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Fiction and the Study of American History

MYRON R. WILLIAMS
Instructor in English, The Phillips Exeter Academy

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A Questionnaire (that popular device by which the authoritativeness of the author is supposed to be multiplied by the number of correspondents among whom the labor of composition has been divided)—a questionnaire on the value of fiction in the teaching of history elicits strange results. Opinions range from those which regard fiction as indispensable collateral reading, in some cases even as a fair substitute for history itself (e.g. “Kenilworth,” “Henry Esmond,” “The Cloister and the Hearth”) to those which scorn such use of fiction as fomenting superficiality, a kind of blithe aviation over the fields of fact. In order to make something like steerage-way, it seems best to limit speculation at once to these two questions: “The historical novel — what is it?” and “What use can be made of it in teaching history, even more specifically, American history?”

A composite reply from the academic world would read something like this: “The half of the world that reads historical novels nowadays is the half of the world that formerly read epics and tales of the gods. They look at literature as an avenue of escape from the realities of the present or the immediate future. Primarily, they are the young and unsatisfied or the old and dissatisfied. The relish of life as it is and a curiosity for constantly more and more of the same thing (which is realism) is not theirs; romance, idealism become the realities to this happy world of the very young and the much too old. As to teaching through fairy tales of this sort, not really...?”

The young men and maidens of this day and generation (ages 18 to 30) reply in this fashion: “The historical novel? A contradiction of terms. If you want history, read history — in school. If you want a real novel, go a long, long way from schools and things academic.” The historical novel panders to adolescent hypocrisy — a pious resolution to study history (and get credit for doing so), which weakens into a worldly willingness to be amused. In the ascetic seclusion of a library cloister they glow (like the rest of us) under the glances of a Rowena. Only we don’t call it research.

Buyers of books for children (chiefly aunts and uncles, genuine and social, for parents seem to buy relatively few books) hold to this view: “If you must read novels, at least read historical novels. Read instructive, improving books. We do not pretend that you will like them at first as well as some of the sensational books that you have been accustomed to, but you will grow to like them. They are moral and will teach you history. These are the books which we read when we were young...” So they were, and it may be that envy and jealousy (active motives with censor and up-lifter) here play their unobtrusive part.

But boys and girls themselves voluntarily read historical novels, and do so eagerly, as any librarian can testify. Their reasons although indi-
vidually less articulate, would be these: "We like to read about soldiers, pioneers, statesmen, and the great things men and women have done in danger or in difficulties. We like to see what life was like in old Plymouth or Salem, on whalers, out on the plains, or at Washington. We are also learning history. Besides, these stories are the most interesting, without much love in them, or hard words."

Now let us see what answers to our questions we have received: First, "What is an historical novel?" 1. It is an unreal romance, not closely related to life as we know it and live it. 2. It is an inartistic hybrid between history and fiction, being neither the one thing nor the other. 3. It is something which it is "good form" to read; the more it mortifies the patience, the more it improves the mind. 4. Whatever it is, it is something that boys and girls between the ages of 10 and 17 read with pleasure. This they probably do for reasons already given: the beads of description are attached to one another on a string of events often marvellously contorted; there is little space or occasion for the subtleties of character analysis and introspection ("love") for the characters are men of action, with the valor and virtues congenial to 10 to 17; they give their readers a share in events removed in time and space from daily environment, feeding that thirst for facts which, at this age at any rate, often goes with a scorn of artistry. This is indeed the Cooper age, Cooper of whom Barrett Wendell has remarked that into whatever language his work was translated, the translation was superior to the original.

I believe there should be a dissolution of the union of History and Literature as found in the term "historical novel". More buncombe has been written for "historical novels" than for any other brand of literature — except lyric poetry. A novel must be a good novel — good for the boy who reads it — or else it is not a good "historical novel", or anything else. Let us say rather "fiction", fiction the scene of which is accidentally laid in this place or that; but first of all, let it be a well written novel, which a teacher would willingly be overheard recommending to an intelligent schoolboy.

Next, "What use can be made of fiction in teaching history?" This question for brevity, will be answered in general terms; its specific reference to American History will be found in the list at the end of this article. 1. Reading fiction is in no sense a substitute for history. Such books make, moreover, poor collateral reading with history. Fiction may be flavored with facts, but facts cannot be profitably colored or diluted with fiction. 2. Novels are enormously valuable in building up and adding to that intangible and indispensable structure known as "back-ground", which gives a boy or girl a certain intellectual savoir faire, particularly valuable in the study of history. 3. For the convenience of readers of this article only have divisions in the printed list been made; and under such captions as "The West", "New England" or "Political and Social" may appear titles not commonly thought of as "historical novels". They probably are not. The proper study of American History is to get us acquainted with our country; and such books as these happily furnish illustrations. 4. Under different headings will be found books appealing to a considerable variety of ages, intelligence and taste. The one common denominator that the compiler had in mind was some standard of literary merit. For that reason some books have been omitted intentionally; others unintentionally. It is a "reader’s list", with no claim to exhaustiveness, and as such it no doubt represents some vagaries of judgment and of recollection. 5. In short, let books like these be insinuated into the hands of boys and girls between the ages of 10 and 17, and as much later as Providence permits, preferably not by the history teacher, during vacations and with no implication that either mind or marks may thereby be improved. This, at least, seems a safe assumption.
Discovery and Early Colonization.
  JOHNSTON. 1492.
  TOURGEE. Out of the Sunset.
  MUNROE. The Flamingo Feather.
  FARNOL. Black Bartlemy's Treasure.
  KINGSLEY. Westward Ho.
  HAWES. The Dark Frigate.

The Virginia Colony.
  THACKERAY. The Virginians.
  JOHNSTON. To Have and to Hold; Audrey; Croatan; Prisoners of Hope.

The Massachusetts Colony.
  AUSTIN. Standish of Standish; Betty Alden, etc.
  HAWTHORNE. The Scarlet Letter.
  HOLLAND. The Bay Path.

Dutch New York.
  BYNNER. The Begum's Daughter.
  BARR. Bow of Orange Ribbon.
  PAULDING. The Dutchman's Fireside.

Explorations and the Seven Year's War.
  CATHERWOOD. Story of Tonty (La Salle); Romance of Dollard; Lady of Fort St. John.
  BYNNER. Agnes-Suirragie (Boston 1745).
  CHAMBERS. Hidden Children (1756-1763).
  COOPER. Last of the Mohicans.

The American Revolution.
  ATHERTON. The Conqueror (Hamilton).
  BACHELLER. In the Days of Poor Richard (Franklin).
  BRADY. The Grip of Honor (Paul Jones).
  CHAMBERS. Cardigan; Maid at Arms; Little Red Foot.
  CHURCHILL. Richard Carvel.
  COOPER. The Spy; The Pilot; Leatherstocking Tales.
  DUDLEY. The King's Powder (New Hampshire).
  FORD. Janice Meredith.
  JEWETT. A Tory Lover.
  MITCHELL. Hugh Wynne, Quaker; The Red City.
  STODDARD. The Spy of Yorktown.
  TOMLINSON. Boys of Old Monmouth, etc.
  THOMPSON. Green Mountain Boys (Vermont).
  THOMPSON, M.. Alice of Old Vincennes.

After the War.
  MCCOOK. The Latiners (Whiskey Insurrection).
  HALE. Man Without a Country; Philip Nolan's Friends.

War of 1812.
  BYNNER. Zachary Phips.
  SEAWELL. Little Jarvis (1798-1800); Midshipman Paulding; Decatur and Somers.

The Civil War.
  BACHELLER. A Man for the Ages; The Light in the Clearing.
  CHURCHILL. The Crisis.
  GARLAND. Captain of the Gray-horse Troop.
  Goss. Jed; Tom Clifton.
  GLASGOW. The Battleground.
  HENITY. With Lee in Virginia.
  JOHNSTON. The Long Roll.
  KING. Between the Lines; The Colonel's Daughter.
  PAGE. Among the Camps; Two Little Confederates.
  STOWE. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
  TROWBRIDGE. The Drummer Boy; Cudjo's Cave.

Reconstruction and the South.
  CABLE. Grandissimes; Old Creole Days.
  FOX. Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.
  MURFREE. The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.
  PAGE. In Ole Virginia; Red Rock.
  SMITH. Col. Carter of Cartersville.

The Navy and Ships.
  HAWES. The Mutineers; The Great Quest.
  MELVILLE. Moby Dick; Typee.
  HERGESHEIMER. Java Head.
  CONNOLLY. The U-Boat Hunters.

The Western Frontier.
  ATKINSON. Johnny Appleseed.
  EGGLESTON. The Circuit Rider; The Hoosier Schoolmaster.
  JACKSON. Ramona.
  WHITE. The Blazed Trail; The Rules of the Game; The Riverman; The Silent Places.

The Great West.
  CATH. O Pioneers; My Antonia.
  CLEMENS. Huckleberry Finn; Tom Sawyer.
  GATES. Biography of a Prairie Girl.
  HOUCH. The Covered Wagon; The Mississippi Bubble.
  HARTE. The Luck of Roaring Camp, etc.
  QUICK. The Hawkeye; Vandemark's Folly.
  STEVENSON. The Wreckers.
  WHITE. Gray Dawn.
  WISTER. The Virginian.

New England.
  ALDRICH. Story of a Bad Boy.
  HAWTHORNE. House of Seven Gables.
  HOWELLS. Rise of Silas Lapham.
"Where the Buffalo Roamed; the Story of the Canadian West", by E. L. Marsh (Toronto, The MacMillan Co.), although intended primarily for juvenile reading, is certain, because of its compendious form, to be enjoyed by others than juvenile readers. Beginning with Radisson and Groseilliers, and the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company in the seventeenth century, it narrates the adventures of those intrepid explorers of the "Great Lone Land" in the eighteenth century, Verendrye, Samuel Hearne, and Alexander Mackenzie, and the thrilling history of the struggles between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, and concludes with the story of the Selkirk Settlement and the expeditions of Simon Fraser and Paul Kane.

Alexander Mackenzie, the author notes, was the first white man to reach the Pacific Coast of North America by land, and Paul Kane was the first artist to put on canvas the picturesque Indians of the Canadian West.

The London Nation in a recent article on books for boys describes Mark Twain's "Huck Finn" as the happiest inspiration of Twain's genius. "It was his only work", it observes, "that gave him assurance of a place among the writers of first rank, and there was something more than fun in his remark that it was the best novel he had ever read"; and the best thing about it is that everyone can enjoy it as much as boys do.
Some Books on Art

FLORENCE HEYWOOD

Art Lecturer at the Louvre; Author of "The Important Pictures of the Louvre"

There is but one way to appreciate and understand pictures—to live with them. Conferences and books at best can serve only as signposts. A good sign-post need not be detailed nor an art book didactic. If a sign-post indicate a direction clearly and stir the traveller to press on; if a book stimulate a quest among pictures, then sign-post and book have served. For just as a nature lover may be trusted to see a sunset through the trees and the ferns along the brook as he wanders down the by-paths, once he has been started on the right way, so may the art lover be trusted to perceive truth and beauty after books have sent him gallery-wards.

There are many approaches to the enjoyment of pictures. The child looks at a picture and exclaims, "Oh, what a pretty lady!"

Many people remain children in art. Even if they do get beyond looking for the pretty lady they still cling to the story element, they wish to know exactly what the objects represent, what the picture signifies. Art, since the first cave man commenced to draw in his cavern and portrayed an animal exactly as he was or else invented an ideal god and decorated him has swung constantly, like a pendulum, between literature and music. Books which treat of the meaning of pictures are themselves not only in the realm of literature but bring art likewise into the literary field. They do not go beyond subject matter, beyond art as illustration.

On the other hand books which consider the aesthetic beauty of pictures lead to the realm of music, for pictures approach music when full of harmony, when rhythmical in line, balanced in mass and sonorous in chords of color. Such pictures appeal not to the intellect but to the emotion. Critics, connoisseurs, and above all artists have written, some delightedly, some technically, on the artistic worth of various paintings. Such appreciations help the layman to understand the laws governing harmonious composition.

Many of the so-called Primitives, that is, the pictures of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries, can be considered from the child's standpoint, for they depend largely for their charm upon the story element. When art was the hand-maiden of the church the early artists were engaged by the priests to present religion to the ignorant people through symbols and fables. The artists themselves had their subject matter primarily in view. This they made interesting by simple decorative means. Therefore beginners may approach the Primitives with some such books as those by Mrs. Jameson, her "Legends of the Madonna," "Symbols of the Saints," and others. Her work produced in England many years ago and decidedly mid-Victorian in spirit is still as good as anything done along this line. It is especially helpful to a gallery visitor who is uninversed in ecclesiastical lore. Green's Handbook, "Saints and their Symbols," is a portable manual for gallery use.

Art students often look upon a study of the saints in pictures with superior contempt, but it will do them no harm to put themselves in the reverent spirit of the men of the Middle Ages and the Early Renaissance if they wish fully to taste these exquisite emanations of an age of faith.
In the enjoyment of pictures the next step taken by the beginner is usually toward the anecdotal. People enjoy biographies, reading about the men who created the pictures and those who figure on the canvas. There are many amusing books about artists, such as the inimitable “Lives of the Florentine Painters”, “Isabella d’Este” and “Beatrice d’Este” take one irresistibly into the vivid life of the Renaissance, for they are filled with the sparkling letters of the two sisters to each other, letters bubbling with the gaiety, gossip, fashions, and customs of the Court. Her “Balthazar Castiglione,” another delightful volume, not only depicts the

by Vasari, who was a poor pupil of the great Michel Angelo but a delightful story-teller, and Rudolfi’s book on Venetian artists.

A pleasant writer ever is Julia Cartwright, and her “Florentine Painters” is a helpful introduction to the artists of Florence.

She has written other books in which the atmosphere of the times illuminates art. Her times, but reveals a beautiful and scholarly nature, a sincere and loyal soul, a man whom the serene Raphael loved and has painted with understanding and sympathy. The Portrait of Castiglione now in the Louvre is one of Raphael’s late works and one of his greatest.

Hare in “Camps and Courts of the Renaissance” gives not only the life of this same Bal-
thazar Castiglione whom Raphael immortalized, but also devotes a portion of the volume to Castiglione’s great work, the Cortegiano or “Perfect Courtier”, wherein the scholar dwells upon the court of his beloved Duchess Elizabetha Gonzaga surrounded by her retinue of courtiers, men famous in arts and letters. It was the “Book of the Perfect Courtier” that became the guide to men of distinction in the Renaissance and dictated usage in the Elizabethan Court, both Sir Phillip Sydney and Sir Walter Raleigh living by its tenents. Would Sir Walter have flung down his cloak for the Virgin Queen to tread upon had he not read the Perfect Courtier!

Especially delightful books along art lines are the autobiographies of artists; and Benvenuto Cellini, that braggadocio, that delightful scoundrel, who blushed at no exaggerations and no self revelations, has left us a vivid picture of life in Italy and France during the sixteenth century and a still more vivid insight into the distressing uncertainties of an artist’s soul. Madame le Brun, the friend of Marie Antoinette, a guest in many a European court when she was a refugee at the time of the Revolution, has bequeathed to us not only several of her own portraits, and portraits painted of the royal personages among whom she sojourned but also a delightful narrative of these various courts.

When the layman turns from the significance of pictures and from their historic setting to a study of pictures as artistic creations, he may examine them again from several angles. For he may study the various phases as expressions of the age in which they were created, as factors in the evolution of painting. Or he may question their authenticity; or, last and rarest of all in the true appreciation of pictures, he may sense,—yes, verily savor, their aesthetic charm.

Innumerable are the valuable histories of art, from Bryan’s “Dictionary of Painters”; Crowe and Cavalcaselle’s “History of Painting in England”; Eugene Muntz’s “Histoire de L’Art pendant la Renaissance”, and his “Les Précurseurs de la Renaissance”; Woertmann and Woermann’s “History of Painting”; and Kugler’s “Handbook of Painting”;—all standard works, to mention but a few; to the more modern treatises, as A. Venturi’s “Storia dell’Arte Italiana” (in four volumes, to be translated); E. Faure’s “History of Art”; R. van Marle’s “The Development of Painting in Italy”; Andre Michel’s “History of Art”; and Hourticq’s “History of Art in France”. A practical small volume for reference is the “Short History of Italian Painting” by Brown and Rankin; and Reinach’s “Apollo” is the most compact illustrated volume on art.

In determining the authenticity of pictures the modern critic is no longer permitted to launch his opinions without proofs. He who introduced the modern system of analyzing pictures scientifically was Morelli, an Italian senator who adopted a Russian nom de plume and wrote in German. He has left valuable books concerning Italian Art in the Galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Berlin. Bernhart Berenson is the American follower of the Morellian system. His series of works on schools of painting and on individual artists are all readable and suggestive. The tables at the end of each book give the resume of his opinions after careful research has been done.

The Morellian system which Berenson follows consists in selecting the painting of a certain artist that is known by documentary evidence to be genuine, in studying all details, such as the folds of the draperies, and the eyes, thumb, fingers, and feet, and then comparing these similar details in a disputed picture.

Possibly the most delightful and stimulating attitude toward art is the one found in works by aesthetic appreciators. Such works are neither historical nor archaeological but are the sensitive reactions of finely strung natures in the presence of the beautiful. The comments are usually of a high literary standard, and the books are works of art in themselves. Such
are Walter Pater's "Impressions"; Theophile Gautier's "Promenades Raisonnéas au Musée du Louvre"; Raffaelli's "Mes Promenades au Musée du Louvre"; Taine's "Philosophie de l'Art", and "Voyage en Italie"; and John Addington Symonds' many treatises on history and art. The observations of George Moore on painting in his essays and novels are acute and personal.

Many such works, which are classics, are frequently at variance with the art opinions of today. But they are often intensely interesting because of the very fact that they reflect the art appreciations of their own times. Such a volume is Lessing's "Laocoon", which presents the standards of the late eighteenth century, a standard based upon antique models, Roman rather than Greek, for our most precious treasures in sculpture, such as the "Venus de Milo" and the "Hermes" of Praxiteles, had not been discovered when he wrote. Diderot in his "Salons" discloses likewise late eighteenth standards, and in England Sir Joshua Reynolds in his "Discourses" laid down the Canons of Art with that superb and final assurance that frequently characterizes Academicians and which has inevitably had a wholesome effect on art. For, while helpfully defining certain laws, did not Sir Joshua likewise assert that cool tones must be used sparingly; and did not Gainsborough immediately chalenge him by flinging the "Blue Boy" defiantly in his face.

Many artists who were likewise writers have been already alluded to. One who was both painter and critic in the nineteenth century in France was Fromentin. He wrote not of his own times however but of the Dutch masters in "Les Maîtres D'Autrefois". Very prejudiced, he would not acknowledge as artistic any of Rembrandt's pictures except the ones that are realistic, those wherein the values are sure, as the "Portrait of the Baron Six", the one of "Frau Bas", and the "School of Anatomy". His poetic masterpieces where-in the famous Rembrandt Chiaroscuro is the most marvellous, such as the "The Supper at Emmaus", are to his mind false.

Ruskin, the writer on art, painted a little And Whistler, the painter, wrote a few stinging lines, such as his inimitable "Ten O'clock". Ruskin's place in the art world as a critic is still underestimated although he is acknowledged to be one of our greatest stylists in literature. His works are read and are still of value and, while not as popular as in his own day, they are more appreciated than they were twenty years ago. For he is a virile writer and because of his very prejudices arouses antagonism and stimulates thought. In spite of his superb egoism, of his religious assumptions in art, of his haughty, personal bias, his influence on the world of his day was beneficial. He shook the classic stronghold, strongly entrenched on its Corinthian column, re-established a ove for the Gothic and for the Italian Primitives, pointed out Tintoretto, then lost to the world in his own dark shadows, and took men out of doors. Possibly in his insistence upon the observation of plant life and the forms of minerals he took a leaf from Leonardo da Vinci's inimitable "Notebook".

From the day of Camille Mauclair's concise little volume on the "Impressionists", books have piled up on modern art. Cézanne, Post Impressionists, Futurists, and Cubists, Matisse and his followers of the Autumn Salon have all found critics, defenders, and interpreters. To mention but a few of the tirades or eulogies would fill the pages of another article. The best advice to give a student of art, next to that great exhortation—look at the pictures yourself and try to feel them,—is: select as your guide that author who sympathizes with the painter. You need not agree. But only by the open mind and the willingness to be led into an understanding of what original creators are trying to do can we hope to attain to an appreciation of that which seems to us new and strange.
French Translations of American Works on the Modern Science of Management

C. Bertrand Thompson

American business men are now pretty well aware that there is a science or art of business organisation and management quite distinct from the technic of manufacturing, selling or accounting. The entire "efficiency movement" grew up around this idea and has shown itself so thoroughly adapted to the facts of experience that it has become an integral part of business thought and practice.

During the last thirty years an enormous literature has been written on this subject in America. Its guiding ideas have become part of our industrial atmosphere. There can be no doubt that the constant and conscious effort to improve the technic of management is in large part responsible for the great development of American business.

It is not the same in France. In this country, there is an extensive and valuable literature on the technic of manufacturing processes regarded particularly from the standpoint of applied science, but the arts of selling and of management in general have always been and still are to a large extent considered outside the domain of scientific—that is, for a Frenchman, mathematical—treatment, with the result that a native literature on the subject was inexistent before the appearance of certain American books in translation, and even to-day is only at a rather tentative beginning.

It is probable however that the importance of this subject will be more and more recognized in France. Already there is a great deal of discussion which is at least evidence of a live even though rather theoretical interest. As this is due entirely to American influence as exercised through French translations, a few words in regard to these translations may have a certain historical interest.

Unquestionably the greatest influence in this matter has been that of the famous savant Henry Le Chatelier, professor at the Collège de France, who was the first to recognize the significance of the work of Frederic W. Taylor, "the father of Scientific Management", and of practically the entire efficiency movement. At the international exposition of 1900 in Paris when Taylor demonstrated the extraordinary results of his work on metal-cutting tools Professor Le Chatelier was greatly impressed by the scientific value of the methods of research employed by Taylor and by the incalculable importance of a generalization of his methods. Nothing was done at the time, however; but in 1906, when Taylor's famous book "The Art of Cutting Metals" appeared, Professor Le Chatelier had it translated at once and published by Dunod et Pinat in 1907 with the title "La Taille des Métaux". While this book, aided by the enthusiastic propaganda of Professor Le Chatelier, made a certain impression on a limited circle of French engineers and prepared the way for serious discussion of methods of organization, its real import was unfortunately missed. The French temperament saw in it only a striking example of the application of scientific methods to the technical problem of the operation of machine tools. The fact that in Taylor's mind this was a mere incident in the rational organization of a plant passed unnoticed.
Even the succeeding publication of Taylor's "Shop Management" ("La Direction des Ateliers", Dunod et Pinat) and "Principles of Scientific Management" ("Principes d'Organisation Scientifique des Usines", traduit par J. Royer, Dunod et Pinat), has not succeeded in eradicating this impression. It is to-day more necessary than ever to explain in France that "taylorisation" and "tayloriser" mean something more than the introduction of the telephone or adding machines or even the use of the stop watch.

All of Taylor's works, including scattered papers, have been published sooner or later in the Revue de Métallurgie, under the direction of M. Le Chatelier.

The efforts of this devoted admirer of Taylor have not been confined exclusively to the translation of the works of the Master. M. Le Chatelier is also responsible for the French edition of Miss Christine Frederic's "Scientific Management in the Home," also of an abridgment of H. L. Gantt's "Work, Wages and Profits" translated by M. Nusbaumer under the title "Travail, Salaire et Bénéfices" (Revue de Métallurgie, December, 1915), and of my compilation "Scientific Management", under the title "Organisation Scientifique, Principes et Application," Dunod et Pinat, 1915.

Dunod et Pinat have also published the translation, 1914, of Taylor and Thompson's "Concrete Costs", by M. Darras, under the title "La Construction en Béton et Mortier de Ciment Armé ou non Armé".

At the request of Payot & Cie., I have undertaken to supervise the translation of certain American classics which have been published by that house under the general title "Bibliothèque de l'Industriel". In this series there has appeared my little book "Le Système Taylor", 1919, in part a translation of my "Theory and Practice of Scientific Management", Miss Ida M. Tarbell's "The Golden Rule in Business" ("La Règle d'Or des Affaires"), a complete translation of Gantt's "Travail, Salaire et Bénéfices", C. B. Going's "Principles of Industrial Organization" ("Les Principes de l'Organisation Industrielle", Trad. A. Blandin) and the translation of my "How to Find the Factory Costs" ("Méthodes Américaines d'Etablissement des Prix de Revient en Usines"). Certain others are on the way.

There is also a translation of the well known book of F. B. Gilbreth "Motion Study" published by Dunod & Pinat, 1920, translated by Ottenheymer under the title "Etude des Mouvements".

This list is not complete, but covers the more important American books.

Without doubt the French temperament will accept sooner or later the most modern American methods, but the process is and will continue to be slow. Translators have great difficulty in finding French equivalents for American words and are frequently obliged to paraphrase largely. This means often that the ideas represented by these words are entirely new in France. One cannot even be sure that the paraphrase means the same thing to a Frenchman that it does to an American, as the background also is entirely different.

However, the ultra-protective system established by the Government and re-enforced by the present rates of exchange cannot last for ever, and there is hope that when French industry begins to enter in real competition with foreign industry the way will have been prepared for the modernization of organization methods which is still necessary if this country is to take its place beside America and Germany in the business race.
The American Library in Paris has recently received a gift from Columbia University, a complete collection of its doctoral dissertations. There are six hundred and fifty-four of them in all, and all of value to the research student, but of special interest from an international point of view are the studies of French history, literature, institutions and thought which are to be found among them.


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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 report of the American Library for the last month shows gifts of books amounting to three hundred and ninety-eight. Among these were gifts from Mrs. Stull, Mrs. W. B. Price, Mr. Blair Fairchild, Mlle. Scheffart, Mrs. Richard Rollins, Mrs. Pushman, Colonel William Boyce Thompson, Columbia University, and the Colonial Dames of America. Colonel Thompson's gift included a complete set of the Writings of J. H. Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, that from Columbia University, a copy of the Duc de Loubat's "Medallic History of the United States of America, 1776-1876", and that from the Colonial Dames of America, several volumes of the "Original Narratives of Early American History".

The total number of subscribers registered was 230. This included the following new members: Mrs. J. M. Boys, Mr. W. B. Ulmer, and Mrs. Charles Young.

The book circulation for the month was 9,550, or eight per cent more than during the corresponding month last year.

BOOK REVIEWING MORE OR LESS.

Since the appearance of the first number of Ex-Libriz over a year ago there has been much discussion of the subject of book reviewing and many changes in periodicals devoted in whole or in part to book reviews.

One of the best contributions to the discussion of the subject was published in The Bookshelf, the literary organ of Chapman and Hall. In speaking of the work of book reviews and reviewers it says, "Though the public has increased, and the number of novelists has increased, the channels by which the novelist and the public are kept in touch have certainly not increased, but have probably actually decreased. There is, that is to say, less literary criticism. Five years ago there were, for example, six evening papers in New York. There are three to-day. In a great many papers the reviewing is—to save expenses—done in the office. Much of the literary criticism is not criticism at all but literary news, and is concerned about those with whom the public is familiar, with.
that is to say, the established writers. And such conscientious reviewers as remain are desperately overworked. They may be anxious—they probably are—to discover the new thing, but they have not, except on rare occasions, the time to do more than dip into a first novel to see whether it is or is not worth reviewing. The majority of novels that are sent to a newspaper are not reviewed at all. They are simply noticed... It is one of the most teasing problems that the publisher of to-day is set. How to draw the attention of the public to work of quiet and untopolical distinction."

The publishers of book reviews are as much dissatisfied as the publishers of books, and efforts have been made to meet the need which is felt for better scientific and literary criticism as well as better book news both by establishing new literary reviews like the American Mercury and the forthcoming Saturday Review of Literature to be published in association with Time under the direction of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, and also by reorganizing old ones. The most notable among changes of this character was the appointment of Professor Stuart P. Sherman of the University of Illinois as literary editor of the reorganized Herald-Tribune.

These changes are a clear recognition of the need of more book reviews as well as better ones, and, perhaps, also of the need—the fundamental need, of more exact definition of the aims of each. If the aims of a review are commercial in character the editor must seek to please as many as possible and at the least possible cost, and as a result, perhaps, please no one, not even himself. If, however, a review is independent of commercial considerations as is to some extent the case with Ex Libris, and its contributors are interested primarily in the public service, it should be possible not only to define its scope but eventually to realize its aims.

With this in view we have recently sent the following letter to all professors of English in Europe now on our mailing list: "At the beginning of the second year of publication of Ex Libris—copies of which have been sent you by the American Library in Paris—we should like to know whether you have found it useful, what other literary periodicals in English you receive, how Ex Libris may be made a more serviceable supplement to them, and if you wish us to continue sending it to you. In short, can we make Ex Libris of greater service to you, and what special articles on English or American books would you like to see published in our columns?"

It is the hope of the editors that the answers to this inquiry will enable them to discover more definitely what kind of a review the readers of Ex Libris want. The editors desire to make it of service to all those on the Continent who are interested in English language books, and particularly in those which relate to Anglo-American institutions and life. It is for its readers, however, to say what form this service shall take.

Percy Lubbock's "Roman Pictures" (Cape) has been awarded this year's Femina-Vie Heureuse, British Prize.

The Outlook has purchased the International Interpreter, the last number of which appeared on May 13.

James Brown Scott's "Life and Letters of Robert Bacon" (Doubleday) is being translated into French by Mme. Louis Cazamian.

BYRON IN FRENCH LITERATURE

The London Times, in a centenary article on Byron says that "Twenty editions of his complete works in English were published at Paris between 1818 and 1848. Pichot's translation ran through eleven editions and Laroche's through seven. His influence over French literature has been immense. Lamartine, Hugo, de Vigny, de Musset, Dumas, George Sand, Balzac, Sue, Baudelaire, Zola, have all been moulded by it."

Like George Wharton, James, Jesse Walter Fewkes, Ellsworth Huntington, and Carl Lum-holtz, for the work done by them before the Indians either became extinct, or were assimilated by their neighbors, Mr. Grinnell in his present work has rescued much valuable ethnological material, though he himself states in his book that ancient industries disappeared with the coming of the whites, while many customs observed by the Cheyennes while they lived in the North, were lost through migration and the influence of civilization.

Amongst the valuable information with which the two volumes are filled, particularly interesting is the fact that, in old times, descent was matrilinetal in the tribe. As among the Banyai of South Africa, the man went to live with the family of the girl he married, the children belonging to the mother's family and not his own. At present the tribal descent is on the male line.

Among the Cheyennes, nevertheless, the women still have great influence, both on the men of their families and in the men's councils. They are in fact, the final authority in the camp, and traditions exist of women chiefs. Formerly, women sometimes went to war as helpers, and many accounts tell how Amazons fought side by side with their braves. In the camp life, too, woman was an equal partner with man, and those who had taken part in war with their husbands or had accomplished extraordinary industrial achievements, grouped themselves into guilds in accordance with the service rendered.

Highly interesting also for the ethnologist are the studies of the successive transformations of the weapons and implements used by the people; the details of their culinary science, ancient and modern; the old-time hunting and fish-catching methods; their amusements, as simple as their lives; and their war-customs, ceremonies and soldier organizations; while the pages relative to the education of the Indian children by their parents, in which the plays of the boys and girls appear as the miniature life of the adult, are quite a revelation. The habit of the very small children to play at building from clay, geometrical, animal, and men figures, sometimes with artistic skill, is indeed, very remarkable; and of especial interest is the wonderful picture of village life, at the successive hours of the day, a picture as vivid and realistic as a Jack London could have penned it.

Albert Milice


We are back to the days when the trackless prairies harbored all manner of fierce and gentle creatures, red men, bison, deer, elk, wolf. Yesterday they were, to-day it seems as if they never had been.

Sentiment must not forget that if there were noble red skins there were also heaps of bad Indians, for it is certain that the inward vision, through which alone we can contemplate the past, is prone to be dazzled and to overlook the blemishes. Thus, looking back into our own lives we see but the magic sunshine of immortal youth: forgotten are pain, heartbreak, disillusion. "Sad as the days that are no more" resumes all fruitless regret!

Nevertheless in this book we face the fact of a great crime committed: millions of free and happy creatures remorselessly dispossessed, pursued and slain because we desired their lands, hides, flesh, their all. True, we are the tools of progress, civilisation must march on; lands that fed one hundred now sustain a thousand times more people. Hand in hand with civilisation walks religion, the cruel Bible. It was not enough that the Great Spirit had made himself manifest in all the wonders of His Creation, in the high clouds, the lofty peaks, the rolling prairie, while His voice reverberated in the storm. No, not enough, because the white invader alone possessed the written Word and woe to him who could not read. It was foreordained and doubtless necessary that History should be written in blood, but let us not rejoice at our own smears!

Take this book and read the true story of Sitting Bull and his braves. Ponder the gentleness, honour and justice of this great chief: study the true tale of General Custer's flight with the Sioux on "The Little Big Horn River" in 1876. Consider how indomitably this starving, disarmed, ill-clad but heroic band of warriors, harpered by their women and children, pressed on over unknown lands, through ice and snow, ever relentlessly pursued, until it finally attained temporary safety over the Canadian border. Later, heart-sick and despairing they trusted to specious promises and recrossed the border, meekly consenting to be parked on a reservation which grew ever more restricted by greed of the settlers. At last you will come to the slaying of Sitting Bull and of the remaining members of his heroic cohort of Silent Eaters.

History shows few such magnificent examples of pluck and endurance than are here related,
and this narrative of Mr. Garland's stands out as a very fine achievement.

This is a volume great in size, instructive, and sad because true. The fame of both writer and artist are too firmly established to require further comment.

George G. Fleurot


In this volume Mr. Mackenzie opposes the theory of spontaneous generation of religious conceptions and cultural practices among various civilizations.

It is, for instance, a curious fact that the Mexican coat of arms, an eagle holding in its beak a wriggling snake, is found in a unique symbol "The Feathered Serpent", the Mexican national God. The author remarks that only one bird is a slayer of serpents, the African secretary bird, the Egyptian myth of Horus the hawk, and Set, the serpent, may be regarded as the original form of this symbol. Mr. Mackenzie claims that pre-Columbian civilization in America contains indications of a culture drifting across the Pacific. Of course, such an influence is obvious both in North and in South America where even some strain of Asiatic blood is found mixed in the blood of the indigenous populations. Nevertheless, the Amerinds seem to have received cultural influences perhaps stronger still and more obvious from the East and these Mr. Mackenzie seems to have under-estimated.

At any rate, the geological arguments quoted by him from various authors against the Atlantis theory are not at all convincing. If he is right in writing that the Cro-Magnon race in Western Europe has also been traced in North Africa, he forgets to mention that the race had its American representative in the Lagoa Santa race, studied anatomically by Ten Kate and Doctor Rivet, which seems to have been once dominant over the main part of South America, and several regions of North America.

Especially interesting are some quotations from Professor Elliot Smith's survey of the world-wide practice of mumification, showing that its geographical range corresponds curiously with many other cultural practices. Yet Professor Elliot Smith admits that this custom may as easily have reached America from Egypt through the Guanches, who practised it extensively, as from Indonesia, through the Pacific gap. In the same way the practice of erecting earth mounds or burying corpses in cliffs and caves, that of placing stones or pearls as amulets in the mouths of the dead, a universal practice which seems to have existed in Southern Europe as early as the epoch of the Grimaldi troglodytes, may as easily have come to the Amerinds from the East as from the West. In addition Mr. Mackenzie informs us that while Vinacocha, the culture hero of the Peruvians, came from the West, the culture-hero of Brazil, Sume, "was a white-bearded man who came from the east".

Albert Milice

**THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.**

From "Grenoble and Thereabouts" by Henri Ferrand. Published by the Medici Society, London. Illustrations in heliogravure.


This guide book de luxe—I say de luxe because it is not only unusually fully illustrated but the illustrations are in heliogravure, has an introduction by Leon Auscher of the Touring Club de France, in which he describes Grenoble as the capital of the French Alps and the Mecca of French tourists.

Its popularity is made plain in the description of the city and its environment, by Mr. Ferrand. The church of St. André in Grenoble he calls the most interesting relic of Merovingian art in France; and the Monastery of the Grand Chartreuse, the first among all the beauties surrounding Grenoble to become famous. A chapter is devoted also to the higher mountains of Vercors to the south, among which is Mont Aiguille, the first mountain to be climbed for the sake of the climb, the feat being accomplished in 1492; other chapters to Oisans in the east, the chief mountainous region of Dauphine, and still others to the less dangerous attractions of Uriage-les-Bains, and to Grenoble and its winter sports.


The author came to France with a proper consciousness that each individual Britisher carries the Entente in his keeping, and left it with the feeling
that she had not been traveling in France at all, but in the Roman Colony of Gaul, Roman in its every fibre from Marseilles upwards till it breaks off sharply at Lyons. This she felt particularly in the Arena at Nimes, which though smaller than that at Arles and those in Rome and Capua and Verona, is the most perfectly preserved Roman amphitheatre in the world.

And although the remains of the Saints make her wish that we had borrowed cremation from the Romans instead of burial from the Egyptians, via the Jews, and the curious double-headed Madonna of Notre Dame de Villeneuve excites her interest more than anything else in the churches, perhaps, she does not escape the fascination of medieval Provence either, especially that of the chateau of les Baux, which she describes as a stronghold in Faerie, dream-like, remote, timeless.

Nor that of the land itself, the Camargue, that land of level, limitless horizons, beyond which, in Canadian phrase, one may see the sunset of the day after to morrow, from which she returns to ordinary life by the less known route through Clermont-Ferrand and the heart of the Cevennes.


The entire book is a series of visions: visions of cobalt-blue seas, of the rolling Bled crossed by innumerable caravans of camels, of ancient Moorish towns with intricate bazars, dark and twisting streets, mosques and minarets, of barbaric but chivalrous Khalifas, Sharifs, Pashas—of all the wonder-trove of the Orient.

Beauty is wasted upon the unobservant, the unappreciative, but Mr. Scott observes all beauty with a trained eye and sensitive brain while his pen happily depicts his varied impressions.

Travelling with Mr. O'Connor is like being wafted upon a magic rug, avoiding the endless friction inherent to travel one merely glides with him through charmed space. He is the most imperalonal of writers; like the painter his personality is only shown by the quality of his vision and the manner of his treatment. Yet I wonder if we do not sometimes miss the impression of getting close to the traveller and of sharing with him the incidents of the road?

Mr. O'Connor gives us a fine portrait of Marshal Lyautey, Governor General of French Morocco, of whom he is a warm admirer, and of his Staff; also a quick sketch of General Berenguer, High Commissioner of Spain to Morocco in 1922. Incidentally he is sceptical as to the possibility of Spain's conquering there.

This is moreover a well presented volume illustrated by charming photographs.

George G. Fleurot


The sub-title of this collection of condensed biographies: "... who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character..." is a quotation from "The Strenuous Life", by Theodore Roosevelt. When one reads the short list of men whose lives and achievements Mr. Dibble has briefly depicted, one feels a bit doubtful as to the appropriateness of the quotation, but upon reflection decides that he selected very well indeed. The most of the men honoured with chapters are exactly what are called today "typical", successful Americans—pompous, self-made and self-satisfied.

The seven little biographies in the volume are those of Jesse James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, Francis E. Willard, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum, and Mark Hanna. Of the lot, Jesse James is by far the most interesting, and in fact the only one that a red-blooded, generous minded person would take any particular pleasure in knowing. America's greatest outlaw is portrayed as a home-loving, gallant man, the victim of persecution rather than of an innate evil nature. His resourcefulness, courage and daring are already too well known for Mr. Dibble to add anything to his reputation along that line.

The Filipinos who are struggling for freedom could get many good arguing points from the chapter devoted to Admiral Dewey, who seems to have been smiled upon by fate as ardently as that fickle goddess frowned upon Jesse James. Dewey had, however, evolved through years of study a plan of attack against the Spanish possessions in the Far East, and was well ready for the task assigned him when the hostilities broke out. Dewey's wavering political opinions—"a Dimmyocrat with strong Raypublican leanings", as Mr. Dooley put it, probably cost him a presidential nomination, after the skirmish with Spain was successfully terminated.

Polygamy was necessary to people and transform into fertile fields the frowning deserts of Utah, and Brigham Young's exploits as the chief exponent of the mainspring of the Mormon doctrine constitute that worthy's sole claim to greatness. Otherwise, the celebrated Mormon leader was an uncouth, uncultured schemer, what the French call an "opportunist". Mr. Dibble states that "Honest Brigham Young", who during the first fifty years of his life worked like a common labourer for his daily bread, left an estate worth some three million dollars, an imposing sum considering the time and place of Brigham's activities.

James J. Hill thought nothing of wrecking railroads and ruining thousands of investors, when it suited his particular ends, but may be classed as an empire builder. P. T. Barnum,
the world’s champion mountebank, seems to have been a conceited hypocrite, who lectured on prohibition and was on exceedingly friendly terms with the prettiest women in his troupe.

The chapter on Mark Hanna might equally well bear as heading "William McKinley"; it shows at length just how much a puppet in the hands of Hanna was that weak sister among the presidents, who owes to the chance of an assassin’s bullet the efforts of sentimental political writers to obtain for him a brilliant place in American history.

All in all, Mr. Dibble’s book is very readable, and well documented. The truth about the lives of our “great” men is not avoided, no matter how unpleasant it may be. At the end of every chapter, there is a bibliography, valuable to those who care to read further about some “Strenuous Americans.”

Paul Rockwell


Crane is a difficult subject for a biographer, not only because his life was difficult for the average mortal to understand, but because he sometimes seemed to invite misunderstanding. When, for example he writes to Wallis McHarg, “when people see a banker taking a glass of beer in a café, they say, ‘There is Smith!’” When they behold a writer taking a glass of beer, they say, ‘Send for the police!,’” he gives you the feeling that he would be disappointed unless you did send for the police.

Mr. Beer’s book describes Crane’s discovery of the Bowery and “Maggie”, his adventures in Texas and Mexico and success with “The Red Badge of Courage”, further adventures in Cuba, and life in England. It contains also interesting reflections of his opinions of contemporary literature in some respects more interesting because his acquaintance with literature seemed to have been very slight, and his acquaintance with foreign literature almost naught. Of the works of French nineteenth-century authors, for example, he had read only a few paper-backed translations of Flaubert, De Maupassant, and Zola. He appears to have disliked most of the latter’s work, including “Le Debacle”, which he was said to have imitated in “The Red Badge of Courage”, while Stendhal’s “La Chartreuse de Parme”, which Henry Harland insisted he must have read before writing his famous novel, he seems not to have read at all.


“That so many books have been written about Byron is not an objection to this one; rather it is the very reason that I have written.” In the above sentence Professor Chew sums up this volume—a veritable labour of love—and its raison d’être. With almost Boswellian fidelity he traces the life of the poet and the comments it gave rise to from the morning when he “awoke famous” to 1922 and the publication by Mr. Murray of “Lord Byron’s Correspondence.”

Professor Chew quotes impartially the adverse and the favourable criticism all down the years and more than justifies his modest contention that his quotations prove that “Byron has not been and has never been, forgotten, and that the hundred years since his death, if they heard many a voice of detraction raised, have also been a century of praise.”

Fifty pages of bibliography close the volume. No great poet has given rise to such contradictory verdicts or such fierce controversy. Consider the judgment of men of our own or recent days.

Carlyle, “who never fully made up his mind about Byron”, speaks of him “sitting in sunny Italy, in his coach-and-four, writing over many reams of paper, the following sentence, with variations: Saw ever the world one greater or unhappier? This was a sham strong man.” But Miss Mathilde Blind pertinently asks: “Who is the strong man here? The sage who, living to be eighty-four, fussed and fumed for over fifty years about such an ordinary complaint as dyspepsia, or the poet who, suffering from wasting fevers and agues, never wrote otherwise than joyingly of his bodily ailments, and who, only too truly foreboding his early death, treated that but as a trifling matter compared to the serious issues for which he was prepared to sacrifice life?”

Ruskin in “Præterita”, says, “At last I had found a man who spoke only of what he had seen and known”, and scourges his critics: “They talk about Byron’s immorality as if he were altogether immoral and they actually appear to imagine that they! they!! yes, they!!! will be able to wipe his memory from the earth.”

Matthew Arnold calls him, “the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, I cannot but think, that has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare”. And John Morley: “Though he may have no place in our own Minster, he assuredly belongs to the band of far shining men of whom Pericles declared the whole world to be the tomb.”

A. A. Warden


The simplicity of this story, which after all is not a story, but raw truth shorn of all ideals, is its strength. It stands, almost without alteration (and what alteration there is, is of phraseology,
Nothing joins that theatre period to ours as well as the Bateman family. With Kate Bateman, Henry Irving began his career at the Lyceum Theatre; the eighties remember the third daughter, Isobel, with Edwin Booth, and the youngest one, Virginia Frances Compton, the mother of Compton Mackenzie, author of "Sinister Street", creator of Michael and Sylvia.

To those of the writing craft the presentation of newspaper methods and style would alone justify the decade's claims to be called "fabulous". From beginning to end one is tempted to quote, but the book should be swallowed whole. It is a colorful familiar record of a decade which the author declares to have been "a three ring circus with marvellous side shows and prodigious natural curiosities; glittering with mirrors and chandeliers; thunderous with brass bands and fireworks; choked with the dust of caravans".

Nearly three-quarters of a century has elapsed and, seen in perspective, an American of today can well afford to laugh as he marvels, although in all probability, many readers will thank heaven devoutly that their ancestors, though of the period, were different.

Mildred Aldrich


In this book have been collected a score of the most conspicuous speeches by Senator Borah, whose name is linked with all the major questions in political circles during the last few years.

This publication has at least one merit: to give the reader a chance of knowing in detail the viewpoint of the independent statesman on some burning questions—the bonus bill, the recognition of Russia, the need for restricted immigration. The Senator contends that "life and property are just as secure to-night in Petrograd and Moscow as in New York or Chicago". This may be questioned by those returning from Soviet-land. But he proposes an apparently irrefutable argument in stating that American businessmen in Russia would be "more secure with their ambassador and their consuls than they are without them". It is interesting also to note that from Mr. Borah's view-point the recognition of Russia would do much to restore peace in the world. Mr. Borah is one of the chief promoters of the Disarmament Conference. He is a champion of Peace through any and all means.

His speech on immigration does not give a thorough account of the reasons why the government should protect citizens of the United States "who will be brought into competition with the hordes of people who will come here at the close of the war". But it shows the subtle display
of arguments, the clever paths by which he attempted to win the Senate's vote.

Other instances of his ability as a politician and as an orator may be grasped passim, as well as picturesque catch-phrases and well-coined definitions.

Pierre Denoyer


How simple seems the process indicated by the title,—just a matter of jumping out of the one into the other.

After all, why not, since all of life is but a preparation and each phase but a step toward the next. The boy begins by angling with a worm and ends as an expert with the fly rod; he begins with Rounders to become a golf "Pro"; he cribs his lessons and ends in jail. The girl used sometimes to give her sweetheart a bite of her apple, now the apple is hers exclusively; she used to plait her hair, now she bobs it; she began with dolls to wind up with babies. Such is the procession of events.

Mrs. Borden Harriman draws us the picture of an agreeable, successful and prominent career. It is the fad in present day America for every woman to found or to follow some movement of some kind,—reading, sewing, or bridge societies, social service, nursing or mah jongg,—little matters, but it must be something beyond or above home life and family. Mrs. Harriman elected suffrage and politics; being gifted with the necessary endowments for both, she soon appeared in the foremost van, as the mere nomenclature of the personages with whom she moved sufficiently testifies.

George G. Fleurot


The element of time is a dominating factor in the editorial office of a newspaper. Yesterday's news is worthless today. Too much time has elapsed. News "breaks" and is flashed short distances or thousands of miles and must be de-coded, edited, "headed up", set in type and printed in a few hours. Editorial work must be accurate and swift and on the copy desk; clock-watching is no crime. And as time passes, journalistic methods continually change and improve. The technical forms which were modern and "live" a few years ago appear as clumsy and dull today. Text books on journalism must be, among a number of other things, up-to-date.

"Editing the Day's News", by George C. Bastian, who is a copy-reader in the office of The Chicago Tribune, in Chicago, has along with other important qualifications, the vital one of being timely. It was completed only last year. Readers of daily newspapers, who are interested in the inside workings of the highly organized machine of human brains and hands which produces the modern newspaper, will find an accurate, vivacious and complete account of it in this book. Students of journalism will probably find more necessary information than they can assimilate in several years without holding the nose of theory close to the grindstone of practice. And practising journalists will find what they know, or should know, of their métier, set down in orderly fashion.

David Darrah


Mr. Street—the reviewer cannot discover his military rank—dedicates this book "To the British nation whose unfailing common sense and sturdy self-reliance have prevented them, hitherto, from becoming the catspaw of any other race", the implication being that he would fain open her eyes to that danger now.

Well, the title alone and the contents would make some people see red, as the phrase is—but seeing red does not clear the vision so let us try to be calm and, at least, recollect that by "France" the author means the policy of its government since 1918.

"Brother, what of the beam in thine own eye" is the inevitable reflection as one reads this indictment: "the victorious nations more scrupulous than France" (p. 4) "she is busy re-arming herself" (p. 20). "the Saar Commission a catspaw for French propaganda" (p. 55), "no reliance can be placed upon her word" (p. 76), "abundant proof of French intrigue" (p. 90), "a more dangerous menace to the peace of Europe than Germany ever was" (p. 104), "the full story of the excesses of the coloured troops in the French zone of occupation will never be known" (p. 117) "The Entente with France is a hollow sham and must be dissolved" (p. 174) and so on.

This language carries us back to the popular literature of the war, the "great" war in which the author acted a part. We were then told that Germans, "Boches", were alone capable of scraps of paper and atrocities. Now we are asked to believe similar stories of our Allies.

Once a man fixes on his "nationalist" blinkers, like one in delirium, he sees visions of enemies on every side. Round the compass he goes, a patriot run amok. Mr. Street is a soldier, not a historian: he is too near the events of which he writes. Does he want another war, and to gain what objects?
A Frenchman could write a book on the treachery of England; so could the Boers, and did. A Red Indian could write on the treacheries of America; so perhaps could Mexico.

Forty years ago James Anthony Froude wrote: "If we could think more of the wrong things which we have done ourselves, and less of the wrong things which we accuse the enemy of having done, I believe that would be considerably more effective."

I came on an interesting passage in Lord Morley's "Recollections" which I recommend to Mr. Street: "There is no morality in war," Napoleon said. Is the same sweeping negative true of diplomacy, in the breaking down wholesale or bit by bit of great solemn treaties? Mr. Gladstone once put it more wisely: 'The history of nations is a melancholy chapter: that is, the history of government is one of the most immoral parts of history'.

Is Mr. Street surprised at this confession of a very old Parliamentary hand?

A. A. Warden


It would be very interesting if one could regard the recital of alleged facts in this book as history. It would be even more interesting if one could regard it as a contribution to social theory. It purports to be both of those things. As a matter of fact, it is built upon tenets which do not bear examination except for those who accept certain theoretical premises as their gospel. Mr. Price is evidently a left-wing communist alongside of whom Trotsky is a life-member of the Carlton Club by inheritance. The reader is asked to believe that "capitalist imperialism" is spending its time plotting against the communist millennium without regard to economic laws or markets, and that the better classes of labor have been given some property by the capitalists just so they would be traitors to Rosa Luxemburg.

On the other hand, we are multifariously informed that the real dyed-in-the-wool left-wingers have constantly betrayed their cause because of their own stupidity and their own theoretical flights, not to mention their criminal tendency to work through parliamentary channels and their poltroonery in selling out various abortive revolutions. The God in this theology is the volumes of "Das Kapital" which Marx did not live to write. The Devil is bifurcated between capital-bourgeoisie and socialism as practised from Moscow to Munich. The hero of the book is Rosa Luxemburg who, according to Mr. Price, has the only virile mind in the German socialist annals since the Armistice. The heroine is a collective group of socialist theorists whose socialism is so doubtful as to be damned.

The book is to be recommended to capitalists, who will be surprised to learn how wise and powerful they are; to economists, who can acquire from it much information about economic laws not found in their books; to socialists, who can learn from it the unwisdom of compromising with anything but death; and to communists, who can acquire from it inspiration to deconstruct Lenin.

Denys P. Myers


This anthology of Mussolini's speeches, supplemented in each case by circumstantial notes, places the remarkable personality of the Italian dictator and the inner meaning of the fascist movement—for fascism without Mussolini is scarcely conceivable—at the disposition of the English-reading public.

As seen by the compiler, his hero is "romantic, daring, ingenious, tempestuous" and "stands now the principal figure in the arena of world-politics". The son of the blacksmith of Forli is "a volcanic genius, a bewitcher of crowds. He seems a regular warrior, with an indomitable daring, great physical and moral courage, and he has seen death near him without wavering. He is the real type of Roman emperor with a severe bronzed face, but which hides a kind and generous heart. He is what people call a real 'self-made man', and is a great lover of the violin and of all kinds of sport: fencing, cycling, flying, riding and motoring. Mussolini gets all he wants, and quickly, and, as all his party do, knows exactly what he does want." His character is marked by "a richness of sympathy for mankind, a blunt straight-forwardness, a gentleness of soul, together with exceptional moral strength, pure idealism, which lift him not only above party politics, but also high above the average of mankind".

The dominant note of Mussolini's career, as revealed in its various phases, "The Socialist—The Man of the War—The Friend of the People—The Fascista—The Member of Parliament—The Prime Minister", is patriotism, not ordinary patriotism, but a driving, all-compelling, all unifying moral power. Ten years ago, Mussolini was a socialist and revolutionary. He wanted Italy to enter the war because he believed the allies' victory would bring about the triumph of socialism. The "treason" of the German socialists, however, disillusioned him as to the possibilities of "internationalism", and he was rapidly drawn to the idea of a "national war". His evolution from this point has been steadily
in the direction of a more and more intensive nationalism. Here are some of his ringing phrases: “Neutrals have never dominated events. They have always gone under. It is blood which moves the wheels of history.” “To deny one’s country, especially in a critical hour of her existence, is to deny one’s mother.” “I seek ferocious men! I want the fierce man who possesses energy—the energy to smash, the inexorable determination to punish and to strike without hesitation.” “My ambition, Honorable Senators, is only one. For this, it does not matter if I work fourteen or sixteen hours a day. And it would not matter if I lost my life, and I should not consider it a greater sacrifice than is due. My ambition is this: I wish to make the Italian people strong, prosperous, great and free. Now and always to be a humble servant of our adored Italy!” He strongly disavows, however, the use of violence for its own sake.

In foreign policy, he favors “preparedness”, respect for treaties, and hard bargaining—"nothing for nothing". He is impressed by the "fatal interdependence" of all nations, he believes the United States is now the center of the world, and that the vortex of world politics is shifting to the Pacific.

Socially, his battle-cry is production. “Enough of the Italy of the hotel-keeper... we are and we wish to be a nation of producers.” He is individualistic, and membership in a “flock of card-holders” no longer appeals to him. Yet he knows that no nation can do great things if the masses are brutalized, and in the new Italy—"magnificent creation of power and wisdom"—the workman, whatever of hand or brain, will "take first place."

I am unable to refrain, in concluding, from quoting two or three of the aphorisms, indicative of high culture and profound wit, which frequently enliven the speeches:

"Journalists, who have enough of the poet in them not to belong to the industrial world; and are enough of the industrial world to be poets."

"It is always the cities which create history; the villages are content to endure it."

"The neo-spiritualistic philosophies are like oysters—they are palatable, but they have to be digested." The politicians of the extreme left "swallowed Bergson when they were twenty-five and have not digested him at thirty."

Paul Scott Mowrer


If 200 out of these 320 pages could be eliminated, how much better for the author’s literary reputation and our own patience it would be. The chapters on Halide Hanoum, that brave and vigorous woman, one of the most dominant notes for progress in new Turkey, and on Mustapha Kemal, whose dynamic personality, courage and foresight have saved his country, are of real interest. The other chapters, with their constant italics, exclamations and parentheses, reminiscent of Victorian diaries, are frankly tedious; they are saved only because of the relative novelty of subject and landscape. Miss Ellison, a correspondent of the London Morning Post, a friend of Turkey and a worshipper of England, has, of course, to her credit that she was the first woman of her race to penetrate into Angora, where she appears to have been received with open arms and all honors as a full-fledged powerful mediator and unofficial ambassador. She is told how much she would have saved England had she only come the year before. "It is very doubtful," she modestly answers, "whether I could have done much, even then.

One gathers that Lloyd George is the one and only evil factor of modern England; that the American national motto is “Time is Money”; and that the Bolshevist element in Turkey is nil, for alotho the Reds are “allowed” to distribute their literature, “no one ever thinks of reading it”. It would be hard to find a more loyal and a more ardent friend of Turkey.

The book is indexed and profusely illustrated.

M. R.

ANTHOLOGIE DES ÉCRIVAINS MORTS.

Volume I of the “Antologie des Écrivains Mort de la Guerre (1914-1918)”, published by the Association des Écrivains Combattants, is now off the press, and on sale at book-shops throughout France. It is a handsome, well printed volume of 770 pages, containing biographical sketches of one hundred and eighteen French writers killed at the war, with an appendix devoted to South American and Spanish writers who fell in the Foreign Legion fighting for France. Following each biography are a bibliography and extracts from the writings of the subject of the sketch.

Three other volumes are to appear: in all, the work will contain over four hundred and fifty chapters, each devoted to a French writer, or to foreign writers serving in the French ranks. Volume II, which is now under press, will have an appendix dedicated to the writing of the American Volunteers killed in the service of France, with some fifteen chapters by Paul A. Rockwell, biographical of Alan Seeger, Henry Farnsworth, James McConnell, Victor Chapman, Kiffin Rockwell, Raoul Lufbery, Edmond G'net, Norman Prince and others.
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HISTORY AND TRAVEL.


BIOGRAPHY.


Gorman, Herbert S. James Joyce; His First Forty Years. New York. 1924.


May, James Lewis. Anatole France; the Man and his Work. London. John Lane. 1924.


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ART AND POETRY


MISCELLANEOUS


FICTION

BALDWIN, FAITH. Maid of Stonycreek. London. Sampson Low, Marston Co. 1924.


Among recent publications of the American Library Association are "College Life and College Sport; a Reading List on Student Activities," by F. K. W. Drury; a list of books for boys; a reading course on house-planning, interior decoration and furniture, and one on home economics; a list of 100 worth-while books; and a list of biographies of twelve successful Americans. Of William Sloan Kennedy's "The Real John Barro133th" (Funk and Wagnalls) Albert F. Gimore says, "of the many volumes Kennedy has written, none, perhaps is more readable than this, since it is written out of the fullness of an intimate acquaintance with his subject, shared by few, and, perhaps excelled by none among literary men."
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Undoubtedly the best work of this author. A tragic romance with the Basque country as background.


Pen-portraits of women by the author of "L'Odyssée d'un Transport torpillé" (Prix Femina, 1917).


A spirited story of the loyalty and devotion of French women during the war by the author of "Néné".

REGNIER, PAULE. La Vivante Paix. Grasset. 1924. 402 pages. Frs. 7.50.

The life of a splendid young woman in the grip of a relentless and inexorable fate; the author is one of the three winners of the last Prix Balzac.


A cleverly written story of a man's mental disintegration as a result of his concentrated study of decadent oriental customs and heresies. The author is one of the three winners of the Prix Balzac.

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An interesting account of a royalist conspiracy in Normandy during the Revolution.


These letters by an Académicien and former Premier of France give a valuable and faithful picture of events during his Ministry.


A clever amusing play, making ironical sport of opportunists, "get-rich-quick" members of the medical profession, by the author of "Copains".


An excellently documented study of Loti's life and works. Preface by Louis Barthou.


A masterfully written study of an incident in the life of Cardinal Borgia.


The best and most complete study of the life and work of this great 18th century French painter, La Tour's chief rival.

Ivan Sokoloff's "The End; a Russian Tragedy in One Act", first produced by the Coach-House Players, has been published by Steen Hinrichsen of Chicago. In an introduction to the play Vincent Starrett says that the author has been identified for some time with the happy epidemic of little theaters in Chicago, playing sometimes in garages and inn parlors and sometimes in the back rooms of bookshops or cookshops.

"The House with the Green Shutters", by George Douglas, is one of the great novels in the English language. Edwin Muir declares in his recently published essays, entitled "Latitudes" (Huebsch). "It is easily greater," he adds, "than anything that has been achieved since, either by the reputations of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Galsworthy, or by later writers such as Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Joyce."
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Century Magazine, August: America's City Civilization, Shaw Desmond. Irony in Velvet,—the Short Stories of J.B. Cabell, Carl Van Doren.


BRITISH

Asiatic Review, July: America, Japan and the Immigration Law, Brigadier-General Bruce, C.B.E. The Future of the Armenians, Professor Michaelian.


Foreign Affairs, September: How the Anglo-Russian Treaty was Saved. American Politics and European Problem, John Haynes Holmes.


Nineteenth Century and After, August: The Channel Tunnel, Hugh Chesterman.

Round Table, September: The London Conferences.


FRENCH


Nouvelle Revue Française, September 1: Alfred Jarry, Ubu-Roi and the Professeurs, Henri Hertz.

Revue Hebdomadaire, Août 16: Les Missionnaires de la Parole Française en Bulgarie, Jean d'Aigrè.

Revue Européenne, September 1: John Antoine Nau, Valery Larbaud.


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