

Lord's

BOOK SHOP

FOUNTAIN SQUARE
EVANSTON

Sun and Moon

Vincent Gowen
Little, Brown & Company ..\$2.50

The Green Rope

J. S. Fletcher
Alfred A. Knopf\$2.00

Unkind Star

Nancy Hoyt
Alfred A. Knopf\$2.50

Red Pants

John W. Thomason, Jr.
Scribner's\$2.50

People Round the Corner

Thyra Samter Winslow
Alfred A. Knopf\$2.50

The Road to the Temple

Susan Glaspell
Stokes.....\$3.00

Trader Horn

Being the Life and Works of
Alfred Aloysius Horn
Simon & Schuster\$4.00

Bouquet

G. B. Stern
Alfred A. Knopf\$3.50

America Comes of Age

Andre Siegfried
Harcourt, Brace & Company \$3.00

To the Lighthouse

Virginia Woolf
Harcourt, Brace & Company \$2.50

The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes

A. Conan-Doyle
Doran\$2.00

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

NEWEST BOOKS AND BOOK REVIEWS

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton Gibbs have returned from Nice each returning with a manuscript for a book?

That the Survey award of \$500 has been given to Prof. William Z. Ripley for his article which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly entitled "From Main Street to Wall Street?"

That Compton Mackenzie is working on a novel which will be at least six volumes long and the writing of which will cover a period of years?

Censorship Boosts Sales

If we may judge by the experience of Albert and Charles Boni with Upton Sinclair's new book, "Oil", publishers have about as much to fear from censorship as bootleggers have to fear from prohibition. Since the arrest of the book clerk in Boston for selling a copy of "Oil", the publishers have been unable to keep up with the demand for the book. The fourth edition is now derided for a fifth. A special edition of being printed and paper has been or two hundred and fifty copies, called the "Fig Leaf Edition", was sold out on the same day it appeared. In this edition a fig leaf was printed over the pages which were ruled obscene by the Boston Judge. That may not be contempt of court within the meaning of the law, but the Judge will understand. —New York Times.

Summer Clearance of Recent Fiction

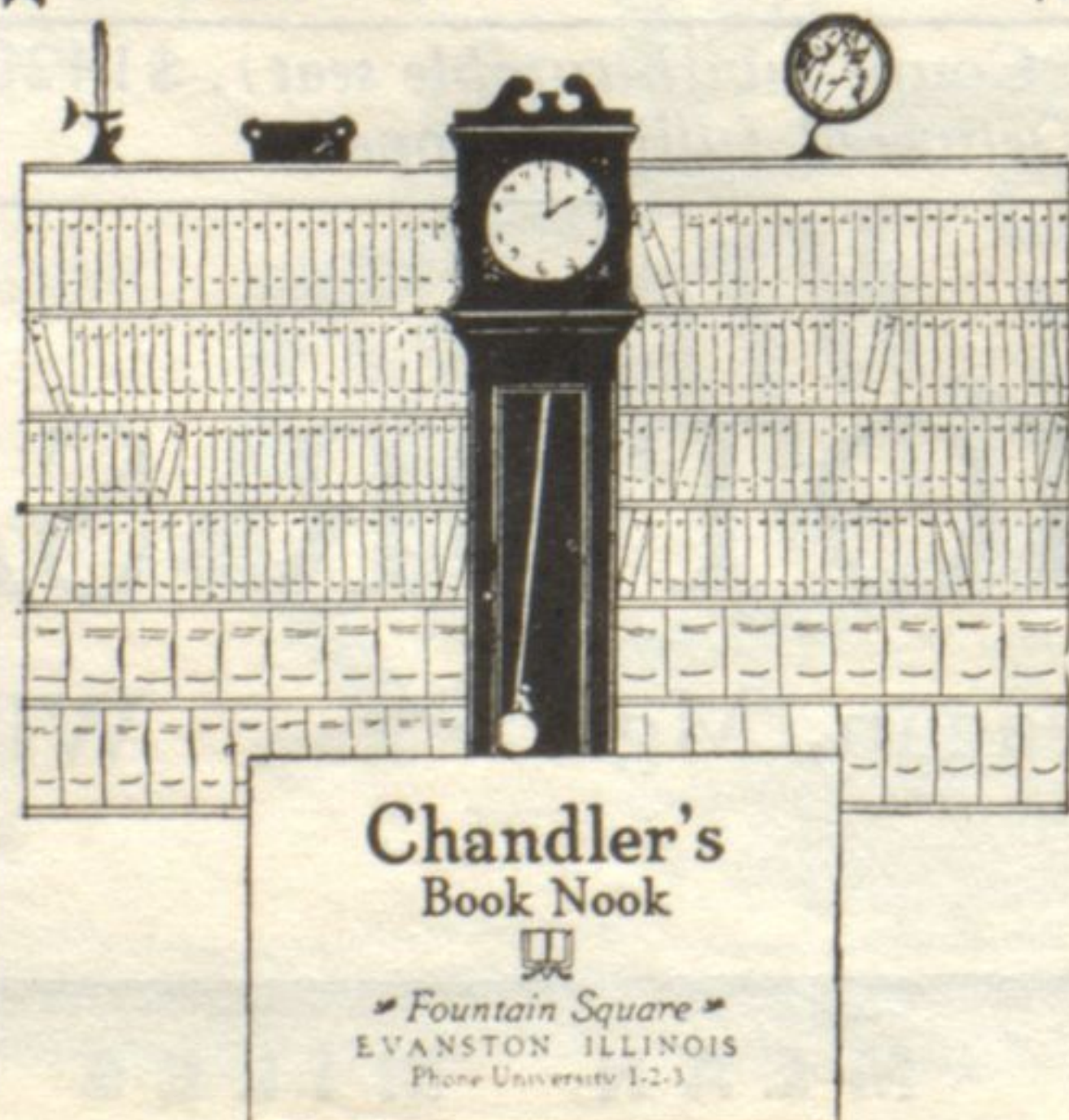
To clear our shelves of recent fiction so that we will have room for our new fall stock we are selling these books at an extremely low price.

\$2 Books at 50c

The business or professional man can add to the attractiveness of his waiting room by having five or six of these good books.

For the summer cottage, the sun room, for summer reading in general, these books are ideal.

Davis Street Entrance



Premiere's Life Covered Amazing Span of Years

"PALMERSTON"—Philip Guedalla.

Philip Guedalla! Anyont who has read the sparkling pages of "The Second Empire," or his essays on the great men of England or any of the articles which have flowed from that pen has reason to remember his name. It stands as a synonym for brilliant wit, flashing sarcasm, deep insight and wide knowledge.

Mr. Guedalla who visited America this spring told us that his chief literary interest was in historical biography. He has chosen Palmerston because—aside from the fact that being a Liberal himself the life of one of the earliest of the Liberals would naturally interest him—as he says in his preface, "The life of Palmerston was the life of England, and, to a large extent, of Europe in the last sixteen years of the Eighteenth and the first sixty-five of the Nineteenth Centuries. Perhaps its magnitude accounts for the fact that the task has been so rarely undertaken. For he covered an amazing span. Stated in terms of art his life unites an almost legendary past to our own time; when he was born, Reynolds was painting Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Swinburne published 'Atlanta in Calydon' in the year that he died. A Regency beau, he spoke in debate when Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox had not long fallen silent, and he was Secretary at War against Napoleon. He moved in the candlelight of the drawing-rooms where Mr. Creevey told his stories; and men still living have conversed with him."

I have quoted thus freely not only to show Mr. Guedalla's purpose in writing this particular book but to show something of the way in which he has written it. His vivid imagination brings back those days, makes dead events quicken and live.

"Somewhere across the world Napoleon hung like a thundercloud on the edge of Russia. There was a faint tap of distant drums, and the side-arms gleamed in the pale Baltic sunshine, as the long column wound across an interminable plain towards the haze. The mists enclosed them. Sounds came faintlier now out of the north—the quick receding jingle of cavalry, a sudden trumpet, the thud of guns, French cheers that died upon the distance. The war seemed almost still behind the mists." Or with the quiet wit which sears he says, "The turmoil deepened, in the general confusion Marmont even forgot to betray his leader."

Mr. Guedalla has done a big work nobly. He gives a vast amount to his reader, at the same time demanding a good deal from him. His style is subtle, compact, and his treatment, flatteringly enough, presupposes a wide historical background. —ESTHER GOULD.

Lindbergh's own book, "We", referring to himself and his faithful plane is probably already on the press if not by this time off of it. How and when the idol of two continents found time in a few weeks to write "the story of his life and flight . . . his thrilling experiences both in and out of the Air Mail service . . . his preparations, the flight, the instruments which made it possible, the receptions accorded him by the governments of France, Belgium, Great Britain, and the United States" has not yet been told. When it is the writers of pot boilers will be able to triple their output.

Pot Shots at Pot Boilers

Keith Preston's passing has brought forth so much appreciation for his talents from those who are more apt than I at expressing their sense of loss, that there is little I can add. His facile wit was unique in that he succeeded in being ironic without ever descending to bitterness and his passing has left a void in the ranks of American writers of unquestionable merit. The deep tragedy for those of us who enjoyed his humor lies in the unfulfilled promise of his writings, for surely his Gilbert and Sullivanian verse held a seed too deep to permit their remaining an end. I feel as so many do, that inasmuch as there is so great a need for evolution in the human race, surely Providence shows questionable logic in taking a man of his brilliance and allowing my futility to remain.

So many of the so-called readable books contain nothing which is worth-reading that when I discovered in "Sun and Moon," by Vincent H. Gowen, the combination of these two qualities the surprise almost amounted to shock. It is an unusually original story of what happens when East and West intermingle too intimately. The book is the narrative of the peculiar difficulties of the English daughter of a man who has become a polygamous Chinese since the death of his white wife. The author evidently knows China and the picturesque background of the story is sufficient reason for reading the book.

Rex Beach has used a new locale in his latest book, "The Mating Call" and this column finds the Florida environment of questionable benefit to the author's style. The central character, Leslie Hatten, is the high point of visibility in the volume, a figure sketched clearly and vigorously against the somewhat muddled remainder of the book. More understandable than likable, this victim of "retarded shell-shock" is worthy of a more interesting setting. This book, to a greater degree than any of its predecessors, illustrates one reason for Mr. Beach's popularity, i.e., the manner in which he allows minor characters to signify their individual attributes by their mode of conversation, so that the reader if taken unaware, is led to believe in his unusual perspicuity. So much for commercializing the popular fallacy of the first person singular having superior ability in penetrating and understanding that chimera, human nature.

Unless the make-up desk changes it, there is an article regarding the Fig Leaf edition of Sinclair's "Oil" (which would have been an especially likely combination during the sometime Teapot Dome scandal). This pointing of discernible obscenity is obnoxious primarily to the end that the selling of the 250 volumes in the edition in one day is an indictment against the obviously bad taste of the public. The fig leaf printed over the portion ruled obscene by the Boston judge must have been transparent or the Great American Public would never have gobbled the edition so wolfishly. Instructive view of a laudable and commendable people! B. B.