

The Outlook's Guide to the

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TROLIN PILLOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

Imperial Palace, by Arnold Bennett: Doubleday Doran. A great London hotel is the real heroine of this long novel in which the overwhelming wealth of detail obscures the interest of characters and plot. Bennett's best in many years. Reviewed in issue of December 17.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undecieving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy: Scribner's. A group of new stories about the Forsytes. Reviewed October 29.

Non-Fiction

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

Hullabaloo, by Peter Arno: Liveright. Another book of this artist's amusing drawings, many of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*. Reviewed in issue of December 10.

N by E, by Rockwell Kent: Brewer and Warren. Picturesque adventure on a trip to Labrador and Greenland copiously illustrated with the author-artist's vivid wood-cuts.

►► In This Issue ◄◄

C. B. ALLEN learned to fly in the United States Army during the World War and has kept on flying ever since. Besides holding the rank of captain in the Air Corps Reserve, Mr. Allen is also a licensed transport pilot and was a competitor in last fall's National Air Races in Chicago. Mr. Allen is acquainted with all of America's leading aviators and accompanied Clarence Chamberlin on an air tour of Europe following the latter's transatlantic flight. Mr. Allen is also the aviation editor of the *New York World*.

RICHARD G. KNOTT began his newspaper career in Louisville, Kentucky, as a reporter, later rising to become editor and publisher of the *Louisville Post*. Mr. Knott has now given up his interest in the *Post* and is a resident of New York.

LOUIS STARK specializes in labor and social conditions for the *New York Times* and is a frequent contributor to the magazines. His latest contribution to the Outlook was "Jobs for Jobless."

►► Helping Is Now an Art ◄◄

PROFESSIONAL social work is a woman's contribution to American civilization. Men are invading the field as it becomes more technical, better organized, and more heavily financed (hence more tempting); but the real pioneers were women. Among these none are more outstanding than the subjects of this review, Jane Addams and Mary E. Richmond.

Jane Addams, pioneer settlement worker, founded Hull House in Halsted Street, Chicago, in 1889. The same year Mary E. Richmond, pioneer exponent of family case work, became identified with the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore. The settlement attempted to abolish the slum by reviving neighborhood life. The charity organization movement set out to abolish poverty, or at least to raise charity out of the slough of morbid sentimentality. The respective fields of social endeavor chosen by these two women were diverse and complementary, though each was important in the evolution of modern urban society. These women have after forty years come to be symbolic of their respective branches of social work. Their rôles were different but their objectives and interests were identical.

Miss Addams was generally the promoter, organizer and popularizer of an ideal. Miss Richmond was the engineer, technician and efficiency expert within the ranks of the profession. Miss Addams became a figure in the public eye, while Miss Richmond was scarcely known outside her occupational circle, and intimately known by only a few within it. Both women were teachers as both were also leaders, but of different kinds of audiences.

As interpreter of the ideals of social work, Miss Addams, through books and lectures, has always had a genius for getting into the hearts of the people. Miss Richmond, until her death in 1928, had always confined herself to the philosophy of social work and the methods of meeting social problems. She was the advocate of efficiency in the technique of case work. To her social work was an art of helping people out of trouble, but in no sense a sentimental art.

Twenty Years at Hull House appeared in 1910. Miss Addams has written several books on social problems, but she is best known by this volume of intimate reminiscences. This year she published *The Second Twenty Years at Hull House* (Macmillan \$4). The first book was a delightful narrative about the struggles of getting a settlement under

way, of futile struggles with politicians and other struggles to banish the slum. The present volume deals less with local and more with national and international matters. It treats of movements and causes: the Progressive Party, world peace, immigration, prohibition, education and the woman's movement. More than ever she is a citizen of the world, but Miss Addams has not changed a whit. She is still the consummate optimist. It seems that her optimism sometimes gets in her way, leaving her blinded and often naïve in the face of some of the realities of life. We only need to mention the futility of her faith in prohibition and the settlement movement, or the innocence of her views on prostitution.

Miss Richmond was not a woman of ardent enthusiasms. Hers was a critical, detached mind. Instead of reaching out to the world, she touched the lives of individuals as here and there they crossed her path. She had a genius for getting at the heart of a problem, for brushing aside verbiage and platitude, and putting things into simple and pertinent terms. Such qualities were sorely needed among charity workers of forty years ago when almsgiving was the most queenly of virtues. From the maudlinism of the old order to the professionalism of present day social work the record is one of persistent though uneven growth. During four decades Miss Richmond was one of the most potent guiding forces, wielding her influence at the very heart of the development. Though she wrote very little about herself, the story is told in a collection of her lectures and papers just published.

For any one interested in the social history of American urban society this collection, entitled *The Long View* (Russell Sage Foundation \$3), ought to be lively reading. Any layman interested in the development, organization, objectives and trends of social work can read this book with profit. If Miss Richmond is known at all by the average wide reader it is for her text books on case work, especially for her classic volume on *Social Diagnosis*, the social workers' "Hoyle." As society becomes more complex and baffling in its life, social problems will multiply, hence the need for social work seems on the increase. Personal maladjustments and group maladjustments can no longer be met by the old-fashioned methods of *laissez faire*. This is the burden of social work for the perfection of which Mary E. Richmond worked forty years behind the scenes.

NELS ANDERSON.

►► The Theatre ◄◄

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

JUST so long as nobody tries to maintain that because it was written by a middle nineteenth century Russian it is therefore an important work of art I'll admit frankly that Jed Harris' production of *The Inspector General* (*Revizor*), by Gogol, is great fun. It is a broadly drawn topical political satire, or, perhaps, farce, which will always be topical as long as there are grafting politicians. I hesitate to venture a prediction as to how long that will be, but I think Evangeline Adams will agree that it will be for some time yet. The plot of *The Inspector General* is

the simplest possible to be stretched over three acts. A blustering, corrupt mayor of a small town and his officials hear that an inspector general from Petersburg is coming to look over the town, incognito. Such is their perturbation about what he might discover that they at once assume that a penniless, stranded dandy of some twenty-five years of age who cannot pay his bill at the inn is the inspector. They take him out, show him the town after getting him very drunk, and he quite naturally, after finally comprehending the situation, takes advantage of it to the fullest—including making love to both the wife and the daughter of the mayor. This outline, of course, provides for any amount of character bits and fat parts, great fun both to cast and to act. Hence it may be assumed that Mr. Jed Harris and his troupe all had as good a time as we in the audience did. Outstanding in the cast are Romney Brent as the young dandy mistaken for the inspector, Claude Cooper as the mayor, and Lina Abarbanell as his wife. It was somewhat of a surprise to see the talented Dorothy Gish (yes, she of film fame) in an almost infinitesimal part which she plays, needless to say, to perfection. Perhaps she has been reading Stanislavsky who writes that he used to have painted on the walls of all the dressing rooms of the Moscow Art Theatre the aphorism, "There are no small parts; there are only small actors."

Purity, which Florence Reed and the

Shuberts have chosen as a vehicle for her return to Broadway, is something from the French of René Wachtoussen. In French, played by French actors, it might be convincing, but as done by Miss Reed and her supporting cast it is

about as Gallic as the author's name. Speaking of names, the reason for the title, *Purity*, completely eludes me. The play (beg pardon, drama) is all about a middle-aged lower middle class Frenchwoman, Florence Reed, who picks up a destitute, unemployed mechanic, young enough to be her son, Richard Bird, takes him home, feeds him, gives him

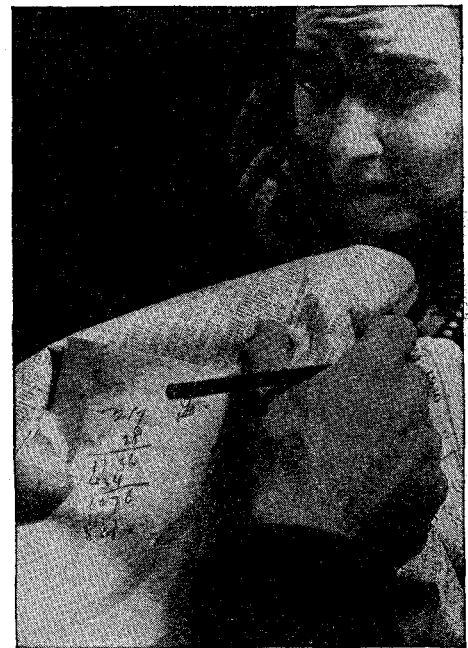
but does not share her bed, lends him money, falls in love with him and is terribly, terribly hurt and sorry for herself when her despairing passion is unrequited. I understand that *Purity* is to be produced shortly in Paris. There, where they love to take such situations, wring the last drops of false sentiment from them and wallow in them (the more they are overacted the better they like them) it may go. Here, where Motherhood is sacred and the spectacle of an older woman chasing a boy is usually considered either repulsive or ridiculous, *Purity* is only dull and drab. The clashing accents and inadequacy of the cast, apart from Miss Reed, are no help either.

I am unwilling to believe that Jo Millward, billed as the author of *Life Is Like That*, and a Mr. Emery who produced it are not one and the same person. There couldn't have been two people who saw anything in it to make it worth doing. Come to think of it, I'll bet he designed the scene, too, that of a swell penthouse in the East Fifties. It was all of a piece, without a single false note of reality, intended humor, or sense to mar its perfection. I left when the millionaire's wife, who didn't understand him, said to the sweet young thing who did (a musical comedy actress, but pure and undefiled), "I'm going to kill you." "Why?" asked the S.Y.T. "Because it is the duty of women like me to kill women like you who drag men like my husband into the beds of sordid chorus girls."

Recommended Current Plays

Civic Repertory Theatre: Always interesting if not quite professional.
Ruth Draper: The sorceress who makes you see a stageful of people when it's she alone.
Elizabeth the Queen: Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt working perfectly together in a good play.
Fine and Dandy: Not for those to whom Joe Cook is no superman.
Girl Crazy: In which we learn that Delilah was a floozy—to Gershwin music.
Grand Hotel: Sheer German theatre of which a fine cast takes full advantage.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentiment and whimsy combined so you don't mind either.
Oh, Promise Me: The workings of the breach-of-promise game made most laughable.
Once in a Lifetime: I've just met the first person who wasn't amused.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's exciting fun at Chicago's expense.
Smiles: Beautiful and pleasant with the Astaires.
Sweet and Low: Coarse, funny and tuneful.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland in an intelligent farce.
The Green Pastures: Now the only holdover from last year. May it continue long!

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