

Lord's

BOOK SHOP
FOUNTAIN SQUARE
EVANSTON

**"FOR RECREATION,
 READ THE BEST"**

says the caption of an article on summer reading in a recent issue of *The Nation*. It says further ".....the first thing to realize is that summer is an excellent season for reading, and to recognize that a great many persons do avail themselves of it."

This article seems to be part of a campaign to establish the truth of a fact that should be obvious: that many people have leisure only in summer to read the better and more serious things for which winter gives them no time. And, too, that many people who go in for "light summer reading" are those who probably do light reading at all seasons.

So we, here at Lord's, make no change in our plan of choosing our weekly book list. If, for some reason or another, they honestly deserve recommending, we recommend them.

B-O-O-K

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| Roman Summer
<i>Ludwig Lewisohn</i>
Harper & Brothers | \$2.00 |
| The Magic Mountain
<i>Thomas Mann</i>
Alfred A. Knopf, 2 vols. | \$6.00 |
| The Eye in Attendance
<i>Valentine Williams</i>
Houghton, Mifflin | \$2.00 |
| Once in the Saddle
<i>Eugene Mantove Rhodes</i>
Houghton, Mifflin | \$2.00 |
| The Sombre Flame
<i>Samuel Rogers</i>
Payson & Clarke, Ltd. | \$2.50 |
| The Talk of the Town
<i>Lynn & Lois Montross</i>
Harper & Bros. | \$2.00 |
| The Sixth Commandment
<i>Carolyn Wells</i>
Doran | \$2.00 |

Lord's Book Shop—Just Inside
 the West Davis Street Door

NEWEST BOOKS AND BOOK REVIEWS

Just Paragraphs

While all sorts of honors are being heaped upon Elizabeth Madox Roberts for her novel, "The Time of Man," her publishers announce that her next novel will be ready for publication in the fall. The usual prayer will go up from the reading public's heart.

The latest welcome additions to The Modern Library series are "The House with the Green Shutters," a novel of remarkable power by George Douglas Brown, and "Chinese Ghosts," by Lafcadio Hearn.

Chicago has a new publishing house, Willett, Clark & Colby, with offices at 440 South Dearborn street. The firm's first publication, just out, is "What and Why in China," by Paul Hutchinson.

The John Day company has had a "prize" letter in its prize novel contest. It is from a man who wishes to know if he may submit a novel written by his dead wife and if so should he enter it under his own name since the lady is dead, and if so would it be entered under novels written by a man or by a woman, and finally, if neither of these is feasible, how about entering it under the name of his present wife, who, however, it further develops is not a novelist. Truly the man himself is, he has woven a plot

Book Specials for Vacation Reading

Popular Books New Edition

In this edition are some of the most popular books of the season. They are excellently bound and printed. Take the ones you haven't read with you on your vacation.

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| Interpreter's House
<i>Struthers Burt</i> |
| The Mother's Recompense
<i>Edith Wharton</i> |
| The Cathedral
<i>Hugh Walpole</i> |
| Professor's House
<i>Willa Cather</i> |

\$1.00 each

Surprise Package

Five books in a package ready wrapped. You pick a package and get five good titles for the price of one. We are making this offer to clear our shelves for fall stock.

**Five for the Price
 of One
 \$2.00**

Chandler's
 630 DAVIS STREET
 University 123

Reviews of New Books

"MOTHER AND SON"—Romain Rolland.

Romain Rolland, great idealist and great realist, has written the third part of his four volume novel "The Soul Enchanted." In the first part Annette Riviere, of an upper middle class family in France, is in the throes of finding her own individuality and trying to preserve it inviolate from the world. In the second volume this same Annette grown older is facing the world with her illegitimate son after refusing marriage because of the assumption of smug possession on the part of the man she loves. In this third volume, in my opinion the best and most understanding one of the three, the son is older and he and his mother are making their separate adjustments to the world—which is just now plunged in War—and more fundamentally, to each other.

There are few novelists writing today who have as deep an insight into the human heart as Romain Rolland. The subterranean passages he treads are intricate as the many actual passageways which intersect each other under the city of Paris. But unlike those actual passages which have so honeycombed the earth that the city itself has been in danger of falling, M. Rolland has left the earth quite secure. That is what makes him both realist and idealist. He talks of the earth as it is and yet goes under it to the depths of feeling where people are irrational idealists following the light which is in their own souls.

Annette has always followed such a light because once having found it she cannot let it go. Her son, a headstrong, rather sulky adolescent, has to find it for himself. And in a world gone mad with insincerity and hatred it is hard to find. No hater of war has ever resented a more adequate argument against it than this—the picture of a whole nation sick with its poisoned fumes. It is more terrible than any picture of horrors at the front, those we expect and buoy ourselves up with, the pictures of an exalted nation working at home. But M. Rolland destroys that pleasant illusion by showing the utter moral degradation which was everywhere.

The boy at last comes through it and finds his own soul—a soul fired to go forward, to break with the old outworn society, to find something better for the world. "If one goes alone it is because one is a pioneer. Every advance that a single man makes becomes the road of the whole world."

"Mother and Son" is a fine book, M. Rolland raises it and carries it along on the swift current of his own spirit.

—ESTHER GOULD.

The John Day company announces that it will publish a series of stories called "Notable British Trials," stories of important British crimes and their trials. Is it possible that they think we do not know enough of crime already.

The very real interest in war books at the present time is shown not only by the immediate success of such books as "Aw Hell" and "Red Pants," but the fact that "Gun Fodder," the earliest book of A. Hamilton Gibbs is feeling a renewed demand.

Pot Shots at Pot Boilers

Everything for good or evil, brings with it a counter-balancing compensation and everything includes the "modern" biographer. Those who write in the Lytton Strachey manner are just as apt at unearthing the virtues of the vicious as the vices of the virtuous. Mary Agnes Best, in "Thomas Paine: Prophet and Martyr of Democracy," has given us a more sympathetic portrait of the man who was described by Roosevelt as a "filthy little atheist." If you take into consideration the fact that the rabid Fundamentalists were the overwhelming majority at the time Paine lived, it is easy to understand that by incurring their enmity through open defiance, Paine brought upon himself the vindictive rancor for which that gentry is noted. Further addendum to his ill-repute, was the fact that as an expatriate Englishman, Paine became the victim of systematic libel from England when he rose to be the foremost anti-British propagandist of his time. Only a fool or a very great man dares to be frankly independent and outspoken in thought and action....

The perusal of biographies and their auto form are to me a duty to be enthusiastically dodged as often as possible and in retaliation, if I were ever to be Fanny Butchered, I would admit that I would rather have written "I Think I Remember," by Magdalen King-Hall than any other book that ever came off a press. It is a hilarious burlesque of the pomposity of the autobiographies of the great and near-great, just such a book as Ring Lardner would have written in his "Story of a Wonder Man" if he hadn't been compelled to write it on a newspaper schedule.... Various reviewers have raised indignant voices to high heaven over the idea of permitting any committee to choose a book each month for their edification. To paraphrase Decatur's flag-waving, "My preference—may it ever be right, but my preference, right or wrong." I heartily agree with the sentiment but there are other factors to be considered. If any of the monthly book clubs feel the need of vindication they can surely find it in the type of advertisement that sells books to the great American public or as finders of the needle in the haystack of contemporary book issues....

Karel Capek has, in "The Absolute at Large," given his public a keen and biting satire on religion and its possible effect on a materialistic world if carried to its logical conclusion. Starting with the thesis of religious faith, M. Capek finishes at a synthesis of absurdity. His logic may be faulty, but in outlining it he reaches the nth degree of irony. The mischievous mockery of some of the passages are strongly reminiscent of Anatole France, with the tendency most obvious in the passages relating to patriotism. Very few will agree with M. Capek (which partially explains his fame) but this volume is so deserving of appreciation that it should be read.... If only "The Professors Like Vodka," by Harold Loeb, had been as clever as the title. After the tale is started fairly in its course it is entertaining, as naive professors in company with sophisticated ladies of the world are always in all ways entertaining.... In headlining a review of "The Malletts," by E. H. Young, the very literate New York Times unblushingly remarks, "Spinsterhood as a Family Tradition." B. B.