

# Lord's

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

# NEWEST BOOKS AND BOOK REVIEWS

## Strained Sophistication Makes New Book Futile

"Latterday Symphony" by Romer Wilson.

A strained sophisticated book is "Latterday Symphony" by Romer Wilson. It is only a slight thing in pages and in extent of time covered—a single day—but its brilliance is like a flashing blade to slit open that day in the lives of three men—two white men and a negro. All of these men are in love with the same woman. An innocent young thing who says not more than a hundred words in the entire book and rather lessens our interest in the men's feelings.

But they love her, and each in his way is going to make a plea for her. So the night after the party which has brought them all together at Conrad's one of the men, Stephen, has a tea party. They are all there, and each in his turn has a chance to offer his all to Mary. Conrad does it with grace, Lindsay, the negro, with simplicity born of despair, and then Stephen who loves her most of all, with the combination of beauty and bitterness, self-consciousness and abandon, which is typical of this book, "But I can light the whole earth up for you Mary, and finger the world over to show your beauty. I've no imagination for dark places beyond my ken. But I hold a brittle thing in my hands agonisingly—Reality perhaps—it will shatter into fragments if you go away."

The book is interesting and well written but it leaves you with more than the usual sense of futility when it is done.

—ESTHER GOULD.

### DID YOU KNOW—

That "Tall Men," the July selection of the Literary Guild, is a first novel by James Stuart Montgomery whose discovery is accredited to Carl Van Doren, editor of the Literary Guild?

That a typo-facsimile of Keats' "Endymion" is to be published by the Oxford University Press and made as nearly a duplicate of the original of 1818 as is possible?

That Marie Conway Oemler's, "The Holy Lover" deals, in the form of fiction, with John Wesley's three years as a resident of Georgia?

## "It Was a Famous Victory!"

The amusing duel between H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc has seemingly reached an impasse just at the time when Mr. Belloc has bared his Achilles heel to his antagonist.

When "Mr. Belloc Objects," by H. G. Wells, was published as an answer to the scathing denunciation of "A Companion to H. G. Wells' 'Outline of History'" by Mr. Belloc, the retort courteous (?) was so futile as to engender gargantuan laughter. In reply to the scientific data of Mr. Belloc's work and his not-so-naive surprise at Mr. Wells' ignorance of scientific progress in the past twenty years, Mr. Wells descended to bluffing and the personalities of pique. His realization of the unanswerable logic of Belloc's book reduced him to pitiable pop-gun efforts of retaliation behind a smoke screen of derogatory remarks anent the physique and mentality of Mr. Belloc.

If Mr. Belloc had any small part of discernment he would have retired from the field at the point, trailing clouds of glory—the victorious recipient of the loud huzzahs of the populace. But in the last analysis, anything of erudition that Mr. Belloc had displayed in his book, had been the fruit of his gleanings from other savants, and when he was placed on his own initiative he made the unforgivable error of publishing an altogether superfluous rejoinder in the form of a booklet entitled, "Mr. Belloc Still Objects."

In this brochure Mr. Belloc accuses Mr. Wells of being pro-Protestant! And if any book ever repudiated the individualistic teachings of Christianity, Mr. Wells' not-so-scientific Outline certainly did. The unfounded accusation was as absurd as though someone had accused Voltaire of being the instigator of the Reformation. Mr. Belloc deserves great credit for the years of his life he has devoted to the restating of the history of the Roman Catholic church, but he has nullified any constructive good he might have done by slinging this futile mud at other Christian creeds.

B. B.

A new conception of India is likely to be spread abroad by Katherine Mayo's new book, "Mother India." Miss Mayo went to India and lived among the people themselves, those who are not usually represented in any discussion of India. Her amazing statements about these three hundred and fifty million inhabitants rival her disclosures of the Philippines in "The Isle of Fear."

Leonard Cline's novel for next fall, "The Dark Chamber," is a return from the light mood of "Listen Moon" to the somber one of "God Head." The latter book will be published in England in the fall under the title of "Ahead the Thunder."

## Pot Shots at Pot Boilers

I SUBMIT for your enjoyment, the following: When reporters, bearing copies of Shaw's comment, "Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States," brought the quotation to the attention of Anthony I he querulously replied, "George Bernard Shaw? Who is he?"

IF there is anything of truth in the old adage to the effect that by their works ye shall know them, perhaps such books as "Unkind Star," by Nancy Hoyt, will do much to establish an understanding of what is technically known as the younger generation. The scene of the book is Continental Europe, sophisticated and with a surface gaiety that makes the underlying pain all the more poignant. This "new" generation has learned rapidly and in most of its artistic efforts it is easy to trace a nostalgia for other times and other manners that might bring something of solidity and peace. Their brave futilities have kept suffering humanity from becoming a smug phrase; they suffer from disenchantment, these hurt romantics, rather than bitterness. Their arpeggios of pain they have transformed into smashing majors, despising the diminished sevenths of the gay 90's.

THE most discerning article of the current magazines that has been drawn to our attention this month is "The Meaning of Hokum," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, in the August issue of Harpers. Her assertion that hokum lies in the manner, rather than the matter of content is entirely to our liking. There is so much cleverness and so little wisdom in the contemporary world of plastic arts that a solid analysis of even the unimportant is a relief.

WE are very sorry that our German is not equal to "Der Amerikanische Journalismus" by Von Emil Dovifat. We can think of nothing more potentially humorous than the solid Germanic mind in contact with the Mirror, the Graphic, and the blurbs of our own William Randolph. B. B.

WE hear that Conrad Aiken, in "Blue Voyage," has refined the Joyce "Ulysses" method to parlor technique. Even the smoking-car flavor of "Ulysses" could not relieve the windy boresomeness of the book and we refuse to wade through another book of the same wind-jammer type, be it ever so polite. A great weariness descends upon us at the mere thought of such a trial. Review it? Somebody else, not us.

THE most ingenious idea has been utilized by Houghton Mifflin company, i. e., red stars prominently displayed on the jacket bands of books that are good rip-snotting adventure yarns, to steer the hearty book buyer clear of psychological books. Why not coffins on the Dreiserian school, asterisks on Cabell and his ilk, "sic" on Van Vechten and Morley, and question marks on the Menckenes?

## New Fiction

- Unkind Star**  
Nancy Hoyt .....\$2.50
- A Helluva War**  
Arthur Guy Empey .....\$2.00
- Spring Circles**  
Florence Ward .....\$2.00
- Where the Waters Turn**  
Theodore Von Ziekursch, \$2.00
- The Trail of Fear**  
Anthony Armstrong .....\$2.00

### Books for Children

- With Whip and Spur (12 Famous American Riders)**  
Lawton B. Evans .....\$1.75
- A Little Boy Lost**  
W. H. Hudson .....\$1.25
- Historic Girlhoods**  
Rupert Sargent Holland..\$2.00

### Travel, Biography, etc.

- Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology**  
Alfred Adler (Vienna)....\$6.50
- Mother India**  
Katherine Mayo .....\$3.75
- The Spanish Journey**  
Julius Meier-Graefe .....\$5.00

# Chandler's

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