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PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL

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Writings of the American Pilots in the Escadrille Lafayette

PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL

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

James McConnell

The first, and by far the best book, written by a pilot of the Escadrille Lafayette, was "Flying for France", by James Rogers McConnell. This simply and splendidly told story of the early days of the Escadrille was originally printed as two articles in the World's Work, and when brought out in book form ran through many editions. Its winning and likeable style, characteristic of its author, made it extremely popular.

McConnell wrote far more about his comrades than about himself, but explained how he came to enter the aviation service of France in a few words:

"I had come over from Carthage, N. C., in January, 1915, and worked with an American Ambulance section in the Bois-le-Prêtre. All along I had been convinced that the United States ought to aid in the struggle against Germany. With that conviction, it was plainly up to me to do more than drive an ambulance. The more I saw the splendour of the fight the French were making, the more I felt like an embusqué—what the British call a 'shirker'. So I made up my mind to go into aviation."

The birth of the afterwards famous Escadrille Lafayette—at first known as the Escadrille Américaine—is related a few pages further along:

"After completing his training, receiving his military pilot's brevet, and being perfected on the type of plane he is to use at the front, an aviator is ordered to the reserve headquarters near Paris to await his call. Kiffin Rockwell and Victor Chapman had been there for months, and I had just arrived, when on the 16th of
April (1916) orders came for the Americans to join their escadrille at Luxeuil, in the Vosges.

"The rush was breathless! Never were flying clothes and fur coats drawn from the quartermaster, belongings packed, and red tape in the various administrative bureaus unfurled, with such headlong haste. In a few hours we were aboard the train, panting, but happy. Our party consisted of Sergeant Prince, and Rockwell, Chapman, and myself, who were only corporals at that time. We were joined at Luxeuil by Lieutenant Thaw and Sergeant Bert Hall.

"For the veterans our arrival at the front was devoid of excitement; for the three neophytes—Rockwell, Chapman, and myself— it was the beginning of a new existence, the entry into an unknown world. Of course Rockwell and Chapman had seen plenty of warfare on the ground, but warfare in the air was as novel to them as to me. For us all it contained unlimited possibilities for initiative and service to France, and for them it meant, too, the restoration of personality lost during those months in the trenches with the Foreign Legion. Rockwell summed it up characteristically:

"Well, we're off for the races", he remarked.

..."The memory of the first sortie we made as an escadrille will always remain fresh in my mind because it was also my first trip over the lines. We were to leave at six in the morning. Captain Thenault pointed out on his aerial map the route we were to follow. Never having flown over this region before, I was afraid of losing myself. Therefore, as it is easier to keep other aeroplanes in sight when one is above them, I began climbing as rapidly as possible, meaning to trail along in the wake of my comrades. Unless one has had practice in flying in formation, however, it is hard to keep in contact. The diminutive avions de chasse are the merest pin-points against the great sweep of landscape below and the limitless heavens above. The air was misty and clouds were gathering. Ahead there seemed a barrier of them. Although as I looked down the ground showed plainly, in the distance everything was hazy. Forging up above the mist, at 7,000 feet, I lost the others altogether. Even when they are not closely joined, the clouds, seen from immediately above, appear as a solid bank of white. The spaces between are indistinguishable. It is like being in an Arctic ice field.

"To the south I made out the Alps. Their glittering peaks projected up through the white sea about me like majestic icebergs. Not a single plane was visible anywhere, and I was growing very uncertain about my position. My splendid isolation had become oppressive, when, one by one, the others began bobbing up above the cloud level, and I had company again.

"We were over Belfort and headed for the trench lines. The cloud banks dropped behind, and below us we saw the smiling plain of Alsace stretching eastward to the Rhine. It was distinctly pleasurable, flying over this conquered land. Following the course of the canal that runs to the Rhine, I glided, from a height of 13,000 feet over Dannemarie, a series of brown, woodworm-like tracings on the ground—the trenches!

"My attention was drawn elsewhere almost immediately, however. Two balls of black smoke had suddenly appeared close to one of the machines ahead of me, and with the same disconcerting abruptness similar balls began to dot the sky above, below, and on all sides of us. We were being shot at with shrapnel. It was interesting to watch the flash of the bursting shells, and the attendant smoke puffs—black, white, or yellow, depending on the kind of shrapnel used. The roar of the motor drowned the noise of the explosions. Strangely enough, my feelings about it were wholly impersonal.

"We turned north after crossing the lines. Mulhouse seemed just below us, and I noted with a keen sense of satisfaction our invasion of German territory. The Rhine, too, looked delightfully accessible. As we continued northward I distinguished the twin lakes of Gérardmer sparkling in their emerald setting. Where the lines crossed the Hartmannswillerkopf there were little spurts of brown smoke as shells burst in the trenches. One could scarcely pick out the old city of Thann from among the numerous neighboring villages, so tiny it seemed in the valley's mouth. I had never been higher than 7,000 feet and was unaccustomed to reading country from a great altitude. It was also bitterly cold, and even in my fur-lined combination I was shivering. I noticed, too, that I had to take long, deep breaths in the rarefied atmosphere. Looking downward at a certain angle, I saw what at first I took to be a round, shimmering pool of water. It was simply the effect of the sunlight on the congealed mist. We had been keeping an eye out for German machines since leaving our lines, but none had shown up. It wasn't surprising, for we were too many.

"Only four days later, however, Rockwell brought down the escadrille's first plane in his initial aerial combat. He was flying alone when, over Thann, he came upon a German on reconnaissance. He dived and the German turned toward his own lines, opening fire from a long distance. Rockwell kept straight after him. Then, closing to thirty yards, he pressed on the release of his machine gun, and saw the enemy gunner fall backward and the pilot crumple up sideways in his seat. The plane flopped downward and crashed to earth just behind the German trenches. Sweeping close to the ground Rockwell saw its débris burning away brightly. He had turned the trick with but four shots and only one German bullet had struck his Nieuport. An observation post telephoned the news before Rockwell's return, and..."
he got a great welcome. All Luxeuil smiled upon him—particularly the girls. But he couldn’t stay to enjoy his popularity. The escadrille was ordered to the sector of Verdun."

"Flying For France" tells the story of the Escadrille up to the end of 1916. About that time its author fell ill, from the effects of an injury received when his aeroplane was smashed up in an after-dark landing near Verdun in August 1916. McConnell was in hospital several weeks, and was killed near Flavy-le-Martel (Aisne), on March 19, 1917, a week after rejoining his escadrille at the front.

McConnell’s last flight was graphically described by a comrade, Edmond Genet, who was killed just four weeks later, on April 16, 1917, and whose letters home were later published under the title "War Letters of Edmond Genet":

"On Monday morning Mac, Parsons and myself went out at nine o’clock on the third patrol of the escadrille", wrote young Genet. "We had orders to protect observation machines along the new lines around the region of Ham. Mac was leader. I came second and Parsons followed me. Before we had gone very far Parsons was forced to go back on account of motor trouble.

"Mac and I kept on and up to ten o’clock were circling around the region of Ham, watching out for the heavier machines doing reconnoitering work below us. We went higher than a thousand meters during that time. About ten, for some reason or other of his own, Mac suddenly headed into the German lines toward Saint Quentin and I naturally followed close to his rear and above him. Perhaps he wanted to make some observations around Saint Quentin. At any rate, we had gotten north of Ham and quite inside the hostile lines, when I saw two boche machines crossing toward us from
the region of Saint Quentin at an altitude quite higher than ours. We were then about 1,600 meters. I supposed Mac saw them the same as I did. One boche was much farther ahead than the other, and was headed as if he would dive at any moment on Mac. I glanced ahead at Mac and saw what direction he was taking, and then pulled back to climb as quickly as possible to gain an advantageous height over the nearest boche. It was cloudy and misty and I had to keep my eyes on him all the time, so naturally I couldn’t watch Mac. The second boche was still much farther off than his mate. By the time I had gotten to 2,200, the boche was almost up to me and taking a diagonal course right in front. He started to circle and his gunner—it was a biplane, probably an Albatross, although the mist was too thick and dark for me to see much but the bare outline of his dirty, dark green body, with white and black crosses—opened fire before I did and his first volley did some damage. One bullet cut the left central support of my upper wing in half, an explosive bullet cut in half the left guiding rod of the left aileron, and I was momentarily stunned by part of it which dug a nasty gouge into my left cheek. I had already opened fire and was driving straight for the boche with teeth set and my hand gripping the triggers making a veritable stream of fire spitting out of my gun at him, as I had incendiary bullets, it being my job lately to chase after observation balloons, and on Saturday morning I had also been up after the reported Zeppelins. I had to keep turning toward the boche every second, as he was circling around towards me and I was on the inside of the circle, so his gunner had all the advantage over me. I thought I had him on fire for one instant as I saw—or supposed I did—flames on his fuselage. Everything passed in a few seconds and we swung past each other in opposite directions at scarcely twenty-five metres from each other—the boche beating off toward the north and I immediately dived down in the opposite direction wondering every second whether the broken wing support would hold together or not and feeling weak and stunned from the hole in my face. A battery opened a heavy fire on me as I went down, the shells breaking just behind me. I straightened out over Ham at a thousand metres, and began to circle around to look for Mac or the other boche, but saw absolutely nothing the entire fifteen minutes I stayed there. I was fearful every minute that my whole top wing would come off, and I thought that possibly Mac had gotten around towards the west over our lines, missed me, and was already on his way back to camp. So I finally turned back for our camp, having to fly very low and against a strong northern wind, on account of low clouds just forming. I got back at a quarter to eleven and my first question to my mechanic was: ‘Has McConnell returned?’ He hadn’t, and no news of any sort have we had of him yet, although we hoped and prayed every hour yesterday for some word to come in.’

Four days later Genet wrote:

“The evening before last definite news was brought to us that a badly smashed Nieuport had been found by French troops, besides which was the body of a sergeant-pilot which had been there at least three days and had been stripped of all identification papers, flying clothes and even the boots. They got the number of the machine, which proved without further question that it was poor Mac...... The machine was scarcely distinguishable so badly had it smashed into the ground, and there was no doubt that Mac was killed while fighting in the air. It seems almost certain that he struck the ground with full motor on....... Mac was almost as badly mangled as the machine and had been relieved of his flying suit by the damned boches, also of his shoes and all papers.

‘Mac has been buried right there beside the road, and we will see that the grave is decently marked with a cross, etc..... In the letter which he had left for just such an occasion as this he concludes with the following words: ‘Good luck to the rest of you. God damn Germany and vive la France!’”

**VICTOR CHAPMAN**

“Victor Chapman’s Letters From France” have already been mentioned in *Ex Libris* (pages 104-105, Volume 1, Number 4); the following extract from a letter written some three weeks before his death in aerial combat, June 23, 1916, and describing a morning flight over the Verdun sector, will give some idea of the gallant young aviator’s style of writing:

“This morning we all started off at three, and, not having made concise enough arrangements, got separated in the morning mist. I found Prince, however, and we went to Douaumont where we found two German *réglage* machines unprotected and fell upon them. A skirmish, a spitting of guns, and we drew away. It had been badly executed, that manoeuvre! But hot another boche headed for Verdun! Taking the direction stick between my knees I tusseled and fought with the mitrailleuse and finally charged the rouleau, all the while eyeing my boche and moving across Vaux towards Etain. I had no altitude with which to overtake him, but a little more speed. So I got behind his tail and spit until he dived into his own territory. Having lost Norman, I made a tour to the Argonne and on the way back saw another fat boche. No protection machine in sight! I swooped,
swerved to the right, to the left, almost lost, but then came up under his lee keel under the stern. (It's the one position they can not shoot from). I seemed a doxy alongside a schooner. I pulled up my nose to let him have it. Cr—Cr—Cr—a cartridge jammed in the barrel. He jumped like a frog and fled down to his grounds. Later in the morning I made another stroll along the lines. Met a flock of Nieuports, and saw across the way a squad of white-winged L. V. G. How like a flock of prisoner's base it all is. I scurry out in company, and they run away. They come into my territory and I being alone, take to my heels. They did come after me once too! Faster they are than I, but I had height so they could but leer up at me with their dead-white wings and black crosses like sharks, and they returned to their own domain."

Chapman was slain in aerial battle the morning of June 23, 1916, the first American aviator to be killed by German bullets, and fell within the enemy lines near Verdun; his body was never recovered, nor was his burial place ever found by friends.

KIFFIN ROCKWELL

The letters of Kiffin Rockwell, Chapman’s bosom friend and fighting companion, were also referred to in the October, 1923, number of Ex Libris; the following letter describes the first casualty suffered by the Escadrille Lafayette:

"Yesterday was a bad day for us. You know we thought Balsley rather young and inexperienced, but ever since he came out to the escadrille, I liked him better and better every day, as I saw he had plenty of good will to work, and was not afraid.

"Well, yesterday we all left for an offensive barrage over the lines. We were all supposed to follow Captain Thenault, but only Prince, Balsley and myself did so.

"We were over the lines, when we ran into about forty boches in one little sector, flying at different heights. At the top where we were were twelve or fifteen little aviateurs de chasse, which go just as fast as we do and in addition carry a passenger. The pilot shoots as we do, but the man back of him has a second gun which can cover the rear and sides.

"We were only four, and over the German lines, but we stayed close together and for ten or fifteen minutes circled around the boches, they shooting at us nearly all the time from four or five hundred metres. Finally we saw our chance. One of their machines crossed over between us and our lines, while all the others were in the rear of us. We immediately went down after this one boche, which caused a general mix-up, as boches came at us from all sides and the rear.

"I saw either Prince or Balsley go over in a regular deathdrop, and thought to myself that he was killed. Then I lost sight of another of our machines, and only the captain and I were left. He signalled to me, so we left and finally came home, thinking the other two were killed. Prince came home soon after, he had had to drop straight down, owing to a boche getting the upper hand on him and putting a bullet through his casque.

"Poor Balsley seems to have dived on one boche, gotten close to him, and when he tried to shoot his gun it jammed after one shot. He turned off, and as he did so a bullet caught him in the hip and exploded on hitting the bone. Balsley fell straight down, but luckily had his feet strapped to the commands and was able to readdress the machine and land with one foot. He landed just inside of our lines, and really had a hell of a close call. His machine was completely smashed on landing.

"At present we are not sure of his wound. It may turn out to be only a slight thing, but several pilots have died from being wounded like that and getting blood poisoning. Then they can not tell yet if any morsels of the bullet went in his stomach or not. He has been proposed for the Medaille Militaire for his bravery."

Kiffin Rockwell was killed, fighting a two-seater Albatross machine high over Thann, Alsace, on September 23, 1923, and was buried with full military honors by his comrades at the headquarters at Luxeuil (Haute-Saone). His commander, Captain Thenault, writing of his address made at Rockwell's funeral, said:

"I could give no higher praise than to tell simply what he had done."

NORMAN PRINCE

Norman Prince was really the founder of the Lafayette Escadrille. He had already flown in America before the World War began, and in January 1915, arrived in France, and offered his services as an aviator to the French War Office, also suggesting the possibility of eventually organizing an aviation unit to be composed entirely of volunteer airmen from the United States. At first his idea met with little encouragement, but being fostered by Monsieur J. de Sillac, of the French Foreign Office, Dr. Edmund L. Gros, and other French and American residents of
Paris, the Escadrille Américaine—later known as the Escadrille Lafayette—finally took its place over the battle front.

Prince was fatally injured when his aeroplane was wrecked, landing at night after protecting a successful bombing expedition directed against the Mauser works at Oberndorf, on October 12th, 1916, and died in hospital three days later. His letters home were later published in a memorial volume: "Norman Prince: An American Volunteer Who Died for the Cause He Loved." How Prince won his first citation in French Army Orders, and his Croix de Guerre, is told therein as follows:

"I was fortunate enough that day to escape the range of the German flying machines by going further north and passing through the clouds, though I was shelled from a long distance all the way. I succeeded in dropping my bombs on a railroad station, one of which I saw explode in a bunch of freight cars in the railroad yard. As I was returning in our lines the Englishmen, by mistake, opened a brisk fire on me, which necessitated my going up into the clouds again. I proceeded due west until I ran out of gasoline, and I then proceeded in the dark near the headquarters of the English. It was my good fortune to land safely, and on my arrival at my post I was brought before the English commander, who asked me to tell my story. Mine being one of the four machines out of twenty that had reached Douai in the raid, I was awarded a citation and given the right to wear a War Cross—my first decoration."

McConnell, in his book "Flying For France", wrote of Prince's death:

"It was hard to realize that poor old Norman was gone. He was the founder of the American escadrille and every one in it had come to rely on him. He never let his own spirits drop, and was always on hand with encouragement for the others. I do not think Prince minded going. He wanted to do his part before being killed, and he had more than done it. He had, day after day, freed the line of Germans, making it impossible for them to do their work, and three of them he had shot to earth."

JAMES NORMAN HALL

No American who fought the Germans in the World War had more varied experience than James Norman Hall. Enlisting in the English Army at the outbreak of hostilities, he served for over a year with the B. E. F. at the front in France.

Honorably discharged from this service, he returned to America, and wrote a book, "Kitchener's Mob", which met with great success. Sent to France in the summer of 1916 by the editor of an American magazine to write a series of articles about the Escadrille Lafayette, he became enthused with the spirit of that corps, and enlisted therein. Shortly after his arrival at the front as a Lafayette pilot, he was shot down, badly wounded, in a single-handed encounter with nine enemy aeroplanes, and for a time his life was despaired of. Returning to the front as soon as he was able to fly, he officially destroyed three Germans aeroplanes, before he was shot down in an aerial encounter near Pont-à-Mousson, May 7, 1918, and captured by the enemy. Between times he had written a stirring book of his aerial experiences, "High Adventure"; he remained in a German prison-camp until liberated by the Armistice.

Norman Hall, with Charles Nordhoff, who was an American pilot with the French Nieuport Escadrille 99, aided by Lieutenant Edgar G. Hamilton, an American flying instructor in the French service during the World War, and now fighting with the French Foreign Legion in Morocco, as associate editor, wrote after the Armistice the official history of the Lafayette Flying Corps, a pains-taking and valuable reference work. It was published in two volumes: the first is devoted to a short history of
the Escadrille Lafayette and biographical accounts of all the pilots who served in that unit and with French escadrilles as members of the Lafayette Flying Corps; the second volume consists of letters written by many of the pilots; unfortunately none of these letters was signed, the editors for some reason judging it best to omit the signatures. The work is splendidly illustrated, and is invaluable to anyone interested in the volunteer American aviators in the service of France.

After the war, Hall and Nordhoff went to the South Sea Islands, and besides contributing many accounts of their experiences and observations there to American magazines, wrote a book: "Faery Islands of the South Seas". Hall was recently in Iceland, gathering material for another book.

**Raoul Lufbery**

Gervais Raoul Lufbery, the greatest "ace" of the Escadrille Lafayette and of all American aviators, was in addition to his stellar ability as a fighting pilot, a writer of no mean skill. Two of his articles, one describing his first bombing expedition into enemy territory, the other recounting his first victory over a German aeroplane, were first published in * Everybody's Magazine*, later syndicated and printed in many newspapers in the United States, and then published in French in *La Guerre Aerienne*, a Paris magazine devoted to aerial warfare and edited by Jacques Mortane. Lufbery's style of writing was like his style of fighting: straight-forward and winning, and he had many offers from publishers and editors, but his efforts at the front left him little time for literary work.

Lufbery was the first American citizen to enter the French Air Service: he enlisted in the Foreign Legion in August, 1914, and was at once transferred to the aviation. At first he was an aeroplane mechanic; then he flew a bombing plane, and when the Escadrille Americaine was organized, he was one of the first pilots. He won the honor of being cited in the French Official Communiqués, when he destroyed his fifth German aeroplane on October 12, 1916: from then on, his name was frequently mentioned therein. When the Escadrille Lafayette was transferred to the A. E. F., January 1, 1918, Lufbery entered the American Air Services with the rank of major. He was killed in aerial combat near Toul, on May 19, 1918; he had destroyed over fifty German aeroplanes, though only seventeen of his victories were officially confirmed.

**Newspaper Articles**

Edwin Charles Parsons was another "ace" of the Escadrille Lafayette who found time for writing, between his numerous aerial victories. An excellent account of his experiences in France was printed serially in the *Springfield, (Massachusetts), Republican*, and many of his
letters were published in the New York Times, the Chicago Daily News, and other newspapers, as well as being translated into French and appearing in La Guerre Aeriennne.

The American newspaper correspondents in Paris were very much interested in news of the Escadrille Lafayette, from the very beginning of that unit. At first many of the pilots, especially Victor Chapman and Kiffin Rockwell, were keenly opposed to any publicity being given their exploits, but after much argument were convinced that the doings of the escadrille, properly told by the American press, would be a powerful weapon of propaganda against Germany. This publicity soon became a very keen thorn in the flesh of the enemy, and many were the protests lodged at Washington by the German Embassy against the presence at the front in France of an organized unit of American flyers. Few feats of the Lafayette pilots escaped unheralded by the United States Press: James McConnell was for a time correspondent for the New York Sun, Tribune, World, and Times, sending regular letters to Mr. F. B. Grundy, correspondent in Paris for the Sun, who passed the news on to the correspondents of the other three papers.

Later, Paul Pavelka was correspondent for the Sun; Edwin Parsons for the Times; Harold Willis for the United Press; letters from Walter Lovell, Pavelka, and David M. Peterson were frequently printed in the Chicago Daily News, New York Globe, and other newspapers.

Paul Pavelka

Paul Pavelka, the only American airman killed on the Salonika front, where he went after months of service with the Escadrille Lafayette, described in a typical letter conditions there:

"I now have two aeroplanes, so I do both fighting and bombarding. For the bombarding, I carry a passenger; we have been on several of the long raids mentioned in the communiqués. Thus I am always kept busy, although the enemy aviation has been pretty dead around these parts of late. It is hotter than hell down here and everybody is suffering from the heat by nine o'clock in the morning. We all run naked, with nothing on but colonial casques to cover our heads. We are all black as negroes from the sun."

Pavelka's death was a curious instance of the irony of fate. After having escaped death on the battlefield as a Foreign Legionnaire, and in the air as a pilot, he was killed by a fall from a horse, a misfortune which might have befallen him when he was a boy on the farm in Connecticut! One day while off duty, he ran across an English cavalryman, a former friend in the Foreign Legion. Pavelka visited the ex-Legionnaire at his regimental headquarters, and while trying to ride a notoriously vicious horse, was thrown, trampled upon, and fatally injured. He died the following day, November 12, 1917, and was given an imposing funeral, as he was widely known and admired throughout the Allied Armies stationed along the Salonika front. As the official history of the Lafayette Flying Corps aptly states: "Pavelka's name stands high among those who joined the service of France when the need was greatest."

Captain Thenault

"The Story of the Lafayette Escadrille", by Captain Georges Thenault, who commanded the group of volunteer American flyers from its organization as a fighting unit on April 16, 1916, until it was formally turned over to the United States Army in France on January 1, 1918, is a straight-forward, life-like account of the activities of the corps from the day of its inception until it ceased to exist as a unity, and deserves to be more widely known.

Captain Thenault tells of the origin of the Escadrille—how the first American Volunteers entered the Foreign Legion, some of them later transferring to the aviation after service in the trenches and bayonet attacks—and explains how the idea of creating an American Escadrille arose; he recounts the arrival of the newly-born Escadrille at Luxeuil, and its early successes and losses, with special accounts of the deaths of Chapman, Kiffin Rockwell, Norman Prince and
McConnell, the four men to fall before the United States entered the war. Especially good are his pen-pictures of the every-day life of the pilots. The book concludes:

"In this book I have tried to give a faithful account of this nucleus of the great American air fleet, and to show the noble sentiment which had brought these noble pioneers amongst us long before the brutality of facts had moved the unanimous feeling of the nation. It will be the honor of my life to have commanded them.

"Let us bow low before them and salute them very respectfully. Glory to all these volunteers. Glory to all these noble heroes, these noble fore-runners. The Nation which bore them is a great nation, and I am sure that Remembrance will keep fresh their names and teach their deeds to its children and children's children.

"To my former comrades in arms, to all those who have fallen, I can give the assurance that despite her sufferings France will never forget them in her eternal gratitude."

BIBLIOGRAPHY


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DETECTIVE STORIES

In an article on detective stories in the Boston Evening Transcript, Claude M. Fuess says that one critic has justly observed that Sherlock Holmes is the only character in English fiction of the last thirty years who is likely to live. "The reader who follows the career of Sherlock Holmes from his first case, The Gloria Scott", he says, "to his last achievement, The Final Problem, is likely to reach the conclusion that Doyle has never been surpassed in his particular field. Sometimes one of my friends and I spend an hour over a pipe discussing the momentous question, What is the best detective story ever written? He has a marked preference, which I do not share, for The Hound of the Baskervilles and The Sign of the Four. For myself, I hesitate always between The Adventure of the Dancing Men and The Adventure of the Six Napoleons. But we agree that in Conan Doyle we have the master of detective fiction, and we are prepared to defend the reputation of Sherlock Holmes against every assault by envious rivals."

Of Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Fuess says, "In his special field, Mr. Fletcher is a completely competent craftsman, and his technique is superior to that of any living writer of mystery stories, except, of course, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who no longer is an active competitor. For a quiet evening by the fire, when the wind is howling without and the rest of the household are asleep, there can be no better companions than The Paradise Mystery or Dead Men's Money or The Borough Treasurer, or any one of the long series of yarns for which Mr. Fletcher is responsible."
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.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees on November 6th a gift from the Carnegie Corporation through the American Library Association of fifteen thousand dollars was announced.

The following resolutions were passed:

That the Librarian be authorized to grant the free use of the library to professors and students in French universities and other higher schools of learning and to teachers in public schools.

That the Librarian be authorized to extend the free use of the Library to any hospital or other charitable institution in France in which English and American books are needed.

The number of books presented to the Library during the month was eight hundred and forty-six.

Among these were three hundred and ninety-three volumes from Mr. Henri W. Van Henkeloet, and fifty-three by Madame Cardelli, as well as important gifts from Mr. Z. Cranston Smith, Mr. Spencer Eddy, Mr. Deming Jarves, Miss McGrew, Mrs. de Morini, Mrs. A. Smith, and Colonel Cabot Ward.

Among the books presented to the Library were the following: Correspondance of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson; Inside Constantinople, by Lewis Einstein; The Empress Frederick, A Memoir; Unfinished Tales from a Russian Prison, by M. E. Harrison; Over Japan Way, by A. M. Hitchcock; The Conquest of Fear, by Basil King; Carolina Folk Plays, by F. H. Koch; True Adventures of the Secret Service, by C. E. Russell; Works of George Sand; and The Seven Ages of Washington, by Owen Wister.

Libraries and International Affairs

The first of "The Institute of Politics" publications, just published, entitled "Round Table Conferences of the Institute of Politics at its First Session, 1921", (Yale University Press), contains an address by the Hon. Elihu Root, delivered at its concluding session in which he says, "Every library should have placed in it the sources of information from which the truth about international affairs can be distributed to the people of the community. Every high school should have a library containing the works of those who know the truth about international sources of information from which the truth about international affairs and will learn what they want to know of the relations of their own nation with foreign nations, and from these standards will learn what they want to be, powers for peace and justice."
An interesting addition to the American Library in Paris is the collection of books on Lace and Embroidery, recently presented by Miss Margaret Taylor Johnstone, Hon. Fellow of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A note in each book suggests its special value for students, and these notes are collected into a little catalogue.

Two splendid folios in large measure sum up this vast subject, Farcy’s “La Broderie du XIIe Siècle Jusqu’à Nos Jours” (interesting to students of ecclesiastical embroidery, with Lady Alvord’s “Embroidery as an Art”), and “Antique Laces of American Collectors” by Francis Morris, Associate Curator of Textiles of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Marion Hague. Divided into four groups of finely printed photogravures, these represent some of the most exquisite needleworks of the past, brought to the United States within the last quarter of a century. Let the lace lover study these pages again and again, noting the country, the larger division of periods in the separate portfolios, and the technical details of both needle-point and bobbin-lace, the interest is inexhaustible; she will then turn with profit to the smaller books.


Mrs. Bury-Palliser’s immense research into the documents of all countries will always be of great value in that line. Madame Despierrès’ “Point d’Alençon”, one of the first studies of a single subject; Monsieur Ernest Lefébure’s “Points de France” (English translation by Margaret Taylor Johnstone), and Mrs. Pollen’s beautiful illustrations, etc.

The Americana of the Library is enriched by a quaint volume on “American Samplers”, by Mrs. E. C. Bolton and Mrs. Eva Johnston Coe, showing the deeply religious habit of mind of our forebears, and the stretching out towards art with no early past to guide them, save the few fragments brought from the mother country.

This book comprises six lectures delivered by Professor Cestre at Wesleyan University in February, 1922. While intended primarily for the instruction of undergraduates in an American college, whose imperfect knowledge of the history and literature of France made it necessary to include what might be termed text-book material, the author's clear and concise style has enabled him to accomplish this without detracting in the least from its interest to those who are well read in the French classics and familiar with French achievement and ideals. Indeed it would be difficult, after reading M. Cestre's brief but comprehensive sketches of the great French writers and their influence upon the development of French thought, to refrain from going to one's book shelves and taking out a volume of Rabelais or Montaigne or Jean Jacques, to be read or re-read with an increased enjoyment.

And those to whom the real France is a closed book, those who ignorantly or pharisaically, are wont to accuse the French people of all manner of faults, from immorality to imperialism, may read with profit the chapter on "The Temper of France", wherein the author describes the love of the peasant for his home and his bit of land, or the final chapter entitled "France and Peace". He had only to cite the tremendous powers of endurance displayed throughout the war and the persistence with which the people of the devastated regions have gone back to the villages from which they were driven by the invader, living in the cellars or in improvised huts until they could rebuild their houses and redeem their farm lands, to present a picture quite different from that drawn by thoughtless foreign critics.

A charming lecture is that on "Faith and Chivalry", suggestive of Henry Adams' "Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres". Here he tells in quick succession of the "Chansons de Geste", the "Romance of the Rose", the "Song of Roland", the "Gothic Cathedrals", Joinville's chronicles, the "Golden Legend and Joan of Arc". Then follows the "Ideal of Reason", in which he explains how the coarse humour of Rabelais masked the philosophy and common sense morality which could not otherwise have been printed without peril of the stake. The humanism of Montaigne, who was read by Shakespeare in Florio's translation, the rationalism of Descartes and the logic of Pascal lead up to the ideals of progress and equality proclaimed by the Encyclopaedists and philosophers who illumined the latter half of the eighteenth century.

A review of Professor Cestre's book would not be complete without reference to the clarity and elegance of his style. He combines a perfect knowledge of English with what may be considered as the greatest virtue of the French language, a clear and uninvolved construction. (Compare it, for example, with the clumsy and brain-wearying work of German philosophers, which often muddles rather than enlightens). One would almost believe his sentences had been written in French and done into English by an exceptionally good translator, instead of being the original work of one whose native tongue is not English. His vocabulary is extensive and he uses it with precision. Some of his phrases are peculiarly vigorous and expressive. He calls Proudhon "a brawny thinker". Napoleon is an "ambitious, unscrupulous adventurer of genius". Rabelais "relied on his character of a hilarious writer to shield himself from unpleasant interference". He has a good-natured fling at those who denounce the immorality of the French novel: "Life is not a collection of Christmas bergerets or of illustrations for Sunday Schools; French literature eschews the conventional representation of edulcorated facts and of chubby faces on a background of periwinkle blue". The present reviewer confesses that he gasped.

Prof. Charles Cestre
at that word "edulcorated", but reference to the dictionary discloses that it is not obsolete nor even pedantic, being a perfectly good word, familiar to chemists and, in short, a learned synonym for "syrupy", which further proves that M. Centre is not easily tripped as he saunters gracefully amidst the obstacles that beset the explorer of our rich vocabulary.

On the whole, one can not help thinking, after reading this successful handling of English by a French writer, that a little practice in translating good French into English might be conducive to the formation of a clear and agreeable English style. C. L. Seeber

GEORG BRANDES IN LIFE AND LETTERS, by Julius Moritzzen. Newark, N. J. D. S. Colyer. 1922. 152 pages.

In a introduction to this book Professor Fife describes Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" as profound as philosophy and as interesting as romance, and his "Shakespeare", the high-water mark of his critical insight, as the most brilliant esthetic study of the great Briton in any non-English tongue.

The author of these essays, who is like Brandes a Dane, on the advice of the late Jacob A. Riis, embraced journalism as his avocation in life and set himself the task of interpreting Scandinavian culture and literature to American readers. In the present volume he directs the reader's attention not to Brandes' better known books, described above, but to his "Goethe", "Voltaire", "Julius Caesar", and "Michel Angelo". These four books, Mr. Moritzzen says, not only sum up Brandes' labors of the past twenty years, but in a measure afford a better insight into the personality of the great Danish critic.

He also devotes a chapter to the relations between Edmund Gosse and Brandes, another to the Brandes' archives in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, and a third to his apology for Scandinavia's neutrality in the War, entitled "The World at War".


The author has made this keen analysis of contemporary history in the belief that history must henceforth be approached from the institutional, not from an individual or national standpoint, and that occupation or function rather than geographical distribution is destined to become the basis of better social organization.

He traces the decline of the politico-theistic conception of the state, the rise of the politico-juridic philosophy as shown in Locke, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, the development of nationalism during the Napoleonic era, the triumph of capitalism and the middle class in the revolutions of 1830, and the appearance of the Proletarian with the Communist Manifesto of 1848. The later rise of the newer nationalism represented in Napoleon III and in Bismarck, and the transition from the politico-juridic theory of the state to the politico-economic and the evolution of imperialism (1877-1917) is discussed with equal thoroughness.

Imperialism, he says, like internationalism, was in the main a proletarian movement. "The megalomania of the new era; the substitution of quantitative for qualitative standards; the expansive energy of national power in pursuit of extra-national aims; the zeal displayed in acquiring new territory, often regardless of its practical value; the desire of the State to assert itself as omnipotent; the acceptance of the belief that nations have a civilizing mission to perform, and that they are the appointed instruments of God to fulfil this destiny; the marking off of the various nations in their own estimation as the anointed of the Deity for this purpose, all indicate a mystical element alien to the temper of the Middle Class, but which is to be found at the basis of all great popular movements".


In this admirable book Professor Viallate traces the economic interdependence of the world shown in the changes which have taken place since 1875, and which culminate in the efforts which every nation appears to be making to render itself economically independent.

This survey of the industrial and financial conditions of the world is treated on broad lines. The author presents every aspect of his subject with an extraordinary knowledge of the industrial, commercial, political and international aspects governing European development during the past hundred years. After the Napoleonic wars, England's domination of the world began a leadership maintained until the great War. The industrialization of Central and Western Europe and the evolution of existing ambitions for trade supremacy are placed before the reader with startling clearness and impartiality.

The book is at once a presentment of national ambitions, political mistakes, the ebb and flow of power among the trading centres, and, as a resultant of the great war, the disastrous consequences of the protracted struggle. The picture the author paints of European conditions two years after the war is as true four and a half years after as it was when he finished his book.

A. B. D.


In his introduction to this remarkable essay Professor
Scheviil, who seems to be much more German than the author he introduces, points out that French interest in the left bank of the Rhine dates back to the 13th Century. Its claims to this territory were justified at first by hereditary right traced back to Charlemagne, and even to Julius Caesar, and later on the ground that the Rhine was a "natural frontier" and the addition of the east bank to France therefore justified by "natural law".

Progress was made in the realization of its claim during the reign of Louis XIV, by the acquisition of Alsace, and again during the Napoleonic era, when the entire left bank was conquered by France. The loss of Alsace in the War of 1870 proved temporary, and now, according to Professor Scheviil, France bids fair to recover the Rhineland also, for "the spolit child of Europe, she is privileged to indulge her most capricious desires".

I know of nothing that could equal this in interest except a brochure on the historical Rhine policy of the Germans, by a French scholar.


Here are twelve tales relating the prowess of the American Secret Service during the late war. The opening scene of each drama is always laid at some American base in France, but the scene shifts as the action requires. Major Russell affirms these tales to be true: this being so, the "Greatest Secret Service Story" is undoubtedly the most astounding that fact has ever recorded. Beginning with the intentional liberation of no less a spy than Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son, it leads from Spain into Germany, to acquisition of the secret plans of Hindenburg, the possession of which would seem to have materially affected the closing of the great drama.

GEORGE G. FLEUROT.


Mr. Greenwood's book, which more appropriately might have been called "Great Britain, To-day", is a sketch of some of the social changes that have been brought about in the British Isles during the last few years, changes much quickened by the Great War.

His opening chapter, "The New Democracy", with a glance at still existing poverty and misery, shows the manual toiler more conscious of his mean surroundings and more determined to obtain something better. The following one, "Revolt in the Suburbs" reveals what is generally less known, viz. that the black-coated head-worker, whose position in essentials has grown worse since 1914, is imitating the Trade Unionist and joining professional associations or guilds with a view to securing less straitened circumstances and a more adequate retribution of his labour. The central chapter presents the Lost-War rich upstart with some exaggeration of his importance, influence and wealth. Indeed, the rich upstart is not a new feature in social history. A more pleasant picture is offered in the rise of a modern farmer class owning the land and giving to the countryside a richer till and fuller life. In three other chapters, the author exhibits Great Britain's altered relations with the world, necessitating delicate readjustment, points with warning hand to tendencies that may lead to good or to evil according as they are wisely or unwisely dealt with, and, in conclusion, touches on the question of reform in religion and education.

The book is tersely and, on the whole, fairly written; and as it aims chiefly at description, there is some excuse for its not offering a constructive policy that shall procure a distribution of wealth just to every class of producers. And this is the great difficulty. FREDERIC LAWTON.


One of the latest studied and understood among the sciences, Sociology, bids fair to assure an importance above all others. The reason is that, from concerning itself, at first, with the circumstances and conditions noticed among people living together in families, tribes and nations throughout the world, it has come to exercise an active criticism and discrimination in all the departments of life.

To what an extent it is already affecting education in the United States may be seen in the admirable compilation of Mr. F. W. Roman, a specialist attached to the United States Education Bureau. Composed in French as a thesis for the Doctor of Letters degree conferred by the Paris University, this volume of more than four hundred pages traces the progress of sociological science in America under its early teachers, Sumner, Ward, Giddings and others, its introduction into Training Colleges and High Schools, its endeavour to form a rational system of human conduct, its gradual penetration into all the branches of instruction, physical, mental and moral, and, last but not least, its claim to influence the many serious questions of the present time.

In a short notice no detailed account can be given of the chapters that set forth these things, with abundant and apposite quotation, in clear, simple language that renders the matter still more interesting. It is to be hoped that the author will publish an English version of his book, which would surely find numerous readers not only in America but in English speaking countries.

F. W. L.
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RECENT FICTION

When the autumn leaves begin to fall from the prolific pens of the romancers we usually come upon a book that stands out from the rest, not often as a masterpiece, to be sure, but rather as an evidence of the invincibility of deep-rooted preferences. This process of natural selection, though sometimes uncritical, is by no means without merit; and it was in this way that we determined upon the new novel of Sheila Kaye-Smith, "The End of the House of Alard" (Dutton), an early fall book which has certainly not been surpassed by anything we have read since. Miss Kaye-Smith is an authoress who has something to say and who knows how to say it. The subject she has chosen in this instance is the extinction of an old English family of landed gentry, bulwarks of the nation, whose downfall is inextricably bound up in the conflict between Rome and the Anglican Church. Regardless of the cause which elicits her deeper sympathies, the result for the reader is the same: the authoress is unable to remain detached and we are denied the dispassionate viewpoint that so often is the ear-mark of a chef-d'œuvre. Nevertheless Miss Kaye-Smith has rare discernment, a remarkable logic in the revelation of her characters, and a plausibility, and an old-world pervasion that makes most enjoyable reading.

A special interest is attached to "The Able McLaughlins", the Harper prize winner by Margaret Wilson, this being her first published novel, and she a very young woman. Miss Wilson's scene is laid in a community of thrifty Scotsmen who have settled on the Iowa plains in the early sixties bringing with them the conventions and morality that one would expect. The book is short, displaying a fine sense of humor and a deep understanding which would alone win recognition for the writer.

The admirers of Mr. Walpole's "Jeremy" will be delighted to discover that in "Jeremy and Hamlet" (Doran) their young hero is but one year older than he was when we were first introduced to him in Polchester; so we may safely conclude that with skillful attenuation, his career may be prolonged like that of petit Pierre until the author is an octogenarian. There is too much of Hamlet, the dog, in this book, and, as the author himself points out, a close resemblance in one incident to Tom Brown's school days; but Mr. Walpole would find it difficult to bore us, even though he does fall short of the reception of the new governess and the encounter with the old tar described in "Jeremy".

There has probably never been in recent years greater divergence of opinion as to the merits of a novel than one finds in the current criticisms of Mrs. Wharton's "A Son at the Front" (Scribner). The book first appeared in America in serial form and is now in process of translation for the Revue des Deux Mondes. Mrs. Wharton brings to her subject a life-long acquaintance with the American colony in Paris, a deep insight into the psychology of her milieu, years of unainted service in the cause of France, and the admirable literary discipline that has always characterized her work. One of the commonest objections raised against the "Son at the Front" is that war effects are too cheap and easy to be worthy of Mrs. Wharton; another, that the book is belated. Neither of these charges requires refutation. A graver one, however, is that the reactions of these representatives of the older generation to the conflict are not typical, not true to life. Those who bring it forward reveal a total misconception of Mrs. Wharton's purpose. She is not trying to depict representative parents sacrificing their boys, but a small and highly specialized group of exiles of which she is herself a member, as they awaken to the significance of the struggle and resume their allegiance to their country. The reader who finds the atmosphere not only old-fashioned but under the circumstances incredibly frothy should but turn to the diary of the notorious Colonel Repington for confirmation of the axiom that truth is stranger than fiction.

As the title implies, "Kangaroo" (Secker), by David Lawrence, is a book about Australia. The reader who hopes to learn something about the country from Mr. Lawrence does not know the author and is doomed to disappointment. There has never been a more autobiographical and introspective novelist than Mr. Lawrence, and his judgments and interpretations of his fellow-man are in their own way scarcely more accurate than those of Jean Jacques. Mr. Lawrence embracing his mother and his sweetheats is one thing: but Mr. Lawrence embracing the universe from its rim is quite another. In "Kangaroo" he throws his mystical blanket over the book and proceeds to discuss everything imaginable, even turning back to the humiliation he underwent during the war. It becomes somewhat tiresome in places, as the author seems to realize. As usual Mr. Lawrence offers no way out of the impasses into which he wanders but accomplishes his purpose by leaving us in a thoughtful mood. One rather dreads a similar treatment of America. Already he has made a literary incursion into these United States only to be pounced upon by the more enlightened despots.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment among the fall novels is Mr. Locke's "Moordius & Co." (Lane). The most alluring character in the book dies on page fifty-one leaving a complicated will which creates the story but which would probably be invalid by English law. The character of Moordius falls far short of the author's mark and becomes a hero of the Phillips Oppenheim variety with a mystery suffering from malnutrition.
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Stephen McKenna's "Vindication" (Hutchinson) is the story of a young British cousin of Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart, whose unwelcome husband strives to sparkle in the manner of Lord Goring. There is an odor of pressed rose petals in the pages heightened by citations from Oscar Wilde and an effort to remind us of a style we are struggling to forget.

Among the neoterics the book of the month is Robert McAlmon's "Post Adolescence" published here in Paris by the Contact Publishing Co. It is chiefly the recorded conversations of a certain over-developed set of young people in New York. J. D. Beresford's "Love's Pilgrim" tells of a pathetic young man whose physical deformity has been the cause of untold repressions. When he does let loose a flood of pent-up passions the reader looks on strangely, unbelievably indifferent. A. E. W. Mason publishes under the title "The Winding Stairs" (Doran) another soldier-of-the-legion story. It would doubtless make a better cinema than "Atlantic" since it has quick action as well as the waving palms and the bedouins and the sand-dumped desert. I doubt however, whether it will be a cinema that I care to see.

JOHN WALTON


These delightfully garrulous letters contain interesting glimpses of life at Monte-Carlo, of the multitude of English,—"There are more English here at present than in England," she declares,—of the Casino, to which all the world goes to get warm, of the Sporting Club crowded with bursting dowagers, of the training of the croupiers, and of the systems used in playing at the tables. Everyone, it seems, who has played for sometime has either bought a system or has evolved one for himself.

Of the superstitions entertained by players she says, "If a person comes up to the table and speaks to you while you are playing, you may as well stop for the day, for it spoils your luck; or, again, if you look up and see a friend bowing to you from across the table, leave the table at once and find another, as at that one you can win no more".

As there are no taxes in Monte Carlo, she observes, it is an ideal place for people of limited means provided they are content to play very little, or have strength of mind enough to stop playing when they are ahead. She acknowledges, however, that such people do not exist, and that in fact it is only a place for the rich, "for who else can afford to play with fortune, except one who has enough to lose".

In another place she writes, "Sometimes my Puritan ancestry arises in my conscience and upbraids me, and I often think how shocked they would be at the very thought of a game of chance. Yet what is Life itself but Chance".


Much has been written and more said of woman's work in the War, but with all due respect to her it was no more than she should have done. Her great mistake has been in carrying into peace time her war methods and in presenting her home because it was not a canteen, and her children because they were not refugees. Maud, the heroine of Mr. Poole's last novel, is just such a woman, unable to reverse her processes, or to tackle the greater problems of post-war existence, and her malign influence drags into disaster all those who surround her.

D. M. J.

FRENCH ADOLESCENCE.

In a review of M. Radiguet's "Le Diable au Corps", in the International Book Review for August, Professor Schinz says, "Five" of the very best French novels of last year deal with heroes just coming of age; they are considered as more or less camouflaged autobiographies, when they are not observations of the heroes by sympathetic elders. They are Leon Werth's "Dix-neuf Ans", Georges Oudart's "Ma Jeunesse", Benjamin Cremieux's "Le Premier de la Classe", Gaston Rageot's "Le Jubé", and finally J. de Lacretelle's "Silberman", which deals with the attitude of youth toward anti-Semitism. These were for last year; and within the first three months of 1923, besides Raymond Radiguet's "Le Diable au Corps", there appeared "Gérard et son Témoin", by Paul Brach; "L'Escalier de Velours", by André David, and "Le Jeune Homme au Cycle-car", by Louis Léon-Martin.

The greatest odes by Keats according to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch are those to the "Nightingale", "Psyche", "A Grecian Urn", "Autumn", "Melancholy", and "Indolence". A recent writer in the Christian Science Monitor, agrees with this selection but holds that the ode to "A Grecian Urn" should be given second place.

The life of Mark Twain by Albert Bigelow Paine is referred to by Professor Branden Matthews in a review of the new edition of Mark Twain's speeches (Harper) as the best biography of an American man of letters which has yet been written, possibly even better than Louisa's life of Fenimore Cooper.
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Literary Notes

“The Farington Diary 1793-1802" (Hutchinson) is described by the Fortnightly Review as the co-equal of Creevey, Crabb Robinson, and Evelyn.

There is an article on “Nature Writers" by Miss Bessie Graham in the Publishers Weekly, August 25. “The animal story", she says, “is a distinctly American creation”.

Mrs. Wharton’s “A Son at the Front" (Macmillan) is as poignant and moving a story as she has written, according to the Sunday Times.

“The Relation of Ralph Waldo Emerson to Public Affairs”, by Professor Raymer McQuiston has been published as a Bulletin of the University of Kansas.

“Nicolaus of Damascus’ Life of Augustus”, a historical commentary embodying a translation, by Clayton M. Hall has been published as Smith College Classical Studies, number 4.

William Kay Wallace’s “The Trend of History", (Macmillan) is described by Kimball Young in the Nation, August 8 as one of the best summaries of the historical origins of twentieth century problems which we have.

Of Henry Baerlein’s “Birth of Yugoslavia", (Parsons) the Spectator says, “It is hardly an exaggeration to claim that this is the most important of the books on the new states of Europe hitherto published”.

In referring to Boethius’ “Consolation of Philosophy" in a letter to the Boston Evening Transcript J. P. Collins says, “No book since has had a wider influence on mankind, except perhaps, “The Imitation of Christ”.

The late William Roscoe Thayer’s “Life and Times of Cavour", published in 1911 is described by the Nation in an obituary note as not only his best work but the best history of the resurrection of modern Italy that has yet been written.

Robert M. McBride & Co., 7 W. 16th Street, New York City, offer $500 for the best review of H. B. Somerville’s “Ashes of Vengeance”, a story of France in the 16th century. A second prize of $200, and three other prizes of $100 each. The contest closes December 31st.

The Weaver collection of books on the French Revolution has been presented to Princeton University by James H. Mc Graw of New York City. The collection was made by Mr. William D. Weaver of Charlottesville, Va. and numbers 3,000 volumes.

John Burroughs’ “Wake-Robin", published in 1871, says Professor Foerster in his “Nature in American Literature” (Macmillan) has, despite its immaturities a more lasting charm than any of the long series of volumes that followed it. It was mainly a book about birds.

In his new book on “The Genius of America" (Scribner’s) Professor Sherman describes Mark Twain as the most original force in American letters and, on the whole, the most broadly representative American writer between the close of the Civil War and the end of the century.


Cosmo Hamilton’s “The Rustle of Silk", (Little Brown & Co.) has been characterized as the most powerful novel of post-war conditions in England which has been published. It is a description of political and social life in London.

Edith Wharton is the subject of an article by R. Ellis Roberts in the London Bookman, for September. Of two of her novels “Ethan Frome" and “Summer" he says, “I do not think you will find the art or skill of these two books equalled outside the work of Mr. Hardy".
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A story of the secret sacrifice of a brother's interests and ambitions.


A tale of humble people, the failure of whose ambitions leads them to realise the joys of simple existence.

NON-FICTION


A supplement to his Mémoires (1725-1756) of which the first edition, including some letters not elsewhere published, appeared in 1857 et seq. in 5 volumes: the second, more correct, but less complete in 1859 et seq. in 9 volumes.


The author is keeper of the department of prints in the Bibliothèque Nationale.


Reminiscences of the author's life at the age of seven recorded with extraordinary fidelity to the language and sensations of a child; the book is described by one critic as one of the most original works of contemporary literature.


François du Plessis was a favorite of both Henry III and Henry IV, and a typical fighting gentleman of the period of the wars of religion. He died in 1590.


The author, for many years a specialist in the history of Jansenism, summarizes the results of his labors in this work.


Descriptions fo the French provinces selected from Balzac, Hugo, Michelet, and other authors.


A part of the author's diary, thinly disguised as fiction, supplementing this "Roman d'un Enfant" and "Prime Jeunesse". This volume describes his life in the tropics and at school from 1870 to 1878.


A supplement to the author's book on the history of the palace and its occupants to 1589, published nearly ten years ago, and crowned by the Académie Française.


A history of the French colonization of Morocco and of the administration of Marshal Lyautey.
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### HISTORY, TRAVEL, POLITICS

- **British Year Book of International Law 1923-24.** London. Henry Frowde.
- **Harrison, Marguerite E.** Unfinished Tales from a Russian Prison. New York. George H. Doran Co. 1923.
- **Williams, Roth.** League of Nations To-day. London. George Allen & Unwin. 1923.

### BIOGRAPHY

- **Van Dyke, Paul.** Catherine de Medicis. 2 Vols. New York. Scribner’s Sons. 1923.

### LITERARY CRITICISM

- **Anderson, Basil.** Sketches from a Library Window. Cambridge. W. Heffer & Sons Ltd. 1922.

### POETRY AND DRAMA


### BIBLIOGRAPHY AND LIBRARY ECONOMY

- **International Index to Periodicals.** New York. H. W. Wilson Co. 1923.
McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.

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FICTION


NOVELS OF NEWSPAPER LIFE


RECENT AMERICAN DRAMA.

In an article on the published plays of 1922-1923 in The Publishers Weekly for July 7, Frank Shay names the following ten as the best produced in New York during the last season: The Detour, by Owen Davis, the author of this year’s Pulitzer Prize Play (Little, Brown); Rain, by Somerset Maugham (Doran); March Hares, by H. W. Gribble (Stewart-Kidd); Merton of the Movies, by Harry Leon Wilson (Doubleday); Six Characters in Search of an Author, by Luigi Pirandello (Dutton); Roger Bloomer, by John Lawson (Seltzer); R.U.R., by Karel Capek (Doubleday); Rose Bernd, by Gerhart Hauptmann (Huebsch); The Adding Machine, by E. L. Rice (Doubleday); and Moscow Art Theatre (Brentano’s).

LITERARY NOTES

The subject of the Bookman “Literary Spotlight” for October is William Rose Benét. “Walt Whitman, the Politician” is the subject of an editorial by Cleveland Rodgers in the New York Evening Post Literary Review, September 22.

In his recent address as President of the British Library Association, Lord H Arlington declared that Kipling had done more to create the reading habit among the English people than any other living man.

“The Pomp of Power”, published anonymously by Hutchinson in 1922, has been translated into French and published by Payot with the title “Le Prestige du Pouvoir”. The name of the author, Laurence Lyon, now appears on the title page, and Mr. Walter Berry contributes a preface.

“French Newspapers in the United States before 1800”, is the subject of the latest issue of the Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. The earliest described is “Le Courrier de l’Amérique”, published in Philadelphia in 1784. Others published in New Orleans, Boston, Charleston, and New York are also described.

“The Industrial Revival in Soviet Russia”, by A. A. Heller (Thomas Seltzer) is a review of economic conditions in Russia since 1921. Russia, the author concludes, is politically advanced, but economically backward, and if rapid progress is to be made, must employ the organization and the tools of the capitalist.

A writer in the Boston Evening Transcript, who agrees with Masefield in placing Francis Brett Young first among British novelists who have achieved prominence since 1914, names as his masterpiece “The Black Diamond” (1921). Of “The Young Physician” (1919) he says, “there has been nothing better in fiction about the trials of the young medical man since ‘The Stark Munro Letters’”.

“The human life of the West has been frequently pictured in our literature”, says Professor Forster in his “Nature in American Literature” (Macmillan), most notably perhaps by Parkman and Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. Their West, however, is a thing of the past, he adds, and lacks the physical background which is to be found in John Muir’s writings. Whoever would know the Far West, from Alaska to Mexico, from the Coast to the Rockies, must know John Muir. Is his “Mountains of California”, “Our National Parks”, “The Yosemite”, and “My First Summer in the Sierra” Muir gave this region to the country.
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Current Magazines (continued)

BRITISH


Contemporary Review, November: The Rhine-Ruhr Question and British Policy, George Young. Will the German Republic Survive?, Professor Hermann Kantorowicz. Spain and its Problems, J. W. Poynter. The Italo-Greek Incident: A Reply to Dr. R. Miller, Luigi Villari.


Headway, October: The Greco-Italian Crisis, Professor Gilbert Murray.

Nation and Athenaeum, October 6: The Mystery of Mr. Baldwin.


— October 27: How Much Has Germany Paid, J. M. Keynes.


Saturday Review, October 6: M. Caillaux in Romance, Ernest Dimnet.

— October 13: M. Poincaré's Personal Characteristics, Ernest Dimnet.

— October 27: General Smuts and Germany. Conservation Versus Deflation.


— October 6: Who Are the Friends of France?


— October 20: M. Poincaré's Passive Resistance.

FRENCH

Les Marges, October 15: Michel Abadie, Maurice Le Blond.


Le Progrès Civique, October 20: La Confédération de l'Humanité Sera l'Œuvre des Siècles, H. G. Wells. La Vie Des Terreneuvas est un Long Drame que l'on Ignore, Raymond Laubier.


FRENCH BOOK EXPORTS

French literature is being exported abroad in ever increasing quantities, according to the Daily Mail, the amount sent out in January of this year alone being 236 tons against 185 tons in January of last year. Of this huge bulk of books, Belgium and the Luxemburg, the nearest neighbors of France, took the most, with 91 tons, and the United States came second, though a long way behind, with 38 tons. To Great Britain only four tons were sent. It is in America that the demand has grown the most rapidly, for in January of last year it received only seven tons of French books. A small quantity went to Germany in January of this year,—just over three tons,—and Canada took about the same amount. Italy gets about the same quantity as Great Britain, and the rest of the amount exported, 72 tons, is scattered over the face of the globe.
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