

Edith Wharton

Edith Newbold Jones was born in New York City in 1862. Her family traveled extensively throughout Europe after the Civil War, and young Edith became fluent in several languages. In 1872, her family returned to the United States where she rejected the standards of fashion and etiquette expected of demure young ladies in high society, and became a prolific author. In addition to 15 novels, 7 novellas, and 85 short stories, she wrote several non-fictional books on poetry, interior design, travel, literary and cultural criticism; and the memoir, *A Backward Glance*. In 1885 Edith married Edward Robbins Wharton. Unfortunately, he suffered from acute depression that, in 1908, was diagnosed as incurable. The two divorced in 1913.

Wharton, who grew up an American blueblood, was one of high society's most astute critics. In 1905 she wrote *The House of Mirth*, the first of several chronicles about old New York's upper crust. When her marriage deteriorated, Wharton moved to Paris. With the outbreak of World War I, she became an ardent supporter of the French war effort. She made several trips to the front lines during the Great War, describing her journeys in a series of articles published in *Scribner's Magazine*. Later she summed them up in *Fighting France: From Dunkerque to Belfort*. Her book became an American bestseller.

Wharton worked tirelessly in numerous charitable efforts throughout the Great War. In 1916 France chose her to be a Chevalier in the nation's Legion of Honor. At this time she wrote several romantic novels, including *Summer* (1916), *The Marne* (1918), and *A Son at the Front* (1919). When the war ended, Wharton moved to nearby Saint-Brice-sous-Forêt. For the remainder of her life, she spent her summers and autumns there, and her winters and springs on the French Riviera. In 1920 she wrote *The Age of Innocence*, a book that won for her the 1921 Pulitzer Prize for literature. Edith Wharton died of a stroke in August of 1937 at Le Pavillon Colombe, her 18th-century estate in Saint-Brice-sous-Forêt. She's buried in the Cimetière des Gonards at Versailles.

Essay by Bill Lounsbery

KRL has *Age of Innocence* & many other books by Edith Wharton

Adult Activities (continued)

Community Café: Wednesday, Nov. 7 6-7:30 pm
Join other adults in fun, engaging activities, while building community. Registration required 360-871-3921

BOOK WORMS (third Tuesdays, 7 pm)

For September we will discuss *The Improbability of Love* by Hannah Rothschild. See you on Monday, Sept 17th at 7 pm. ... On October 15th, we will be discussing *Lab Girl* by Hope Jahren. On November 19th, *Homegoing* by Yaa Gyasi.

* One Book, One Community – 2018 *

? Have you read this year's selection ?

The Smell of Other People's Houses
by Bonnie-Sue Hitchcock.

Set in Fairbanks, Alaska, in the 1970s, this lyrical debut follows four teens whose stories gradually converge through a well-plotted series of loves, tragedies, and adventures. Dora only wants to find a safe home and loving family, but when good fortune strikes, it may be her downfall. Ruth misses her parents and hopes to escape the harsh life she has endured with her Gran, but a relationship with a popular guy at school might not be the escape she needs. Stowing away on a ship proves dangerous for Hank, who seeks a safe haven for himself and his brothers, and Alyce must choose between her love of dancing and her father's expectation that she continue to spend summers fishing with him.

Using alternating narratives, debut novelist Hitchcock deftly weaves these stories together, setting them against the backdrop of a native Alaska that readers will find intoxicating. The gutsiness of these four teens who, at heart, are trying to find their places in the world and survive against challenging odds, will resonate with readers of all ages. - (Publishers Weekly Review)

HOLIDAY BOOK SALE: Saturday, Nov. 3rd



DON'T MISS THIS SPECIAL SALE !
It will have ALL NEWLY ARRIVED books -- nothing we've offered before.

ONGOING SALE: Books from the past are On Sale during normal Library Hours.

