Ex libris.

https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.$b199672
Writings of the American Volunteers in the French Foreign Legion during the World War

[PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL]
Modern Languages taught by Correspondence and the Phonograph

Study at home and receive the best instruction without having to attend classes.

Learn French and Spanish by the I.C.S. METHOD

Also courses in all TECHNICAL and BUSINESS SUBJECTS in ENGLISH by Correspondence.

Also courses in all TECHNICAL and BUSINESS SUBJECTS in ENGLISH by Correspondence.

Nous avons aussi des Cours de Langues Vivantes, des Cours Commerciaux et Techniques pour les Français.

Ask at the Information Bureau for descriptive leaflet or write to us for our explanatory booklet "Y".

BETTER STILL: The next time you visit the Library, give us a call also — we are quite close by — and thus enable us to give you a practical demonstration of our method.

ECOLES INTERNATIONALES

10 Avenue Victor-Emmanuel III, PARIS (8e)

(near Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées) Phone: Elysées 24-57

Affiliated Companies: International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna., U.S.A.

and International Correspondence Schools Ltd, London

The I.C.S. S. Method assures you success

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Elysée.
THE TRIBUNE IS THE ONLY NEWSPAPER IN EUROPE EDITED BY AMERICANS
AND IT HAS BY FAR
THE LARGEST CIRCULATION AMONG AMERICANS

Practically every American in Europe reads the TRIBUNE regularly, as do many British
residents and travellers on the continent.
Its success is due to the quality and interest
of its news and features, among the most
important of which is the

MONDAY BOOK PAGE

including "Notes on New Books", edited
by Dr. W. DAWSON JOHNSTON, Director
of the American Library in Paris.

The Chicago Tribune
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK

5, Rue Lamartine
PARIS

Information Bureau: 1, Rue Scribe

Subscribe to secure all copies.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>France</th>
<th>Foreign</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Twelve Months</td>
<td>75 frs</td>
<td>125 frs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>40 frs</td>
<td>65 frs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>20 frs</td>
<td>33 frs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Month</td>
<td>7 frs</td>
<td>12 frs</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Description leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l’Elysée.
The Galignani Library

224, Rue de Rivoli

Oldest English and American bookstore on the continent

Have always largest selection of the best current literature.

Scarce and out of print books sought and reported free of charge.

AUTOMOBILES

12 & 18 H.P.

HOTCHKISS

La voiture construite avec la même précision que la célèbre mitrailleuse: l'Arme de la Victoire.

Description leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Elysée.
Writings of the American Volunteers in the French Foreign Legion during the World War

PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL

Historian of the "Association of the American Volunteers of the French Foreign Legion".

There was an extraordinary amount of literary and poetic talent among the few score American youths who, long before their native land ever dreamed of entering the conflict, volunteered to fight Germany in the uniform of France. Perhaps this was true because France has ever inspired and fired the imagination, without a plentiful supply of which one can not be worthy of the name of writer. The life at the front, whether in the trenches or in the air, further brought to the surface talent long dormant, or often undreamed of by the possessor. It is an interesting fact that those volunteers who became the most celebrated as writers were in the little group that enlisted in the Foreign Legion at the very outbreak of war in 1914.

ALAN SEEGER

The most famous, and justly so, of the writers among the American Volunteers, was Alan Seeger, whose inspired poems and beautiful letters are so well known to every American with any pretension to knowledge of modern authors and poets, and to French readers through the excellent translation by Mademoiselle Odette Raimondi-Matheron. Seeger was living in Paris when war was declared, and immediately enrolled in the Foreign Legion. He was already beginning to be known through his poems, and had also done some newspaper work in America and Europe.

In the Legion, Seeger was not of a very sociable nature, and did not mix to any extent with his comrades. He greatly admired the old Legionnaires, veterans of African and Asiatic service, the romance of their campaigns in exotic lands appealing to his poetic imagination. The height of his ambition was to equal the soldierly perfection of these experienced combatants, and he bent his greatest efforts toward that aim. Seeger was slightly built and frail; he was unaccustomed to outdoor life and exercise, and the first few months with the Legion were terribly hard for him. He had an iron will, however, and before he fell he had the infinite satisfaction of knowing that he was one of the best soldiers of the corps he adored.

On the rare occasions that the Legionnaires at repose behind the lines had a few hours to themselves, Seeger did not bestow much time to social intercourse with the other volunteers, who often sought relaxation in sitting in groups, gossiping or playing cards. Slipping quietly away into a secluded wood, or to a sunny, sheltered spot behind some shell-wrecked building, he would produce from the pockets of his great-coat pencil and note-book, and write down his impressions, or bring forth from his brain verse that had perhaps been struggling there for
days during the turmoil of battle or the dreary sordidness of the trenches.

When there was no work of military utility to be done, Seeger usually had pencil and paper in hand. Some jeered at him as a scribbler; there were a few who suspected his genius: to all opinions he was equally indifferent.

Seeger surely felt what he wrote, when he penned those marvellous lines:

“...I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair”

and he accepted unflinchingly that rendezvous.

One of the most fascinating war books is that which Mr. William Farnsworth has had printed for private circulation, containing the letters written home from France by his son, Henry Weston Farnsworth, which reflect remarkably the soldierly spirit and fine enthusiasm of that gallant Foreign Legionnaire. One is particularly impressed in reading the book with young Farnsworth's great love for France and devotion to the Foreign Legion.

Henry Farnsworth was born at Dedham, Mass., on August 7, 1890. He graduated from Groton School when eighteen years of age, and from Harvard in 1912. The summer of that year, he visited Russia, Hungary and Turkey. When the Balkan War broke out, in the autumn of 1912, Henry went there, and later published a book of his experiences: "The Log of a Would-be War Correspondent". Then he went to Mexico during the revolution of 1913, as correspondent for the Providence Journal.

At the outbreak of the World War, Farnsworth came to Paris and joined an independent volunteer corps, Bles' Mounted Scouts. As this corps was not accepted by any of the Allied Governments, Henry enlisted in the Foreign Legion in January 1915. His first impressions of that corps are contained in a letter written home a few days later:

"...As for the Legion, so far as I have seen, it is not much like its reputation. In the first place, there is no tough element at all. Many of the men are educated, and the very lowest is of the high class workman type. In my room, for instance, there are 'Le Petit Pére' Uhlin, an old Alsatian, who has already served fourteen years in the Legion in Morocco and China; the corporal, Lebrun, a socialist already well known in his district; Engler, a Swiss cotton broker from Havre; Donald Campbell, a newspaper man and short story writer, whose family left England in 1745, with the exception of his father, who was a captain in the Royal Irish Fusiliers; Sukuna, a Fijian prince and Oxford student, black as ink; Hath, a Dane, over 6 feet, whom Campbell aptly calls the ‘Blond Beast’ (aide 'Zarathustra'); von somebody, another Dane, very small and young;"
Bastados, a Swiss carpenter, born and bred in the Alps, who sings far better than most comic opera stars, and who at times does the ‘Ranz des Vaches’ so that even Petit Père Uhlin claps; the brigadier Mussorgsky, cousin descendant of the composer, a little Russian; two or three Polish jews; nondescript Belgians, Greeks and Roumanians.”

Later he wrote:

“I am thoroughly at home by this time and good friends with every one in the company, even including a Belgian I was obliged to lick thoroughly. The two

great Legion marching songs ‘Car Nous Sommes Tous les Frères’ (For We are All Brothers), and the oldest, the finest marching song in the world:

’Soldats de la Légion,
La Légion étrangère,
N’ayant pas de patrie,
La France est notre mère’

(Soldiers of the Legion, the Foreign Legion, having no country, France is our mother), are quite true at bottom, at least in the 15th company.

“Farm hands, professional soldiers, wood-workers, socialists, royalists, journalists, Christians and pagans, are all working in harmony, and each is doing his best for himself and his comrades. Our captain, a veteran of 1870, and a retired Legionnaire, is largely responsible. A Frenchman of the best type, an aristocrat, a countryman, the best shot and still one of the best marchers, he uses the most extraordinary common sense. He keeps up the most iron discipline while drill is going on, and will give a man two days in jail for a dirty capote (coat) or even for talking in the ranks or being late for appel (roll-call), but outside of business he is as indulgent as possible.”

While on the march to the front, Henry wrote his sister:

“The more I learn of the French and France the more I am glad to have a chance to do my little bit for her.”

With the Fijian prince Sukuna, Farnsworth became great chums; in one letter he described him as follows:

“When on guard I spend hours and hours imagining myself at home next autumn, that is, assuming the war ends this summer; also I talk with Sukuna about it all, and he knows you and mamma and papa, the horses, the polo, the Nickersons, the Hales, the river and all the rest of Dedham, so I think he would be able to pass for a native, if he should ever meet another wandering Dedhamite. I in turn know his little island, 100 miles from Suva, where his father is chief, the island of Tonga, where he spends his time when possible; his rooms, Wadham college, Oxford; his friends there and his chiefs at the colonial office in London, where he once worked as a kind of deputy commissioner from Fiji. I think I am possibly more fond of him than of any man I know. He’s quite as amusing as the average, better educated and of course knows the world well, in the traveling sense, I mean; also to be comrades and share everything as we do through a winter campaign in our section is no mean test of character. I don’t mean to brag, but really he and I, who came up from Paris together, have not let our nerves go a bit.”
On July 4, 1915, Farnsworth wrote:

"The Foreign Legion is not a bit like Groton school or even Harvard college, and, in my opinion, has a far better spirit. Rules are many and strict. You break one and get caught. You make no excuses and are given a punishment. There is no ill feeling on either side."

Charging side by side with Sukuna and his other faithful comrades against the German block-houses in the Bois Sabot on the afternoon of September 28, 1915, Henry Farnsworth fell, his throat pierced and his spine broken by machine-gun bullets, and died a few minutes later in a shallow trench hastily hollowed out by his Fijian friend.

KENNETH WEEKS

Kenneth Weeks was living in Paris in a delightful little apartment on the Ile St. Louis, overlooking the Seine, when the Germans invaded France in 1914. He was actively engaged in literary work, and although then only 25 years old, had already published five volumes of plays, essays and short stories: "The Victory of Sedan", a short curtain-raiser written when he was 18, "Driftwood", "Esau and the Beacon", "Five Unpractical Plays", "Dramatic Inventions", and "Science, Sentiments, and Senses". the latter appearing after he had gone to the front. He enlisted in the Foreign Legion in August 1914, writing his mother in America:

"I feel in fighting for France and what she stands for I am fighting for you."

Weeks made an excellent soldier, and was especially admired by his comrades because of his generosity and his cheerful spirit. A good musician, he would sometimes enter a church behind the lines and play for the other Legionnaires, making them forget for the time being the miseries they were undergoing. His letters to his mother, published after his death, were cheerful, and spoke as little as possible of discomfort and danger, dwelling only upon the more happy incidents of a soldier's life.

Named grenade-thrower at his own request, Kenneth Weeks was last seen alive by his comrades, rushing towards the German third line trenches, and hurling grenades at the fleeing soldiers of the Kaiser, during the assault against the Cabaret Rouge, June 16, 1915. His body was found between the lines the following November, and buried just behind the front.

Some of the thoughts expressed in Week's books are of rare beauty:

"More will be benefited from holding a Tanagra statuette in one's hand in the quiet silence and peace of the home than will be from seeing the whole Parthenon frieze in the British Museum."

"We move across the earth's stage in more heroic tragedy than did Oedipus across the flags of Athens."

"It is horrible, individuality; and the more one has the more one is alone. It is heroic, and the greater the hero the greater his solitude."
Russell Kelly quite probably never dreamed that any product of his pen would ever find its way into print, yet after his death in battle in June 1915, many of his letters home were first printed in the *New York Evening Sun*, and later published in book form under the title: "Kelly of the Foreign Legion". They form one of the most fascinating human interest stories of the World War.

Kelly, lately a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, disappeared from his home in New York City, with his inseparable chum, Lawrence Scanlan, in November 1914. Some weeks later his father received a letter postmarked Bordeaux, which started off as follows:

"On Election Day, Tuesday, November 3rd, 1914, we left New York, from the South Brooklyn basin, on the 'good ship' Orcadian, with a cargo of six hundred and fifty horses for the use of the French army. There were twenty-five men, including my chum Larney and myself, who had not previously worked on ships nor around horses, and eight experienced horsemen. We twenty-five consisted of twelve Englishmen, seven Italians, two Greeks, one Spaniard, and three Americans, the third being a negro. The first day the ship was out the English and Italians started to fight, and this divided the party into two messes; at every meal thereafter there were hostilities. The third day out we ran into very rough weather, which continued during the following day: the vessel rolled and pitched in a horrible fashion, and most of us suffered severely from seasickness.

"The food furnished to us was very poor. The first nine meals consisted of Irish stew, and I believe it was made on the first day and thereafter heated at mealtime.

"We went en masse to the chief steward and demanded better food; there was a change, but it was no better, it was only different.

"The horses were fed twice a day, the first time in the morning from half past five to eight o'clock. We then had breakfast, followed by hoisting feed from the hold, cleaning the stalls and similar duties, and then dinner. At three in the afternoon we gave the horses their second feeding, which took until nearly six o'clock, and then we had supper.

"In rough weather life on the boat was fierce. Watering the horses as the boat rolled usually resulted in much of the water getting on the men, and the deck was always wet and slippery.

"A cabin meant to hold twelve seamen held thirty-three cattlemen, so conditions can be realized. The air was foul; in fact the whole ship was foul. During the last week I slept in the lowest deck on the hay. We could not eat the food furnished, and even had it been palatable, it lacked quantity, so my appetite was not appeased once during the trip. I lost about fifteen pounds during the voyage. I could wash only twice and shave once during the trip. English warships convoyed us for the entire voyage, yet there was much uneasiness among the men. We lost eighteen horses en route."

The letters continue to describe in the same simple, vivid manner Kelly’s enlistment in the Legion, his arrival at the training camp and his impressions there; his comrades, his life in the
trenches, and his battles. When his uniform was issued him, he had himself photographed therein, and sent home with the picture an excellent description of the costume:

"The cap is made of red cloth, but that color being too conspicuous a blue linen cover is worn over it. The coat is blue and reaches to the knees; it is buttoned back to allow free movement. The trousers are bright red, but were found to be such a good target at the beginning of the war, that a sort of blue overall is issued at the front to hide the red trousers. Patent leather puttees are generally worn, but in this photo I wear Douglas shoes. The regulation ones are very heavy; by actual count each shoe has one hundred and sixty-two holes in the sole, which is half an inch thick. I never thought I would put my feet into them, much less wear them.

"A broad band will be noticed around my waist. This is of blue linen and is fifteen feet long. It is the positive insignia of our Legion, and is not worn by any other division of the French army. A broad leather belt with a brass buckle supports the bayonet, the hilt of which is visible at my left side. This is a murderous weapon, and I do not blame the Germans for being afraid of it. It is about a foot and nine inches long and comes to a needle point. It has four grooves, and each edge is a quarter inch deep and one-eighth inch wide at the hilt. It is half an inch diameter at the hilt. The gun has an eight shell chamber and one shell in the barrel; it is six inches longer than the present U. S. army gun. With bayonet attached it is a formidable weapon. This is our dress uniform, the one we appear in when on the street. The fatigue uniform has a cap or beret which is comfortable and handy, a short blouse, dark blue, the same pants and puttees. The blue band insignia we always wear."

Kelly disappeared during the attack near Sois- chez, June 16, 1915; a comrade reported having seen him lying in a German trench badly wounded. Nothing further was ever learned as to his fate; his body was never found, and for years his father refused to believe him dead.

VICTOR CHAPMAN

"Victor Chapman's Letters From France", edited by his father, Mr. John Jay Chapman, is a book that should be read by everyone interested in the American Volunteers in the Foreign Legion and the French Air Service. Victor entered the war as a private in the Legion, and after a year with that polyglot corps transferred to the aviation, was one of the original members of the Lafayette Escadrille and the first member of that famous organization to be killed in aerial combat. His first letter home after enlisting begins:

"Well, I am having a very amusing experience, but I don't know how long it will remain so, and when it will become dull. I joined the Volunteers Sunday night and was overcome with the kindly way everyone was treated. When I entered the Caserne the old soldiers (territorial reservists) reprimanded me for saying 'Mon-sieur' to them, and tu toi'd in a very friendly manner. They showed me about and seemed to take an individual interest in each recruit.

"The people I am thrown with are, for the moment, Polish in majority, for they are a crowd which came together from Cambrai. But they are of almost all nationalities and all stations and ages of life. I am most friendly with a little Spaniard from Malaga. He has been a newspaper reporter in London and got tired of doing nothing there, so he enlisted here. So far as
I have seen I am the only American (the others having been sent to Rouen a day or two before I enlisted), but I have seen a couple of negroes. There are about thirty Alsaciens, a few Russians and a few Belgians, one or two Germans, a Turk, and even a Chinaman arrived this morning. There are Greeks and Russian Jews and probably many I have not noticed.

"A typical Parisian Apache has taken a fancy to me. He is a naturalized Russian Jew, but got in as a foreigner because he served a turn in prison and did not want to be sent to Algiers. Although only twenty-one he has bullet wounds in his arm and scars on his neck."

It is very possible that Victor Chapman never really began to live until the day he joined the French Army; he took to a soldier's life as a duck taken to water, and surely enjoyed intensely every moment of this service. Never tired, never discouraged, he speedily became a favorite throughout his regiment of the Legion, and it was a loss to that corps when he transferred to the aviation in August 1915. How he was regarded by his comrades of the Lafayette Escadrille may be judged by the following extracts from a long letter written to Mrs. Chapman after Victor's death by his room-mate Kiffin Rockwell:

"My dear Mrs. Chapman: I received your letter this morning. I feel mortified that you have had to write me without my having written you before, when Victor was the best friend I ever had. I wanted to write you and his father at once, and tried to a number of times. But I found it impossible to write full justice to Victor or to really express my sympathy with you. Everything I would try to say seemed so weak. So I finally said, 'I will just go ahead and work hard, do my best, then if I have accomplished a lot or been killed in accomplishing it, they will know that I had not forgotten Victor, and that some of his strength of character still lived.' There is nothing that I can say to you or anyone that will do full credit to him. And everyone here that knew him feels the same way. To start with, Victor had such a strong character. I think we all have our ideals when we begin but unfortunately there are so very few of us that retain them: sometimes we lose them at a very early age and after that, life seems to be spoiled. But Victor was one of the very few who had the strongest of ideals, and then had the character to withstand anything that tried to come into his life and kill them. He was just a large, healthy man, full of life and goodness towards life, and could only see the fine, true points in life and in other people. And he was not of the kind that absorbed from other people, but of the kind that gives out. We all had felt his influence, and seeing in him a man, made us feel a little more like trying to be men ourselves.

..."He died the most glorious death, and at the most glorious time of life to die, especially for him with his ideals. I have never once regretted it for him, as I know he was willing and satisfied to give his life that way if necessary, and that he had no fear of death, and there is nothing to fear in death. It is for you, his father, relatives, myself, and for all who have known him, and all who would have known him, and for the world as a whole I regret his loss. Yet he is not dead, he lives forever in every place he has been, and in everyone who knew him, and in the future generations little points of his character will be passed along. He is alive every day in this Escadrille, and has a tremendous influence on all our actions. Even the mécaniciens do their work better and more conscientiously. And a number of times I have seen Victor's mécanicien standing (when there was no work to be done) and gazing off into the direction of where he last saw Victor leaving for the lines."

Mr. Chapman said in his "Memoir" in the book of his son's letter:

"Of all the men that Victor met in the aviation corps Kiffin Rockwell was the dearest to him. He envied Rockwell for having been in the great charge made by the Legion in May; and worshipped Rockwell's courage and romantic spirit. When Rockwell fell, soon after Victor's death, I felt as if Victor's soul was but a little way above Kiffin's head, and 'stayed for him to keep him company'."

**KIFFIN ROCKWELL**

Many of Kiffin Rockwell's letters were printed in magazines and newspapers in America, after his death, and a number have been translated into French and published in Jacques Mortane's admirable book dealing with the air warriors: "La Guerre des Nues".

The first victory gained by a pilot of the Lafayette Escadrille is recounted in the following letter, dated May 18, 1916:

"Dear Paul: At last I have a little something to tell you. This morning I went out over the lines to make a little tour. I was somewhat the other side of our lines,
when my motor began to miss a bit. I turned around to
go to a camp near the lines.

"Just as I started ahead for there, I saw a boche
machine about seven hundred metres beneath me, and a
little inside our lines. I immediately reduced my motor,
and dived for him. He saw me at the same time, and
began to dive towards home. It was a machine with a
pilot and a gunner, carrying two rapid fire guns, one
facing the front, and one in the rear that turned on a
pivot, so it could be fired in any direction.

"The gunner immediately opened fire on me and my
machine was hit, but I didn’t pay any attention to that
and kept going straight for him, until I got within
twenty-five or thirty metres of him. Then, just as I was
afraid of running into him, I fired four or five shots, and
swerved my machine to the right to keep from having a
collision.

"As I did that I saw the gunner fall back dead on
the pilot, his machine-gun fall from its position and point
straight up in the air, and the pilot fall to one side of the
machine as if he too were done for. The machine
itself first fell to one side, then dived vertically towards
the ground, with a lot of smoke coming out of the rear.
I circled around, and three or four minutes later saw
smoke coming up from the ground just beyond the
German trenches. I had hoped that it would fall within
our lines, as it is hard to prove it has really been
destroyed when they fall within the German lines. Our
post of observation signalled seeing the machine fall,
and the smoke. The captain said he would propose me
for the Médaille Militaire, but I don’t know whether
I will get it or not.

"Yesterday Thaw had a fine fight that ended by the
boche diving towards the ground. He was signalled as
leaving the air on being seriously hit, but being able to
get in his own lines.

"Am very busy just now, as the order has just come
for us to go to Verdun. Jim sent you a telegram about
my fight. Much love, Kiffin."

Kiffin Rockwell was killed in aerial combat
with a German two-manned aeroplane, on
September 23, 1916, and fell just within the
French lines near Thann, Alsace, not far from
where he had destroyed his first enemy aeroplane.
He had enlisted in the Foreign Legion in August
1914, and fought a year with that corps before
transferring to the aviation service. All his
letters from the front were characterized by the
brief, graphic style indicated above.

Edmond Genet

Edmond Charles Clinton Genet was a great-
great-grandson of Citizen Genet, the notorious
representative of the French Revolutionary mis-
government to the United States in 1792, and
though only nineteen years old, left the Ameri-
can Navy to enlist in the Foreign Legion when
the Germans marched into France. After more
then a year with the Legion, he changed to the
Lafayette Escadrille, and was killed April 16,
1917, being the first American citizen to fall in
battle after the entry of the United States into
the World War. His letters were later pub-
lished under the title: "War Letters of Edmond
Genet", and are really remarkable, especially
when one considers the extreme youth of the
writer. He understood very clearly the mean-
ing of the war, and watched with keen interest
the progress of events in America as well as in
Europe. The following extract is from a letter
written home in November 1916, after the triumph of Mr. Wilson over Mr. Hughes on a "He kept us out of war" platform:

"Where has all the old genuine honor and patriotism and human feeling of our countrymen gone? What are those people, who live on their farms in the West, safe from the chances of foreign invasion, made of, anyway? They decided the election of Mr. Wilson. Don't they know anything about the invasion of Belgium, the submarine warfare against their own countrymen and all the other outrages which all neutral countries, headed by the United States, should have long ago risen up and suppressed and which, because of the past Administration's 'Peace at any Price' attitude, have been left to increase and increase? They crave for peace, those unthinking, uncaring voters, and what's the reason? Why, they are making money hand over fist because their country is at peace,—at peace at the price of its honor and respect in the whole civilized world,—at peace while France and Belgium are being soaked in blood by a barbarous invasion,—while the very citizens of the United States are being murdered and those same invaders are laughing behind our backs,—even in our very faces. It couldn't be possible for Americans in America to feel the same bitter way as Americans over here among the very scenes of this war's horrors. It is not comprehensible over there that tragedy reigns supreme. Come over here and you will be engulfed like the rest of us in the realization of the necessity of the whole civilized world arming itself against this intrusion of utter brutality and militaristic arrogance. Peace,—God forbid such happiness until the invaders have been driven victoriously back behind their own borders, knowing the lesson of their folly in treading ruthlessly on offending neutral territory and all the rest of their deeds of piracy and the blood of France and Belgium has dried up."

"En L'AIR"

Bert Hall, a genial adventurer who served first in the Legion and later for a while with the Lafayette Escadrille, dictated a humorous account of his experiences in the trenches and in the clouds to a New York newspaper writer, who was clever enough to write exactly as Bert talked; the volume was published under the title: "En l'Air". By imagining how anyone with Higginsville, Missouri, as a birth-place should look and speak, one can get a clear idea of Hall and his book.

TWO POETS

Joseph Whitney Ganson, who although past forty years old enlisted in the Legion as a private soldier in August 1914 and ended the war as a lieutenant with a French artillery regiment, has for many years contributed good poetry to the Paris edition of the New York Herald and other newspapers. The war inspired Eugene Jacob, another elderly volunteer, with the first desire of his life to write poetry, and he produced some really excellent verse.

Jacob was proprietor of a small but prosperous butcher and grocery shop at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in August 1914. He was then forty-seven years old, but age did not prevent him from turning his business over to his wife, embarking for France, and enlisting in the Legion, declar-
ing that he was under forty. He went to the front in company with Victor Chapman and Henry Farnsworth; invented a new sort of shellproof shelter that was widely used throughout the Legion, and was promoted machine-gun corporal. He kept a diary throughout the war which, though never published, is interesting reading, and wrote touching poems on the occasion of the death of Victor Chapman and of Kiffin Rockwell. After the war, Jacob returned to Woonsocket, and resumed his former occupation as a butcher and grocer.

OTHER WRITERS

Literary talent often cropped up unexpectedly during the war. Most of the men who fought well could also relate their experiences in a telling manner, usually writing just as they talked. Many were the letters from American Volunteers with the French Army that were printed in the American press during the war, and they helped wonderfully in fanning the war spirit in the United States into a blaze.

Mr. F. B. Grundy, for many years head of the Paris office of the New York Sun, was the first American newspaper correspondent to realize the interest to American readers of the deeds of the American Volunteers, and the aid this interest would be to the Allied Cause. Immediately after the American Volunteers were accepted by the French Government in August 1914, he arranged with Herman Lincoln Chatkoff that the latter should send him regular letters and photographs from the training camp and the front. Chatkoff was not a literary genius, but he was a willing and prolific worker, and by pains-taking editing Mr. Grundy made his letters one of the most interesting features of the Sun during almost two years, until Chatkoff left the Legion for the aviation.

Other Legionnaires whose letters attracted favorable interest in American publications were Christopher Charles, who wrote long and picturesque accounts especially of the many bayonet attacks in which he took part; David King, who sent a brilliant and accurate account of the Champagne offensive of September-October 1915 to the Harvard College magazine; E. A. Marshall, and Andrew Walbron, who wrote a number of gripping participant’s stories of the fighting around Verdun.

John Bowe gave up his office as mayor of Canby, Minn., in 1914 to come to France and join the Legion, although he was well past forty. He fought well for three years, then, severely wounded and ill, returned to America invalided out of service. He continued his work for France by lecturing in the Middle West, and wrote a book: “A Soldier of the Legion”, which is of interest, though not of great value as a reference work, as Bowe speaks of several false “heroes” of the Legion he encountered in America, and whose untrue claims to service abroad he believed.

Paul Pavelka sent some splendid letters from the Legion and the Lafayette Escadrille, before he was killed near Salonika in November 1917. Pavelka was one of the most picturesque Americans in the Legion: he had left home at the age of 14 years; had been a cowboy, sheepherder, prospector for gold in Australia, a sailor on the seven seas, and generally an adventurer in the most pleasing sense of the term. He had a most wonderful memory and a remarkable gift for description and story telling; had he lived, with a little encouragement he might have excelled Jack London as a writer of adventure stories; he was barely twenty-five when he died.

Billy Thorin was another world rover and Legionnaire whose letters and stories gripped the attention; he died in a sanitorium in Arizona, after having been badly wounded in the Legion and invalided out of service.

Charles Sweeney, now war correspondent for the New York World in the Near East, was a private in the Legion in 1914 and a Lieutenant-colonel in the American Expeditionary Forces in 1918; he contributed to an American news
syndicate in 1917, a series of articles dealing with life in the Legion.

Frederick W. Zinn was another who found inspiration during the war for writing excellent stories of trench life and attacks on the ground and in the air.

Alvin F. Sanborn had been correspondent in France for many years of the Boston Transcript and other New England newspapers; when the war broke out he immediately enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and did valiant service with that corps. After the United States declared war upon Germany, he was attached to Pershing's staff as interpreter; he has written a number of valuable articles about the Legion and the war.

John Joseph Casey, formerly a newspaper artist in the United States, came to Paris to study art, and had been living here for fifteen years before August 1914; he was one of the first Americans to enlist against Germany. From the front he sent to the New York World numerous accounts of life in the trenches and battlefield charges, with cleverly drawn sketches of his comrades and surroundings.
Last but not least is Edgar John Bouligny, President of the Association of American Volunteers of the French Foreign Legion, who during his four and a half years as Legionnaire and aviator took hundreds of photographs which form a splendid pictorial history of the war life of himself and his comrades.

Note.—No mention has been made in the above article of a volume signed by E. Morlae, entitled "A Soldier of the Legion" and published by Houghton Mifflin in 1916. This book pretended to relate the experiences of Morlae in the French Foreign Legion, and particularly in the great French offensive in the Champagne region, September-October 1915. Morlae enlisted in the Legion in 1914; coming to Paris on leave in October 1915, he deserted, got across the frontier into Spain, and at Gibraltar caught a boat for Boston. On the strength of his alleged marvellous exploits as a Legionnaire, and his false claim to having been awarded the Croix de Guerre, and to having been invalided out of service after wounds, two articles based on his notes were published, first in the Atlantic Monthly and afterwards in book form,—this despite the remonstrances made, after the publication of the first article, by many of Morlae’s comrades, who were particularly incensed at his attacks upon the character of the men in the Legion.

Nor has mention been made of a series of articles concerning the Legion, signed by Phil Rader, and published in many American newspapers early in 1915. These articles were written by London by an American journalist, after talks with Rader. Details of Rader’s “service” with the Legion may be found in the published letters of Victor Chapman and Henry Farnsworth.

P. A. R.

BIBLIOGRAPHY


Editor’s Note:

A second article by Mr. Rockwell, devoted to the American writers of the Lafayette Escadrille, will appear in an early number.

A GREAT FRENCH LIBRARY GOES TO AMERICA

Three years ago, the Dial says, Dr. Rosenbach startled French collectors by purchasing the Robert Schuhmann collection of eighteenth century French illustrated books, then regarded as one of the five great collections in its field. Two of these, the Rothschild collection and the Sir David Solomon library were owned in England. The other two, the Roederer and Beraldi collections, were in France.

After the sale of the Schuhmann library a law was passed designed to prevent the art and literary treasures of France from being exported. With the recent repeal of this law Dr. Rosenbach succeeded in securing one of the two remaining collections, that of Olry Roederer.

The gathering of this great collection took a hundred years and was the work of three generations of the Roederers. It contains 6,000 books and 8,000 illustrations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
The primary aim of Ex Libris is to give its readers information in regard to the best American and English books of general interest. The primary aim of the American Library is to make these books available to its members throughout Europe.

The leading article in this issue of Ex Libris shows that the American volunteers in the Foreign Legion have a place,—a permanent place in American literature as well as in American history.

In the establishment of the American Library in Paris it was the aim of the founders not only to preserve their memory but to carry on the work which they began. With this in view the American Library Association transferred to it the large collection of books sent to Europe for the use of the American Soldiers, and with this in view an American Library service is now being maintained in Paris for all who are interested in American literature, institutions, or thought.

**

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees on October 2, the following gifts were announced: from Mr. and Mrs. William Emerson of Boston, $5,000; from Mr. William Skinner of Holyoke, Mass. 5,000 francs; from Miss Belle Skinner, 5,000 francs; and from the Princess Boncompagni, 5,000 francs.

During the month the Library received gifts of books amounting to four hundred and eighty-two. These included 125 volumes from the Jones Library, Amherst, Massachusetts, 100 volumes from Miss L. Leavitt, and 44 volumes from the Public Library, Medford, Massachusetts, as well as important gifts from Miss Dorrian, Mrs. C. L. Corbin, and Dr. W. N. C. Carlton, former director of the Library.

Among the books presented to the Library were the following: “People and Politics”, by Solomon Griffin; “Memories of a Hostess”, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe; “The Mystery of Mary Stuart”, by Andrew Lang; “Here and There among the Papyri”, by George Milligan; “France of To-day, its Religious Orientation”, by Paul Sabatier; “Modern Painters and Paintings”, by Sarah Tytler; “In the Levant”, by Charles Dudley Warner; “Christopher Columbus”, by Justin Windsor.

UNIVERSITY AND LIBRARY

Among the recently published letters of Horace Howard Furness of the University of Pennsylvania, is one to Provost Pepper, dated November 13, 1890, in which he says, “The life and soul of a University lie in its Library. The larger the library the grander, and more enduring and more far-reaching the influence of the University.”
Book Reviews


Most of these speeches were delivered at public dinners and are therefore short and in Mark Twain's most characteristic vein. The best of them in the opinion of Albert Bigelow Paine, who writes an introduction to the volume, are the conclusion of the Seventieth Birthday address and of the Liverpool speech, the latter repeated at the Lotus Club, January 11, 1908.

One of the most interesting is that "On Speech-making Reform", placed first in the volume. The successful speaker, he says, can not be reformed. "It's a case of Eli joined to his idols. Let him alone. But there is one sort that can be reformed. That is the genuine impromptu speaker. I mean the man who didn't expect to be called upon and isn't prepared, and yet goes waddling and warbling along, just as if he thought it wasn't any harm to commit a crime so long as it wasn't premeditated."

Another is the lecture on "The American Vandal", delivered on his return from the "Quaker City" excursion, and prior to the publication of the "Innocents Abroad" in 1869. "It is estimated", he says, "that if all the fragments of stone brought from Columbus's house by travellers were collected together they would suffice to build a house fourteen thousand feet long and sixteen thousand feet high, and I suppose they would". He concludes, however, "I am glad the American Vandal goes abroad. It does him good. It makes him better. It makes a better man of him. It rubs out a multitude of his old unworthy biases and prejudices. It aids his religion, for it enlarges his charity and his benevolence, it broadens his views of men and things; it deepens his generosity and his compassion for the failings and shortcomings of his fellow creatures. Contact with men of various nations and many creeds teaches him that there are other people in the world besides his own little clique, and other opinions as worthy of attention and respect as his own."


The proprietor of the Chicago Times Herald held the office of "brutal friend" in the cabinets of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson, and was reappointed to the same office by President Harding. He is, therefore, in a position to tell many interesting stories of the political life of the time. For example, on the funeral train to Washington in 1910 he reports reading to Roosevelt a newspaper despatch from New York stating that Roosevelt's announcement that he would retain Hay and Gage in his cabinet had had a good effect in Wall Street. At which Roosevelt exclaimed, "I don't care a damn about stocks and bonds, but I don't want to see them go down the first day I am President". Of his later relations with Roosevelt he says, "Colonel Roosevelt told a mutual friend that he thought Herman Kohlsaat would follow him to the death", and Kohlsaat adds, "and I would have done so if he had been fair; but he was not fair to President Taft, nor the Republican party, which lived to rue the day Colonel Roosevelt's ambition got the better of his judgment".

Of similar interest are his stories of how Governor Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa came to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury in Roosevelt's cabinet, and how it happened that General Miles went around the world in 1902. In France, however, the anecdote of the author's encounter with a passport official at Dieppe will be enjoyed more than any other. He had tried to explain some discrepancy in his passports, but without success until he took from his satchel a package of letters that Mr. Herrick had given him to friends of his in Paris. When he recognized Mr. Herrick's name", Mr. Kohlsaat writes, "he exclaimed, 'Pardon, Monsieur, pardon; a friend of Ambassador Herrick's is always welcome to France.' "


The editor of these letters, the grandson of the author, says with pardonable pride that Dr. Furness' fifty years spent upon the Variorum Edition will long stand as the highest attainment in American letters.

In an introduction to the letters he traces the great Shakespearian scholar's career from the time when he began his editorial career by the publication of a minute four-page weekly, entitled "Tom-Tit", dedicated to fun. The letters begin with his life at Harvard in 1852 and include many written during his European travels in 1854-1856. In the latter year he wrote from Paris, "England as a nation I abhor, but individually I adore. Reverse the sentence and you have my feelings about France".
Your Travel Headquarters

Every requirement for the journey — your American Express Travelers Cheques, railroad and steamship tickets, seat reservations, hotel accommodations, and, if desired, even a well-planned itinerary — can be had in one building. The Travel Department at 11 rue Scribe is at your service.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
11, Rue Scribe, PARIS and throughout Europe

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Elysée.
In 1861 he enlisted in the work of the Sanitary Commission, and a letter published here, written from Washington, November 24, 1862, gives a description of a visit of members of the Commission to the White House which is far from flattering to President Lincoln. In 1883, he was made the chairman of the Seybert Commission, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate the subject of spiritualism. Of greatest interest to the Shakespearean student however are the letters which relate to his Shakespearean studies. These began in 1860 with his election as a member of the Shakespeare apostles, later the Shakespearean Society of Philadelphia. The letters which relate to them, addressed to Professor Francis J. Child, W. J. Rolfe, W. Aultis Wright, Agnes Repplier, and others, give an unusually detailed record of the labors of a great scholar, enlivened at times by bits of characteristic humor. For example, in a letter to his sons in 1885 describing a visit from Edmund Gosse, Gosse told him that Tennyson had once spoken of his desire to make a collection of one hundred of the best, brightest, and wittiest sayings, but that so far he had got only three, and two of them Gosse added, were improper to tell to ladies.


Those who believe that some books are more important than others and desire to learn why some are more important than others will enjoy these essays thoroughly.

Not that Professor Erskine would assume the office of censor or welcome the establishment of such an office. On this he says, "the role of the censor would take on some dignity if there ever were a censor who was a connoisseur"; and again, "if you had the taste for the best, no inducement whatever would make you give your life to the detection of indecency".

At the same time he recognises the fact that individuals must choose between books, that most of them desire to read the more important ones, and that certain principles of choice may be helpful in determining which these are. These are discussed in chapters successively entitled "Decency in Literature", "Originality in Literature", "The Cult of the Natural", "The Cult of the Contemporary", and "Proper Characters".

In his discussion of the last subject he observes with some humor, that it is a curious paradox that writers should expect us to associate in art, as habitual companions, with types of character which in real life we should hasten to rescue and to change. "The purpose of art", he says, "is to make its subject matter universal, to sift and rearrange the raw material of life into a history that will have as much meaning as possible for as many readers as possible, for as long as possible". For this reason he would have authors record the triumph of man rather than his fall.


This elusive book should be called "Roman Catholic Writers in English Literature." It begins with "Kenelm Digby and the Discovery of the Past", and has interesting chapters on Newman, R. H. Benson, Belloc, Lingard and other Roman Catholic historians, Irish, and American writers. It brings in Ruskin, Pater, and the Pre-Raphaelites, and G. K. Chesterton, before his conversion, on the ground of their sense of beauty which is regarded as a specifically Roman Catholic product. Francis Thompson is styled "The Master", but the chief poem by which he is hailed master, "The Hound of Heaven", receives scanty reference, and this confused and misleading. The book is notably anti-British and anti-Puritan. In "The American Contribution" it gives space to some undistinguished writers, but has no place for Emerson, Fiske, Henry or William James.

Its style is pointed but somewhat spoiled by the epigrams with which the author disposes of some of the great names in our literature. Truth is rarely found in epigrams.

T. H. Wright.


The author, who is secretary of the Chinese Consulate General in New York, has taken advantage of his official position to make a comprehensive survey of Chinese life in the United States, the most detailed as well as the most accurate which we have.

Some of the chapter-headings are: "Morality and Behavior", "Assimilation", "Occupations", "Commercial and Industrial Enterprises", "Organisations", and "Legal Treatment". In discussing the last the author takes pains to avoid the question of naturalization simply because he deems the present time inopportune to raise it. He feels, however, that as long as his countrymen are not accorded their treaty rights they cannot hope for other rights and privileges.

The Chino-American treaty of 1880 is given in an appendix, together with lists of important Chinese organizations, publications, and business houses in the United States.
ROBERT'S
High Class Dressmaker for Children
Tricots de luxe for Ladies
::: EXPORTATION :::
72, Ave. Victor-Hugo Phone: Passy 13-95
PARIS

The Auteuil Day School
FOR BOYS
1. An American Program under
American Masters
2. French under French professors
3. Outdoor Sports
37, RUE BOILEAU :: PARIS (16')
Telephone: Auteuil 08-31

GALERIE DE L'ESTAMPE
1, Rue Edouard VII
THE LARGEST CHOICE
OF PICTURES IN ALL PARIS

AMERICAN LIBRARY
AUTUMN SCHEDULE
Week-days: 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Sundays: 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.
CLOSED ON:
All Saints Day, November 1
Armistice Day, November 11
Thanksgiving Day, November 29
Christmas Eve, at 7 P.M.
Christmas Day
New Year's Eve, at 7 P.M.
New Year's Day
10, RUE DE L'ELYSÉE, PARIS
Tel.: Elysées 58-84, 53-90

Direct Instantaneous Reproductions
from
BLUE PRINTS, DRAWINGS,
DOCUMENTS, LETTERS, BOOKS, etc.
with the
PHOTOSTAT
at the
PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPRESS PROCÉDÉ
7, Rue Vollet-le-Duc, PARIS (IX')
Telephone: TRUDAINE 68-28

CORONA PORTABLE
TYPEWRITERS
All American makes sold, rented and repaired
Complete line of office supplies
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
38, Chaussée d'Antin
Telephone
Trudaine 64-30

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Âlysée.

Events of the past three years have focussed attention on Turkey. It was inevitable that dozens of "authoritative" books should appear. Almost without exception, these were written either by authors whose knowledge was at best second-hand, or by missionaries who were peculiarly interested in perpetuating the age-old charges against the Moslem World. It is a relief to turn to a book which, though a product of Moslem patriotism, is amazingly fair and honest. Zia Bey, accompanied by his American wife, returned in 1921 to his native land after a ten year stay in the United States. He has seen his country, under the brilliant leadership of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, attain a striking military victory over the Greeks and finally achieve liberation at Lausanne. One can not help being impressed with the dignity and nobility of the Ottomans during their worst trials when Constantinople was under Allied guns. Zia Bey's story is a moving one told in straight-forward simple English.

Arthur Moss.


The fruits of "Holy Inquisition" were fear and hatred; those of "Prohibition", the loss of self respect and contempt of law and law-makers; of these two iniquitous measures the one is as preposterous as the other, for human nature is such that it can never be coerced into a belief.

Mr. Towne gives us a powerful arrainment of facts portraying, not alone the failure, but also the evil that prohibition has already wrought in a great heterogeneous and easy-going land.

It might be objected that he too often hits the same nail on the head, but man is apparently so inconsequential that reiteration alone is effective, witness the Coulé method. He reminds us that "There can not be laws greater than the people themselves", and speaks of "This land of lost liberty, a country of law and disorder".

George G. Fleurot.

The Hawthornden prize for the best imaginative production of the year has been awarded to Mr. David Garnett for his story, "Lady into Fox".

Of Zona's Gale's "Faint Perfume" Heywood Broun says, "It seems more than probable that it will remain the finest American novel of the year".


This remarkable collection of Indian stories was made by the author while he was acting as an agent of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. Most of them were secured during residence on the Seneca reservation in the autumn of 1883, concluding with his adoption as a member of the tribe with the name Hi-We-Sas (Seeker of Knowledge).

Among the most interesting of the myths recorded by Mr. Curtin is one on "The Origin of Stories" which might well have been placed first in the volume. Of similar interest not only to the student of comparative mythology but also to the general reader, are the stories of the "Great Spirit", and of "Creation", particularly those entitled "The Great Spirit Overpowers the Cold and Frost of Winter", "Stone Coats", and "The Creation of Men".

The endless drama of the seasons is represented also in such tales as "Summer (presumably Indian Summer) Kills Autumn and is Herself Killed by Winter" and "A Battle between Frost and Whirlwind", and the power of the elements of nature, and especially the power of Dagwanoyent, the Whirlwind, and of Hino, Thunder, and Hinohohawak, Thunder's son, in several stories, more or less similar, to each other and to the stories in classical and Norse mythology which are familiar to us.

The most delightful of all the stories, however, are those which reflect the Indian's close association with animals, stories of the boy who learned the songs of birds, of the race between the bear and the turtle, and of the coon and the crawfish; and how chipmunks get their stripes, why woodchucks have short tails, and foxes came to have black noses and have fur of a tawny yellow.


Samuel, the hero of this story, in rebellion against maternal ideas of Sabbath observance, decides to become an atheist; later has ambitions to become a musician, and goes to the Conservatory of Music. There he learns that "parents should be seen and not heard in regard to music"; that is, he discovers that there are some things about which he has to learn all over again.

Lena, the heroine, a child of the ghetto, also becomes a student at the Conservatory. These are the principal characters; and a ruined professional career, and a happy marriage, the principal incidents of this remarkable story of suburban and slum life in Boston.
BUY or RENT
AN
UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER
SEE OUR NEW MODEL "K"
UNDERWOOD PORTABLE
The Machine you will eventually carry

Non-folding

JOHN UNDERWOOD & Co.
36, Boulevard des Italiens
PARIS

TO AMERICAN RESIDENTS & VISITORS

THE PARIS OFFICES OF
The Western Union Telegraph Co.
are situated at
1, RUE AUBER (1X*)
(JUST OPPOSITE THE OPERA)
Where full particulars of the various cable services
now available and free supplies of cable forms
can be obtained.

When using Government Telegraph forms for your
messages to North and South America, Canada,
Mexico, etc., always mark them
VIA WESTERN UNION
and make sure of getting the best service possible.
RAPID, ACCURATE, SECRET

Maison fondée en 1795
L. FONTAINE
Succeesseur de JORET
14-20, Rue du Marché St-Honoré
PARIS (1er)

Spécialités :
Fruits frais, Primeurs
Légumes et Fruits Conservés, Confitures
(préparés par la Maison)
Vins Fins et Liqueurs
Champagne

Téléphone : Central 30-99

Livraison à domicile dans Paris
Envois en France et à l'étranger

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY
of New York

PARIS OFFICE
1 & 3, Rue des Italiens
Tel.: Louvre 50.44, 50.45, 50.46, 50.47, 50.48

NEW YORK LONDON BRUSSELS
LE HAVRE LIVERPOOL ANTWERP

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Élysée.

Through the stylistic pirouetting that startled America into recognition of “Miss Lulu Bett”, Zona Gale advanced to an incontestable position among the foremost contemporary realists. “Faint Perfume”, with its infelicitous title originating no doubt in a boudoir of Friendship Village, is a more ambitious work than the last. There is a perceptible development of those subtleties which enable Miss Gale to triumph over banality, and the two principal characters are more complex and more difficult than any that appeared on Miss Lulu’s horizon.

Leda Perrin, a delicate, sensitive young woman who has been earning a living as a writer, is sent home by the doctor for a year of complete rest. Shortly after she arrives, her father dies leaving her penniless, and she is forced to go to live with her cousins, the Crumbs. For years Leda has avoided these soporific relatives, and it is the intimacy of the Crumb household, where the slightest privacy is regarded as fastidiousness, ennui quickly gives way to repugnance. Then Richmiel returns from Paris in trailing clouds of glory bringing Oliver to the home of his grandmother. She lounges phlegmatically in a negligee that is pink and perishable, in fact partly perished, and confesses that she is divorced. It was all a mistake, a disaster,—she had married a brain through the chatter of Richmiel we are skillfully introduced to Barnaby before he arrives unexpectedly, unable to bear the separation from his boy.

The mother consents to give up Oliver that he may be properly educated. Then she suddenly discovers that during his visit Barnaby and Leda have fallen in love and intend to be married. Consumed with jealousy Richmiel retaliates by threatening to separate father and son again and to condemn the child to the Crumbs environment unless Leda renounces her one chance for happiness. For the stolid Lulu Bett there would have been no alternative; but Leda vacillates and finally succumbs and consents to go away with Barnaby.

Having once dared to write with sincerity, Miss Gale is now gathering momentum. She eliminates unessentials and tells her story swiftly and directly, with a style so limpid that it completely disarms the reader. Every sentence, every phrase, sometimes every word is charged with meaning; and in the case of grandfather Crumb, even silence is eloquent. We are admitted to family councils in which Barnaby and Leda, two full-grown, sensible beings in bondage to the morons by whom they are surrounded, receive and transmit their reactions in electrical waves to which the Crumbs are altogether insensitive. This is the charm of Miss Gale, that she creates situations where the author’s art consists of restraint and then displays it by the consummate detachment that is only obtained when the characters speak entirely for themselves. The latter part of the book under the sub-head, “Faint Perfume”, is weak and unsatisfactory; but this does not detract from the skill of the novelist in depicting the home-life of the Crumbs, daily incidents where comment is superfluous and compression is the secret of style.


As a reaction to the romantic school the aim of modern fiction writers seems to have been to create a story wherein the heroine has no virtues, the hero no character, and the plot no interest. Mr. Benson may then be said to have produced the chef-d’œuvre of the present day in “Miss Mapp”, a book which holds the reader by remarkable characterization and a delightfully presented picture of provincial England.

Miss Mapps we have always with us. In the seaside boarding house, in the college dormitory, in the New York apartment there is always someone who sizes up her neighbours and tries to outshine them. Sad that she has not always the picturesque background of Tilling with neighbours who reciprocate her attentions.

Keen psychology and adroit workmanship but lack of sympathy in drawing these characters gives them an aspect of caricature not felt in similar treatments of American small town life.

D. M. J.


Perhaps some readers will have these poems only in the complete edition; the more fortunate will have them in both forms.

This last testament contains three poems which might have been written especially for poets, “The Poet and His Book”, “The Laws of Verse” and “English Meters”. Of wider appeal are the lines “In Honour of America” written in 1917, and “The Voice of a Bird”, inspired by the lines from Ecclesiastes, “He Shall Rise up at the Voice of a Bird”.

But of greater interest still, perhaps, are the verses “To Silence” and to the “Mother of Christ the Son of Man”.

“We too (one cried), we too,
Were the unready, the perplexed, the cold,
Must shape the Eternal in our thoughts anew,
Cherish, possess, enfold
Thou sweetly, we in strife.”

118
Trollope's reputation was made by his Barsetshire novels, Percy Stephens observes in a recent article in the National Review, and more admirable pictures of English country life sixty years ago, he adds, it would be hard to find. "The Smallhouse at Allington", he considers the most perfect. Next to the Barsetshire chronicles he places "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux", which describe the political world to which Trollope himself aspired.

"The Transformation of American Sentiment Towards Germany, 1870-1914", by Clara Eve Schieber, reprinted places "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux", which describe the political world to which Trollope himself aspired.

The Times Literary Supplement speaks of Arthur Machen's two volumes of autobiography, "Far Off Things" (Knopf) and "Things Far and Near" as the best or at least the most popular of his writings. The former contains a continually charming account of the life of an imaginative boy in a wild corner of Wales when it was still in touch with the most ancient traditions. The later volume records the years of struggle in London and the hard literary apprenticeship with a maturity of observation, a kindliness and sympathy, which make it unique of its kind.

In an article on Robert Burns in the Nineteenth Century for June, Charles Lowe says, "As 'Scots Wha Haa' has been said to be one of the best battle songs ever written,—quite on a par at least with the Marseillaise, which is hard to beat,—so the best love song, the song which best expresses admiration of female charms, is 'Annie Laurie'; while 'Brew'd a Peck o' Malt' (malt) is the ne plus ultra of drinking ditties. 'Auld Lang Syne' shares with our national anthem the distinction of being more often than any other song on jovial lips of our gracious sovereign's subjects from one end to the other of his world-embracing Empire."

Of Emerson Hough's books the Outlook, May 9, says: From the point of view of fiction, Mr. Hough's most popular story was his "Mississippi Bubble". In that romance he succeeded admirably in combining the historic and picturesque flavor of old American life with a personal story of adventure and love. In none of his other novels did he strike just this captivating combination of the two elements. Probably his "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" and his "Story of the Cowboy" (which we believe was his earliest work) were the best of his tales from the historic point of view, while, next to "The Mississippi Bubble", "The Girl at the Half-way House" remains in memory as charming from the standpoint of story-telling pure and simple.

The best fiction of the last year according to Mr. H.L. Pangborn in the New York Herald, was: Stella Dallas, by Olive Higgins Prouty (Houghton); His Children's Children, Arthur Train (Scribner's); Where the Blue Begins, Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page & Co.); Gigolo, Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page & Co.); Huntington, John Buchan (George H. Doran Company); Men Like Gods, H. G. Wells (Macmillan); Mr. Podd, Freeman Tilden (Macmillan); The House of the Fighting Focks, Henry Baelelin (Harcourt, Brace & Co.); Whose Body?, Dorothy L. Sayers (Boni & Liveright); The Dancer of Shamakha, Armen Ohanian (E. P. Dutton & Co.).
ADVERTISERS

Who wish to reach
Americans, British, French
Residents of Paris or Tourists
Men, Women, and Children
Young and Old
An Intelligent Well-to-do Clientele
Will Naturally Place Their Announcements in
EX LIBRIS
The English-language Review
with the Metropolitan Circulation
Publicity Tariff on Request to the Managing Editor
Telephone: ELYSEES 36-70

TO OUR READERS

The generous support of our advertisers, whose names are synonomous with service, makes it possible for the American Library to extend its scope by publishing
EX LIBRIS
Their continued backing will depend partly on the patronage of yourself and your friends
Let there be reciprocity!
Keep the advertising pages filled!
"Trade with those who Aid!"

Louis Sherry

Breakfast - Candies - Afternoon Tea
"BON VOYAGE BOXES AND BASKETS"
Telephone: CENTRAL 84-69
PARIS 6, Rue de Castiglione

THE "RIVOLI"
2, Rue de l'Échelle, Paris

"JUST LIKE HOME"

The English and American Luncheon and Tea Rooms
near the Louvre and Palais Royal
HOME-MADE
Cakes, Pies and Preserves
REAL American Ice Cream

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Elysée.
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 our columns.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, POLITICS.

Round Table Conferences of the Institute of Politics at its 1st Session. 1921. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1923.
YEN, EN TSUNG. The Open Door Policy. Boston. The Stratford Co. 1923.

BIOGRAPHY.

GRIFFIN, SOLOMON BULKLEY. People and Politics Observed by a Massachusetts Editor. Boston. Little Brown & Co. 1923.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

W.H. Smith & Son
248 rue de Rivoli
PARIS
near Place de la Concorde
Phone Louvre 11.45

DISTINCTIVE
NOTE-PAPERS
DIE-STAMPING
& ENGRAVING
A SPECIALTY

LIGHT LUNCHES IN TEA-ROOMS
FROM NOON

ABBÉ TARTAIX
(PRÊTRE FRANÇAIS)
Professeur d'Anglais, Espagnol, Italien, Français, Latin
Depuis 23 ans dans la même Maison - 3000 Élèves
Ascenseur 6, PLACE DE LA MADELEINE

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK
OF NEW YORK

Capital and Surplus over $90,000,000

Established 1812

PARIS BRANCH
39-41, Boulevard Haussmann

WHITE STAR LINE
Southampton Weekly Express Service by Cherbourg - New York New Luxurious Steamers:
MAJESTIC, 56,551 tons
OLYMPIC, 46,439 tons
HOMERIC, 34,356 tons

Apply: PARIS, 9, RUE SCRIBE;
LONDON - SOUTHAMPTON - LIVERPOOL

AMERICAN GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY
G. BUREAU
12, Rue de Sèze, PARIS (Near Madeleine)
Tel. Gutenberg 22-07

Not closed at noon - Deliveries all over Paris
G. BUREAU'S Special Blend AMERICAN COFFEE (Moka and Java)
Gins, Whiskies, Brandies, Liquors, etc.

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Elysée.
POETRY.


DRAMA.


MISCELLANEOUS.


MILLIGAN, GEORGE. Here and There among the Papyri. London. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd. 1922.


WATSON, VIRGINIA. With La Salle, the Explorer. New York. Holt Co. 1922.

FICTION


COLE, SOPHIE. Play'd in a Box. London. Mills and Boon Ltd. (1922).


DURHAM, DAVID. Hounded Down. London. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd.


FOOTNER, HULBERT. The Owl Taxi. London. W. Collins and Co. 1922.


BEAUTY

NEW YORK

London

Brussels

5, Rue Cambon

Tel. Cent. 05-53

MRS. E. ADAIR

Mrs. E. ADAIR

Ganeh Strapping Muscle Treatment, and
New Spaghetti Treatment for the Complexion

9:00 a.m. till 6 p.m.

GRANDS MAGASINS, QUINCAILLERS et
163 Avenue Victor-Hugo, Paris

MIRAMAR

10, Avenue de

la Bourdonnais, Paris

Principal - Madame LAUDNER

HE above establishment situated
in the healthiest and one of the
most beautiful parts of Paris to
accommodate a limited number of young
ladies who desire to complete their
education abroad under the most favour-
able scholastic and social conditions.
The mansion has been newly decorated
and includes all the comforts and appoint-
ments of a private home. It overlooks
the Eiffel Tower Gardens and is within
easy distance of Railway Terminals,
The Opera, The Museums, Galleries.
The classes, under the direction
of visiting masters, include French,
Diction, Italian, Music, Painting,
Sculpture and Dancing.

FURTHER PARTICULARS
UPON APPLICATION TO THE
ABOVE ADDRESS

HORSEBACK RIDING

MRS. MARION WALCOTT

for seven years at the famous resort

HOTEL DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

In now located in Paris and is available to accompany
ladies and young girls on horseback rides in the Bois.
Excellent horses. Orders should be given a day or two
in advance.

Arrangements can be made at the Riding Stables of

HENSMAI

8, Rue Benouville, PARIS
(angle of rue de la Faisanderie, 21)

Tel. Passy 23-84

Alfeu

Allume-feu
économique et rapide

GRANDS MAGASINS, QUINCAILLERS et
163 Avenue Victor-Hugo, Paris

Horseback Riding

Mrs. Marion Walcott

for seven years at the famous resort

HOTEL DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

In now located in Paris and is available to accompany
ladies and young girls on horseback rides in the Bois.
Excellent horses. Orders should be given a day or two
in advance.

Arrangements can be made at the Riding Stables of

Hensman

8, Rue Benouville, PARIS
(angle of rue de la Faisanderie, 21)

Tel. Passy 23-84

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l’Elysée.


HAY, IAN. The Lucky Number. London. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd. 1923.


MAXWELL, W. B. Mrs. Tompson. London. Eveleigh Nash and Grayson Ltd. 1923.


FRENCH BOOKS


THE BOOKS OF FRANCE

Early in October there will be issued by the Librairie Gallimard, 15 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, a monthly magazine in English, entitled “The Books of France”. The aim will be to stimulate interest in contemporary French literature among English and American readers.

The magazine will contain, besides signed reviews of the latest publications in various fields of literature, critical essays of the work of French writers by English and American men of letters and articles by French writers of international reputation on certain phases of their native literature on which they are particularly qualified to pass judgment.

The editors of the magazine are Messrs. A. Kingsland Griggs and Victor Llona.
THE NEW YORK HERALD
(European Edition)

is a newspaper of character and sound purpose, dependable, informative and pre-eminent in the high grade of its circulation.

That is why

THE NEW YORK HERALD

has the greatest circulation of any American paper published in Europe.

The NEW YORK HERALD is read by financiers, business men and all other men of high standing in Europe and is the newspaper preferred and adopted by all Americans living abroad who desire to keep informed on financial, social, political, sport, art and fashion news.

With this class of readers, the NEW YORK HERALD is unequalled as an advertising medium. The advertisers know and a glance at any edition shows the NEW YORK HERALD to be pre-eminent in the quantity of high class advertising it carries.

If you are in Europe for one week or one year, have the HERALD sent to you by mail daily.
If you move, your newspaper follows you.

49, Avenue de l'Opéra, PARIS

MONDOOVER
EDUCATIONAL AGENTS
23, Rue de la Paix (Equitable Building) PARIS

MONDOOVER RECOMMEND reliable FINISHING SCHOOLS and FRENCH FAMILIES of recognized standing personally known to them, receiving girls for educational purposes or adults as PAYING GUESTS. Every SCHOOL or HOME recommended in or around Paris has been thoroughly INSPECTED by them. They will also be glad to supply information regarding Schools and Private Families in other parts of the Continent.

Telephone : Gutenberg 68-72
Interviews : 10-12, 2-5 Saturdays : 10-12

ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE
101, Boulevard Raspail, PARIS

The Complete Course of French Studies of the Ecole Pratique de Langue Française will reopen on November 3.

It includes, every week:

sixteen hours of practice, including translations from English into French;
thirteen lectures;
one visit to monuments or interesting places.

For details, apply to:
Director ROBERT DUPOUHEY
101, Boulevard Raspail, Paris

Descriptive leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l'Elysée.
Current Magazines

Any of the following magazines may be borrowed by members of the American Library in any part of Europe, after the expiration of one month, 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.

AMERICAN

Atlantic Monthly, October: Divorce, Katharine Fuller Gerould. The Day of the Advertisement, Edward W. Bok. The Tragedy of the Middle Class, Edith Sellers.
Literary Digest, September 8: The Klan as the Victim of Mob Violence. Making up with Mexico.
Living Age, September 22: The United States and Europe, Edouard Rossier. The German Communist Organization, Joseph Aulneau.
Nation, September 5: Should the United States Occupy France?
— September 12: The New Emancipation of the Negro, Bertha Wallerstein.
Nation's Business, September: The Unrest of the Middle West, Silas Bent.

BRITISH

Contemporary Review, October: Italy and Greece, Dr. William Miller. The Fourth Assembly, H. Wilson Harris. Recognition of Soviet Russia, Semion Rapoport.
Headway, October: The Greco-Italian Crisis, Professor Gilbert Murray.
Nation and the Athenaeum, September 8: The Test of the League.
Saturday Review, September 8: The League of Nations and some Realities.
Spectator, September 8: France's Opportunity.
— — 15: Understanding America.
SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

(To be filled in and sent to “EX LIBRIS”, 10 Rue de l’Elysée, Paris)

Please enter my subscription to EX LIBRIS for one year,

commencing __________, for which I enclose 20 francs (in France)

25 francs (outside France)

Full name ___________________________
Street ___________________________
City ___________________________
Arr. or Dept. _________________________
Country ___________________________

CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS SHOULD BE MADE TO ORDER OF “EX LIBRIS”
LETTERS ENCLOSING CASH SHOULD ALWAYS BE REGISTERED.

UNITED STATES TIRES

are of exceptional quality
and their reputation is established throughout the whole world.

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DE PRODUITS EN CAOUTCHOUC
40, Rue du Colisée - PARIS (8°)

Suppliers of all the rubber goods of the “United States Rubber Export Co., New York”

Description leaflets of EX LIBRIS advertisers may be obtained at its Information Bureau, rez-de-chaussée, 10 rue de l’Elysée.
A British Bank Conducted on British Lines.

Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited,

43, Boulevard des Capucines,
PARIS

BRANCHES AT:
BIARRITZ - BORDEAUX - CANNES
LE HAVRE - MARSEILLES - NICE
ROUVAIX - ROUEN - ST-JEAN-DE-LUZ
BRUSSELS - ANTWERP - GENEVA
COLOGNE.

LONDON { City Office - 31, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2.
West End Branch - 71, Haymarket, S.W.1.

Agents and Correspondents throughout the World.

If your apartment is not warm

Install your own
“IDEAL CLASSIC”
HEATING SYSTEM
ONE FIRE
to warm all rooms
Heat and Hot Water whenever needed

Write for descriptive booklet “X” or
call at our showrooms.

COMPAGNIE NATIONALE DES RADIATEURS
149 Boulevard Haussmann, PARIS (8')