

Readers of Kipling's
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
must certainly read

RUDYARD KIPLING IN NEW ENGLAND

By
Howard C. Rice

Born near Kipling's home in Brattleboro, the author has gleaned his material from those who were the neighbors and friends of Kipling during the four years, 1892-96, that he lived in Vermont, where his first child was born, and where he wrote "The Jungle Books."

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First published Dec. 1936—2nd printing

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The New Books

Fiction

THE UPPS OF SUFFOLK STREET. By Wilma Pollock. Dutton. 1937. \$2.50.

"The characters from my book," writes Miss Pollock, "its background and types, are the result of my having lived and worked among these tenement district people." One must conclude that it is possible to live among "these tenement district people"—the East Side Jews—and learn next to nothing about them. Miss Pollock discovered only that they are quaint little people who speak an atrocious dialect, and made a book of it. Unfortunately even that failed her. Either she has no ear for dialect, or she roomed with a family of radio comics, for her pages are heavily stocked with such obvious horrors as these: "Me making interruptionks! I only make suggestionks." "It potsitively melts in your mouth before you can bite into it the teeths." "Telephone to me so you should make a impointment when ve can expect you already." The comments of some Suffolk Streeter upon this kind of distortion might be genuinely amusing.

N. L. R.

A FEATHER IN HER CAP. By Barbara Worsley-Gough. Putnam. 1937. \$2.

This very British bit of confectionery tells of six Bright Young People who start out from England for Salzburg and its music festival. Four of them motor across France and a corner of Germany in leisurely fashion, but one couple goes in advance by train. These two are unmarried, and though in reality platonically disinterested, inevitably cause something of a flutter in the small Austrian pension where they settle down to await the other members of the party. The proprietress credits Helen and Michael with a beautiful romance, the other British tourists are duly shocked, and eventually the emo-

tional *status quo* of the pair is also upset. Various permutations and combinations ensue when their friends arrive, after which Helen finds herself with a fiancé, and Michael with pleasant if less definite prospects for the future. Miss Worsley-Gough carries all this through with high spirits if no great subtlety, and her book as a whole is an innocuous picture postcard of Salzburg in the festival season. Properly, all mention of music is kept strictly in the background.

T. P., Jr.

Miscellaneous

NEW CASTLE ON THE DELAWARE: 1651-1936. Compiled by the Delaware Federal Writers' Project, W.P.A. New Castle Historical Society. 1937.

This guide book of the lovely old colonial town of New Castle, in spite of bad typography, is a good historical survey with excellent pictures and a really extraordinary amount of information which goes far beyond the usual perfunctory rehash. It has a bibliography and is a book which historical librarians should own.

H. S. C.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST. By Elizabeth Adamson, M.D. Crowell. 1936. \$2.50.

This book is one the medical profession as well as the layman have long been awaiting—a straightforward account of that newest of medical specialties, psychiatry. It is written in plain, simple language, understandable by any intelligent person. It is difficult to write about it except in superlatives and impossible to review it adequately within the limits here imposed.

In the preface the author stresses the point that the nervous and behavior disorders of children are usually a symptom of the emotional deviations of their par-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
NIGHT OF THE GARTER MURDER Royce Howes (Crime Club: \$2.)	Shooting of scheming aviator at lids'-off house-party calls in Capt. Ben Lucias who, somewhat reluctantly, spots killer.	Although the bright dialogue and lively characterizations sometimes push plot out in cold, it's a tricky and pungent bit.	Pleasant
1-2-3 MURDERS Francis Gerard (Holt: \$2.)	Murdering master-criminal tracked to luxurious lair by "lank John Meredith" but personal vengeance forestalls processes of law.	Engaging treatment of not unfamiliar theme with sudden deaths, masked criminals, cryptic letters, and sentiment on the side.	Good entertainment
SWEETER THAN HONEY Arthur Applin (Green Circle: \$2.)	Tony Howard, Yankee newshawk in England, falls in love with apirist's daughter—and gets her, also her papa's murderer.	Robbery, murder, bees, missing jewels, young lovers at cross-purposes, and some atrocious American slang as imagined in England.	In-different

ents and that they, the parents, must first recognize and deal with their own problems. The importance of a normal love relationship in the family triangle is emphasized and the author illustrates by four well chosen case histories how distortions of this relationship produce character deviations in the child in after life.

Following chapters deal with the modern theory of psychic force—the dynamic conception of mental processes—in a discussion of the *Id*, the *Super-Ego*, and the *Ego*, showing how conflicts between these forces produce mental and physical symptoms and character changes. The Freudian theory of infantile sexuality has perhaps caused more acrimonious discussion and more indignation than any other assumption of modern psychology. The intelligent and open-minded reader should find in "The Baby's Five Year Program" most of his prejudices and taboos removed by the author's frank and understanding presentation of the subject. Adolescent and adult sexual problems are discussed in the same objective manner.

The chapter on "Dangerous Children" takes up the subject of delinquent and criminal personalities. The author shows how essential it is that the attitude of society should be modified in regard to these matters. The technique of psychotherapy, the problems of normal emotional development, and the meaning of emotional health are discussed particularly from the point of view of the layman.

The author deserves the thanks of doctors and laymen alike and the book merits a wide reading public.

H. A. S.

Art of the Night

(Continued from page 17)

is that a true poet like Werfel cannot be guided by other men's fancies, whether fragrant or not, and still retain his poetic honesty, integrity, and imaginative honor. His play, accordingly, is half Werfel and half Reinhardt, with Norman Bel Geddes adding up the total.

There is another point. "The Eternal Road" was arbitrarily designed as a stage spectacle and you cannot have poets arbitrarily planning stage spectacles, at least not Reinhardt stage spectacles which in turn arbitrarily plan upon employing hundreds of actors, enough scenic adornment to confound the Grand Canyon, lighting equipment sufficient to illuminate the whole Innsbruck valley, and all the available funds of the directors of the town's largest Jewish department stores, trust companies, and anti-Nazi collection agencies. A poet's true work may be converted into a stage spectacle that would frighten the future ambitions out of even a Billy Rose and it may, God with it, remain still a poet's true work. But a poet may no more deliberately think in terms of a half million dollars' worth of scenery, mobs, choirs, platinum blonde cherubim, and Russian ballet dancers and be faithful to his inner muse than he may, be he the greatest poet in all Christendom, sit down at his writing table under the starlit sky with a fat contract for Hollywood in his rear pants-pocket and not be in some way influenced out of his artistic probity.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC FANS

THE RETURNS in the *Double-Croctic* plebiscite* are flooding into the office. Have you sent in your own vote for or against letters in the squares? Remember—the ballot closes March 4th. *Double-Croctic* Editor, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

* See February 13th issue, page 27.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

PRESUMABLY the boys of the Oxford University Press (American Branch) listened to the Oxford broadcast last Saturday. Did they notice that mispronunciations were 50-50? The American announcer called it *Magdalen* (instead of *Maudlen*)—and the English ditto said *Tex-ass*. Re university presses, Columbia University had an inquiry how pronto could they get a copy of the *Columbia Encyclopedia* to Manila. It would cost \$240 air mail via China Clipper—plus, as old C. U. P. insinuatingly adds, \$17.50 for the book itself.

The obsolescence of the elderly is always a lively topic: hasn't this Supreme Court question reminded anyone of the tohu-bohu when Dr. Osler, some 30 years ago, suggested chloroform at sixty? You may have forgotten that he took this suggestion (which was only humorously intended) from Trollope's novel *The Fixed Period*. Wish someone would read that book and tell us about it. To our inquiry what is the Trade reading, a bookseller in Newton Centre, Mass., reports, "We read advance copies sent us by kindly publishers; best sellers; and on Saturday nights, detective stories. We also read to keep from going insane; every other book is about the rule. This week I have sandwiched in *Elsie Venner*, a little Emerson, *Hydriotaphia*, and *Just So Stories*."

The Cook-Book Browns are compiling a Book of 10,000 Snacks, of which one of the pleasantest is surely Frank Scully's *Crumbs in Bed*. He describes it as a Fun in Bed Breakfast:—

"Two or three slices of toast done to a nice golden color and buttered. Shake salt over them, and pour a teaspoonful of honey over each slice. Then over this ensemble, just a second before it's to be eaten, is poured a pint of hot milk.

"It takes five minutes to make and has been known to cure fallen arches overnight. I call it *Crumbs in Bed* because it's the only way to eat toast and not have any."

W. W. Norton sends us a little poem from *Punch* (he doesn't mention the author's name) of which we reprint the finale—

The day is dead;
I have not read;
Most empty is my head;
Guests unsolicited
Came here instead.
I went uncomforted,
Yet—tears, remain unshed—
I'll read in bed!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 152)DANTE ALIGHIERI—
"DIVINE COMEDY"

O ye who in your little boat,
eager to hear, have followed behind
my ship as it goes singing on its
way, turn back to see again your
own shores; do not put out upon
the mighty deep lest, losing me, ye
might be left astray.