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Negro Art and America
Albert C. Barnes
President of the Barnes Foundation, Philadelphia

That there should have developed a distinctively negro art in America was natural and inevitable. A primitive race, transported into an Anglo-Saxon environment and held in subjection to that fundamentally alien influence, was bound to undergo the soul-stirring experiences which always find their expression in great art. The contributions of the American negro to art are representative because they come from the hearts of the masses of a people held together by like yearnings and stirred by the same causes. It is a sound art because it comes from a primitive nature upon which a white man's education has never been harnessed. It is a great art because it embodies the negroes' individual traits and reflects their suffering, aspirations and joys during a long period of acute oppression and distress.

The most important element to be considered is the psychological complexion of the negro as he inherited it from his primitive ancestors and which he maintains to this day. The outstanding characteristics are his tremendous emotional endowment, his luxuriant and free imagination, and a truly great power of individual expression. He has in superlative measure that fire and light which, coming from within, bathes his whole world, colors his images and impels him to expression. The negro is a poet by birth. In the masses, that poetry expresses itself in religion, which acquires a distinction by extraordinary fervor, by simple and picturesque rituals and by a surrender to emotion so complete that ecstasy, amounting to automatisms, is the rule when he worships in groups.

The outburst may be started by any unlettered person provided with the average negro's normal endowment of eloquence and vivid imagery. It begins with a song or a wail which spreads like fire and soon becomes a spectacle of a harmony of rhythmic movement and rhythmic sound unequalled in the ceremonies of any other race. Poetry is religion brought down to earth and it is of the essence of the negro soul. He carries it with him always and everywhere; he lives it in the field, the shop, the factory. His daily habits of thought, speech and movement are flavored with the picturesque, the rhythmic, the euphonious.

The white man in the mass cannot compete with the negro in spiritual endowment. Many centuries of civilization have attenuated his original gifts and have made his mind dominate his spirit. He has wandered too far from the elementary human needs and their easy means of natural satisfaction. The deep and satisfying harmony which the soul requires no longer arises from the incidents of daily life. The requirements for practical efficiency in a world alien to his spirit have worn thin his religion and devitalized his art. His art and his life are no longer one and the same as they were in primitive man. Art has become exotic, a thing apart, an indulgence, a something to be possessed. When art is real and vital it effects the harmony between ourselves and nature which means happiness. It should be the test of our pursuits and our institutions—science, industry, social intercourse; but these are mere preoccupations, sterile in art values.
Art and religion have congealed into obsolete and meaningless forms, although they were once the pregnant embodiments of stirring human values. Modern life has forced art into being a mere adherent upon the practical affairs of life which offer it no sustenance. The result has been that hopeless confusion of values which mistakes sentimentalism and irrational day-dreaming for art.

The negro has kept nearer to the ideal of man's harmony with nature and that, his blessing, has made him a vagrant in our arid, practical American life. But his art is so deeply rooted in his nature that it has thrived in a foreign soil where the traditions and practices tend to stamp out and starve out the plant and its flowers. It has lived because it was an achievement, not an indulgence. It has been his happiness through that mere self-expression which is its own immediate and rich reward. Its power converted adverse material conditions into nutriment for his soul and it made a new world in which his soul has been free. Adversity has always been his lot but he converted it into a thing of beauty in his songs. When he was the abject, downtrodden slave, he burst forth into songs which constitute America's only great music—the spirituals. These wild chants are the natural, naive, untutored, spontaneous utterance of the suffering, yearning, prayerful human soul. In their mighty roll there is a nobility truly superb. Idea and emotion are fused in an art form which ranks the spirituals with the Psalms and the songs of Zion in their compelling, universal appeal.

The emancipation of the negro slave in America gave him only a nominal freedom. Like all other human beings he is a creature of habits which tied him to his past; equally set are his white brothers' habits toward him. The relationship of master and slave has changed but little in the sixty years of freedom. He is still a slave to the ignorance, the prejudice, the cruelty which were the fate of his forefathers. Today he finds no place of equality in the social, educational or industrial world of the white man. But he has the same singing soul as the ancestors who created the single form of great art which America can claim as her own. Of the tremendous growth and prosperity achieved by America since emancipation day the negro has had scarcely a pittance. The changed times did, however, give him an opportunity to develop and strengthen the native indomitable courage and the keen powers of mind which were not suspected during the days of slavery. The character of his song changed under the new civilization and his mental and moral stature now stands measurement with those of the white man of equal educational and civilizing opportunities. That growth he owes chiefly to his own efforts and the attendant strife has left unspoiled his native gift of song. We have in his poetry a true, infallible record of what the struggle meant to his inner life. It is art of which America can well be proud.

The Renaissance of Negro Art is one of the events of our age which no seeker for beauty can afford to overlook. It is as characteristically negro as are the primitive African sculptures. As art forms, each bears comparison with the great art expressions of any race or civilization. In both ancient and modern negro art we find a faithful expression of a people and of an epoch in the world's evolution. Few periods in history have been as momentous to a race as has been that of the negro's life in America. Even fewer are the races with an emotional and expressive endowment equal to the negro's. Formal or institutional education has had little to do with the development of his genius and talent. His native endowment acted upon by the alien environment was compelled to the creation of poetry and music. It suffered but little in basic art values from its origin in people who were practically illiterate up to their adolescence or who had only enough early schooling to learn to read and write. What education they obtained came by their own efforts and in the scant leisure from their work as boot-blacks,
and back to his own heritage and through the reserved path that was to lead poetry poets were discovered, goals for which degree of success. to illustrate the nature: popular his verse and that of his followers was so conditions of life that enabled unjust persecution. The negro saw and followed the path that was to lead him out of the wilderness and back to his own heritage and through the means of his own endowments. Many new poets were discovered, while education had tremendous quickening. The yield to art was a new expression of negro genius in a form of poetry which connoisseurs place in the class reserved for the disciplined art of all races. Intellect and culture of a high order became the goals for which they fought, and with a marked degree of success.

Two of Dunbar’s poems may be given here to illustrate the nature of his art and to show why his verse and that of his followers was so popular:

LOVER’S LANE (1)

Summa night an’ sighin’ breeze,
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane;
Frien’ly, shadder-mekin’ trees,
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane.
White folks’ wo’k all done up gr n’—
 Me an’ ‘Mandy han’-in-han’
Struttin’ lak we owned de lan’,
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane.

An’ nod an’ sway,
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane.
Bush it ben’
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane.

Owl a-settin’ ‘side de road,
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane.
Lookin’ at us lak he knowed
 Dis uz loyah’s lane.
Go on, hoot yo’ mou’ful tune,
 You ain’ nevah loved in June,
An’ come hidin’ f’om de moon
 Down in loyah’s lane.

What I keer ef day is long,
 Down in loyah’s lane.
I kin allus sing a song
 ‘Long de loyah’s lane.
An’ de wo’ds I hyeah an’ say
 Meks up fu’ de weary day
W’en I’s strollin’ by de way,
 Down in loyah’s lane.

An’ dis t’ought will allus rise
 Down in loyah’s lane;
Wondah whethah in de skies
 Dey’s a loyah’s lane.
Ef dey ain’, I tell you true,
 ‘Ligion do look mighty blue,
 ‘Cause I do’ know whut I’d do
 ‘Dout a loyah’s lane.

LIFE (2)

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in.
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter:
And that is life!


Only through bitter and long travail has negro poetry attained to its present high level as an art form and the struggle has produced much writing which, while less perfect in form, is no less important as poetry. We find nursery rhymes, dances, love-songs, paans of joy, lamentations, all revealing unerringly the spirit of the race in its varied contacts with life. There has grown a fine tradition which is fundamentally negro in character. Every phase of that growth in the alien surroundings, is marked with great expressions reflecting the multitudinous vicissitudes that cumbered the path from slavery to culture. Each record is loaded with feeling, powerfully expressed in uniquely negro forms.

Naturally, sadness is the note most often struck; but the frequently-expressed joy, blithe-some, carefree, over-flowing joy, reveals what an enviable creature the negro is in his happy moods. No less evident is that native understanding and wisdom which—from the homely and crude expressions of their slaves, to the scholarly and cultured contributions of today—we know go with the negro’s endowment. The black scholar, seer, sage, prophet sings his message and that explains why the negro tradition is so rich and is so firmly implanted in the soul of the race. The record of the spiritual life of the negro can be traced by a study of what his poetry and music reveal in basic human values. The old chants, known as spirituals, were pure soul, their sadness untouched by vindictiveness. After the release from slavery, bitterness crept into their songs. Later, as times changed, we find self-assertion, lofty aspirations and only a scattered cry for vengeance. As he grew in culture, there came expressions of the deep consolation of resignation which is born of the wisdom that the negro race is its own, all-sufficient justification. He knows that by attaining the possibilities of his own mind, spirit and soul, he will assure the removal of the barriers which keep the race from an equal place in the sun.

The negro tradition has been slow in forming but it rests upon the firmest of foundations. Their great men and women of the past—Wheatley, Sojourner Truth, Douglass, Dunbar, Washington—have each laid a personal and imperishable stone in that foundation. A host of living negroes, better educated and unalterably faithful to their race, are still building, and each with some human value which is an added guarantee that the tradition will be strengthened and made serviceable for the new era that is sure to come when more of the principles of humanity and rationality become the white man’s guides. Many living negroes—Du Bois, Cotter, Grimke, Braithwaite, Burleigh, the Johnsons, Mackay, Dett, Locke and many others—know the negro soul and are leading it to richer fields by their own ideals of culture, art and citizenship. It is a healthy development free from that pseudo-culture which stifles the soul and misses rational happiness as the goal of human life. Through the compelling powers of his poetry and music the American negro is revealing to the rest of the world the essential oneness of all human beings.

Of the writers named above, Angelina W. Grimké is perhaps most successful in the interpretation of the beautiful in nature, as in “Dawn” and in “A Winter Twilight”.

### DAWN
Grey trees, grey skies, and not a star;
Grey mist, grey hush;
And then, frail, exquisite, afar,
A hermit-thrush.

### A WINTER TWILIGHT
A silence slipping around like death,
Yet chased by a whisper, a sign, a breath;
One group of trees, lean, naked and cold,
Inking their crests gainst a sky green-gold;
One path that knows where the corn flowers were;
Lonely, apart, unyielding, one fir;
And over it softly leaning down,
One star that I loved ere the fields went brown.

And Ray G. Sandridge, to name only one other, has an understanding of human nature and a power of describing some of its common moods
which has been given only to the most popular American poets. Here, for example, is his poem entitled:

SPRIN' FEVAH

Dar's a lazy, sortah hazy
Feelin' grips me, tho an' tho
An' I feels lak doin' less dan enythin';
Dough de saw is sharp and greasy,
Dough de task et han' is easy,
An' de day am fair an' breezy,
Dar's a thief dat steals ambition in de win'.

Kaint defy it, kaint deny it,
Kaze it jes won't be denied;
It's a mos' puristin' stubborn sortah thin';
Anti Tox' doan neutralize it;
Doctahs fail to analyze it;
So I yiel's (dough I despise it)
To dat res'less. wretchit fevah evah Sprin'.

The cultured white race owes to the soul-expressions of its black brother too many moments of happiness not to acknowledge ungrudgingly the significant fact that what the negro has achieved is of tremendous civilizing value. We see that in certain qualities of soul essential to happiness our own endowment is comparatively deficient. We have to acknowledge not only that our civilization has done practically nothing to help the negro create his art but that our unjust oppression has been powerless to prevent the black man from realizing in a rich measure the expressions of his own rare gifts. We have begun to imagine that a better education and a greater social and economic equality for the negro might produce something of true importance for a richer and fuller American life. The unlettered black singers have taught us to live music that rakes our souls and gives us moments of exquisite joy. The later negro has made us feel the majesty of Nature, the ineffable peace of the woods and the great open spaces. He has shown us that the events of our every-day American life contain for him a poetry, rhythm and charm which we ourselves had never discovered. Through him we have seen the pathos, comedy, affection, joy of his own daily life, unified into humorous dialect verse or perfected sonnet that is a work of exquisite art. He has taught us to respect the sheer manly greatness of the fibre which has kept his inward light burning with an effulgence that shines through the abysmal darkness in which we have tried to keep him. All these visions, and more, he has revealed to us. He has done it with distinctive, clean-cut ideas and vivid images that reveal an insight to realities and loaded with poignancy and passion. His message has been lyrical, rhythmic, colorful, euphonicious. In short, the elements of beauty he has controlled to the ends of art.

This mystic whom we have treated as a vagrant has proved his possession of a power to create out of his own soul and our own America, moving beauty of an individual character which we never knew existed. We are beginning to look at him and our country and its needs with a more intelligent attention. We are beginning to recognize that what the negro singers and sages have said is only what the ordinary negro feels and thinks, in his own measure, every day of his life. We have paid more attention to that every-day negro and have been surprised to learn that nearly all of his activities are shot through and through with music and poetry. When we take to heart the obvious fact that what our prosaic civilization needs most is precisely the poetry which the average negro actually lives, it is incredible that we should not offer the consideration which we have consistently denied to him. If at that time, he is the simple, ingenuous, forgiving, good-natured, wise and obliging person that he has been in the past, he may consent to form a working alliance with us for the development of a richer American civilization to which he will contribute his full share.

The Place of Poe in French Literature

ANGEL GUERRA, who has been rated as one of the four greatest contemporary Spanish critics, has said that Poe's elevation to immortality is in a way the gift of generous France, a gift made largely through Baudelaire and Mallarmé.

On the other hand, the French critic, Henri Potez, says France is indebted to Poe. "It would," he observes, "be too much to say that Poe begat Beaudelaire and that Beaudelaire begat almost all contemporary poetry; but the statement would contain much truth." And another French critic, Rémy de Gourmont, when asked what external influences he deemed paramount in French literature replied, "Browning and Pater but, above all, Poe,—Poe, through his son Mallarmé."

There is an interesting account of Poe's place in French literature in "Edgar Allan Poe: How to Know Him," by C. Alphonso Smith, former Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English in the University of Virginia, and now Head of the Department of English in the United States Naval Academy. He says, "No closer or more interesting literary affinity has ever existed than that between Edgar Allan Poe and Charles Baudelaire. The chief difference was expressed by Baudelaire himself: 'There is not in all of Poe's work a single passage that tends to lubricity or even to sensual pleasure.' Barring this difference, which is fundamental, Baudelaire adopted all of Poe's critical dicta and defended them to the last with loyalty that would brook not the slightest disagreement; he translated Poe's stories into French 'with an identification of style and thought so exact', says Gautier, 'that they seem original works rather than translation'; he lived to see Poe enthroned as one of the sovereigns of European literature; and, when nearing his own end, he made a solemn resolve 'to pray to God every morning, to God who is the receptacle of all strength and all justice, to my father, to Merietta, and to Poe, as intercessors'.

"It was in 1846 or 1847", Beaudelaire wrote to Armand Fraisse, 'that I became acquainted with a few fragments of Edgar Poe. I experienced a peculiar emotion. As his complete works were not collected till after his death, I had the patience to make friends with some Americans living in Paris so as to borrow from them collections of Journals that had been edited by Poe. And then I found, believe me or not, as you will—poems and tales of which I had already a vague, confused, and ill-ordered idea and which Poe had known how to arrange and bring to perfection.' Six years later he writes: 'I am accused of imitating Edgar Poe. Do you know why I translated Poe with such patience? Because he was like me. The first time that I opened a book of his, I saw with terror and delight not only subjects I had dreamed of, but sentences that I had thought of and that he had written twenty years before.'

"Baudelaire's first volume of translations from Poe, 'Histoires extraordinaires', appeared in 1856. Others followed till two years before his death in 1867. Many competitors have entered the lists against him but he has no rivals. Baudelaire has, in fact, elevated and standardized the art of putting the prose of one language into the prose of another. One curious minor mistake may be mentioned: Jupiter, the negro


(2) These fragments were probably, in part at least, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", translated by his intimate friend Felix Tournachon, better known as "Nadar". Tournachon died in 1910 leaving unpublished memoirs. He was an interesting man. In the early fiveies he broached the idea of a heavier-than-air flying machine and in 1863 he carried his wife and friends in a balloon from Paris to Hanover.
in 'The Gold-Bug', says that his master was 'as white as a gosse (ghost)'. Baudelaire makes him 'as white as a gosse', 'pale comme une oie'. Also in 'The Raven', almost the only poem of Poe's that Baudelaire translated, 'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven' is rendered, awkwardly, 'Bien que ta tête soit sans huppe et sans cimier'.

What Baudelaire did for Poe's prose, Stephane Mallarmé and Gabriel Mourey did, though not with equal finality, for his verse.\(^{(3)}\)

(3) Mourey's "Poésies complètes d'Edgar Poe", 1889, remained the only complete translation of Poe's poems into French until the appearance in 1908 of Victor Orban's "Poésies complètes d'Edgar Poe" Mourey's later edition of 1910 is prefaced by a letter from J. H. Ingram. It contains also the "Philosophy of Composition", as well as biographical and bibliographical notes. Excellent translations of Poe's poems have also been made by Emile Lauvrière.

In a letter written to Sarah Helen Whitman on April 4, 1876, Mallarmé says: 'Whatever is done to honor the memory of a genius the most truly divine the world has seen, ought it not at first to obtain your sanction? Such of Poe's works as our great Baudelaire has left untranslated, that is to say, the poems and many of the critical fragments, I hope to make known to France'. Mallarmé was a symbolist and the prince of symbolists. His motto was, 'To name is to destroy, to suggest is to create'. He was spokesman for the subconscious. Every clear idea, he thought, had long ago been expressed; what remained was to give utterance to the subliminal. Edmund Gosse said of him: 'Language was given to Mallarmé to conceal definite thought, to draw the eye away from the object. He aims at illusion and wraps mystery around his simplest utterance.' Mallarmé's passion for perfection, in other words, brought its own
defeat; it splintered his effort into fragments but fragments none the less. In his quest for symbolism the word rather than the idea became the unit.

"These qualities of style are necessarily kept in check to a degree in Mallarmé's prose versions of Poe's poems; but, with all their perfection of word equivalence, these timeless and rhythmless lines, these stanzas that lack the old integrations, seem almost a parody to the reader whose ear has long been accustomed to the haunting melodies of the original. But that Mallarmé's translations are read and enjoyed in France is in itself a testimony to the innate beauty, the residual charm, of Poe's poetic structures, when bereft of those formal elements in which their beauty and charm have hitherto been thought so largely to consist. It is hard to think of the 'Raven' or of 'Ulalume' without those interrecitations of sound and form, those reciprocities of repetition and parallelism, which in Poe's hands fused them into artistic unity; but in Mallarmé's versions, however exquisite the prose, it is prose still. That Poe has stood the test is a noteworthy tribute to the intrinsic worth and fundamental texture of his poetic material. One unexpected result of Mallarmé's work has been to put Poe, in the eyes of Frenchmen at least, side by side with Whitman in the ranks of the vers libris. Strange bedfellows, these! 'Yet it is true', says Caroline Ticknor, 'that Mallarmé's translations of Poe set the pace for the new school from which the exponents of vers libre assuredly derive their inspiration.'

"Of the many French biographies of Poe the most elaborate is that by Lauvrière. But it is a study in pathology. Scholarly, in its statement of facts, its inferences do not carry conviction. Morbidité, alienisme, dégénérescence, décadence—these do not belong to Poe. They can be read into his life and genius only by a studied selection of incidents and an equally studied rejection of those that do not fit. More of this in the next chapter, but let it be said here that the French pendulum has already begun to swing in the opposite direction. The latest French life of Poe, that by André Fontainas, takes issue squarely with Lauvrière and pleads eloquently and justly for a fairer and more comprehensive judgment of all the facts.

"Whatever may be the verdict of the future on the nature of genius in general and of Poe's genius in particular—and we confidently believe that literature as pathology has had its day—no one can question Poe's primacy in France. 'His verse', says Teodor de Wyzewa, 'is the most

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(4) "Edgar Poe, sa Vie et son Œuvre", Paris, 1904. 732 pages

(5) "La Vie d'Edgar A. Poe", Paris 1919. Of its 290 pages 27 are given over to a translation of the poems of Mrs. Whitman that were inspired by admiration for Poe.
magnificent which the English language possesses. When Georg Brandes was asked more than twenty years ago to name the foreign writers who had done most to mould French literature, he mentioned first Edgar Allan Poe,—adding as secondary influences Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, Heine, and Shelley. Summing up his centennial survey of Poe's position in France, Curtis Hidden Page writes: 'Poe is the one American writer who has been accepted and acclaimed by the majority of intelligent Frenchmen.' The last word is from André Fontaines, poet, essayist, historian, biographer, and translator: 'No writer of the English language has penetrated so profoundly the consciousness of the writers of all lands as has Edgar Allan Poe. In France he is as truly alive today as the most living French poets.'

H. M. Office of Works has set aside an enclosure in Hyde Park as a sanctuary for birds and has adopted a design by Mr. Epstein and Mr. Pearson for a birds' pool to be placed at the entrance to this Sanctuary with a sculptured panel on a stone screen as a decorative background. "The panel," the Times of March 21 says, "will be carved in relief with the figure of Rima in the midst of a flight of birds. Rima, it will be remembered, is the genius of the forest in Hudson's 'Green Mansions', and like him, belongs half to nature and half to the human world."

The cost of the memorial will be about £2,000. Subscriptions to it should be addressed to the Treasurer, Hudson Memorial Committee, 20 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. The Committee consists of R. B. Cunningham Graham, Chairman, Lord Buxton, Treasurer to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and Lord Grey.
The report of the American Library for the last month shows gifts of books amounting to two hundred and twenty six. Among these were gifts from Madame Tolman, Mrs. Sanger, Miss Farr, and Mr. Lawrence Slade, the last including a valuable file of the London Mercury.

The total number of subscribers registered was 259. This included the following new members: Madame Hugues Le Roux, Mr. Marnano Font, and Mr. Charles Judson.

The book circulation for the month was 10,266, or eight per cent more than during the corresponding month last year.

THE LIBRARY AND INTERNATIONAL INTELLECTUAL CO-OPERATION

One of the most important acts of the League of Nations at its assembly in 1922 was the passage of a resolution authorizing the Council to appoint a commission on intellectual co-operation. The first session of this commission was held in Paris, December 20, 1922, and three sessions have been held each year since, one in Paris, one in Brussels, and one in Geneva.

In order to facilitate its labors the Commission has created three sub-Commissions, one on bibliography, a second on inter-university relations, and a third on intellectual property, and more recently national committees on intellectual co-operation,—the latter intended to act primarily as intermediaries between the intellectual organizations in their respective countries and the international commission itself.

Among the most interesting questions which the Commission has considered are the publication of an international record of bibliographical literature, and the utilization of the Institut International de Bibliographie at Brussels, as a bureau of bibliographical information by the League. With a view to facilitating the international exchange of literature it has also under consideration the revision of the Convention for the exchange of official journals and government documents, concluded at Brussels in 1886. The Greek national committee urges compulsory copyright deposit of one hundred copies of all publications for this purpose.

Until some such international agreement can be reached it seems probable that the need for foreign publications must be provided for by such organizations as the American Library. The exchange of books of a popular character may still remain largely a matter of buying and selling, but the exchange of books which represent more fully the science and art of different peoples is an educational undertaking rather than a commercial one, and an undertaking of national importance.

The local service of the American Library in Paris is important, but it is far more important that such a collection of books as it has and is likely to have be made not only of national but of international service.

The work of Mr. Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale University, calls attention vividly to the timely subject. The title suggests the thesis of the author, that is, the necessity of the united efforts of the civilized powers to prevent war in some such manner as was contemplated in the organization of the League of Nations.Few will dispute the soundness of the conclusion suggested by the title. Mr. Roosevelt, in his picturesque style, stated the postulate thus: "Utopia or Hells", or, as Professor Fisher formulates it, the problem amounts to the following— "Shall civilization destroy war, or war destroy civilization?"

Indeed, if the implication of the Frontispiece (a cartoon called "The Appropriation Pie") may be credited, it would seem that war has already well destroyed civilization, or, at least, has assimilated it almost entirely to its own purposes. These figures, which are startling, to say the least, are stated as follows under the caption "Where Our Taxes Go":

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<tr>
<th>Purpose</th>
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<td>Past wars</td>
<td>68%</td>
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<td>Future wars</td>
<td>25%</td>
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<td>Education</td>
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<td>Other Purposes</td>
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The treatment of the subject by Professor Fisher is able and convincing on the following points:

First, the necessity of some such organization as the League of Nations;

Second, that many of the leaders and much of the talent of both the great political parties in America favored it in principle. The names of Roosevelt, Root, Taft, and Hughes, (even Senator Lodge advocated a Peace League) as representative Republicans, and the attitude of the Democratic Party, generally, on the question, would seem to leave no doubt on this point.

Third, that even with due allowance for all proper sentiment as to the respect due the American Senate and its prerogatives under the Constitutional provision for the making of treaties "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate", yet a great deal of the opposition to the League was essentially partisan.

Fourth, that, furthermore, a great deal of apparent opposition to the League was really nothing more than opposition to the Peace Treaty.

As to the first point, he does not deal with the most interesting question, namely, what might have been accomplished had the Peace Congress built on the old foundation of The Hague Court, instead of attempting to rebuild the whole structure. It may be recalled in this connection that the only power of any importance which refused to accept the principle of compulsory arbitration at the First Hague Conference, and again at the Second Hague Conference, was Germany. This may, however, be now classed as "academic".

As to the fourth point above mentioned, this difficulty would also now appear to be obviated by the fact that the Peace Treaty is no longer under consideration.

There remain therefore only the question of partisan obstruction, which is entitled to no consideration whatever, and the serious opposition, on account of defects in the Covenant itself, to be dealt with.

I confess that, having approached the perusal of this work with the desire to be fair, and more than fair, to the author, and in the hope that it might offer a solution to the grave problems with which the world is now struggling and with the feeling that almost anything would be preferable to the present situation, I do not find in Professor Fisher's work the answer to the most serious objections which have been, or can be, formulated against the League of Nations.

On the other hand, if we accept Professor Fisher's promise that the League has come to stay, we ought to accept his conclusions that America ought to help and not hinder it. The only solution then would appear to be the entry of the United States into the League only after it had been amended, so as to provide definitely and clearly for the following:—

(1) The exact interpretation and scope of the Monroe Doctrine and a specific list of the treaties and "understandings" reserved in Article 21.

(2) The definition of the zone of responsibility and the exact condition under which armed intervention should be made by each power in its respective zone or zones.

(3) The exact contribution of each power to the international armed forces by land and sea.

(4) A definite limitation as to what, if any, armed force each member might maintain for internal service, which should in all events be greatly inferior to the international force available in that member's zone.

(5) A concise statement of exactly what elements of sovereignty are delegated or subordinated by the members to the League, and whether or not a member might withdraw therefrom, and if so, under what circumstances.
In other words, the League should state definitely whether or not it is the organic law of a Federation or merely an international convention. To illustrate the importance of this question, we have only to recall the American Civil War.

B. H. Conner.


It may be safely ventured that if, in each country participating in the World War, one historian existed with the ability and equipment of Professor Pribram, the world would be much farther on the road toward mutual understanding. Professor Gooch, in a foreword, characterizes the author as "a highly trained and singularly dispassionate mind". Having worked much among the historical archives of the Ballhausplatz before the war, he secured access to the files immediately after the downfall of Austria, with the result that his "Secret Treatise of Austria-Hungary", which is in course of publication, is universally recognized as being the most far-reaching historical contribution since the Armistice.

This present volume is an interim production between the publication of the diplomatic history of the Triple Alliance treaty texts and the history of Austrian foreign policy from 1879 to the fall of the monarchy. It comprises three lectures delivered at the University of London in 1922, the material for which was derived from the Vienna archives. This little book consists of but two chapters, covering respectively the period 1908-14 and 1914-18. A little book of history is valuable only in the degree in which it is accurate as a summary. There is scarcely a sentence of Professor Pribram's which would require recasting if it were expanded into a chapter. Needless to say he brings into perspective various obscure and scarcely known agreements or negotiations which affected Austrian policy during its last ten years.

In his lectures Professor Pribram ventures only a single conclusion. It is a profound one: "The Austrian problem, as a problem of a free supranational State uniting in an organic and lasting manner the inhabitants of Central and Eastern Europe, is by no means solved by the downfall of the Hapsburg Monarchy. It still exists, to be sure, no longer as an Austrian, but as a European problem." This succinct and complete account of how the problem proved too much for the last political entity which tried to cope with it, is a good reason for those, with whom the problem still remains, giving this little history careful study.

Denys P. Myers


Mr. Skrzyński, though scarcely forty years old, is a former minister of foreign affairs of Poland. His book, well constructed and written in a good, clear English style, is a model of statesman-like presentation. Succinctly, honestly, simply, revealing not merely appearances but underlying causes, neither slurring his country's defects nor exaggerating its merits, he tells the romantic story of Poland's resurrection, its fight for its frontiers, its struggles—amid war and devastation—to develop its vast resources and build up the great modern state it aspires to become. The full canvas is what he hoped it would be: "a complete picture of contemporary Poland, based entirely on facts"—"the propaganda of truth".

Economically, he considers that Poland, with its population of thirty millions, is destined to become one of the most important countries in Europe. It is not true, he thinks, that Poland has any inherent disability for self-government, though he deplores the prevalent demagogy, the lack of a strong and stable governmental authority resulting in "continuous and general compromise". The people, he estimates, are eighty per cent radical and twenty per cent conservative. The ultimate cure for internal ills will be found, he foresees, in patriotism.

One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with Poland's large racial minorities, especially the White Russians and the Jews. The latter, he shows, are and desire to be considered a distinct nationality.

But perhaps the chief interest of the book is in its discussions of foreign policy. Poland is almost wholly landlocked; it has almost no "natural boundaries". The Poles are friendly; the Germans, Russians and Lithuanians hostile; the Czecho-Slovaks "dubious", all of which Mr. Skrzyński interprets to mean that seventy-five per cent of his country's frontiers are permanently menaced, twenty per cent are insecure and only five per cent, those over against Roumania—are "safe". In particular, Germany in future will attempt to expand eastward, he concludes, along the line of least resistance, toward the "Russian vacuum", while the Sarmatian plateau is too narrow to contain both Poland and Russia. Roumania after all, will not be "vitally menaced", as is Poland; and the Baltic states are too weak to help. "Poland stands alone and isolated, relying only on her own power to face a future which is dark and foreboding." In these circumstances, Poland has no choice. Its policy must be "absolutely pacific" yet it must keep a strong army, and it must ally itself with France and Roumania. France has acquired once more the principal role on the continent and has become stronger than
ever in the new post-war European conditions, and if one may judge, has established a more lasting foundation than in the time of Louis XIV and Napoleon.

In addition, Mr. Skrzynski would like to see an alliance between Poland and Britain, which he feels would be to the interest of both, and he does his best to persuade British opinion in this sense.

Paul Scott Mowrer


This exceedingly useful review of China’s foreign relations begins with the history of the scramble for concessions by European powers consequent upon the Treaty of Nanking in 1841, describes the origin of the open door policy, an attempt to maintain the balance of power in China, Russia’s aggression in the north at the beginning of the 20th century, and Japan’s succession to Russian rights in Manchuria after the war of 1905.

It was fear of the “White Peril” among the Japanese, and the consequent desire to stop the further colonization of Asia by the Aryans, the author says, that led Japan to develop an Asiatic Monroe doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics, and in pursuance of that policy to plan the domination of China. The European War offered her an opportunity to carry that policy into effect. First, she took possession of the German settlement in Shantung, and then obtained by force certain privileges from China. As a result, he adds, Japan was the only nation that came out of the War victorious, and is now in a position to dominate China and close her door against all other powers.

The book concludes with an account of the four powers consortium of 1920 to finance all future loans to China, and the reaffirmation of the open door policy in the Washington conference. But, from his point of view, these are only preliminary to the solution of the Far East question. This involves (1) the establishment of the independence of China, (2) the abandonment on the part of Japan of her aggressive policy, and (3) the cooperation of the powers with these two objects; such co-operation, however, he adds, should not take the form of international control.


Professor Ross belongs to that type of publicists who strike the average reader as paradoxical in the extreme, because of his extreme veracity and almost brutal sincerity. “The Russian Soviet Republic” is the third of his books on Russia published within 5 years, following the Bolshevik Revolution. In the face of the preconceived ideas on that subject, stubbornly held by the general public and tremendously solidified by the continued reverberations of war propaganda, it doubtlessly required real courage to speak as plainly and as straightforwardly as does Professor Ross.

The dedication of Professor Ross’s book reads as follows: “To my fellow Americans, who have become weary of being fed lies and propaganda about Russia, this book is dedicated.” The preface is concluded by the following lines: “... I do write in wrath, but not at Bolsheviks or anti-Bolsheviks. I am wroth with the forked-tongued propagandists who, almost from the beginning, have hidden Communist Russia from the eyes of the world by enveloping it in a jungle growth of lies ... perhaps my hewings will have thinned the screen, so that my readers can see that truth is there and perceive that she is under a baleful spell.”

The book is unique and astounding because of its candid virility, its detachment, and its profound insight into an unfinished historic process. It is a book that one might expect to be written many years hence, so firmly has Professor Ross succeeded in setting his feet upon the rock-bottomed ground of a “historic viewpoint”. This is why it is difficult to overestimate its importance for all those who are trying to form an opinion regarding the realities of the Russian problem.

Because the general public is little prepared to listen unmoved and judge dispassionately, Professor Ross’s book is bound to be misunderstood: his very definite conclusions as to the complete failure of the Bolshevik experiment and his clear statement as to the “vindication of orthodox economics from the onslaught of the followers of Marx” (i.e. Socialists) and “the secured position of the existing capitalistic system” are very likely to be disregarded because of his lack of the usual wholesale condemnation of everything initiated by the communists.

Because he has the courage to try and sort out the good and the evil elements in the Russian Revolution, Professor Ross runs the risk of being accused of that most unpardonable of crimes, to wit, “pro-Bolshevism”, whereas his only real fault consists in a somewhat exaggerated disregard of generally accepted prejudices.

Nicolas Lubimov


The author’s connection with the Baltimore Sun since 1878 has given him unusual opportunities to become acquainted with both national, state, and municipal politics, and he has made the most of them.
"The most vital problem of America today", he says, "is the enormous number of qualified voters who do not vote, particularly in the primaries—that make it possible for the organizations to control city councils, state legislatures, and—in a word, run the government," and the inauguration of woman suffrage, he feels, has only made the problem greater. The larger part of the book, therefore, is devoted to the description of the political 'machine', and anyone who would understand American politics should read the chapters entitled "How a boss becomes a boss", "How the money for political campaigns is raised", "The cost of campaigns", "The National Committee and National Bosses", "Effect of women on machine strength", "Why the newspapers do not print all the facts", "The special interests of Washington and their power", and "Why Ohio produces so many candidates for President".

The funds for political campaigns are not raised from prostitutes and law violators, as so many believe, he says, but from business men, and big business interests, and from office holders. From the latter an average contribution of two per cent of their salaries is expected in every city-wide and state-wide campaign.

What he says in regard to party expenditures is equally interesting. In the average city of between 700,000 and 1,000,000 population a city-wide primary contest costs at least $25,000, and success in an election costs from $35,000 to $40,000 more. Professor Merriman's estimate of the total outlay of each party at a national election at $10,000,000 seems to him to be low.

The two ways by which political machines and bosses can be brought under control, he believes, are, first, by the participation of independent voters in the primaries, and second, by the adoption of the merit system in state and city government. He thinks, too, that there should be fewer elections and a shorter ballot.


The author of this biography has been acquainted with Mr. Coolidge since they became colleagues in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1908. He tells some things which will be new to many of his readers, for example, that Mr. Coolidge is the first red-haired president of the United States. Other things which have been made more or less familiar to readers of the newspaper and magazine press, like the Boston Police Strike of 1919, he discusses with authority, and with illustrative documents.

As his biographer says, "Coolidge's First Biography is a short lesson. It is a strong lesson. It is a stimulating lesson."

A Publisher's Confession, by Walter H. Page

This book has a very special appeal to two classes of readers,—to publishers and to authors—and it has a general appeal to all who interest themselves in the publishing machinery by which the product of intellectuals and men of letters is put at the disposal of the general public. It presents the point of view and the spirit of the best type of American publisher, and makes plain how such a person must be at once a business and a professional man.

Among other things it dispels the absurd illusion that the publisher is normally an exploiter of the brains and genius of scholars and authors at whose expense he grows rich. The first chapter of this volume, with a little sheaf of figures, successfully explodes that libelous legend. The fifth chapter dispels another illusion—the belief, namely, that the publisher scorns the new author, does not read his manuscripts, and rejoices in keeping him out of print. Of course the contrary is true. Publishers scan eagerly the manuscripts of dark literary horses, are eager to pick literary winners, and when they do so, profit legitimately in prestige as in purse.

Half the charm of the book is in the frank intimacy of its revelations. The reader sees the publisher at work, and follows the fortunes of manuscripts as they pass from hand to hand in the office, are carefully appraised from various standpoints, and finally accepted or rejected. He comes to realize that the good publisher, as well as the good author, must make a living, and that the former, as well as the latter, not only feels the pressure of the struggle of existence but also has his ideals, literary and other, which he seeks to put into practice as fully as the conditions that govern the life of his business permit.

Mr. Page's style, in this book as elsewhere, will not fail to make its appeal. It is a style of distinction, if not of elegance, remarkable for its urbanity, naturalness, suppleness, grace, rich diction and happy phrasing. And behind the style one is aware of the man himself, a representative of the best Americanism of to-day—a democrat through and through, a man of culture, yet free from prejudices of caste, sympathetic and tolerant to all, simple, accessible, friendly, and yet an aristocrat in the sense in which every good democrat has the right to be one, exercising a rigorous exclusiveness in the choice of his friends in letters as in life and drawing to himself much that is best and finest in a world of bewildering choice.

To one who, like the present writer, knew Mr. Page personally, to one who has followed his career, to one who has read his "Life and Letters", a perusal of the little volume here in question will

These lectures by the Minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, discuss the Hebraic and Hellenic elements in English literature, and Carlyle and Matthew Arnold as representative of those elements.

Carlyle, Dr. Kelman says, burst upon the world with the unadulterated Hebrewism that it had seen since Oliver Cromwell. It was because of this that America was the first to welcome him; he stirred the Puritan in her blood. Matthew Arnold’s fortunes there, he notes, were not at first so happy.

The book concludes with chapters on Browning, the Hebrew, and Browning, the Greek. “He is the supreme reconciler for the English people of their Hebrew with their Greek inheritance.” In his “Balanston’s Adventure”, Dr. Kelman observes, Browning gives us a transcript of the “Alkestis” of Aeschylus which is one of the most superb pieces of English writing. “It is as if a Greek poet had happened to be born in England and had combined the best of the two races in a masterpiece which belonged equally to both.”


I have only one fault to find with William Gerhardi’s book, “Anton Chekov”: there is no bibliography, no list of Chekov’s works. It is not a serious fault, and I hear someone cry, “But that is going out of the way, you are stretching a point,” etc. To which I complacently reply that that is exactly what I wanted to do, in order to show (without indulging in the customary phrases), that Mr. Gerhardi’s very complete treatment of his subject is incomplete by only a small, dispensable detail.

“Bibliographies” and “lists” may be found on every hand, but a comprehensive judgment, such as Mr. Gerhardi’s, cannot be set out by stating what are the “effects” of Chekov’s work, this Russian whose art is that “of creating convincing illusions of the life that is”. And I am going to play Mr. Gerhardi the same trick. I am going to begin by telling how his work affected me, in doing which I am certain I shall foretell how it is going to affect you — provided, of course, that you read it.

I have achieved much of Chekov and seen some of his plays. I now have an irrepressible desire to read and see them all, for which I hold Mr. Gerhardi to account. Nothing can satisfy me, except all of Chekov, and naturally I have a bit of a grudge against Mr. Gerhardi for not including in his volume the list I needs must have in order to know that I have encompassed Chekov entirely. Perhaps I have done so already and don’t know it. At any rate it makes no difference: Mr. Gerhardi has made me feel that while I may have perused Chekov I never really read him — (at least not the way he does)— and I am therefore commencing once more at the beginning of this great Russian and do not intend to stop until I have reached the end. Maybe not the wisest course to pursue, but that is the way Mr. Gerhardi’s book affected me, and there you are!

“Chekov’s distinction as a writer of genius, out of a multitude of ordinary, kindly and intelligent human beings, was simply that the proportion of the ordinary human gifts was in him perfect to an extraordinarily rare degree.” “Emotional restraint determines Chekov’s style.” “You may weep and moan over your stories”, says Chekov himself, “you may suffer together with your heroes, but I consider one must do this so that the reader does not notice it. The more objective, the stronger will be the effect.”
According to Mr. Gerhardi, Chehov excels himself in the "theme of farewells". "The devices to enhance the poignancy of the last scene... are more than ingenious, since they are also calculated to make the scene so absolutely natural that one is not aware of the psychological ingenuity behind it all till one reads the act again."

"Chehov’s mind is a search-light cast, not upon the weaklings of society, but upon the average citizen of town and country who, if he saw himself in this clear light, would be astonished and amused at the comi-tragedy of his self-sufficiency." "That withering touch which is so sensible through Chehov’s pages comes from seeing life that is at the moment being lived, from the other end as if it had been lived already... We are aghast at the spectacle of thwarted life trudging blindly to its near-by grave, terrified by the unwonted insufficiency of other people’s self-sufficiency. It is the terror of smugness brought to bear on incomprehensible life... "A sense of possible alternative is just what lends his work a balance of quiet optimism which reconciles him, smilingly, with the inevitable."

The temptation to quote is irresistible as I write, which is the "worst" of commenting upon Chehov’s appreciator. His book contains a tremendous "fund of particular delights", and I “would faint quote them all”. It appals me to think of what I have left untouched, but in any article of this length I could only begin to touch what there really is. I hasten around the difficulty, however, by recommending that you read Mr. Gerhardi’s book, only be sure to observe that to my recommendation, a sub-recommendation is attached, viz: don’t go near Mr. Gerhardi if you do not wish to become a Chehov convert. Gerhardi’s is a method and enthusiasm that can not be resisted.

Irvng Schwerke

However, the only value of the book is not merely for reference. It was written in 1915, nearly twenty years after Stevenson was laid to rest on the summit of Vaca Mountain. It came after the first glow of enthusiasm for Stevenson had faded a bit. His contemporaries among writers and readers were ageing or passing on, and while Mr. Hamilton has written with the reverent enthusiasm of a sincere and understanding appreciation, it did quite simply tear away some of the traditions of the author’s struggle, which at the time of his death were exaggerated rather pitifully. It leaves Stevenson surely as a happier figure in literary history and as no less heroic, because it shows him to the world as free in his earlier days from the actual struggle for bread which so many writers have had to make. And it advances and well establishes the theory that, if Stevenson had been a more robust man, able to live as the man he admired could live, it is more than probable then he would never have found the time and tranquility to achieve the great work which he was able to do when his delicate frame was confined to his room, and conversation was impossible, and visitors also.

Mr. Hamilton’s book comes to an end at the time Stevenson sought the South Sea Islands, but that is as well. There is plenty of literature of the Vailima days, for Stevenson was already famous when he sailed from San Francisco in June 1888, never to return. This was a little over two years after ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” established Stevenson’s fame and inaugurated his career as a best seller, and from 1886 to his death almost every breath he drew was chronicled in the daily papers and any number of people pursued him across the Pacific to write letters back about him, and no newspaper or magazine was ever so crowded in those days as to not to welcome anything about Stevenson.

Mildred Aldrich


This little book deserves a place on the shelves of all readers and lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson, and in the bag of all travellers who go on literary pilgrimages, for the author has traced out all the localities that influenced the great essayist and story-teller and gave color to his work, and he has done this so carefully that even though a student of Stevenson may never think it worth his while to follow his footsteps from Edinburgh to France and from France to San Francisco, Mr. Hamilton’s little book will prove very illuminating if kept beside him whenever he has a fever for re-reading the author. For that reason it is a pity that while it has a chronological outline of Stevenson’s life, it has no index.


Three able critics have here admirably traced the development of art in the Scandinavian countries.—Mr. Laurin, the development in Sweden, Mr. Hannover, in Denmark, and Mr. Thiis, in Norway.

The section devoted to Sweden, beginning with a description of Medieval Monasteries and Churches, is particularly well done. Despite a marked French and German influence of both the Roman and Gothic periods, these buildings have a distinct national character, a simplicity and charm seldom found in more Southern countries. Mr. Laurin considers architecture the most important of the arts in Sweden; painting and sculpture developed
earlier and to a more marked extent there than in the other Scandinavian countries, the French influence being strong until the middle of the 19th century, at which time it was more or less eclipsed by the Dusseldorf School.

In writing of Denmark Mr. Hannover lays particular emphasis on the painting and sculpture of that country in the 19th century. At its inception Danish Art was strongly influenced by the Dutch School, but latterly it has freed itself to a large extent from foreign stamps. Thorvaldsen, the foremost Danish sculptor, is vigorously eulogized.

The 19th century in Norway was likewise an active one, and also showed evidences of the Dutch school; of late years however Norway has had a complete aesthetic reaction, and has proved to be completely in accord with the French impressionists.

XXX.


Those who are familiar with Professor Smith's "Life and Letters of Luther" published in 1914, and his later "Age of the Reformation", will know what to expect in the present work and will not be disappointed. The author's purpose in writing the book was three-fold: first, to sum up many new facts and details on the life of Erasmus; second, to exhibit the genius of his national piety; and third, to explain, by the example of his career, the intricate relations of Renaissance and Reformation.

Of the best known works of Erasmus, Professor Smith says, "The most widely read, though not the most important, was 'The Praise of Folly'; but 'Familiar Colloquies' was the one in which his own nature and style appeared to the best advantage, the one which surpassed all others in originality, in wit, in gentle irony, in exquisitely tempered phrase, and in maturity of thought on religious and social problems."


In the introduction to this book Hamlin Garland says that since the War the early history of the United States has acquired new value in the minds of many English and French readers and that this collection of narratives of pioneer life must prove of great interest to these European students of American life, as well as to American readers who have neither the time nor the opportunity to read in their entirety the volumes from which these narratives have been taken.

The first stories in the collection are taken from Lewis and Clark's Journal (1804), the Autobiography of James P. Beckwourth (1824), and Captain Fremont's Journal of the first Expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Other selections are made from Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon", Bayard Taylor's "Eldorado", Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp", and Langford's "Vigilante Days and Ways", and the volume concludes with chapters from Roosevelt's "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman", and Evarts' "The Passing of the Old West".


A few hours of charming witty conversation and in a formal sense, really not a book at all. It amounts to a series of amusing sketches held together more by Mr. Huxley's personality than by any real sequence of idea. At the same time one must acknowledge that the tempo of the book is magnificently managed, and there is a continual crescendo up to the point where something must be concluded, and that something is concluded more after the manner of a piece of music than a "novel", if this indeed be one. Mr. Huxley sits across the marble table and rattles on,—we lean, so as to miss nothing.

Scene: London. Cast: a certain intellectually and morally unrestricted society without caste (before the War we would have said Bohemian). Action: well,—amusing situations, shocking little adventures, with an occasional bit of almost genuine sentiment. All viewed with a cynical eye, without bitterness. The author finds the clown, the grotesque, wherever he touches.

Unfortunately a book is apt to reflect the qualities of the characters which form it. At times the sophistication is a bit self-conscious, the culture that of a clever undergraduate with a note book. One thinks of "South Wind", so perfect in these matters,—but perhaps it is not fair to compare them.

"Antic Hay" is not unlike an exhilarating drink without nourishment, but it is never dull; the most chronic hypochondriac will be forced to an occasional smile. One chapter is worthy of special remark: that of the dance "What's he to Hecuba". The idea of syncopation, and the continual melody in the background, the wailing reply "Nothing at all",—all so cleverly held together. It is a piece of writing that approaches poetry.

G. Scudo

Seldom does one look to a favorite prose writer for good poetry, but a little book called "April Twilights", which has just been brought out by Willa Cather, is a charming exception.

To those who know and love the great West, this book will bring the delightful half-moods, the almost forgotten dawn on the prairie that burned up a rainbow of morning colors. What is dearer than "the eternal, unresponsive sky", unless it is the description of going home the Burlington Route "the roadway wide open (the crooked places straight and the rough places plain)".

But this is by no means simply a collection of local thoughts, for much diversified true expressionalism in "the Streets of Packington" she pictures. Contemporary Second is the parting but is come, free to come filtering through his intellect. On the other hand his style strives to be modern, though his vers libre seems conservative in comparison to such extremists as Amy Lowell or Vachel Lindsay. The result is like putting grandmother in knickerbockers—the hoped-for freedom and spontaneity is hindered by self-consciousness.

The subject matter of the poems is divided fairly evenly between love poems and philosophical musings on death and the purpose of life. A melancholy strain runs through all his poems. He finds his love inaccessible as a star.

"To me thou seest so far away—
Thus have I gazed upon a star
And felt there must be things that are
Beyond the day."

Very wisely he does not try to solve the riddle of life or the mysteries of death, he merely speculates on them. One feels that Mr. Ullman is not a born poet, but a philosopher who puts his thoughts in poetical form.

Prue Durant Smith


If an old member of the Beaux Arts suddenly painted a picture in the style of Lhote or Picasso it would give much the same sensation that one feels after reading Mr. Ullman's "Captive Balloons". Mr. Ullman would find himself in much more congenial company among the poets of the Fourth Book of the "Golden Treasury", than among the modernists where he chooses to.araign himself. His poetry is deliberate and studied, sometimes labored. His emotions do not come spontaneously, except in a few of his love poems, but come filtering through his intellect. The result is like putting grandmother in knickerbockers—the hoped-for freedom and spontaneity is hindered by self-consciousness.

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This Anthology of Contemporary Verse shows a surprisingly high level. The contributors are Americans from every part of the States. The most striking characteristic of the poems as a whole is their sincerity, but this does not mean that they make heavy, serious reading. Some of the poems are decidedly humorous, like Dorothy Page's "All in the Early Morning". Some are delicate as dandelion seeds, blown away at a breath, as "Forget me Not", by Stephen Moylan Bird.

The genuineness of the anthology's verse is reassuring. Too often nowadays, author or artist entrenches himself behind an incomprehensible form and from this secure retreat watches with derisive amusement the public accepting with wise nods what has no worth or meaning, because it fears in damming it it may make a mistake and reveal its ignorance. There is none of this thumb-sing-the-nose behind the scenes by the author of these poems. They are much too absorbed in their writing to trifling with their readers.

The range of subjects (though spring comes in for its full share) is almost limitless, as is the range of moods. It is refreshing to find so long a volume free of triteness and sentimentality and so full of originality and beauty.

Prue Durant Smith


Throughout this book there is a tentative, unrealized appreciation of beauty that finds apt expression in a jingling metre, too often used slackly. There is no concentration: a jumble of impressions, of weak formulation, of hackneyed imagery, leave the mind in that state of incoherence against which art must always strive. The sensuous and emotional appreciation of fact is a function of which all minds are capable,—the poet must go further. He must reduce the fluid conglery of aesthetic perception to the stability of a completed
work of art. The potential ability to see or to feel is not sufficient; he must have the artistic ability to see discriminatingly, the technical ability to express within the limit of a convention. The result may be suggestive, but realization, not suggestion, should be his aim. Muna Lee often gets no further than suggestion; for instance, in the poem, "Autumn".

"The hapless branches
Fall in long grey shadows across my heart", is nothing but an evanescent impression; two haphazard lines which, apart from their title, have an almost infinite license to direct the reader's mind into whatever channels it,—and not the poet's mind—chooses. Again, too many of the poems are not complete; they trail off into evanescent speculation which leaves one unsatisfied; the more so that, in some cases, the poems begin well.

In the sequence of sonnets occur the two best lines in the book.

"No more than blues, blown when April takes Millions of them to make one meadow blue" and the most artistic cohesion. Their greatest fault is an apparent inability to conceive of the line as an entity within an organism, which accounts for a certain hesitant lameness. Numbers III, V and X are good poems in spite of melodramatic endings, and several of the poems which attempt nothing but description are good. Poetry may be great in spite of, but never because of, faulty construction.

D. M. Garman


A tropical picture redolent of colour but purposefully bare of glamour. For slender plot, a tragic episode, the action of which is constantly halted by introspection: a character analysis, bearing the cloak of adventure.

A puzzled seaman, second officer of a Yankee trading steamer, is suddenly plunged by fate into the seething caldron of a South American revolution and decreed to rescue the fair but tainted and inefficient daughter of the murdered President of this particular Republic. In this mission, the hero malgré lui conspicuously fails, being an average man in the grasp of exceptional circumstance, and is shot for his pains: in fact all three refugees are promptly disposed of, the inefficient heroine poisoning herself.

Yet the book is not without force; the characters, negative or evil, are all firmly drawn. Alone, the seaman, a simple, well meaning fellow, has in him some vague spark of idealism which, becoming a blundering sort of chivalry, lures him to his fate.

George G. Fleurot


"The Riviera is the playground of Europe", Captain Richardson declares, "and Monte Carlo is the playground of the Riviera".

His rambles are not, however, limited to Monte Carlo but take him into the country dominated by the Montagnes des Maures, and that on either side of the Esterels, as well as into that between Cannes and San Remo.

From Bormes, he says, a sturdy walker can range all over the Maures, to the picturesque Chartreuse de la Verne, St. Tropez, and La Garde Freinet, the ancient stronghold of the Moors in Provence. It is the eastern Riviera, however, which interests him most,—Nice, which he describes as the best center for a man in a hurry, with its Promenade des Anglais, "the most beautiful seaside esplanade in the world"; the road up to Coursouges and back to Vence by the Valley of the Var, "one of the most beautiful drives in Europe"; the gardens of Beaulieu, "equalled only by those at Garavan"; Menton, which now shares with Cannes the distinction of being the most popular resort on the Riviera; and Bordighera, the palm groves of which, he says, are equalled nowhere else on the continent, except at Elche in southern Spain.

"There is no question that the American women novelists have completely outdistanced the men this season", the Bookman says. To prove its point it cites "A Lost Lady", by Willa Cather; "The Able McLoughlins" by Margaret Wilson; "A Son at the Front", by Mrs. Wharton; "Lum-mox", by Fannie Hurst; "Jennifer Lorn", by Eleanor Wylie; and "So Big" by Edna Ferber.

In an interview with Archibald Henderson in the International Book Review (March) Bernard Shaw talks of his "Saint Joan", and in speaking of Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" describes it as a romance of the most pronounced sort. "Twain relied for his facts upon the documents", he says, "but he was so blinded by his admiration for Joan that he wrote a panegyric, not a realistic novel... My play", he adds, "is strictly historical".
New Books Added to the American Library

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POLITICS AND ECONOMICS


BIOGRAPHY


LYLE, WATSON. Camille Saint-Saëns, His Life and Art. London. Trench Trubner Co. 1923.

VERSE


NICOLE, RAOUl. Sonnets Pour Une Folle. London. Werner Laurie. 1924.


FICTION


MISCELLANEOUS


MARTIN, LILLIEN, and DE GRUCHY, CLARE. Mental Training for the Pre-School Age Child. San Francisco. Harr Wagner. 1923.


PAGE, WALTER H. Publisher's Confession. New York. Doubleday Page Co. 1923.

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Afternoon. — Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumont-sur-Loire, Chambord, Blois. The three first mentioned are among the finest châteaux in Touraine. Each is strikingly different from the others, and all of them are beautiful. Dine and spend the night at Blois.

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RECENT ARTICLES IN FRENCH REVIEWS
ON AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

Of articles in French reviews on American subjects a large proportion relate to American literature. Among these the following have been noted:


EMERSON ET L'ESTHÉTIQUE DU PAYSAGE, Regis Michaud. La Vie des Peuples, December, 1923.

Among other articles of a political nature or of similar interest are the following:


LE MALAISE INTELLECTUEL ET SOCIAL AUX ÉTATS-UNIS, Régis Michaud. La Vie des Peuples, May, 1923.


A ROYAL LIBRARY.

Perhaps the most interesting room in Queen Mary's Doll House, that replica of a royal palace in miniature which is to be shown at the Imperial Exhibition, is the library. The King's library drawing room, as it is called, is barely fifteen inches high and eighteen inches long. The walls are lined with books measuring an inch in width and a fraction over that in height, bound sumptuously by a master-craftsman—Sutcliffe. The one hundred and seventy authors whose most representative works, by their own designation, have been chosen to make up the collection include the best English literary craftsmen of the period. E. Phillips Oppenheim, for instance, has contributed a novel which has not yet been published in America, "The Villa Deveron"; Stephen McKenna has chosen "Sonias"; Jeffrey Farnol is represented by his classic, reduced to miniature size, "The Broad Highway", and A.S.M. Hutchinson has selected "If Winter Comes" as an example of his best work.

TRANSLATIONS OF AMERICAN BOOKS

Curtis Brown, writing on "American Books in the English Market" in the Publishers' Weekly, March 1, says that Continental translation rights are increasingly valuable, especially to American popular authors, whose books seem to suit Continental tastes. "In the old days", he observes, "from $30 to $40 outright for each foreign language was thought to be a god-send for a novel. Now the terms obtainable average from $50 to $150 per language."

"A report from our foreign department, analyzing sales in foreign languages in the past twelve months", he adds, "shows the following sales of Continental rights: Danish-Norwegian, 72; Swedish, 38; Dutch, 37; French 16; German, 14; Czech, 7; Polish, 6; Spanish, 5; Finnish, 5; Italian, 4; Russian, 3; Roumanian, 2; Japanese, 2; Indian, 1; Hungarian, 1; Icelandic, 1."

FOR VISITORS TO PARIS

In an article on Paris in the Bookman for March, Clara E. Laughlin recommends to those who would not only visit Paris but know it: Muirhead's, as the best Guide; Maurice's "The Paris of the Novelists"; John Van Dyke's "The Louvre"— and she might have added Miss Heywood's book on the same subject; Arthur Hoeber's "The Barbizon Painters"; and on French contemporary literature, Winifred Stephens' "The France I know".
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A writer in the Christian Science Monitor says that Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem "Renaissance" was the poem which brought her first notice as a poet and that it is still the poem by which she is most widely known.

Of "The Journal of Marie Lenéru" translated by William Aspenwall Bradley (Macmillan), the London Nation says, "To give some idea in a short space of the fascination of this French woman's diary is not easy.

In "Bechamp or Pasteur: A Lost Chapter in the History of Biology", E. Douglas Hume (Chicago. Covici-McGee) takes issue with the prevalent belief that Pasteur was the first to explain the mystery of fermentation, and gives that honor to Bechamp.

The ballot taken recently among the readers of Les Maîtres de la Plume to determine the greatest living French author resulted in Bourget, Maurice Barres, Mme. Colette, and for Anatole France. Next in popularity were Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, Mme. Collette, and Mme. de Noailles.

"The Autobiography of T. Jefferson Coolidge", privately printed in 1902, has now been published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co. His reminiscences of his life in Paris as minister from the United States in 1892 are of special interest to European readers.

The National Geographic Magazine for April has an article on "Keeping House in Majorca" by Phoebe Binney Harnden.

There is an exceptionally interesting article on Richard Jefferies by G.R. Stirling Taylor in the Nineteenth Century for April.

In speaking of Matthew Arnold in his "Prophets of Yesterday" (Harvard University Press) Dr. Kelman says that it would be difficult to surpass in the whole realm of English Literature the elegiac perfectness of his "Rugby Chapel".

A volume of one act plays by Bosworth Crocker has been published with the title "Humble Folk" by the Stewart Kidd Company. It contains "The Last Straw", first produced by the Washington Square Players, "The Baby Carriage", first produced by the Provincetown Players, "The Cost of a Hat", "The First Time", and "The Dog".


The Oxford English Dictionary, which is now nearing completion, contains over 400,000 words, and has cost about a million and a quarter pounds. The "Uns" have made a great deal of work, the editor, Dr. Craigie, says in an interview published in the Observer, "There has been a great increase in the number of negatives in recent times."

"The Reds Bring Reaction" by W. J. Ghent (Princeton University Press) aims simply to show how the tumult and shouting of the Left inevitably strengthens the reaction of the Right. The author at one time prominent in the Socialist Party of America, repudiated it during the War, and has, therefore, been in a position to watch recent events from a somewhat detached point of view.

"Through Three Centuries", by Jesse Leonard Rosenberger (University of Chicago Press), contains the biographies of Rev. Nathaniel Colver, one of the founders of the Tremont Temple, Boston, the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Chicago, and the Colver Institute, Richmond; of his son, Rev. Charles K. Colver; and of his grand-daughter, Susan Esther Colver, for thirty years a teacher in the Chicago schools. It concludes with reminiscences by the author of life on the Upper Mississippi from 1867 to 1879.

A new edition of "American Thought from Puritanism to Pragmatism and Beyond" by Professor Woodbridge Riley of Vassar College has just been published by Henry Holt and Company. It contains supplementary chapters on "Modern Realism" and "Some French Influences". In the latter chapter he discusses Victor Cousin and eclecticism, Auguste Comte and positivism, and Henri Bergson and creative evolution. "From Victor Cousin to Henri Bergson", the author says, "Gallic systems have exerted a continuous and subtle influence upon the course of our speculations."

"Mr. Gooch in his "History of Modern Europe" (Holt) has made use of almost everything of value on the history of international diplomacy since the Congress of Berlin", the Nation says, "and very few are the moot points of that most mooted of periods to which he has not brought some very definite light."
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A Selected List of New French Books

NON-FICTION

BORDEAUX, HENRY. Saint-François-de-Sales et notre Cœur de Chair. Paris. Plon. 1924. Frs. 7.50.
A biographical study of St. Francis of Sales as well as of his influence on the Catholic Church, by a writer who has made an exhaustive study of the life and teachings of the Savoyard Saint.

A defence of romanticism by one of the foremost French critics. The essays on Walter Scott and Sainte Beuve are of especial interest.

LEFÈVRE, FRÉDÉRIC. Une Heure avec... Paris. Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924. Frs. 6.75.
Interesting interviews with famous authors such as: Paul Morand, J. Bedier, A. de Chateaubriant, Maurice Barrès, François Mauriac, Pierre Hamp, etc...

Second volume in a series of critical studies dealing with André Gide, Romain Rolland, George Duhamel and Jacques Rivièrè.

A beautiful tribute to the memory of André Lafon, the young poet whose early death is a great loss to contemporary French literature.

Lectures by Professor Monod, an intimate personal friend of Michelet, given at the Collège de France.

The author is the director of the Institut d'Histoiure, de Géographie et d'Economie urbaines de la ville de Paris.

A detailed account of the origin, growth and possible future development of Bergsonism by a former pupil and fervent disciple of this eminent French philosopher.

FICTION

The self analysis of a madman, in whom rages the conflict of a dual personality.

BOURGET, PAUL. Cœur pensif ne sait ou il va. Paris. Plon. 1924. Frs. 7.50.
The story of two people who, despite their love, are separated by social barriers of class. The latest novel by the author of "La Geôle".

This author's best and latest work is the remarkable story of a great friendship.

A posthumous book which traces the moral and mental evolution of a London workman, and attempts to prove that external influences however salutary, can not, in the final summary, outweigh innate characteristics.

Two charming stories, beautifully told, laid in the Basque country by the author of "Le Roman du Lièvre".

A poignant description of life aboard a man-of-war, by the author of "l'Odyssée d'un Transport Torpillé". (Prix Fémina, 1917).

BENJAMIN, RENÉ. Il faut que chacun soit à sa place. Paris. Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924. Frs. 3.50.
A very amusing comedy by the author of "Gaspard".
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American Journal of Sociology, March: The Passing of the German Middle Class, Frank Alsworth Ross.
American Mercury, April: In Defense of the Puritan, Walter Prichard Eaton. The Invasion of America, Elbridge Colby.
Bookman, April: Sex in Literature, Joseph Collins. Jeffrey Farnol's Gestes, Grant Overton.
Dial, April: Emily Dickinson, Conrad Aiken. Note on Hawaiian Poems, Padraic Colum.
International Interpreters, April 5: Lenin—And After. The Italian Elections.
— March 29: German Views of Germany's Condition. Just How Great is John Singer Sargent?
— April 12: Why Daugherty is Out. Woman Suffrage Declared a Failure. Turkish Views of the Caliphate. Why the Empire is Worried About the Prince.
— April 19: What and How Germany Can Pay. Third Party Ideas in the Northwest. How Stands the German Republic?
Living Age, March 15: Joseph Conrad, Martin Armstrong.
— March 29: Speaking for France: A Dinner Talk to Americans, Robert Masson. Ramsay MacDonald as a Booksman, Gilbert Thomas.
— April 5: The Future of Germany, a Liberal's Forecast, Professor L. Quiddie. The Trans-Saharan Railway, a Special Correspondent.
— April 12: Memories of Nicholas II. a Record of Impressions and Interviews, Leo Tolstoi. Ceremonies at the Vatican, Count Albrecht Montgelas.
Nation, March 19: The New Masters of Europe. Mr. Poincaré—Confidence Man, Count Harry Kessler. The Crisis in German Unions, Sylvia Kopal.
— April 2: Third Party Chances, Benjamin Stolberg. The Rise and Fall of Mr. Munsey, Rowland Thomas.
— April 16: Two American Poets, a Study in Possibilities, Floyd Dell.
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Survey, April 1: The Effect of Science on Social Institutions, Bertrand Russell.


BRITISH


Headway, April: What the Saar Wants, Hermann Roehling.

Nation and Athenaeum, March 22: A Paris Diary, C.

— March 29: Reparations: the Next Phase, Mr. Poincaré, G. Lowes Dickinson.

— April 5: Jean Cocteau, Clive Bell.

— April 12: The Statesman's Task, Mr. Lloyd George's View. The Expert's Reports, J.M. Keynes.

Near East, March 27: Khalilate and Protectorate in Morocco, Sir Valentine Chilol.

Nineteenth Century, April: Foreign Policy of Czechoslovakia, Dr. Eduard Benes. Modernism in the Arts, Delmar Harmood Banner. Germany and Monarchism, F. Sefton Delmer.


Spectator, April 19: The Reparations Report.

FRENCH


— Avril 15: Lord Byron ou le Romantisme Flamboyant.

Nouvelle Revue Française, Avril 1: La Garantie des Sentiments ou les Intermittences du Cœur, Ramon Fernandez.


— Mars 29: La Congrégation des Franciscains Français pour les Missions à l'Etranger, Maurice Barrès.


— Avril: Le Mouvement Littéraire en Irlande, Y.-M. Goblet.
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