

YALE

Sun Yat Sen

By Henry Bond Restarick

An absorbing biography of the Liberator of China, who is almost worshiped by his countrymen today. A true and exciting narrative.

Illustrated. \$2.50

Single Finger**Prints**

By Harry Battley

A new method for classifying and filing single finger prints and fragmentary impressions, by the Chief Inspector in charge of the finger print bureau of Scotland Yard. Illustrated. \$2.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

**SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL
School of Nursing**

Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course—monthly allowance \$15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirement 3 years High School. Write school principal for information

**This year give
BOOKS**

Books carry the true spirit of Christmas giving. They last a long time and they cost little. This year it is not hard to find just the right book for everyone on your holiday list, for the shops are full of interesting new books and old favorites in attractive new editions.

Consult the list of books for Christmas Gifts in this issue of the Outlook

a vigorous and sympathetic interpreter of her ideas.

BERNICE KENYON.

The Forest Hospital at Lambarene
By Albert Schweitzer
Henry Holt, \$2.00

Albert Schweitzer, a German missionary to Africa, is unquestionably one of the most brilliant men living today. He merits as do few the title of "great." Some twenty years or more ago he wrote a searching theological work called *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. At thirty he was a master in this field. He was also a master in the field of music, for he had become one of the world's most gifted organists and an authority in the interpretation of Bach. But all these attainments were not enough to consume his energy and ability. He felt the need of the natives of Africa with that same insistence that came to Livingstone. He saw that effectiveness there made necessary a thorough knowledge of medicine. He took a medical course and specialized in tropical diseases. As he says so simply in the preface to his new book on his African experiences, *The Forest Hospital at Lambarene*, "I had learned of the physical misery of the natives of this region through Alsatian missionaries. . . . I found out that there was no doctor in that country and that the Society could find none to send out since they did not have the necessary money to found a real hospital. So I decided to found a hospital there." He raised the funds for that hospital partly from friends and partly from his organ recitals. He went out to this needy region and he has devoted himself at the risk of his health and at the sacrifice of his home to the friendless humans of this disease-ridden spot. That he has found abiding satisfaction in these African years this new volume amply testifies. It is a fascinating story of adventure, of life in the raw, of the practice of medicine under the most adverse circumstances conceivable, of the fight against a devitalizing climate, the ignorance of men and the attacks of beasts. There have been writers of greater literary skill who have pictured the romance of Africa, but no one has revealed more completely the heights to which human nature can rise when led on by a burning religious idealism. His book is an epic.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Behind the Blurbs

Two Against Scotland Yard
By David Frome
Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.00

Two revolver shots on the lonely road and the motorcycle sped away, leaving two bullets in place of the diamonds, and Mrs. Colton weeping over Mr. Colton, who

contained the bullets. Keep an eye on Peskett, the chauffeur, and another on young Royce, whose mother owned the sparklers, and if you can spare still another, fix it on Steiner, the jewel merchant. Even then there'll be other suspects out of the range of your vision. How Inspector Bull sorts them all out and picks his candidates for the prisoners' dock makes a pleasant tale of sin and sorrow, murder and theft.

Mr. Fothergill's Plot
By Eighteen Authors
Oxford, \$2.50

In an effort to prove that it's the treatment and not the plot that counts, here are 18 stories by different authors but all with the same plot. The results were rather disappointing to us. Most of the stories are well done, and it is true that the treatment is so different that they can be read in sequence without fatigue. But there is less variation than we would have expected. Chesterton, Rebecca West, L. A. G. Strong and Frank Swinnerton seem to have come off the best. The others—among whom are included Coppard, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Margaret Kennedy, E. M. Delafield, Storm Jameson and J. C. Squire—have taken little trouble to develop more than the most obvious interpretation in a rather stereotyped way. Their stories are competent—and lifeless. It is, however, an interesting experiment.

Gifts of Life
By Emil Ludwig
Little, Brown, \$4.00

The autobiography of a biographer, done in an easy, pleasant, richly informative style. He tells very frankly how and why he has written his many books, and includes pen portraits of Shaw, Edison, Nansen, Bülow, Dehmel, Rathenau and dozens of the famous men and women with whom he has come in contact. Ludwig is a sharp, if sometimes superficial, observer, and has been able to view himself with sufficient detachment to make a very honest portrait.

Circus
By Paul Eipper
Viking, \$3.00.

A grand book by the author of *Animals Looking At You*, with 47 photographs by Hedda Walther. Eipper knows every side of circus life, and writes of it with sympathy, humor and an enthusiasm that makes vivid even the most prosaic details. At least we suppose they are prosaic; you won't find it out from reading what he writes about them.

The Stag at Eve
Farrar & Rinehart, \$3.00

Soglow, Steig, Sherman, Rea, Van Buren and others are the artists responsible for this ribald picture book. As there are no page numbers, we cannot indicate just where we snickered, so you will have to search out the best ones for

yourself. But there are 89 of them. A good Christmas present, but not for the cousin who is a deaconess.

Crime & Co.
By S. Fowler Wright
Macaulay, \$2.00

Two of the bullets which slew Mr. Bulfinch collided in his inards, indicating two murderers, one of whom was probably Mr. Starr, of Chickadee, Colorado, who talks the sort of jargon English writers believe Americans to use. Then there's Trentham, but he was out of town. Major Cattell-Pratt has been investigating Trentham for Scotland Yard, and he's displeased when Miss C.-P., his sister, gets emotional about Mr. Starr. Darned if we blame him. Any man who could use the kind of language Mr. Wright puts into his mouth must be a monster of some kind. And there's a trick denouement which is quite incredible. We can't hand this story much. Mr. Wright has done very much better.

Times and Tendencies
By Agnes Repplier
Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00

Many volumes of trivial, graceful literary exercises, put out as essays for lack of a more descriptive word, have pushed that once important form of composition to the edge of oblivion. But Miss Repplier's sane, thoughtful and humorous comments on—in this latest volume—politicians and pacifists, suburbanites and movie actors, doctors, collectors and theatrical audiences, keep up the robust old tradition. Wide reading has enriched them, but her study windows have a view of Main Street and Broadway, and she is concerned less with bric-a-brac and whimsicalities than with the world as she sees it.

Exit Simeon Hex
By J. M. Walsh
Brewer, Warren & Putnam, \$2.00

Simeon was a wealthy curmudgeon who invited all his expectant relatives to a house-party just in order to keep them undecided as to which he'd leave his money to. What followed was to be expected—a loud explosion in Simeon's bedroom which completely demolished the old gentleman. It also demolished the hopes of a number of the relatives and put them under suspicion. Paul Hex in particular, who was an authority on high explosives, fortunately for the author, was for a time under a deep cloud. But justice triumphs, love comes into its own and you'll never guess what the explosive was.

The Red Badge of Courage
By Stephen Crane
Random House, \$15.00

The Great War has as yet inspired no book one-tenth as fine as this story of a young private soldier in the Civil War, written by a boy in his early twenties who knew no more of battles than you do of wild

animal training. Why the dignity of a limited edition has for so long been denied it, is hard to see, but this one, limited to 900 copies, printed by the Grabhorn Press, and decorated by Valenti Angelo, seems to us completely worthy. We think it would make a fine Christmas present.

The Works of John Held, Jr.
Washburn, \$3.00

More pitchers—163 of Mr. Held's hilarious reconstructions of the good old days of buggy, bustle, saloon, moustache cup, cakewalk and hatpin, done in the woodcut style familiar to readers of *The New Yorker* and *Vanity Fair*. Ribald, but not so consistently so as the former book.

The Long Christmas Dinner
By Thornton Wilder
Yale and Coward McCann, \$2.50

Six one-act plays which will add little to Mr. Wilder's reputation. The title play, foreshortening and compressing ninety Christmas dinners in the Bayard home, is interestingly handled; and *Queens of France*, in which a lawyer persuades a number of women in old New Orleans that they have a claim to the French throne, is amusing. We would like to see *Pullman Car Hiawatha* produced, if only to witness the scene where the colored porter "blushes violently." WALTER R. BROOKS.

Suggested Books for Christmas Giving

FICTION

Hatter's Castle, by A. J. Cronin. Little Brown.
All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday Doran.
The Colonel's Daughter, by Richard Aldington. Doubleday Doran.
Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather. Knopf.
The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone. Bobbs Merrill.
The Young Mrs. Meigs, by Elizabeth Corbett. Century.

BIOGRAPHY

The Caliph of Bagdad, A Biography of O. Henry, by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice. Appleton.
Empress Innocence, The Life of Marie Louise, by M. E. Ravage. Knopf.
Wellington, by Philip Guedalla. Harpers.
Theodore Roosevelt: A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle. Harcourt Brace.
Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster.

MYSTERY

The Shortest Night, by G. B. Stern. Knopf.
The Three Fishers, by Francis Beeding. Little Brown.
Creeps by Night, A Collection by Dashiell Hammett. John Day.
The Dutch Shoe Mystery, by Ellery Queen. Stokes.
Night at Lost End, by George Agnew Chamberlain. Brewer, Warren & Putnam.

GENERAL

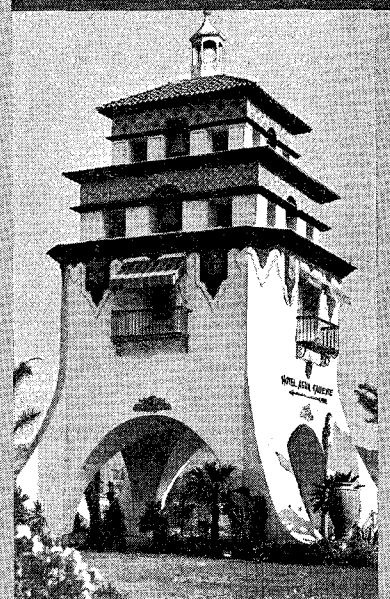
Living Philosophies, A Symposium. Simon & Schuster.
Washington Merry Go Round, Anonymous. Live-right.
Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams. Little Brown.
The Romance of French Weaving, by Paul Rodier. Stokes.
The Jungle of the Mind, by Edgar James Swift. Scribners.

The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendenning. Knopf.
Savage Paradise, by Margaret Matches. Century.

VERSE

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper.
Mathias at the Door, by Edgar Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Ballads for Broadbrows, by A. P. Herbert. Doubleday Doran.
Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker. Viking.
Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash. Simon & Schuster.
City Child, by Selma Robinson. Farrar & Rinehart.

CALIFORNIA TRAVEL TIPS



Famous Tower at Agua Caliente, Mexico,
Just over the California Border

**Every Travel Comfort
But No Extra Fare
on the**

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

Restful riding over the smoothest roadbed on earth. "Meals that appeal." Dining car all the way. Mechanical heat control regulated by attendants anxious for your comfort makes this a "warm winter way" to California.

Large fleet of daily trains between Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City and California. Thru Pullmans from Minneapolis and St. Paul. Dependable arrivals. Convenient side trip to Hoover (Boulder) Dam. Frequent sailings to Hawaii.



UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

J. P. Cummins, Gen'l Pass'r Agent
Room 153

Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me complete information and booklets about.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Notable Music

▷▷ Montemezzi's New Opera

"**L**A NOTTE di Zoraima," an opera in one act and scene by Italo Montemezzi, had its first American performance at the Metropolitan Opera House Wednesday night. It is the second work by this reticent composer since the brilliant success of *l'Amore di Tre Re* seventeen years ago. The musical idiom of this earlier work derived from that of the later Verdi, but was infused with a new and different individual flavor; to a fine libretto was added music of distinction, vitality and dramatic blood. So the new opera had on all sides aroused the highest expectations.

These were, on the whole, disappointed. The libretto, by Ghisalberti, has little poetry or inner life. Its somewhat trite plot deals with the attempt of an exiled Inca princess to save her tenor lover, hidden in her ruined abode, from the Spanish conquistadores by "vamping" their baritone commander; having accomplished this with entire success, she promptly furnishes the inevitable operatic catastrophe by stabbing herself, apparently somewhere in the region of the duodenum.

TO THIS, Montemezzi has composed a score which can be best summarized as thoroughly conventional. Though possessing some fine pages, especially in the latter half, it is, on the whole, routine work; having none of the eager fire and dramatic tension distinguishing *l'Amore*, which said much better everything that the present work has to say. It is to be feared that Italo Montemezzi, like Leoncavallo and Mascagni, is a one-work man.

The performance was musically admirable. Mr. Serafin utilized to the full every opportunity given him by the score. Madame Ponselle was vocally superb in the title rôle and Mr. Basiola thoroughly admirable as the Spanish commander. Over the acting, by the entire cast, let us throw a kindly veil of charitable oblivion.

The stage setting was Early Victorian in conception and lighting; the scene being bestrewn with peculiar objects faintly suggesting rocks without carrying conviction. The costumes, doubtless well-intentioned, seemed far less characteristic of the ancient Peruvian Indians than of that noble, though alas! extinct Red Man whose mission was to add éclat to the cigar stores of the gay nineties.

An excellent and spirited performance of *Pagliacci* followed with notably fine singing by Mr. Lauri-Volpi as *Canio*.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

▷▷ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◁◁



AIDED and abetted by the Coolidges, a lady in Northampton, Mass., has produced an exact replica of the glass oil table lamp by the light of which Cautious Cal was sworn into the presidency by his father. This replica—which is yours for \$10—is, of course, electric, and the light goes on when you turn up the wick. Also there's an etching of the Coolidge homestead on the glass chimney. Then if you must have a shade, you can get a parchment one for \$18 extra, or a hexagonal linen one for \$25. Ho, hum.

▷▷ A SIMPLE and inexpensive umbrella rack comes in two parts: a wooden strip to fasten to the floor, with eight hollows to take the tips of the umbrellas, and a metal strip for the wall with eight slots for the handles.

▷▷ FOR fifty cents you can get a 25-yard roll of Wonder Paper, which takes the place of a dust cloth. It is made of rags and soft pulp, impregnated with furniture polish, and it will dust, clean and polish woodwork; leather and metal. Said to remove rust and grease stains from metal and leather, and it won't scratch.

▷▷ OUR idea of nothing at all as a Christmas present would be a set of those little squeezers shaped like oyster shells, with which you wring out the little pieces of lemon they serve you with fish. But Lord, maybe they're just what somebody wants. So we thought we'd tell you about them.

▷▷ THE growing popularity of the automatic refrigerator has been responsible for a large number of supplementary inventions, most of them aimed at making the extraction of ice cubes easier. Most of them succeed, in our opinion, in making everything so complicated that rather than use them you'll drink hot tea. The latest contraption of this kind is what looks to us like an electric drill, for loosening the trays in the refrigerator before taking them out. And for those persons who, when they want crushed ice, are too lazy to put the cubes in a piece of cloth and smack them with a sledgehammer, there is a thing like a meat grinder with a glass dish conveniently below, which is to be used in grinding up the ice.

▷▷ THE new Schick Dry Shaver is a small reaping machine which you can hold comfortably in the palm of one hand. It contains a small motor, and the business end has thirty-odd very small slots into which, as you pass it across your face, the whisker glides, to be nipped off close to the skin by a mysterious something that oscillates with practically incredible rapidity. There's a technical name for this something which we've forgotten, and which wouldn't enlighten you much anyway, but it's not a blade. So there's nothing to sharpen. You can't cut yourself if you want to, and there's nothing to get out of order. We've tried it, and it works well, though we believe you have to use it a while before you get the best results, since it requires a slightly new technique. Its chief advantage seems to us to be that you don't have to bother with strops and brushes and lather, so that if you keep it attached to your bedside lamp you can shave before getting up in the morning. Or, if you're in a great hurry, you can shave with one hand while you manipulate your coffee cup with the other. This is not an arrangement which the manufacturers suggest, but we are perfectly serious in bringing it forward. Wasn't it Mr. Pym, in *Sentimental Tommy*, who argued that if he hadn't taken the time to shave every morning for several decades, he could have written enough more shockers to have made him a rich man? This razor would have given the same result, for he could have shaved with one hand and written with the other.

▷▷ COULD you become excited about an aluminum dustpan which has a long enamelled wood handle attached on a ball-bearing socket and with an extension for the foot, so that it can be adjusted and held at any angle? We couldn't. We think, as a matter of fact, that there's too much dusting and sweeping going on all over the country. To our mind, it is one of the principal causes of the present depression. If women wouldn't spend so much time dusting and sweeping, they'd be out spending and putting all that money into circulation. And what good does it all do? The dust just gets stirred up and whirls around and gets in people's noses and irritates both them and their noses and then settles down in the same place again. Our method is simply to let it lie until it forms a soft grey carpet, which, when it's thick enough, keeps the floor warm and is comfortable to the feet. Then you can roll it up if you want to dance.

WALTER R. BROOKS.