

ducted by "Caliban." In particular "The Seven Cuckoos" and "Mixed Foursomes" was entertaining; here it is:—

THE SEVEN CUCKOOS

Professor Graeme Atta is a curious old bird. He is frequently engaged in abstruse researches on ornithology, and, indeed, he has written many important monographs on the subject. His wife acts as his secretary, but accuracy in detail is not her strong suit. Quite recently Graeme Atta, who delights in writing to his correspondents in their own languages, wrote to seven of his European friends, with the intention of sending them monographs on birds in which they were severally interested. But his wife surpassed all her previous records of inaccuracy, with the result that each of his correspondents received a letter which was obviously intended for one of the others, and a monograph in which he was not particularly interested and which was not the one referred to in the letter which he received.

Kukushka, who was interested in the Eagle Owl, received a letter in Norwegian and a monograph on the Flamingoes of the Camargue, which should have been sent to Professor Coucoue. Coucoue received a letter in Italian and a monograph on the Avocet, which was intended for Dr. Koekoek, the distinguished Dutch scientist, who received a letter in Spanish and a monograph on the Arctic Blue-throat in which Kukker, who received the monograph of the Eagle Owl, was more particularly interested. Professor Cuculo, who was interested in the Bee-eater, received a letter in German, and Herr Kuckuck, who was interested in the Honey Buzzard, received a letter in French.

WHICH OF GRAEME ATTA'S CORRESPONDENTS RECEIVED THE MONOGRAPH WHICH WAS INTENDED FOR PROFESSOR CUCLILLO, AND IN WHAT LANGUAGE WAS THE LETTER WRITTEN WHICH WAS RECEIVED BY CUCLILLO?

Of all the "Caliban" problems perhaps the most discussed, and surely the most difficult, was that by Mr. M. H. Newman, entitled, "Caliban's Will." Many a long, wintry evening may be spent in its intricacies and solution

CALIBAN'S WILL

When Caliban's will was opened it was found to contain the following clause:

"I leave ten of my books to each of Low, Y. Y., and Critic, who are to choose in a certain order.

"No person who has seen me in a green tie is to choose before Low.

"If Y. Y. was not in Oxford in 1920 the first chooser never lent me an umbrella.

"If Y. Y. or Critic has second choice, Critic comes before the one who first fell in love."

Unfortunately Low, Y. Y., and Critic could not remember any of the relevant facts; but the family solicitor pointed out that, assuming the problem to be properly constructed (i. e. assuming it to contain no statement superfluous to its solution) the relevant data and order could be inferred. WHAT WAS THE PRESCRIBED ORDER OF CHOOSING; AND WHO LENT CALIBAN AN UMBRELLA?

If Britannia does not "rule the waves," at least it must be admitted that she has some grand problem-makers.

Chicago.

A. NONYMO.

It might interest A. N. to know the identity of "Caliban," who is Mr. Hubert Phillips, author of many ingenious books of problems, puzzles and diversions. The perfect Christmas pleasure for devotees of this kind would be copies of *Caliban's Problem Book* or *The Sphinx Problem Book*, published by Faber and Faber in London (24, Russell Square, W.C.1). Mr. Phillips, in collaboration with Messrs. S. T. Shovelton and G. S. Marshall, has specialized in what he calls inferential problems—"which demand a modest mathematical equipment but also call for non-mathematical analysis."

New England Sees it Through

(Continued from page 4)

such an America as this. Its quiet face was eclipsed by the surging crowds. Its quiet voice, even if raised, was not heard. So, characteristically, instinctively, we withdrew. As a people, we kept on working, on the whole living frugally, as we always had. We studied. One good thing the new America brought us—we learned that a little education is good for everyone and too much is bad for us all. Farmers' sons and daughters went to college. Lines of class distinction wore away. We opened our eyes and saw everything which went on about us. But we said nothing. Nobody will ever know how many able writers lost their urge to speak during those confused and noisy years.

Then gradually we began to put forth an occasional remark. Robert Frost spoke:

Something there is that does not love a wall—

Yes. A brief quiet fell. They heard. He had made an impression. Then the hulla-balloo was on again. But *they had heard*. Almost, but not quite, they were weary of their own clamor. From time to time he spoke again.

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter, darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them—

Yes. They heard him. He was splendid. Robert Frost. A New England poet. Well, sure enough!—a New England poet at last.

Edwin Arlington Robinson also spoke.

Whenever Richard Cory went down town
We people on the pavement looked at him.
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

Robinson was heard, and there were others. But still they were only partially heard, and still they were feeling their way with words. The New Englander is not naturally so articulate as people of other heritages; he was feeling his way. He would be controlled; he must be controlled; his nature permitted of no other way of living or of describing life. And still there was much in the new novel's breadth of scope which the New Englander admired and respected and wished to use. Somehow he must strike the proper balance.

Then came what can never be better expressed by any other word than "crash." It was indeed a crash, not only of values but of false dreams and ideals and illusions. It was as if Americans had

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The Criminal Record			
The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction			
Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
HIDDEN WAYS F. F. Van de Water (Bobbs-Merrill: \$2.)	Amateur sleuths solve perplexing murder of unknown victim by killer who couldn't get away—but did.	Bright, lively yarn, with N. Y. background, nice love-interest, and effective—if slightly "cooked up"—solution.	Agreeable
THE EUNUCH OF STAMBOUL Dennis Wheatley (Little, Brown: \$2.)	Brave Britishers dare enmity of fat, fearful Turk and his cohorts to save nation for M. Kemal.	The customary escapes from death, knifings, connivings, and such stuff with double love interest and much chest-heaving.	Trivial
THE YELLOW ROBE MURDERS Melville Burt (Macaulay: \$2.)	Death pursues purloiners of fortune in Buddhist jewels. Jerry Todd chases killer from Kentucky to Ceylon.	Mixture of mystery and adventure yarn. Something happening all the time, mostly incredible, but pleasant.	Average



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The New Books

Biography

KENNETH GRAHAME. By Patrick Chalmers. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

A most interesting biography of the immortal author of "The Wind in the Willows," "Dream Days," and "The Golden Age." Here are Grahame's life, letters, and unpublished work. The tragedy of his life was the loss by hideous accident of his charming and gifted son, Alastair, a circumstance that shakes the heart of the reader as it is told here. As "One of Henley's Young Men," in the '90s, Grahame conceived a deep and lasting gratitude to William Ernest Henley for his appreciation of the young Scot's work. In Grahame existed a great-hearted gentleman of fine old lineage, but one also with a child's heart who, as his biographer opines, must always walk alone. The Bank of England realized later that his life had conferred upon it a distinction "comparable to that with which Charles Lamb honored the East India House." This is a careful rather than a brilliant biography, but a good view of the man.

W. R. B.

DIAGHILEFF. By Arnold Haskell in collaboration with Walter Nouvel. Simon & Schuster. 1935. \$3.75.

The subject of this book called for a biographer who was the peer of its subject. Diaghileff was one of the most interesting men of the first third of the twentieth century. No other single person so powerfully affected the development of contemporary painting, music, or dancing. Lacking a Proust, a Saint-Simon, or even a Harold Nicolson, it makes little difference who writes such a book as this first life of the great catalyst. Mr. Haskell's is full of valuable information derived from Diaghileff's friend and collaborator, Walter Nouvel, and will serve as a source book for whoever eventually is sufficiently interested in the Diaghileff epoch to create a picture worthy of its producer.

Perhaps Mr. Haskell's chief handicap was time; it is still too early to gather in all the documents, all the as-yet-unpublished memoirs. Haskell saw a great number of people who knew Diaghileff, but the testimony of Fokine, of Massine, of Bronia Nijinska and, particularly, of Jean Cocteau, are absent. To be sure, their names occur in the narrative, but perfunctorily; and, aside from the history of Diaghileff's life in Russia, it is always a superficial record. The subject of the memoir, Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghileff, never for a moment comes to life, except in the scattered quotations from his collaborators' letters. Mr. Haskell has been polite when he should have been trenchant, naive when he should have been courageous, priggish when he should have been, as one assumes he is, a man of the world. One need not have known Diaghileff personally (as Mr. Haskell did) to transmit the ironic grandeur, the untidy nobility, the bulky charm which everyone who had any con-

tact with him imitates as a superb parlor-trick for the rest of their lives.

The story of Diaghileff's ballet, his contribution to classic theatrical dancing, is told not through the mouth of the original collaborators, but with a deprecatory, adulatory, and muted voice of epigones. There is a "defense" of Diaghileff against Romola Nijinsky's "attack." This quarrel is silly inasmuch as neither her husband nor her husband's friend is made any more real by the contention. The issue is only further confused. But Haskell is badly informed when he says it was Nijinsky's fault that the ballet season of 1916-1917 in America was a failure, that "Tyl Eulenspiegel," Nijinsky's last work, was a poor thing. The Italian bureaucracy at the Metropolitan Opera House sabotaged the Russian season. The dancer Sokolova, Haskell's single informant about the weakness of "Tyl," does not compare with any number of American critics and members of the audience who recall "Tyl" as a thrilling and achieved work. Haskell is a sincere enthusiast, a self-avowed Balletomaniac. Sincerity is not enough. He does not serve the art we both love by the gossip of his unmeasured and slipshod books.

L. K.

Fiction

SELINA. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. 1935. \$2.50.

This is another volume about Selina South, the little girl to whom Miss Kaye-Smith introduced us in "Summer Holiday." Selina is seven at the beginning of the present book, and nine at its close; she is an upper-middle class child in the eighteen-nineties; her younger sister Moira is a sturdy realist, but Selina herself is an imaginative little girl, given to the laborious writing of stories in exercise-books: in short, she is very like what Miss Kaye-Smith must have been.

Miss Kaye-Smith has remembered vividly, and set down beautifully those intense emotions of childhood, the sharper, like a needle-point, for being tiny. She has the raptures, the disappointments, the unaccountable fancies of children, and their bewildering position as refugees in a country whose language they speak so imperfectly that in moments of crisis they are unable to explain themselves; but she is no sentimentalist, for she shows that she remembers, too, the quality which exempts all normally situated children

(Continued on page 21)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 84)

CLARENCE DAY—"LIFE WITH
FATHER"

I couldn't imagine Father being comforted by the Lord's rod and staff, or allowing anybody whatever to lead him to pasture and get him to lie down somewhere in it. I could see him . . . refusing point blank even to enter a pasture.