

ASSETS	
Permanent Funds.....	\$ 60,739.46
Current Funds.....	32,083.63
	\$ 92,823.09
HELD IN TRUST	
Procter Monument Fund.....	\$ 10,140.44
Remington Honor Medal Fund.....	1,157.04
	\$ 11,297.48
SPECIAL COMMITTEE FUND	
Soldier and Sailor.....	\$ 456.12 \$ 456.12
This fund to be transferred to current account.	
TOTAL FUNDS HELD BY A. PH. A.	
Assets.....	\$ 92,823.09
Held in Trust.....	11,297.48
Special Committee Fund.....	456.12
	\$104,576.69
Total.....	
The bonds are listed at par value.	

The Current Funds increased \$951.88 during 1920. This was exclusive of the \$2,020.84 to be transferred under Rule 14 into the Research Fund but inclusive of \$456.12 balance in the Soldier and Sailor Fund, to be turned into the Current Fund.

The Permanent Funds increased \$6,309.47 inclusive of the \$2,020.84, to be transferred from the Current to the Research Fund.

Thus, the assets of the Association increased \$7,261.35.

The Trust Funds increased \$531.91, making the total increase of all funds amount to \$7,793.26.

Of the income for 1920, that for dues was \$14,697.50 and for interest on Current Account \$648.45, making \$15,345.95 or \$785.78 less than the over-head expense of \$16,131.73.

The income received by the treasurer from the JOURNAL was \$9,466.67 and the amount paid out \$10,271.36, or \$804.69 more than the receipts. For a detailed statement of the expense and earnings, see the report of the editor of the JOURNAL.*

* To be submitted New Orleans Meeting A. Ph. A.

GREENWICH VILLAGE HAS A RIVAL.*

BY CHLOE ARNOLD.

GREENWICH VILLAGE has a rival. And that rival is the Vieux Carré, which is the name for the old French village in New Orleans. Everything is set to make the village that we know a thing forgotten and out-classed as an abode for art. It will be, if these New Orleanais succeed in their designs on the Vieux Carré, which means the Old Square, and not Calabooza, as you might think. The old Spanish Calabooza is too cluttered with airplanes and the like to accommodate mere art, though their Parish Prison gives upon a pleasant street and has the same view as one of the most exclusive hotels.

The point is that down in Louisiana they are scrubbing and refurbishing the old French village and making it so attractive to artists that within the year those who have loved Greenwich Village may speak of it sadly as "The Deserted Village." Perhaps great painters from abroad will join the best of our own, and poets and authors will swarm from all over the world. Some hope that Mr. Tagore will be detained at home on business.

*The New York Times Book Review and Magazine, July 10, 1921. Permission granted to reprint. For illustrations referred to see JOURNAL, A. Ph. A., Volume X, February, March and April, 1921.

This new site of the league-long canvas and the camel's hair brush, is baited to catch the likely artist with several attractions. There's the Little Theatre; the Quatre Club, and a tea room called "L'Ombre de la Cathedrale," all very attractive and alluring. The shadow is supposed to be cast by the old St. Louis Cathedral. It is a good cathedral, all right, but it couldn't possibly cast a shadow that far. Which shows you how worthy a successor the Vieux Carré is for Greenwich Village.

The purpose of the Quatre Club is to entertain visiting celebrities, and for general social meetings of the artists and writers of the quarter, and the society leader sponsors from uptown. Among the distinguished guests has already been General Robert Georges Nivelles, when he visited New Orleans. It was one of those chilly days which reminds one of Paris when the mistral blows. But the Quatre Club was above all considerations of weather, and had the tables out on the walk, in real Paris style. By all accounts the affair was a decided success.

In defense of the Quatre Club, or just as good as defense, Henry James tells of his astonishment at meeting an old gondolier when he was visiting a fine chateau on the Cher in France. The man told him that he was supposed to give the Venetian effect in the flat Cher, and he was quite pleased with the job.

Of the romance of old days, the least possible survives in the New Orleans French Quarter now, but surely no place in the world has a group of buildings more charming and suitable for the abode of artists. When you first walk about the streets you're likely to be disappointed; for in order to know the real spirit of the Quarter, you have to be at leisure and rove around, under escort, stopping to visit here and there with a friendly shopkeeper, and to sit at your ease in the shade of a banana tree in some dusky courtyard.

In all railway and steamship literature you'll find a court yard on Royal Street, showing a little fountain. It really is there, only better than it looks in the picture. The figure is in a posture of drinking from a dry bottle, a warning for these days. And he is kneeling with a turtle under each knee. The turtles are fierce little creatures which look as if they'd stood about enough and expected to revolt at any moment.

That is one of the courtyards into which you stroll naturally, almost always by accident. But the others are not seen by the casual tourist, alone or with a paid guide. You must have lived here for some time and be acquainted with the people.

I know of one courtyard where three fig trees, with their funny stubby twigs, grow, and upon the gallery above are rows of brilliant geraniums. The people are just poor Italians who have not been in the country long; but they show off their flowery Spanish courtyard as if it were an ancestral habitation. It is said that there are only some half a dozen Creole families living down in the French Quarter now. Most of them have moved uptown. But there is one charming place on Royal Street, with great tall wooden doors. You ring, and the mistress of the house comes down to answer. You are admitted through a little door cut in the big one, and taken through the finest courtyard in the Quarter, where great palms planted a hundred years ago spread. There are twenty rooms in this house, and it is tenanted by three persons, the last of the family.

Not far away is a little pink house with a low balcony upon it, about one story from the street. There Patti used to sit of an evening to watch the fashionable world go by when she was in New Orleans singing at the French Opera House. This opera house burned down in December, 1919, and is very generally lamented. It was not only the headquarters for the city's music, but the meeting place of fashionable society, where the masked balls were held at carnival time. The low, slate and tiled-roof houses are built of brick, stuccoed and limed, and turned to all sorts of picturesque colors by time and the weather. Many lovely old houses have disappeared since Cable wrote his "Creoles of Louisiana." But there are still many fine ones to be seen and acquired.

A few people, business men, journalists, bankers, painters and au hors dwell down in the French Quarter. The rest are generally the city's poor. French is very generally spoken down there; English, indeed, is a foreign language. There's a pastry shop conducted by a once prima donna of the French Opera, and a bookstore in which all the French magazines and newspapers, as well as books, may be had.

Any afternoon you see groups of tourists to whom a guide is expatiating some landmark. And all day the sight-seeing car ply their trade down the main thoroughfares of the city. Also, when

you walk down by St. Louis Cathedral, and to the French market, you are likely to see a class of pretty young girls from Newcomb College sketching. And you understand why Little Billy, in Du Maurier's immortal book, was far more interested in the pretty girls who copied in the Louvre than in the pictures.

These young ladies are under the guidance of Ellsworth Woodward. One of Woodward's stories is of how thirty years ago he heard that Inness was in town. He forthwith went to the old St. Charles Hotel out of reverence for the master, and for pure sociability. Mrs. Inness was being entertained in some great house that afternoon, and as Woodward was ushered into Inness's rooms the magnificent parade of the Mardi Gras was passing. Bands were playing and the whole town was agog. But George Inness had his trunk lid open, and in it a canvas on which he was painting one of those \$25,000 pictures we read of now, and sometimes see if we're lucky. Inness didn't know and didn't care anything about the carnival; and the carnival didn't care anything about Inness.

There have been many unknown great men in New Orleans, and one great man was expected and didn't get there. That is the most touching story of hero-worship in all the annals of the people's hearts. The Creoles of New Orleans loved Napoleon even more after his downfall than in his triumphs. And a man named Nicholas Girod thought of how the Emperor could be rescued and brought here to stay awhile until his reinstatement. The Creoles regarded nothing as too good for Napoleon, neither the throne of France nor the best house in their own town.

So they built a fast yacht, and commissioned Dominique You and a crew of picked and desperate men to make the rescue. Napoleon died before the expedition could get under way; but the house, the finest in town then, was ready for his reception. They will tell you that every citizen who had a choice piece of furniture, or particularly elegant linen, costly silver, and rich Oriental rugs, gave toward furnishing the house for the hoped-for guest.

Now the dark courtyard is full of old lumber, and plump Italian babies with big black eyes and bouncing ringlets are at play. For the rest, it's merely a tenement, with shops and the like, but for all that the house will never be as other houses.

Dominique You was a pirate held in such esteem in the memory of the people as to make one reflect upon the folly of being good. Jean Lafitte is the leading pirate of the neighborhood, but if you walk in the old St. Louis cemetery even after all these years you'll occasionally find a wreath upon Dominique's tomb, showing that he, too, is not forgotten.

Among the men of old New Orleans, Don Almonaster is as admirable as any. He built the St. Louis Cathedral and gave it to the city.

The headquarters of the Louisiana Woman Suffrage Party are in the old Paul Morphy house, which may account for part, at least, of the unbeatable combination recently witnessed. The floors are chess boards, so that Morphy could dream out a game even when in conversation with friends. Also there is the Haunted House.

Peering through the gateway on one side we espied a group of villainous looking characters playing at craps. In a way this suggests the tam o'-shantered poets in the "Rabbit Hole" in Greenwich Village. These Haunted House characters seemed to be asking aid of a saint whom they addressed familiarly as "Little Joe." I may say that the Haunted House is done over and made more comfortable for ghosts and the lodgers who now tenant it. The magnificent carved mahogany doors are varnished over in the usual dreadful manner of the improver. But the story about the house is that a society leader, Mme. Lalaurie, a woman who entertained Lafayette and all the great, and was to all appearances a woman of culture and high principles, was really nothing of the sort. For when the house got on fire one day they discovered many slaves in chains and undergoing all sorts of torture in the attic. The citizens arose and were going to mob the woman, but she escaped to France.

Then we come into Jackson Square—once the Plaza de Armas—where the St. Louis Cathedral, the old Spanish Cabildo, and the Calabooza occupy one side; the Mississippi River, in the distance, the other; and the Pontalba buildings, iron-balconied, red, quaint houses, each a square long, the other two sides.

Speaking of the Pontalba buildings is to remember the Baroness Pontalba, Don Almonaster's daughter, and how she was sought in marriage by one Henry McDonough. He was refused, and took it so hard that he went into retreat, making more and more money and hating his fellow-

men, women and even children. But he left a great deal of money to the city schools, with a request that the children be taught to love his name. In Lafayette Square they have a bust of him, with two children looking adoringly up at his face. I do not know if the children now love him, but suppose it's easier than if he were alive.

As Robert W. Grafton, a painter who lives in New Orleans, said as we walked on toward his studio in Dumaine Street, the thin cumulus clouds roaming lazily in a sky of deepest blue, as if in no hurry to move on: "You can see there's everything here, only no people."

There may be people, who knows? Why, fifty years ago there dwelt there unknown and almost unnoticed a shabby young man of the name of Lafcadio Hearn. His clothes were poor and he was shy and out of place in such houses as he was asked to. The paper he wrote for didn't pay him much money, and if anyone regretted his departure from town it isn't on record. Perhaps there's some man of such worth in New Orleans now as to make the quaint old scenery count as nothing by comparison.

THE UNITED STATES SUFFERS ENORMOUSLY FROM STANDARDIZED THOUGHT.

A British writer, St. John Ervine, states in an article contributed to the *Century Magazine* that the United States has too many laws. While we may take exceptions to portions of the article, most of the statements are reasonable, and interesting because they present the viewpoints of a foreigner. Druggists have long ago realized some of the conditions spoken of. He concludes that Americans have so many laws, most of which contradict one another, and they resemble the old woman who lived in a shoe. "They do not know what to do, and the result is government not by the fruits of experience, but by panic. One gets the feeling that when a legislative body in the United States is at a loss for employment, it passes a new law, chiefly of an interesting character, not because the new law is needed, but because people might think it was not fulfilling its function if it were not busily engaged in passing measures.

"The inevitable outcome of this tendency to make laws needlessly is that no one pays any more heed to law in America than he is obliged to pay. An American obeys the law when he cannot conveniently break it,

and so it is that the thoroughly wicked man in the United States is not the man who infringes the law, but the man who exploits it. Concurrently with this bewilderment of law, this difficulty of knowing just where you are, there is the tendency, natural enough in the circumstances, for the people in power either to disregard the law altogether.* * *

"When you have a people who are governed in such a way that law falls into disrepute, then inevitably freedom of thought and movement become contracted. The mass of the people will accept things that they ought not to accept up to the point at which endurance breaks, and then they fly to violent remedies. * * * And when people cannot depend upon the laws of their country for protection, they develop timidity of spirit, the majority of them, or violence of spirit, the minority of them. The majority suppress their individuality, and the minority exaggerate it. On the one hand, we have the majority seeking for protection by doing exactly what every one else is doing; and on the other hand, a minority, seeking through violence, eccentricity and destructiveness to obtain an outlet for its energy.