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COMTESSE DE CHAMBRUN

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A Center of Information about America for Europeans.
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The Supposed Shakespeare Manuscript

COMTESSE DE CHAMBRUN

Author of Shakespeare's Sonnets, New Light and Old Evidence;
Giovanni Floria, un apôtre de la Renaissance en Angleterre;
Le Roman d'un Homme d'Affaires.

ALTHOUGH news of an important Shakespearean discovery, no less than three autograph pages in an unpublished dramatic work—has been sent broad-cast through the press, no journalist to my knowledge has explained in what the discovery actually consists, nor given the reasons which go with it for leading the principal authorities to declare that the scene in question can be attributed positively to the same authorship as Hamlet.

A brief statement of the case and a critical examination of certain parallels between this play of Sir Thomas More and Shakespeare's historical dramas, may however enable each reader to form an independent conclusion as to the value of this new document, which is by no means new.

The Book of Sir Thomas More, to use the original old English form of the title, has lain for some three centuries in the Harleian collection among papers which the Elizabethan censor, Edmund Tilney, refused to authorize for production. His reason appears obvious: praise of the great English Chancellor executed for upholding the integrity of his faith could hardly have been pleasing to Henry VIII daughter, and the representation of a bread-riot in London during hard times, seemed a dangerous suggestion for any theater to stage. At any rate, we find the censor scribbling on the fly-leaf: "Leave out insurrection and cause thereof, at your own perilla."

A few efforts were ineffectually made to "tone down" the objectionable passages, but it was the subject itself which could not be tolerated in officialdom and the drama was eventually consigned to oblivion.

There it remained until 1844, when Alexander Dyce, one of Shakespeare's most conscientious editors, went through this section of manuscripts and being thoroughly conversant with the penmanship of the Stratford signatures, observed that a scene of Sir Thomas More (the one which describes the May Day riot) was in the same handwriting.

In those pre-Baconian days such an announcement hardly caused a ripple of curiosity. Shakespeare had written so many "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" over his own signature that it seemed superfluous to dig up one more detached scene merely because it was "authentic handmade".

So the manuscript after being carefully transcribed by Dyce was shelved for thirty-seven more years, at the end of which period it was again examined by an eminent man of letters, Richard Simpson, and again pronounced genuine. Simpson, however, was an ardent Catholic, and inclined to believe that Shakespeare's sympathies lay with the religious party for which Sir Thomas
More died and to which Lord Southampton, Shakespeare's declared patron, belonged. His article "are there any extant manuscripts in Shakespeare's handwriting?" therefore, simply revived discussion of the categorical declaration made by Shakespeare's first biographer: "He dyed a Papist" and as this theme has always been unpopular, it soon ended, and the document was once more laid to sleep.

Official silence however has now been brought to an end. In view of the attempts to prove that the "Stratfordian" was nothing but a clown or an almost illiterate pawn-broker whose alleged work was done by Bacon, Lord Derby, Lord Rutland or Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford—what a clever pawn-broker he must have been, by the way, to keep these noble noses constantly on the grindstone for the glory of Shakespeare, of Stratford—it was decided that the time had come to have these old papers scientifically and authoritatively investigated. The manuscript was accordingly turned over to the leading experts in different lines of research and submitted to close scrutiny from five different viewpoints: graphological, historical, literary, philological and philosophic.

Sir Edmund Maunde-Thompson furnishes a complete study of the handwriting with facsimiles. He has shown that all the capital and small letters which are common to the 147 lines of text and to the Shakespeare signatures in will and leases, are formed identically in the same manner, and that the intense peculiarity of Shakespeare's writing is only to be paralleled in the sharply accused personality observed in the penmanship of the "May-day" scene. In short Mr. Pollard, Dr. Greg, R. W. Chambers and Mr. Dover-Wilson agree with the expert graphologist and their precursors of fifty and seventy years ago, in declaring that William Shakespeare of Stratford was unquestionably the writer and composer of the text investigated.

The scene bears the marks of rapid impromptu writing; the few corrections and crossings out are done currante calamo and the appearance of the MSS. concords exactly with the description given by Shakespeare's fellow actors of the original "copy" furnished them by the poet.

"His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarcely received from him a blot upon his papers."

According to the custom prevalent about 1590, the play was a patch-work collaboration entrusted by the theater to professional "hack-writers" wherein each author treated the portion best fitted to his special aptitudes. The four other handwritings are easily identified as belonging to the censor himself, to Anthony Munday ("the best constructor of plots" according to Francis Meres) Thomas Dekker and Thomas Heywood. These latter were lifelong admirers of Shakespeare, acknowledged by Heywood as their artistic superior. (1) There is good reason to suppose that they were several times associated in collaboration of this kind before Shakespeare's name was known in the foremost rank, for we find them bracketted together by John Webster who speaks of "The right happy and copious industry of M. Shakespeare, M. Decker and M. Heywood, wishing that what I write may be read by their light."

However this may be, the most difficult scene in the play was given to Shakespeare, who was obliged to show the citizens' legitimate grievances, their unreasonable violence and the oratorical talent of More, who, just at the psychological moment, turned the crowd from their sanguinary purpose, and became afterwards an impassioned

(1). Heywood, speaking of his translation of Helen and Paris being mistakenly attributed to Shakespeare says "Acknowledge my lines unworthy of his patronage". Later, in an amusing review of the authors who never succeeded in being known, except by their nickname, includes Shakespeare with the best:

Marlowe, renowned for his rare art and wit
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit;
Melifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Was dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben."
advocate with the king for the ringleader's pardon. Shakespeare, it should be remembered, had already succeeded in putting immense life and vigor into the Jack Cade riot scenes in the old play of Henry VI, which his company had newly furnished up to the delight of play-goers. We shall see presently how he again used similar material in Julius Caesar and Coriolanus.

But before arguing along these lines it is necessary to establish once for all that it was actually Shakespeare's company that had the hardihood to submit such a subversive drama as Sir Thomas More to the authorities. This can be done with evidence furnished by the text itself; for the stage directions read: "Enter T. Gooddall, as a messenger" and the records show that the comedian of this name belonged so Lord Strange's men for whom Shakespeare worked, according to the expression of a jealous rival as "An absolute Johannes Factotum".

Let us glance over the Ill May Day scene, a miniature drama in itself, with the militant "Doll" as heroine, John Lincoln, a modest man of the people as hero and victim. Both are convinced that the high cost of living is due to French and Flemish skilled labor and believe that if they do not wish to "see butter at eleven pence a pound they must cut foreign throats or at least force all aliens back across the channel."

The difficult episode is treated by the young playwright with consummate art. The spectator's sympathies are first captured by Doll and her army only to be swayed back, like the mob itself, by the eloquent pleading of Sheriff More.

It is just the attitude found elsewhere in Shakespeare toward mob-rule: humorous comprehension and sympathy for the honest working man; horror and detestation of tyrannical brute-force.

Sir Thomas More's speech begins: "Friends Masters Countrymen!"—Is it not significant how close this comes to the famous opening of Mark Anthony's oration? The interruptions of the rioters are identical with the shouts of the populace against Brutus and Coriolanus and the whole passage abounds with parallels in style and structure with the more celebrated Roman dramas. Rhymed couplets are interspersed with blank-verse in liberal proportion characteristic of the poet's early manner, and the scene concludes...
with a stanza where More laments Lincoln's untimely death in a way which is almost worthy of Portia; regretting that such a monstrous affront to the majesty of law should have shaken Justice and Mercy out of their accustomed serenity to wreak swift chastisement.

"Oh God that Mercy, whose majestic brow Should be unwrinkled, and that awful Justice Which looketh through a veil of sufferance Upon the frailty of the multitude Should, with the clamors of outrageous wrongs Be stirred and wakened thus to punishment."

More's harangue leads through the same reasoning to a conclusion identical with that of Coriolanus expressed in the same half line: "Would feed on one another" although one orator is represented as loving the people whom he deems "misguided", the other as openly despising them.

More: "Alas, poor things, what is it you have got Although we grant you get the thing you seek!

Citizen: "Marry, the removing of the strangers [which cannot but choose but much advantage the poor handycrafts [of the city]!

More: "Grant them removed and grant that this your noise Had chid down all the majesty of England. Imagine that you see the wretched strangers Their babies at their backs, with their poor luggage Plodding to th'ports with costs of transportation And that you sit as kings in your desires Authority quite silenced by your brawl And you in ruff of your opinion clothed What had you got? I'll tell you! You [had taught How insolence and strong hand should [prevail How order should be quelled, and by [this pattern. Not one of you should live an aged man. For other ruffians as their fancies wrought With self-same hand self-reasons and [self-right Would shark on you, and men like [ravenous fishes Would feed on one another." (1)

Let us look a little further:

"You shall perceive how horrible a shape Your innovation bears, first 'tis a sin Which th'apostle did forswear us of Urging obedience to authority And t were no error if I told you all You were in arms 'gainst God In doing this, Oh desperate as you are!— Wash your foul minds with tears and those same [hands That you like rebels lift against the peace Lift up for peace, and your unrevenerate knees Make them your feet to kneel to be forgiven!— You'll put down strangers kill them, out their [throats Poise their houses and lead the majesty of law [in lien To slip him like a hound — — —"

This metaphor of the hound which is suddenly let slip and cheered on its prey, appears again in Coriolanus where Titus Lartius is described as holding Corioli until the word "Rome" is given:

"Even as a fawning grey-hound, in a leash To let him slip at will — — —"

Verbal concordances between these lines and the well known dramas are striking: who but Shakespeare would use such an expression as self-reason and self-right, would couple the epithet stale with custom, speak of unrevenerate knees, call suffering sufferance as he does elsewhere twenty-six times, or make a verb out of the noun shark, a daring usage which is repeated in Hamlet? Can we read More's description of the insolence of success:

"And you in ruff of your opinion clothed"— without being reminded of Hamlet:

"Dressed in a little brief authority"—or fail to see an analogy between More's diatribe on mob-violence,

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(1) Coriolanus, after insulting the crowd as "disinentious rogues" who dare have an opinion of their own, on public matters, and who, like the sick are always craving what would do them the most harm, concludes that without the senate which keeps them in awe they all "would feed on one another."
“Oh power! what art thou in a madman’s eyes
Thou mak’st the plodding idiot bloody-wise!”
and the curse pronounced on love as a breeder
of trouble in Venus and Adonis;
“It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild
Make the young old, the old become a child.”

Certain commentators, surprised at Shake-
spere’s unusual verb “to jet” which he uses for
“treat insolently” in Cymbeline and Titus Andro-
icus have been moved to declare the expression
a probable misprint. Here we find the term
repeated and the meaning confirmed. Lincoln
declares:
“It is hard that Englishmen’s patience must
thus be jetted on by strangers.”

And we read in Andronicus:
“How dangerous it is to jet upon a prince’s
right.”

We now come to the crowning piece of
corroborative evidence: Among certain charac-
teristics there is no trait more distinctive of
Shakespeare’s style than his constant use—
almost an abuse—of the proverbial aphorism
or popular saying. All his early comedies
bristle with truisms original and borrowed,
domestic and foreign. More than thirty are
taken from John Florio’s First and Second Fruits
where the author declares:
“Proverbs are the pith, the proprieties, the
purities, the elegancies—as the commonest,
so the commendablest phrases of a language;
to use them is a grace, to understand them a
good.”

Shakespeare undoubtedly shared this opinion.
Numberless references to the wisdom and force
of such epigrams are to be observed in his
entire work.
“Fast bind fast find, a proverb never stale in
thriftu mind”
“Like the poor cat in the adage”
“I am proverb’d with a grandsire’s phrase”
“They sighed forth proverbs”
“Any such proverb so little kin to the purpose”
“I will cap that proverb with ‘There’s flattery
in friendship’”

“Thereof comes the proverb ‘Blessing on
your heart you brew good ale’,” with a score
of like utterances, might lead to this perfectly
legitimate conclusion: “If Shakespeare actually
wrote this scene it should contain reference to
proverbs in general and several particular
examples of them.”

As a matter of fact neither reference nor
example are lacking.

When John Lincoln, the leader of the riot, is
about to die we find him exclaiming:
“This the old proverb now complete doth
make
“That Lincoln should be hanged for London’s
sake”

The clown gets off an English version of
“C’est le premier pas qui coûte”—“The first
stretch is the worst methinks”. The Earl of
Surrey, speaking of a Frenchman who, after
luring away a London goldsmith’s wife, sends
her husband a bill for her board and lodging,
remarks ironically:
“He’s ill bested that lends a well-paced horse
Unto a man that will not find him meat.”
More declares when he is made Chancellor:
“I now must sleep in court, sound sleep forbear
The chamberlain to state is public care”
and he terminates the passage leading to the
denouement with the following sage reflection:
“My lord, farewell, new days beget new tides
Life turns ’bout fate, then to the grave it slides.”

As for Doll, when the poor girl’s turn comes
to mount the scaffold, she attempts to comfort
her husband with the assurance that in paying
God the debt which they owe him, all earthly
debs will be acquitted. Now this thought
figures in Florio’s “Golden sayings” and Shake-
spere also makes use of it again in Henry VI, when
Feeble the Tailor, who has been pressed into
military service cries:
“I care not! a man can die but once—we all
owe God a death and he that dies this year is
quit for the next.”

Thus three folio pages are found to contain
half a dozen epigrammatic sayings and one which is borrowed from Florio's collections. Just the proportion we would have expected to find in an authentic Shakespearian work of an early period.

For the poet's proverb-mood belonged especially to those years when, profoundly influenced by Lord Southampton and his Italian professor, the author was dedicating his work to this brilliant young man of letters—that is to say between 1590 and 1598. Consequently such an abundant use of them as has been here noticed, tends to confirm the early date—1593 at latest—which Mr. Pollard and his collaborators ascribe to the "Ill-May-Day" riot scene, in the drama of Sir Thomas More.

The New York Botanical Garden recently purchased from the Botanical Garden of Geneva, Switzerland, its collection of books on botany and horticulture. The collection numbered about 5,000 bound volumes and a still larger number of unbound volumes and pamphlets. It is described as the most important collection of books on the subject which has ever passed from the Old World to the New.

"Fiction and the Study of American History" is the title of an article in the Publishers' Weekly, February 2, by Mr. Mr. R. Williams, instructor in English in Phillips Exeter Academy.

"The human life of the West has been frequently pictured in our literature," says Professor Foerster in his "Nature in American Literature" (Macmillan), most notably perhaps by Parkman and Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. Their West, however, is a thing of the past, he adds, and lacks the physical background which is to be found in John Muir's writings.

While many consider that his "Life of Gladstone" was Lord Morley's chief claim to fame, and he himself thought the "Life of Cromwell" his best work, Professor Wilbur C. Abbott points out that it is his "Reminiscences" which of all his writings have the widest popular appeal.

In an article on Jack London in the Literary Review, January 26, Stephen Graham describes London as America's Maxim Gorky. "Matron Eden," he says, was his best human study.

In "The Development of International Law After the World War" (The Clarendon Press) Otfried Nippold emphasizes the importance of distinguishing between international law and the law of war, and the fact that the development of international law in the future will be in the province of international procedure. He recognizes, however, that the fundamental need is for the provision of compulsory arbitration. This he believes can be secured only in a League of Nations based upon agreement among its members to submit to it all international disputes.
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The establishment of the Library was made possible by the American Library Association, and the maintenance of its present standards of service is ensured by the subventions received from the Carnegie Corporation, through the American Library Association, and from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial.

A substantial part of the income of the Library, however, comes from individuals interested in the present work of the Library and in its further development, and from individuals like Mr. C. L. Seeger, the donor of the Alan Seeger Memorial Fund, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, whose Christmas gift to the Library is a recurring impetus to the extension of the Library's service, and Professor and Mrs. William Emerson, whose interest in the Library as a center of information in regard to European affairs made it possible to inaugurate the service of the Library in this direction.

A veracious chronicler must record also the generous gifts of Mr. George Sherman of New York, and of Mr. Wallace Alexander and his friends in San Francisco, and of that friend of the institution, who prefers to remain anonymous, whose gift made possible the inauguration of a department of French literature,—a department of special importance in the development of French collections in the libraries of the United States.

BOOK GIFTS.

While, however, many other institutions receive large gifts of money from public-spirited citizens, libraries are fortunate in receiving also large gifts of books, and no library of its size in all the world has been more fortunate than the American Library. Inaugurated as it was with its collection of war books presented by the American Library Association, it has since received the large and valuable collections presented by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Writers' Club of California, the Virginia State Library, and the University of California, as well as those from the daughters of the late Mr. Andrew B. Lillie, from Mr. Morton Henry, Mr. Deming Jarves, Mrs. Margaret Taylor Jastrow, and Mr. H. S. Williams.

These collections, representing as they do the careful selections of books made by individuals for their own use, are of the greatest importance in supplementing the existing resources of the Library and of immediate use in supplying the needs of Library patrons.

A single incident may be given to illustrate this. Vain search of the shelves for many months for the second volume of "David Copperfield" led one of the French patrons of the Library to ask, "Dickens a-t-il écrit seulement une partie de cette histoire, comme il l'a fait pour 'Edwin Drood'?"

Thanks to one of the above donors it is now possible not only to say that Dickens wrote the second part, but that we have it.
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Book Reviews


In his collected sayings of "Good Queen Bess" Frederick Chamberlin, author of "The Private Life of Queen Elizabeth", has made another notable contribution to historical research. The real documentary value of this new work makes us deeply regret that it should have been composed without any regard to chronological sequence and so to speak "hind side before".

In seeking literary effect through climax, the author has arranged to lead up gradually to the most striking sayings so that there is no sequence of thought or purpose in the book. Treated differently we might have had a remarkable human document, the picture of a gifted and original young woman, poisoned by indiscriminate flattery and gradually transformed into a captious old tyrant. As it is, this unselected mass of evidence leads to nothing but confusion, unless the reader— and it is a great deal to demand of the average student—possesses sufficient historical knowledge to place each saying in its psychological relation to the Queen's bloom, ripeness and decay.

Thus we find certain groups beginning with pouting exclamations of a middle-aged sovereign crossed in love, "I would give a million to have my frog (the Duc d'Alençon) swimming in the Thames rather than in the dark waters of the Netherlands", continuing with a flash of senile anger against the new spirit wakening in England, to end with the really magnificent saying of her vigorous militant youth, "—Thank God I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in Christendom."

But Mr. Chamberlin loves his subject too much to make any invidious distinctions,—for him at least, "age never withered" Queen Elizabeth and she never became either a doting old woman nor an unapproachable tyrant. Hero-worship in a biographer may be a quality, in an editor and compiler it is a serious failing. He chronicles the sovereign's ill tempered reply to a parliamentary delegation asking for liberty of speech, "—Wit and speech are calculated to do harm and your liberty of speech extends no farther than 'Ay and No'"—with the same admiration that he shows toward her admirable early commentary on government when she remarked, that she had learned the duty of a monarch because, before rising to power, she had been herself a subject and a prisoner.

With the ardour of a knight-errant Mr. Chamberlin espouses Elizabeth's cause against the Queen of Scots and shares all her jealous suspicions against England's ally, France. This leads him to preface his volume with a paragraph of anti-French propaganda which every dispassionate scholar and critic is bound to deplore.

Longworth Chambrun


The charmingly written biography of a clever and intensely patriotic French woman. Marrying very young, Madame Adam immediately left her native village for Paris where thanks to her many talents and good education her flaming ambition soon made its way.

"In an extraordinarily short space of time she created a successful "salon"—a rare achievement. To her doors flocked politicians, savants, poets; all the celebrities of the time and many of them celebrities of all times: Renan, Flaubert, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Thiers, Gambetta, Saint-Simon... while George Sand was her most intimate friend. And mind you, a salon of those days of stirring unrest and intrigue was more than a social gathering, it was the nucleus in which powerful groups were formed.

Madame Adam passionately lived through the dark episodes of 1848, valiantly endured the terrible Siege of Paris of 1870; finally she was there in her ripe old age to turn an undaunted front to the last great German invasion. But never, even when things were at their dreariest, never did this dauntless woman, this 'Grande Française', as she has been called, lose faith in the eventual triumph of her beloved Patrie.

Small wonder that the women of France pay scant attention to suffrage, they are too busy for that. Accomplished women of Madame Adam's type influenced the elite, even when their books did not reach the larger circles: the petite bourgeois runs the small hotels and shops, and husbands: the peasant works in the fields alongside of her mate—and yet all these women find plenty of time to devote to their children. The French woman is pre-eminently domestic.

Of course there are some others: butterflies, perhaps. Butterflies certainly have their place, for "what would our summer days be without them? Still they weigh scarcely more than their flitting wings.

George G. Fleurot

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Mr. Coolidge had a long and interesting life, wherein he kept faithful account in his journal, which has been transcribed. Everywhere he occupied posts of dignity: Bank and Railroad Director, Ambassador to France, Joint High Commissioner on Canadian difficulties.

The year of his Ambassadorship to France, 1892, unfortunately coincided with the Panama Canal turmoil, on which Mr. Coolidge gives us some most interesting notes.

Mr. Coolidge was an observant and extensive traveller and took note everywhere of political and financial conditions as he found them. On perusing these pages, we find the names of the many prominent people with whom he was brought in contact. Even this bare outline of a distinguished life makes interesting reading; an outline, mind you, that fills this voluminous work, and one could but wish it less cursory.

George G. Fleurot


Sir Philip Gibbs is one of those fortunate writers who can be reminiscent without garrulity and can tell of past achievement without a trace of egotism or self-consciousness. He does not, it is true, hide his light under a bushel, but neither does he flaut it, nor attempt to dazzle the beholder. There are several reasons for this. Sometimes he ascribes his success to good luck and at other times he tempers it with a good joke at his own expense. Thus he continues to carry the impression that he, the mature journalist of acknowledged fame and ability, is standing off and regarding with mixed amusement and approbation, a young reporter and newspaper correspondent named Philip Gibbs, who, in spite of his short stature, has frequent lapses in the way of proper attire and not infrequent mistakes of judgment, manages by hook or by crook to turn up in the right place at the right moment to get an important piece of news. This quality of detachment, it may be said, falls little short of genius and makes personal reminiscences charming whereas they might otherwise offend. And what a store of incident,—humorous, tragic, instructive,—is contained in these pages!

The various stages of a successful journalistic career have a flavor of romance. "L'Audace, toujours de l'Audace" is indispensable and must be supplemented by an indomitable perseverance, a keen perception and a flair for news. The first of these qualities was evidenced by the author very early in the game, at the age of twenty-three years, when he prepared his application for a job with these words: "As Pitt said, I am guilty of the damnable crime of being a Young Man." This procured him the desired position and might well serve as a model for aspiring youth, reminding one of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," who answered some twenty advertisements for different jobs at once, claiming perfect fitness for each and closing every letter with the fetching argument: "Where the heart is, there is the treasure also.

The young reporter made use of equal audacity when in quest of a "story," thereby gaining admittance to social precincts which the news-gatherer rarely enters. He even foregathered with royalty on several state occasions without knowledge on royalty's part, however, that the young man in top hat and frock coat was a humble reporter and not a foreign diplomat or other distinguished guest. But these were only beginnings. From the time that he scored his first great triumph in the exposure of the impostor, Dr. Cook, who was being acclaimed simultaneously in Denmark as the discoverer of the North Pole, to the thrilling days of the Great War, he neglected no opportunity to record events of current interest or of permanent historical value. The lively descriptions of his experiences, together with his portrayal and anecdote of the many prominent men with whom he came in contact, not only makes a book which contains no dull page from cover to cover, but also reveals a most engaging personality.

C. L. Seeger


This is an unusual book, consisting as it does partly of reminiscences of life during the war in Paris, Bordeaux, and Marseille, and partly of pictures of the St. Lawrence, the Berkshire Hills, and Manhattan.

Among the most interesting French sketches are "A War Time Café Chantant," and a second on St. Michel and its mummies. It was the clocher St. Michel that the citizens of Bordeaux used to call the most beautiful steeple in all the world.

The modern dance is discussed in a colloquy with the Grand Monarque and les petits chiens also, and their manner of life in the Paris of today.


This is a lively, informative, up-to-date, critical discussion of the news value, the editorial and commercial policies, and the financial strength
of some of America's leading dailies, by the editor of The Nation, who believes that our participation in the War was a "fatal blunder", and that "our Constitution is outgrown, our scheme of government hopelessly antiquated and inefficient, our Congressional system as if planned to exclude the best minds of the country".

Mr. Villard's thesis is that American journalism today is in rapid decadence, owing to its materialism, its commercialisation, its lack of high "journalistic ideals", such as those to which Mr. Villard explains, his family has been devoted for the last hundred and five years. An appendix lists nine cities of over 100,000 population having no morning newspaper, and thirty-nine having but one, these latter including such names as Detroit, St. Louis, Dayton, Minneapolis, Seattle, New Orleans.

The principal hope of arresting the "Retrogression" is seen by the author in two journalistic experiments: the Minnesota Star, organ of the socialist Non-Partisan League, which is owned by 6,250 share-holders and has a circulation of 53,850; and the Vorwarts, a "co-operative, moneymaking, Yiddish-language newspaper, whose editors, though Jews, are American to the core", which has 200,000 circulation, which can swing 65,000 votes, whose property is worth a million dollars, whose profits are divided among the exponents of the cause it supports, and which, generally, in Mr. Villard's opinion, outshines all other New York newspapers.

The author's favorite newspaper is the Manchester Guardian. In America, he sees, as the "most liberal English-language daily," the New York World, which, nevertheless, is a "creation of compromise". He praises also the two Baltimore Sun, and the Christian Science Monitor, but for the other newspapers which he studies he has very little sympathy. The New York Times, whose net profits in 1922 were $2,500,000, "has rendered a genuine public service in increasing the volume of news, and especially of foreign news", but it is a "class newspaper"; it panders to the vulgar rich, and has been guilty, says the author, of distorting news about Russia.

The Munsey newspapers, addressed to the "contented, prosperous bourgeoisie" are "safe, sane, and intellectually undistinguished". The Philadelphia Public Ledger is without originality or distinction, and without a soul. The "middle-class liberal" Kansas City Star is a "waving lunatic". The prosperous Chicago Tribune, though "brazen", "brutal", "inaccurate", "generally cynical, reactionary, militaristic and jingo", is "far superior to its Hearst rival". In the Hearst press, with twenty newspapers and a total circulation of over three million, whose net profits in 1922 were over $12,000,000, Mr. Villard sees nearly everything that is worst in American journalism. The book concludes with sketches of Freemont Older, Henry Watterson, Edwin L. Godkin, William Lloyd Garrison, and the James Gordon Bennetts.

Paul Scott Mowrer


This book of fluent narrative and vivid description by the well-known British war-correspondent, is devoted chiefly to a fascinating eye-witness account of Hungary's tragic adventure in communism in 1919, and is not without permanent historical interest. Not only was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, by gallant conduct modestly related, able to assist several unfortunate Hungarians to escape, but he played a more than minor role in the counter-revolutionary intrigues, principally in Vienna, which aided eventually in the overthrow of the "red" regime; and the first-hand information which he brought to Paris perhaps influenced some of the decisions of the Peace Conference.

The numerous small personal adventures of the author are interspersed with quick pen-pictures of various individuals encountered, from Lloyd George and Count Apponyi to Bela Kun, the "red" dictator, and Prof. Browne, the Wilsonian "observer" in Budapest. A communist, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett concludes, is "one who has nothing to share with the rest of the community", and bolshevism is "the enslavement of the many by the few".

Politically, the author's sympathies seem to be all with Hungary and Austria, as against Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia and Poland. He has been much impressed both by the sufferings of the Austrian and Hungarian peoples, which he pictures movingly, and by the traditional friendship of Hungary for Britain. He even, at one time, transmitted to Lloyd George that Hungary would like to become a self-governing dominion within the British Empire! The downfall of the Austro-Hungarian empire he considers nothing less than a catastrophe, while the peace treaties, ignoring, he thinks, racial and economic realities, are founded on a "false and rotten foundation". Austria he believes to be incurable, and the whole of Central and Eastern Europe is, he says, in so highly unstable a condition that regroupings are inevitable, though the ministrations of the League of Nations and the establishment of a common currency for foreign trade would be useful palliatives.

The reunion of Austria with Germany is "almost certain"; Czechoslovakia's position is "precarious", and a new partition of Poland "almost inevitable". Germany and Russia, he foresees, will unite to overrun this whole eastern region; neither France nor Britain will move to prevent them; then
Germany and Russia will fall to fighting over the spoils, and this will be the real struggle for supremacy. The return of the Turks to Europe has convinced states like Hungary that they can depend only on war for their eventual restoration. The only good thing which the author can say for the Turkish victory is that it tends to keep Russia away from Constantinople, where Britain does not want Russia to be. And the only good thing about the present political situation is found to be that it tends to turn Germany’s ambitions eastward, thus leaving France relatively secure.

The whole book is interesting, but the descriptive and narrative portions are more convincing than the political portions. Personally, I share neither Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett’s optimism as to Franco-German relations, nor his pessimism as to the so-called “new” states of Central and Eastern Europe.

Paul Scott Mowrer


The author announces in his preface that he visited Mexico in August 1918, and stayed two years. With some notable exceptions the results of his personal observations during that period are valuable, including a sympathetic study of the Mexican Indians,—their faults and their virtues, among which he emphasizes very properly their skill in handicraft, their innate courtesy, love of music, color and poetry, their idealism and preference for natural beauty over modern industrial claptrap.

He arraigns the stupid policy of the United States Government during the Huerta administrations, which reached its climax when Mr. Lind committed the blunder of offering a loan if Huerta would resign, thereby exposing the American Government to the most stinging rebuke that it ever suffered. The politely insolent reply in which Huerta’s Foreign Secretary, Federico Gamboa, declined Mr. Lind’s proposal is worth quoting:

“Permit me, Mr. Confidential Agent, not to reply for the time being to the significant offer in which the Government of the United States insinuates that it will recommend to American bankers the immediate extension of a loan which will permit us, among other things, to cover the innumerable urgent expenses required by the progressive pacification of the country; for in the terms in which it is couched, it appears rather to be an attractive antecedent proposal to the end that, moved by petty interests, we should renounce a right which incontrovertibly upholds us at a period when the dignity of the nation is at stake.

“I believe that there are not enough loans possible to induce those charged by law to maintain that dignity to permit it to be lessened.”

Equally humiliating to the American people was the wanton attack on Vera Cruz early in 1914, which caused the exodus of thousands of industrious Americans and the loss of their livelihood and property, without, however, procuring the salute to the flag which was the avowed object of that act of invasion.

But Mr. Beals, while he condemns the Washington policy, has no sympathy for the Americans who suffered therefrom, together with the Mexicans themselves. According to him the great majority of Americans in Mexico went there “because they could not stay in their own country or because they wanted to get rich quick... Nowhere else in the world is one so ashamed of his countrymen.” He remembers distinctly how a prominent American burst into a shop in Mexico City and shouted: “Yuh got any chewing gum?” The reader wonders a little that Mr. Beals is disturbed by so typical an example of current American “as she is spoke.” We venture to say that no less than ten thousand sovereign Americans from Maine to Texas asked for their favorite brands of chewing gum yesterday in these very words. We believe, too, that not one of the ten thousand has any objection to “getting rich quick.” But let one of these Babbitts have sufficient spunk to go to Mexico to better himself and he is represented as an adventurer, a parvenu, and a plunderer of the Mexican Indian. In reality the Americans in Mexico reflect the virtues and faults of their countrymen at home and they have the advantage of a somewhat broader outlook for having seen something outside of their native towns. Many have been known to learn good manners from the Mexicans and even to abandon the use of chewing gum.

And Mr. Beals does not like to hear them talk of the “good old Diaz days”. Well, why shouldn’t they? It cannot be gainsaid that those were good days as compared with any period of Mexican history from Aztec times until 1884, and there is, at least, room for a fair difference of opinion as compared with the period from 1912 to 1924, during which there has been at no time complete restoration of peace and order. It is the fashions nowadays to abuse that great patriot, Porfirio Diaz, to represent him as a bloody tyrant and to scoff at his achievements because he failed to work a miraculous change in customs which had prevailed in his country for centuries and because he believed that a population containing millions of illiterate and childlike Indians was not ripe for real democracy. They were, on the whole, happier and more
prosperous under his rule than they have ever been, before or since, and were given opportunity to follow their humble pursuits in peace.

As for the "nefarious savagery" with which Mr. Beals asserts that Americans treated their peons and servants during the Diaz regime, it is sufficient to say that he cites as authority John Kenneth Turner's "Barbarous Mexico"—than which no more false, sensational and malicious story was ever written. As a rule there has been no employer in Mexico, whether individual or corporation, fairer or more considerate of the rights and comforts of the industrial or domestic worker than the American.

It is a pity that the author's preference for one sort of government over another led him to mar an otherwise instructive book by misstatement of facts taken on hearsay. A hope, whether justified or not, that Mexico is gradually working out its salvation, is shared by all who wish well to that marvellously rich and beautiful country but it does not warrant, nor does it necessitate, misrepresentation of the progress achieved during thirty years of peace and good order under the wise guidance of Porfirio Diaz.

Charles L. Seeger


Woman suffrage is not always coincident with democracy, in the political sense of the word. For years the United States was a model of democracy to European countries. Yet, it was not till 1920 that the 19th amendment to the Constitution granted the American women the right to vote: 26 other countries had given the right to their women while America delayed.

No prejudice similar to those in Latin countries prevailed against women. In New Jersey, paying women had been granted the vote by the constitution of July 2, 1776. This right was confirmed by legislative enactments later on, until 1807 when the vote was taken from them because they had not supported the right candidates in the election.

But it is of recent date only that Women in America were ready for a political role. A century ago a legal capitais deminiutio handicapped them. They were "dead in law". If they offended their husbands, they might be punished legally. An utterly changed statute in civil law and in society was necessary before a political role could duly be trusted to women. That was done by degrees.

Anti-Slavery and Anti-Liquor movements led women to come forth from their seclusion to take part in public affairs. They were greeted by men's antagonism and contempt at first. They finally won over the men because they proved equals intellectually.

That was the achievement of women's education. In 1800 no college admitted women and there were not even high schools for girls. It took a full century to give women this mental preparedness which entailed the vote for women.

This epidemic history of how woman suffrage was obtained in America leads to the conclusion that women's education is the only right key to the precinets of women's political action.

Pierre Denoyers


Diving through the deep waters of the Congres-sional Library, Mr. Mordell has rescued these pearls, buried in the files of the New Orleans Times-Democrat of 1883-87.

To all lovers of Lafcadio Hearn—that earnest quester of beauty and nobility, that profound, erudite master of one of the most exquisite styles that have ever graced English literature, a man the beauty of whose soul far out-weighted the physical defects that he so deplored—to all of us therefore, this is a find of considerable importance.

These short papers, short, alas, by sheer commercial necessity, cover a multitude of subjects: it is extraordinary what learning and true criticism each little essay contains. The following observation illustrates his curious power of education. In speaking of Senart's essay on Buddhism, Hearn remarks:

"The very exquisiteness of the legend in its most perfect form seems to him proof of the enormous period required for its artistic and philosophical evolution—just as the wondrous metallic color of the humming-bird's plumage proclaims it perhaps the most ancient of all existing species of birds on the American continent. Truly this book comes to us like the unexpected last utterance of a voice that seemed forever hushed."

G. G. F.


This undeniably is a well, one might add a "preciously" written book: a book filled with the fragments of speculation, the medley of fancies that sometimes visit one just before waking—fancies that seem to lead to nowhere. If we find it difficult to unravel the adumbrations of our own brains, what about another's?

Mr. Morley has a lot to say about poets; they would appear to be quite another race, so much so that one wonders how many arms and legs they possess, while convinced that they often must have quite large heads.
Mr. Morley is a fervent worshipper at the shrine of Walt Whitman, concerning whom he says some very fine things. He tells us of all great writers, two only are commonly spoken of by their Christian names: Ben Jonson and Walt Whitman. As to the former, one certainly has heard of ‘rare Ben Jonson’, and maybe of ‘Ben’, but it shocks the old-fashioned sense of reverence to think of alluding to Walt Whitman as plain ‘Walt’—as Mr. Morley prefers to do.

The author calls our attention to the fact that he appends a number of blank pages to the end of the book (for epithets probably): this seems a far better scheme than the current practice of scattering them throughout.

George G. Fleurot

NEW ROADS TO CHILDHOOD, by Anne Carroll Moore
New York, Doran. 1923. 209 pages.

No systematic study of the new era in children’s literature nor of the children’s libraries movement will be found in this book; serious study underlies the work, but the reader is given only the results of research and experience, so that the book can be read for sheer pleasure. Still, for those interested in children’s literature it is a valuable reference book.

The book is full of much information and interesting observations: the production of children’s literature in America during the last three years and the development of the Children’s Libraries movement in European countries are among the major subjects dealt with.

Even when selecting only the very best children’s books recently published in America, the list would be a long one. The publishing of children’s books is organized in America as nowhere else, and great writers and artists there do not think it beneath them to write or illustrate books for children.

The difficulty of choosing from the large collection of ‘best books’ is faced by Miss Moore in a pleasant chapter on books that were to be taken to Alaska. Among the privileged authors we may quote: Grimm, Lofting, Lewis Carroll, Boutet de Monvel, Abjornsen and Margery Williams.

Picturesque pages are devoted to the development of the library movement in France. An account of the work of the Comité des Régions Devastées shows the popularity of the libraries opened in the Aisne. Had she gone a little farther on ‘the new road’ Miss Moore would have encountered a library entirely devoted to children, ‘L’Heure Joyeuse’ of Brussels, and she might have heard that another such library was to be opened shortly in Paris, due to the generosity of an American organization, the Book Committee on Children’s Libraries.

These and other observations on Story-telling, the illustrators of children’s books, the juvenile production in Italy, etc. make Miss Moore’s ‘New Roads’ interesting to travel on for all lovers of childhood and children’s literature.

C. Huchet


These interesting essays, first published in Reedy’s Mirror the Freeman, the Savannah Review and other magazines, describe the literary work of Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, James Branch Cabell and other less famous writers of our time.

Bierce’s greatest book, Mr. Starrett says, is the collection of short stories, entitled ‘In the Midst of Life’, and of these he calls particular attention to ‘A Horseman in the Sky’, ‘A Son of the Gods’ and ‘Chickamauga’.

Stephen Crane’s most famous book, ‘The Red Badge of Courage’, he thinks may be compared with the work of his master, Bierce, but not as some critics have suggested with Tolstoi’s ‘Sebastopol’ and Zola’s ‘La Débâcle’, neither of which have the poetical qualities of Crane’s story. It is in Crane’s short stories, however, that he discovers his finest work, particularly ‘The Open Boat’, ‘Wounds in the Rain’, and ‘The Monster’.

Cabell’s great books, he declares, are ‘The Red Badge of Courage’, ‘The Cream of the Jest’, ‘Beyond Life’, and ‘Jurgen’; and in the last, he says, Cabell has given the world a book to stand among the supreme works of literature, with ‘Pantagruel’, ‘Pickwick’, ‘Don Quixote’, and ‘The Queen Pediaque’.


One might write an article, if an article were necessary, on the lure of books by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. In fact, however, an article is unnecessary; they speak for themselves. The present book is as interesting as the others which the two authors have written either jointly or separately, whether it recites the traditions of the place, describes the picturesque places in its neighborhood, or discusses the life which has made Monte Carlo famous.

Mrs. Williamson agrees with others in the opinion that ‘April is adorable’ on the Riviera, and May is either, ‘equally so, or better’; but while the ‘Season’ ends with Easter there is a ‘Secret Season’ extending from April to December which she feels should be more generally enjoyed, and will be as soon as the ‘Hinterland’ of Monte Carlo and the coast is discovered, Saint Agnes,
for example, or Orgebo, made famous by Durandy's "L'An de Corbio", or Roquebrune, where the August Passion Play is given.

The author devotes two chapters to tales of the tables and systems of play including such elementary questions as how to get a ticket of admission to the tables, and if a heavy loser how to secure a viatique, that is, permission to leave the place with his bills unpaid. She also takes care to indicate the Suicides' Table.


Being the entertaining account of a spring ramble through Nova Scotia, in pursuit, as the author says, of apple blossoms. It could be used as a guide-book, much as are the books of E. V. Lucas, as it is filled with all sorts of useful and amusing information. It is consistently charming until the author slips into verse, which is painful. The illustrations really illustrate, but they make one realize how far the French are in advance of America in such matters. No one will read the book without a desire to make a similar excursion.

J. B.


It is a land of contrasts, this land half French, half Spanish, dominated by the majestic Pyrenees; a land of vivid images and lusty language, a land where towering peaks draw ever closer mantles blue with the whiteness of undefiled snow, where age old forests hide in their pungent depths bear and boar, while in the lowlands are sleepy valleys golden with mustard and buckwheat.

By many and devious means does the author travel, by auto, by tram, by foot. There are aromatic rides through pine forests, there are clumps to delight the most ardent mountaineer, pushing up through asphodel and gentian to stand breathless at a far flung world of glittering ice-fields and glaciers.

Journeying ever westward to the Bay of Biscay he stops now at one sleepy village where ancient battlements still surround the dizzyly perched chateau or drop over a narrow pass to find a hot little village of old Spain, returning again to France to discover remote valleys where shepherds muffled in hooded cloaks flaunt purple sashes in the breezes, and sabots take on Eastern tendencies with turned up toe and studded brasses. Sometimes it is a forgotten old abbey clinging to a precipitous hillside with crumbling gloires that tells a pathetic story. At every fete and foire he stops to make merry with Catalan and Bethmalaise, Ossaloise and Basque.

Seldom has any land come into print under happier conditions than these ministered to by two such unusually capable pens, the one of author the other of artist.

In her command of words, in her ability to make her reader sense all she portrays, the author gives evidences of distinct literary ability, while the artist's charming illustrations tell stories that need no further interpretation.

Long may their united efforts continue!

M. L. L.

IN THE ORGAN LOFTS OF PARIS, by Frederic B. Stiven, Professor of Music and Director of the School of Music, University of Illinois. Boston. The Stratford Co. 1923. 75 pages.

The author of "In the Organ Lofts of Paris" has produced a charming little volume. The musical opportunities he enjoyed while a student in Paris left vivid, romantic impressions with him, the recording and transmission of which, is apparently the chief object of his book. The reader, upon finishing Mr. Stiven's seventy-five pages will no doubt be inspired to himself make an effort to visit the organ lofts of Paris, and obtain at first hand a notion of their poetic attractiveness and atmospheric appeal, so feelingly communicated by this writer.

"Organ Lofts" also contains passages of lively description and information well worth having, as for example, the notes on the blowing apparatus of the church of Saint Eustache; the description of the organ and bellows of the Eglise Saint-Gervais and the paragraphs with reference to the nine members of the Couperin family who successively held the post of organist there; the historical outline of the famous French pipe-organ builder, Cavaille-Coll, and so on, not to forget Marie Antoinette's organ, seen by Mr. Stiven at Saint-Sulpice, and where indeed it continues on view today!

If one were to find fault with "Organ Lofts", it would be that the writer did not bring to his work still greater emotional wealth and profusion of details, in the doing of which he might have made a really important contribution to the limited literature about this little-known, but fascinating phase of the Parisian musical world. As it stands, it is not a very distinguished or notable document, but remains in the realm as hinted above, of simply pleasant, sometimes instructive reading.

Irving Schwerke
The well known art editor of the New York Tribune has little sympathy for Post-Impressionism, Futurism, Cubism, etc.—what he calls Ellis Island art, and, therefore, has less influence upon the work of the artists of to-day than he should have.

Those, however, for whom art is life rather than a living will enjoy thoroughly these essays on the history of American art, particularly on the Hudson River school of painting, the American Academy in Rome, New York as an art center, and the Freer Gallery. Winslow Homer, who was with Inness the most prominent among painters of the Hudson River school, he describes as the most intensely American painter of his time.

But nowhere is the author's intimate acquaintance with the history of American Art shown better than in his frequent references to the influence of French teaching upon American art, from the time of the naturalistic and romanticist painters of 1830, and later of Courbet and Monet, to the present day.


Professor Hamlin treats of ornament as a whole in architecture, woodwork, metalwork, ceramics and textiles, country by country, first during the Renaissance, then during modern times. This is a rational and most welcome handling of the subject. In spite of countless volumes written on its various phases, this material has seemed to many a maze of little related facts. With a rare combination of scientific exactitude and keen artistic sensibility the author shows that in all decorative art there is a general recurrence of the same motives though they are modified in each country by a common variable, the racial or national peculiarity of the people. This central idea Professor Hamlin first developed in his preceding volume, "A History of Ornament Ancient and Medieval", to which this book, though complete in itself, is a worthy sequel.

Inspired by Roman examples, the Italians of the Renaissance did not directly copy ancient motives except in their sixteenth-century reproductions of forms, which they had never wholly ceased to use. To understand the variations of French style it is necessary to grasp the significance of two conflicting tendencies, the Gallic, full of originality and vitality, and the Latin restrained and of inherent taste. "The Germans", the author says, "were consummate engravers, always more successful in decorative line than in decorative mass", but the picturesque and amusing germanesque character of the English Renaissance largely disappeared after the return of Inigo Jones from Italy. The European contention that American art should be wholly new and original Professor Hamlin points out as unjust
since this ignores the fact that Americans are a European people though transplanted to a non-European environment.

In spite of the author's statement that the art nouveau movement in the United States anticipated that in Europe, the space given to American art in the three chapters devoted to modern times may, to the non-American public, seem disproportionate. It is, however, the most interesting part of the book. Here Professor Hamlin treats of a little known art whose development he has not only himself watched attentively, but to which he has most ably contributed.

Jeannette Dyer Spencer


Mr. Cabell's new novel, "The High Place", is an attenuation of the Jurgen saga. The year is 1724. Philippe d'Orleans, Petit-Fils de France, rules the destinies of his oppressed nation, while de Dreffand rules the destinies of the charmed circle in the heart of France. Defrance, the hero of "The High Place", is the lineal descendant of Jurgen, Duke of Logrus and Emperor of Noumaria. Likewise he reigns in Poictisme and wanders off one day—perhaps following the family traditions—into a wood whither he drives a bargain, climbs to raffled heights, slanders manifold dragons, wins his coveted bride and brings her home to Bellegarde only to discover more evidence of beauty than brains. Thus runs the ingenious tale. But what you were not prepared for is that Florian the innocent and beguiling, with an uncommon respect for Holy Hoprig and all the doctrines of Mother Church, actually poisoned Orleans in his cabinet. This little practical joke on the Regent was part of the original bargain, it seems, and it certainly brings relief to the Paris-American reader bewildered and fatigued from blind wanderings in literary and mythological bypaths.

After Rabelaisian terminology and Biblical distortions, sallies into this century and withdrawals from that, there is a genuine pleasure when we come upon the familiar "Porte Maillot". It is as though the author had run up a signal with an arrow on it and the words: "Direction Etoile". No doubt the aimless rambling of "The High Place" is necessary to create the only atmosphere in which Manuels and Jurgens and Florians can thrive; but returning to it after the revised edition of "Gallantry", leaves us with a distinctly unfavorable impression.

Mr. Cabell is at home among the Wordlings. The daintiness, wit and polish of his vignettes made us feel that he had summoned Mrs. Bracell to the footlights to speak the lines or the prologues of "Gallantry". But in the midst of this he must return to his old pranks. To tell the truth we enjoyed "Jurgen", but one Jurgen is quite enough. Had there been any doubt of the fact in his mind heretofore, Mr. Cabell should at last be convinced when all the criticisms of "The High Place" sound like the advertising circulars of a newly-opened summer resort. By birth Mr. Cabell is a rebel and he should remain one by varying his tricks unless he is ready for the back shelves with Mr. Howells and the Concord group.

Jackson Moore


Briefly stated, the story of "The Bond Triumphant" is that of two young lovers in the Canada of 1661-63, complicated by the intrigues between Church and State, and between the colonies and the mother-country with which those of us who have read Parkman and the Jesuit Relations are cloudily familiar, and set against that back-ground of pioneer hardships and constant conflict with the savages which is peculiar to our continent, a romantic tradition as stalwart as the Crusades.

The average critic not a Canadian, if he be honest, will confess to some uncertainty about the several values of the Jesuits, the Sulpitians, and the Recollet fathers, and their attitude toward one another and toward the French military governors of the province; we are willing to take Mr. Grahame's word for them, since not one of us, off-hand, could disprove it. When it comes to the Indians and the love-story, we tread known ground, but we are not so base as to betray either him or his prospective readers by going into details that would expose the plot.

"The Bond Triumphant" is one of those essays in fiction wherein the author's sincerity of purpose and respect for his art fairly balance a professional equipment not always adequate. It would be an easy matter to pick flaws in some of Mr. Grahame's periods; not infrequently his English hits a nice mean between that of the moving-picture titles, and the samples of elegant writing offered by McWhir and The Reader to a Victorian generation. Bulwer-Lytton and G. P. R. James wrote that way all the time. Sir Walter and Fenimore Cooper at least part of the time; and most of us would share a fault with these men if, like Mr. Grahame, we could also share their undeniable gift for telling a story.

In these days it does no harm to remember that a novel, first of all, is not an exercise in literary style, it is not a sermon, nor a forensic, nor a...
psychological study, nor a piece of propaganda; first of all, a novel is a novel, and that is a point upon which the author of "The Bond Triumphant" is very sound, and which he never allows himself to forget. His romance is authentic romance, his sense of proportion and of climax is most just, and about the adventure and the horror incident to such a tale, there is both persuasion and a manly choice.

Of the characterizations it may be said that, as in every work of this genre, the hero and heroine have the defect of their quality; they are too much the hero and heroine to be anything else. And perhaps the villains are a little too villainous and the comic relief a little too obvious. But de Laval is a convincing and well-executed portrait of one of the most difficult characters possible to conceive or delineate, the honest fanatic. There is a kind of crooked rightness about him; he is narrow and sublime; in his worst exhibitions of bigotry he is never ignoble, and we somehow respect him, perhaps because we are never in doubt about him. That the author should have grasped and managed to convey qualities so contradictory and subtle is a real triumph.

Mary S. Watts


This is Miss Delafield's fifth novel, and without a doubt, her best. It deals in a very sane, intelligent manner with the problem of degeneracy which is the result of intermarrying in the old English county aristocracy, a group of society chiefly notable for its intolerance and class-prejudice. Here we have the blackest sheep, inevitably referred to by his relatives as "Poor Jim," of an ultra conservative family, who has, from their point of view, married beneath him; whereas, the infusion of new red blood, though "common," is in reality the saving grace of this decadent line. The characters are admirably true to their unfortunate types. There is no exaggeration, no hysteria, both of which lamentable traits many of this young generation of authors are prone to, particularly so if the subject matter be at all Freudian.

Miss Delafield's manner of presentation is at once impassioned and dispassionate, intense and lucid, tenuous and direct. Above all is it understanding and broad minded. The topic she has chosen to write about is a very real and vital problem to her, and it is interesting to speculate whether the subtly socialistic atmosphere with which the book is impregnated is calculated or unconscious. Psychology, more than socialism, however, is the main theme; heretofore, among women writers May Sinclair has been considered as the master of this field,—the psychological novel—but she should now look well to her laurels.

M. R.


A falsehood, to be first-class, must more than half convince the fabricator himself. And a narrative cannot carry conviction unless the author feels the relative truth of his invention and can meet our stare, as he tells it, with a cool, unflinching gaze. In "Undertow" one might say that the author's eyes become shifty. That does not mean, however, that there are not excellent passages throughout the book; but, unfortunately, the reader is held more by the extravagance of action than by the artistry with which it is told. In treatment the book is reminiscent of Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Frank Swinnerton, a little of O. Henry and largely of the old dime paper-back,—all rather loosely amalgamated,—but holding our attention in spite of it.

It is a close-up of an American family: father, mother, two daughters and a son; typical, perhaps, as to numbers, but not, thank goodness, as to conduct. The father is an unusually brutal man, the mother an extraordinarily crouching woman and the son an inordinately weak and repulsive boy. There is no saccharine optimism here, but never was vice less attractive. In the first chapters the boy develops, in addition to his other vicious tendencies, an insatiable fondness for narcotics,—even steals from his loose-moralled sister to procure them. The sister, because of her relations with a lover, known to the boy, is unable to do anything about it. Here the father figures prominently by throwing his son's shoulder out of joint, his attitude toward the younger daughter adds greatly to the color of the plot, and the story comes to a dramatic end with a flourish of brass.

John Blomshield
New Books Added to the American Library

Any of the following books, excepting those which are starred, may be borrowed by members of the American Library in any part of Europe, and requests for them will be filled in the order in which they are received. They may be purchased from the booksellers who advertise in Ex Libris.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

BRANDT, Fred, and WOOD, ANDREW Y. Fascinating San Francisco. San Francisco. 1924.


FERRAND, HENRI. Grenoble and Thereabouts. London. The Medici Society Ltd. 1923.


BIOGRAPHY


BIGGANE, CECIL. John Masefield. Cambridge. W. Heffer & Sons Ltd. 1924.


POLITICS


ECONOMICS


MISCELLANEOUS

BEERBOHM, MAX. Things New and Old. London William Heinemann Ltd. 1923.

FICTION


FRENCH BOOKS


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The best English novel that has lately appeared, says Maurice Frances Egan in America, is Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's 'Intrusion'.

Of Professor Quinn's 'History of the American Drama' (Harper) Clayton Hamilton says, 'We have had no previous history of the early American Drama at all comparable in completeness and exactness'.

"Anatole France's 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard', which is undoubtedly the most popular of all his works, was according to Ernest Boyd first introduced to the English-speaking world in 1891 in a translation by Lafcadio Hearn. This is now accepted as the best translation which has appeared.

In speaking of Oliver Onion's "Peace in Our Time" (Chapman & Hall) the London Bookman says "The only novel which can be compared with this is Wilfred Ewart's Way of Revelation."

The Dial for February says that the world's greatest book collector is probably Henry E. Huntington, whose library at San Gabriel, California, is unrivaled in the history of private collections.

Of Edward M. Earle's "Turkey, the Great Powers and the Bagdad Railway" (Macmillan) Professor Philip Marshall Brown says, "I have not seen anywhere as clear a presentation of the financial and economic aspects of the great diplomatic game for position and power in the Near East. It should be read in connection with Toynbee's excellent presentation of the political aspects of this game in his recent book entitled 'The Western Question in Greece and Turkey'."

The Freeman, established by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Neilson, and edited by Mr. Albert J. Nock, suspended publication, March 5.
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Translations from the French published in the United States in 1923

ADES, ALBERT and JOSIPOVIC. Goha the Fool. Tr. Morris Colman (Lieber & Lewis).

ALLOTTE DE LA FUYE, MARCERIE. The Lord of Death (Le Maître de la Mort). Tr. Louis N. Parker. Longmans.


BAZIN, RENE. Charles de Foucauld, Hermit and Explorer. Tr. Peter Keelan. (Benziger).

BAUDOUIN, CHARLES. Emile Coue and His Life Work. (American Library Service).

BERNARD, SARAH. Memories of My Life: Being My Personal Professional and Social Recollections as Woman and Artist. (Appleton)

BEZARD, JULIEN. My Class in Composition; A Teacher's Diary. Tr. Phyllis Robbins. (Harvard University Press).

CAILLAUD, JOSEPH. Whither France? Whither Europe? Tr. Helen Byrne Armstrong. (Knopf)


ESTAUNIE, EDOUARD. The Call of the Road. (Boni).


Fabre, Jean Henri Casimir. This Earth of Ours. Tr. Percy F. Bicknell. (Century).

Fabre, Jean Henri. The Life of the Scorpion. Tr. Alex. Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall. (Dodd).


FELICE, ROGER DE. French Furniture under Louis XIV. (Stokes).

FLAMMARION, CAMILLE. Death and Its Mystery; After Death. Tr. by Latrobe Carroll (Century).

FLAMMARION, CAMILLE. Dreams of an Astronomer. Tr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe. (Appleton).


GIDE, CHARLES. First Principles of Political Economy. World Book Co.


HEMON, LOUIS. Maria Chapdelaine. Macmillan.


HEUSE, PAUL. Do the Dead Live? Dutton.

HUYSMANS, JORIS KARL. Saint Lydivine of Scheidam. Tr. Agnes Hastings. Dutton.


LEFEBVRE, EMILE. The Riddle of the Rhine. Dutton.


MALEBRANCHE, NICOLAS. Dialogues on Metaphysics and on Religion. Tr. Morris Ginsberg. (Macmillan).


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SCHURE, EDOUARD. The Great Initiates. Tr. Fred Rothwell. McKay.
VIALLATE, ACHILLE. Economic Imperialism and International Relations During the Last Fifty Years. Macmillan.

Booth Tarkington in speaking recently of the books that influenced his youth said that William Dean Howells was one of his greatest favorites. "The importance of Howells", he added, "is not at all recognized—yet. It was once. It now happens he is unfashionable. But that is ephemeral. His work will come up again. He was one of my influences. When 'Silas Lapham' was coming out in the Century I would hurry out to meet the postman with the new number. That was forty years ago but I can remember the day the number came that told of Silas at the dinner party. I was standing at the gate reading, and my sister called to me, 'What has happened this time? 'Silas got drunk', I said, and we looked at one another aghast—as if it had happened to an honored neighbor. There isn’t a more poignant thing in American fiction."

In a recent essay on Edmund Gosse in the Christian Science Monitor Ernest Rhys describes his autobiographical fragment "Father and Son" as the most original thing he has written.


Recent French Translations of American Books.

The following French Translations of American books are listed in the "Biographie de la France" for the year 1923.

Curwood, J. O. Les Chasseurs de Loups. Crès et Cie. Editions Georges.

C.F. Abbott’s "Greece and the Allies" (Methuen), according to the Saturday Review, is a very complete account of Greek history for the past eight years. But whereas in his previous book, "Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers", he appeared as the candid friend, not so much of Turkey or Greece, as of Britain and France, particularly of Britain, in the present book it is France rather than Britain that is the subject of his criticism.

Ellen Glasgow and Arnold Bennett agree that the five greatest English novels are "Tom Jones", "Vanity Fair", "David Copperfield", "Jude the Obscure", and Meredith's "The Egoist". Among the six greatest Miss Glasgow would include Bennett's "Old Wives' Tales".

"The Journal of Marie Leneru", translated by William Aspenwell Bradley (Macmillan), an English critic says, "should be placed on the bookshelf where the works of those other great journal writers lie, Marie Bashkirtseff, Amiel, and our own splendid Barbellion".
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In article "On Hell and Mr. D.H. Lawrence" in the English Review for March Mr. E.L. Grant Watson says that in "Aaron's Rod" Mr. Lawrence tests and breaks all the old values. "It is his deepest voyage into Hell."

Harper's Magazine announces four short story competitions for the year 1924, the first to close March 31, the second June 30, the third September 30, and the fourth December 31. In each competition there will be a first prize of $1,250, a second of $750 and a third of $500.

While many consider that his "Life of Gladstone" was Lord Morley's chief claim to fame, and he himself thought the "Life of Cromwell" his best work, Professor Wilbur C. Abbott points out that it is his "Reminiscences" which of all his writings have the widest popular appeal.

In the revised edition of his book on "The Modern Novel: a Study of the Purpose and the Meaning of Fiction" (Knopf), Wilson Follett has added a chapter dealing with the question why novels which are more and more readable, are less and less re-readable.

"Behind the Mystery of Poe's 'Raven'" is the title of an article by William Elliot Griffis in the New York Times Book Review, January 20. "No criticism", Mr. Griffis says, "is ever likely to set aside the verdict that the 'Raven' is the most original American poem yet written."

In "Prohibition Inside Out" (Doubleday) Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Commissioner, describes what has been done to enforce the prohibition law. It is no longer a question whether we are for or against that legislation, he says, but it is whether or not we are for or against the Constitution of the United States.

In an article on James Elroy Flecker in the Fortnightly Review for February Alex MacDonald refers to Flecker's affinity with the French Paransians. His death, Mr. MacDonald says, is unquestionably the greatest premature loss that English has suffered since the death of Keats.

"No poet, in the last hundred years has died so young, leaving so little, and that little of such high promise." Flecker's selected poems were published in 1918.

A writer in the Boston Transcript says, "I am one who feels that we have had nothing like Miss Strode's work since Whitman." Miss Strode is the author of "A Souls' Fancy", and other poems.


In an article on "Last Century's Literary Favorites" in the International Book Review, March, Archibald Marshall says that he ranks "David Copperfield" first among Dickens's works, as he did himself. "It is either that or 'Pickwick'."

The American Press, Beirut, Syria, has just published a report of the exercises held at the celebration of the centennial of the press in 1922. They included an address by Mr. A.T. Upson of the Nile Mission Press, Cairo.

"It is amusing to think that our first sex novel was 'Jane Eyre'," says Austin Harrison in the English Review for March; and he continues, "Byron was, I suppose, the first English psycho-analyst. Fortunately, for him, 'Don Juan' rhymed. Puritans rather favour limericks."

The American Bar Association Committee on American Citizenship has just published in brochure form "The Story of the Constitution" by F. Dumont Smith, of Hutchinson, Kansas. The section entitled "Why a Written Constitution" will be of special interest to European readers.

In the recent International Book Review ballot on the ten best books of the Century, those which received the highest vote were Wells' "Outline of History"; Blasco Ibanez' "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; Hutchinson's "It Winter Comes"; Bok's "Americanization of Edward Bok"; Papini's "Life of Christ"; Churchill's "The Crisis"; O'Henry's "Short Stories"; Wister's "The Virginian"; Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page"; and Robinson's "The Mind in the Making".

In "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe" Mrs. Humphrey Ward portrayed London life at the beginning of the century as it will never be done again. Shane Leslie says in reviewing the biography of Mrs. Ward by her daughter for the International Book Review.
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Dial, March: Psychology and Common Sense, Thomas Craven.


Literary Digest, March 1: Uncle Sam's Extreme Age and Conservatism.

— March 8: How Germany can Pay. America's First Aid for Hungary. What Russians May and May Not Read.


Living Age, February 23: The English Class of Stephane Mallarmé, Grillot de Givry.


Nation, New York, February 27: The "Inexperie" of British Labor, Herbert W. Horwill.

Nation's Business, March: Mr. Coolidge and American Business, John Callan O'Laughlin.


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In an article on Walt Whitman in The North American Review for March, John Gould Fletcher says, "The birth of this conviction in him that death is the clue, the key to life, is described in that marvellous poem 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking'. And over and over again, in the very finest poems he was to write: 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed', 'As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Time', 'Passage to India', 'Tears', the sense of death broods and lingers as the final overtone to his thought.'

In an article on Vachel Lindsay in the North American Review for January, Herbert S. Gorman says that the real Lindsay is implicit in such poems as "The Chinese Nightingale", "I Know All This When Gypsy Fiddles Cry", "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed", "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight", the delicately conceived series of moon poems, "When the Mississippi Flowed in Indiana", and "The Eagle that is Forgotten". Lindsay's "Collected Poems" have just been published by Macmillan and Co., London.

In an article on Jack London in the Literary Review, January 26, Stephen Graham describes London as America's Maxim Gorky. "Martin Eden", he says, was his best human study.

"Fiction and the Study of American History" is the title of an article in the Publishers' Weekly, February 2, by Mr. M. R. Williams, instructor in English in Phillips Exeter Academy.

Frank Harris's "Life of Oscar Wilde" and his four volumes of "Contemporary Portraits" are described by Filson Young as the best works of their kind in any language; and "no one", he says, "writes about Shakespeare as Harris writes".

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