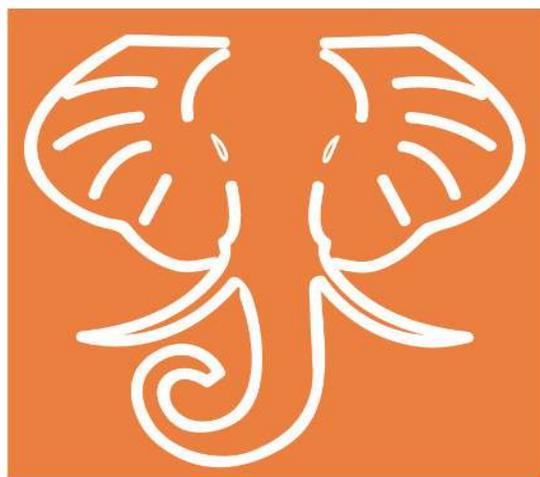


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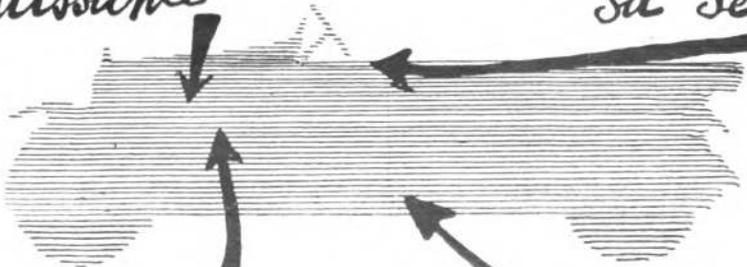
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American Writers in Paris : Warrington Dawson

GRACE KING

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I MET Warrington Dawson for the first time during a sojourn at Blowing Rock, one of the most beautiful of North Carolina mountain resorts. I can see him now coming down the path through the woods to our cottage, walking by the side of his mother, whose hand he held to guide her over the rough way. He was a sturdy boy, about twelve, with fine, dark-blue eyes and an engaging smile. I have never forgotten him as he was then. I knew he would make himself of importance wherever he went—as I knew later that if he wrote he would do it in a superior way—for I knew he was superior. She was clad in deep mourning, and was frail of body almost to the limit of vitality. She would have been beautiful but for the extreme pallor of her face, and her haughty rigid expression of reserve.

She looked, in fact, her story, which overflowed with sorrow.

A Louisianian, the daughter of a family distinguished for its proud legal position in the State, as well as for its wealth and aristocracy, Sarah Morgan had spent her happy childhood in the great elegant home of her parents, first in New Orleans and later in the city of Baton Rouge, the capital of the State, through the War of the Confederacy. When the Federal ships advanced up the Mississippi River, meeting and overcoming the stubborn resistance of the Confederates at Baton Rouge, the home of the Morgans, one of the show places of the region, was sacked and looted of all its possessions.

The family was scattered, and after some wanderings within the Confederate lines, the young daughter and her mother found refuge in Charleston, S.C., where all good Southern

families had lien. But young and beautiful and gifted intellectually, the young girl failed not to find compensation for the griefs and sorrows she had passed through, in the affection of a gallant young Englishman : Captain Francis Warrington Dawson, just returned from the Confederate army, where he had made a brilliant record as soldier and officer. Proving as devoted to the South in her defeat as he had been in her struggle, he determined to stand by her, to make his home in Charleston—the proudest and most down-trodden city at that time in the South. Striking out in the only career open to him, he started into journalism, and eventually rose to the proprietorship and editorship of a great daily newspaper, *The News and Courier*, that he pushed to the front of the fighting line against Reconstruction. He was soon in the lead of the phalanx of Southern patriotic writers of the country.

But at the moment when the hopes and confidence of the entire section were resting upon him, he was suddenly killed in a chivalrous attempt to befriend one who needed his protection.

His widow, again wrenched from anchorage in a home, was set adrift with her young son, named for his father Francis Warrington Dawson. The South offered few opportunities for education at that time. The land was ruined and demoralized ; broken in spirit and heart. After a few years lost in hesitation, the boy growing into manhood while she waited, he himself suggested going into another country. The mother knew and loved Paris ; she and her son spoke the French language fluently.

The change was made ; an apartment was selected in the rue de Varenne near the rue du Bac ; and in the new home, the tragic memories

of the past that weighed them both down rolled from their shoulders, like Christian's burthen, and they could look at the future with freed hearts.

The passion of her son's heart seemed to be music, and the mother made her plans to make not merely a musician but, as mothers plan, a great musician of him. He threw himself into her design with heart and soul. One of his thumbs having been accidentally maimed, he renounced instrumental music for singing.

In a late novel, "The Pyramid", he gives proof of the arduous seriousness and thoroughness of his studies, and gives the account of his life as a student. Nevertheless, he felt stirring in the depths of his heart all the time, not music—but the greater love for his father's profession; and he determined to make that the aim of his ambition. He had held on to his American friends, and notably to the ladies of the Blowing Rock villa, writing to them freely and gaining their approbation and encouragement, his confidence in himself begetting their confidence in his intellectual ability.

Paris, the beautiful and dangerous siren to youth, became his friend—as Paris can to those she loves—showing him only the lure of the ideal, singing to him only the noble strains of the intellect.

He labored on, as only youth and genius can labor, in answer to her call. He has kept the story to himself, his mother alone knowing the truth of it. He became, as she had planned a musician, and he became as he had planned a journalist, working his way to a position well reputed and well paid. And, in addition, he wrote and published his first novel.

It belongs to, and indeed it stands at the head of, that marvellous series of Southern stories that appeared after the War of the Confederacy, a kind of first fruit offerings of the literature of what was called at that time "the new South". The books were all written by young novices, and belong, in truth, rather to history than to literature.

"The Scar" relates, in all the exuberance of a fresh imagination, the story of a Southern rural district under Reconstruction, when by political force negroes were exalted into the places of their old masters. Some of the episodes are ludicrously incredible; and the tragedy of the humiliated whites woeful. But the black misery of the ugly conditions is relieved here and there by happenings of the purest romance and real loveliness.

At that period, the author wrote as follows to Warrington Dawson, in letters preserved by him :

"22 January 1905.

"A first book is always a success, in its way, when it is written by the author predestined to bring it forth. I have confidence in the Hadleighs. And when it is out, you will find that there is one just behind it that pushed it out, as the adult teeth push out the pretty milk ones. You see, you must write—novels, I mean. You owe it to yourself, which means you owe it to your father and your mother, and all the good ancestral blood that flows in their veins. You owe it to Charleston, and you owe it to the South, the now voiceless South. The South must *write* itself to the front of the nation,—its old place. It has been written down until the young South is ashamed—you, with your dreams and aspirations, can hardly figure to yourself how prosaic is the present day, slaving after practical things instead of political championships.

"I am trying to get back to some work myself, taking up the threads of a story. The publishers are always kind to me, and encourage me along in every way they can. I advise you most earnestly to make friends with your publishers. Submit rather to what you feel is an injustice from them, rather than quarrel with them."

"15 March 1906.

"You will be surprised to learn that I read your book not as a book, but as a document upon yourself. A first novel, you know, is a first revelation of oneself. As you once wrote me, it writes itself. Criticism is useless upon it, because one can write a first novel only once. Never again will you be so much possessed by your characters. Hereafter you must be content with possessing them—but you will be freer to do as you please.

"When I first wrote, I was constantly asked by magazine authorities: 'Why did you do this or that?' My only answer was, 'I couldn't help it.'

Sometimes they would ask me to change something—and I would try to gratify them but I couldn't, any more than I could change my eyes.

"So, as I read your book, I felt that every line in it was inevitable, every twist and turn of the plot. I felt your feeling in it throughout. This to me is the great and abiding merit of the book. It is documentary evidence of the best kind. It is not a work of art but a living reality. But in it you have shown possibilities of a great work of art.

"Strange to say, your characters to me are startlingly artistic (but I hate that word). The circumstances—the atmosphere—the environment—what you know as the real in your story—they have gone into it in all their crudity of the first impression upon you.

"Five years ago I came to the crossing of this road, and I am yet hesitating at it: Shall I, or my experiences, be matter in my stories? My 'ideal'—or my knowledge—my instinct for art—or my duty towards the real?

"Eleanor is a fine conception, but you have not said the last word yet upon her. You will come back to her in some future story, and in a maturer way. You have hardly more than projected her. In another, and less tyrannous, environment you will do more justice to her. And I predict the same about the Hadleighs.

"How you have poured out your characters and incidents—rather, how they have poured themselves out of you! It is a pity that the South has been so much written up in novels. I can see how the novelty of your story did not strike publishers surfeited with descriptions of the South. A cursory reading of it would class it with scores of other stories—but here is an immense difference between it and all the others.

"Do you care for this sort of judgment? It is the only kind I can ever give a friend. I myself care so little for praise of anything 'done'. As soon as anything is done, one is already beyond, past it. Perhaps I should say—one at your age.

"I like your style very much. You have a valuable gift in that. You say what you want to say—and you see things clearly."

Warrington Dawson's second book "The Scourge" ("By Adoption") followed "The Scar" so closely that it seems but the continuation of it, with the same political situations, the same scheming politicians for characters, working the same unscrupulous will upon the same victims, who are whites, and using for their purpose the same scourges who are blacks.

Of this book, the author wrote to Warrington Dawson:

"10 February 1908.

"I finished it last night, and this morning it stands out in my mind clear, distinct, strong, and firm of purpose. Bloke Elkins is a fine creation, fresh and original—that is, your imagination of him is fresh and original. The character itself has made too strong an impression on the South for writers not to have expended many attempts to portray it. The way that you view it—and the form you have given it—is the important thing to me.

"Your climax also is new and original—and all your own. You have been true to your design, and have not let small motives of sentiment and passion swerve you from it. This is admirable in you—consequently in your book.

"Lilian is a little too much in the ideal for me, but I appreciate the necessity of this in your plan. Mrs. Howard's explanation of herself is fine—noble—true—pathetic. I wish that it had come earlier in the story. In 'The Scar' I felt that another story was crowding it out of the way. I do not feel his in 'The Scourge'. I feel that nothing in your mind could crowd it out of the way. It shows good strong development from judgment and reason.

"I hope that you will be able to take now a good long rest. Your mind deserves it. Treat it well, and you will find that it will keep up with you in age, strength, and maturity—that in short it will always be representative of you, no matter when you write.

"Perhaps I should say something about the other characters—Bloke and Lilian made me forget them. But they are excellent in conception and delineation."

"21 April 1908.

"Have you had any rest since you wrote? I wish that you could break off from the routine you are in, and go off on a journey. A complete change would be everything to you now. But if you cannot get it—and I am more accustomed to the cannot than the can, in such cases—my dear friend, you must manage to get, if not rest, at least ease in your life.

"Remember that you lose nothing by not writing down what your imagination conceives. Believe me, the imagination forgets nothing. It will keep your next novel for you, in storage, until you are ready to write it. It will gain and ripen in delay.

"Then, another thing. You have written full up to the age you are in. You do not know what a difference one year will make in you—that is, if you give yourself the chance to grow, and do not tie yourself too tightly to duty. You must try to have a long life of work before you, and use your resources economically, as the fine French litterateurs do. If you notice it, the moment one of them

finds out he *can* write, then he begins to write slowly! And the French writers (Anatole France, for example) never seem to grow old in their literary work.

"I am pleased that you are going to put 'The Scar' in French. Madame Blanc (Théo Bentzon) was quite keen to start the vogue of Southern stories in France. She said all the publishers were looking anxiously for something new—that all old interests in books were used up. I hope that you will come in on the crest of the wave in France, as you have done in England."

The Paris home of Mrs. Dawson and her son had been changed from the rue de Varenne to the rue de l'Université, in the close neighborhood of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Here Mrs. Dawson, surrounded by much of her old Charleston furniture, was obedient to her own vision. A finished French scholar, fluent from childhood in the use of the language, she made an exquisite rendering of the Brer Rabbit stories as she remembered hearing them told in French in her old Louisiana home. She was the first, if I am not mistaken, to introduce them into French literature, and her book as published had the merit of adaptability to school use. She also left old manuscripts brought with her from the South, since published by her son under the title "A Confederate Girl's Diary". It is well that it should have been made public, for it is a book that will ever live in the annals of pure literature. This touching and unique manuscript gives, in masterly touches, an intimate view of Sarah Morgan's old home and life in Baton Rouge; the shock of war and its horrible consequences; and her flight with her mother before an invading army. "A Confederate Girl's Diary" is a war document of interest and inestimable value, which belongs really to the history of the South.

"Le Nègre aux Etats-Unis", written in French, a clear and careful statement of the negro problem in the United States, followed Warrington Dawson's first two stories. Then came "The True Dimension", the cleverest and strongest story he had written so far. While the charm of his Southern *mise-en-scène* was missed, he

was right to cut himself loose from the traditions of the past, which are apt to prove chains on the imagination. "The Gift of Paul Clermont", appeared next, and recently "The Sin", an example of mordant satire lightened by brilliant wit.



WARRINGTON DAWSON

But it was when I laid "The Pyramid" aside that I felt Warrington Dawson had "arrived". Reading between the lines and under the lines, it shone out so bright, pure, and spiritual, so peculiarly his own self—in his best form. It is a colossal piece of work, yet he has dominated it well, moulded his material and made it express himself. Those who have read it know him better than they ever did before. I know of no book that gives such good measure of reading as "The Pyramids", with its vast amount of experience and accumulated knowledge.

"Opportunity and Theodore Roosevelt" commemorates Dawson's participation with the great man in the historical hunting trip to Africa, followed at the time by the whole world with fascinated interest. The book is a simple, manly, straightforward relation of his association

with Roosevelt, with snatches of conversation, descriptions of the hunting of big game, and side-news of a character that loses nothing in impressiveness as seen by the young Southerner. It makes one like him, seeing with the eyes of the writer; and one reflects how Roosevelt himself must have enjoyed meeting such a good type of South Carolinian. This book will always be needed when a just estimate of Roosevelt's life is written.

It was while in Africa that Warrington Dawson suffered the great inconsolable grief of his life—the death of his mother, bound to him by all the ties that nature can grow from heart to heart. Although his life seemed to be broken by it, he yielded not to his pain, but on the contrary was nerved by it to greater efforts.

With an already long list of books to his credit as a writer, Warrington Dawson's goal is not yet reached, he is still in mid-career of his profession. Life is still employing him as a worker and pushing him to new achievements. His past only is accounted for, his future is still to be added to the reckoning of work; and

"The Fabulous Forties, 1840-1850: a Presentation of Private Life", by Meade Minnigerode, which has been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has been published in full by Putnam's.

In speaking of the translation of Vollard's "Paul Cézanne", by Harold Van Doren, published by Nicholas L. Brown, the *Literary Review* says, "Mr. Van Doren has made a conscientious translation, but one suspects that his own Cézanne, if he chose to write one, would be more illuminating."

The *New York Times*, in reviewing Mrs. Wharton's "Old New York", refers to her "Ethan Frome" as the most distinguished work of fiction produced in this century by any American writer, and continues, that in "The Old Maid", one of the four stories which make up the series entitled "Old New York", she has written a story just as universally significant and enduringly beautiful. The reviewer suggests that the four stories may owe their inception to "The Age of Innocence", which of all Mrs. Wharton's later work he considers the most finely achieved.

we should say he has many sure shafts to send from his bow.

His own personality is the leaven of his fiction, and he has not feared to infuse more and more of his own life and experience into his stories as he has advanced. He has style and charm, and a fine mental ability which has enabled him to "carry on" through an illness of many years attributable to the war. Though he lost his physical strength he was not despondent, his face has remained always smiling and his eyes bright. It can be said of him that he never gave up but still "worked on with head or heart or hand" as Vaughan says—

"For that we know the future ages need us,
"And we must help our time to take its stand."

It can be said of Warrington Dawson as of many young Southern writers that they differ from others by their higher stand-point. Patriotism and the most exalted love for their parents has been their inspiration. Indeed, Southerners knew, they cared for no other motive—and their books are a part of the history of the Confederacy, as their lives are.

"One Thousand and One Plays for the Little Theatre", compiled by Frank Shay, director of the Wharf Players of Provincetown and published by Stewart, Kidd Co., contains a list of books about the Little Theatre together with a list of plays adapted for production in the Little Theatre.

"Negro Poets and their Poems" by Robert T. Kerlin (Associated Publishers, Washington, D.C.) is a history of American negro poetry from the time of Jupiter Hammon, the first American negro poet, to the present time. It has special chapters on negro free verse, dialect verse, and the poetry of protest.

In "Art Principles in Literature" Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (The Macmillan Co.) asserts that in literature there are few additions to the fields which lay before Aristotle, and subsequent ages have not developed any keener analytical powers than those of Aristotle. The new art seems to him to lack a saving sense of humour. The second part of the book is devoted to "Art in the Teaching of Literature".

Some Recent Books on American Architecture

FLORENCE INGERSOLL-SMOUSE

THE books on architecture recently presented by Professor William Emerson to the American Library in Paris present a very varied interest, ranging as they do in subject, from such general works as the Scammon Lectures delivered in 1915 at the Chicago Art Institute, to the larger group of specialized books on Colonial Architecture, which include Fiske Kimball's exhaustive "Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies", and Coffin and Holden's admirable "Colonial Brick Architecture in Maryland and Virginia".

The Scammon lectures, with Mr. Cram's religious enthusiasm for Gothic Art, are stimulating reading, however much one may contest the latter's statement of facts, for instance as to the origin of Gothic, as well as his transcendental and very personal treatment of the subject. One is particularly inclined to quarrel with his definition of culture and his admiration for what he calls mediaeval philosophy or more properly speaking theology, and above all with his really extraordinary mingling of art-history and contemporary events. Perhaps of all astonishing explanations of the causes of the last War none have surpassed his: not content, as are the majority of historians with the events of the last century, he traces its source to the Renaissance; in his opinion the world's only chance for salvation lies in a return to mediaevalism.

Fortunately for the students of the Chicago Art Institute, Mr. Cram's immediate successor, Mr. Hastings, is a rational admirer of the Renaissance, and in his lecture on modern architecture points out the anachronism of a mediaeval revival "without sympathy with the present or a germ for the future", and the historical necessity of developing a modern renaissance architecture in keeping with the conditions of modern life.

Among the books on early American Architecture, if Fiske Kimball's and Coffin and Holden's above cited works are the most important, one of the most delightful to the general reader is surely Lambeth's and Manning's "Thomas Jefferson, as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes".

Of all the commanding personalities of our Revolutionary Period, Jefferson is certainly by his versatility and his culture, the most fascinating. His correspondence and writings reveal little taste for painting it is true, but in sculpture we owe much to his relations with the French sculptor Houdon, for it was due to Jefferson's good taste and judgment that Houdon obtained the order for Washington's great statue in Richmond, in preference to J. J. Caffieri, who, had Franklin been the only judge, would probably have been the winner. And if we must regret the unhappily never-executed equestrian statue of Washington,—the project which was largely instrumental in inducing the sculptor to make that long journey from France to Virginia—it must be remembered that without Jefferson, art would have been deprived not only of the Richmond statue and the numerous busts of Washington but also of Houdon's bust of Jefferson himself which Dr. Lambeth does not, I am sorry to say, reproduce in his otherwise admirably illustrated book, preferring to it St. Memin's crayon-portrait, perhaps because it shows us an older and less familiar Jefferson.

But, while Jefferson appreciated the severe style of Houdon and its harmony with the hero of the Revolution, he was sufficiently eclectic in taste to appreciate also the more brilliant and decorative sculpture of the first half of the French eighteenth century, and it is to Jefferson that we also owe the only known mention of what was evidently a fine group of Michel-Ange

Slodtz (done in 1740) a Diana and Endymion that he saw in 1787 at the Chateau de Laye-Epinaye in Beaujolais (1), and to which he also alludes in that delightful letter to the Comtesse de Tesse, written from "Nismes", the 20th March 1787, in an English worthy of Addison and Jane Austen, a letter which in addition to this allusion to Slodtz's last group, reveals Jefferson's passion for architecture from the Hotel de Salm of Paris to the "Maison Carrée" of Nimes, the triumphal Arch and Arena of Orange, relative to which latter monument, he ends with this enthusiastic burst of indignation ; "Would you believe, Madam, that in this eighteenth century in France, under the reign of Louis XIV, they are at this moment pulling down the circular wall of this superb remain to pave a road? And that too, from a hill which is itself an entire mass of stone just as fit and more accessible."

But while in sculpture, Jefferson's role is limited to that of a cultivated amateur, in architecture he ranks as a professional and a professional of great value as testify Monticello and the imposing ensemble of the University of Virginia.

Monticello was begun in 1770, when Jefferson was only twenty-seven, although not finished until after 1796. Its beauty, perhaps, is partly explained by the fact that plans for it were formulated in youth, then revised in the mellowness of later study and experience ; in Monticello Jefferson expressed all that was most refined and fastidious in the civilization of his time, as well as his own horror of visible stairways and visible servants. The main hall of Monticello is unquestionably impressive although it is difficult to agree with Dr. Lambeth, when he

(1). See "Memoranda taken on a journey from Paris into the southern parts of France and northern of Italy in the year 1787" (Writings of Thomas Jefferson, edited by H. A. Washington, Vol. IX : 318). I might mention that my own repeated efforts to locate this chateau and Slodtz's group have been as yet fruitless.

says that stairways are a horrible necessity and that Jefferson's "attempt to secure greater architectural dignity than was usual to a home required stateliness, high ceilings, one roof,—

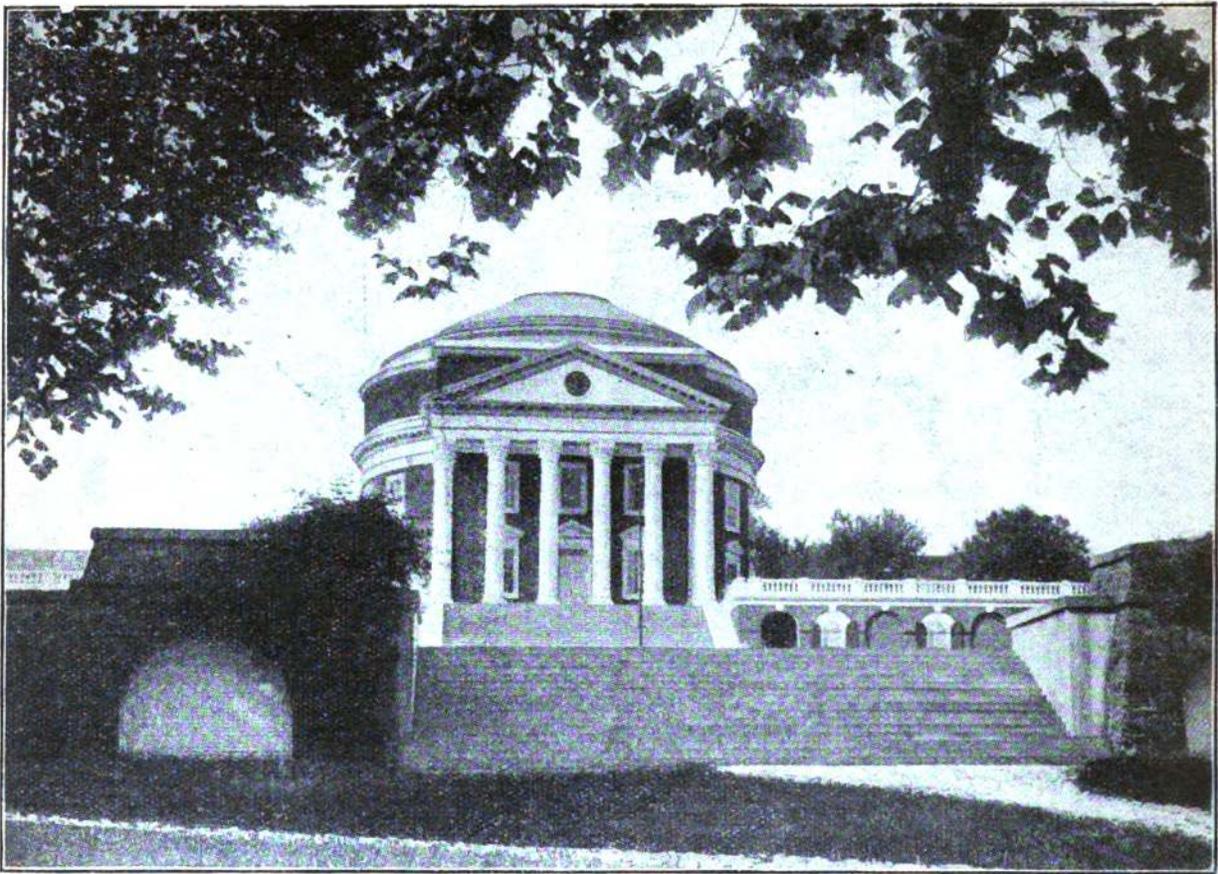


THOMAS JEFFERSON

From the plaster bust by Houdon, preserved in the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia.

required that the ceiling should not at once with a vulgar voice tell the tale of its being, at the same time, the floor of a hall above". As for the numerous labor-hiding contrivances for which Monticello is famous it is probable that some at least were suggested to Jefferson by those of the Petit Trianon, and the influence of his years in France is visible in the interior decoration and furnishings of the house.

The buildings of the University date some twenty years after the completion of Monticello. That they are entirely Jefferson's work, Dr. Lambeth proves, it seems to me, very clearly, and any defenders of the theory in favor of Thornton will have little ground left for support of their view.



THE ROTUNDA-LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

From Lambeth's and Manning's "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes".

The general conception of this architectural democracy—composed of pavilions or separate schools arranged on each of three sides of an open rectangle, all connected by a range of single story dormitories—is profoundly original and might well be called as Mr. Herbert B. Adams says, "a modern adaptation of the mediaeval idea of cloistered retreats with colonnades and quadrangles, the latter opening towards the south".

In the execution of this ensemble, Jefferson naturally turned to Palladio as his only accurate source of information concerning Roman Classical Architecture. But unlike Inigo Jones who followed Palladio even in his so-called depraved forms, and whose work culminated in the Georgian, Jefferson, while preserving his inde-

pendence, remains on the contrary classical, rarely using pilasters, superimposed orders or broken entablatures. In fact, his work seems the architectural expression of all that was fine and noble in his period and perhaps no higher praise can be given to the man whom Dr. Lambeth calls the "godfather of the American architect".

◇ ◇ ◇

Author's Note: The reader interested in Houdon and his work in America will find detailed information on the subject in "Life and Works of J. A. Houdon", by Hart and Biddle, 1911, Philadelphia, and my own article "Houdon en Amérique" (*Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne*, Avril, 1914).

BOOKS ON AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE
PRESENTED TO THE AMERICAN LIBRARY
BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM EMERSON

- AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS. The Handbook of Architectural Practice. New York. American Institute of Architects. 1923.
- COFFIN, LEWIS A. AND HOLDEN, ARTHUR C. Brick Architecture of the Colonial Period in Maryland and Virginia. New York. Architectural Book Publishing Co. 1919.
- CRAM, RALPH ADAMS; HASTINGS, THOMAS; AND BRAGDON, CLAUDE. Six Lectures on Architecture. Scammon Lectures of 1915. Chicago. Published for the Art Institute of Chicago by the University of Chicago Press. 1917.
- CRAM, RALPH ADAMS. Walled Towns. Boston. Marshall Jones & Co. 1920.
- DONOVAN, JOHN J. School Architecture. New York. Macmillan. 1921.
- EMBURY, AYMAR II, JR. One Hundred Country Houses. New York. Century. 1909.
- FLAGG, ERNEST. Small Houses. New York. Scribner's. 1922.
- KIMBALL, FISKE. Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic. New York. Scribner's. 1922.
- LAMBETH, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. 1913.
- PENNEL, MRS. ELIZABETH ROBINS. Our Philadelphia. Phila. Lippincott. 1914.
- ROBINSON, ALBERT GARDNER. Old New England Doorways. New York. Scribner's. 1920.
- STEVENS, EDWARD F. The American Hospital of the 20th Century. New York. Architectural Record. 1921.

"Schools in Bulgaria, with Special Reference to the Influence of the Agrarian Party on Elementary and Secondary Education", by William F. Russell, has just appeared as Number 1 of the *Studies of the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University*.

Fred Lockley, of Portland, Oregon, has recently published two narratives of Western Travel, one entitled "Across the Plains by Prairie Schooner: Personal Narrative of B. F. Bonney of his Trip to Sutter's Fort, California, in 1846, and of his Pioneer Experience in Oregon"; the other, "To Oregon by Ox-Team in 47".

The *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for May is devoted to the subject of competency and economy in public expenditures, and includes articles on the development of the budget idea in the United States, the classification and salary standardization movement in the public service, and on the centralisation of purchasing supplies.

The story by Horace Fish entitled "The Wrists on the Door", first published in *Everybody's* in 1919, and recognised then as one of the best short stories of the year, has been republished in separate form by B. W. Huebsch, who describes it as the most powerful short story of our time.

In an interesting essay on "The Novel of Today" in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, Mr. A. Ryan says that there are exceptions to the general malaise which has overtaken the novelists, "but as a class they stick too closely to their dissecting rooms, and their books come to us depressingly odorous of the anaesthetic".

In an article on Lord Byron in *The Christian Science Monitor* Samuel C. Chew says "Childe Harold" is a poem which everyone has read but which few people can read more than once; " Manfred" will always be read as an epitome of romanticism; "Cain" endures as a monument of protest against the fettering of freedom of speculation. But it is in a department at the outermost verge of authentic poetry, the department of satire, he declares, that Byron is most alive today, in "Don Juan" and "The Vision of Judgment". "Every man to-day who makes even a pretence, of being well read knows Don Juan, and many a man who makes no such pretension."

"A Bibliography of First Editions of Books Illustrated by Walter Crane", by Gertrude C. E. Masse (The Chelsea Publishing Co) covers a period of more than fifty years' work, that is, from 1862 to 1915, and, with its exact descriptions of these increasingly rare books, and its author and title indexes, must prove a boon to collectors.

Autobiographical Note

MARGARET WILSON

Miss Wilson was awarded the Pulitzer Prize of 1923 for the best novel of American life, "The Able McLaughlins".— *Editor.*

I WAS born in Iowa in '82, the most middle western of all middle westerners. Not only is my mother not a Daughter of Eastern Revolution, but my father, that unaspiring man, is not even eligible to membership in the Ku Klux Klan. My forebears were in no sense gentlefolk. Yet they were strong and loving humans. Being farmers, they were not good at keeping up appearances. Indeed, they were too poor to have appearances to keep up. Yet they could stare reality in the face without batting an eye. They were pleased with good crops, but they would have been transported with delight if their continual attempts at versification had in the generations brought forth a slight harvest of poetry. 'Tis lamentable to consider how greatly they lacked books of etiquette. I do deplore that. Still, their creditors slept easy, knowing they scorned the lazy evasions of bankruptcy. They had, in fact, a rather interesting collection of scorns, including a Scotch abhorrence of American methods of land exhaustion.

They appreciated themselves too thoroughly to wonder whether the world appreciated them or not, and they lived far from boastings. If they plowed with hard hands, they plowed with long heads and high hearts. And when their crops failed, they groaned internally only, attributing their failures not to lack of legislation populistic or otherwise, but to their own lack of knowledge of the resources of their soil. While some agitated and paraded they experimented, and devised better methods, and their wisdom has been justified by the children of their minds. To their lesser offspring they bequeathed a certain inclination towards the

simplicities of life, so that to this day my nose prefers the fundamental and rhythmic odors of a sunny manure-pile to such jazzy intricacies of incense as burns, say, in St. Mark's of the Bowerie.

I spent the allotted years in the University of Chicago, where I heard for the first time the venerable eastern method of pronouncing my native tongue, and upon graduation I proceeded to India as a missionary,—why, I am not altogether able to say, nor am I sure I would say should I be able. Being of a submerging disposition I sank deeper into that country than the wise do, into Hindustan and Hindustani, into the Punjab and Punjabi, into Gurmukha and Gurmukhi, all of which are unsettling elements. I associated there happily with those who live without clocks, without money, without newspapers, without reservations, without intelligence, without despair. But of all that I shall write, perhaps, in my missionary book, "The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades", which may appear, sometimes, maybe. I left India when I did because if I had not I should have died quite futilely of compassion. And when I wrote of India then, I signed myself "An Elderly Spinster" because I was at that time the oldest woman in the United States.

Since I have been home, my native land has surprised me more enduringly than India ever managed to. That oriental interlude had been, I found, an isolating experience. When Americans went on writing and talking and babbling before me, I was, alas! the only one who really knew what they were writing and talking and babbling about, and they were all so young and innocent that I couldn't manage to tell them. I

wanted altogether to be one of them. I concluded that, while it was likely impossible for them to recover from what they fortunately didn't know, it was probably possible for me to recover from what I unfortunately did know. I didn't realize then that the years had absconded with my American point of view, and left me in its place, a mongrel attitude. I only knew that Chicago is an excellent place for forgetting any sort of wisdom.

Excellent perhaps, but not good enough, it seems. I still find myself getting excited by wonders no one else can behold. Sometimes through the kindness of a ticket-holder, I go to the Friday concert, and there, in the midst of the symphony, the sight of that audience seizes and shakes me, the amazing sight of those rows and rows of bodies, sitting there *louseless*! I am constrained to realize that perhaps not even one of them has so much as an in-law who is a habitation for cooties. Then my impotent imagination staggers as I try to reconstruct the steps of that colossal achievement of personal cleanliness, the patient and determined hours and years and generations of washing and boiling and searching which have incredibly accomplished it. I consider that because I have been one of millions of women who have both patiently and determinedly failed completely to achieve it. And I shudder to remember how near I came to selling my birthright of unbitten, uncrawling fastidiousness for not even a digestible mess of pottage, but, as it were, for a stale red pepper boiled in mustard. And I alone have to go on in my mind's eye writing the next chapter of my book on international politics, called "Cooties and Self-Determination" and then I go forth upon Michigan Avenue and am confronted by the phenomenon of a bare-faced and uncontrolled womanhood, whose members, if one should but suggest their freedom be not always taken for granted, would but bare their bosoms and assert their legs to fortify their faces, and rage more politically than ever. And I marvel alone.

However, wild or tame, veiled or naked, I am, thank goodness, one of them. In this land, if one is to write, one should by all means arrange to be a woman. For is it not true, as the



MARGARET WILSON
Author of "The Able McLaughlins".

comparatively masculine novelists complain, that a predominance of feminine readers punctures the puffs of masculine genius, and disintegrates manly masterpieces by childish and sentimental interpretations; while women's productions can only gain in worth and beauty by the instructive comments of virile critics. I have, moreover, the great advantage of writing consciously and unconsciously for women with no fear that their desired approval may contaminate whatever purity of style I may attain, and from a point of view entirely feminine, for which,—do I apologize? I do not. I know a trick

worth two of that. I learned it where women go veiled and humble, and incidentally, most awfully devilish.

But as I was saying: being what James so sweetly calls a victim of consanguinity,—albeit a coddled and pampered victim—I was constrained to spend some time in Chicago, though of course a Chicagoan is exactly what an Illinois farmer like myself most instinctively is not. I happened at that time to get a chance to teach in a real school, where I taught with delight and satisfaction to myself until human catastrophes befell the school, and I was fired for,—but that

couldn't possibly interest anyone. While I was looking about trying to persuade some other institution to let me amuse myself within it, I chanced to hear an American lecturer, a famous American, called by some the dean of American letters, and by others, the grandpa of American trash. That burning patriot lambasted his exotic countrymen in a way so truly diverting that I resolved then and there to write myself a story wholly American. Then the fun began for me. It lasted three years, intermittently. If it continues even mildly for someone who reads it, I share her gratification.

“The Winning of the West’ may be accepted as Roosevelt’s major performance with the pen”, Henry B. Fuller says in reviewing the Memorial Edition of his works.

Harold Brighthouse, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, has done for South Lancashire what Mr. Bennett did for the Five Towns. “Hepples-tall’s” deals with life in a Lancashire cotton mill.

In recent article on “Melville before the Mast” in the *Century*, Carl Van Doren says that his “White Jacket”, though heavily weighted with blocks of disquisition, contains some of the wittiest and jolliest writing in all his books: compared with them, he adds, it has less charm than “Typee” and less poetry than “Moby Dick”, and compared to Dana’s “Two Years before the Mast” it is less valuable as a document. On the other hand in the force of characters and situations, in eloquence and passion, in wit and poetry, it is superior.

“Financial Statistics of Public Education in the United States, 1910-1920”, a report prepared by Mabel Newcomer of the Educational Finance Inquiry Commission (Macmillan), contains authoritative data on (1) the cost of education compared with the total cost of government, (2) the cost of education distributed among schools of different levels, (3) educational expenditures analyzed into capital outlay, interest, and current expenses, (4) sources of school revenue, and (5) the school debt.

The statistics show that the cost of public education in the United States increased much faster from 1910 to 1920 than in any preceding ten years period since 1870. In 1920, 1.7 per cent of the income of the nation was devoted to this subject.

In his recent study of Stephen Crane published by Knopf, Thomas Beer refers to Harold Frederic’s “The Damnation of Theron Ware” as the sole courageous or truthful novel written by an American on the subject of religion.

In recent article on “Byron, the Poet of Normandy” in the *New York Times Book Review* Paul Souday says, “I confess to believing him next to Shakespeare, the greatest poet of the English language and one of the three greatest European poets of the 19th century—the other two being Victor Hugo and Goethe.”

Anna Douglas Sedgwick’s “The Little French Girl” (Houghton Mifflin) the *Spectator* says is a story that for variety, knowledge and observation patiently and subtly presented deserves a high place among the novels of the year.

“Emily Dickinson rivals any American poet in importance”, Conrad Aiken says in a recent review of American literature in the *London Nation*, “and is unquestionably the finest woman poet who has used the English language”.

“The recent appearance of Louis Bromfield’s ‘The Green Bay Tree’ alongside of Wm. McFee’s ‘Race’,” the *New York Times Review* says, “shows not only that the old-fashioned novel has come into favor with the public; it has never lost favor. It shows that the younger generation has learned its lesson and is capable of writing such novels.”

Mrs. Olwen Ward Campbell’s “Shelley and the Unromantics” is full of meat, unusually full for a book of English criticism, G. Lowes Dickinson says, but it is also, he adds, the work of a reformer, and a challenge to contemporary literature, science, and civilization.

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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 October shows gifts of books amounting to nine hundred and fifty-one. Among these were six hundred and sixteen from the Hospital for French Wounded at Rheims, together with gifts from Miss M. G. Chapman, Mr. D. F. Bigelow, Miss Doolittle, Mrs. Dunstan, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and others.

The total number of subscribers registered was 383. This included the following new members : The Y.M.C.A. Salonika, The Y.M.C.A. Athens, Mme. A. Ratel, and Miss Violet Rowan.

The book circulation for the month was 10,685, or thirteen per cent more than during the corresponding month last year.

WHAT READERS OF EX LIBRIS WANT

With a view to determining more clearly what readers of *Ex Libris* want, a letter was sent out in July to professors of English in French universities and lycées on our mailing list asking them whether they had found it useful, what other literary periodicals in English they were receiving, and how *Ex Libris* might be made a more serviceable supplement to these.

Although the letter was sent out just at the beginning of the holiday season twenty-six answers to it were received. Of these only four get any other literary periodical in English, the *Times Literary Supplement*.

The writers are, therefore, unanimous in expressing their appreciation of *Ex Libris* and their hope that it may be continued and enlarged. One suggests that there be more articles on American than on English books, as the latter are more easily accessible in France, four ask for articles on contemporary American authors, while four others ask specifically for articles on Mark Twain, Jack London, Sinclair Lewis, "from an American point of view," and Alan Seeger, and two others for articles on Galsworthy, Walpole, and Jerome.

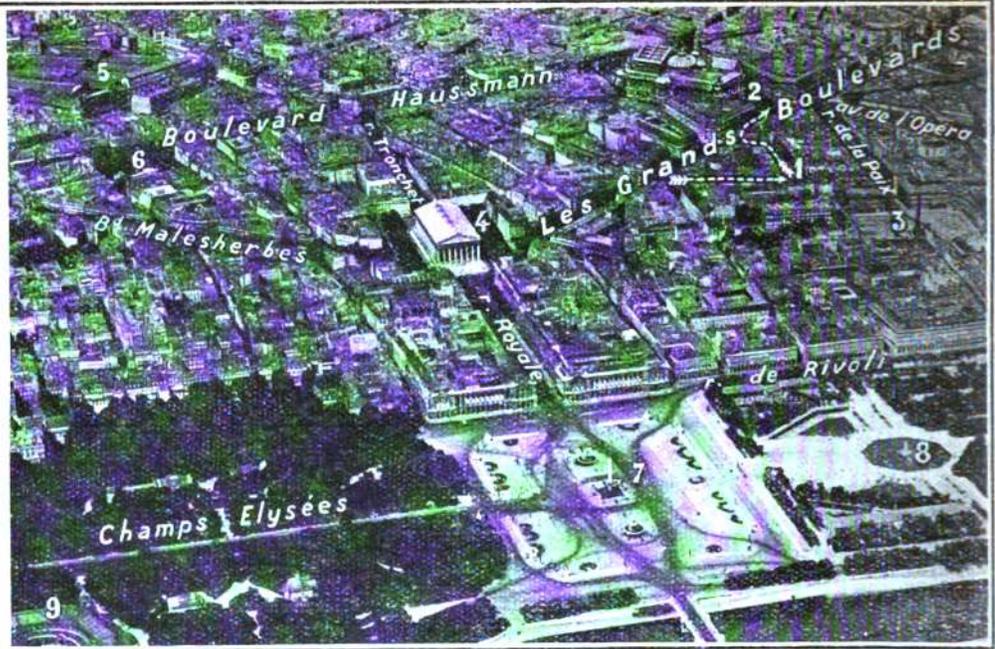
There is also a pronounced desire that articles on other than literary subjects be published. Among those specifically suggested are articles on subjects of international interest, such as the League of Nations, arbitration, and free trade; others requested relate to economic, political, and religious conditions in England and America; and one would like a discussion of the teaching of languages in the United States.

In view of these suggestions it is the plan of the editors to devote more space, if possible, to contemporary American literature; the demand for articles on other than literary subjects may perhaps be met partly by articles on the literature of those subjects, and partly by the loan of books, magazine articles, and newspaper clippings on those subjects.

PARIS

Quartiers : OPÉRA,
VENDÔME, MADELEINE

- 1 Le Syndicat d'Initiative,
4, rue Volney.
*fièche vers l'Opéra, par la rue
Daunou (à 1 minute);
fièche vers le S.I.P., par la
rue des Capucines.*
- 2 Opéra.
- 3 Place Vendôme.
- 4 La Madeleine.
- 5 Gare Saint-Lazare.
- 6 Chapelle Expiatoire.
- 7 Place de la Concorde.
- 8 Jardin des Tuileries.
- 9 Le Petit Palais.



Cl. Cie Aérienne

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MADELEINE SECTION OF PARIS.

FROM "Paris : a Practical Little Guide for Visitors", published by the Syndicat d'Initiative, 4 rue Volney. The American Library in Paris is located at the extreme left of the photograph, just above the trees of the Champs Elysées. The Syndicat has also published recently "Paris : Ses Restaurants", which is arranged topographically and supplemented by indexes of the specialties for which the restaurants are famous and by other features which make it indispensable to the visitor to Paris.

Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" has just been published by Dent & Fils as one of the "Collection Shakespeare", edited by Professor A. Koszul. The translation is by Mme. Lebrun-Sudry.

A writer in the *International Book Review* says of the writings of Anatole France : "At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque" is probably the best introduction to the works of Anatole France, for this gorgeously colored tale contains so much lively humor, jovial irony and rare philosophy, that only a dullard could fail to appreciate it. Like "Tom Jones" and "Don Quixote", "At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque" is a book to love. It is Anatole France's greatest achievement. In my opinion, neither Kipling nor Hardy nor Conrad has created any character to equal the Abbé Coignard. But whether it be "The Red Lily" with its amours and the beautiful descriptions of Florence; "Penguin Island", a rollicking satire; "Thais", a fascinating commentary on the dangers of too exclusive a devotion to the austerer system of morals; "The Garden of Epicurus", with its charity and kindly laughter; "The Revolt of the Angels", a gentle and humorous fantasy, one immediately recognizes the supremacy of Anatole France in the world of Letters.

The W. H. Hudson Memorial Committee reports that £1,500 have been received of the £2,000 needed for the memorial. The address of the Treasurer of the Committee is 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London W. C. 2.

In his recently published book entitled "Some Newspapers and Newspaper-men" (Knopf), Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the *New York Nation*, says that the best American newspapers are *The New York World*, the *Vorwärts*, the *Baltimore Sun*, and the *Minnesota Daily Star*.

The Pulitzer prizes for 1923-24 have been awarded as follows : to Margaret Wilson for the best novel of American life, "The Able McLaughlins" (Harper); to Michael Pupin for the best biography, "From Immigrant to Inventor" (Scribner); to Charles Howard McIlvain for the best book on the history of the United States, "The American Revolution : a Constitutional Interpretation" (Macmillan); to Robert Frost for the best poetry, "New Hampshire" (Holt); and to Hatcher Hughes for the best play, "Hell Bent for Heaven" (Harper).

Book Reviews

GROVER CLEVELAND THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN, by Robert McElroy, Ph. D., LL. D., F. R. H. S. New York and London. Harper. 1923. 427 pages.

Few biographies can be compared in point of interest with the one under discussion. Either as to the subject or its treatment, this work in two volumes presents not only a graphic history of the political events in which Grover Cleveland participated, but an intimate picture of the man and a fine appreciation of his remarkable career. His boyhood and youth are dealt with in an affectionate manner by Professor McElroy, who, undoubtedly, found this a very sympathetic subject. From the time of his birth at Caldwell, New Jersey, until admission to the Bar, his life was one hard struggle for his own support and the aid necessary to his mother and her other children. He was deprived of a college career by the sudden death of his father but was able to enter a law office to prepare himself for the Bar. His biographer relates that "on the first day of his study, all the partners and clerks forgot he was in a corner of the library and locked him in during the dinner hour".

He was compelled to borrow the money for his journey to Buffalo where he began his studies. It was twelve years before he repaid this loan of twenty-five dollars, which was sent to his friend Mr. Townsend, who had advanced it, with the following letter :

"My dear Mr. Townsend :

"I am now in condition to pay my note which you hold given for money borrowed some years ago. I suppose I might have paid it long before, but I have never thought you were in need of it, and I had other purposes for my money. I have forgotten the date of the note. If you will send me it I will mail you the principal and interest. The loan you made me was my start in life, and I shall always preserve the note as an interesting reminder of your kindness. Let me hear from you soon. With many kind wishes to Mrs. Townsend and your family, I am yours, very respectfully,

Grover Cleveland."

A pleasing picture is presented of his attitude towards Mr. Blaine, his rival for the Presidency. Some of Mr. Cleveland's friends having purchased certain documents as the basis of an attack upon Mr. Blaine's career, brought them to Mr. Cleveland. The latter took them, tore them into bits, and threw the pieces into the fire, remarking, "The other side can have a monopoly of all the dirt in this campaign."

Throughout this delightful review of this life and correspondence runs this same note of fairness and candor. Indeed, it is safe to say that his supreme virtue was that rugged honesty which distinguished him, not only in his private, but his political life. It appears in his fight for a fair pension list, which should be the "Roll of Honor of the Republic"; in his dealing with his political adversaries, as well as with his own Party, in his unqualified refusal to be influenced by personal considerations in appointments to office, in the history of the famous Gold Bond Issue, and in the controversy with Germany over the Samoan question. All these show the sincerity of his statement : "I do not believe that nations any more than individuals can safely violate the rules of honesty and fair dealing." When nominated in 1881, he announced that he was aware that the politicians had permitted his nomination because they counted upon his defeat, but that he proposed, nevertheless, to win the election. And he did.

The book should have a wide circulation, for it is indeed a splendid portrait of a great American.

B. H. Conner

THE REBIRTH OF TURKEY, by Clair Price. New York. Thomas Seltzer. 1923. 234 pages.

As admirable and authoritative a book as this could not have appeared at a more propitious moment. The Near East is once again proving itself a possible storm centre.

Albania is in active strife. The peasant insurrectionists are disputing the rights of the big proprietors to force them into what is in reality servile bondage. The Turkish government and Great Britain are both claiming Mossoul : its fate seems hanging in mid-air, as it were, like unto Mahomet's coffin, since ultimate decision is to rest with the League of Nations. The Soviet government in Russia through Trotsky's authoritative and imperious proclamation, intends to "possess" Constantinople and the Straits. The new forces at the head of the Turkish States are to be tested to the utmost, with such dangers threatening within and without.

Rightly to understand both the character and the strength of the Kemalist reign, a perusal of such a book as Mr. Price's puts one in immediate possession of first hand knowledge. He makes the reader see how Russia and Great Britain fought for pre-eminence across the slippery floors of the Old Ottoman Empire. He opens the windows into the secret chamber of German intrigue, with Abdul Hamid, for the Badgad railroad route :

and he presents the capture of the Red Sultan and the dramatic advent of The Young Turkey Party up to its equally dramatic failure, in pages which keeps one conscious of being in close touch with the whole tragic movement.

With the more recent rise of the Nationalist Party, the central figure of Mustapha Kemal Pasha rises to overshadow all other leaders. The forces at play in Kemal Pasha's somewhat enigmatic character are presented and analyzed in clear incisive phrases. The Western culture overlaid on the older Turkish traditions accounts for much of the power, and of the forcible traits which have made Kemal the leader of his people. In every sense of the word, he is the new Turk; yet modern, broad and catholic as is his outlook, he is in closest sympathy with his people. His own career symbolizes the tragedy of Turkish recent history.

A professional soldier, he was dismissed from the Old Ottoman army. He was imprisoned, exiled to Damascus which he shortly left to throw himself into the secret and dangerous work of the Young Turkish organization. During the next few years he followed all the vicissitudes incidental to the Party's successes and failures. One follows with absorbed interest the gradual emergence of this remarkable man from the semi-obscurity of a political intrigue to the leadership of his people. The story of Kemal is one with the rebirth of Turkey. All the history of Turkey during the Great War; of the Allies at Constantinople; of Kemal Pasha's grasp of power; of his governing his country from Angora—thus centralizing the National forces where allied war-ships could not attack his capital; the late war with Greece, and the superb triumph of the Kemalists armies over her hereditary enemy—this marvellous story of one of the most amazing changes in the life of a people is told, as only a historian who has lived through such thrilling experiences can present it, with accuracy and power.

A. B. D.

MY NESTORIAN ADVENTURE IN CHINA, by Frits Holm, G. C. G., L. L. D., D. C. L. New York. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1923. 335 pages.

In the 5th Century A. D., Nestorius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, maintained that there were two persons, two natures, divine and human, in Christ. This doctrine was condemned by the Council of Ephesus who declared that these two natures were united in Christ *hypostatically* and the Nestorians consequently retired to Persia and spread their doctrine Eastward through Asia. From the 6th and 7th centuries proof of this missionary conquest of Asia has been found and the most remarkable testimony lies in the existence

of the Chingchiaopei or Luminous Teaching Stone which stood outside the West gate of Sian-fu.

This book is the record of Dr. Holm's determination to obtain the monument itself, or a replica, and of his accomplishment of that task. Alone with a few Chinese attendants, travelling in great discomfort between two and three thousand miles on wretched roads and shallow rivers, bringing the replica of the monument, ten feet high and two tons in weight, safely from China to New York and from an ungrateful museum and people to Rome, Dr. Holm gives proof of energy, patience and enthusiasm. He humourously styles himself a "Danish tramp-journalist" but he is also "Excellency", in his capacity of Knight-Grand-Cross of the Constantinian Order of St. George.



H. E. DR. FRITS HOLM, G. C. G., L. L. D., D. C. L.
Author of "My Nestorian Adventure in China"

The author places this unique stela among the world's four leading monuments of their kind, the others being the Rosetta Stone, the Moabite Stone, and the Aztec Calendar Stone in London, Paris and Mexico City. The lack of appreciation on the part of the Metropolitan Museum authorities in New York and of collectors like the late Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Carnegie is inexplicable and the author did well to remove

the monument from an ungrateful public who, after all, had been able to examine it for eight years for nothing.

Perhaps the most amazing thing is the fact that it was possible to make a perfect decipherable and translatable replica of a stone monument that had stood exposed and unprotected for eleven centuries.

Professor Holm, or Ho-Lo-Mo as the Chinese called him, deserves the greatest credit for his untiring enthusiasm and perseverance in an almost thankless task.

A. A. Warden

DIPLOMATIC PORTRAITS, by W. P. Cresson. Boston. Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1923. 371 pages.

An interesting book, racyly written, that in style, challenges comparison with Lytton Strachey, with this advantage, that the gallery contains life-like portraits of men and women who filled more important roles on the world-stage than did any of the "Eminent Victorians".

The author places us on intimate terms with Alexander I the Internationalist Czar, Napoleon the Imperial diplomat, Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Metternich, Chateaubriand, John Quincy Adams and President James Monroe.

To those who would question the familiar adage that history repeats itself Dr. Cresson sketches a remarkable parallel between the events of the first quarter of the 19th and the 20th centuries.

The Czar yielded in nothing to the idealism even of Woodrow Wilson and, years before he founded the "Holy Alliance", dreamed of a new "World-order", a "Council of Nations" and the "brotherhood of mankind" but, at Vienna as at Versailles, the prophet of a new order was baffled by conflicting interests and more subtle diplomacy. The Anglo-Russian Alliance "should declare that it is not upon France that we made war, but only upon a government as tryannical toward France as toward the rest of Europe". *Mutatis mutandis* we seem to have heard these very words in 1918. "Europe had been living in the thin exhilarating atmosphere of a Holy War... After the abdication of Fontainebleau there was a sudden descent to the familiar level of diplomatic intrigue and common suspicion." "Universal expectation had never been raised to such a pitch, men had promised themselves the return of the Golden Age."

Dr. Cresson is, perhaps, most interesting in his development of the main thesis of his book which, indeed forms its sub-title "Europe and the Monroe Doctrine one hundred years ago". He shows that it was Lord Castlereagh's formula of "non-intervention" in continental affairs that passed overseas, and, after long consideration and modification,

became a Presidential Message to Congress in December 1823.

In the chapters on Adams and Monroe the author draws a close parallel between the efforts of Europe to enlist American participation from 1817 to 1823 and at the present time. Then as now there existed the contradiction between the liberal attempt in Europe to find "some golden formula" for the enforcement by common action of international obligations and "reservations respecting the sacredness of the sovereign rights of states".

I find only one page to criticize in this admirable book, namely the harsh judgment passed upon Thomas Paine (p. 319). Paine was an Englishman, not an American. He fought by Washington's side throughout the war of Independence and came to France not "disgusted with American democracy" but to fight again for "Liberty". On landing in France he found himself elected to the French Convention by three different departments and he was thrown into the Luxembourg prison because he had the courage to vote against the death of the King. Guizot, in his "History of France" says "they refused to listen to the speech of Paine, the American, till respect for his courage gained him a hearing". Roosevelt's contemptuous reference to him as a "drunken little Atheist" is in strange contrast to Moncure D. Conway's "Life".

A. A. Warden

LATITUDES, by Edwin Muir. New York. B. W. Huebsch. 1924. 322 pages.

The author's point of view is indicated in an interesting chapter on "The Truth about Art". "It has been assumed that works of art must be valued", he says; "but they neither must nor can." This attitude toward literature is elaborated in an equally interesting chapter, entitled "A Plea for Psychology in Criticism". He believes literary criticism to be as dead today as it was one hundred years ago, and largely because books themselves are regarded as dead. It should not, he urges, be confounded with literary history as in Taine, nor with literary biography as in Sainte Beuve.

Mr. Muir's point of view is well illustrated in chapters on the literature of the North and of the South, and on Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Ibsen and Nietzsche, in whom, he says, is comprehended the European culture of the last fifty years, and also in essays on life beyond letters, particularly "De l'Amour",—"in the game between men and women", he says, "there are no rules; or rather there are rules, but part of the game, the interesting part, is the breaking of them"; and in an essay "Against being convinced",—"Doubt, he declares, "is the highest of the intellectual virtues."

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN MEXICO, by Edward Alsworth Ross. New York and London. Century. 1923. 176 pages.

This book is a popular, well written sociological interpretation of Mexican social problems. Its scope thus delimited furnishes the essential background to the political histories of Mexico that have or may be written. Among the vital subjects discussed are the Mexican people, the land question, the labor movement, the Church, and public education.

Among the causes of the present backward state of Mexico the author notes in particular the long series of corruption endured, the ignorance and lack of ambition of the masses, physical disease, and drink. Added to these degenerative influences are the evils of male ascendancy, which is worse than in many European countries, the existence of lotteries but not savings banks, and a contempt for manual labor.

Out of this background of darkness now comes the promise of a new era. Popular government, as under Diaz, remains impossible. Under Obregon, however, political and social advances have been made. Above all stands the progress in land reform and the organization of labor. The former great estates are being displaced by small holdings. Labor is now more unionized than in America. In addition the wage earner has the right to receive wages while on a justified strike as determined by a Board of Arbitration.

By these and other signs of progress Mr. Ross depicts the passing of Mexico from the mediaeval to the modern era.

Walter R. Batsell

ROME OR DEATH, by Carleton Beals. New York. The Century Co. 1923. 341 pages.

"Rome or Death" is not fiction, neither is it pure history. It is a mixture of both; it is an original account of Fascism from the time when it was but "a tendency, a symptom of social maladjustment, a channel into which flowed the post-war malaise", to the present time when it is an established governmental machinery.

Carleton Beals records the main facts of this vivid epic with the accuracy of a man of science. He cites historical words of Mussolini which will forever characterize his *coup d'état*. On the eve of the daring march on Rome, the *duce* said: "We are at the moment when the arrow parts from the bow or the cord breaks." What a symbol!

Some views of the author on those vital events of 1922 are inspired by a keen sense of the philosophy of history, dear to Taine. He judges the Naples convention as "not so much a convention as a mobilization" and he mentions, among other

facts the special appeal that he saw in a newspaper for cooks. Ex-soldiers were not sufficient for the adventure. "The Fascisti were not going to be without their broth whatever came."

His own experience in the minor events of those great days, his description and artistic touch, his sense of the masses in the streets or in the public halls, confer the attractive spice of a diary to the glorious annals of the new Italy.

Pierre Denoyer

A STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT, by Jessie Wallace Hughan. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1923. 401 pages.

Since the end of the War of 1924 the United States has had a rather tempestuous struggle formulating her foreign policy. There has always been more or less to the fore the problem of the United States' entrance into the League of Nations and her adhesion to the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice. While it is certainly valuable and interesting to study these problems in American foreign policy as problems in themselves it is also well worthwhile to study them from the larger viewpoint of the value of the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice as organs in the general schemes of international organization. This is precisely what we find in the recent book of Jessie Wallace Hughan entitled, "A Study of International Government".

The book starts with an historical sketch of the development of international organization from the earliest times, and then enters upon a concise analysis of the factors of the modern problem of international government including modern arbitration, the League of Nations, the various international unions, conferences and commissions, the Permanent Court of Arbitration and the Permanent Court of International Justice, and after a discussion of some of the problems of international government ends with a statement of the actual problem as it exists today, and possible solutions.

L. D. Egbert

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON: HIS WORKS AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS, Collected and Edited by John Ker Spittal. London.

John Murray. 1923. 412 pages.

Admirers of the great lexicographer and of his contribution to English literature will not be disposed to find fault with this attempt to add to their knowledge of what his own generation had to say about the man and the work by means of a primitive collation of the raw material, the whole being culled from the fifty-two volumes of the 18th century *Monthly Review*.

The editor's selection appears, in general, to be careful and judicious, discount made of repetitions referring to personal traits, some of which might have been avoided. Among the six contemporary biographies, that of Boswell stands out *facile princeps* both for its fairness and its sympathetic appreciation. In sharp contrast is the pettiness of Mrs. Phrale's narrative, with its anecdotes and reminiscences told rather to excuse the lady's ultimate neglect of her dead husband's friend and with a palpable motive of self-glorification. Sir John Hawkins, who claimed to have produced a life truly related, is charged by the *Reviewer* with having given only a daubed picture, and an account in which blunders and malignity call for an answer on every page, save that the dulness will not admit of one.

Of the Doctor's writings, those having to do with the English Poets and Shakespeare's Plays naturally come in for the largest notice, and will longest retain the modern reader's attention. Criticisms of Johnson's political opinions and pamphlets, which are assigned a considerable place in this collection, might have been quoted more briefly, as but little affecting a final judgment either of the man or of his writings.

Mr. Ker Spittal's editorship would have been more useful to any one perusing his book if he had not so completely eliminated himself after the preface. We are consequently left without a guide all through the volume, and frequently fail to notice the transition from the *Monthly Reviewer's* criticisms to the quotations from biographies or articles, there being no difference of type in the two sorts of text, and only inverted commas, which are often seen too late. Moreover, the punctuation is defective, supplied more on a German than English model. Were the defect confined to the *Monthly Review* articles, one might suppose it due to scrupulousness in reprinting; but a similar incorrectness occurs in the preface. What defence can be offered for the following? "Johnson answered, that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care". The clause introduced by the conjunction *that* is an objective after the verb *answered*, and no comma is required. But then, publishers are only too prone to bring out books shockingly punctuated. They need to go to school with Nicholas Udal and study the famous love letter in his "Ralph Roister Doister".

F. L.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS, WITH OTHER SONGS FROM MAINE. Collected and edited by Roland Palmer Gray. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1924. 191 pages.

Nowhere do we get so close to the elemental emotions of man as in the folk songs and ballads of the frontier. In these simple, rough ballads

we find that authors have discarded the outer clothing of the human heart and have told unaffectedly yet with a stirring virility, the drama of their lives.

These songs and ballads, which run back for over half a century, handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, give an interesting and accurate picture of backwoods life as it was, and is even now. The fact that there is little variation in theme and sentiment is not surprising. There are natural limitations to the life of a lumberjack; that the so-called "finer things of life", if anything can be finer than the simplicity of soul which is a quality of these verses, are overlooked by the men who live these tales of the Maine woods, is a virtue rather than a fault in this collection.

In this day of wistful poets thinking lavender and orange, singing with the refinement of nicely rounded lives, the brisk, rugged forms of these technically faulty songs are like a walk in the woods after an hour in an incense-drugged room. It is no volume for the petty dilettante of poetry. No doubt for him the crudeness of rhythm would spoil the stirring tale of "The Jam at Gerry's Rock" in which six young "shanty-boys" volunteer to break a jam of logs on the river, and in so doing, lose their lives. Only the body of young Jack Monroe is recovered. The story ends with his beloved, Clara Vernon, dying of grief; her last request, to be buried at his side. This is fine stuff, this drama, the fabric out of which Homeric legends will some day arise. It is to our folk-songs we will turn finally for our lasting literature.

The editor of this collection also has been interested in tracing the histories of other old ballads of Scotch and Irish descent which circulate in all parts of the world in various forms, even as some of the original lumberjack songs are to be found in the hills of West Virginia and the plains of Montana. He brings to attention the wandering minstrels of Maine who to-day travel over the country selling their broadsides, which cover a multitude of topics, from "When the Taters are All Dug", to high-pitched odes about the "Cathedral of Rheims". These broadsides lack the quality of the old lumberjack songs, but nevertheless as documents of modern folk-lore, they have a decided interest.

The sincerity of the lumberjack songs is a quality of Mr. Gray's interesting collection. There is a broad sweep to these verses that petty irregularities cannot spoil; they are as rugged as the men who composed and sang them. This ruggedness is the very heart of the Maine backwoods; if but for this reason alone, the book is primarily a man's book.

Charles McMorris Purdy

BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, by Martha A. S. Shannon. Boston. Marshall Jones. 1923. 165 pages.

This contribution to the centennial celebration of the birth of Hunt is an interesting supplement to the more comprehensive "Art life of William Morris Hunt" by Miss Knowlton, published in 1899. Miss Shannon believes that Hunt was the most vital factor in the development of American art in the middle of the last century. Like Mrs. Whitman she gives him the first place among the earlier portrait painters, and his charcoal drawings, she says, are as fine things of the kind as have been produced in any country.

As a teacher also he stood first not only in reputation but in point of time, for it was through him that French art as represented by the Barbizon school began to influence American art, and through his influence that so many of the masterpieces of Millet came into the possession of Boston homes and galleries, the most notable being the Shaw collection now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Of this collection the author says "it contains the largest number of this painter's works in one place, and shows the master's art on so many sides and on so high a level as to make the Boston Museum now and in the years to come a place of pilgrimage for all those who desire to study Millet".

It is appropriate that the same Museum should have also a collection of the work of Millet's American disciple. With this in view Mrs. Slater, Hunt's youngest daughter, has built over the Hunt Memorial Library a charming little gallery in which his work may be preserved and exhibited.

STORM IN HARVEST AND OTHER POEMS, by Edward Steese. New York. The Brick Row Book Shop. 1923. 93 pages.

Up to recent years the poetry of youth has had with a few notable exceptions, a very traceable sameness, — not necessarily of form and manner, but of sentiment and feeling. There has been a vast deal said of early death and unrequited love, though among those in the vanguard of the advanced and militant moderns this is growing markedly less; it is, in fact, almost extinct; to take its place there is a fanfare of crude and primitive brass denoting the raw realities. Edward Steese, though still an undergraduate at Princeton, is discerning enough to have struck an admirable medium. He is profoundly emotional, without being stickily sentimental, but in his adherence to form and rhythm he proves that he is not of the ultra-radical movement, and is still more under the influence of the lyricists of the past generation than of the prose-poets of the present. This is the first collection of his poems to be published.

M. R.

MY CRYSTAL BALL, by Elisabeth Marbury. New York. Boni & Liveright. 1923. 355 pages.

People who have all the outward signs of being very good are never very interesting; therefore, when we read Miss Marbury's opening paragraph, "Three of the earliest episodes in my life are distinctly associated with cowardice, gluttony and mendacity", we are at once intrigued. However, to prove that she is really an exceptional character, she does not cease being a person of distinct interest and vitality although she soon and early turns into the ways of grace. Her full life is a series of intelligent, active enthusiasms, varying in scope from raising chickens (successfully) at a very tender age indeed, to being one the most prominent theatrical agents and managers of America, although her field was not limited to that country alone. A list of her intimates would read like a literary and dramatic bluebook of celebrities.

The book is well punctuated with pithy anecdotes and interesting observations, and aside from being a human document of more than passing value, it assumes an added quality when one realizes that neither diaries nor note-books were consulted in its making, indeed that these 355 pages, covering some sixty years of a busy life, are written with no other prop than that of memory. It is one of the most interesting biographies of the year.

M. R.

A MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Clifford Wittingham Beers. Revised Edition. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1923.

This is the minutely detailed, self-told story of a man who went insane, was interned for several years, stupidly treated, sometimes brutally treated, and who, in his recovery, determined to describe his experiences and to devote his life to further the principles of mental hygiene.

More than twenty years ago the present writer had occasion to place a maniacal American lady in a private insane asylum near Paris. He enquired whether camisoles, strait-jackets or other physical restraints were used to control such patients and was informed that such things were never employed nor permitted. He therefore approaches with some scepticism the really formidable indictment brought in this book against the treatment of the insane by state and private institutional authority in the United States. Many of the descriptions of veritable torture rival some of the passages in Jack London's "The Jacket".

Take the description of a personal assault by attendants, p. 161. The author — the patient — had asked for water, been refused with curses, had cursed back and been answered: "If I come there, I'll kill you". By barricading his door he kept the attendants out for several minutes till "by the time they had gained entrance, they had

become furies". "I offered no further resistance. First I was knocked down. Then for several minutes I was kicked about the room — struck, kneed and choked. My assailant attempted to grind his heel into my cheek. My shins, elbows and back were cut by his heavy shoes. I might have been seriously perhaps fatally injured. When my strength was nearly gone, I feigned unconsciousness." Well, after such a seance, one would expect exhaustion, faintness or worse. Not at all: "Within five minutes I was busily engaged writing an account of the assault." Surely there is exaggeration here.

Abundant proof, however, that abuses do exist and that reform is needed lies in the enthusiastic support given to the author by such competent men as Welch, Barker, Allen Starr, Adolf Meyer, then director of the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins, and others. Dr. Allen Starr, the neurologist of Columbia University, wrote to the author that his record was important as a protest against the bad nursing and inefficient medical direction prevalent in our asylums, especially the private ones. "I have had only too many instances in my own experience which substantiate all the arraignment you make." On the other hand the book is an intensely interesting clinical document and every physician should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it. As William James wrote, on reading it, "it is fit to remain in literature as a classic account from within of an insane person's psychology".

There are many remarkable passages that reveal the workings of a disordered mind as no physician or onlooker could do. The chapters illustrating the passage from the mental state of depression, lasting months, to the euphoria of elation are full both of humour and of pathos.

The author uses his experience to found, with the help of psychiatrists, medical specialists, and wealthy philanthropists, National and International Committees for Mental Hygiene that should do much for the prevention as well as for the treatment of all forms of mental derangement.

A. A. Warden

A BOOK OF LOVE, by Charles Vildrac, translated from the French by Witter Bynner. New York. E. P. Dutton and Co. 1923. 95 pages.

Impassioned verses, these, exulting in life, in love and in beauty, abhorring ugliness and littleness, and showing a rare sensitiveness to halftone situations and impressions. In his enveloping attitude toward all living things there is, as M. Verhaeren says in the preface, a certain kinship to Whitman, but M. Vildrac's form is more rhythmic, less prosed; it has at times a rich cadence that is almost biblical. Mr. Bynner's translations have faithfully kept the true spirit of the original, without undergoing the devitalizing

process that often, unfortunately, marks interpretations from one language to another.

M. Vildrac is perhaps better known as a playwright than as a poet. His "Le Paquebot Tenacity" was one of the successes of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier for several seasons.

M. R.

RECENT BOOKS ON MUSIC

MODERN MUSIC, ITS AIMS AND TENDENCIES, by Rollo H. Myers. London. Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd. 1923. 89 pages.

For so brief an essay this is one of the most explicit statements of the modern music question that has come to my attention. The author accounts for many things in present-day tonal creations, and gives the reader to understand, in terms extremely to the point, what the "modern" idea is, its why and wherefore, and what some of its possibilities are. "If he is to express his epoch truly, the modern artist must do so in terms of his surroundings and therefore lifts and aeroplanes, motor-cars and jazz-bands, must naturally enter into the poetry, painting and music of to-day — not to the exclusion of other themes, but enjoying equal rights with them."

The modern artist "is not interested in the thing itself, he does not see the 'thing,' but only his own intellectual attitude towards the 'thing'. And it is his own mental state which he then proceeds to describe, and which he embodies in a poem, a picture or a symphony."

"Resemblance and logic," says the author, "which are the backbone of painting and literature, can play no part in an art whose function it is to express the inexpressible. Methods may change but the essential of music remains unchanged. Whether we are listening to Bach or to Stravinsky we are being conducted to the brink of the unknown and allowed to peep behind the mysterious veil; one will lead us by the right hand, and the other by the left, but it is immaterial which corner we lift first; the ultimate revelation will be the same."

MODERN TROUBADOURS, by Lena Ashwell. London. Gyldendal. 1922. 236 pages.

Miss Ashwell's book is a record of the concerts at the front. "This account of the work of the singers, musicians, and actors who undertook their not altogether unimportant work in the Great War", while it is not a complete record, is comprehensive enough to give a clear-cut notion of the problem that faced the givers of concerts in the war-stricken countries, their mental attitudes, successes, and so on. This book, chances are, exhausts the list of literary subjects created by the War, and is well worth the reading.

Irving Scherke

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HISTORY AND TRAVEL

- ARCHER, D. Corsica the Scented Isle. London. Methuen Co. 1924.
- BEALS, CARLETON. Rome or Death; the Story of Fascism. New York. Century Co. 1923.
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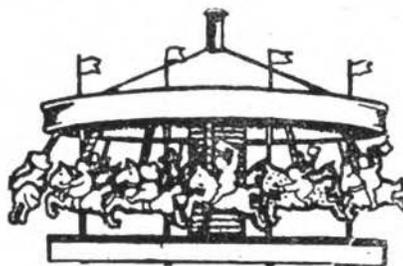
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In a note on Walter Scott in the *Nation and Athenaeum*, Hugh Walpole describes "The Heart of Midlothian", "The Antiquary", "Guy Mannering", "Red Gauntlet", "Old Mortality", and "Rob Roy" as among the greatest novels in English Literature.

Philip Guedalla's "Masters and Men" (Constantable) one reviewer says compares well with his fine historical work, "The Second Empire". "It would be difficult", he declares, "to find a book of the year from which more genuine enjoyment can be culled than this one."

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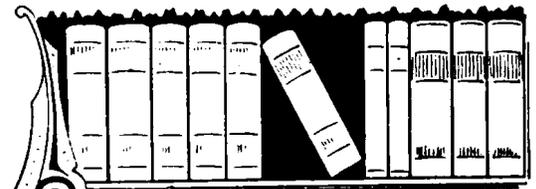
AMERICAN

- American Historical Review*, October: Canning and the Conference of the Four Allied Governments at Paris. 1823-1826, Harold Temperley.
- — French Opinion as a Factor in Preventing War between France and the United States, 1795-1800, James A. James.
- American Journal of Sociology*, September: The Migratory Population of the United States, Towne Nylander. Some Contributions to the History of Sociology, Albion W. Small.
- American Review of Reviews*, October: Roosevelt at Harvard, J. Laurence Laughlin.
- Atlantic Monthly*, November: Things are in the Saddle, Samuel Strauss. The Experiment of a Christian Daily, Charles M. Sheldon. The Dismal Prospect for Limiting Armaments, Hector C. Bywater.
- Bookman*, November: Aldous Huxley, Raymond Weaver.
- Century*, November: Talks with Katherine Mansfield, A. R. Orage. The Treason of the Educated, Nathaniel Peffer. Americanism: Selective or Sentimental, Glenn Frank.
- Current History*, October: The Threat to British Rule in India, Lord Sydenham of Combe. Ireland's House in Order, Maude Radford Warren. The Turkish Straits Under International Control, George A. Schreiner.
- Harper's Magazine*, November: Shattering the Myth of John Wilkes Booth's Escape, William G. Shepard. Are We Our Brothers' Keepers? Constance Drexel.
- Living Age*, October 11: America in the Family of Nations. How We Look to a Spanish Liberal, E. Gomez de Baquero.
- — October 18: The Jazz Band and Negro Music, Darius Milhaud.
- — October 25: Ruhr Workers in their Homes, Walter Kamper. The Literature of the Basques, François Vallie.
- National Geographic Magazine*, November: The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, Maynard Owen Williams. Flashes of Color Throughout France, Gervais Courtellemont.

- Political Science Quarterly*, September: The Attempt to Establish the Eight-Hour Day by International Action, Herbert Feis. European Political Boundaries, S. Columb Gilfillan.
- Scribner's Magazine*, November: Coming Commonwealth of the Pacific, Ramsay Traquair. Temperance Novels, Edmund Lester Pearson.
- Stratford Monthly*, Havelock Ellis, Isaac Goldberg. Ritualistic Aspects of Scientific Endeavor, T. Swann Harding.
- World's Work*, November: Labor's Chain of Banks, Warren S. Stone. Safeguarding the World Flyers, Captain Lyman A. Cotten.

ENGLISH

- Contemporary Review*, November: The Anti-Risorgimento: The Work of Fascismo in Italy, Umberto Manotti-Bianco. The Anglo-German Alliance Proposals, William Harbutt Dawson. The New Gospel of the Air, Harry Harper.
- English Review*, November: A Plea for Tsarism, Professor Charles Sarolea. Sedition and the Censor, Periscope.
- Foreign Affairs*, November: The Rhineland Annexity, Hugh F. Spender. Anatole France. the Internationalist, Robert Dell.
- Fortnightly Review*, November: America and Britain in the Far East, W. H. Gardiner. The Coming German Competition: a Letter from Berlin, R. Crozier Long. British Policy in the Middle East, Robert Machary.
- The Landmark*, November: America's New Immigration Policy, R. Gordon Wasson. America in England, Harold Spender.
- Nation and Athenaeum*, October 18: Anatole France: A Recollection, Clive Bell. The Case Against the Russian Loan (Russian Treaty Supplement).
- Nineteenth Century and After*, November: The Friends of the Soviet: and the Policy of the Nineteenth Century and After, L. F. Easterbrook. The Novels of Disraeli, E. F. Gordon George. The British Museum: Its Material Needs, Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, K. C. B.



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FRENCH

- Le Correspondant*, 25 Octobre : Un Ultrationalisme Maladif en Allemagne — Le Racisme, Jacques de Prehac. La Durée du Travail en Allemagne et les Réparations.
- L'Esprit Nouveau*. Numéro Spécial consacré à Guillaume Apollinaire.
- Europe*, 15 Octobre : Notes sur l'Amérique, Andrée Jouve. La Littérature Espagnole d'aujourd'hui, Marcel Carayon.
- L'Europe Nouvelle*, 25 Octobre : Les Etats-Unis et l'Immigration, R. Pruvost. La Tache Difficile du Gouvernement Turc ; le Problème de l'Instruction Publique, Camille Lemerrier.
- La Grande Revue*, Octobre : La Doctrine Politique de M. Gaston Doumergue, Paul Crouzet. Etude pour les Agitateurs d'Alsace et Lorraine, Jules Duhem.
- Mercure de France*, 1^{er} Novembre : Le Mysticisme et l'Esprit Révolutionnaire du Fascisme, Raoul de Nolva. Le Syndicalisme et les Fonctionnaires, F. Rondot.

- Le Monde Nouveau*, 15 Octobre : Sentiment sur l'Œuvre de Gilbert de Voisins, Legrand-Chabrier. Prosper Mérimée, Claude d'Habloville.
- La Nouvelle Revue Française*, 1^{er} Novembre : Eveil d'une Ethique Internationale, Pierre de Lanux.
- La Revue Hebdomadaire*, 1^{er} Novembre : La Pédagogie des Bolchevistes, Jules Renault.
- La Revue Européenne*, 1^{er} Novembre : Une Journée avec Mahatma Gandhi, C. F. Andrews.
- La Revue Mondiale*, 15 Octobre : L'Égypte et la Question du Soudan, Henri Pozzi. Le Mouvement littéraire en Angleterre, Manuel Devaldes.
- La Revue de Paris*, 15 Octobre : Souvenirs de mon Ambassade à Vienne, Comte de Saint-Aulaire. La Psychologie de Marcel Proust, Benjamin Cremieux.
- — 1^{er} Novembre : Anatole France, Henry Bidou. Ernest Psichari, Jean Dietz.
- La Revue Universelle*, 15 Octobre : Le Problème d'Alsace, Roger Dumon.
- La Vie des Peuples*, Octobre : Le Fascisme devant les Intelligences et devant les Partis, Paolo Aracri.

Melville's "Moby Dick" belongs to the same order as "Macbeth" and "King Lear", John Middleton Murry says. "It is, as they are, super-human."

In an unusually interesting article on Willa Cather in the *North American Review* for May, Lloyd Morris refers to "A Wagner Concert" as her finest short story.

"A Mind That Found Itself" by Clifford W. Beers (Doubleday, Page) is described by Dr. Welch of Johns Hopkins University as one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever written.

In an article on Jack London in the *English Review*, Stephen Graham calls "Martin Eden" his best human study and "The Call of the Wild" the key book of his writings.

In the *Poetry Magazine* the editor, Miss Harriet Monroe, has an article on Byron, in which she says: "Don Juan"—the earlier cantos—is Byron's masterpiece, no doubt; "The Prisoner of Chillon", as a dramatic monologue, rises to a fierce beauty beyond the rhymed—eloquence class, while the "Sonnet to Chillon" and two or three lyrics "She Walks in Beauty", "Oh, Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom" and especially "There be None of Beauty's Daughters" are among the treasures of the language.

"The best novel written by Mr. W. B. Maxwell so far", the *New York Evening Post Literary Review* says, "is 'Spinster of this Parish'. Furthermore it is one of the best novels of recent years."

"Tennyson's 'Ulysses' often seems to me the most perfect English poem", a writer in the *Christian Science Monitor* says. Yet there are other moods, he continues, in which that highest form of poetry, the lyric, satisfies him more completely, and the finest of these, he declares, is Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind".

Of Professor Samuel C. Chew's "Byron in England" (Murray) Mr. Harold Nicholson says, "The book is not merely an indispensable work of future reference for all students of Byron literature, but in provides the general reader with a detailed and reliable guide-book to the highways of that vast and most delectable country."

"Controversies between Royal Governors and Their Assemblies in the North American Colonies", by Professor John F. Burns of Villanova (privately printed), discusses the origins of the gradually increasing political divergence between England and her American colonies and endeavors to estimate how much the controversies between the royal governors and their assemblies contributed to the final separation of the colonies from England.

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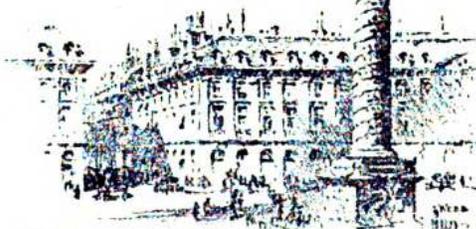
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