agreeable story of a Long Island love affair between a man and two women. The fact that the two women are similar in appearance and in tastes, but not in age, indicates the course of the narrative. The novel is entertaining and readable; a good many different kinds of readers should find pleasure in it.

BUT YESTERDAY—. By MAUD DIVER. Dodd, Mead. 1927. \$2.50.

Without having the last (often indefinable) something that makes for distinction, "But Yesterday—" is an excellent novel, indisputably above the rank and file of the publishers' lists. It moves along steadily through a narrative that awakens the reader's curiosity, and it ends with an unusually satisfactory resolution of discords. In her characters Mrs. Diver shows better than anywhere else that she is an accomplished novelist. For instance, Anne Verity obviously was born in Miss Diver's mind as a woman of extraordinarily beautiful character. She comes through the pages to us with the full quality that her creator wished her to have. We do not have to be content with Mrs. Diver's mere statement of the case; we see for ourselves as we should if Anne Verity lived next door. No person

in the novel is a stereotype or a story-book figure. All are three-dimensional and credible.

The theme of "But Yesterday—" if stated crudely, would alienate the conscientious materialists, for Mrs. Diver deals with the possibility of a dead man's influencing the living. In this instance Sir Henry Clive Arden, from some non-terrestrial sphere, very clearly makes known that he wishes no biography of himself written. Forcible, he makes himself felt, in this matter and to a less degree in other matters. The living eldest son seems to sympathize, as never before, with his father, and in the eyes of his family he takes on many of his father's traits. But it is to be emphatically stated that the story is not in the least mawkish or tainted by cheap spiritualism; it is always on a high level of artistic competence and never descends to blather. The love story is done with originality and with a cool, honest decency.

Furthermore, "But Yesterday—" must be regarded as a note upon the materials and methods of biography. Apparently it sets forth Mrs. Diver's statement of the difficulties—by no means few—involved in telling the life of another. This extra-narrative interest gives the novel a distinctly literary flavor. All in all, we welcome such a story as this. Not great, not possessing true distinction, it does, however, give real pleasure, and we realize its superiority to the better-than-average novel of the day. Perhaps not less important than its more definite qualities is the implicit assurance that it was written with wisdom, skill, and good taste. It is a rare novel of which that can be said.

THE FOUR POST BED. By CHARLES FIELDING MARSH. Appleton. 1927. \$2.

The Norfolk district of England interests Mr. Marsh. He does only fairly well with it, in spite of meticulously noting each peculiarity of the farm life in that region, as well as each unusual aspect of the landscape. The trouble is that we do not see and feel the countryside as fully as we are supposed to. We can go part of the way with him, but before long he loses us, fails to keep our imagination alert and amenable. The characters and their difficulties are reminiscent of Hardy: the sturdy woman-farmer, the dumbly amorous neighbor, their marriage too often postponed, and finally the appealing wisp of a girl from London. We are continually expecting the novel to take on stature and power, but it never does; it monotonously remains below its possibilities.

ROWFOREST. By ANTHONY PRYDE. New York. Dodd, Mead. 1927. \$2.

This belongs to the story-book class of literature. It breathes of the days when plots were plots and villains not above a bit of villainy. The novel deals with the waning of the aristocratic star in England and the coming into ascendancy of the arc-light of commercialism. The aristocrats have it all on their side in the matter of virtue, while the only members of the commercial class portrayed are pretty thoroughly unregenerate. There are five young people in the story of an age to make engagements inevitable. The wooing and winning and losing of love hold the plot together, although it is the passing English country life which really absorbs both the author and the reader,—this and a certain "once upon a time" quality. Anthony Pryde is a craftsman who can make words do his bidding, and what he wants to say he says interestingly enough to make it pleasant reading however little one may be agreeing with his ideas. What if the doings of this group are a trifle too simple of psychology to be convincing? These people, with their ghosts and their chivalries, their trickeries and their renunciations, have that allure which has gone into the making of good stories ever since good stories began.

THAT RIDICULOUS WOMAN. By LEONARD ROSSITER. Dutton. 1927. \$2.50.

One would like to think that Mr. Rossiter wrote this book about Evelyn Berrick to show up every one of us who, although we may not actually have a deformity which is so apparent as Evelyn's, have some mental twist which colors our approach to life. His heroine, Evelyn Berrick, is distinctly a pathological case. She is at times pathetic, often a bore, and certainly very often "ridiculous." Although the author insists upon her brave spirit, he doesn't succeed in making you feel it.

Modern as we may be these days, have we actually arrived at the point where we do not allow a handicap in the race of life to one who is physically deformed?

Certainly Evelyn's sister Maudie does, not, which seems to be had sportsmanship and rather bad taste on the part of the author. He could have given his story more strength if he had allowed this to be so. However, characters ring true and the story is good reading.

THE TAVERN KNIGHT. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. \$2.50.

In an apologetic note to the reader Mr. Sabatini calls "The Tavern Knight" a product of his "literary infancy," and expresses a wish that pressure had not forced its publication after some twenty years. He need not have worried, for it is a really good romantic tale, full of lusty action and sharp *chiaroscuro* of character. The incidents take place against the historical background of 1651, when the followers of Cromwell and of Charles II were at each other's throats. Sir Crispin Galliard, a pleasant rascal, is the protagonist, and Mr. Sabatini makes of him a sympathetic character, living and credible. All through the novel, incidents of no little originality pile up on each other with sufficient speed to hold the reader. The narrative is continuously pictorial; in fact, it has already been done into a moving picture. Those favorably inclined towards costume melodrama should welcome "The Tavern Knight," within the boundaries of its type it cavorts with dashing skill.

Foreign

L'HOMME ETERNEL. By G. K. Chesterton. Translated by Maximilien Vox. Paris: Plon.

L'ENNEMI DES LOIS. By Maurice Barrès. Paris: Plon.

COMME DIEU EN FRANCE. By André Billy and Moïse Tzvetzky. Paris: Plon.

MORALES ET RELIGIONS NOUVELLES EN ALLEMAGNE. By Ernest Sellière. Paris: Payot.

POUR LE CENTENAIRE DU ROMANTISME. By Ernest Sellière. Paris: Champion.

Juvenile

PUSSY PURR-MEW. By Guy Winfrey. Bradley.

COWBOY HUGH. By Walter H. Nichols. Macmillan. \$2.

THE MYSTERY OF SAINT'S ISLAND. By H. R. Campbell. Harpers. \$1.75.

THE LOST CARAVAN. By W. A. Rogers. \$1.75.

APPLES AND HONEY. By Nina Salaman. \$2.

DOWNRIGHT DECENCY. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

THE WHITE PONY IN THE HILLS. By Anne Bosworth Greene. Century. \$1.75.

WITH WHIP AND SPUR. By Lawton B. Evans. Bradley. \$1.75.

ADVENTURES WITH TWELVE YEAR OLDS. By Leila Stott. Edited by Caroline Pratt. Greenberg. \$2 net.

History

THE LONG DAY. By W. S. DILL. Ottawa, Canada: The Graphic Publishers. 1927. \$2.

Lovers of frontier history will find in this random chronicle of the Yukon in the days of the gold rush a series of picturesque incidents, of no special significance or uniqueness, but nevertheless interesting. Mr. Dill disarms criticism of the casualness of his record by prefacing it with the statement that it is "merely a reminiscence." It has something of the informality of idle conversation, and something of the flavor of such haphazard recalling of piquant episode. Figures appear and disappear, leaving behind them a general impression of the rough-and-tumble of the life of the mining camp and of the hazards of fortune in a community where gold was to be had for the gathering, and every trade had its tricks for the unwary. The book, one of the first publications of the Graphic Press of Ottawa which purposes to put out works only of Canadian background, is exceedingly attractive in make-up, being printed in large, clear type on good paper.

International

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF CHINA AND JAPAN. By Kyoson Tsuchida. Knopf. \$2.50.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT THE PEACE. By Alcide Ebray. Knopf. \$4.

THE FAMINE IN SOVIET RUSSIA, 1919-1923. By H. H. Fisher. Macmillan. \$5.

Miscellaneous

ALWAYS BELITTLED. By PERCY CROSBY. Unicorn Press. 1927. \$1.60.

ALFALFER ANN'S AFERISMS. By CHARLES F. RIDEAL. Illustrated by Edward T. Sajous. Avondale Press. 1927.

Readers of *Life* will need no introduction. (Continued on next page)