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JANUARY 1924
Volume 1 Number 7
Price : 2 Francs.

The Book-Stalls on the Quays
CHARLES L. SEEGER

Book Reviews - Book Notes
Selected French Books
Current Magazines

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The Book-Stalls on the Quays

CHARLES L. SEEGER.

"When all is said and done, I know of no pleasure more peaceful than that of looking for books on the quays. From the dust which covers the contents of those humble stalls one evokes a thousand ghosts, some terrible, others charming. One converses with the multitude of the dead, whom one meets there. The Elysian Fields, so vaunted by the ancients, offered nothing to the wise after death that the Parisian does not find on the quays in this life.... If I have ever tasted the sweetness of having been born in the city of generous thoughts, it has been while sauntering from the Palais Bourbon to Notre Dame. All the way one hears the very stones telling of the most beautiful of human adventures,—the history of ancient and modern France. It is there that I feel most keenly the labors of ages, the progress of generations, the continuity of a people, the sacredness of the deeds done by our forefathers, to whom we owe our liberty and our studious leisure...."

Anatole France.

There is a fascination in a few rows of old books, exposed for sale in the open air, far more compelling than that of a like collection stacked neatly on the shelf of a bookshop. They are so hospitable and friendly, those dusty volumes, willing and even anxious that you should make their acquaintance, ready to go with you at once and be your companion for the rest of your life if you will but choose. How often it happens that we turn reluctantly away from a window filled with attractive books, unwilling to lift the latch because of that instinctive dread of an undignified and apologetic exit without having made a purchase! The book-stall, on the contrary, demands no sacrifice of delicacy nor of self-esteem. "One converses with the multitude of the dead" without sense of intrusion and, if the conjunction of the desirer and the desired fails to occur, there is no gauntlet to be run, no tomahawks are thrown in the shape of supercilious glances from the young man who has been urging the attractions of the latest "best seller".

But do not delude yourself with the idea that you will eventually escape the humble book-stalls with a full purse. The very day when you feel no immediate need of adding to your library may witness your return home, burdened with half a dozen volumes, ranging from duodecimo to in-quarto, done up in an old newspaper, with perhaps a few more peeping from your pockets. It is my firm belief that an inventory of the real booklover's library will reveal a greater number of books, purchased by chance on the spur of the moment, than those deliberately selected. This is especially true of the collector of limited means. It is generally the parvenu who possesses complete sets of the "standard authors", in bindings to match the color of his bookcase or his wallpaper.

It will be seen, then, that the humility of the book-stall is not without its financial advantage, but this detracts not in the least from its fascination, which is common to its kind, whether it be located on the noisy pavement of Fourth Avenue, below Union Square, in New York, under the awnings of Charing Cross Road in London, along the Prado in Madrid or tucked among the booths of a village fair in Italy. None of these, however, can pretend to equal in extent or in interest the long line of "étalages", stretching from the Quai d'Orsay to the Quai de la Tournelle. One need not be a Frenchman, nor be gifted with the genius of an Anatole France to be thrilled by the magic which he so charmingly describes. It is a long walk, a journey into the past, if one starts opposite the Gare d'Orsay.
amidst the hubbub of present day transportation and saunters toward the quieter precincts of the Quai Voltaire. The books to be found between the great railway station and the Pont Royal reflect the character of that busy quarter and appeal rather to the traveller, who wishes to beguile the weary hours in the train with a detective story, than to the studious. But the better books are not absent even here, the prices are most elastic and the bouquinistes lack the hauteur of their colleagues to the eastward.

Just beyond the Pont Royal, when you have succeeded in threading your way between the interminable line of taxis, hurrying back and forth over the bridge, you will find several stalls filled with novels and back numbers of magazines in English, presided over by an amiable lady who replies in perfect Cockney to the foreigner’s inquiries in halting French. Here also are plenty of the Tauchnitz editions which became so scarce in war time. But it is not until you have passed the neighbouring displays of lithographs, copies of 18th century prints and other odds and ends that you emerge into the true atmosphere of the quays. The greater part of the traffic has been diverted to the Rue du Bac and the Rue Bonaparte as the street widens into the Quai Malaquais. The book collections have improved in quality and become more and more tempting. One can stop now and then, without being jostled or run over, to enjoy the silhouette of the Louvre or that particularly pleasing view up the river with Voltaire in the foreground, the turn of the road around the side of the Institute and a few arches of the Pont Neuf in the distance.

Hereabouts one box of enticing volumes crowds another on the parapet. They are of all ages, sorts and conditions. It takes but little time to look over the titles and one goes on to the next stall hoping to find there, if not a treasure, at least something really desirable. It is like reading an amusing book divided into very short chapters, — one can not lay it down but must read just one more chapter. And so one wanders on. Treasures, by the way, are very very scarce, as is quite natural when one thinks of the thousands who pass, to say nothing of the bouquiniste’s own knowledge of his wares. He is apt to be something of a bibliophile himself and if a rare volume falls into his hands, either he knows the collector who will pay the highest price or else he writes in pencil on the fly-leaf a figure which dashes the hopes of the treasure-seeker. When reproached for his high pretensions he has been known to put an end to further negotiations by stating that he prefers to keep it for his own delectation.

A connoisseur of some thirty years’ experience once told the writer that the only place to find a veritable treasure was in la botte de dix sous, which corresponds to those disreputable piles on English and American book stalls labelled “Your Choice For 10 Cents”. These are common enough on the quays and comprise hundreds of torn pamphlets, thumbed textbooks, semi-erotic novels and government statistics printed in the time of Louis-Philippe. I do not question my informant’s accuracy but I should feel much surer of acquiring a hostile microbe for nothing than a friendly volume for a fraction of its value. It may be added that gloves are not superfluous even if one avoids the botte de dix sous.

After gazing with due reverence at the dome of the Palais Mazarin—the coupôle which shelters the august gatherings of the forty Immortals — there are more books to be perused, and often good ones too, as one approaches the Mint where the book-stalls give place to collections of medals and coins. Do not be seduced by the medals for you can do much better in the Mint itself, where replicas in silver or bronze of the most beautiful specimens of historic and artistic interest can be purchased at reasonable prices. Opposite the foot of the Rue Guénégaud, almost in front of Lucien Gougy’s book shop (where, by the way, one is not importuned or bothered but may examine rare books at
will) there are stalls devoted to prints, good, bad and indifferent. By patiently looking through the many portfolios one occasionally discerns something worth while. The proprietor is friendly and accommodating, with no exaggerated notions regarding the value of his wares.

We have now arrived at the Pont Neuf and, if it is a summer afternoon and we have picked up a book or two I can imagine no greater pleasure than to descend the steep stone staircase behind Henri IV, which leads to the delightful little garden called the "Vert Galant" in honor of that same gay monarch, and there find a bench where we may rest and begin to read the book that has caught our fancy. I have inadvertently drifted into the plural, but it must be remembered that the Vert Galant is a place rather to be visited alone, with a book as one’s sole companion, unless, of course, the perfect human companion is available. Here on the very prow of the Cite, facing the silent traffic of the Seine, there is no room for idle talk and an impertinent word would mar its charm. Quiet reflection or intimate accord are alone permissible. Under the superb arches of the great bridge come the lines of bulky canal boats, towed by comparatively diminutive tugs with politely lettered funnels, as if saluting. the majesty of the time-honored structure. Into the lock at the left an equally long line of barges is being admitted and skilfully stowed away. Down the river, beyond its many bridges, the horizon widens and the scene is being set for one of those magnificent sunsets which will soon lend a marvellous patine to the old stones of the Pont Neuf and bring out every detail of the row of masks supporting its cornice.

But if your pilgrimage is undertaken on one of these days of late autumn or early winter you will prefer to continue your walk along the Quai des Grands Augustins, where the books induce one still to linger until they give place near the Pont St. Michel to sheet music and even less attractive merchandise. Beneath the pavement is a station of the Paris-Orleans and to this proximity as well as the cross-town traffic we shall have to ascribe the deterioration in quality. Let us go on, however, as far as the Petit Pont and take refuge in a hospitable café on the corner, from whose windows there is a fine view of the façade of Notre Dame. The sight of those historic towers can not but heighten the interest of the purchases one has made.

You may stay as long as you like, you will not be hurried nor will your stay at a favorite table near the window be grudged; a single consommation, be it coffee, or cassis, or fine, entitles one to spend hours in a Parisian café, even to demand writing paper, envelopes, the ink-pot and an ancient pen for one’s correspondence.

When the shower is over,—one of those discreet drizzles which come unannounced in Paris, and which end as suddenly as they begin—it will be worth while to go down the steps to the level of the river, not only because it is the best
point from which to see the south side and the apse of Notre Dame but also for the varied industries or diversions pursued there. Women are busily re-filling mattresses, a barber is ruthlessly hacking away the stubble from the grimy chin of a longshoreman whose comrades gibe at his sufferings, artists in slouch hats and voluminous ties are painting vivid purple pictures of the Cathedral, while the patient fishermen dangle their legs from the edge of the river wall. Quite a different Paris from that of the Grands Boulevards!

Climbing again to the street by the rickety steps near the Pont de la Tournelle one finds books, and still more books, until one reaches the Pont Sully which leads to the upper end of the Ile St. Louis and tempts the saunterer to explore that peaceful and retired spot where autos and trams cease from troubling and where many books have been, and still are being, written.

Although the quays of the Cité and even those of the right bank of the Seine, are not destitute of book-stalls, they do not as a rule compare in interest with those of the rive gauche and therefore we may consider that we have seen the best part of the out-door library of Paris. For a more exact description, even to the names of the bouquinistes and where each may be found, reference should be made to that amusing and instructive book, “Le Long des Quais”(†), by Charles Dodemann, bookseller, bibliophile and writer, who tells authoritatively, from his own experience, of the tribulations, disappointments and successes of his colleagues along the quays, as well as the peculiarities of their prey—the elusive bouquiniste.

**

The habitual frequenter of the places where second-hand books are for sale is often puzzled by the ubiquity of certain literary productions, whose titles become familiar in inverse proportion to their contents. One is prepared to run against “Telémaque”, “Gil Blas” and “Les Miserables” at every turn, even as one would expect to find “Don Quixote” in Madrid or “Pickwick Papers” in London. But I have never been able to discover a reason for the evident past popularity, equalled only by the present desuetude, of a book in several volumes and in every conceivable binding, waiting disconsolately and repeatedly for a purchaser at each succeeding book-stall, and entitled “Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce”. It is generally in spick-and-span condition and would adorn any gentleman’s library. Curiosity once, and only once, got the better of me to the extent of a few minutes’ perusal of its pages, which revealed that the young Anacharsis met and conversed with all the people worth knowing, including Diogenes and Plato, the author’s evident intention being to give his readers a chance to nibble at ancient history in a pleasant way. Another book one is sure to find on the quays is a French translation of the poet Young, with the cacophonous title: “Les Nuits d’Young.” The former demand for both these books was not confined to France, for it is a fact that in Mexico and Madrid you will find “El Joven Anacharsis” and “Obras de Young” staring at you from the bookstalls as anxiously and numerously as they do on the quays of the Seine.

Another class of book which finds its way unerringly to the quays, and even helps to fill the botte de dix sous, is the unfortunate publication of too generous an edition, which has belied the hopes of author and publisher. Unhappy is the writer who, as he strolls by, sees the fruit of his intellect perishing from exposure to the elements and thrice unhappy he, who sees the copy which he autographed and sent to an eminent critic, languishing, with leaves uncut, upon the parapet!

The tragic fate of these dedicated copies brings to mind a charming tale of the quays by that inimitable story-teller, M. Pierre Mille.
An innocent country lad, Baptiste by name, enters the service of an eminent Academician who receives many presentation copies, some from publishers and others from the authors, distinguished or otherwise, with more or less fulsome dedications upon the fly-leaves. These books accumulate so rapidly that Baptiste is despatched to the garret, from time to time, bearing armfuls of volumes which do not merit the honor of a place in his master's library. Baptiste suggests that a sale of the books would bring in a considerable sum to monsieur, who, however, does not approve, out of regard for the feelings of the donors. Baptiste remarks that monsieur has great delicacy but, not being troubled with any excess of that quality himself, proceeds to sell the superfluous books on his own account. He soon discovers that autographed copies command a higher price than those received directly from the publishers and, in order to increase his profits, he supplies the missing dedications, copying the most flattering inscriptions that he can remember. The business goes swimmingly until one day his purchaser, a bouquiniste on the quay, bursts into uncontrolable laughter when he opens a volume offered to him by the thrifty Baptiste and handing it back, points to the title "Traité de la Vie et de la Mort" and to the inscription "To M. Sebastien Mahaut, my master and friend.—Francis Bacon"! Upon learning that he had signed the name of a monsieur who had been in his grave for some four hundred years, Baptiste loses heart and abandons his lucrative practices for fear of further anachronisms. A few days later he asks his master:

"Does Monsieur always know whether they are alive or dead the people who write these books?"

"Naturally," replied M. Sebastien Mahaut, with some surprise.

For the first time since he had known him Baptiste had a feeling akin to admiration for his master. Until then he had always taken him for a poor sort of man.

"Monsieur knows a devil of a lot!" he admitted.

In the beautiful passage from "Pierre Nozière", quoted at the beginning of this paper, M. Anatole France tells us that, "from the dust which covers the contents of those humble stalls one evokes a thousand ghosts, some terrible, others charming". I have sometimes wondered if these words inspired a young friend whom I knew in the autumn of 1917 when he was in Paris for a few days only, on furlough, and who left with me, on his return to the front, some verses which he had written after a walk along the quays in the late afternoon. He was a sober Scotchman, Abernethy by name, and neither his character nor the aspect of the quays on that bleak November day seemed likely to give rise to thoughts of love and romance. It was only a few months later, in one of the fierce engagements that took place during the retreat of the British army in the Somme, that he was killed. I kept the poem in memory of the brave man that he was and it is appended because in its unpolished lines there may be found something of the glamour that the quays of the Seine cast upon the mind and heart of the lover of books.

Bouquinistes près Notre-Dame

The Same Old World : A Bookworm's Fancy
James Abernethy.

Between two bookstalls, on the parapet
That bounds the Quai before the Institute,
There is a gap just wide enough to let.
Two human beings, whom it may not suit
To be each from the other far apart,
Lean elbows on the wall and gaze upon
The river, where it penetrates the heart
Of Paris, whose proud beauty Babylon
Nor Ninevoh surpassed. My labors o'er,
Oft have I stopped there, looked upon the view,
Pausing awhile from quest of musty lore,
And wondered why that space seemed made
[for two.

One night in late November I did pass
That very spot, a frown upon my face
And disappointment in my heart. Alas,
With reason, too, because within an ace
I was of reaching there and bearing home
A treasure I had spied the day before,
A sixteenth century in-quarto tome
That told of lovers famed in days of yore.
The price was fifty francs, too high, I thought;
The bouquiniste inexorable, proud,
Had spurned my offer, so, before I bought,
I let a day go by, but meanwhile vowed
To pay the price rather than lose the prize.
And so no wonder that I was annoyed
To find I was too late, — to realize
How on my shelves a lamentable void
Must be unfilled for twelve hours more. I turned
Sadly away, but as I turned descried,
Not three feet from the treasure that concerned
So deeply my desire, side by side,
Two figures in the dusk at the créneau.

Mayhap they had at first been occupied
With contemplation of the scene below,
The twinkling lights along the river side,
The Louvre's silhouette, the evening sky,—
But for the moment eye looked into eye
And lips were pressed to lips. In close embrace
They clung, oblivious of time and place.

I left them so, and, as I went my way,
Wondered if haply that old volume had
Worked such strange magic that those lovers may
Have been Paolo and Francesca, clad
In modern guise, but living o'er
The day they closed the book and read no more;
Or Guinevere and Launcelot that glad night
Whenas he clypped and kissid that swete wyght.
The book so near it was to that fair cheek,
Held in her lover's hand, it seemed not strange
That from its leaves Iselut had stepped, to speak
With Tristan and fond kisses to exchange.

So after all I made my own romance,
To compensate my previous mischance,
And when I got my book next morn at eight
I found that I had brought it up to date,
For in each tale I read what I had seen
Only the night before with my own eye
And on the title-page nineteen seventeen
Might have replaced MDXVII.
Some Facts about the American Library in Paris

History
The American Library in Paris, incorporated in 1920, received as a gift from the American Library Association the collection of books made by it in its War Library Service, and later, a contribution of $25,000 towards endowment.

Objects
(1) To serve as a memorial to those American soldiers for whom it was first established, (2) to promote among students, who are given free use of the Library, journalists, and men of letters in France, acquaintance with American literature, institutions, and thought, and (3) to supplement the meagre collections of American books in existing public libraries in Paris.

Rooms, Books, Staff.
Located at the center of Parisian civic life, near the Place de la Concorde and opposite the Elysée, the Library occupies a beautiful old hotel, the first floor of which is devoted largely to the open shelf collections, the second to periodical and newspaper reading rooms, and the third to offices. Its book collections number over 20,000 volumes, of which 25% relate to history, travel and biography, 13% to literature, and 9% to the social sciences.

It also receives 146 periodicals and newspapers, the use of which in the building is free. The staff of the Library numbers fifteen. Of these nine devote themselves to the assistance of readers in the selection of books and to answering questions presented in person or by letter, three to the classification and cataloguing of additions to the Library, and three to general supervision, correspondence, and editorial work.

A Center of Information about Europe for Americans.
In addition to the general book and information service which it renders to its members, the Library is giving special service to American students and tourists in France, and through American libraries to Americans who have never visited France.

A Center of Information about America for Europeans
The Library is also giving special service to French students, teachers, journalists, men of letters, business men and women, who desire information about American literature, institutions and thought.

Income
Derived from an endowment of Frs. 400,000; from patrons, presenting Frs. 5,000 or over; from life members, paying Frs. 2,000; from annual members, paying Frs. 100, with an initial fee of Frs. 100; and from subscribers unable to become members, who pay Frs. 25 a year for each card issued to them,—less than half the cost of the service they receive. The total income of the Library last year, exclusive of gifts from the United States, was Frs. 141,422; its expenditure was Frs. 323,622, of which 65 per cent was for service, 27 per cent for books and supplies and 8 per cent for rent.

Larger Membership Necessary
In order that this expenditure may be continued and increased and the Library—made independent of subventions from the United States for its ordinary service, a larger membership in Paris and in other parts of Europe is necessary. Such membership entitles the individual to receive the illustrated literary review, Ex Libris, published monthly by the Library, and to borrow books and periodicals from the Library whether resident in Paris or not.
INTERIOR OF A MEDIEVAL HOSPITAL

A public ward in the Hotel-Dieu, Paris, as shown in a miniature in the "Livre de Vie Active" reproduced in Dorothy Louise Mackay's "Les Hopitaux et la Charite a Paris au XIIIe siecle" (Champion). The picture indicates that two patients occupied the same bed, and Miss Mackay says that three or more were sometimes cared for in the same manner.
English Studies in Czechoslovakia

VILEM MATHESIUS

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English intellectual and literary influence has played an important role in the development of Czechoslovakian civilization. In old times it appeared at one of the most decisive movements of Czech history, in the Hussite movement (John Wycliffe), and in the modern period, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, it has been permanent.

A succession of great translations from English poetry belongs to the milestones of modern Czech literature (Milton's "Paradise Lost", by Josef Jungmann in 1811; two complete translations of Shakespeare's plays, the one in 1854-1872, the other in 1888-1922), and Macpherson, Byron and Shakespeare are often cited names among the formative influences, which have helped to determine the growth of modern Czech poetry.

Notwithstanding all this, the systematic study of English language and English literature is of but recent date among the Czechoslovaks. Critical essays and even monographs in book form have appeared, it is true, from time to time ever since the middle of the nineteenth century (Durdik's book on Byron, Maly's on Shakespeare, 1873, Mourek's "Concise History of English Literature", 1890, Janko's "Shakespeare and His Works", 1909), and in the sixties the first English grammars for Czech-speaking readers were published (that by Straka 1862), soon to be followed by corresponding English reading books (that by Maly 1872, and English-Czech dictionaries (the two volume dictionary by Jonas 1876 and 1877 respectively).

But there was no directing centre of such efforts for closer acquaintance with English civilization, for English was not included in the curriculum of any widely attended Czech school. When in 1870, a new type of non-humanistic higher school was created in Austria (the so-called Realschulen), English was included, in addition to French, in the curriculum of the German schools only, while in the corresponding Czech schools German was so emphasized that there was no room left for English. Only at Czech higher commercial schools (the so-called Commercial Academies, the oldest of them founded in 1872) has English been taught from the beginning.

Even for the small number of such schools it was, however, difficult to get adequately trained teachers, for no steps were taken towards making English a part of scientific instruction at the Czech University.

At the old University of Prague, common both to the Czechs and the Germans, an English Seminary had existed since 1876 (Seminar für Franzosische und Englische Philologie), but when, in 1882, the old University of Prague was divided into two independent institutions, into the Czech and the German Universities of Prague, the existing English Seminary was made a part of the German University and no corresponding institution was founded on the Czech side.

So it came about that, the best Czech works for the practical study of English,—V.A. Joung's English-Czech Dictionary and his English Grammar and Dr. F. Krupicka's series of English readers—were composed by persons trained outside the Czech University.

It was as late as the autumn of 1912 that a chair of the History of English Language and Literature and an English Seminary were founded at the Czech University.
After two years the normal development of the new centre of English studies was checked by the war. The students were called away to military service, the yearly endowment was reduced practically to nothing, and contact with the Anglo-Saxon world cut off entirely.

The proclamation of the Czechoslovak State and the end of the War in 1918 mark the opening of a new era for the English studies in Czechoslovakia. To the resuscitated English Seminary of the Czech University of Prague, the English Seminary at the newly founded Masaryk University at Brno has been added, and even at the new Comenius University at Bratislava steps have been taken for securing scientific instruction in English.

The future of English studies in Czechoslovakia will very much depend upon the place to be assigned to English in the reformed type of Czechoslovak secondary schools. As yet no definite outlines of the reform are apparent.

The problem is very difficult, for French, English, German and different Slavonic languages have all of them—apart from the classical languages—justified claims upon a place in the new curriculum.

So far it is safe to say only that English will certainly win one of the first places in the competition of modern languages, and that Czechoslovak research work in the field of English language and literature, for which some foundations were laid in the second decade of the twentieth century (Prof. Chudoba’s work on Wordsworth, 1911, and his two books of essays on modern English literature, 1915 and 1920; the first two volumes of the author’s detailed “History of English Literature”, 1910 and 1915) has promising prospects before it.

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**Literary Notes**

“The Religion of Wise Men”, by George Frederick Wates (Allen & Unwin), is an attempt to apply to religion the general principle set forth in his previous work entitled “The Magic of Common Sense”. The eight articles which he suggests as rallying points for a universal religion include the universal obligation on the able-bodied to work, and the simple life.

“Pamela in Paris” by Rose Mary Kaplan (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co) describes briefly and breezily forty-five places in Paris the author wants the visitor to see, and some places which are too often neglected in books for the tourist, such as the Musée Balzac, the Musée d’Ennery, and the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

Mrs. Wharton’s “A Son at the Front” (Scribner’s) is described by William Lyon Phelps in the International Book Review as an enormous improvement over “The Glimpses of the Moon”. Of her earlier books he says, “There can be no doubt that “Ethan Frome” and “The Age of Innocence” are masterpieces”; and of these two he would put the second first.

Of William J. Locke’s recent novel “The Lengthened Shadow”, published in London with the title “Mr. Moordius”, Mr. Edgett of the Boston Evening Transcript says, “It does not equal “The Beloved Vagabond”; but, he adds, “nothing he has written has approached that most delightful novel of fantastic adventure”.

In a recent article in the Christian Science Monitor entitled “The British Empire and Mr. H. G. Wells”, Mr. Winston Churchill says, “In ‘The Time Machine’, one of Mr. Wells’ earliest works, he has endowed us with a piece of literature which in its charm of style and conception may well take its place with ‘Gulliver’s Travels’ and ‘Erewhon’.

In reviewing Professor Fuller’s “Diplomacy at its Zenith” (Harvard University Press) the American Journal of International Law says: “Professor Fuller’s volume should be read by all those who desire to understand Bismark’s diplomacy and the diplomatic activities which preceded the Great War. And it well deserves a place in every library that deals with modern Europe.”
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 book circulation during November was 9,120 volumes, that is, thirteen per cent more than during the same period last year; during December, it was 8,358.

In addition to the Christmas gift received from Mr. William Nelson Cromwell announced in our last issue, five hundred and eleven volumes were presented to the library in November, and two hundred and eight in December. Among these were ninety-five volumes from various American libraries, forwarded by the Bureau of International Exchange, and seventy-two volumes from Mme. Jeanisime Clarvet, as well as important gifts from Madame Hugues Le Roux, Mr. J. L. Bradley, Mr. L. V. Twyffort, and Comte Ladislos de Diesbach.

Relation of the American Library to other American organizations.

The American Library in Paris is an independent organization maintained by its members, and by those interested in the service which it is rendering and may render both to European students of American literature, institutions and thought, and to American students of European culture and European problems. Its relations with other American organizations of a national character must, however, be of the closest nature, and must therefore receive the most serious consideration. This is particularly true of its relations with the American Library Association.

Relations with the American Library Association.

The Association transferred to the American Library upon its incorporation collections of books made by it in its War Library service. It later contributed the sum of $25,000 toward the endowment of the Library; and, in accordance with the Constitution of the Library, it elects each year five of the fifteen members of the Board of Trustees, and nominates the Librarian, as pointed out at some length in the annual report of the Librarian to the Trustees. The unique character of the relations between the Library and the Library Association in the past is of less significance, however, than the possible development of these relations in the future, first in furnishing a professional guarantee that the Library is being administered with economy, and, second, that it is attaining the
maximum of usefulness. Its benefactors must desire such a guarantee, and its Trustees must require it.

Service of the Library to the Association.

The service which the Library may render to the Association may be of even greater importance. In the first place, in co-operation with other European agencies, it is assisting the Association in the selection of books in the French language to be recommended for purchase by American libraries. This service may be extended to the selection of books about France, and, in co-operation with other libraries in Europe, to the selection of books in the other languages and about other parts of Europe. It can assist the Association in the distribution of American books in Europe, and, it can further the study of American methods of library administration by the distribution of publications of the Association and by correspondence. In another column we publish a short article descriptive of these publications.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS.

The carefully selected book-lists published by the American Library Association are, perhaps, the most useful guides to the selection of American books which there are.

They are, of course, intended primarily for the use of the librarian in the selection of books for public libraries. This is particularly true of such recent publications as the "New Guide to Reference Books" by Miss Isadore G. Mudge, reference librarian at Columbia University, an annotated list of the most useful bibliographies, indexes, dictionaries, and other works of reference, and of the "A. L. A. Catalog, 1912-1921", a supplement to two earlier volumes of similar character published in 1904 and 1912, containing an annotated list of about 4,000 of the most useful books in different branches of literature published in the United States since 1912.

It is the shorter special lists, however, which are of the greatest service to the private buyer and reader, such lists, for example, as that entitled "Gifts for Children’s Bookshelves", a pamphlet of only fifteen pages, listing the best books (1) for children under eight, (2) for children from eight to twelve, and (3) for children twelve and over.

And for librarians there are books on library buildings and library administration of a general character, as well as books on special departments of library service and types of libraries, such as children’s libraries, school libraries, and hospital libraries. On the last subject "The Hospital Library: comprising articles on hospital library service, organization, administration, and book selection, together with lists of books and periodicals suitable for hospitals", edited by Kathleen Jones, formerly Librarian of the McClean Hospital, Waverley, Massachusetts, includes chapters on books to read aloud, books for children’s wards and hospitals, and books and periodicals for nurses.

The American Library in Paris has become the official agent for these publications on the continent of Europe, and is enclosing a list of these publications in copies of this number of Ex Libris sent to public libraries in Europe. Copies of the list will be sent to any individual upon request.
Round-Table Conferences of the Institute of Politics at its First Session. 1921. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1923. 459 pages.

This is the first of the publications of the Institute of Politics, established at Williams College through the generosity of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch. The most interesting parts of the book are to be found in the speeches made by Ex-President Taft, President Lowell, and Senator Root at the opening and closing exercises of the Institute; the most useful, however, are the reports of the round-table conferences with their accompanying bibliographies, especially the conferences on the reparations question and on the frontier problems of Germany and her neighbors on the west. Other subjects discussed were the new states of Central Europe, the Treaty of Versailles, Latin-American questions, tariff problems, and international law.

In announcing that it was Mr. Baruch who had made provision for the establishment of the Institute, President Garfield said that it had been done in the belief that the strength of a nation was the measure of its contribution to international problems; but in his address Senator Root emphasized the fact that a democratic nation could act properly only in accordance with the popular will and act intelligently only in as far as the people are informed about international questions; open diplomacy should be granted, and government officials "should be not only willing but insistent that the real rulers shall know".


The military object of war is "a renewed state of peace". The political object of war has varied greatly throughout history, covering a wide range of nominal and real objectives. The ultimate idealistic object of war is "permanent peace"; at least such was the great war aim of the Allied and Associated Powers in the War of 1914. The question which chills us, then, is how to obtain this object in the present state of world affairs.

The Peace Conference at Paris following the Armistice drew up not only a Peace Treaty with Germany but also provided for the establishment of a League of Nations whose purpose was "to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security". Much has been written both for and against the League of Nations. Perhaps it would not be too much to say, however, that at least a large part of this material has been written in a spirit of prejudice and with the purpose of proving some preconceived thesis, rather than endeavoring to instruct and construct. But most of us are either weary or even afraid of this sort of "propaganda" although told that it will inevitably lead us along the paths of re-established international relations and permanent peace. What we want is a book which analyzes international problems as nearly as possible with a real perception of human ideals and endeavors on the one hand, and human frailties and "hard facts" on the other. We want a book which is not afraid to attack delicate problems and offer a constructive program for their solution. Moreover some of us admit the incompleteness of our mere acquaintance with such fundamental problems as,—what the League of Nations is, why it appears to many as necessary in the present world system, how it is organized, what it has accomplished, its position today, the attitude of such nations outside the League as the United States, Germany and Russia, and how the League may be utilized and developed as a truly effective organ for permanent peace among nations.

Mr. Roth Williams in this book has given to the public just such a book as we need. He could not have fulfilled more satisfactorily his aim, which is to "enable any reader who has vague ideas about the League, and is ordinarily interested in politics, to exclaim after finishing it: 'Now I know what the League is and what we ought to do about it'."

The style is clear and convincing. The subject-matter is very well chosen. But perhaps the finest feature of the book is the author's supremely fair analysis of states both in and out of the League. Delicate questions are neither evaded nor approached with "diplomatic tactics", but apparently with a very sincere desire to do absolute justice to each state and this with the background of an unusual grasp of the national psychology and state of mind.
To any one thinking even casually on questions of immediate problems and the tremendous immediate problems to be solved, Mr. Williams' book on the "League of Nations To-day" will be of real value. But to those who have thought a good deal about these leading problems and the League of Nations the book will be found a quite indispensable aid in clarifying and crystallizing convictions.

Lawrence D. Egben.


In this book Monsieur Viviani, Prime Minister of France in 1914, answers the Ex-Kaiser's Memoirs. It is most fitting that an answer to that tissue of omissions, falsifications and deliberate lies should come from one who, better than any other, was in a position to know the true facts: one who stood shoulder to shoulder with Monsieur Poincaré, then President, facing the surging tides of brutality and barbarism which sought to overwhelm civilization.

The records quoted are almost wholly gathered from the archives of Prussia, Austria and Bavaria, telegrams and letters from his own ministers and ambassadors, damning proofs which William II has conveniently ignored in his apologetic. In a flood of eloquence, reason and fact we are swept back, through those tragic days, harkening to those vain appeals voiced by Sir Edward Grey, by the Tsar, by France, Italy, Belgium in the name of peace, humanity and common sense: appeals that dashed themselves like rain drops against the granite walls of Prussian arrogance.

Step by step M. Viviani retraces Germany's aggressive measures. He appends two chronologies: that of the successive German armaments, and that of the plot direct, which was to unleash the Germanic hordes armed with all their savage arsenal to beset a peaceful world. As chief criminals he cites the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg and von Jagow. One's blood boils again at the recital, while one marvels at the resolution and indefatigable tenacity of these statesmen of France under such a strain and such a crushing load of responsibility.

William must indeed stand very close to his God since he has been permitted to emerge from his Memoirs self-anointed, cleansed of the blood of his innumerable victims, pure and resplendent as the ewe-lamb. Of this Mr. Ybarra gives us an excellent translation.

George G. Fleurot


These chapters on the cathedrals of England, first presented in the form of lectures before New York audiences, after some observations on the general characteristics of the cathedral structure and the different architectural periods, describe briefly the main features of representative cathedral buildings, such as Canterbury, with Amiens and Cologne "the greatest Gothic trio in the world"; Durham and Lincoln, incomparable for beauty of location and stateliness of exterior; Winchester, with its fine nave, the finest in England, the author says, not excepting Canterbury and Lincoln; and Salisbury and its tower and spire, one of the finest compositions in Europe, even finer than that of the Cathedral at Rouen.

He also singles out for special mention the west doorway of Lichfield, the east window of Ely, than which, he observes, there is nothing more beautiful in England, not even Carlisle; the choirstall of Exeter, surpassed by those of the Cathedral at Amiens only; and the celebrated cloisters at Gloucester.


Professor Monroe's interest in Sicily is not less keen than his interest in Bulgaria, Bohemia, and Scandinavia, and the fact that this is the second edition of his book on Sicily first published in 1909 is evidence that his interest is shared by others. Others may not agree with him that Sicily has the finest climate in Europe, or that the Sicilians are the most trustworthy element of unskilled labor in the United States, but they will enjoy his enthusiasm over Taormina, which he declares has the most superb position of any place in Sicily, and its great Greco-Roman theatre, surpassed by the Roman Theatre at Orange only in the care with which it has been preserved; Syracuse, ancient champion of Hellas against Carthage as Athens had been champion of Hellas against Persia, and its famous fountain of the nymphaeum Arethusa; Girgenti and its ruined temples, the most majestic in the old Hellenic world; and the similarly impressive Doric temple at Segesta.


The advent and evolution of the circus in all countries would make an interesting study. In this altogether charming book, Mr. Cooper gives
us an authoritative account of the modern American circus, showing us that each individual enterprise constitutes a formidable undertaking in men, money and endeavor, yearly travelling thousands of miles, at constant grip with every kind of difficulty.

He discusses human beings and the wild creatures, which are so human too, with an equally sympathetic understanding; the elephants are our brothers, the apes, our poor relatives, while lions, tigers and leopards are nothing but great big cats.

Two lessons are driven home; the lovableness of animals, and the blessings to man wrought by hard work, clean thinking and purposeful living.

George G. Fleurot.


It is extraordinary to find that this book was written by an American: extraordinary not only on account of its faultless language, of the intimate knowledge of history it portrays, but especially because of its quick appreciation of the minute differentiations of character, mentality and dialect, which distinguish one overlapping region from another, one town from its neighbor.

Mr. Fullerton loves to trace the present back to its origins, to follow the course of the successive invading waves, the Phcenicians and Greeks up the river, the Romans and the Barbarians over the mountain defiles, and to observe how each race naturally elected to settle in the environment which most closely resembled its native heath, building and planting according to its wont.

Hence, probably, of all the Rhone's long and rapid descent from its Alpine birthplace to the sea, he selects as his hunting ground this borderland of ancient Gaul, so often crossed by the invaders from North and South, which lies on the northern threshold of Provence, mellow land of the olive and of the mistral. Here he leads us from the Rhone's wild gorges up into the rugged heights and high plateaus of the Cevennes, halting on the way at such towns as Saint-Etienne, Givors, Annonay, Tournon and sundry forgotten places.

As we follow, he now and again offers us sundry morsels in the original "Langue d'Oc" culled from Mistral, variegated by truncated Latin inscriptions which seem almost too flattering to our erudition.

Truly this little volume proclaims Mr. Fullerton to be, in Virginian parlance, "A gentleman, a scholar, and a good judge of whisky", if indeed we may trust his report in regard to a bottle of Hermitage, 1870, found at Tournon.

George G. Fleurot.


Written in the form of letters, these reminiscences of travel in Spain are full of most interesting pictures of the Basque country, where the pelota court holds second place only to the Church, of Catalonia and the floral games of Barcelona, of Tarragona, with its Roman remains unsurpassed by any other Roman city in all Spain, of Valencia, the city of the Cid, of Granada, city of mystery, and of Cordova, ancient mecca of the West.

Seville was reached on the eve of Palm Sunday, and two weeks later Toledo, the Spanish Rome, with more of romantic lore to its credit than any other city of Spain, the author says, and one of the finest and largest cathedrals in the world; then Madrid, and the Escorial, and finally Burgos, supreme among Spanish Gothic cathedrals and one of the most perfect in Europe.

In Madrid he found also, of course, the greater part of the work of the greatest painter of Spain, Velasquez, and the scene of "La Dama Errante", that famous novel by Pio Baroja, who, he says, represents more completely than any other, modern Spain's ideas and tendencies. In Seville he refers also to the writings of Palacio Valdés, whose masterpiece "La Hermana San Sulpicio", he declares, should be read by all who desire to understand that happy city.


Mr. Anderton's library window opens upon many fields of view and this collection of essays from the pen of the well-known city librarian of Newcastle on Tyne is of great and varied interest,—appealing as it does by turns to the literary student, the nature lover, the book collector or the lover of his fellow man.

Each of the eight essays has its special charm for the reader, and while one admires the scholarship of "The Stoic in His Garden" the paper on Justus Lipsius, or that of the exceedingly interesting paper on Sir Thomas Browne, one appreciates the delicate humour of "A Gourmand's Breviary" which is very charming in its quaint conceits.

"Nature and Human Nature" makes one wish that Mr. Anderton would write more in a similar vein; while "In Northumbrian Sunshine" will give special pleasure to those who know and love the comparatively unknown "North Countree", following his lead over hill and valley, across river and moorland, whether on foot or wheel. "A Newcastle Seaman 100 Years Ago" presents an admirable picture of a sterling north country
man of great native intelligence, while "The Lure of Translation" opens up an interesting question which has doubtless presented itself to many minds. Professor J. Wight Duff's Latin version of "Little Miss Muffet" is a delightful jeu d'esprit.

J. F. S.


In his preface to this book, Mr. Machen explains that he wrote it by combining his dislike of a certain schoolmaster's life with his knowledge of Celtic mysteries. The resulting story has as little unity as oil and water poured into the same flask—Mr. Machen had not the skill to fuse the immiscible ingredients.

Ambrose Meyrick gets into trouble in the first chapter for star-gazing instead of playing "rocker", which leads one to expect the familiar story of an artistic soul struggling for expression in the ungenial atmosphere of an English Public School. But not at all: having been thrashed by his uncle—who is at the same time his housemaster—he takes a new line of action, knocks down one bully, nearly blinds another, and then retires to his bedroom where, after kissing his "purple swollen flesh" in a frenzy of masochism, he decides to conform to public opinion. He succeeds admirably until, at the age of eighteen, he renounces a brilliant career at the University as scholar and athlete, to join a band of strolling players, to write a few books and, finally, to die at the hands of infidels for refusing to spit on an ikon.

The recounting of these adventures, however, does not form the major part of the book. That is taken up with a series of interpolation: weak thrusts at the dead dog of Victorian morality and the dying dog of the Public School system; rhapsodies of Celtic saints; and the short-lived elopement of Ambrose with his uncle's maid. This took place during one of his holidays, and was brought to an untimely end by his discovery that he was, after all, setting himself side by side with the "pestilent horde" of surburban sinners, which he despised. The boy who had "disliked going up in form, disliked winning a game", now disliked gazing on the secret glory, which was, apparently, to live with the woman he loved.

But despite this ineffectual binding together of incidents, there are beautiful passages in the book—descriptions of London streets and Welsh hills—and Mr. Machen's language, though lacking virility, often achieves a high rapture of utterance, a masterly interweaving of cadences. If the main characters fail to convince, there is frequent charm in the drawing of incidental scenes and the portrayal of chance comers.

D. M. Garman


Mr. Huxley is such a master of the right word, the well-turned phrase, that it is disappointing to find him ever overlapping a situation or lapsing into anything easy or obvious. And this happens with shocking frequency in this volume of short stories. "Permutations among the Nightingales", for example, would be wholly delightful, and much of it is—if in rounding to a conclusion its treatment were less that of opera-bouffe. Again, in "Nuns at Luncheon", to have Sister Agatha's teeth stolen is slapstick of the most flagrant variety, unnecessary and palpably out of place; but the rest of the story is deftly and charmingly handled: Miss Penny, with her hare's eyes and her fantastic jewelry and her momentary abstractions, is a distinct creation. "The Tillotson Banquet" is perhaps the most consistently well written of any of the five stories; it embodies, in fact, more of the elements of the conventional story than any of the others, and is pleasantly ironic in its comment on the gregarious type of mind in society.

Mr. Huxley, to judge from this one volume, takes no one seriously; the spark of his creative power is kept alive by the frailties of human nature; but although his engaging laughter occasionally rises to shrillness it shows no trace of acidity.

M. Rice


Out of the simple incident of watching the movement of the ears of a hind in Richmond Park, the author has woven a series of charming essays dealing with nature and animal life overshot with human philosophy. As we turn the pages it seems as if we were wandering down a woodland path by the side of a poet-naturalist listening to his musings on the subjects we pass. In a pleasing, informal vein he discusses the subject of hearing in animal and man, which naturally suggests another sense—that of smell. The wind whistles through the trees and all manner of delightful thoughts and incidents follow in its wake. Sound leads to a consideration of music and all too soon the final pages are reached. A volume which will be read by naturalist and layman with equal pleasure.

E. G. P.


The author evidently has unusual ability as an interviewer, and has succeeded in getting from
Mr. Ford and from the records of the Ford Motor Co., material for an interesting book full of Ford anecdote and Ford philosophy.

One chapter reproduces from a Detroit Sunday newspaper published in March 1900 the earliest description of the first Ford Car; another describes the financing of the Ford Motor Co. into which Miss Couzens, a school teacher, put $100 and drew out $355,000, and her brother James, $900 in cash and drew out $29,500,000; a third, the organization of the plant and how production was increased from five and two-thirds cars per man in 1905 to twenty-eight and a half cars in 1921; and still another, Mr. Ford’s revolutionary ideas on farming. “The day is nearly past,” he declares, “when farmers will be the slaves of their animals.”

The concluding chapter is on “Ford and the Presidency.” In it Mr. Ford is quoted as saying, “There is going to be another world war anyway, and the United States should get into it at the beginning and clean them all up.” It is perhaps this sentiment that gives the book its title.


This is not a book to take its place beside such important literary works inspired by the War as “Three Soldiers” or Thomas Boyd’s “Through the Wheat”; but it is a volume of amusing incident and adventure sufficiently well-handled and colorful to make entertaining, even “profitable” reading. To shorten, as they say, the long winter evenings.

The author is convinced that where there is delicacy there is no art, and even the most liberally advanced parent might hesitate before reading the book to his family. Mr. Cummings is not contented to call a spade a spade but delights in dwelling on the unmentionable that which clings thereto: a proclivity which in the early chapters of the book is distracting and out of key, like red spots on a canvas. And later through monotony this becomes less distracting but less effective. It seems that with a little restraint the book would gain in force; as it stands it is a bit like a boiler foundry where the ear after its first extreme reactions becomes dulled. In Mr. Cummings’s own words it comes dangerously near being “rather vulgar violent fiction”.

The book is based on the adventures of the author in France during the later years of the War. After a term in the ambulance service he runs amuck of the French Government and finds himself in the prison for suspects at La Ferté Macé. A large part of the book, perhaps its best chapters, is devoted to description of his fellow prisoners. The moral of the story—or rather its purport—seems to be that wars are nasty, governments often stupid, and that the unfortunates within the prison walls are no worse than those who keep them there—to all of which one will readily subscribe.

“...But there is a more important moral to be drawn from the technique with which the story is told. Inasmuch as distortion does not make of itself a good drawing, or eccentric punctuation a good poem, so one need not be a philistine to concede that aesthetic departure is not necessarily progress, or if progress, not necessarily art, about which everyone seems so concerned these days.

John Blomshields.


Mr. Mowrer is one of the very few people who can write of elves and fairies in a way that is sure to be satisfactory to them. There is no sentimentality, no straining of fancy, but a perfect joy of humour and real imagination. One sudden turn at the end of a poem will give more true philosophy than any high-sounding lines of deep intent could do. We find this in “Bewitched” and in “Puck’s Advice to Crows,” which ends;

“Be quiet else I can not hear
What song is in the weather.”

The “Freedom of the Seas” would delight an imaginative child or restore a worn-out diplomat to a generous view of international affairs.

In the first part of the book called “The Good Comrade”, there are poems of love and comradeship and glowing pictures of outdoor things. Particularly delightful are the title poem and “Wood-Smoke”, which is a simple and perfect rendering of a mood. “To Common-Sense” is characteristic of the author’s telling way of combining philosophy and humor with a vivid joy in beauty. After calling in Grandam Common-Sense to comfort a wild heart, the poet ends:

“Then kiss me, Grandam; croon away my sorrow:
Cite me old proverbs till I ache no more:
For I would ride the young red sun to-morrow!”

Mr. Mowrer’s technique is so perfect that it passes entirely unnoticed, as all good technique should do.

The lyrics in particular have a variety of meter and charm which makes it delightful not only to look into the book here and there for some favorite poems, but to read it straight through.

M. P. P.
Dramatics for a little theatres. The description of the "Little Theatre" movement in America, and the best methods of producing in these little theatres, could not be imagined. Everyone will find this volume interesting. Many people shrink from learning the technique of the theatre—both in acting and setting—for fear of spoiling their illusions from the front. As a matter of fact, such knowledge adds to the intellectual appreciation and enjoyment of a play—just as knowledge of composition and orchestration adds to the enjoyment of a symphony.

The book is simple and explicit. Each chapter is packed with information, learned through hard experience and experimentation, as those who have to do with producing a play will recognize. A problem of production, such as choice of play, lighting, setting, the direction, etc., is taken up in each chapter. Not a word can afford to be neglected as the material is synthesized to the highest degree possible.

A most valuable part of the work is the bibliography in the back. It is divided into several parts such as: collection of one-act plays: full evening plays: plays for reading and presentation: general bibliography. The publisher and date of publication is given in most instances, which makes it easy to check up the latest books. The plays in these lists are both modern and classical, but in either case they represent the successes of their time. It is a treat to find such a storehouse of practical information in one volume.

Prue Durant Smith.

A STUDY IN "MONARCHEAL" TENDENCIES IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM 1776 TO 1801, by Louise Burnham Dunbar. University of Illinois Studies in the Social sciences, volume 10, number 1

Of this monograph the author says, "I have prepared a study which presents, so far as I know them, all the more important data on which justifiable generalizations can be based. By its relative completeness and by its arrangement of the facts, this study should afford an account somewhat clearer and more comprehensive than those attempted in preceding treatments".

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that devoted to a description of the plan de Broglie, at one time the agent of Louis XV in that monarch's effort to put a French prince on the Polish throne, and upon the outbreak of the American revolution interested in securing the independance of the Colonies and the appointment by Congress of some European military expert to lead the colonists, in the hope that he might have the same success that Napoleon had in France a generation later.


The committee to study the tobacco problem was organized in 1918, with the object of collecting
and publishing scientific data regarding tobacco and its effects. This book by Professor O'Shea is the first of its publications.

That there is a tobacco problem is made clear in an introductory note which states that the production of cigarettes has increased from three and a half billions in 1905 to forty-six billions in 1918; the cultivation of tobacco leaf required the use of 1,647,000 acres of arable land, while the expenditure for tobacco amounts to over $1,600,000,000 a year.

In this book Professor O'Shea has gathered together interesting data in regard to the use of tobacco by prominent persons of the past as well as testimony from living men and women of distinction. It is, however, the data derived from the psychological laboratory which gives scientific value to the book,—the report of the use of the make-believe tobacco pipe is not without humor also.

And it is the conclusions reached which make the book both valuable and interesting. Briefly these are that tobacco is a detriment to scholarship in both high school and college; in the latter the author believes this is due not only to the repressant drug effect of tobacco, but also to the distracting social influences associated with its use. In the case of adults, he concludes, the most that one can say is that in all probability tobacco is not an insuperable barrier to the attainment of the highest efficiency on the part of some persons, be a barrier to the attainment of efficiency but it may on the part of other persons.


"In green and vigorous old age the three-fold rule of life consists in intellectual and moral activity of the brain, in diet, and exercise". These are wise words in which this entertaining and instructive octogenarian compresses much of the wit and wisdom gathered in the course of his long and distinguished career as Professor of Medicine and man of letters. There are chapters on the beginning and duration of old age illustrated by many striking examples, on the spirit, mind, character, and hygiene of old age, which are full of the very latest discoveries in medical and psychological science, together with the views of Henri Bergson, Froud and Metchnikoff discussed at length and critically. To the general reader with a taste for literature are offered many wise sayings of men of letters on the different aspects of old age from Cicero onwards, and the chapter headed "The Old as Viewed by the Artist" is extraordinarily interesting and sums up in a few pages some of the secrets of the success of the great masters of the Middle Ages in delineating the special features of old age on canvas and in sculpture. There is a very striking portrait of Leonardo da Vinci by himself and illustrated examples of famous heads of old men by Rembrandt and Jordaens. With its many illustrations, its savour of Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy", its pointed humour, observation and research, and may wise hints, this book is sure to find a large and appreciative public.


Simultaneously with the introduction of the specious Jeff Peters to France by Cres & Co., Editeurs, the Chicago Daily News issues in book form the sketches of its columnist. The comparison of Mr. Hecht with O. Henry is inevitable from the manner of treatment as well as the similarity of subject. There is, however, an extraordinary difference in the results obtained by these two writers.

O. Henry, through his stories of the foreign-born and the timorously bucolic on the East Side, on Sixth Avenue, and in Harlem flats, has set apart these neighbourhoods of Manhattan as distinct from other American cities as they are from Peking's Lantern Street and the Rue des Saints Pères. Ben Hecht, on the other hand, leaves us with glimpses none too clear of a Russian family, a Chinese laundryman, and a German watchmaker who might have lived in St. Louis or San Francisco. Whenever he attempts anything more ambitious than his impression of State Street on a rainy afternoon he is surcharged with a slang unjustified by the whimsicalities of O. Henry and the unexpected twist of the plot at the end.

The reason for the achromatic aspect of these sketches is that the writer has endeavored to draw his characters from among the four million without possessing the imagination necessary to lift them above the common-place. He lacks the pathos of the southerner, also his irrepressible humour; and whenever his stories seem plausible they are transcribed with the deadly accuracy of a court stenographer.

Thus far Mr. Hecht is disappointing in his novels as well as these tales. "Gargoyle", which came out last winter was but "Erik Dorn" warmed over, and the best to be said for the author is his resemblance to Waldo Frank.

Jackson Moore.
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SWISS TRAVEL ALMANAC. Ed. by Swiss Tourist Information Service. Olten, Walter Ltd. 1923.


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The recent declaration that Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is not only the finest poem in English, but that it is as absolute a work of art as the Parthenon or the Venus de Milo or the Sistine Madonna, leads a writer in the *Christian Science Monitor* to object that it is not equal to either Keats' "Nightingale", or Shelley's "West Wind", and to add, "The fact is, of course, that while the 'Nightingale' contains the essence of romance, the 'Grecian Urn' quite as truly contains the essence of the classic; and that readers will prefer one or the other, in spite of all argument, according as their temperaments lean towards romantic yearning or classic calm."

In an article on "Dunsany, Yeats and Shaw" in the *New York Bookman* for November, Shaw Desmond says, "If any man is sufficiently interested in the real Shaw, he will find him in Keegan, the unfrocked priest in 'John Bull's Other Island', who is really Shaw himself—no artist can mask himself in his art. If he wants his views on sex, he will find them set out with almost painful accuracy in that much disheveled play (it has been knocked about so much) : 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'. If he wants his religion, he will find it in 'Major Barbara', in 'The Faith of the Armourer' and the seven points of its Athenian revelation, and also in 'John Bull's Other Island', the prologue of which opens: 'The Irishman has a genius for religion, also in 'Back to Methuselah'."

In an article on American novelists in the *International Book Review* for November, J. D. Beresford the British novelist, is quoted as saying: "Even tho just at the moment, you lack a Wells, a Galsworthy, a Conrad or a Bennett, to mention the best of those of an earlier generation who are still writing, America has in Lewis, Anthony, Dell, Anderson, and Cabell five of the younger generation who will stand comparison with any five of their contemporaries in England."

In speaking of Samuel Butler's writings in the *Observer* J. C. Squire says: "Erewhon", the most successful thing of its kind since "Gulliver's Travels", will continue to be read; so will the "Note-Books", one of the most amusing collections of table-talk extant; and "The Way of All Flesh" will continue to attract a certain number of persons who are sympathetic to Butler's outlook. The rest of his works failed either because they were too scrappy or because they were too cranky.

In referring to Lloyd Osborne's articles on Stevenson which began to appear in *Scribner's Magazine* in November, Simon Pure says, "How great a pity it is that Mr. Osborne has never put into biographical form his recollections of his famous step-father. These essays will (or would) form the nucleus of a good biographical sketch, and nobody could do such a task with more skill and delicacy than Mr. Osborne."

"Contemporary American Plays", edited by Arthur H. Quinn (*Scribner's*) is a sequel to the editor's "Representative American Plays", published in 1917. It contains the following five plays, selected as the most significant of their types produced since 1917 and available for publication: "Why Marry?" by Jesse Lynch Williams, "The Emperor Jones" by Eugene O'Neill, "Nice People" by Rachel Crothers, "The Hero" by Gilbert Emery, and "To the Ladies" by Georges S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.
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Litery Notes

William Roscoe Thayer's “Life and Times of Cavour” was recently described as the greatest biography of our period.

Thomas Hardy's fame will in the end rest on a single dramatic work, “The Dynasts”, Mary Austin declares.

In an article in the Atlantic Monthly for December entitled “The Greatest Little Book in the World”, Mr. Edward Newton describes the history of Dickens’ “A Christmas Carol”.

In noting the award of the Nobel Prize to Mr. W. B. Yeats The Times observes that “The Wind Among the Trees” contains some of his best lyrics.

Professor Phelps describes “Through the Wheat” by Thomas Boyd (Scribner’s) as the most impartial story of the War that he has read. “It brings me nearer the trenches than any other book”, he says.

In an article on “Dunsany, Yeats, and Shaw” in the Bookman (New York), for November, Shaw Desmond describes Dunsany’s “The Kith of the Elf-Folk” as the most beautiful allegory of our time.

Roth Williams’ “The League of Nations Today” (Holt) is described by the Christian Science Monitor as “vastly more important than any previous book on the same subject”.

The New York Bookman Literary Club Service, November, is devoted to contemporary American Drama. The present undisputed leader of the American stage, it says, is Augustus Thomas.

Arnold Bennett’s new novel, “Riceyman’s Steps”, says the Spectator, is the peer of “The Old Wives’ Tale” and “Clayhanger”, and if it has not the panoramic sweep of the earlier stories, it is even better constructed.

In an interview with a New York Times representative, Rebecca West describes Willa Cather’s “A Lost Lady” as a masterpiece, as good as “My Antonia” in its way, and very much better than “One of Ours”. A woman cannot write a good war story, she says.

In her introduction to “Songs of the Cowboys”, by N. Howard Thorp (Houghton Mifflin Co). Alice Corbin Henderson points out that, with the exception of our negro songs, the cowboy songs form our largest body of native folk songs.

“I know of no work which compares with that of General Sherrill on ‘Prime Ministers and Presidents’ (Doran) in presenting a vivid picture of present political conditions in Europe”, Dr. David Jayne Hill says.

In his “Adventures of Maya the Bee” (Seltzer) Waldemar Bonsels has created one of the classics of modern literature for children, Hugh Walpole says. “In the last ten years I can recall only one similarly successful thing of this kind, Hugh Lofting’s ‘Dr. Dolittle’.”

In the “Rootabaga Stories” and its successor “Rootabaga Pigeons” (Harcourt, Brace & Co), Carl Sandburg has invented a new and rootedly American kind of fairy story, The Literary Review says; but the second, it observes, is not quite as good as the first.

In the recently published “Life of Florence Barclay” (Putnam’s) it is noted that her popular novel “The Rosary” has been translated into eight languages, and over a million copies sold. This has now been issued in cheap edition at two shillings and six.

The Union Panatlantique, 20 Boulevard Saint-Germain, has just published a brochure by M. Emile Roux-Parassac entitled “La Maison d’Amérique” describing its plans for a museum, library, and school devoted to American studies.

The essay entitled “Le Roman Français Depuis la Guerre”, by Professor Albert Schinz first published in The Modern Language Journal in May, has been republished by the National Federation of Modern Language Teachers in separate form.

In his biography of Henry Ford, published by Funk & Wagnalls, Allan Benson says that Mr. Ford is a constant reader of only two works, Emerson’s Essays and the Bible. His favorite book gift is Emerson’s essay on “Compensation”. “I think that essay comes nearer stating his creed than anything else”.
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AMERICAN

American Economic Review, December: Currency Inflation in Eastern Europe with Special Reference to Poland, E. Dana Durand. Trade Union Development in Soviet Russia, Amy Hewes.

American Mercury, January: Stephen Crane, Carl Van Doren. The Tragic Hiram, John W. Owens. Two Years of Disarmament, Miles Martindale. Santayana at Cambridge, Margaret Munsterberg.


Dial, December: Randolph Bourne, Paul Rosenfeld.


Literary Digest, December 8: For and Against the Bonus. Railroads Boosting Prosperity. America’s Need of Europe. Why Yeats is a Nobel Prize Man.


— December 29: America to lend a Hand in the Reparations Deadlock.

Living Age, December 8: The League of Nations World Court or World Club?, Stephane Lausanne. Memories of Pierre Loti, Henri de Regnier.

— December 15: The Case for the League, Lord Robert Cecil.


Scribner’s, December: The Dead Hand Harnessed—The Significance of Community Trusts, Walter Greenough. Cowboys, North and South, Will James.

— January: The Paris that Works and Thinks, Paul van Dyke. A Personal Impression of Mary King Waddington, Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer.

Survey, December 1: Nansen’s Mandate for Humanity, Francis Hackett.


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Current Magazines (continued)

BRITISH


— January: France and Britain, Paul Franck.


— January: Charles Dickens and America, Harold Spencer.

Nineteenth Century and After, January: The Labour Party, Sir Sydney Olivier.


Spectator, January 5: Spirit of Fascism, St. Loe Strachey.


FRENCH


La Revue Critique, Décembre 25: Maurice Barrès. Témoignage d'une génération.


— 1er Décembre: Sur les Teases de Lady Esther Stanhope. Maurice Barrès.

Mercure de France, 1er Décembre: La Vie Américaine d'après le Conte et la Nouvelle, Léonie Villard.

— 8 Décembre: Parmi les Portraits de Famille de Georges Sand, Hugues Lapaire.


Literary Notes

In a study of the popularity of certain American magazines in the Journal of the National Education Association for November, Professor Reeder of Ohio State University publishes a table showing that the District of Columbia leads in magazine reading, followed by California, Oregon, and Washington.

In his recent work on "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Knopf), Ernest Boyd describes "The Crock of Gold" and "The Demi-Gods" as James Stephens' best works, and of the two he thinks the latter the better. It placed him in the front rank of living prose-writers, he says.

Of Philip Ashton Rollins' "The Cowboy" (Scribner's), Owen Wister says, "A long while after you and I have ceased to write, I think, your book about the cow-puncher will be sought for its full and authentic knowledge. Nothing that I have seen on the subject is so admirable."

Of Professor John Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct" (Holt), the Yale Review says "as a review of social psychology it is so ably constructed that it would be no exaggeration to say it makes all previous books on that subject obsolescent, still to be read perhaps, but put in their place by its powerful criticism."

In an article on Francis Parkman in the Nation, October 10th, Professor C. W. Alvord says, "The truth of the matter is that Parkman knew intimately only two short periods of Western history, that of the explorations and business enterprise of La Salle and that of the conspiracy of Pontiac."

Of "The Settlement Horizon", by Robert A. Woods (Russell Sage Foundation), the Political Science Quarterly says, "No other book gives one such a vivid impression of the contribution of the settlement to almost every modern movement in what is known as social work and social reform."
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