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Hardy’s Women and the Spirit of the Wessex Novels
HORATIO T. MOORES

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DR. HUGO BERGMAN

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Hardy's Women
and the Spirit of the Wessex Novels

Horatio T. Mooers.

Through this homogeneous series of Wessex tales, accentuated by Thomas Hardy's conviction that humanity often fights a losing game in life, runs the veiled conviction that man's destiny is in no little degree shaped by the eternal feminine. It is just another way of saying "cherchez la femme". Wessex womenfolk,—and frequently the menfolk as well for that matter,—play their roles with such persistence, and hew so close to the line, that Comedy at times hardly more than smiles, while Tragedy, with a veiled face, frequently waits just around the turn,—in a manner assuming partial responsibility for whatever human frailty may perform under stress of circumstances.

All things considered, this subtle procedure often makes for a lack of versatility and substitution among most of the principal characters. Although the casual reader might at first be prompted to express a contrary opinion, an extended acquaintance with the Wessex tales will convince him that these personages are someway created to tread destined unalterable paths. One might liken Hardy's men and women to a string of wooden beads, which though loosened widely on their cord and flung among the grasses of a Budmouth Hedge, quickly retake their former places, once the ends are gathered up, by a Will greater than their own.

Death,—preceded by its forerunners, Tribulation and Failure,—shows its face rather often in the Wessex stories, and Hardy is in no particular haste to bury the deceased. Corpses sometimes linger above ground longer than is customary, as if offering themselves as examples to be pondered over, wept on and visually photographed forever by those who have been in a measure accountable for their passing.

But Wessex is by no means a gloomy spot for those who are her children. Hardly any of them seriously contemplates going away.
for long, chiefly because none could be themselves elsewhere. Eustacia Vye might be cited as a single exception to the foregoing, but her too ardent desire to escape brought about her tragic death. It would have been as impossible for a real Wessexian to have thrived elsewhere than in Wessex as for a tropical flower to endure the winds of a Scottish winter, or a gold-and-purple night-moth the blaze of a Mexican noonday. Characters, who in a few instances sojourn briefly outside the pale of their birth, return thereto before many pages with something of a rush and impatience to resume their roles with increased passion.

Dealing as we are with some of the leading actors of the different dramas, there can be no question but that the feminine element is by far the most mystic, complex, captivating and tormented. Even when compared with such masterly creations as Venn, the Reddleman, the Mayor of Casterbridge, or Farmer Oak, the ladies in their combined strength are easily victorious. They are the warp-and-woof workers of the novels, who, though relying to great degree upon the opposite sex for the necessary high lights to their own queenly actions, are as truly mistresses of the domain in which they move as was the Stone Hedge of Great Plain a separate and integral part of the landscape.

II

In a modern preface to “Far From the Madding Crowd” Hardy declares that it was first in this story,—appearing during 1874 in magazine form,—that the word “Wessex” was ventured, taken from the pages of early English history and given a wholly fictitious significance as the existing name of the district once included in that vanished kingdom which might have been Lear’s. Soon after a series of novels,—encouraged and fostered to great extent by the enthusiastic reception tendered the “Wessex” idea by the British public,—was projected, which consequently required a definite and fixed theatre of action. In choosing the southern and more romantic part of England for his setting, Hardy not only kept the atmosphere decidedly native and comprehensible to the most wary reader, but by skilfully loosening the sequence of events in his own country’s history, obtained all the glow of romance possible to a continental setting, yet existent under a mellow Victorian reign. Over the entire conception of things was thrown, with all the subtlety and artistry possible, a veil of pastoral superstition, chromatic twilights and ruddy dawning, the rush of midnight winds and swollen streams, isolated moorlands bursting with semi-natural augury, and that charming indifference to the world associated with rural communities since the date of the story.

Perhaps it is somewhat due to this sort of environment that Wessex men are usually cast in a mold wherein stoicism, philosophy, and a blending of fatalism and moroseness seem to have been reconciled if not harmonized. One might say the motto of the Wessex-man was “Labor and Wait”. These Wessexmen, considered as a whole, have little or no real conception of the intricate feminine mind and make-up. They woo their women through many chapters and finally are somewhat meekly accepted as the chosen courtier... the brides, if all goes well, being often greatly influenced in their decision by a score of complex reasons undreamed of by the successful male. Hardy’s theory of the inevitability of fate even in the smallest things is dominant throughout. A misunderstanding on the part of Fanny Robbin as to the right church where her lover had promised to meet and wed her, shipwrecks her whole life and leads to an early grave. The failure of the “Spruce” to enter the Knollsea Harbor due to heavy seas, definitely pronounces Ethelberta and Lord Montclere man and wife before the intervention of father, brother, and lover can be accomplished. Trivialities of the most commonplace sort prove in later pages to have been binding links in people’s
destinies... through whose agencies a woman seems frequently to suffer most, to be the least understood, and to be held most accountable for what occurs.

III

Possibly better to make,—or re-make,—the acquaintance of a few of Hardy’s chief Wessex women, it would be well to consider them something after the following fashion, as they were first introduced to the 19th century public:

**FANCY DAY** (“Under the Greenwood Tree”), first appeared during 1872, and is therefore the forerunner of the Wessex novels. Though the first of the Wessex women to make her bow, she is the least interesting, least exciting, and the most ingénue of all the leading female roles. She keeps alive a lukewarm love story in a tale mainly concerned with the delineation of the male Wessexian, more interested in choral singing than in romancing. Fancy Day has little to bother her inexperienced head, since the slight dilemma as to a choice between Richard Drew and Parson Maybold resolves itself quite logically after a few short hours of suspense. Fancy Day has nothing of the mystic and indefinable charm that is Eustacia Vye’s, or the tenderness and compassion that was Tess Durbyfield’s. Hers is the well regulated existence of a well educated girl, whose father is able to give her something more than the usual advantages customary to a game-keeper’s daughter. Only once is the reader’s attention more than casually aroused to her identity, and the story closes more or less as it began, leaving Fancy Day as “Mrs. Richard Drew”, and yet very much Fancy Day. It is well for us to recall that: “This story was intended to be a fairly true picture of the personages, ways, and customs which were common among bodies in the villages of years ago...” and in this effort Hardy is delightful; even a more advanced generation feels that his character delineations are shrewdly and masterfully penned.

**Bathsheba Everdene** (“Far From the Madding Crowd”, appearing for the first time in 1874).

A good many readers doubtless feel that Bathsheba is the most human of all her mature Wessex sisters. Though somewhat obscured by her natural timidity, pride, and independence, she is divinely human in her innate desire to be called beautiful. Reared by rather unsympathetic female relatives in a district where youth and romance hardly know each other’s
faces, it is little wonder that when the half-French Sergeant, home on a holiday, boldly tells her she is beautiful, that he progresses farther in his courtship in that one moment than sturdy Farmer Oak had done in many months!

Here follows that good old motif of a simple woman of good ideals and a man of few indeed, for Sergeant Troy was a man in whom: "Idiosyncrasy and vicissitudes had combined to make an exceptional being. He was a man to whom memories were an incumbrance and anticipation a superfluity. Simple feeling, considering, and caring for what was before his eyes, was vulnerable only in the present. With him the past was yesterday and the future, a word for circumspection, was foreign to Sergeant Troy. He was moderately truthful toward men, but to women he lied like a Cretan—a system of ethics above all others supposed to win popularity at the first flush of admission into lively society. He never passed the line which divided the spruce vices from the ugly and hence though his morals had hardly been applauded, disapproval of them had frequently been tempered with a smile."

How could a provincial and a sheep-herder play the successful suitor when there was a Sergeant Troy in the field, who, like Othello, could charm with tales of adventure and forced marches, who perhaps had felt death very close, and who in any case knew how to talk to ladies; who kept his boots and the brass of his belt shined to rival the sun itself, and who wore his cap at just that rakish angle half proclaiming the trickster and half concealing the Cavalier?

If Bathsheba Everdene regarded her Bailiff suitor, Farmer Oak, with reluctant approval, it was with outward evidences of complete fascination, merging into a sentiment of true affection, that she came to know Sergeant Troy. But Bathsheba is rather at her best when she begins to know her real husband, without his uniform and pretty speeches. Had Bathsheba been a Tess or a Fancy Day there would doubtless have been cloud-bursts of none too secret tears and public admittances of defeat.

If Bathsheba wedded Troy in accordance with the dictates of her fancy more than her heart, it was with mingling of her truer emotions, tempered with common sense, that she ultimately married Farmer Oak. Experience had taught Bathsheba that his placid demeanor and faithfulness would stand her in good stead as mistress of a prosperous estate, and that such sterling qualities easily outbalanced whatever may have been his lack of worldliness.

Ethelberta Chickerel ("The Hand of Ethelberta", first published in 1876.)

None of Hardy's women ever ventures to stand so undaunted at the close of a story as does Ethelberta Chickerel. To her, Life's enigmas and blocked highways are but concealed springs of added strength and comprehension.

Mainly through a merging of selfish instincts and a burning resolution to preside over the destinies of a respectable but most provincial family, she performs well nigh the impossible and emerges triumphant.

To be an accepted part of an exclusive society—to live by this little world's charity—to be suddenly exposed as a fraud and a climber—to be found penniless with a family to support, and then when disaster seems close indeed to be able to choose from amongst three worthy suitors a wealthy and "noble husband" whose riches easily permit the rescue of her dependents and her own elevation to a position in life hitherto undreamed of... this indeed is cutting oneself a larger slice of the world's goods than is often possible even in fiction! For all that Ethelberta was attracted toward the music master, Julian, neither of them allow their hearts to be quite stolen away. Like the secret panels in old Lord Montclere's mansion, there were ever hidden doors of escape possible to either, should the occasion demand relief.

Christopher Julian is far too meek a lover and Ethelberta too ambitious a mistress for
these two to have been happily married. Ethelberta probably never fell asleep on a wet pillow with a vision of Julian's poetic countenance before her eyes, and he in turn never rent his hair (or his musical scores) when his overtures failed to meet with Berta's entire approval. Nevertheless, after all it is rather strange that Picotte—Ethelberta's younger sister—should find herself so quickly in Christopher's arms with scarcely a word of love-making between them!

The reader lauds Ethelberta's motherly concern over the destinies of her invalid parent and unsophisticated brothers and sisters, though he is puzzled that words of genuine devotion should be persistently clothed with such a superior, cold manner.

So we leave Berta, who has many prototypes in our world of today, wedded to her rich and gouty lord, living quite contentedly in this life of ours, "assisted", as she says, "by my husband's absorbing and wonderful library!"

EUSTACIA YEOBRIGHT ("The Return of the Native", appearing first in 1878).

Many readers will agree that "The Return of the Native" is Hardy's most finished story, and that Eustacia Yeobright is the most complex and many-sided of all Wessex women. She is a 19th century Don Quixote though considerably less altruistic, still giving battle to a windmill in the form of a monotone existence, and using men like Clym and Wildeve as her sword and lance. No one will ever know just what Mistress Yeobright really felt deep down in her heart. It probably was a strange complexity of restless passion and a yearning to be admired

From the Macmillan Company's Edition.

Map of the WESSEX of the Novels and Poems

The Channel
in a manner quite of her own fancy, wherein each lover proved more ardent than the last.

No other character has so much of the "witch" as one finds in this eccentric grand-daughter of a retired naval officer. The reader instinctively feels that when her signal bonfires glow red against the sky of the darkening moor, something beyond a mere signal is intended.

Eustacia is the "medicine man" of the novels, who though scarcely so adept in her art as to have been found dangerous by a Salem jury, would nevertheless have been restrained from kissing children or from gazing too fixedly at fat poultry. Her "magic" pervades the air like the mystic odor of strange incense, and wherever she passes or her black eyes wander, there is something of her personality left behind to work for good or bad. And when poor Eustacia ultimately meets a sudden and tragic death, no one is very much surprised that such should have come to pass.

Through this troubled world of Edgton, where dark figures loom against the sky, where comes to pass the dishonesty of an honest woman, where silent meetings occur beside gloomy pools, and where death moves swiftly and surely, there moves this Goddess, this troubled and ambitious beauty with pagan eyes, with a mastery worthy of a happier end.

So the story closes with both Wildeve and Eustacia in a world where they will find no more temptation, and though the Reddleman succeeds in becoming white again and weds one whom he had believed forever out of his ken, Clym Yeobright, now a blinded and disillusioned figure, must go on and on... da capo.


If Fancy Day is the ingénue, Ethelberta theundaunted, Bathsheba Everdene the most natural, Eustacia the most quixotic, Tess Durbyfield is the most lovable. More tears are wept for her than for any other Wessex personage.

How simple little Tess suffered through a passion by no means entirely her own, and how this misfortune in the eyes of society ruined the happiness of both herself and her husband when a too questioning conscience refused to keep the past a secret, is all too familiar to be repeated. Few novels of this day have been more earnestly reviewed, staged, or filmed.

With the birth of her unwanted child comes the problem of its future salvation in conformity with Christian fetishism. After having herself baptized the infant as best she can, with her own brothers and sisters as witnesses to the ceremony, she feels, with a mother's instinct and concern, that the flame of the tiny life is burning none too strongly, and at length when her child's death actually occurs before the problem of its baptism has been completely adjusted, she consults the newly arrived Curate.

"I should like to ask you something, sir."

He expressed his willingness to listen, and she told the story of the baby's illness and the extemporized ordinance.

"And now, sir," she said earnestly, "can you tell me this... will it be just the same for him as if you had baptized him?"

Having the natural feeling of a tradesman at finding that a job he should have been called in for had been unskilfully botched by his customers among themselves, he was disposed to say "no". Yet the dignity of the girl, the strange tenderness in her voice, combined to affect his nobler impulses, or rather those that he had left in him after ten years of endeavor to graft technical belief on actual scepticism. The man and the ecclesiastic fought within him and the victory feel to the man.

"My dear girl," he said, "it will be just the same."

"Then will you give him a Christian burial?" she asked quickly.

The Vicar felt himself cornered. Hearing of the baby's illness he had conscientiously gone to the house after nightfall to perform the rite, and unaware that the refusal to admit...
him had come from Tess’s father and not from Tess, he could not allow the plea of necessity for its irregular administration.

“Ah, that’s another matter,” he said.


“Well, I would willingly do so if only we two were concerned... but I must not... for certain reasons.”

“Just for once, sir?”

“Really, I must not.”

“Oh, sir!” she seized his hand as she spoke. He withdrew it, shaking his head.

“Then I don’t like you,” she burst out, “and I’ll never come to your church no more.”

“Don’t talk so rashly.”

“Perhaps it will be just the same for him if you don’t? Will it be just the same? Don’t for God’s sake speak like Saint to Sinner... but as you yourself to me myself... poor me.”

How the Vicar reconciled himself with the strict notions he was supposed to hold on these subjects it is beyond the layman’s power to tell, though not to excuse. Somewhat moved, he said in this case also:

“It will be just the same.”

Is it small wonder that ninety out of a hundred casual readers associate this single and only novel with Thomas Hardy’s name? Poor, sweet little Tess! Unkind Fate was pleased to single her out, though the bones of many d’Urbervilles lay in frigid splendor. Had she been more sophisticated and worldly, and had her parents proved less romantic and more watchful, she might have been the happiest of all women and Angel Claire the most devoted of husbands, but this would have made of her a different Tess.

Was there something in the soil of Wessex that often dwarfed these women’s lives as it stunted the pines along Edgton Heath? Was there some discordant and satyrical note in nature, felt perhaps centuries ago by Caesar’s men and the Norman invaders, that worked for misfortune and unhappiness? Here lies the charm and unsolved secret of Hardy’s novels. Although a goodly span of years have passed since these men and women first made their bow, their living qualities and their eternal human frailties make them an integral and essential part of the literature of all time.

May Sinclair’s “Arnold Waterlow” is described by Sydney Dark as the greatest artistic success of her career.

Mary Wilkins Freeman is described by Professor J. C. Haney in his “Story of our Literature” as the best of the group of short story writers who have taken New England as their theme. He refers to “Pembroke” as her best novel.

Professor J. L. Haney, of the Central High School, Philadelphia, has written a “Story of Our Literature; an interpretation of the American spirit” (Scribner’s) which must prove of use beyond the limits of the school room, because it not only describes the work of our older writers, but contains much more than the ordinary amount of information about a large number of living writers. In addition to this there are interesting chapters on our colleges, periodicals, newspapers, and libraries and an exceedingly useful appendix containing suggestions for further reading and study.

Gerald Bullett’s “Street of the Eye” was described as the most brilliant volume of short stories of the last autumn season.

Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, according to Theodore Maynard, is the best of contemporary American lyric poets and “Second April” is the most lovely of all her poems.

The historical novels of Alexandre Dumas are said to be in more demand at the New York Public Library than the fiction of any other writer, and the most popular among them, the New York Time’s says, are probably “The Three Musketeers”, “Twenty Years After”, and “The Vicomte de Bragelonne”.

The “American Buyer’s Guide 1924-25” published by the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany, Friedrichstrasse, 59, Berlin, contains an address list of German manufacturers with a classified index, together with special articles on German commercial law, German customs duties and taxes, of interest to American business men.
American Studies Among French Doctoral Theses

A n examination of Albert Maire's "Reper-
toire Alphabetique des Thèses de Doc-
torat ès-Lettres des Universités Fran-
çaises, 1810-1900" shows that in French universi-
ties there was little or no interest in American
studies until after the American Civil War,
and that only two doctoral theses upon American
subjects were published before the Spanish-
American War, two out of a total of 2182,—
while there were seventy-three on English
subjects. Since that time, however, there has
been a change. The "Catalogue des Thèses",
published annually by the Ministère de l'In-
struction Publique, records forty-seven theses
on American subjects, or more than an average of
two a year, for the period 1901 to 1922 inclusive.

Of these studies the majority were carried
on in the schools of law. Fifteen related to
subjects in political science. Among these
were five on international law and allied subjects.
Eleven, including four on commerce and trans-
portation, related to political economy. Nine,
including three on Poe, related to literature;
and of the six others two related to the Taylor
system.

The majority of these studies, that is, thirty-
four, were carried on in the University of Paris.
Of the remaining eleven, three were carried
on at Montpellier, two each at Grenoble and
Toulouse, and one each at Dijon, Lyon, Mar-
seilles, and Rennes.

The following is a list of these theses arranged
in chronological order:

Gafferel, P. J. L. Étude sur les rapports de
l'Amérique et de l'ancien continent avant

Lorin, H. L. M. J. Le Comte de Frontenac.
Étude sur le Canada à la fin du XVIIIe siècle.
Paris. 1895.

Viatte, Albert. Le veto législatif dans la Con-
stitution des États-Unis (1787) et dans la Con-

Patterson, Arthur S. L'Influence d'Edgar Poe
sur Charles Baudelaire. Grenoble. 1903.

Ballero, Ernest. Le système des banques aux

Patrouillet, Joseph. L'Impérialisme américain.
Dijon. 1904. 388 p.

Lebrun, Élie. La guerre hispano-américaine et

Lauvriere, Émile. Un génie morbide; l'œuvre

Lauvriere, Émile. Un génie morbide; la vie

Brouseau, Mlle Kate. L'éducation des nègres

Stathers, Madison. Chateaubriand et l'Amérique.
Grenoble. 1905. 222 p.

Antokleff, Daniel. La Doctrine de Monroe

Dhaleine, L. N. Hawthorne; sa vie et son

Benignus, Eduard. L'Américanisme et l'Abbé

Bosc, Henri. Les droits législatifs du President

Salone, Émile. Guillaume Raynal, historien du

Vernhet, Étienne. L'Amérique et le droit inter-

Rivaud, Émile. Henry George et la physiocratie.
Paris. 1907. 100 p.

Tavernier, Eduard. Étude du canal interocéa-
nique de l'Amérique Centrale au point de vue
1908. 144 p.

Heinrich, Pierre. La Louisiane sous la Compa-
298 p.

Heinrich, Pierre. Prevost, historien de la Loui-
siane; étude sur la valeur documentaire de

Salvy, Charles. L'Immigration aux États-Unis

Jarry, André. Les chemins de fer et les pouvoirs

EARLY FRENCH TRANSLATION FROM THE ENGLISH

The American Library in Paris is making a special collection of French books translated from the English. This copy of Hoyle was presented by the Public Library of Utica, New York.
EARLY in the nineties a Jewish physician living in Russia, Dr. Joseph Chasanoswitsch, conceived the idea of founding a National Library more or less on the lines of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, to comprise all books written by Jews and on Jews. It was a daring conception. Apart from the difficulty of getting together a collection ranging over so vast a field, the choice of Jerusalem for such a purpose was a bold one. At the time, Jerusalem was, so far as the Jews were concerned, a community of people living on charity collected for them all over the world, known for their religious zeal and intolerance. They surely would show no understanding for a library finding space for books on Jewish heretics and gentiles. Dr. Chasanowsch did not allow himself to be daunted by these difficulties. His life was given to the realization of this idea, and he succeeded in collecting about thirty thousand volumes, among them very rare and unique specimens of Hebrew books. He had these books despatched to Jerusalem in 1904. The Orthodox Rabbis in Jerusalem pronounced a ban on every Jew entering this library, where religious books, alleged to be there for show purposes only, were placed next to works by unbelievers, sinners and blasphemers.

This ban had no effect on the development of the Library. The new stream of immigrants, which came to Palestine under the influence of the Zionist Movement, changed the outlook of the Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem. The founder of the Library, who had given all his money in pursuit of the governing idea of his life, died during the war in the workhouse of a small Russian town. In 1920 the Zionist Organization took over his work. In the meantime, political conditions in Palestine had entirely changed. Dr. Weizmann had succeeded in obtaining the Balfour Declaration, opening up the perspective of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. In 1917 he laid the foundation stone of a Jewish University to be built in Jerusalem and at once the need of a library in connection with the preparations for this University made itself felt. The Zionist Organization then decided to develop the Jewish National Library on the lines of a University Library, enlarging its scope so as to include those branches of science also which are not directly connected with Judaism. This task was all the more difficult inasmuch as the Zionist Organization bears the whole responsibility and cost of the colonization and settlement of immigrants, and the Library necessarily represents only a small item in its program. Zionist funds sufficed to cover only the cost of administration and no funds for the purchase of books were available. Nevertheless, progress was made. Committees, some of them very active such as those in New York and Paris, were formed all the world over, to come to the assistance of the Library. The French Government presented the Library with a good collection of French books and the Library Congress held in Paris in 1923 recommended that all libraries should help the Jerusalem institution.
Thanks to the help received from all quarters, the Library has added to its collections in the last four years approximately one thousand volumes per month. The collection of the late Professor Goldziher of Budapest, the well-known Arabist, was bought for the Jerusalem Library. The total number of its volumes is about eighty-five thousand. It is the biggest library in the country and works in close co-operation with similar institutions, such as the Library of the American Institute for Oriental Research, the British School of Archaeology, and the German Archaeological Society, libraries specialising more particularly in archaeological research in Palestine.

The Library issues two publications:

1. The *Scripta Universitatis atque Bibliothecae* is published in Hebrew and in European languages. (Two volumes have so far appeared, (a) Mathematics & Physics, (b) Orientalia & Judaica.)

2. The second publication is a quarterly bibliographical review *Kirjath Sefer*, published entirely in Hebrew. This quarterly gives the bibliography of all Palestinian prints and of all books on Judaism and Palestine published abroad, and publishes the Mss. of the Library.

The Jerusalem Library will be glad to communicate with other Libraries and to give any information that may be required with regard to Palestinian and general Judaistic literature.

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**The Stevenson Cottage at Saranac Lake**

On November 13, last, the seventy-fourth anniversary of the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson, the cottage which he occupied at Saranac Lake, New York, became the property of the Stevenson Society of America. It is the subject of an article in the *New York Times Magazine*, November 30.
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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 Reports of the American Library for November and December show gifts of books amounting to 947. The total number of subscribers registered was 738. This included the following new members: Mrs. A. Clifford Tower, Life Member; and Mr. Hayden B. Harris, Mrs. H. R. Burton, Mr. Maurice C. Blake, Mrs. C. B. S. Wharton, Miss Helen Ranlett, Mrs. Lendall Pitts, Mr. Robert P. Skinner, Miss Mary S. Tyson and Miss Hélène Thurman, Annual Members.

The book circulation for the two months was 20,137 or fifteen per cent more than during the corresponding months last year.

A NOTABLE LIBRARY BOOK

The most important contribution to American library literature during the past year was without question Dr. W. S. Learned’s “The American Public Library and the Diffusion of Knowledge”.

It is in the first place the result of the author’s investigations as a member of the staff of the Carnegie Corporation, and is, therefore, a statement of the policies to be pursued by the Corporation in its future grants for libraries; Dr. Learned makes it clear that the stone age is past, and that henceforth libraries are to be considered not as storehouses for books but as centers of information.

It is, in the second place, the most important appraisal of the American library which has ever been made by an educational expert who is not a librarian; it shows what an experienced investigator thinks of the importance of the library in the educational system and what he considers most worth while in American library ideals and practice.

Dr. Learned believes that of the three objects of the Carnegie Corporation, the discovery, formulation, and diffusion of knowledge, the last, in many respects the most difficult, can be carried on most effectively by the public library, and this, he points out, need not possess an extensive collection of books, but must have a competent staff, and must be part of a system of libraries to which requests for books or information may be referred when they can not be met locally. He describes briefly what has already been done in these directions in some of the more progressive libraries, makes it plain that few have done more than make a beginning, and emphasizes the fact that the American Library Association can do more than any other agency to bring about the general realization of these ideals.

Those who want to know what American libraries have done must still read Dr. Bostwick’s “The American Public Library”; but those who want to learn what they should do, and probably will do, must read Dr. Learned’s book; the true character of the American library can not be understood without reading both.
A LETTER FROM ST. JOHN ERVINE

The editor has received the following letter from Mr. St. John Ervine in answer to the question, "which of your novels is your favorite?"

I find that my feelings for my novels are seldom fixed. It is a long while since I read any of them—I hope to heaven it isn't a long time since anybody else read them!—so my affections are matters of memory rather than of immediate knowledge. Sometimes one book suddenly takes first place in my memory for a reason that isn't a reason at all—perhaps because other people like it least of my books, or for some equally irrelevant reason. Thus, my first written, though second published novel "Alice and a Family", which has fewer friends than any other of my books, seems always to be high in my affections, probably for that reason, but chiefly because it brought me a sum of money at a time when I was very hard up and seemed unlikely to get any money for a lengthy while. One can't be ungrateful to so good and beneficent a friend as that—even if he be a bit shabby to look at and have little to say for himself; and so long as I live there will be at least one person who thinks well of that friendless story.

After that, it is a toss-up between "Mrs. Martin's Man" and "Changing Winds". Both books meant a good deal to me—the first perhaps a little more than the second, because it came unbidden out of my roots, whereas I deliberately sat down to write "Changing Winds" out of events within my experience. The latter of these two books was immensely liked in America. Unaccountably to me "Mrs. Martin's Man" has never had so many friends as it has had in England, although I should have thought that its appeal would be more direct to Americans than to English people.

My last novel "The Foolish Lovers", sometimes rushes into my affections, because of a host of dissimilar and irrelevant reasons. I began it in Boulogne while waiting in the big hotel just opposite to the railway station for news of my battalion. That was in March 1918. Then I wrote some of it in a trench in the forest of Nieppe, outside Hazelbrouck—and then I got wounded and wrote no more of it for a very long while. Snatches of it were done in hospital and finally in a tearing hurry I finished it just before I sailed for America in January 1920 on my first and only visit to your country.

So you see what memories it provokes in my mind.

I don't know that I've really answered your question, but perhaps that will do.

D. H. Lawrence's "The Boy in the Bush" (Seltzer) is described by the New York Times Book Review as the most distinguished piece of fiction which the author has given us since "Sons and Lovers".

Of Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story" (Huebach) Walter Yust says, "This book—call it novel, autobiography, what you will—seems to me by far the most significant book of the year".

Mr. Arthur Guiterman's recent book, "The Light Guitar" (Harper) says Thomas L. Masson, "confirms my belief that he is the best and most consistent writer, not only of light verse, but of philosophical verse, in America".

The first number of The Commonweal, a weekly review of literature, the arts and public affairs, has just been published by the Calvert Pub. Co., New York. Its purpose is to represent the principles of Catholic Christianity.
Book Reviews


Here is a very interesting, carefully prepared and documented book, not only to those interested in the so-called woman question, but to students of life and habits in the early colonial days, before the prosperity of the new great republic had created a leisure class. Those were the days when life in the Atlantic border provinces had no place for useless people, and where women were helpmates as well as wives, and so concerned in the money-earning schemes of their husbands as to be able, when left widows, to carry on the work which had provided the support of the household. Dr. Dexter had to go through a mass of documents, records, and old newspapers to get her material, but her power of selection has been so keen and her taste so admirable that there is not a dry page in the book. The account of old taverns, of shops kept by women, of women as midwives, seem familiar enough to women who knew the New England backwoods in the middle of the nineteenth century; and any one who has lived in France, where even in Paris the small shops still exist, knows that French conditions in regard to women’s work are unchanged from those in the colonies in the days before the Revolution. Women still run a great many of the most famous small restaurants in Paris, as they did taverns in the early colonies, only they are better run; many shops in France are managed by women; and often when man controls them his wife is his cashier and partner.

Miss Dexter’s book sheds a great deal of light on how the early colonists lived, what they wore and what they ate, and even on early educational methods—their scope and cost. It is amazing to reflect on what only one hundred and fifty years have evolved from a commencement so simple. Nowhere in all that history has given us, can there be found anything so stupendous as the comparison of the life set forth in this book and the life of today in the same localities. Women agitators must ask themselves if early Victorian days were not a deterioration from the Colonial, and likewise if women are very much happier now when they are hog-ridden by the publicity man into constant buying to keep a big world of trade thriving. Nothing in the book, by the way, is more interesting than its exposition of the modest birth of newspaper advertising, which has become one of the fine arts of modern trade, and is in every way a product of the nation that has in merely one century and a half grown out of the Colonial life to which Dr. Dexter’s interesting book is devoted.

Mildred Aldrich


Another book has been written. But printing presses must not remain idle, so there is a justification for printing highly journalistic and ephemeral books that by their titles pretend to cover really serious subjects.

It is difficult to review a book that has many broad and conflicting generalizations which, if cited separately, can refute any criticism. But it is safe to say that the author of this book presents some remarkable imperialistic doctrines. For example, he looks forward to the gradual forcing of Europe out of the Americas until the last European title has been abandoned. Then the field for “constructive American statesmanship” would begin. It is a “potential menace” that the United States does not control Halifax, British Honduras, and possibly even Canada; for in the case of the latter, as the writer states, the United States is now at a trade disadvantage compared with Great Britain. Though it is not proposed in the book, the reviewer suggests that American control should then be extended to the whole of Europe, Asia, and Africa, for there are “potential menaces” present in each instance. Supremacy of the United States in South America, according to Mr. Gibbons, would be established by granting ship subsidies to further regular sailings and by making New York the center for all South American loans and international exchange. As to the Far East the reviewer suggests that the writer would understand his subject better by reference to the researches of Mr. Tyler Dennett, particularly as concerns Korea and the secret agreement between President Roosevelt and the Japanese Government.

In great part the purpose of this book seems to be to revive forgotten attacks against the League of Nations. It is solemnly announced that the League is for the United States a closed issue, that the United States must preserve, its inherited policy of isolation and in no manner participate in a peace settlement “wholly to the interest of certain European powers.” Forgeting his enmity for the Versailles Treaty eight pages later, however,
Mr. Gibbons announces that the traditional foreign policy of the United States must undergo "serious modifications". And thus continue the generalizations of "another book".

Walter Russell Batsell


War is one of the historic bugbears of international relations. Thoughtful, earnest effort to prevent its recurrence is the duty of every statesman and publicist, and the very complexity of the problems involved is a challenge to the keenest thinker and the most earnest reformer. With the hope of making their contribution toward the elimination of war two leading British statesmen, Philip Kerr and Lionel Curtis, each delivered three lectures before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts. These lectures have been published in this book.

The first lecture gives "the mechanical reason for war" as "the division of humanity into absolutely separate sovereign states". The author maintains that "you can not prevent war, so long as states insist on being a law unto themselves, and so long as humanity acquiesces into being divided into fragments with no means of adjusting their relations save diplomacy and war". It would seem that Mr. Kerr has either forgotten or has no faith whatsoever in the League of Nations or the Permanent Court of International Justice, for he does not even mention them. These organs established for the solution of political and legal international disputes seem to warrant certain consideration, but one must admit much truth in Mr. Kerr's statement that "Force in its extreme form of war is still the authorized final arbiter, and reason and justice have no recognized position."

In his second lecture Mr. Kerr points out what he considers to be the psychological reason for war — "it is this narrow, national selfishness which is the psychological root of war—this self-centered, exclusive patriotism that fills us with suspicion and fear and even hatred of our neighbors". What we really need is "the growth of a world patriotism, not destroying national patriotism, but extending it to include all humanity, exactly as national patriotism extends family loyalty to include all fellow citizens".

The third lecture points out "The only road to international peace". The fundamental historical experiments in government are traced, including those of Greece and Rome, and especially the modern contributions of Great Britain in the representative system and that of the United States in what Mr. Kerr praises most unstintingly as the great American experiment in federalism. The author then appeals to Americans to solve the final problem of how federalism, so thoroughly successful in the United States, can be extended to meet the problem of world government in view of the difficulties of prejudice, inertia, the necessary curtailment of sovereignty involved and the fundamental change in moral outlook of the nations. The author seeks a system by means of which we could be at the same time "citizens, in the constitutional sense, of the city of Boston, of the State of Massachusetts, of the Republic of the United States and of the commonwealth of all nations."

The last three lectures by Mr. Curtis trace the experiences involved in the making of "The Union of South Africa" and the development of "Responsible Government in India", and then give "A criterion of values" in which the author comes to practically the same conclusion that Mr. Kerr had derived from his reflections on the mechanical and the psychological causes of war, i.e. the necessity of creating "a commonwealth large enough to include whole nations, each with a national government of its own".

L. D. Egbert

**Citizen or Subject?** by Francis X. Hennessy. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1923. 466 pages.

This book is a legalistic, syllogistic attack upon the "alleged Eighteenth Amendment" to the Constitution of the United States. It is not concerned with the merits of demerits of the prohibition issue from a moral or social point of view. Rather the author views with alarm the Amendment because he sees in it the conversion of citizens of the United States into subjects, the status enjoyed before the American Revolution. In his words from the moment when the Declaration of Independence was enacted by the supreme will in America "every American ceased for ever to be a 'subject' of any government or governments in the world. It was not until 1917 that any government or governments dared to act as if the American were still a subject."

The author traces in detail the scope of national power, especially in relation to the rights of the individual. His point of view essentially favors the early formative period when the federal power was strictly limited. Following from this comes a natural opposition to constitutional development whereby thirty-six states can force upon the people an amendment that relates, not to the organization of the government as did the first seventeen amendments, but to the "mass of the powers" of the government. In the latter category he places the Eighteenth Amendment, which established an omnipotence over individual freedom which the early Americans denied to the British Parliament.

It is to be regretted that the very frequent use of italics, added to a none too interesting style,

Dr. Schonemann, who is a well qualified observer of American life, analyses in a very vivid, outspoken and thorough manner the art of moulding the masses as practised and perfected in America by the ceaseless activity of Propaganda. This much-abused word, he explains, is to be understood as "a uniform, systematic and carefully planned method of representing and propagating certain ideas". He takes the reader through the whole propaganda-plant: school, church, movies, press, clubs, national societies, etc., and shows how the activities of all these tend to create in the American citizen a certain set of ideas and sentiments that constitute the national "psyche", which the author holds it necessary to cultivate in order to gain influence and power and to rise in the world of nations. It is only natural that he should devote the greatest part of the book to the war period—and issues connected therewith—at which time the fine art of propaganda was developed to its very highest pitch.

Although there is much inferred criticism and satire of the methods employed, and the subtlety approaching astuteness, of the brains that planned these methods (note particularly the activity of the Committee on Public Information), which would seem to make emulation undesirable, the primary purpose of the book is to make Germany profit by the lesson set forth. Not without bitterness does he reprove his country for its clumsy, offensive propaganda, which only produced negative results in its effort to enlist sympathy for the German "psyche". But, "better next time" is his hope and challenge.

The book is also interesting as a comparative study of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic fundamental ideas. Besides, it has a value beyond being a mere record of personal observation, as it is teeming with bibliographic references bearing out the author's statements.

It should be equally interesting to Americans and Germans. The average American will receive from the book a series of shocks at seeing himself dissected and his fine ideas branded as the product of clever propaganda, even if he congratulates himself upon constituting a necessary wheel in a huge and very powerful machine. To the average German, on the other hand, the book will probably act as an eye-opener and serve to clarify his understanding of many of the phenomena about America's attitude in the war, which so greatly puzzled him. Besides it will give him a dose of psychological medicine, which the author and, no doubt, others with him, fervently hope will prove salutary; for a weak sense of psychology has always been, as clear-sighted Germans avow, one of the chief handicaps in German national character.

G. M. A.


This book should command the attention of all serious students of democracy, and particularly of those who are interested in the problems of representative government, the relations between capital and labor, and direct action in the furtherance of group interests.

As Professor Hayes, the editor of the series to which this book belongs, says, the means for expressing the public will has far outstripped the means of forming the public will, and suggests the possibility of a constitutional amendment providing that every newspaper attaining a given circulation shall place at the disposal of each political party a certain amount of space in each issue.

Professor Eldridge's criticism of existing machinery for political education is more fundamental. He believes that the meagerness of the results yielded by political discussion is to be found in the nature of the questions discussed—they are ordinarily too general in nature, he says. What we need is a resolution of general questions into more specific ones, less consideration of ideals and more consideration of facts, particularly the facts of human nature, environment, and social tradition.

Of most general interest, perhaps, are the writer's chapters on play activities as an antidote for industrial unrest, freedom of political discussion, and the incurable defects of political democracy.

The Challenge of the Klan, by Stanley Frost. Indianapolis Bobbs Merrill Co. 1924. 302 pages.

As Mr. Frost says in the preface, this is but a piece of reporting. But clear and intelligent reporting as this is is not void of interest. Furthermore, considerable additions have been made to these articles which were formerly published in the Outlook.

Some points are to be retained in view of the controversy still going on over the Ku Klux Klan.
First, regarding the Klan’s strength, Mr. Frost’s opinion, based on complicated estimates, is that it reaches now approximately 4,500,000. He cites the case of organizers recruiting 5,000 members at one single meeting.

Concerning its resources, it must be remembered that Colonel Simmons, a dreamer, who founded the new Klan in Atlanta in 1915, had made a contract with Edward Young Clark, a good organizer of drives. By that contract, Clark was to get 80 % of the initiation fees of $10.00 each. When Dr. H. W. Evans took charge of the Klan, he cancelled Clark’s contract. The commission system for recruiting was maintained but initiation fees were divided in a different way: $4. to the Field Kleagles, $2. to the King Kleagles of each state, the balance to the Imperial treasury. So it happens that the Klan treasury which held only $100,000 when Clark left is now worth much over one million.

The standards of the Klan may still be freely criticised. Mr. Frost intentionally stresses the Klan’s purposes and defenses. He states: “The Klan could never have made its great expansion in the northern and western states if it had not rid itself of the incubus incurred by night riding and similar outrages.”

However praiseworthy may be the efforts of the Imperial Wizard to purify his cohorts, certain actions of the Knights of the Klan are daily recorded which a gentleman can not decently endorse without reservations.

Pierre Denoyer


In matter of biographies the success of the man usually makes the success of the book. But whatever may have been the triumph of Coolidge since this book was edited the author’s rare qualities deserve attention from the beginning.

“The Life of Calvin Coolidge” is written in a direct, lively style, full of color. One can almost hear James Lucey, the Northampton cobbler emeritus, tell anecdotes about “Presidunt Cewlidge”, who in turn refers to him as “my guide, philosopher, and friend”.

Mr. Green should be praised as well for his efforts to control and corroborate all the tales current about Coolidge. His treatment of the documents in his hands concerning the famous Boston police strike (which stands at the start of Coolidge’s boom) is that of a scrupulous historian. The brilliant destinies of the new President-elect are not so much explained by his noted luck, as by his original, meditative character, which can be traced back to his early days on the family farm.

Pierre Denoyer


A very good little book on France and the French, especially useful as a handbook. The author has evidently lived for years in the country of which she writes, and has observed its people as they really are, and not through the smoked-glass spectacles, worn by an all-too-large class of American and English visitors, who come to France to get all they can for their money, criticizing the inhabitants and their ways, but all the while enjoying the hospitality so liberally accorded to strangers.

“Tourists from all corners of the world”
while Rumanians, Poles, Serbs, Czechs and Russians have sensibly decreased. Scandinavians and Chinese are more numerous.

The chapter on "Women and the Nation" brings out the wide influence of Frenchwomen, both in private and public life, and states truthfully that "taste and tact are two of her (the Frenchwoman's) guides in life..." The word 'suffragette' is the synonym for all that the average Frenchwoman most dislikes in woman." Further along in the same chapter: "The root of the evil is political dissension, fanned by the Press. It is common to hear men and women declare that they abstain and flee from politics. Yet they know that politics come into the smallest details of their lives. The parish priest, the parish schoolmaster, both have their political rôle to play... The jurisdiction of the country is swayed by the same thing".

"Every Day French Customs", "Housekeeping", "Paying Guests", "Letter Writing", and many other subjects are treated in a manner delightful and profitable to the reader. For the foreigner who wishes to wander far afield from the capital, the chapters on "Wayside Inns", "In the Basque Country", "Yesterday in Perigord", etc. contain worth-while suggestions.

Paul Rockwell.


This guide describes the Mediterranean coast lying between Hyères, the oldest winter resort of Provence, and Nice "the winter capital of the world", and with its numerous illustrations in photogravure, makes the reader feel that he must go to the Riviera at once and take the guide with him. Particularly charming are the stories of the Islands of the Lerins; how St. Ambrose came to St. Honorat, and how the flowering of the almond trees several times a year made it possible for St. Honorat and Ste. Marguerite to see each other frequently, the brother crossing the water to see his sister supported by his cloak spread out on the waves.

And particularly useful is the description of five different tours in the mountain district north of Nice which seem to the authors to possess the greatest interest.


Although Madeira is only a small island, Mr. Lethbridge says it can offer more varied diversion than any other place he has ever visited, and being historically minded, he enjoys its historical traditions as well as its present life and beauty. Captain Cook's own description of his visit to the island is given at length, and the history of British occupation during the Napoleonic period is narrated in some detail.

The greater part of the book is devoted to chapters on the chief industries of the island,—wine, sugar cane, needlework and willow-craft, while the most exciting parts describe a visit to Terreiro da Lucta, a toboggan trip back, and a trip to Girao, "the highest sea cliff in the world", which the author says is worth a journey from the uttermost parts of the world to see.


Only Mrs. Thompson Seton is no real tenderfoot, having trodden those ancient shores before. The alleged object of this particular visit would seem to be an inquiry into Egyptian feminism. A few of the great ladies confessed to a leaning that way—as you or I might more or less veraciously profess a fondness for music, if pressed—but the bulk were harim, feelahsen, bedouin, or indifferent, which is precisely what they had been these hundred centuries.

Mrs. Seton Thompson, accompanied by a woman friend, luxuriously adventures an expedition into the desert: she encounters a simoun, climbs the Great Pyramid, has visions... That she also possesses a compelling eye a certain dragoman named Gameel could aver.

But in spite of all that woman can say, Egypt remains Egypt.

George G. Fleurot.


In America the drama preceded the novel by 30 years, and despite the constant onsloughts of a distrustful puritanism, could never be wholly wiped out. The combined offensive of Quakers, Lutherans, Presbyterians and Baptists culminated
in the prohibitive law of 1760; but in 1772 Royal Tyler's play 'The Contrast' was nevertheless produced, though with the cautionary subtitle of 'A Moral Lecture in Five Parts'. It is to be recalled that the Congress of 1774 classed the drama as among the activities of 'extravagance and dissipation'.

No student of American literature should fail to read this important work of Mr. Quinn's. The first half deals with the history of the drama up to the time of the Civil War. In order to emphasize moral attitudes, the writers for the stage at this time produced plays rife with national and patriotic sentiments, although a little later they endeavored to make some use of the Indian customs and legends, which lay at hand so fallow; but in this they failed, and soon turned to European romanticism, inimitated or translated forms. The 'star system' which has today reached an exaggerated point, particularly in the cinema, began in 1825. Even at that time J. P. Heyne said of it: 'It is so necessary in the production of the modern drama to consult the peculiarities of leading performers and not offend the restive spirit by means of situations almost pantomimic, and too impatient to pose for poetical beauty, that it seems almost hopeless to look to the stage of the present day for a permanent literary distinction...'

There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun.

R. de Maratray


It is a pleasure to talk with one so directly, so simply, as we may talk about books and poets, here, with Mr. Murry. For first Mr. Murry is possessed by his own fine elation at the process of discovery, and his findings are often rich and new. Earnestness and vision are the tools with which he works—and if there are moments when we are confused by the heap of evidence he gives us, we have faith enough to feel sure that it is our fault, not his, and that we need a little more insight, or a bit more knowledge.

But there is no need for anything except imagination, scarcely even for familiarity with Russian literature, to make us respond to the delight and power of the two essays—"The Significance of Russian Literature" and "Anton Tchehov". Mr. Murry's words: "...were I to confess the whole extent of my admiration of Anton Tchehov, I should be ashamed. It is an adoration", —are sufficient guarantee that his appreciation will be exquisitely true, and humble.

"A Note on the Madness of Christopher Smart", the essays on Poe's poetry and Matthew Arnold as a poet, and "English Prose in the Nineteenth Century", are four solid and sensitive appraisals, not untouched by humor, and revealing a novel side of most uncommon matter. The students of Marcel Proust and of Shakespeare will also discover in this book much to their benefit and their pleasure.

Georgina Ingersoll


The difficulties of describing beauty were never more clearly portrayed than in this book of poems. In his heart, and on the printed page Mr. Spingarn cries for beauty. Beauty is all very well, but is it a dangerous, abstract subject. He struggles with it, without success. It has overwhelmed him.

His poems bear a certain classic grace; not unstrangely, for he is what he probably hates to be called, "old school". He is sincere, he has what the blurb calls "finished workmanship, aptness of phrase, depth of thought", but he lacks also some other things the blurb, always a prejudiced animal, claims for him, chiefly, "poetic quality" and "depth of passion".

It is not fair to call him academic because he was formerly a professor of literature at Columbia University, nor because he is well known in critical circles. But it is remarkable that few men long in the atmosphere of the pedants escape without the loss of the vital spark, a certain poetic intensity. The author of this volume of poems obviously seeks to ensnare beauty into the compass of words; his failure to do so is at once scholarly and a little noble.

Charles McMorris Purdy


"Here are Ladies", to quote James Stephens, three of them, very old, very alone and very poor. Do not read this latest story of Mr. Walpole's if you are in a melancholy mood, or if you have just had a birthday; but if neither of these unfortunate things have happened, it is a book to be recommended,—all but the last chapter, which should be rigorously eschewed. The burst of "glad" sunlight is incongruous; the homecoming of the long unheard-from son at so precisely the right minute is a little absurd, and an intelligent and readable writer like Hugh Walpole should know better than to let the young man wear "rough tweeds", smelling of tobacco and the out-of-doors, into which the little mother can bury her happy face. Miss Ethel M. Dell can do it so much better.

But all the rest of the story is excellent, written with clarity and simplicity and discrimination; Mr. Walpole shows a new side,—subject and style here have no kinship with the old tales, Russia is abandoned, the sturdy English home life is put aside, and the equally sturdy and comfortable
manner is fallen into disuse. There are passages strongly suggestive of Katherine Mansfield in their directness and perfect rightness, and these are the best parts of the book.

M. R.


"A story", the writer tells us on the title page, "of an incorrigible dreamer." The plot, while much less banal than that upon which the majority of novels are built, requires greater consummate skill, greater frankness and less sentimentality than the writer seems to possess.

Josslyn, the son of a college professor, is born into the world with little equipment to fight its battles. While still young he finds himself in a newspaper office in Chicago dependent upon his own resources. He adopts the son of a friend and establishes a menage with his sister as housekeeper. He goes to Europe where he passes through a period of doubt and despair. He returns to America to find that his adopted son is going, as they say, to the bad, and the real father of the boy has married his sister. The outcome of Josslyn, his sister, her husband and his son is not clear—fortunately, perhaps.

J. B.


It is stirring tales like this which make one dread that Universal Peace which will make incredible such vital agents as South American dictators, blood thirsty Indians and rum runners. Dramatic incidents follow one another in this story with the rapidity, of a Mack Sennett Comedy, until Sard Harker and the lady of his dreams are rescued from the Apostle of Evil to live happily ever after.

Mr. Masefield, like Sax Rohmer, has splendid faith in his heroes, and has even greater fertility in devising ways of trying them.


Mr. Strachey begins by saying that a diary must stimulate and interest the writer, or else it will never stimulate and interest the reader. Quite right: only, from the reader's point of view, he never does either. His humor is heavy; he is involved: he quotes Queen Victoria (which, considering the other Strachey, he should forgive): and his poetry is distressing—he himself admits that he has "a bad habit of devouring indigestible poetry unchewed",—a habit which has left traces on his mental physique. As an example,—

"...Its nature who can guess? Absorption or Survival? No or Yes?"

"There's no use in going further", Kipling once began a famous poem, and that is how one feels about navigating Mr. Strachey's River.


All who have been discouraged from reading this book because of its title, are hereby bidden to take heart. It is the funniest book since Ralph Strauss' "Unseemly Adventure", and leaves one with the same mellow feeling that all's right with the world. Don't fail to make the acquaintance of the Professor, the perfect "sap", but not such a fool as he looks. Who knows better than he the commercial value of Vedic hymns?


Mr. Bierstadt has written this book because, as Executive Secretary of the Emergency Committee for Near East Refugees, he found great ignorance and misunderstanding of the whole question in Washington and among the general public. When published in serial the State Department complained of "grave errors" but were unable, in a personal interview, to point to a single error in fact, "They simply disagreed with the conclusions." And as one reads the accumulated evidence and horrors in the book one cannot wonder at official denial of any responsibility.

"In diplomatic paper No. 63, prepared for the guidance of British diplomatists attending the Lausanne Conference, the following statement is made: (c) Oil concessions—A German expert who in 1901 visited the oil-bearing districts of Mosul and Bagdad, reported that these petroleum regions are among the richest in the world and subsequent reports tend to confirm this view."

"There is the whole story summed up in a few terse lines. It was for this reason that the seven Allies conceded point after point at Lausanne, until the jesting phrase "Turkey won the war" had become a bitter truth,—the Allies wanted oil, so the Greek nation and the Armenian people were betrayed by those for whom they had fought and by whom they had been promised protection.

This book is but one more item in the accumulating evidence that, both in the war and in the peace, the true interests of humanity have been sacrificed. Lord Morley spoke the truth when he said: "Diplomacy is as able as ever it was to dupe by grand abstract catchwords, veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witch's Sabbath."

A. A. W.
New Books Added to the American Library

Any of the following books, excepting those which are starred, may be borrowed by members of the American Library in any part of Europe, and requests for them will be filled in the order in which they are received. They may be purchased from the booksellers who advertise in Ex Libris.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL


Parker, Cornelia Stratton. Ports and Happy Places, an American Mother and her Sons see Europe. New York. Boni and Liveright. 1924.


See France First when you take a vacation abroad. Paris. 114 Boulevard Haussmann. 1924.


BIOGRAPHY


SYNON, MARY. McAdoo, the Man and his Times. Indianapolis, Bobbs, Merrill Co. 1924.

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS. London. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson. 1924.


POLITICS AND ECONOMICS


EDUCATION


PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION


FINE ARTS


LITERATURE


CHESTERTON, G. K. Fancies Versus Fads. London. Methuen & Co. 1923;


FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT. The Vegetable or from President to Postman. New York. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1923.


FICTION


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Maccowen, Alice; and Newberry, Perry. Mystery Woman. New York. F. A. Stokes Co. 1924.
O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. Hat of Destiny. London. Wm. Collins and Sons. 1923.


FRENCH AND GERMAN


"Our Best Poets, English and American" by Theodore Maynard (Brentano's) consists of essays which have appeared either as a whole or in part in the Yale Review, the North American Review, and other periodicals. It is devoted largely to a review of the work of "the twelve best contemporary English poets". These are in their order of merit the following: Chesterton, Alice Meynell, Charles Williams, de la Mare, Hodgson, Yeats, Belloq, Squire, Davies, Abercrombie, Binyon, and Masefield. To the essays on these poets are added four on contemporary American poets.

In "Crystallizing Public Opinion" (Boni & Liveright) Edward L. Bernays attempts for the first time the definition of the scope and functions of the public relations counsel. As the author says the phrase is understood by a few only, even among those who are engaged in the profession, and the chapters devoted to the subject are as interesting as they are illuminating.

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Century, December: Freedom or Authority in Education, Bertrand Russell. The Mysticism of Jesus, Mary Austin.

— January: Bernard Shaw Reviews His War Record, Bernard Shaw and Archibald enderson. A New College, Alexander Meiklejohn. Anatole France and Thomas Hardy, Carl Van Doren.

Dial December: Virginia Woolf, Clive Bell. The Downfall of Western Civilization. Oswald Spengler


Literary Digest, November 29: France's Recognition of Soviet Russia.

— December 6: A Labor Party not Wanted by Labor. The Battle Over the Child Labor Amendment.


National Geographic Magazine, December: A Char-a-Bancs in Cornwall, Herbert Corey.


BRITISH


Foreign Affairs, December: The Rhineland Amnesty, Hugh F. Spender. The War Guilt Question in America, Frederick Bauman.


— December 27: The Opium Failure.


— January: Personal Recollections of Tennyson, William Franklin Rawnsley. Impressions of the Midi, Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Elgood. C. M. G.

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Spectator, December 6: Continuity in Foreign Politics, J. Ramsay MacDonald.

FRENCH
Europe Nouvelle, 6 Décembre: Le Crédit de la France.
— 1er Janvier: La Bretagne, Musée des Religions, A. Chabouseau.
Revue Bleue, 6 Décembre: L'Institut Internationale de Coopération Intellectuelle, Julien Lucaire.

"In all the novels that he has written", the Times says, "Mr. D. H. Lawrence can hardly have done better description than he has in 'The Boy in the Bush' (Martin Secker)." The book is about life in Australia.

Mr. Paul Dottin has supplemented his scholarly thesis on "Daniel de Foe et ses romans", by a new edition of Charles Gildon's pamphlet, entitled "The life and strange surprising adventures of Mr. D... De F... of London, Hosier, who has liv'd above fifty years by himself in the kingdoms of North and South Britain. The various shapes he has appear'd in, and the discoveries he has made for the benefit of his country. In a dialogue between him, Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday." The present edition of this rare and interesting pamphlet is prefaced by an essay on Gildon's life by the editor. It is published by J. M. Dent and Sons. The pamphlet has been described as one of the first valuable pieces of literary criticism in England.

In an article entitled "A Ronald Firbank Comedy in the West Indies" in the International Book Review for July, Ben Ray Redman says that "Prancing Nigger" (Brentano's) is Firbank in his suavest and most amusing though not most indecorous vein.

In reviewing Paul Scott Mowrer's "Our Foreign Affairs" (Dutton) the Outlook says, "There are few things which this country needs more badly just now than books like this. What they (other nations) expect from us, and have a right to expect, is team-work, unstinted help on a basis of sympathetic mutual understanding. The greatest obstacle in the way of such action is our ignorance; the next greatest is the false pride that springs from that ignorance. Toward the removal of both these obstacles Mr. Mowrer's new book furnishes a most effective impulse. It covers practically every aspect of our foreign relationships, and it does so in a peculiarly able, balanced and lucid manner."